Forest and Stream

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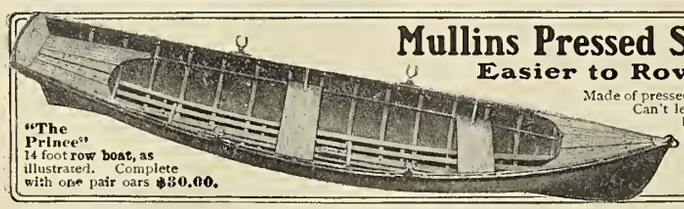
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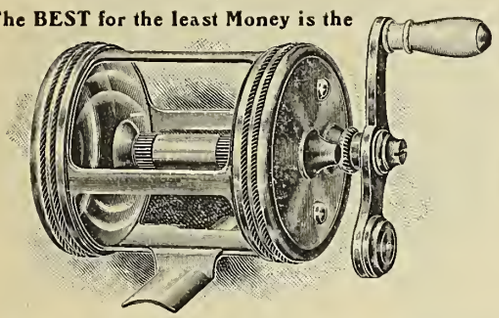

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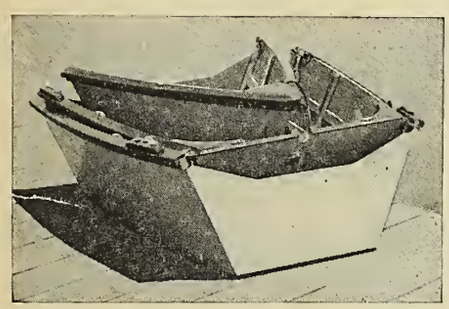

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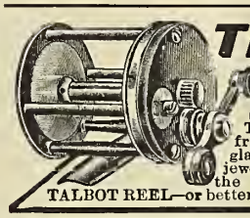

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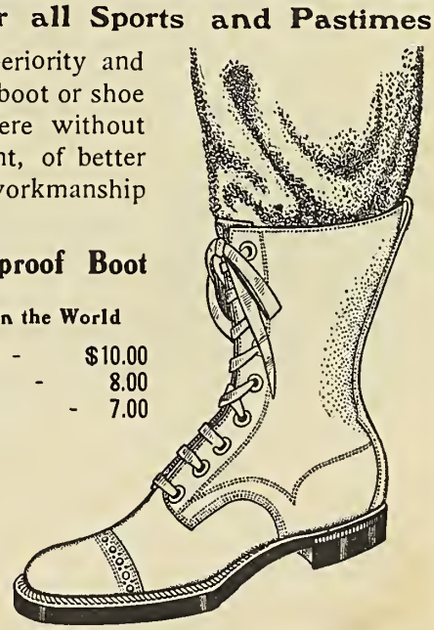

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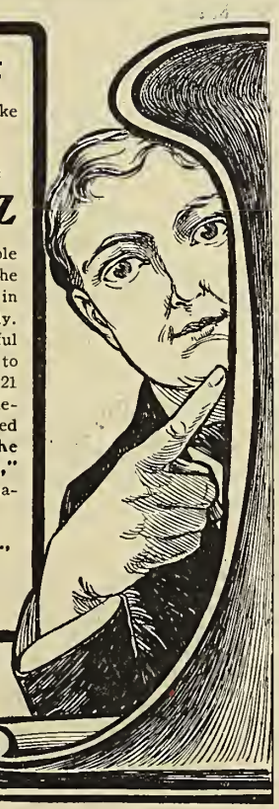

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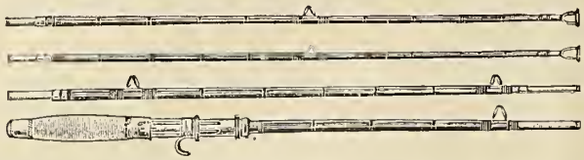

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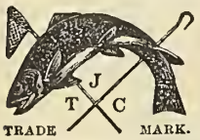

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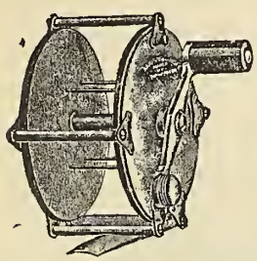

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 1. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

FEDERAL PROTECTION FOR THE SHAD.

In another column is printed a review of the depletion and destruction of the shad fisheries. The figures are from official sources and are authoritative. They show an alarming condition.

It is a story of amazing folly and exhibits a most anomalous condition. The Government provides the fish and stocks the waters with them. The State receives the fish, but does not give them reasonable protection. The Government hatches the fish and puts them out, but is powerless to protect them after turning them over to the State. As it furnishes the men and the money and the brains to produce the fish, logically it should have the authority to control the fishing.

If Maryland and Pennsylvania and New York and New Jersey will not give the fish reasonable protection, why should not the duty be entrusted to the National Government?

We come then to the solution of the problem which is offered by Mr. Shiras, which is Federal control of the fisheries of public waters and of migratory species.

All the States of the Union contribute to the support of the Bureau of Fisheries. It is in equity due every State in the Union that the products which result from the enterprise it has helped to support should be conserved by agents of all the States in common.

A law of Congress framed as it would be framed on advice of the experts of the Fisheries Bureau would embody in its provisions the fruits of the ripest knowledge and a spirit of legislating for the greatest good of all concerned. No one can question that the experts of the Bureau of Fisheries are the persons who should be consulted on the making of laws; the best equipped by knowledge of the subject, freedom from the hampering of local interests, independence of politics, and by their interest in the great concerns committed to their care. Moreover, Federal authority has respect and efficiency where State authority—which may mean only local county, town or ward authority—is held in contempt. If given jurisdiction over the shad fisheries, the United States would protect them effectually.

If there is any justice in taxing the people of the country year after year to propagate fish to be given over to individual States, it would seem to follow as demanded in equity that the people who pay the taxes shall have the right to provide that the fruits of their bounty are not wantonly wasted. Put concretely, if the States supply the shad, the States should see to it that the shad are protected. This at least is common sense. It would give us protection. Under the existing system we do not have protection. The statistics we have quoted prove as much.

It must be remembered that this subject of fish protection is no new thing. It has been tried out now for so long a time that the working of the present system has been thoroughly demonstrated. The decline of our food fisheries on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the Great Lakes under State administration has proved the failure of the system. Even were we to concede this to be not a matter of Federal authority, is there at stake any principle of constitutional jurisdiction, the maintenance of which principle can compensate for the millions of dollars lost to the particular States concerned by reason of their own inefficiency as fish protectors? De we want the jealous holding out for State's rights even to the vanishing of the last fin of the last shad, or do we want the shad?

THE EAGLE AND THE SUN.

The notion referred to in an inquiry in our natural history columns, that the eagle fixes its unflinching gaze full at the sun, is an interesting survival from long ago. It dates from a period when respecting natural history subjects the world held many beliefs which have long since been relegated to the limbo of the false and the grotesque. We may readily understand how the eagle's great size and power and its majestic flight in the heavens must have impressed mankind in a simple and less coldly scientific age than ours, and may very well have prompted the ascription of fabulous attributes to the bird. The eagle's eye is piercing and commanding; it is undaunted even in captivity; and this intensity of gaze may readily enough have given rise to the belief that it could withstand even the sun's fierce blaze. In one of the old authorities on natural history is a curious passage, describing the mother eagle's testing of her young by the ordeal of the sun. "Before that her little ones bee feathered," he writes, "she will beat and strike them with her wings, and thereby force them to looke full against the sunne beames. Now if shee see any one of them to winke or their eies to water at the raies of the sunne shee turnes it with the head foremost out of the nest as a bastard and none of hers, but bringeth up and cherisheth that whose eie will abide the light of the sunne as she looketh directly upon him."

A kindred belief about the eagle was that when it became old it had the power of rejuvenescence by bathing in a pure spring, and then, ascending high in the air, drying out in the heat of the sun. It was to this that the familiar passage of Milton had reference:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing [renewing] her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

BULL BAT AND BOLL WEEVIL.

The killing of the nighthawk, commonly known as bull bat, is practiced largely in the Southern States where the bird is eaten for food; and large numbers also have been destroyed by gunners who have used the bird only for a target, to test their skill or to acquire proficiency in wing shooting. It is not unfitting then that in the South should be discovered a new economic reason for the bull bat's immunity. The agents of the Biological Survey who have been studying the relation of birds to the cotton boll weevil have secured data which lead them to conclude that the bull bat is one of the most important enemies of the pest. In view of their importance as insect destroyers, the report urges, nighthawks should at all times be rigidly protected.

It looked once as if Texas and other weevil-infested States might be asked to class the quail with other insect eaters and give it protection as a special ally of the cotton grower. The investigations of the Survey, however, have not tended to show that Bob White is so much of a weevil destroyer as has been reputed. The ground-feeding habits of quail, says the report now before us, make it practically certain that few if any boll weevils are taken by them in summer, though there is a possibility that more extended study may show that they feed on the weevil between January and June.

The flashlight of a drinking deer was taken by Hon. George Shiras, 3d, one July night, on Whitefish Lake, Michigan. The deer was known to be there before the camera was snapped, but the presence of the porcupine was unsuspected until the flash revealed it. This is the sixth picture in our series of wild game photos by Mr. Shiras; the preceding ones have been printed in the issues of Feb. 3, April 3, March 7, May 5 and June 2, of this year.

The photographs which make up a story without words of a goat hunt in British Columbia are from the camera of Mr. Henry Sampson, Jr., of this city. They give a graphic picturing of what was a most delightful excursion in a country inviting to mountain climbing.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXII.—The "Winter of Death."

The summer days slipped by happily for all of us. Berry's mother and the Crow Woman made themselves a little garden, where the Marias and its Dry Fork join, irrigating it with water carried from the river. Their corn and pumpkins and beans, all of the stock which the natives had cultivated long before Columbus saw America, grew apace. The old women erected a shelter hard by their thriving plants, a roof of brush supported by four posts; and there Nat-ah'-ki and I spent many a pleasant afternoon with them, listening to their quaint tales, and the still more quaint songs which they occasionally sung. Early in the spring, Berry had again torn up the earth with his bulls and plows, and sown it with oats and wheat. Strange to say—for it was again a dry year—they grew and ripened, and were harvested and stacked, but never marketed. The pigs undermined the stacks, cattle and horses broke through the corral and trampled them, and all went to waste. We were no farmers whatever.

All summer we had Piegans with us from time to time, and they told harrowing tales of hard times up at their Agency. The weekly rations, they said, lasted but one day. There was no game of any kind to be found; their Agent would give them nothing. Those with us and scattered along the river, by hard hunting, found deer and antelope enough to keep themselves alive, but those remaining at the Agency actually suffered for want of food. They were the ones who could not get away. They had lost their horses through a skin disease which had spread among the herds, or had sold them to the trader for provisions.

In September Nat-ah'-ki and I went up to the Agency to see for ourselves what was the condition of affairs. Arriving at the main camp, just below the Agency stockade, at dusk, we stopped with old Lodge-pole Chief for the night. "Leave our food sacks with the saddles," I said to Nat-ah'-ki, "we will see what they have to eat."

The old man and his wives welcomed us cordially. "Hurry," he commanded the women, "cook a meal for our friends. They must be hungry after their long ride." He spoke as if the lodge was filled with provisions. He smiled happily and rubbed his hands together as he talked. But his wives did not smile, nor hurry. From a parfleche they brought forth three small potatoes and set them to boil, and from another one, two quarter-pound trout, which they also boiled. After a time they set them before us. "'Tis all we have," said one of the women, pathetically, brushing the tears from her eyes. "'Tis all we have. We are very poor."

At that poor old Lodge-pole Chief broke down. "It is the truth," he said, haltingly. "We have nothing. There are no more buffalo, the Great Father sends us but a little food—gone in a day. We are very hungry. These are fish to be sure, forbidden by the gods, unclean. We eat them, however, but they do not give us any strength, and I doubt not that we will be punished for eating them. It seems as if our gods had forsaken us."

Nat-ah'-ki went out and brought back one of our food sacks and handed to the women three or four tins of beans, corned beef and corn, some sugar, coffee and flour. To the old man she gave a piece of tobacco. Ah! how their faces brightened! How they talked and laughed as they cooked and ate a good meal. It was a pleasure to watch them.

The next day we rode to the various camps and found the same conditions in each. Not what one could call actual starvation, but something very near it, so near it that the most vigorous of the men and women showed the want of food. They appealed to me for help, and I gave freely what I had; but that of course was a mere nothing, as compared to their needs. Nat-ah'ki's mother had been long in one of the camps, caring for a sick relative, now dead. We rescued her from the place of famine and made our way back to the Fort.

After a talk with Berry, I determined to write a full account of what I had seen on the Reservation, and this I did, sending it to a certain New York paper for publication. I wanted the American people to know how their helpless wards were being used. I knew that some good people somewhere, would take the matter up and see that sufficient food was sent them to keep soul and body together. My contribution was never printed. I was a subscriber to the paper, and scanned its columns for weeks and months after I had sent in my registered manuscript. Alas! I did not then know how much politics affected even such an ordinary position as Indian Agent, and especially at that time, when the "Indian Office" was in the hands of a "ring." I had sent my story to the paper which was the mainstay of the Administration. Of course, they would not print it, and I gave up. Both Berry and I advised the Indians to kill their Agent, and see if that would not awaken people to their necessities; but they were afraid to do it; they remembered the Baker massacre. I know now where I could have sent that story, whence it would have been scattered broadcast throughout the land; but I was young, and easily discouraged, and so matters drifted and drifted along from bad to worse. Not many of the people died during the winter from actual want.

Summer came. The Agent gave out a few potatoes to the Indians to plant. Some actually did plant them; others were so hungry that they ate what was given them. Also, in the early spring they scraped the inner bark of pine and cottonwood, and dug "pomme blanch," a tuberous growth something like a turnip, for food. Then came fishing time, and they caught trout. Somehow they got through the summer, and then came winter again, the starvation winter, the winter of death, as it was called, and from which ever afterward, everything was dated. In his annual report of the summer, dated Aug. 13, 1883, the Agent had much to say about the heathenish rites of his people, and but little of their needs. He told of the many hundred acres they had planted with potatoes and turnips—they may have planted five acres all told. In fact, he gave no hint of the approaching calamity. For years in his annual report he had recorded a constant increase in the tribe's resources; he would not now, it seemed, take back his words and make himself out a liar. It had been through his own single, strenuous efforts that the Blackfeet had risen to their present stage of civilization, "but their heathenish rites were most deplorable," he said.

Early in the fall, about fifty lodges of people came down and remained with us. There were still a few antelope, but when they failed to make a successful hunt, we gave them from what we had. None of them perished. But up at the Agency, as January and February passed, the situation was terrible. Old Almost-a-Dog, day after day, by ones and twos and threes, checked off the deaths of the starved ones. Women crowded around the windows of the Agent's office, held up their skinny children to his gaze, and asked for a cup of flour or rice or beans or corn—anything, in fact, that would appease hunger. He waved them away. "Go," he would say, surlily, "go away! Go away! I have nothing for you." Of course he hadn't. The $30,000 appropriated for the Blackfeet had disappeared—somewhere, I suppose. The Indian ring got a part, and the rest, from which must be subtracted a freight tariff of 5 cents per pound, was used to buy many unnecessary things. Beef and flour were what the people needed, and did not get. In one part of the stockade the Agent kept about fifty chickens, a couple of tame wild geese and some ducks, which were daily fed an abundance of corn, freighted all the way from Sioux City up to Fort Benton by steamboat, and then more than a hundred miles overland, for the use of the Indians. The corn was Government property, which, by law, the Agent could neither buy nor in any way convert to his own use. Nevertheless, he fed it liberally to his hens, and the Indian mothers stood around mournfully watching, and furtively picking up a kernel of the grain here and there. And day by day the people died. There were several thousand pounds

of this grain, but the chickens needed it. And while the Agent fed it to them, his family dyed Government blankets to remove all trace of the U. S. I. D. (United States Indian Department) with which they were branded, and shipped bales of them to certain places, where they were sold.

The news of all this did not reach us until February, when Wolf Head came in one day riding the sorriest looking horse I ever saw. It had a little hair in places, the skin along the back was wrinkled, and here and there had been deeply frozen. "There are not many of them up there that look better," said Wolf Head, sadly. "Most of our herds are dead." And then he went on to tell of the starving and dying people. Long before he had finished, Nat-ah'-ki began to cry, and so did the Crow Woman, who was the only one of the others present. But while they cried, they were quickly heating some food and coffee, which they placed on the table before Wolf Head and told him to eat. Never in my life did I see food disappear so quickly, in such huge portions. I arose after a little and took the different things away. "You shall have them later," I said. The women protested until I convinced them that starving people sometimes die when given much food after their long fast. In the evening our place was well filled with the Indians from camp, and Wolf Head repeated what he had told us of the suffering and dying people. He named some of the dead, and one by one some of the listeners stole away to mourn for relatives they had lost. Here, there, sitting on the frozen ground or bank of the river they wailed, calling over and over the loved one's name. The sound of it was so distressing, so nerve-racking, that I felt like going out and asking them to desist and go home. But I could not do it. It was their way, their ancient way, of expressing their sorrow. What right had I to interfere; of what account were my nerves beside their sorrows?

When Wolf Head ended his harrowing tale, for a time all the men sat very still, not even smoking, and then they began, one by one, to heap such curses on their Agent and white men in general as their language permitted. Berry and I listened in silence; we knew they did not mean us—we knew that they regarded us as members of their tribe, their very own people. But we were nevertheless ashamed before them, sore that the cupidity and carelessness and lust for land of the white race had brought them and theirs to this pass. After the talk had somewhat drifted into half silences, Berry said what he could in the way of condolence, adding, "We told you months ago to kill that Agent of yours. Had you done that, there would have been a great excitement where the white people live, and men would have been sent here to look into the matter. They would have learned that you were without food, and a plenty would have been sent to you."

I said nothing. A thought had suddenly struck me which I at once put into execution. I sat down and wrote a letter to a New York gentleman with whom I had had some correspondence, but had never met, explaining fully the sad plight the Blackfeet were in. I can't say why I wrote to him, but I believe that fate directed me, for my story in due time reached a sympathetic hand, and I was told to go on up to the Agency and write an account of what I saw there. Unknown to me this gentleman had ridden several trails in the West, and had formed a different opinion of Indians from what most white men have. In time he became what may be called an honorary member of the Blackfeet, the Pawnees, the Cheyennes, and other Northern tribes. The Fisher Cap, as the Blackfeet call him, has done more for them than all the different "Indian Rights," "Indian Aid" societies put together. He has rid them of thieving agents; helped them to get good ones; to get full value for the lands they have been obliged to sell; accompanied their delegations to Washington, and stood by them in their petitions to the Indian Office.

Well, I saddled a horse and rode up to the Agency. Not exactly to it, for I did not wish to get my friends into trouble. The Indian Police had been ordered by the Agent to arrest every white man they found on the Reservation. If I rode right into the stockade, the Police would have to arrest me or resign, and I wished none of them to leave the service, for the Agent gave them plenty of food for themselves and families. Therefore, I rode from one camp to another for a day, and what I saw was heart-rending. I entered and sat down in the lodges of friends with whom I had feasted not so long since on broiled buffalo tongues and ribs, on rich pemmican and other good things of the plains. Their women were mostly sitting gazing hopelessly at the fire, and upon seeing me drew their old thin robes about them, more securely to hide their rent and worn-out dresses. And the men! There was no hearty, full-voiced "Ok'-yi!" from them. They spoke the word of welcome of course, but in a low key, and their eyes could not meet mine, for they were ashamed. There was nothing in the lodge to eat, and the greatest of humiliations to a Blackfoot is to be unable to set out a little feast for his visitors. But when I began to speak about their predicament, they roused up quickly enough and spoke of their suffering children and wives, and of the deaths, and sometimes as they talked a woman would begin to sob and go out; one who had, perhaps, lost a child of her own. It was all very sad.

Leaving the camps in the vicinity of the Agency, I rode over to Birch Creek, the southern boundary of the Reservation, where there was a small camp. I found the people there slightly better off. A few range cattle were wintering in the vicinity, and the hunters occasionally went out in the night and killed one, so thoroughly covering up or removing all trace of blood and offal that had one ridden by the next day he would never have suspected what had been done there but a few hours before. It has always been a heinous offense to kill, rebrand, or maverick cattle in the range country, and the Indians knew it, hence their caution. The cattlemen knew of course that their herds were growing smaller, but they could prove nothing, so they merely damned the Indians and talked about "wiping them off the face of the earth." Even that last remnant of the Blackfeet's once vast territory, their Reservation, was coveted by the great cattle kings for many years, and as you shall learn later, they eventually got the run of it, after surreptitiously fattening, in connivance with various agents, thousands of beeves upon it for the Chicago market.

Walter B. Anderson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Water Witch Again.

I would be the last one to claim that my investigations have been sufficient to prove anything definite. They have only reached the point of inclining me to believe that there is something in it, and yet I am aware that self-deception is very easy in such things. I may add a little episode in further confirmation of the theory. About five weeks ago, I visited John Burroughs at Slabsides and told him my experiences. He declared that he did not believe in the thing at all. "There is a peach tree," he said, pointing to one in front of his cabin. "Cut a branch and see if you can find water here." I did as he said, and began walking up and down in front of the house. Two points were clearly indicated, about twenty feet apart. I walked over the ground several times and always in just those two places the rod turned over. "That's very strange," said Mr. Burroughs, referring to one of the two spots. "At just that point we came across a spring some years ago when digging a hole." "Was it near there or exactly on that spot?" I asked. "Exactly on the spot," he answered. "I am inclined to think that there may be something in it," were his last words on the subject; "not that the branch indicates the water, but that there may be something in the operator's subconscious self that responds to it." I urged Mr. Burroughs to take the matter up and investigate it thoroughly with more practiced adepts than I may claim to be. As to your suggestion that I should do the same, I regret to say that I have now come to town for the season, but in the spring I will try to carry out your plan, or at least to test the powers of wizards in my own neighborhood. Meanwhile I will try to get the report of the committee of the Society of Psychical Research, which examined the question in Ireland.—Correspondence of the Country Gentleman.

A Matter of Science.

Every little while some new manifestation of humanity strikes the world's vision from an angle that casts on it a sidelight hitherto unknown, or, at least, unheeded. Instantly, plain everyday trifles become silvered over with a rime of scientific importance, and are cited by experts as discoveries of sorts. Old myths are rejuvenated and granted claims of verity unthought of by their most enthusiastic devotees in the long ago; and a careful sifting of such material has raised a claim to the consideration of water, just plain water, as a psychic force.

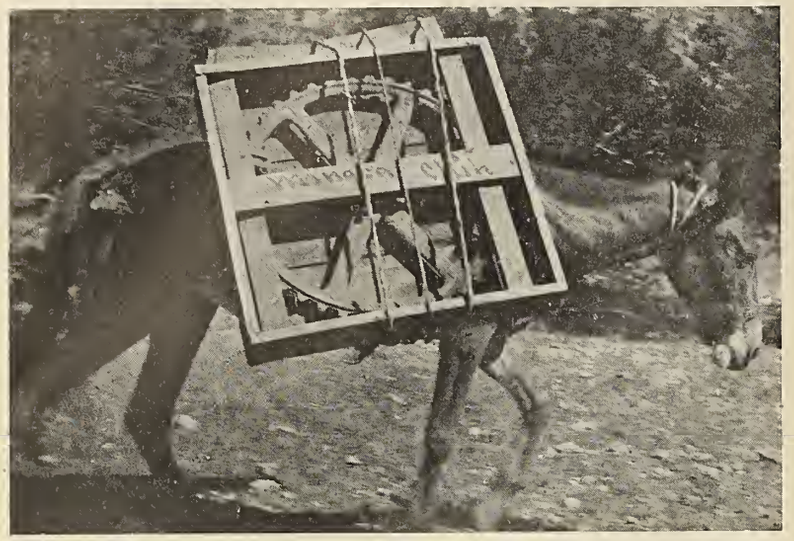
Like other simple elements once unknown, one is led to wonder why its psychic significance was not noted long before. For centuries on centuries we have seen the whole financial world go semi-hydrophobic at the bare suspicion of an undue amount of aqua pura in its stocks; and that such could be the effect of a mere name reacting on—often—a mere nothing but serves to show its power. If such is a shadow's power, what must the reality be!

Or yet again, excited by the mere theory of a cold-water habit, consider the spectacle of thousands of blue-ribboners working enthusiastically hand in glove with the liquor interests to abolish the "Canteen" at arm posts. True, the results, as might have been expected from such an alliance of vice and virtue, are simply devilish, since, of course, a whole line of harpies instantly went to roost like vultures around each post just outside of Government control, and thrive exceedingly at their trade, making the prairie to bloom with toddy-blossoms. But that is a detail. The fact that it was done by water-power is what interests us now.

But let us consider further. Take for experiment a man glorying in his strength. Star of the gridiron, victor of the ring, and of course of some fair woman, the real or potential lover. Subject him to that woman's tears, and where then is his crown of glory? As resolute as a circlet of dull lead, devitalized by the psychic force of—what? Let the victim say. He knows!

"She cried a quart of water, and of course I had to give in." Isn't it a familiar plea, as old as Samson?

Of late the weekly press has taken up one of



MULE CARRYING MINING MACHINERY OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS.

A PACK MULE PROPERLY EQUIPPED FOR CARRYING A PACK.

its periodic subjects, well-finding by divination. It does this just about so often, and the pros and cons as to the specific values of witchhazel or other mystic twig are discussed with becoming gravity. One devout subscriber declares pointblank that he knows a man who did marvels of such water-finding, and gives chapter and verse with an accuracy that leaves little to be desired. Whereat the disgusted editor, sceptic of unseens, editorially cries, "Bosh! Coincidence!"—and makes a lifelong enemy; an error in business as well as in fact. For, did not your witness declare he saw it done with the witchman blindfold? And he at least believes more fervently than ever in the powers of hazel and perchance of darkness. Then his small world scoffs.

Yet, consider wireless telegraphy, if you please. Is it not possible that the witchman's nervous system is susceptible to aqueous influence to some abnormal degree which gives the results thus vouched for? The wizard himself knows not how he does it, and modestly ascribes it all to the hazel wand, and thus excites the contumely of a sceptic world. Thus, too, is modesty rewarded. Small wonder that 'tis rare! But this is a by-product of our investigation.

Consider Noah. There we have a case of psychic force, if you please, of the first water. There can be no doubt about him! His was the felicity not only to prove up in his own household his claim to be a prophet, but also to drown out of hand all who then saw fit to disagree. True there have been others later. There always will be doubters of the equinox and other milestones of the almanac. But is Noah's case out of reason? When his proportionate bulk is reckoned—and there were giants in those days—are the few decades of his antecedent prediction so very wonderful in the light of the frequent miracle of weather-telling of the plain, unlettered toad? Yet who doubts the wisdom of an umbrella when from above he hears the tree-toad's pipe?

Noah and the tree-toad are not alone upon their pinnacle of malignant glory. There are others, mere men, even in these modern days; enough to make Noah explainable to the new century, even as the toothsome lobster of today in his short and infant innocence makes understandable the existence of the pre-Noachian trilobite of the stony heart. Some one loved him, sometime, somewhere, once—the trilobite, I mean, not Noah.

One modern as a fact I have in definite mind. Rusty his boots are, seldom touched by hand of Dago or the sable knight whom he of the brown eyes and olive skin has ousted from his realm among the brushes. Men smile as the boots pass by, and utter slurs at the Bohemian ways of literary folk. Little they know that even as heathen of old they are maligning thus a prophet! Yet for a term of years not once hath that man indulged in the luxury of a "shine" without a sharp rain following within the brief space of a day; and in thoughtless inversion of cause and effect his office associates long have been wont to urge him, before some coming holiday, not to shine his boots, for love of them. Can this be chance? Science knows no such arrangement in the universe. Can it be a rigid, aqueous fate, a Grecian tragedy in our modern "Athens"? Not so. Beyond a doubt 'tis atavism, a survival of the ark's far day, seen dimly in the witchman with his hazel, more clearly in the tree-toad's plaint, and in this matter of the boots made definite beyond a scientific doubt. 'Tis the faint stirrings of coming events rippling against an over-sensitized soul, awaking vague aspirations of creating for itself a shining boundary like a gleaming river-strand.

'Tis the psychic force of water.

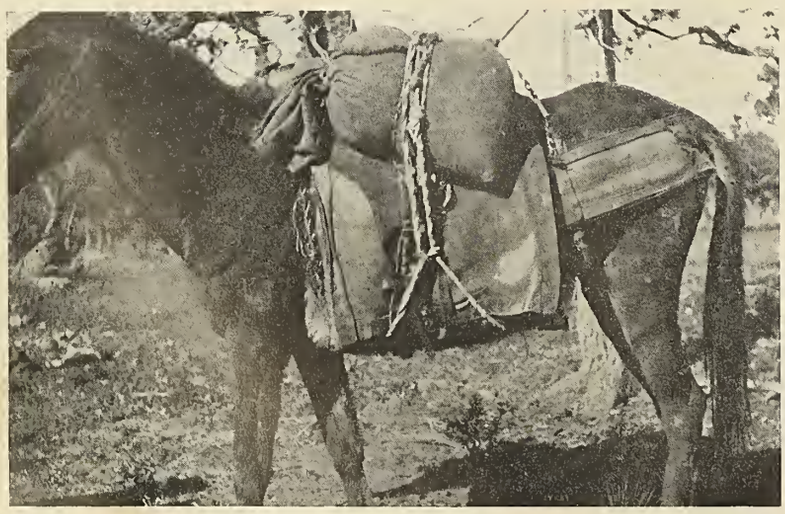
JOHN PRESTON TRUE

Mountain Travel in Mexico.

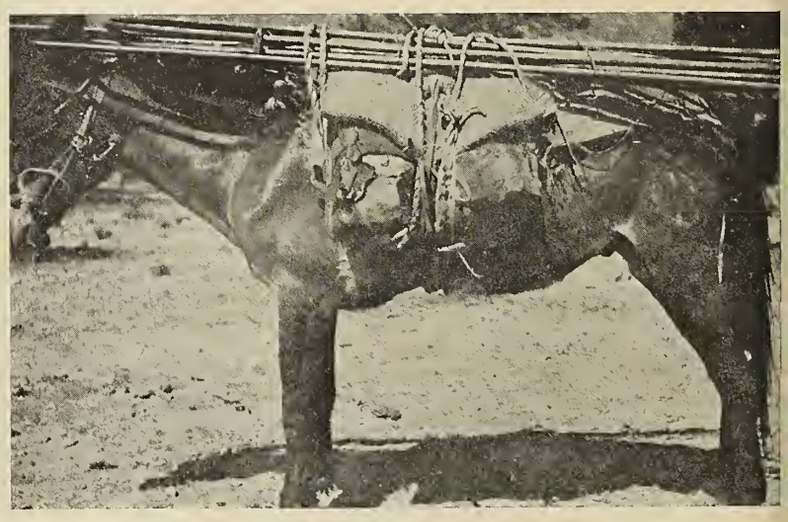
THE tourist who rides through the country in a Pullman car, and writes a book upon his return, telling what he has seen, has really learned about as much about Mexico as an Englishman would of the United States in going from New York to Chicago. As yet no railroad has succeeded in crossing the great Sierra Madres, though some five or six have started and built to the mountains which seemed to say, "So far and no further shalt thou go." And so the ease-loving traveler never sees the grandest and loveliest part of the country.

If you would see Mexico in all her grandeur and beauty, you must do so from the back of a mule and not from a car window. To do this requires experience, and to do it right requires much experience, for not only do you travel mule-back, but your bedding, provisions and entire camp outfit as well, and not only your comfort, but your very life may depend on starting out properly equipped. I have known of many parties coming to grief in that wild region, and it was nearly always the result of starting out wrong.

The trouble with an amateur is that he wants to start with too much equipage, and when he gets out a hundred miles or so from civilization, he finds that half his stuff is valueless; and after he has worn out his mules and has had to walk



THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF ORE.



MULE LOADED WITH IRON PIPING GOING TO THE MINES.

THE AUTHOR IN CAMP.

Two mules packed with my entire outfit, consisting of cooking outfit, tent, clothes bag, blankets, "tarp" folding cot, ammunition and provisions.

back, he is ready to curse the country out, when it's all his own fault. A Mexican peon or an Indian will travel clear across Mexico with only a small quantity of pinole to eat and his saddle blankets to sleep on. A mule will carry two hundred pounds; and one man with two mules properly packed can cross the continent and be almost as comfortable as at home.

In selecting an outfit, the great consideration is lightness, compactness and durability; and this especially applies to your cooking outfit. The aluminum outfit sold by Abercrombie & Fitch is splendid. A small tent is a necessity, as is also a clothes bag.

In packing provisions I use canvas ore sacks, and for bacon, an oilcloth sack. Food is the most difficult thing to carry on a pack animal, as it will work out and get all over everything; but Abercrombie & Fitch have gotten out a can with screw cap, which solves this problem.

Of wearing apparel, a man going out for a month's trip will need a slouch hat, a khaki suit, a pair of overalls, a blue flannel shirt and a sweater, two suits of under clothes, a half-dozen pair of socks and two pair heavy shoes, besides a few toilet articles, all of which can be placed in an ore sack. If it be summer, a Gold Medal folding cot is nice, or an air mattress in winter, with sufficient blankets. A repair outfit, consisting of sack needles, twine, leather punches, shoemaker's needles and thread, is a necessity. Of course, you will carry a rifle, six-shooter, hunting knife and field glasses; and in this day of outdoor travel no trip is complete without a camera, preferably a folding one. But if you value your peace of mind, don't start out with a camera using plates. I tried it—once only.

During nine weeks spent in the Sierra Madres last summer, during which I traveled on horseback some eight hundred miles, I learned much of the intricacies of camp life—little things that seem so insignificant to us as we sit in our city office and think it over, but when you get out a hundred miles from a settlement how very important do they seem! Then it is that you bless your forethought in providing for your trip properly.

To me, a trip with pack animals over the big mountain ranges has a charm unequalled by any other mode of travel. It makes a man feel independent; he doesn't care whether there is a road or not, nor does his comfort depend on reaching a ranch at night, for he carries with him everything he needs.

Mexico is the land of muleback packing. Mines and even good sized towns depend solely on mules or burrows to carry in from the distant railroads everything they need; and it is surprising what they do carry in on a mule. I inclose a few snapshots of pack mules that I took while down in that section, which will, I think, be of interest to your readers.

To the lover of camp life, I would say, take a pack mule trip in Mexico, by all manner of means; but if you are not a past-master in the art of packing and outfitting for such trips, then take along some one who is and follow his advice to the letter, or else stay at home and go quail shooting.

J. J. BUSH.

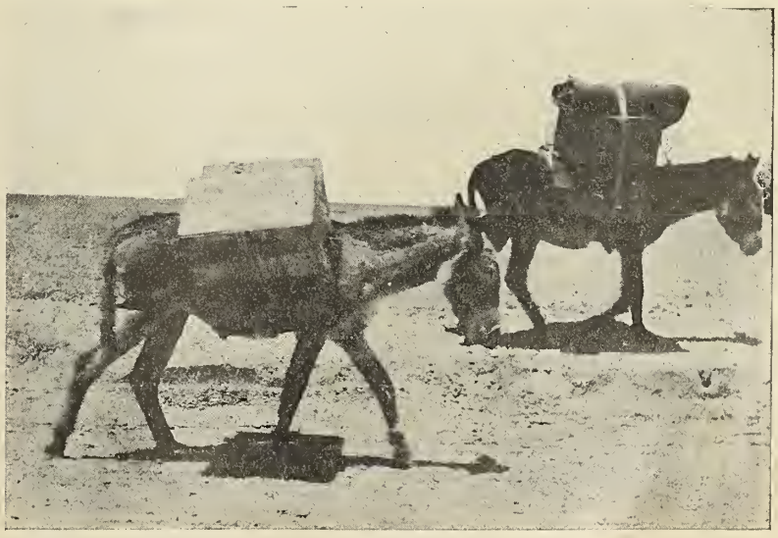
How, Chief.

TOLEDO, O., May 15.—When we meet an old friend in a new garb, we are prone to cry, "How fine you look"; but our pleasure comes from our recognition of the man underneath the clothes, rather than from the clothes themselves. And so when the FOREST AND STREAM marches down across the country, like a chief on the warpath, decked in all the finery of fresh paint and feathers, we are pleased because we recognize beneath all the brave array of new apparel, the spirit, the entity that have made the paper what it is.

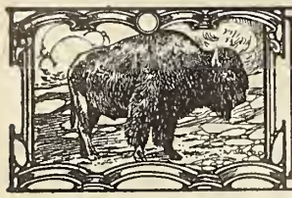
Still, the new dress is handsome and attractive, and furnishes a most fitting costume for the stalwart old war-chief we have all come to regard so highly.

JAY BEEBE.

Pack train carrying freight to Baronca de Cabre mine, one hundred miles from railroad. The mule in center of picture is carrying two large trunks full of dry goods.



FREIGHTERS.



NATURAL HISTORY

The Fate of the Wild Pigeon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The papers on this subject by B. Waters, in recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM, are of great interest and value, and all persons interested in this curious and biologically important question must be indebted to the author for his diligence in bringing together and publishing at this time such a volume of testimony on the subject from the files of FOREST AND STREAM. I am sorry that I have only the second installment of Mr. Waters' paper before me, but I read the first with much attention.

Though interested to go over again the sad story of the tremendous slaughter of the wild pigeon at its latest recorded breeding places, I found nothing new to me in the account. The great and wanton slaughter certainly did not take place exactly as these records set forth; but to my mind the theory that the sudden and practical annihilation of the species was due to this cause remains not only unproven, but untenable.

As the proposer of the theory of catastrophism as the only adequate one, I may perhaps be again allowed a few words on the subject.

First of all, there is the—to me—obvious difficulty with the theory of destruction by man and beast—that no one could ever suppose—and so far as I know no one ever claimed, that by this means every pigeon in a given "roost" was so destroyed. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that, with all the slaughter admitted, it must at any given time and place have fallen far short of complete destruction of the birds.

Out of those vast multitudes thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands—of individual birds must have escaped. There is no record that the instinct of this bird led the species to stay on the breeding ground till the last individual was destroyed.

Such a phenomenon as that would have been more remarkable than anything else recorded of it, and could not have escaped more prominent mention than anything else.

A FOREST AND STREAM editorial reply to an inquiry concerning the growing scarcity of the pigeon is cited by Mr. Waters, under date of Nov. 26, 1885, and as follows: "There is no mystery about the disappearance of the wild pigeons. Their flocks have been depleted by market pot hunters and by the trap-shooting game protective societies." This was written of the "growing scarcity" of the pigeon, and "depleted" was doubtless the correct word to use. That there was a "growing scarcity," and that the flocks were "depleted" by the work of man and beast, there is not the smallest doubt, but for the practical extermination of the species we must look to other agencies. After the last recorded slaughters, large numbers still remained.

Mr. Waters cites an article by Mr. William Brewster in the Auk, and reviewed in FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 24, 1889, stating that in the spring of 1888 "almost every county in the southern peninsula of Michigan was visited by large flocks of this bird, passing northward. A few isolated pairs stopped to roost in the wooded districts, but the main army disappeared across the Straits of Mackinaw about the close of April, much to the disappointment of the old-time netters who, concluding that the birds had returned to their old haunts for the season, got out their nets and made preparation for the familiar slaughter. Mr. Brewster, having been informed that the birds had arrived in large numbers and were preparing to roost, set off at once to learn as much as possible about the breeding birds, reaching Cadillac on May 8, and lingered there waiting for information as to the nesting site selected, until it was evident the birds had gone north." Note that this flight—though unquestionably vastly less in numbers than those of earlier dates—was still spoken of as "large flocks," the "main army" and "large numbers." Mr. Waters knows of no record of the return of this flight or of its subsequent history, and has recourse to the theory that it was composed of aged birds, practically incapable of reproduction! The very fact that the surviving pigeons had been forced by previous experience in Michigan to choose some other breeding place is reason enough why they should not be seen there again, but not in itself any proof, or to my mind indication, that the individuals of it had died of old age, but, on the contrary, that they had chosen a breeding place in the northern wilds, far removed from danger by man, and where their going and coming would be in no wise obvious to the people of Michigan.

For aught that any one has shown, and, indeed, according to the testimony adduced by Mr. Waters himself, there were still, after the prevention of the nesting at Petosky, Mich., in 1888, hundreds of thousands of pigeons in existence, and far too many to have permitted the practical disappearance of the species, were it not for some other cause of destruction.

It would be interesting in this connection to know what the normal life period of the wild pigeon was. The residual flight which visited Michigan in the spring of 1888 was evidently composed of birds migrating for the breeding purpose and strong in flight. Can there be any reason to suppose that they did not know what they were about, or that their concerted flight beyond the Straits was not to another breeding place?

Mr. Waters seems to me quite unwarranted in thinking that what he has cited from undoubtedly veracious records "should forever dispel all far-fetched theories of the destruction of the birds on the high seas in a gale."

With the evidence which I have cited in these columns of several such extensive destructions of pigeons by precisely this means, and in particular one of great extent on the large area of the Gulf of Mexico, I submit that there is the best of reason to suppose that in this, and not in destruction by man, we may have the real explanation of the disappearance of the final "army" of pigeons which we know survived the last recorded slaughter at the breeding places in Michigan.

Here I wish to urge again as not only pertinent to my theory of catastrophism, but highly interesting in itself, the question of the southern limit of the annual migration of the pigeon.

Where were the great flights in the winter? I infer that they were not in the Gulf States of the United States. Even if widely dispersed, their abundance, in the palmy days of the species, would have been very noticeable and subject of record and comment which, so far as I can learn, is entirely lacking.

If the pigeons went across the Gulf, then I submit that the reports I have earlier cited must be given weight in the discussion. Meanwhile we may all rejoice in the report so well supported of a large flock of genuine passenger pigeons having been seen flying over Kingston, N. Y., and the consequent possibility that the beautiful bird may gain in numbers and gladden the eyes alike of those who knew it of old, and of those to whom it is only a tradition of the elders. If even a single flock of passenger pigeons survives, it will be quite sufficient warrant for all possible discussion of our problem in creating, as one may hope, such a public sentiment as would come to the rescue and sternly prevent any repetition of the old ruthlessness and folly should the breeding place of this remnant ever be discovered.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM interested in this subject may remember that for a time the only known examples of the passenger pigeon surviving in captivity were the twenty-five or thirty individuals owned by Prof. Whitman, Professor of Zoology at the University of Chicago. He used to take them—as part of his extensive aviary—with him every summer to Wood's Hole, Mass., where I saw them a few years ago, making the trip for the especial purpose. For a time his birds, which were, I believe, bred from a few individuals secured from an Indian in Wisconsin, seemed to thrive in captivity and they were fecund. The beautiful birds were to me a thrilling sight, and brought back with great vividness scenes and experiences of my boyhood.

A few weeks ago my cousin, Mr. P. Ames, of Hammond, Ind., called to my attention a printed letter stating that the writer was the possessor of several live passenger pigeons. The writer's address was given as Milwaukee, Wis.

Being in Chicago at the time, I lost no time in telephoning Professor Whitman, thinking the item would surely be of great interest to him as a possible opportunity for him to procure new blood for his own flock. I found him, indeed, greatly interested, and all the more for the reason that his own birds, probably by reason of continued in-breeding, had in late years lost their vigor and one by one had died, till the survivors numbered but two individuals, and of the same sex.

I can only hope that the Milwaukee report was verified, and that from this new source Professor Whitman may be able to replenish his flock, and that, better yet, we may have ample confirmation from John Burroughs and his friends that the wild pigeons are still in the country, and that they may be accorded special protection till the permanence of the species is secured.

C. H. AMES.

BURLEY, Idaho, June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Interesting and convincing as was Mr. Waters' paper on the disappearance of the passenger pigeon, in which I quite agree that shooting, netting, and failure of food supply was primarily the cause of their disappearance, I find it impossible to accept his positive statement that their going was not sudden or that there is no mystery connected with it.

In the past twenty years, in which I presume I have been afield considerably more than the average sportsman, and in the States where earlier the birds were in vast numbers, and ever on the lookout for them, I have no hesitation in stating, that, barring the natural decrease up to the years 1878 to 1880, the flight was about normal; but since that time I have never seen a single specimen.

I have compared notes on the subject with all of my sportsmen friends—and they are many—and we agree that we have all had the same experience.

Personally I am unwilling to believe that birds as wary as the pigeon, could, with all the guns and nets available at the time, be absolutely exterminated in the space of time between two seasons.

Granting that the cataclysm theory may not be well supported by facts, it has, however, been noted by many earlier writers, and observed by many individuals since, that in their peculiar evolutions of flight, instinct or otherwise, pigeons appeared to be piloted, flock after flock duplicating at relatively the same place the exact performance of others preceding them, even to breaking up the line or tumbling pell mell, but ever after the leaders and in the general line of flight,

With the above fact in mind, is it not entirely reasonable and possible that the birds, harassed, shot, netted and continually disturbed, were *led* in search of new feeding and breeding grounds, into a locality entirely unfamiliar and unfit for them and there perished?

It is immaterial whether they were swept into the sea in a storm or, like chimney swallows wheeling into a smoke stack, they flew into the crater of an active volcano, with suicidal intent. The fact remains, that the birds did practically totally disappear so suddenly as to be startling to those parties who noted the phenomena; and in my opinion it is this mystery that kept alive the question for a generation past, and one that is still pertinent, "What became of the wild pigeons?" NOYNEK.

The Eagle and the Sun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find this in the Detroit Free Press:

"Many birds are provided with natural spectacles, a transparent membrane called the third eyelid. This third eyelid, when not in use, lies folded in the inner corner of the eye. Two muscles work it, spreading it over the cornea or folding it up again much more cleverly than a man can put on or take off his spectacles. But for its third eyelid the eagle could not look at the sun."

Is this description of the eagle's eye correct, and can the eagle look at the sun in any other way than other birds look at it? ROCHESTER.

[The "natural spectacles" referred to in the quotation are the nictitating membrane, which is an elastic translucent whitish fold of the conjunctiva. This so-called third eyelid, or winking membrane, passes across the eyeball horizontally or obliquely from in front backward. It is an additional protection to the eye, and serves also as a shade to it, excluding a part of the light. One may often see an owl in the day time, with his eyes partly or wholly covered by this nictitating membrane, and it may possibly be that the eagle screens his eye with it when he looks directly at the sun, if he ever does so. That the eagle looks at the sun is merely one of those bits of folk-lore which cluster so thickly about this impressive bird. There is a great deal that is interesting about the bird's eye, but most of it has to do with the anatomy of the organ.]

California Mammals.

EVEN if the latest general work on California mammals had been much less than fifty years old, there would still be abundant justification for another work on the subject. Prof. Baird's Volume VIII. of the Pacific Railroad Reports appeared in 1857, and so is not very much later than Audubon and Bachman. Within the last fifteen or twenty years our knowledge of all life has advanced by leaps and bounds, and it is gratifying that for California mammals Mr. Frank Stephens has just brought together a list of the species found in that State, together with notes on them.

California is one of our largest States. From north to south it spans more than 9 degrees of latitude, while its longitude covers seashore, marsh, arid plain, forest and snow-covered mountain. In the Colorado valley and in the desert the climate is subtropical, while on the summit of the Sierras it is arctic. The State which presents such contrasts would naturally furnish conditions suited to a very great number of species and subspecies of mammals—and of birds. This is what California does, Mr. Stephens' list giving a total of 276 forms, beginning with the cetaceans and ending up with man.

Mr. Stephens has long been a student of birds and mammals of the Pacific Coast; beginning like many other zoologist with the birds, and passing on later to the mammals. Something like fifteen years ago he joined the Death Valley Expedition of the Biological Survey and was with it for a season.

His long experience has given him an intimate personal acquaintance with the great majority of the species which he describes, and has enabled him to learn much about them, and we should have been glad if his notes on the various species had been fuller than they are, and he had given his readers the benefit of his wide information.

His knowledge of the cetaceans is less full, and his notes are taken chiefly from Scammon, who still seems to be the fountainhead of knowledge on these species.

Two species of elk—Roosevelt's and the recently described and almost extinct tule elk—are yet found in California; Roosevelt's in a few inaccessible places in three or four northwestern counties, and the tule elk on the Miller and Lux ranch, and now in the Sequoia National Park. Is it the fact, by the way, that the word "wapiti" is an Iroquois name, as Webster's Dictionary states? The better authority, we think, holds that the word is from an Algonquian tongue—the Cree—from the word "wapitiw," meaning "dirty white," "grayish," referring to the animal's color. Some of the older writers on northern mammals speak of the wapiti, it will be remembered, as the "gray moose."

Three forms of the mule deer and two of the blacktail deer are recorded, and in speaking of the California mule deer of Southern California, Mr. Stephens mentions an example of the well known fact that certain injuries to the generative organs are followed by a continuous life to the antler, which in the course of years becomes a mass of points, mostly small and still covered with harsh skin.

Abundant as the antelope was formerly in many parts of California, the species is now almost exterminated there. Two or three hundred may be left; but even this small number is steadily decreasing. Of two forms of bighorn given, the first—thought to be *Canadensis*—is exterminated in the northern mountains, where only it was found. Just what form it was that occurred in northern California is uncertain, and will perhaps never be known. The one still existing in the south and on the borders of the desert is the Nelson bighorn, which is decreasing in numbers. Mr. Stephens includes the white goat in his list, but gives no evidence of the animal's occurrence in California, except Capt. Bendire's old record, which is now understood to have been a mistake.

The great order of gnawers is represented by something like 160 species, among which are two forms of beaver and many hares. Seals and sea lions includes the almost extinct sea elephant and the Guadaloupe seal. The queer little bassaris, or ring-tailed cat, is rare. Grizzly bears, once common in California, are now very rare, with the probability of their becoming extinct in the near future. Mr. Stephens has never seen a live grizzly at large. It is interesting to learn that the sea otter, formerly so abundant in the northern Pacific Ocean, still lives in very small numbers about the islands off the coast of lower and Southern California. The constant pursuit to which it is subjected must, before long, result in its extermination, unless some available refuge can be established for the species. Many people will be astonished to know that there are twenty species of bats in California.

The illustrations in this volume are by Mr. Walter J. Fenn from studies afield. They are reproductions of water-color sketches, and are of varying excellence, some of them very good. The work is well and handsomely printed, and the type good and clean. Following the enumeration of the species, which occupies 282 pages, there is an essay on life areas of California as established by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, then follows a numbered list of mammals, a definition of the parts of a skull, and a glossary, together with a brief errata and an index. There are more typographical errors than there ought to be in the volume, and these are not by any means all included in the short table of errata.

Mr. Stephens' work is one which will be helpful to a great multitude of people. His painstaking labors have extended over many years, and he is to be congratulated on the outcome.

ROUGHING IT

soon grows tiresome unless the food is good. Good milk is one item indispensable to a cheerful camp, and Borden's solves the problem. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated Cream keep indefinitely, anywhere, and fill every milk requirement. Beware of cheap imitations.—*Adv.*

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE thirty-fourth annual report of the Board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia for the year ending February 28, 1906, was read at the annual meeting of the members of the society April 26 last. The report has just been printed.

The total number of members of the society is 1,851, of which 1,291 are life members and 250 perpetual members. The total attendance for the year was 222,258, and the total receipts from admissions $32,253.30, an increase of over $2,000 above the previous year. The whole number of animals shown during the year was 2,397, of which 571 were mammals, 868 birds, 813 reptiles and 145 batrachians.

Among the accessions to the gardens was a fine pair of tigers, a pair of dingos, or Australian wild dog, two brown bear cubs from Admiralty Island, not yet identifiable. A pair of black and white geese and a brush turkey from Australia, and a pair of secretary vultures were added to the collections early in the year. Among the animals born in the garden were dingos, gray wolves, coyotes, Brazilian tapir, red deer, elk, llamas and a kangaroo. There were hatched and reared a wild turkey, mallard ducks, black ducks, summer ducks and redheaded ducks. Unfortunately, the raccoon-like dogs did not live long. The young tapir at birth weighed seventeen and a quarter pounds, was twenty-six inches in total length and thirteen inches in height at the shoulder. The raccoon-like dogs do not often breed in captivity.

The laboratory of pathology continued its good work, and much has been learned concerning the nature of the diseases occurring in the collections. No monkey is now placed on exhibition until it has gone through quarantine and passed the tuberculin tests, and this, of course, while at first likely to reduce the number of animals on exhibition, is certain to produce in the end a collection of great hardiness and vigor.

Franklin on the Eagle.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S contumelious characterization of the eagle is contained in Audubon's Ornithological Biography, and reads as follows:

"For my part," says he, in one of his letters, "I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labors of the Fishing Hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little King Bird, not bigger than a Sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *King Birds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie.*"

The Sad Penguin.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cynic's view of the penguins as given in the last FOREST AND STREAM is quite right. He might have added that the penguins range from the Antarctic Circle up to the Galapagos Island beneath the tropical sun, but there are very few of them about Galapagos or on the west coast of South America generally. Undoubtedly the sad penguin prefers its Antarctic home, and although it has been pursued by the sealers and penguin hunters and has been most shamefully butchered of late years, especially on Macquarie Island, it clings to its southern habitat.

My experience with the penguin is a trifle more extended than that of my friend the Cynic. I have met them at Valparaiso and about the Chincha Islands. The rest of my knowledge is gained from pictures and what I have read and heard. F. A. J.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Newfoundland Notes.

THE caribou are migrating north in large numbers. Every train that arrives, reports seeing herds containing from five to fifty. Readers who have been on the island, know that the railway line runs north for a certain distance, and then branches west towards Port au Basque.

The track is like an immense ribbon stretched across the county, and with the exception of the sectionmen, and a few lumber settlements along the line, the whole county, which the line traverses, is unsettled. Hence, the deer roams for the better part of the year undisturbed, and when the great northern or southern migration is on, they cross the track at various places, almost in countless numbers. What the train people see, is only a small percentage of the vast herds that are moving night and day. The sight of families of caribou crossing near the train, never appears to lose novelty for travelers. They are always on the lookout while going through the deer country, and are very seldom disappointed. When the engineer blows, some deer fly like the wind, and others toss their heads and saunter on, as if to show their contempt for man and all his works and pomps.

His Excellency, the Governor, Sir Wm. McGregor, has made the suggestion, that reindeer be imported into Newfoundland from Alaska, for draught purposes. In northern Newfoundland and Labrador, where there are no regular roads, the natives use dogs for hauling purposes. When the lakes and marshes are frozen, and a good fall of snow on the ground, it is easy to travel anywhere. The dogs used are very ferocious. A report reached here the other day, of a man and his family who had been traveling in Labrador; by some means, the dogs, which are always hard to manage, became unmanageable, with the result that they ate the driver and his family. It was not till the dogs returned, looking sleek and well fed, that any apprehension was felt. Then some men went out on the track, and found the bones of the unfortunate people, in such condition that they told the whole story. The natives find it hard to feed these dogs, and they are a constant strain on a people whose resources are limited. Hence. it has been suggested that reindeer be substituted. All this island and the Labrador are peculiarly well adapted for the maintenance of deer.

A local paper goes further, and suggests that we domesticate our native caribou. Many people seem to think this a good idea, and say that the caribou is as good as the reindeer for draught purposes. They are cheaper and more easily procured, and are very easily domesticated. Guides and others in various parts have time and again captured and tamed young caribou, with very little trouble, and it will be an interesting experience to watch, if the government causes some to be captured and trained.

It has also been suggested, that the Avalon Peninsula on the southeast of the island, comprising the land between and south of Trinity and Placenta Bays, be turned into a deer preserve. Men who have traveled this country, agree that it would be an ideal place for a natural deer park. Years ago, caribou were very plentiful on Avalon, but excepting a small herd which still remains there, the rest have been killed off. Avalon is more thickly populated than any other part of the island. But if it were stocked with deer, and a heavy penalty named for killing them, they would thrive all right. When the new game commission is appointed, this matter will be submitted for their consideration.

Several Americans have obtained permission from the Government, to get live caribou for exportation. Mr. Henry Clay Pierce, a few weeks ago, procured six. Mr. Pierce is president of the Mexican Central Railway. He commissioned Edward Brake, a local guide, to capture them. He did so, and took them to Lake Nebagnan, Wisconsin, where Mr. Pierce has a private reserve, Cedar Island Lodge. Word has reached here, that they arrived all safe and well. No doubt, after this there will be more applicants from America for live caribou; and at some future time, perhaps our deer will be like our old-time Newfoundland dogs. If we want the latter now, I believe they are to be had purer and better in many parts of the U. S. than in this island at present.

The latest reports from the moose that were imported a couple of years ago, are to the effect that when last seen in the neighborhood of Deer Lake, they were in poor condition. It will be a pity if they do not thrive, as great things were expected of the experiment.

Bears are proving troublesome at Little River Codroy. Arch McIsaac, of Little Forks, has lost several fine sheep. They have also been seen round South Branch; but up to date, all efforts to shoot or trap them have proved futile.

The best news for years is beginning to come in from the salmon rivers. All indications point to a very good season. Six salmon were taken at Little River one day last week. Mr. Diamond, an American sportsman, took forty-five salmon in four days last week at Crabbs. Mr. Crane got three salmon per day. Col. Ward got a 7-pound salmon on Friday, and Capt. Rhodes a 12-pound salmon at South Branch. I. N. Barrett caught three salmon, weighing five pounds each, at Cook's Brook on Saturday last. Mr. Mott got one eighteen pounds, and Col. Ward caught a 16½-pounder last evening.

At the mouth of the Humber River, within one hundred yards of the railway wharf, there is excellent trout fishing. A. Harbey captured three trout Saturday, weighing twenty-eight pounds. Trout were never so numerous, and salmon are abnormally plentiful, but they have not gone up Harry's River yet.

Several American sportsmen have turned up along the line and they are getting good sport. It is a little early for many of the pools, but the fortunate angler who hooks one of these fresh run salmon or grilse, will have first-class sport.

I have been scanning the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for months on the look-out for an intimation as to where one could procure a nice series of angling pictures. Surely such a someone. The shooters have no end of good series fit for the angler's den, is published by

FIRST PRIZE MOOSE HEAD—TAKEN BY JOSEPH B. TOWNSEND, 3D.

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pictures of game, and I am sure that angling lends itself to illustration even better than shooting. I am still in hopes that I will see the "ad." of some enterprising firm in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, giving details of a cheap artistic series of angling pictures, such as all anglers covet.

I would like once more to remind American sportsmen, that the postage to Newfoundland is five cents, not two. Last week I received two letters from esteemed correspondents and I had to pay twelve cents extra postage on one, and fifteen cents on another. If one is not around when the postman arrives with a short-paid letter, he will not leave it. This often causes delay in replying. Those letters are not placed in the P. O. boxes with the regular mail, but sent out by carrier to collect extra postage due. I would further like to add, that sportsmen wanting information, guides, outfit, etc., can get all particulars, by writing Hon. Eli Davie, Mr. W. B. Reid or W. J. Hamilton, all of St. John's. These gentlemen have all information necessary for visitors, and will be delighted to send it on request. In fact, the latter two will make all arrangements for your outting, probably better and cheaper than anyone else in the island. So it would be to the advantage of any prospective visitor to write or telegraph them. They will make dates for the tourist, hire guides, advise him where to go, and instruct the whole railway service to help him along and make his stay pleasant.

W. I. CARROLL.

Close Quarters with a Deer.

WINTHROP, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can anyone tell me what was the matter with this deer? One day, while canoeing down a wilderness river of northern Maine, I espied a deer quietly feeding a few rods from the shore, which did not appear to notice our passage. There was nothing very remarkable in the fact that it was not disturbed, for the deer was visible only to one standing up, and that for a short time, as the slow and steady current bore the canoes silently around the bend. And besides that, the deer's head was down. And yet, something in its perfect oblivion to our presence aroused my curiosity, and induced me to land out of sight below. Quietly beaching my canoe, and cautiously crawling back, I perceived the deer feeding as before. Using natural objects as a shield, I crawled nearer and nearer, until, from a distance of a dozen feet, I made a quick rush, and succeeded in grasping the surprised and struggling animal in my arms. It was a short and lively bout, in which I shifted my hold several times in vain attempts to escape the perfect rain of blows which played upon the various parts of my anatomy. It was over in less time than it takes to tell it, and the deer stopped struggling, when it was stretched out on its side upon a soft bed with its four legs firmly grasped in my hands, as I had many times in my boyhood held a kicking sheep or calf. The deer was uninjured, as I had carefully avoided roughness; but that my opponent had not followed the same rule, was fully attested by the number of red welts upon my bare arms. However, as I was the aggressor, I had no fault to find. Through the short struggle, the deer made no sound, but as he felt his last active leg seized and pinned down with the others, he gave vent to one long and disconsolate bawl.

From their canoe, my wife and her guide had been witnesses, but not silent, for many had been the injunctions from both to look out, or I would get hurt. Now the former landed, and attempted to make friends with the captive, but to no avail. Each move of the hand to stroke the sleek nose was met by a counter movement to avoid the caress.

Examination showed that the deer was a large fawn, about two-thirds as large as a yearling, in good flesh and apparently in the enjoyment of good health.

After a moment or two, I released the legs, and the owner leaped to its feet, and springing into the river, started to swim across. When less than half way over, it began to swim in a circle, and swam around and around until, fearing that it would become exhausted, and drown, I waded in and brought it to shore. Coming back to shore and up the bank, it submitted to leading quite willingly. But, once again on dry land, and my hands removed, it bounded away into the brush, and we resumed our way.

Next morning early, as a result of much discussion around the camp-fire of the evening before, I went back up the river to look for my

former captive, and to ascertain, if possible, the cause for its strange and unusual actions, but my journey was in vain. I searched the place and vicinity carefully for an hour or more, but could find nothing of my acquaintance of the previous evening, and had to come away without satisfying my curiosity as to its unaccountable conduct.

Now upon consideration, the fawn did act strangely in not observing my approach, and in swimming in a circle, and again in allowing me to catch it in the water after I had once let it go. One would naturally first think that it was blind, but I saw its eyes at close range, and more than once; and they did not impress me as appearing otherwise than normal. And, if it were blind, what about its sense of smell? Why did that not give warning of the approach of an enemy—and especially that most dreaded of all enemies, man? I have observed that full grown deer fear more the smell than the sight of man, and have been led to believe from what I have read, that it is the same with fawns a few days or a few weeks old at most. But I never before had a chance to observe a fawn in a wild state away from the influence of its mother. This one certainly acted in a manner far different from what I had been led to expect. In the first instance, it made no objection to my presence, until actually in my grasp, and in the second, it did not try to avoid me when in the water. I should not have been so surprised, if it had been young and weak, or if it had been emaciated and weak, but on the contrary, it was a large fawn, plainly in good flesh, and gave ample evidence of a strong and vigorous constitution.

May not the explanation after all be, that we have been misled into believing that fawns have an instinctive dread of human beings? I offer this only as a suggestion. If this is so, then the deer's actions were not strange after all. A colt, or calf, unused to handling, will struggle violently to free itself. And may not swimming have been a new experience, and swimming in a circle have been due to excitement and confusion caused by fear of going further from shore, and the fear of turning back to its former captors? Did this deer act strangely or not? G. D. B.

The Automatic Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 9, a correspondent has put the argument of those who favor the most efficient methods of exterminating game, as well as the case allows.

The fact that game has increased rapidly in some districts where modern weapons have taken the place of muzzleloaders is not conclusive. A more elaborate supervision of game interests, more restrictive laws and a more expensive and careful police system may have counteracted the deadly possibilities of newer weapons to a certain degree in some localities, but that wild creatures in general have suffered from the increased destructiveness of weapons it is vain to deny.

Some reasoners maintain that civilization is advanced by the extermination of game, especially of big game, though I do not personally believe that wasteful or cruel butchery is ever in the interests of civilization, but, taking the ordinary view that the capture of game should be confined within such limits as permit the regular maintenance of the game supply, it is easy to see that very fatal, and easily-worked killing machines may be undesirable.

It is well understood that dynamiting fish, though an easy and effective method of capture made possible by comparatively modern inventions in explosives, is a wasteful process that tends to devastate the fishing grounds. Some kinds of nets are found too fatal for the maintenance of normal numbers of certain kinds of fish. Traps and snares at times make whole districts barren of grouse. Poisoned grain, heavy caliber swivel guns and night shooting have all been proven to diminish the numbers of wildfowl faster than normal reproduction can fill the ranks.

All these methods of slaughter have been made subjects of penal legislation.

There is no difference in principle between prohibiting the use of swivel guns or pump guns or automatic guns.

The march of invention has not been hampered by laws forbidding the use of high explosives for the killing of fish. And as long as guns are used for military purposes, inventors can always find an outlet for superior destruction.

It is clear that no principle is violated by prohibiting the use of automatic guns in the pursuit of game; and if such arms invite to wasteful slaughter and threaten the extinction or dangerous diminution of the game supply, they should be prohibited. G. H. Gould.

First Prize Moose Head.

The moose head winning first prize in the Forest and Stream competition, killed by Mr. Joseph B. Townsend, 3d, is here illustrated. The details of the killing and the measurements of the trophy follow:

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to enter for your prize competition for the best moose head secured in the year 1905, in the hunting grounds of the United States and Canada, the head of a moose which was shot by my son, Joseph B. Townsend, 3d, at 6:45 P. M. on Tuesday, September 19, 1905. He killed this moose on Burnedland Brook, Deadwater, in the county of Temiscouata, in the Province of Quebec, about two miles and a quarter northeast from my permanent camp, on the Third Squatteck Lake, otherwise known as Sugar Loaf Lake, and on property leased by the Provincial Government to the Squatteck Fish and Game Club, of which both my son and I are members. The boy left the main camp with Isidore Plourd, as guide, at 4:45 in the afternoon of the date above mentioned, and made the carry to the Deadwater, where I had a small hunting camp. He killed his moose, and was back at the main camp for supper at half-past seven the same evening. I inclose herewith four photographs of the head, one of which shows the right hand side of the head, another of which shows the left hand side of the head, another of which shows the head in profile, while a fourth is taken with the head standing perpendicularly upon the base of the neck, with the dimensions of the horn marked upon it.

While I doubt not that you will have submitted very many heads, the spread of which is larger than that herewith submitted, which measures as you will see by refernece to the photograph, 52¼ inches, I question whether any can be submitted which are more symmetrical.

I may add in conclusion, that the measurements herewith submitted, were taken by me personally in conjunction with Mr. David McCadden, the taxidermist of the Academy of Natural Sciences in this city, who mounted the head for me, and also that I enter this head in the name of my son, whose present duties at college have precluded his taking the necessary measurements, and conducting the correspondence with you. J. B. Townsend, Jr.

Extreme width measured between perpendiculars A and B, and not diagonally, 52¼ inches.

Width of right blade, I to J, 11½ inches.

Width of left blade, K to L, 11½ inches.

Circumference of horns at N, 8 15-16; at O, 8 15-16. Measurements from M to N, 14¾ in.; O to P, 15 inches; C to L, 35⅛ inches; D to H, 36¼ inches; C to F, 34¼ inches; D to G, 34¾ inches.

Feather Law to be Tested.

As the result of a conference between Commissioner Whipple of the State Forest, Fish and Game Department and B. F. Feiner, representing the millinery importers of New York City, relative to the enforcement of the law which prohibits the possession for sale or the sale of feathers or parts of foreign birds in this State, a test case will be prepared.

We know of no better antidote for absurdities in natural history and concerning animal life generally than is supplied by our sprightly contemporary, Forest and Stream, of New York. The foolish sentimentalism about animals that has got into our American literature of late, and the grotesque misinformation concerning wild life which "tenderfeet" and imaginative syndicate writers so industriously disseminate, get scant mercy at the hands of the men and women who write for this journal and who are past masters in the facts of animal life.—Christian Advocate.

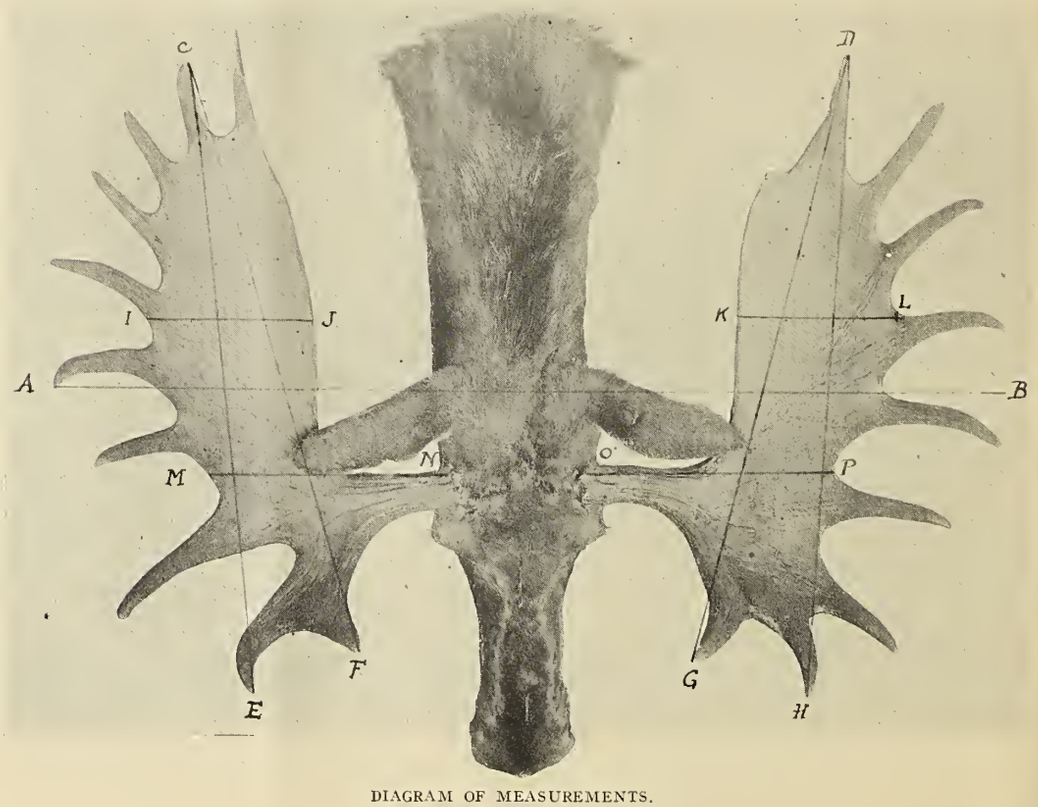

DIAGRAM OF MEASUREMENTS.

The Failure of our Shad Fisheries.

For many years it has been impossible for the Federal fishery authorities to "point with pride" to the condition of the shad fisheries, as an example of the beneficent effects of artificial propagation. Since the inauguration of shad culture on an extensive scale about twenty-five years ago, the trend of the shad fisheries has been steadily upward until the last few years, notwithstanding the fishing was conducted under conditions more and more unfavorable to the conservation of the supply. When it was seen that the efforts to operate the hatcheries to their full capacity was becoming more difficult and expensive each season, the note of alarm was sounded, and it was pointed out that unless the States took adequate action, the early failure of the shad fisheries was a necessary and inevitable result of the curtailment of spawning.

The following pertinent references to this subject may be found in the report of the U. S. Fish Commissioner for 1905:

Conditions affecting important branches of the work in certain States are such as to occasion solicitude for the welfare of the fisheries because of the failure of the States to appreciate the necessity of insuring the survival of a certain proportion of the run of fish until the eggs are deposited naturally or taken by the fish-culturist. The intelligent adaptation of artificial propagation to particular fisheries will insure the perpetuation of the species and permit the greatest freedom in the fishery, but artificial propagation unaided can not maintain fisheries that are conducted with such vigor and energy that the percentage of fish which reach the spawning grounds is each year growing smaller. The Bureau can not contemplate without concern the trend of the shad fisheries of Chesapeake Bay, the salmon fisheries of Oregon, Washington and Alaska, and the whitefish fisheries of the Great Lakes, and believes that the situation demands the prompt attention of the various States concerned. The failure of these important fisheries may not be imminent, but that it is certain, if the present conditions are permitted to continue, no unbiased and well-informed person can doubt.

* * * * *

An almost unprecedentedly small run of shad in the tributaries of Chesapeake Bay and in other waters where the Bureau has hatcheries resulted in one of the poorest seasons in the history of shad culture. The spring was unusually favorable for all kinds of net fishing in the bays and estuaries, and consequently a very large proportion of the run was caught before the fish reached the spawning grounds. It is reported that the catch of shad in the Potomac River in 1905 was the smallest ever known. Unless the number of shad nets that may be set in and below the mouths of streams is limited and the survival of a fair proportion of the spawning fish is insured, the efforts of the Bureau to maintain this important fishery may not be successful.

* * * * *

For several years the very valuable shad fishery of North Carolina has been declining, and in consequence of the scarcity of ripe fish the Burcau's shad hatching operations in that State have been much interfered with. The decline is generally ascribed to the capture of an increasingly and inordinately large percentage of the run of spawning fish in salt water, owing to the setting of numerous fixed and movable devices in such a way as to intercept the schools. The seriousness of the situation was fully appreciated by the State Legislature, and measures for the protection of the shad were considered at the last session. The Deputy Commissioner of the Bureau, having made an investigation of the condition and needs of the fishery, appeared before the legislature by invitation and gave the results of his observations and made suggestions for improving the fishery. Shortly afterwards the legislature enacted special laws along the lines advocated by the Bureau which it is expected will prove effective.

The shad season of 1906 was probably the poorest ever known, as regards the run of fish in the rivers, and, as a consequence, the work of artificial propagation was a dismal failure all along the line. The extent of the operations of the shad hatcheries is a very good criterion of the condition of the fisheries, for on every stream where hatching is done the most active and systematic efforts are made to collect all available eggs. The following results of shad cultivation in 1906 are therefore very suggestive:

On the Potomac, where within four years nearly 100,000,000 eggs have been obtained during a period of six or seven weeks, much more persistent endeavors yielded only 12,700,000 eggs in 1906; and one seine, which in 1896 caught 194,000 shad, this year obtained less than 2,000.

On the Susquehanna, where ten years ago over 200,000,000 shad eggs were collected from the fishermen's boats, it was possible to secure this season only 8,500,000.

On the Delaware, long the leading shad stream, where within a few years more than 100,000,000 eggs had been taken in one season from fish destined for the markets, the entire egg production in 1906, notwithstanding the most active efforts of the Burcau of Fisheries at all the important fishing centers, was less than 250,000.

It is rather significant that more than half the number of shad eggs artificially hatched in 1906 were at the station in North Carolina, heretofore the least productive State, but where legislation to protect the shad and ensure a run to the spawning grounds has recently been enacted.

The Commissioner of Fisheries makes this plea for the protection of food fishes in his official report for 1905:

Several cases have recently arisen suggestive of the benefits that might accrue to the fishing industry if the general government exercised jurisdiction. These cases also show how the fish-cultural work of the Bureau of Fisheries and of the State fish commissions may be counteracted and perhaps rendered entirely nugatory, and how valuable station property may be rendered worthless, through failure of the States to afford proper protection to the fishes.

Attention may be drawn particularly to the salmon fisheries of the Pacific States. These fisheries are so extensive and exhausting, and the property interests involved are so valuable, that every precaution should be taken to insure the unimpaired perpetuation of the various species of salmon, as has been done in California. It would appear, however, that elsewhere the trend of public sentiment is in the direction of the greatest freedom of fishery, with little or no regard for even the near future. This is shown by the curtailing of already too short closed seasons on the Columbia and other rivers, by the erection of impassable dams in streams that salmon are wont to ascend to spawn, and by the unrestricted operation of fishing devices in localities where they are known to be unnecessarily destructive. A pernicious example of the last-named condition is the multiplication of pound nets and gill nets about the mouth of the Skagit River on Puget Sound, notwithstanding the well-known facts that it is the only stream in that region in which there is a noteworthy run of blueback or sock-eye salmon for spawning purposes, and that the only hatchery operated chiefly for this species is located on Baker Lake, at the head of that stream.

The present indications are that the Baker Lake hatchery may shortly have to be abandoned, because the run of fish will have been annihilated.

The attitude of indifference on the part of particular States to the preservation of valuable natural resources like the fresh-water and anadromous fishes and the lack of appreciation of the beneficent work carried on by the government through the Bureau of Fisheries demand serious attention. It is respectfully recommended that consideration be accorded the proposition to discontinue all government fishery work in those States that exhibit no healthy sentiment in favor of the preservation of their supply of food and game fishes, Congress being asked to grant such authority, if necessary.

Carp and Black Bass.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: At a gathering of several local fishermen, readers of Forest and Stream, it was decided to mail you the inclosed report from the Detroit News, every word of which we know to be the truth from observation.

Ray Fellows.

Charles P. Salen, of Cleveland, O., clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga county, who has fished for bass in Lake St. Clair during the spring season for many years, and who has a true sportsman's interest in the preservation of the game fish in that region, writes the News to call attention to what he regards as the perpetration of a great fraud in the name of fish protection. Mr. Salen was in Michigan recently, and spent considerable time on the west shore of the lake, watching the operations of the carp fishermen, of whom he claims that two, one from Detroit and one from Mt. Clemens, have a monopoly of the business. His letter speaks very clearly for itself and is as follows:

"Some years ago when the German carp drifted from the ponds of the farmers into the streams and lakes, tore up the roots of water vegetation and made the water turbid, the cry was raised that it meant the annihilation of native fish, especially those which struck the bait of the game fisherman. The question then arose as to how to meet the invasion of our waters by this pest, and somebody in Michigan, whose identity it is difficult to trace, suggested that the carp be seined out of Lake St. Clair. The Legislature passed the act and the fish and game commission issued the licenses under which the carp fishermen are sweeping the west shore of this ancient home of the game fish.

"Three years ago, before the slaughter of the seine began, bass fishing had reached its hight in the region of the Clinton River. Since then it has gradually diminished until now it is almost a memory. Instead of decimating the carp, the seining has multiplied them. Instead of acting as a protection to the native fish, it has destroyed them or driven them from the waters of the west shore.

"The belief that carp were a detriment to the growth of game fish has long since been exploded. The fact that bass fishing became so excellent three years ago, after the carp had

invaded the marshes, is in itself evidence against the belief. Such fish as bass and pike find great food in young carp, and, as the latter are wonderfully prolific, there is furnished an inexhaustible food supply. Experiments have shown that game fish multiply with the increase of carp in fresh flowing water, such as Lake St. Clair.

Seining Increases Carp.

"But the seining of carp in Lake St. Clair does not reduce the carp, but multiplies them. They are principally aught in the spawning season, when they run in large schools, and are deposited in the ponds. Here the females deposit their spawn and the confined males are always on hand to fertilize it. A few weeks later the little carp in huge swarms pass through the gates of the ponds into the open lakes and join in the destruction of vegetation.

"Investigation has shown that a very slight percentage of the spawn develops in the open water, where other fish are constantly interfering and the elements have a sweep, while the percentage is exceedingly large in the confined waters. It is therefore clear that the present scheme is enormously increasing the quantity of carp in the lake.

"Carp are almost entirely vegetarians. They live on the roots, branches and leaves of celery, rice, reeds, and brushes. The spawn of other fish has rarely been found in their stomachs. Their mouth is not adapted to the catching of live minnows. No angler would think of baiting minnows to catch a carp. In Europe dough is principally used.

"The carp fishermen spread their net, with an inch and a half square mesh and ranging in length from 80 to 120 rods, over a great area of shallow water and drag in whatever is in the area. Unless they strike a school of carp, they will drag in ten times more native fish than they will carp. These fish are gilled or rubbed by the net or squeezed when the draw is made and it is safe to say that not one-half survive. It is a common sight along the shore to see them floating on the surface. It is also a common thing to catch bass and pike that bear the mutilation of the net.

Conceal the Destruction.

"After every haul, one or two of the fishermen go along the beach and gather up the dead fish and bury them in the beach to conceal the destruction that is going on. There must be thousands of graves along the shore all the way from Huron Point to Tucker's Creek—graves containing the remnants of the finest game fish that ever darted in the waters of North America. This wholesale, reckless slaughter, legalized by the State in the name of protection to be slaughtered, should arouse the resentment of every sportsman in Michigan, if there be any still living. It seems incredible that such a condition should be tolerated, much less legalized and encouraged by a fish and game commission which is supposed to labor for the preservation of the native fish.

"The average bass caught in the seine at this season is full of spawn. The pressure of the net and of the cumbersome carp squeeze out of it the spawn, destroying not only the ova, but the fish itself. No female bass can survive the treatment.

"If the female bass has succeeded in depositing the spawn between hauls and the male is on the nest to protect it, the next drag gathers him in and, if he survives, he will never stop running until he has got miles into deep water, and the spawn is left unprotected if it has not already been swept away by the net. No carp will dare to approach a bass nest if the male is there to attack him.

"There would be less harm done if the seining were only allowed outside of the spawning season of bass, pike, perch and pickerel. But this the carp fishers will not entertain, for the reason that the catches would be smaller. It is therefore likely that no such proposition would be considered, as the two or three men who have a monopoly of the business seem to have enough pull to get anything they wish.

"If the people of Michigan, and particularly those in the region of Lake St. Clair, have no further interest in maintaining the game fish that have made the lake famous, then my appeal will be in vain. If, however, they would preserve what nature so abundantly provided, they should cry out against the slaughter which is being enacted in order to make fortunes for a favored few. Every man in Michigan in whom lives the spirit of the true sportsman should aid in forcing the fish and game commission to put a stop to this outrage."

The Durham Ranger.

NEVERSINK, Sullivan County, N. Y., June 3.—I pity the man who can read the Durham Ranger without a slight quickening of the heart beats. It could only be written by a good sportsman and salmon fisher. It illustrates the belief of many experienced salmon anglers that the salmon takes the fly in anger. He is enraged into taking it. One of the men who had fished the rivers of New Brunswick for nearly half a century was strong on this point. He would describe how, lying behind a rock, he would watch his friend's fly and see the great fish come up, eyes glaring, mouth open, and gills flaming. It is an old, old question. Why does the salmon take the fly in fresh water, or for what does he take it? I clipped this poem, in all probability, from the Fishing Gazette fifteen or twenty years ago.

THEODOR GORDON.

THE DURHAM RANGER.

A TALE OF THE USK.

A SALMON swam out of the Severn Sea,
Hey! he was bright and shiny!
And a flood from the Usk came rolling down,
Foam flakes tossed on a torrent brown.
From Beecon Mountain to Newport town,
Where the fresh wave met the briny.

He sniffed the freshet that met the tide,
Hey! for the shining river!
Hey! for the deep and rock-strewn pool;
Hey! for the shade of the willows cool;
Hey for the leap, like a lad from school,
While the sun-shafts round him quiver.

He rested for a while in a pool at Usk,
Hey! for the cute old stayer!
Four Major-Generals cast their flies;
Then three Colonels—he wouldn't rise;
And he gazed with an air of calm surprise
At the fly of a common Major.

The sun blazed hot as he pushed up-stream,
Hey! on for Aberg'enny,
But he paused on the way, and he rested long;
For his head was aching, his liver wrong,
His temper ditto, his words were strong,
And not only strong, but many.

Flickering and dancing dawn the tide,
Hey! for the Durham Ranger!
Danced and flickered before his eyes;
Wavered, and trembled, and passed him by;
Then again, and a shade more nigh,
Hey! but he's now in danger.

Flickering and dancing, black and red;
Hey! and he muttered, "Dash it,
Whatever the dickens is this I see?
Is it stomach, or liver, or can it be
The coming on of a bad D. T.?
If it comes again, I'll smash it."

Flickering and dancing down once more—
Hey! what a splash and a flounder!
Into him! hah! and he feels the sting.
Into him! hah! and the reel doth sing;
Drops the point, as he makes his spring,
Hey! for the twenty-pounder!

Down he bores in the deep, dark pool,
Hey! for the sharp rocks in it!
Bends the greenheart, and strains the line;
Yielding he comes, till we see him shine.
Steady, now, steady! *Now* then! He's mine!
Half an hour—less a minute.

MORAL.

Don't walk all day in a blazing sun,
Hey! for if you do there's danger!
Don't use those words that are known as "strong,"
But take a pill if your liver's wrong.
Your angry passions pray ne'er let rise;
Don't jump at conclusions like fish at flies;
Don't be in a hurry—keep calm and cool;
And in hot, bright days on an open pool,
Hey! for the Durham Ranger!

HARRY L.

Rainbow Trout in Switzerland.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Valais: "Rainbow trout have been put out in a small lake at Montana, Canton Valais, Switzerland. The waters are well stocked with minnows, and success is anticipated."

Fish and Fishing.

Some Big Pike.

A TWENTY pound pike was caught the other day in Lake St. John by a farmer of the locality, who was fishing with bait for ouananiche. It is somewhat surprising that the ouananiche should thrive as they do in this great lake, which contains so many of its natural enemies. The circumstance can probably be explained by the fact that the fresh-water salmon is usually too smart for its big neighbors. It is quite quick enough to get out of the way of both pike and burbot or loche. The latter are very plentiful in Lake St. John, and the natives take them in great quantities in winter with night lines; many specimens exceeding two feet in length. Unlike the pike in this lake, the cusk, burbot or loche remain at the bottom. The pike, on the other hand are often found in the same locality with ouananiche. While trolling for ouananiche opposite the Island House some years ago, we each hooked a pike of about thirteen pounds weight, and played them until we brought them to the net with our trout rods. I remember how fortunate we considered ourselves to have had so deep a net as we did with us, for a thirteen pound pike is a pretty good length. Of course, even on a trout rod, these big fish give nothing like the sport that is afforded by a trout or ouananiche of half the size, but their first few rushes and lunges after experiencing the tension of the line are exceedingly strong in the cold water of our northern lakes and rivers. After that, it is of course a question of mere dead weight.

These pike must grow to an enormous size in Lake St. John, and in some of the rivers flowing into it. I have seen one of nearly forty pounds taken out of the lake itself, and Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, has recorded one of 47 pounds taken by him in Lake Tschotagama. It measured 52 inches in length. Mr. William Hayes claims one killed in the same lake, weighing 49 pounds. Tschotagama is a kind of semi-inland bay of the Peribonca River, nine miles long and sixty miles or three days' journey from Lake St. John. It is difficult to persuade some people that the big fish above mentioned, are not maskinongé instead of the true pike, but I have never yet seen the maskinongé in Lake St. John and the Peribonca respectively, both of which weighed between thirty and forty pounds, and both of which were easily identified as *Esox lucius,* both by the markings of their bodies and the scales upon the side of the head.

There are apparently bigger pike in these waters than any that have been caught, and I remember to have seen one which a companion brought up on his line close to our canoe, in the Peribonca River, only to lose the next moment, which seemed to dwarf in length the canoe itself. But this, as already explained, is a story of the fish that got away!

Lake St. John and Lake Tschotagama are not the only waters hereabouts which offer great opportunities to the big pike fisherman. In a marshy lagoon off the western side of the Peribonca, about two days' journey or a little more from Lake St. John, my companion and I once took many of the fish running from five to twelve pounds each in the space of about two hours, securing a strike at the spoon at almost every turn of the little lake. There is another such lake, appropriately called Lac a Brochet, on the road from the Ashuapmouchouan to Lac-a-Jim, where the same experience may be had and even larger fish secured.

Big Pike-Perch Too.

Very often in these northern waters, large pike-perch (*Stizostedium vitreum*) takes the troll thrown out for pike, and while the resistance which they offer to the angler, though vigorous, is short-lived like that of *Esox lucius,* its flesh is infinitely better than that of the common pike, and to the camper who has been several days in the woods, affords an agreeable change from the rich, red meat of the trout, resembling rather closely the clear white flakiness of the haddock or cod.

In cold northern waters, they will often rise to the red colored trout flies of the angler, and I have seen Colonel Haggard take them on his trout tackle in Lac des Aigles, northwest of Lake St. John, over six pounds in weight. If my memory serves me rightly, some of these fish have been similarly taken in Lake Kiskisink by members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, where they grow to an immense size, often exceeding nine pounds in weight.

Some Literary Fishermen.

Colonel Andrew Haggard, to whom reference has just been made, and who is so well-known to many of FOREST AND STREAM's readers, was seriously ill in Boston during the months of February and March last, and very near to death's door. It was under the care of that literary angler, Dr. F. M. Johnson, the strenuous advocate of the single hook in fishing, and of his assistant, Dr. McSweeney, that the Colonel's health was restored; and so there is no cause for surprise in the fact that in the middle of May, as soon as ever he was strong enough, the patient was sent off to the woods to recuperate. He writes me that after fishing at the Otter Ponds in Maine in all sorts of weather for three weeks, he seems to have got quite strong again, and before leaving there three weeks ago, could row a boat half a day against a gale of wind. The Colonel is now on his way to British Columbia, after having enjoyed very fair sport in his Maine fishing.

I had occasion the other day to refer to the volume containing the Colonel's "Sporting Yarns," in order to refresh my memory concerning our experiences in Newfoundland "in search of salmon," therein related, that I might be the better enabled to reply to a friend's request for information concerning the sport; and having for a time mislaid my own notes. Then I bethought me of what another fishing friend had written on the subject, and strange as it may at first sight appear, I turned to fiction for my facts. "The Romance of Piscator" may or may not be entitled to rank, as I have classed it, with fiction, but it certainly bubbles over with hard facts, attractively adorned with a light veiling of romance, concerning travel and sport in "the new fonde londe quhar men goeth a fisching." I gave the author, Mr. Henry Wysham Lanier, all the information I could about the salmon fishing of the island, while he was passing through Quebec on his way thither, and he has returned it to me with compound interest in his instructive and life-like story of the adventures of an angling party in Newfoundland.

The Quebec License Fees.

I was particularly struck upon picking up the copy of FOREST AND STREAM, which came to hand to-day—that of June 23—with the force of your editorial remark that "After a law has been long on the statute books without being taken seriously by the officials whose duty it is to see that its provisions are carried out, its sudden enforcement always seems a hardship to those who suffer by it, and not only a hardship, but an outrage." This is specially the case in regard to the Quebec license fees, and perhaps even more so than with reference to the particular matter to which your words referred. The provisions of the Quebec law requiring all non-resident anglers to pay a fishing license, is contained in the same act from which the government derives its authority to grant leases of fishing privileges, namely the Act 51 and 52 Victoria, chapter 17. It was the duty of the government and its officials to enforce the law. The exception in favor of non-resident lessees was made in opposition to its provisions, and it is not altogether surprising, therefore, that its sudden enforcement now should be the cause of considerable indignation.

That there was never the slightest intention on the part of the Legislature to exempt foreign lessees of hunting or fishing privileges from the payment of license fees, is clearly demonstrated by the legislation of 1884 (47 Vic.), which provided that the fee for hunting licenses was only to be $10 in the cases of non-residents of Quebec or Ontario who were members of fish and game clubs in this province, but there was no provision at all for exempting them altogether from payment of the license fee. Subsequent legislation abolished the distinction between Ontario sportsmen and other non-residents of Quebec province, and the absolute refusal of the present Minister, Hon. Mr. Prevost, to renew it, when such action was urged upon him, both at conferences in Montreal and Ottawa, with all the eloquent appeals to the unity of the Dominion, the Empire and the flag that provincial self-interest could suggest, renders less difficult of comprehension the fact that Ontario sportsmen are well in the lead in denouncing the apparent outrage of enforcing a law that had virtually come to be considered as a dead letter.

Quebec Politicians are Sportsmen.

The references to Quebec legislation remind me that there is scarcely a single member of the present Quebec government who is not an ardent sportsman. The Premier, Hon. Mr. Gouin, is a devoted angler. Early in the season he was the guest of Mr. G. W. Stephens at his fishing preserve in Maskinongé county. This preserve, like the adjacent ones of Mr. C. H. Simpson, of New York, and of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club, are now very much more accessible than they were since the construction of the Great Northern Railway of Canada, which shortens the buckboard drive from fifteen to twenty miles or so. I was with Mr. Gouin, when he killed his first salmon a few years ago, and some months since I met him on a railway train on his way to fish for tomcods and smelt. When game fish are not to be had, Quebec's premier is ready for the best fishing that is available. Hon. Mr. Turgeon is a successful hunter of big-game, and Hon. Mr. Prevost is equally proficient with rod and gun. The Secretary of the Province is fond of fishing, and the Hon. Mr. Tessier, Minister of Agriculture, enjoys some excellent salmon fishing every year in the Rimouski River, close to his own home.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fishing in Washington.

SPOKANE, Wash., June 20.—Fishing in the Spokane country is better this season than for many years, according to reports received from all the anglers. Probably more men and women have fished this season than ever before. The success in the lakes is especially good, while more fish are being taken from the rivers and creeks than usual, even in this part of the country, which is famous for its good fishing. Hayden Lake, thirty miles east of Spokane, is one of the most frequented resorts. Bass, trout and perch are found in this lake. Ed. Sanders is claiming the biggest catch of the season, a big black bass that weighed 9¼ pounds. He and H. J. Neely, C. F. Young and W. W. Dreyfoos returned recently with eighty-four bass and about one hundred perch. Mr. Sanders got three that weighed 23 pounds. A new bait, called Australian frog, was used, and the party is enthusiastic in its praise.

Walter McCally in Mill Creek, near Walla Walla, a few days ago, made a catch of eighty-seven fish, ranging in size from six to seventeen inches long. The Dolly Varden and bull trout are biting splendidly in that vicinity. Black bass are plentiful in Newman and Sucker lakes.

Charles F. Krum, Dr. Rich L. Howell, H. M. Richards, George E. Crump, W. S. McCrea and Victor Smith have returned from fishing on Priest Lake, in northern Idaho, where the trout have been biting ravenously. It is said each member caught the full limit, 25 pounds, each day he fished. The best catches were made with large-sized flies. Extra large coachmen, brown-hackles, and professors were the favorites. The trout there are said to be the gamiest fish found anywhere in this vicinity.

Deputy State Game Warden M. H. Harbaugh, of Idaho, has planted 1,500 Oswego bass in Waha Lake, twenty miles south of Lewiston, Idaho.

State Fish Commissioner Thomas B. Kershaw, of Washington, is planning to move the State fish hatchery, located ten miles north of Spokane, to a different and larger site, where a greater number of fish can be hatched each year, and where there will be better facilities for keeping the fish. When the hatchery is moved, it will be enlarged to double its present capacity, so that it will be able to hatch enough fish to stock most of the streams in this vicinity.

The Little Spokane River, which skirts the Great Northern Railway from Newport to a point near Spokane, has been a favored stream for trout fishing this season. There are six stations between Newport and Spokane, and fishermen who have but little time at their disposal go up on the morning train and fish the river from one station to the next below, and return on the evening train. For a day's fishing this trip is unusually popular this year, as the trout are rising with spirit, and excellent catches have been made. Curlew Lake and Curlew River, in Stevens county, are reported unusually good this year. The bass season in eastern Washington opens July 15, while in Idaho it is open the year round. The open season for trout in Washington is from April 1 to Nov. 1.

S. B.

Pelagic Sealing.

AMONG the North American mammals which are approaching extinction—following the wake of the species that have already gone—is the fur seal, whose enormous multitudes so astonished the old explorers in northern and in southern seas. Those of the south have been nearly or quite exterminated, and those of the north—the herds of the Bering Sea—have been reduced to perhaps one twentieth of the number which existed there when Alaska was bought by the United States less than forty years ago. The cause of this decrease is pelagic sealing, the killing of females and their young. This destructive practice is well described in part by Prof. David Starr Jordan, who says in the Pacific Monthly for June:

"The method of pelagic sealing is to find the seal asleep in the water and to transfix her with a spear or shoot her with buckshot. The sealing vessel cruises about until seals are sighted. Sail is taken in and the vessel left in charge of one or more members of the crew. The boats are let down and go off to windward, diverging in their course like the ribs of a fan, the vessel drifting along in the same general direction so as not to be too far behind at nightfall. A hunter and steersman are in each canoe. Sails are used until a seal is sighted, when the paddle is relied upon to bring the boat noiselessly to the animal. The hunter with spear or shotgun, poised in the prow, kills the sleeping animal when the proper distance is reached. The spear head is detachable from its shaft, and both are secured to the boat by a line. The seal is drawn up and clubbed on the head. If it is not shot, skill is required to bring the canoe quickly to the spot before the animal sinks. Guns are not allowed in Bering Sea, a matter of no hardship to the sealer, as the report would awaken other seals. In the Northwest coast sealing the gun is allowed, and is useful, as the animals are then more scattered and more generally on the move. At night, or on the approach of a storm, the boats return to the vessel with their catch, the skins being removed and salted in the evening.

"To understand the effect of pelagic sealing it is necessary to contrast it with land sealing. The lessees of the islands under the United States Government take a quota of seals on land each season. This industry has been in operation ever since the islands were discovered in 1786. During the twenty years, 1870-1889, following the acquisition of Alaska by the United States, the land quota averaged one hundred thousand annually. This land killing is confined to the superfluous young males, the animals being polygamous. The young males herd by themselves, and are driven up and killed without disturbance of the breeding herd. During the latter half of the above period pelagic sealing began to make itself felt in increasing measure. In 1890 it became apparent that the herd was in a serious condition of decline, the quota of that year fall-

ing to twenty-one thousand skins. The land quota has not risen above this figure since, except under special conditions in 1896, when it reached thirty thousand. It now stands at about fifteen thousand skins. The herd as a whole has decreased from approximately two million five hundred thousand animals of all classes in 1880 to about one-tenth this number in 1896, and has probably been reduced one-half since that time.

"What this means is best understood by comparing the normal quota of the period, 1870-1889, one hundred thousand skins, with the fifteen thousand skins of the past season. Under the contract of the lessees they pay to the government a tax of $10 for each skin. Thus an industry which should normally yield to the United States Government an annual revenue of $1,000,000, yields only $150,000. A like loss, if not a greater one, is sustained by the commercial company, and mankind is deprived of a useful as well as valuable product.

"In the meantime the effect has been equally disastrous to pelagic sealing. We are told each year in the Victoria press that the sealers find the seals plentiful and in undiminished numbers. Last October catches of one thousand for individual vessels were reported as proving this, and as being equal to average catches made in the palmy days of pelagic sealing. The individual catches still keep up, and this is readily explained by the gregarious habits of the animals, which keep them close together; but the real test comes when we consider the number of vessels. In 1894 ninety-five vessels took one hundred and forty thousand skins; in 1905 seventeen vessels took fourteen thousand skins. This diminished fleet and diminished catch are directly related to the diminished herd. These figures speak even more eloquently than the diminished land quota from one hundred thousand in 1889 to fifteen thousand in 1905 of the commercial ruin of the fur seal herd. That the biological extinction of the herd is not imminent is due to the protection afforded the rookeries through its patrol of the sixty-mile zone. Remove this guard and open the way for land raiding, and the herd of Bering Sea will disappear as swiftly and surely as have those of the Falkland Islands and other islands of the South Seas.

"The remedy for the situation lies in the abolition of pelagic sealing, the course agreed upon by the joint commission of 1897. With this out of the way the herd will slowly recuperate, and perhaps in fifteen years will again approach normal conditions. Each year of its continuance brings the herd to a lower ebb and postpones its restoration. The Quebec Joint Commission of 1898 failed to settle the question because it could not settle the boundary dispute. There should be another joint commission to deal with the fur seal question alone. If pelagic sealing is abolished, there should be compensation to the sealers for the abandonment of rights acquired by our acceptance of the findings of the Paris Tribunal. What this compensation shall be is the only question, and it should easily yield to arbitration."

Where Protection Protects.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very happy to state that the cause of game protection in this county is in better shape than it has been in years. Our law closing the open season for three years has worked wonders. The woods about the county are full of birds. The fishing in the river is not as good as usual; there was a time, when the Mohawk River bass was famous, but owing to the large manufacturing plants sewering into the river, the fishing near the city is very bad. The brooks are in very good shape, although the fish run small. We are going to put about 25,000 fingerlings in the several brooks in the county. Our song birds are doing fine. The several convictions and heavy fines for song bird shooting last year, has broken up the practice, and the birds are on the increase.

I think that story "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" is the best I ever read.

Dorp.

A Texas Shark.

The Houston (Tex.) Chronicle of June 11 reports: A man-eating shark, after making an attack on two fishermen at Tarpon, who fought it off with oars, was captured by them with five others assisting last Saturday. It is said to be the largest fish ever taken from those waters on a line. It measuerd 14ft. 2in. in length.

The fishermen were E. N. Requa, of this city, and W. K. Gardner, of Caney, Kas. Accompanied by their wives they began a fishing tour last week. A day was spent at Morgan's Point, in which a catch of a hundred small fish was made. They then went to Tarpon, the famous "big" fishing grounds on the lower coast.

They landed six tarpon and a number of jackfish. On the last day, while they were in the channel, and just after having captured a tarpon which had been pulled in close to the boat, a great shark appeared, floundering his bulky head out of the water and making a nip at Mr. Gardner, who was hanging over one side of the boat. Both gentlemen were shocked at the assault, and with their oars made a rapid retreat for the shore. The shark followed and kept up the assault viciously. It seemed to desire to lunch on either of the anglers, or as a matter of second choice, to get hold of the tarpon. As the big fish was made fast to the boat, the men aboard did not care to run the risk of being dumped overboard by the shark fastening on to it. The situation was more or less critical as the men raced for the shore, for the gyrations of the shark threatened at times to uptip the boat, and had it bowed its back under it the men would have undoubtedly been hauled into the water and have furnished it a fine meal. They succeeded in reaching shore and the shark gave up, as the shallow water prevented further pursuit.

The fishermen at once prepared to fish for the shark. A shark hook with wire cable was secured and to this a few hundred feet of stout rope was added. Two logs were tied on as corks and a 20-pound chunk of the tarpon was put on the hook for a bait. Within fifteen minutes the shark had nabbed it and the waters of Tarpon were much agitated for the next half hour. Messrs. Gardner and Requa were unable to handle the line and their wives came to their assistance, but the muscular force was insufficient to hold the shark in proper bounds. Three men rushed to the center of activity and the seven people managed to keep the shark from getting to sea with the logs and line. It gave up after a half hour's hard fight and was dragged ashore.

Fishing Ethics.

A careful statistician recently obtained from three hundred and sixty-two trout fishermen the weight of the fish caught by each one during the year, and also the number of fish caught. He then divided the whole number of fish by the whole number of pounds, and as a result discovered that the average weight of the North American trout is eleven pounds two and a quarter ounces. In this case it would not be right to say that the figures lie, but there is ground for suspicion that the truth has in some way suffered; and the public will interpret the statistics as fresh evidence that trout fishermen cannot tell the truth.

There is no complaint that men who fish with worms or grasshoppers for perch, catfish or other plebeian fish fail to tell the truth. Such men invariably bring home the fish caught by them, and this very fact renders it impossible for them to pretend that the fish weigh more than they really do weigh. It is not, however, fear of detection that renders the pot-fisherman truthful. He might, if he chose, return from his fishing excursions with stories of the enormous 32-pound perch which he hooked, but which got away from him, but he leaves stories of this class exclusively to the trout fishermen.

Another curious fact in connection with fishing is that the country boy who catches trout with worms or grasshoppers never tells any important lies as to his success. He never catches a trout that weighs more than a pound, and if he does speak of losing a big fish off the hook he never describes it as a 10 or even 2-pounder. No one pretends that the average country boy is exceptionally truthful, yet there is the undeniable fact that he tells the truth concerning his trout fishing.

From these facts we can safely assume that fly-fishing is more destructive of veracity than fishing with live bait. The man who fishes with a worm does not make deliberate false statements to the fish. When he calls their attention to a worm the worm is genuine, and though he does observe a wise reticence in regard to the existence of hooks, this is at the worst a mere suppression of the truth, and is much less criminal than a direct falsehood.

On the other hand, the art of the fly-fisherman is a prolonged process of deception. He assures the trout that a collection of silk and tinsel tied around a hook is a particularly able and toothsome fly, and every fish that he captures is the victim of this cruel deceit. He pretends that he fishes with a rod, knowing at the same time that his so-called rod is a collection of short sticks put together with ferules. Thus the taint of false pretense colors all his work, and as a natural consequence his respect for veracity is destroyed and he tells fish stories without a blush.

Then, too, it must be remembered that the trout fisherman usually makes long journeys into the wilderness when he goes fishing. This renders it difficult, if not impracticable, for him to send his fish home, where they can be inspected and weighed. The man who catches trout in Maine or in the Adirondack region eats them in camp and in the presence of no one but his companions in iniquity. No one would believe a fisherman who should return home from a day's fishing from an East River pier and assert that he had caught thirty-six trout of an average weight of 15 pounds each, for he would be asked to show his fish. The Maine or the Adirondack fisherman cannot, on the contrary, be reasonably expected to bring his fish home, and consequently he can exaggerate without fear of detection.

We are therefore compelled to believe that the fly-fishermen who come home from the wilderness with stories of the 15 or 20-pound trout caught by them and the 60 or 70-pound trout that escaped just as he was about to be gaffed, are unworthy of credit. That the use of the fly is the sole cause of their mendacity is not as yet demonstrated, but there is surely good reason to believe that the fly is the evil influence which saps the fly-fisherman's veracity. —W. L. Alden in New York Times.

A Murray Memorial.

Editor Forest and Stream:

William Henry Harrison Murray ("Adirondack Murray") was born in a plain New England farmhouse at Guilford, Conn., on April 26, 1840. He died at the old homestead on March 3, 1904, in the same room in which he was born, and his grave, according to his wish, is but a short distance from the house, beneath a large buttonwood tree whose history is closely connected with the settlement of his ancestors at Guilford, 260 years ago.

It is forty-four years since Mr. Murray was graduated from Yale; forty-three since he entered the ministry; forty-two since he lighted his first camp-fire in the Adirondacks; thirty-eight since he ascended the pulpit of Park Street Church, Boston; thirty-seven since his first book, "Adventures in the Wilderness, or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks," appeared, and the same length of time since he commenced to lecture publicly. In reality, it is about forty years since he entered the field of authorship, as most of the sketches comprising "Adventures in the Wilderness" first appeared in the "Meriden Literary Recorder," in 1867. Including the various collections of his sermons, lectures and addresses, he has left nearly twenty books, which in some respects are unsurpassed by the literary productions of any American author. His writings have passed into a permanent place in the affections of the people, have become nationalized, and some of his compositions, as "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a

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DEER AND PORCUPINE

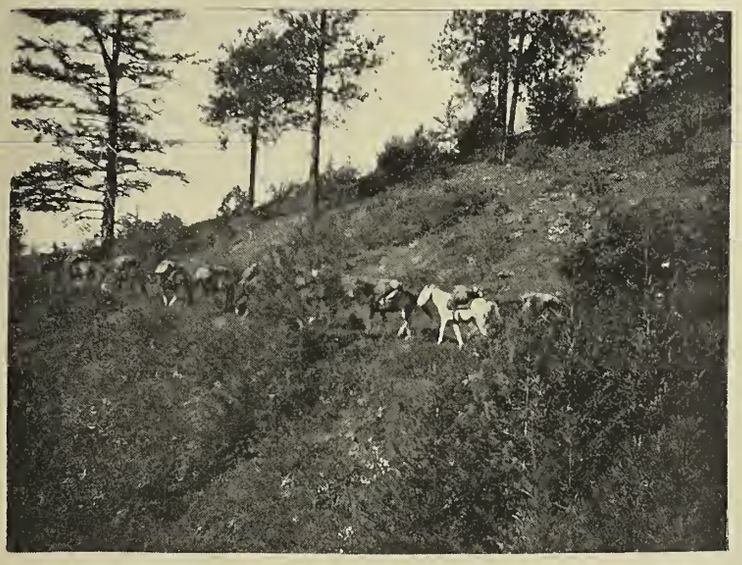
Flashlight by Hon. George Shiras, 3rd

The Real Starting Point—New York.
Coco and His Rider.
Outlet of Seton Lake.

The Cascade Range—Bridge River.
The Hunters.
Above Timber Line.

IN THE LAND OF UP AND DOWN

A Goat Hunt in British Columbia



Camp on Bridge River.
Pack Train on the Fraser River.
The Cook Tent.

White Goats.
Swimming Bridge River.
In the Fraser Canyon.

IN THE LAND OF UP AND DOWN

A Goat Hunt in British Columbia

Photo by Tiemann

"A CLOSE START"

Sloops Isolde and Erlin

Freight Car," "The Story the Keg Told Me," "The Man Who Didn't Know Much," "How John Norton, the Trapper, Kept His Christmas," "Death a Gain," and "The Old Apple Tree's Easter," are undoubtedly classics. His John Norton, is the sole rival in American literature of Cooper's Leatherstocking, while his "Holiday Tales" have been ranked in this country with Dickens' "Christmas Carol." In the literature of sport and wild nature, he has no superior, and his name belongs naturally to the class of Thoreau, Cooper, Audubon and Frank Forester.

It is proposed to form a national society of men and women interested in keeping green the memory of the "Great Evangelist of the Outdoor Life," to whose influence so many thousands of Americans owe their appreciation of nature and the health and happiness which have come to them from vacations spent in the woods. The name "Adirondack Murray Memorial Association," has been suggested. The purposes would include the erection of a suitable monument above Mr. Murray's grave, the preservation of the homestead at Guilford, and the republication of all his books, so that his widow and four daughters (nine to eighteen years of age) may be assured a helpful income, which would assist the daughters to continue their education, and that his great gospel of outdoor living, and the humor, pathos, simplicity, beauty and reverential character of his writings may go on doing good in the world.

The exact form of organization has not yet been determined, but it is expected that a plan will be arranged whereby a single subscription of a few dollars will entitle to permanent membership, without payment of annual dues. All who are interested in the man, or his work, are invited to correspond with any of the undersigned friends and admirers of Mr. Murray, who have felt it to be both a duty and a pleasure to serve as a provisional committee on organization, when further particulars will be made known. Suggestions are invited, and the literary, religious, sporting and lay press of this country and Canada, is asked to lend support, especially by reprinting this letter.

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Pennsylvania Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa., June 14.—Thus far the trout fishing has been considerably below the average, and this statement, we believe, applies to a good many of the favorite trout waters of Pennsylvania. Reasons might be advanecd for this state of affairs without convincing the average reader of their accuracy, but the fact remains that the trout supply, if not below that of former years in quantity, is below it in bait-taking ambition. From all the local streams the same complaint is voiced, that there is a scarcity of trout as compared to the supply of former years. M. CHILL.

International Fishery Congress, 1908.

THE Fourth International Fishery Congress is to be held at Washington, D. C., in September, 1908, and will greatly interest all fishermen and fishculturists. In connection with the Congress a number of competitive awards of money prizes have been arranged, covering the most important investigations, discoveries, inventions and improvements made in 1906, 1907 and 1908, relating to fisheries and kindred subjects, including aquiculture, ichthyology, disease of fish and so on.

The competitions will be open to individuals, associations or companies on certain easy conditions. Each competitor shall notify the secretary of the Congress before July 15, 1908, as to the particular award for which he competes, and shall qualify as a member of the Congress; each paper or exhibition for competition must be in the hands of the General Secretary on the day of the opening of the Congress; papers may be written in English, French, German or Italian. A model or an illustrated description shall be presented to explain each device, apparatus, process or method for which an award is asked. The Congress shall have the right to publish any papers submitted in competition prior to their publication elsewhere; but if the Congress fails to publish within six months after the session, the author shall be at liberty to publish when and where he may wish.

The papers, appliances and exhibits in competition shall be submitted to an international board to be appointed by the president of the International Fishery Congress. This board will make the awards, and its decisions shall be final. Awards may be withheld, in the discretion of the board, or divided. The board shall report to the Congress not later than the day preceding final adjournment. The awards are to be announced at a session of the Congress, and each award will be accompanied by a special certificate or diploma.

Seventeen museums, associations, companies and individuals have donated prizes to be awarded in this competition. The largest prize, $250, is that donated by the Fisheries Company of New York city, Mr. Jos. Wharton, President, for the best essay treating of the effects of fishing on the abundance and movements of surface swimming fishes which go in schools, particularly the menhaden and similar species, and the influence of such fishing on the fishes which may prey on such species. Other donors of prizes are the American Fisheries Society, American Museum of Natural History, FOREST AND STREAM, Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, New York Aquarium, N. Y. Botanical Garden, Smithsonian Institution, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Wolverine Fish Co., W. Hay Bigelow, Brattleboro, Vt.; Geo. M. Bowers, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries; Dr. H. C. Bumpus, Mr. John K. Cheney, Prof. Dr. F. M. Johnson, N. Y. Academy of Sciences.

The subjects of most of the papers are of high interest and of very great practical importance. They cannot fail to be most useful to all who are interested in fisheries. The constant decrease of our salt-water and anadromous fishes is alarming, and to check it the best efforts of the best men will be needed.

Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, June 30.—A member of the State Association who has just returned from Rangeley tells me he had one afternoon's fishing on this trip which was the most satisfactory of any in his experience, and that is a good deal for him to say, for, as an angler, he is a veteran. On that afternoon he took seven good fish on the fly, two of them weighing upward of 4 pounds each. This was on the Upper Lake. This gentleman has been going into Maine for spring and fall fishing for a number of years, and I have the story from his own lips.

Mr. S. F. Clark, one of the large Maine pharmaceutical party that has recently been touring the Rangeleys, took three salmon of 3, 4 and 5 pounds. P. S. Noble landed three salmon, weighing 4, 4 and 4¾ pounds.

L. H. Hazard and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sayles, of Pawtucket, are occupying the camp of Hon. Walter Angell, of Providence, at Long Pond.

Mrs. Walter F. Medding has to her credit on the log a 6½-pound salmon, and Mr. E. M. Whittle, also of the Malden party, one weighing 6¾ pounds; but Mr. S. O. Lunt, of Boston, beats that by netting one of 8½ pounds.

Some of the catches on Mooseluckmeguntic are by W. K. Stratton, Haverhill, Mass., 4 pounds, and Mr. S. H. Hayden, Haverhill, 4½ pounds.

Two New York gentlemen brought in 3 and 3½-pound salmon, and a fine trout which tipped the scales at 5¼ pounds.

A wealthy English gentleman who has been traveling extensively in this country recently took a 4½-pound salmon and declared that it gave him as much sport as a tarpon which he caught in Florida waters, which weighed 125 pounds. He has as guide Arthur Huntoon.

Your readers have already learned that the new hotel, The Sargent, has replaced the Shaw House at Eustis, which was burned down some two years ago. At this point the sportsman divests himself of society clothes and dons his woods garb. From this hotel the fisherman and hunter departs for King and Bartlett, Blakesley and Spencer lake or stream, Round Mountain Lake and the Megantic preserve via Chain of Ponds. To Eustis the writer's guide, Joe St. Ober, recently brought eight bear skins as part of his winter's harvest from trapping. The skins were sold for $20 apiece.

As mentioned in a former letter, the sportsmen have been severely handicapped by rainy weather, there being less than half a dozen pleasant days during the first three weeks of the fishing season. This, however, did not deter the strenuous ones, male or female, from fishing more or less. But all are doing their best now to make up for lost time, for every genuine angler "counts that day lost" when no fish is taken.

A great record has been made at "Pond in the River" this season, three trout of 8 pounds; one by Mr. Reed, of Utica; one by G. H. Johnson, of Canton; the third by John C. Young, of New York city. These were actual weights at the hotel.

In Washington county at Calais is the Union Pool, not often mentioned in Maine fishing news. Perhaps the people of Calais have been chary of their secret, preferring to have the sport to themselves rather than the shekels of outside sportsmen. When three 10-pound sea salmon can be taken, as they were last week, by one angler in a few hours' fishing, it is time the whole country should know it. But everybody can't go a-fishing, so I will close just here.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Nelson and Angling.

HERE is a note printed in the London Quarterly Review in 1828, which has a bearing on some recent discoveries of Nelson as an angler:

"I was at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen (having sent the wounded before him), arrived at the Roads and landed on the jutty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market place ready to receive him; but, making his way through the crowd, and the dust and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanor to the sailors; he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say. At length, he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them: Nelson—'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' Sailor—'Lost my right arm, your honor.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow.' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards. As this was the only occasion on which I saw Nelson, I may, possibly, overrate the value of the incident."

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

6. Eastern, annual, Marblehead.
7. Royal Canadian, 25 and 16ft. classes.
7. New Rochelle, ocean race for B. Y. C. challenge cup.
7 Y. R. A., Riverside and New Rochelle, cruising race.
7. Toledo, long distance race.
7. Quantuck-Pan Quogue.
7. New York, Glen Cove, Glen Cove cups.
7. Huguenot, club.
7. Wianno, club.
7. Hingham, O. D. C., Crow Point.
7. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Wollaston, club championship.
7. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
7. Quincy, club.
7. Eastern, cruise run to Gloucester.
7. Corinthian, Marblehead, club.
7. New Bedford, cruise to Cottage City.
7. Cohasset, club.
7. Winthrop, handicap.
7. Edgewood, Possner cup.
8. Eastern, Gloucester to Wood Island, Me.
8. South Boston, ladies'.
9. Toledo, long distance power boat.
9. Eastern, Wood Island to Christmas Cove.
9. Newport.
10. Eastern, run to Camden.
11. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
11. Eastern, run to Islesboro.
12. Indian Harbor, New York thirties.
12. Eastern, Dark Harbor to Cranberry Isle.
12. Quincy, ladies'.
13. Indian Harbor, special.
13. Eastern, run to Bar Harbor.
14. Brooklyn, off Bensonhurst.
14. Indian Harbor, annual.
14. Chicago to Mackinac, long distance race.
14. Royal Canadian, 30ft., 14ft. and dinghy classes.
14. Westhampton, Great South Bay Y. A.
14. Boston, cruise.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Keystone, club.
14. Wianno, club.
14. Hingham, O. D. C.
14. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Wollaston-Columbia, inter-club.
14. A.P.B.A. rendezvous, Manhasset.
14. Eastern, dinner, fleet disbands.
14. Cohasset.
14. Columbia, Mass., interclub.
14. American, Newburyport, dories.
14. Winthrop, handicap.
14-21. Seawanhaka-Atlantic-Corinthian joint cruise.
14-21. Atlantic, cruise.
15. Winthrop, ladies'.
15. Narragansett Bay, Y. A. R., race week, Edgewood.
15. Newport.
16. Edgewood, open, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
17. East Gloucester, championship.
17. A. P. B. A., cruise, fleet at Newport.
17. Narragansett, Y. R. A., Washington Park.
18. Rhode Island, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
18. Narragansett, Y. R. A., Rhode Island.
18. Newport.
19. Narragansett Y. R. A., Prudence Island.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups.
20. Narragansett Y. R. A., Fall River.
20. Kennebec, cruise.
20. Seawanhaka-Atlantic-Corinthian, at Newport.
21. Bristol, open, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
21. Corinthian, Marblehead.
21. Winthrop, Y. R. A., Nahant.
21. Royal Canadian, first, 20ft. and 16ft. classes.
21. Larchmont, Hartford, Y. R. A.
21. Moriches, Quantuck.
21. Wianno, club.
21. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
21. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Bensonhurst, open.
21. Taunton, power boats.
21. Cohasset, club.
21. Narragansett Y. R. A., Bristol.
21-28. Larchmont race week.
22. Stuyvesant, open.
22. Columbia, Mass., ladies'.
22. Lynn, club run.
22. American, Newburyport, cruise.
23. Newport.
24. Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
25. Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
25. Quincy, interclub and open, Y. R. A.
26. Quincy, Y. R. A., Hull Bay.
26. Wollaston-Quincy, inter-club.
27. Quantuck, women's race.
27. Hingham, Y. R. A., Hull Bay.
28. Larchmont Y. R. A.
28. Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
28. Royal Canadian, 30, 25, 14ft. and dinghy classes.
28. Westhampton, Association race.
28. Wianno, club.
28. Hingham, O. D. C.
28. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
28. Wollaston, ladies'.
28. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
28. Hartford, open.
28. Cape May, power boats.
28. Cohasset.
28. Lynn, sail and power.
28. Winthrop, handicap.
28. American, Newburyport, dories.
28. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
28. Indian Harbor.
28. Rhode Island, rendezvous Newport.
28-Aug. 4. Edgewood, cruise.
28-Aug. 4. Rhode Island, cruise.
28-Aug. 4. Keystone, annual cruise.
29. American, Newburyport, cruise.
30. Boston, Y. R. A., Marblehead.
30. Newport.
31. Eastern, Marblehead.
31. East Gloucester, championship.

AUGUST.

1. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
1-2-3-4. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
2. New York, cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
3. Shinnecock, women's race.
3. New York, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
4. Marine and Field Club, championship race.
4. Quantuck, Association race.
4. Horseshoe Harbor, Corinthian of Stamford.
4. Royal Canadian.
4. Knickerbocker, annual cruise.
4. Wianno, club.
4. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
4. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Rochester, Brig's cup, A. P. B. A.
4. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
4. Stamford Corinthian, power boats.
4. Corinthian, Winthrop 18-footers.
4. Taunton, club run.
4. Cohasset, club.
4. New York, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
4. Indian Harbor, annual regatta.
4-5. Huguenot, club cruise.
5. Erie Basin, ladies' day.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., West Manchester.
6. New York, squadron run, New London to Newport.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., open.
6. Newport.
7. Manchester, open, Crowhurst cup.
7. New York, Astor cup, Newport.
7. Narragansett Y. R. A., rendezvous Newport.
7. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
8. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
8. East Gloucester, Y. R. A.
8. Newport, annual regatta.
8. New York, King's cup, Newport.
8. Newport, Carnival week, N. B. Y. R. A.
8-9.—East Gloucester Y. R. A., Gloucester.
8-19. Brooklyn, cruise, rendezvous Echo Bay, New Rochelle and Norwalk combined.
9. East Gloucester, open, Y. R. A.
9. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
9. New York, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard.
9-10-11. Shinnecock, Association races.
10. American, Newburyport, cruise to Annisquam.
10. New York fleet at Vineyard Haven.
10-11. Annisquam, Y. R. A., Annisquam.
11. Bensonhurst, championship race.
11. Huguenot, annual regatta.
11. Harlem, long distance race.
11. Huguenot, Bridgeport Y. R. A.
11. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
11. Keystone, special.
11. Wianno, club.
11. Hingham, Club.
11. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Wollaston, inter-club.
11. Cape May, power boats.
11. Lynn, sail and power boats.
11. Taunton, dories and power boats.
11. Cohasset, club.
11. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
11. American, Newburyport, cruise.
11. New York, Vineyard to Newport and disband.
11. Rochester, N. Y., Fisher cup.
13. American, Newburyport, open.
13. Newport.
13-18. Eastern, German-American trials, Marblehead.
14. East Gloucester, championship.
15-18. Atlantic, race week.
17. Westhampton, women's race.
18. Pan-Quogue, Association race.
18. Stamford-Hartford, Manhasset Bay, cruising race.
18. Indian Harbor, handicap.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
18. Wianno, club.
18. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
18. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Cape May, power boats.
18. Corinthian, Stamford power boats.
18. Boston, Marblehead.
18. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
18. Cohasset, club.
19. Corinthian Union, union regatta.
19. Columbia, Mass., ladies' day.
19. Lynn, club run.
19. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
19. Newport.
20. Atlantic, open.
21. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
22. Moriches, women's race.
21-22-23. Gold challenge cup power boat races, Chippewa Bay.
23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.
25. Wianno, club.
25. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Wollaston, club championship.
25. Moriches, association race.
25. Cohasset, club.
25. Lynn, sail and power boats.
25. Hingham, club, Bayside.
25. Rhode Island, regatta, Potter's Cove.
25. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
25. American, Newburyport, dories.
26. South Boston, ladies' day.
27. Newport.
27-28-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., Provincetown.
28. East Gloucester, championship.
29. Quantuck, women's race.
29. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
30. New Bedford, Ricketson cups, South Dartmouth.
31 and Sept. 1. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
31. Pan-Quogue, women's race.
31. Beverly, open, off Mattapoisett.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Knickerbocker, Vice-Commodore's cruise.
1. New York C. C., championship race.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
1. Indian Harbor, Hartford, Larchmont.
1. Westhampton, open.
1. Royal Canadian, first class.
1. Wianno, club.
1. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
1. Cape May, power boats.
1. Taunton, club run.
1. Bristol, regatta.
1. Kennebec, cruise to Booth Bay.
1. Sippican, at Marion.
1. Winthrop, 18-footers.
1-2-3. Huguenot, club cruise.
1-3. Wollaston, club cruise.
1-8. Erie Basin, annual cruise.
2. Taunton, dory race.
3. Larchmont, fall regatta.
3. Tarrytown, power boats.
3. Royal Canadian.
3. Indian Harbor, ladies' race and water sports.
3. Norwalk, Sachem's Head, Larchmont.
3. Westhampton, Association championships.
3. Corinthian, Marblehead, grand handicap.
3. Edgewood, regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
3. Wianno, club.
3. Beverly, Labor Day open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Atlantic, open, 11 A. M.
3. Audubon, power boats.
3. Red Bank, power boats.
3. Yonkers, power boats.
3. Westhampton, association.
3. Lynn, Y. R. A. open.
3. East Gloucester, club, morning and afternoon.
3. Corinthian Marblehead, handicap.
3. Columbia, Mass., cruise, Hull to Gloucester.
3. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Cohasset, club.
3-4-5. Detroit Country Club cups.
5. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
6. New York, Glen Cove, autumn cup.
8. Larchmont, Manhasset Bay.
8. Boston, club, Hull.
8. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup.
8. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
8. Hingham, club.
8. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
8. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
8. Atlantic, open, championship Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, 3 P. M.
8. Brooklyn.
8. Keystone, consolation.
8. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta.
8. Squantum, interclub.
8. Winthrop, 18-footers.
8. Kennebec, Bath, championships.
8. American, Newburyport, cruise.
8. Edgewood, club.
9. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous Hull.
13-15. Atlantic, series for special schooner and sloop classes, Sandy Hook.
15. Atlantic, championship.
15. Seawanhaka.
15. Knickerbocker, ladies' race, power boats.
15. Middletown, power boats.
15. Eastern, Roosevelt cup.
16. Lynn, club run.
19. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.

22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker. club closing.

Captain Hank Haff.

For some time there have appeared reports of the illness of Captain Hank Haff at his home at Islip, Long Island. The culmination of his suffering came on June 30, when he passed away.

Captain Haff was 68 years old and had many years been the most prominent and popular yacht skipper in the country and had raced successfully many cup defenders. Captain Haff had the reputation of getting speed out of anything, and if it were already fast, he could get yet a little more out of it. His services on large racing yachts were always in demand.

The career of Captain Haff was remarkable, for up to the time that he was twenty years old he had been engaged in farming, and no one would have credited him with the traits requisite to bringing cup defenders to victory. His will, determination, energy and ability were the qualities which enabled him to handle his charges so well and so successfully, and his name will always be associated with, and no less well known than such fine ships as Mayflower, Volunteer and Defender.

The Late Mr. E. H. Kelly.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the death at the early age of forty-two of Mr. Ernest Harry Kelly, which took place in London on Thursday, June 14. The son of Mr. W. S. Kelly, yacht builder and designer, of Plymouth, he was associated with yachting from his youth, and for two or three seasons raced his father's yacht, Florence. Coming to London, he was for some time connected with our contemporary, the Yachtsman, subsequently joining the staff of the Field as assistant to the late Dixon Kemp. Some two years ago his health gave way, and although he struggled manfully it gradually declined of late, and the end was not unexpected by his relatives and friends. Mr. Kelly had an excellent practical knowledge of yachting in all its phases, and his straightforward and honorable character and buoyant spirits endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.—London Field.

[The above sad notice has come to us as we go to press and accounts for the absence of our British letter, which the readers of Forest and Stream have for so many years been accustomed to look for.]

Babylon Y. C.

The first regatta of the Babylon Y. C. was sailed on June 30 in a two-reef breeze, over the regular club course. No times are available.

Class A, sloops—Dorothy, Southard Bros, first; Burrie, J. Curley, second, and Viking, Commodore Southard, third.

Class B, sloops—Elma I., Commodore William, first, and Nymph, George Cox, second.

Class C, sloops—Widgeon, J. Haight, first, Bamboo, Norman H. Smith, second; Mystery, A. D. Haff, third, and Mist, Charles K. Searles, fourth.

Sue.

We publish this week a photo by Walter. of Brooklyn, of the Gravesend Bay 30-footer Sue, owned by Mr. E. F. Luckenbach, Atlantic Y. C. Sue was built at the Milton Point Yard, Rye, and is a very nice piece of construction, being double-planked mahogany and cedar over oak frames. The cabin trunk and coamings are mahogany. Inside there is good accommodation; there is a long main saloon, forward of which is located, each in a separate room, the galley and the toilet. The cockpit is watertight, and a bulkhead is situated just forward of the mast. The sails were supplied by Wilson & Griffin. Sue is one of three boats designed for Gravesend Bay by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. These boats, Sue, Crescent and Jig Step, are of the same rating as the New York Y. C. thirties, and much interest attaches to their meetings, which, unfortunately, so far have not been numerous or conclusive.

SUE—Owned by Mr. E. F. Luckenbach. Designed by Mr. H. J. Gielow. Photo by Walter.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Cruising Race.

The much heralded cruising race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday, June 26, from Greenwich to New London. The race was most successful and brought out a good number of yachts. The weather conditions were not so good perhaps as might have been desired, the wind being at times fluky; but this added somewhat to the scene from a spectacular point of view, as the yachts carried all their light canvas. It was regrettable that there were so many absentees. Queen, Effort, Irolita, Rainbow, Gardenia and Weetamoe did not start for one reason or another. The course for all classes was 72 miles. The winners were Constellation, Elmina, Amorita, Dervish, Cachalot, Neola and Kestrel. Yankee, Irondequoit and Grampus withdrew. The prizes raced for were fleet prizes, and in addition class prizes were given. The summary follows:

Schooners—First Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Invader	9 41 45	8 12 30	10 30 45	10 30 45
Constellation	9 42 56	8 09 21	10 26 25	10 24 41

Schooners—90ft. Class.

Endymion	9 45 00	8 34 53	10 49 53	10 42 14
Elmina	9 41 06	7 32 47	9 51 41	9 51 41
Corona	9 41 55	8 05 59	10 24 04	10 21 53
Emerald	9 44 14	8 29 25	10 45 11	10 37 32

Schooners—75ft. Class.

Amorita	9 54 45	8 40 36	10 46 51	10 46 51
Seneca	9 55 00	9 23 53	11 28 53	.. .. ..

Schooners—55ft. Class.

Grampus	10 05 00	Not timed.		
Andromeda	10 05 00	10 10 09	12 05 09	11 48 18
Cachalot	10 05 00	10 11 32	12 06 32	11 48 49
Dervish	10 05 00	9 08 30	11 03 00	11 03 00

Schooners—Auxiliaries—Special Class.

Emerald	9 44 14	8 29 25	10 45 11	.. .. ..
Seneca	9 55 00	9 23 53	11 28 53	.. .. ..
Cachalot	10 05 00	10 11 32	12 06 32	.. .. ..

Sloops and Yawls—Special Class.

Vigilant	9 47 35	8 06 00	10 19 25	10 19 25
Yankee	9 46 26	Withdrew.		
Neola	9 48 08	8 28 05	10 39 57	9 40 20

Sloops and Yawls—48ft. Class.

Irondequoit	9 56 05	Not timed.		
Eleanora	9 58 00	9 11 43	11 13 43	11 13 43
Kestrel	9 59 33	9 09 40	11 10 07	10 39 25

New Rochelle Y. C. Race.

In a stiff breeze the annual race of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed on the Sound, on Saturday, June 30. From start to finish the boats were well together, and fast time was made. The winners were Mimosa III., Banzai, Pretty Quick, Follette, Thelema, Mopsa, Rascal, Grace and the Riverside one-design boat 18 and 5 San Toy was disqualified.

Sloops—Class N—Start 12:20—Course 15½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	2 29 27	2 09 27
Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 41 28	2 21 28
Chasca, R. Ten Eyck	Withdrew.	

N. Y. Y. C. One-Design 30ft. Class—Start 12:25—Course 15½ Miles.

Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	2 43 58	2 18 58
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 43 30	2 18 30
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 43 59	2 18 59
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	2 44 23	2 19 14
Neola II., Geo. M. Pynchon	2 44 14	2 19 14
Banzai, Clifford D. Mallory	2 39 59	2 14 59

Raceabout Class—Start 12:30—Course 11½ Miles.

Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 30 35	2 00 35
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 31 32	2 01 32
Indian, William Gardner	Did not finish.	

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start 12:30—Course 11½ Miles.

Vaquero, W. Stump	2 42 24	2 12 24
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 42 26	2 12 26
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 45 06	2 15 06
Follette, L. J. Garcey	2 37 14	2 07 14

Handicap Class—Start 12:35—Course 11½ Miles.

Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	2 42 49	2 07 49
Thelema, H. E. Black	2 37 47	2 02 47
Rube, G. P. Granberry	2 32 30	1 57 30

Sloops—Class Q—Start 12:40—Course 11½ Miles.

Wahneta, J. J. Delaney	2 57 23	2 17 23
Mopsa, F. C. Sullivan	2 46 04	2 06 04
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 49 33	2 09 33
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 54 14	2 14 14

Sloops—Class R—Start 12:45—Course 7¾ Miles.

Dod, D. Dealey	3 01 01	2 25 01
Santoy, Judge Kehoe	2 17 48	1 32 48
Vivyen, D. J. Levett	2 18 56	1 33 56
Fannie	2 34 56	1 49 56

Catboats—Start 12:45—Course 7¾ Miles.

Nymph, A. Monense	2 14 49	1 29 49
Grace, C. Pearson	2 12 03	1 27 03
Gaycheen, H. Page	2 17 44	1 32 44

Riverside One-Design Class—Start 1:05—Course 7¾ Miles.

Dooley, John Porter	3 06 42	2 01 42
18 and 5, John Tyson	2 52 48	1 47 48

Crescent A. C. Regatta.

On Saturday, June 30, the first open regatta of the Crescent A. C. was held off Sea Gate, and by the courtesy of the Atlantic Y. C., the club house and wharf, which has recently been fitted with special arrangements for starting the Atlantic races by Chairman Theo. D. Wells, were placed at the disposal of the committee of the Crescent A. C. There was a gratifying number of starters, and the racing in a good breeze was most satisfactory and exciting. The main event of the day was for the O'Donohue cup, offered for the boats in Class P, which was won by Jigstep. Class Q was well represented, and gave good sport. The 40-footers sailed to the bell buoy off Sandy Hook. The winners were Ondawa, Jigstep (O'Donohue cup), Joy, Soya (second, but disqualified), Sandpiper. Mamie won in the dory class, and Ondas in Class Q special. The summary follows:

Sloops and Yawls—Special Class—Start 3:00—Course 14 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ondawa, Col. D. E. Austen	5 57 33	2 57 33
Nymph, W. C. Towen	6 25 11	3 25 11
Lotowana, E. E. Malcolm	6 27 25	3 27 25
Choctaw, Robert Henke	Did not finish.	
Guide, W. M. Campbell	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Classes P and Q—Start 3:05—Course 10½ Miles.

Jigstep, F. J. Havens	5 17 14	2 12 14
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 17 54	2 12 54
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5 18 34	2 13 34
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	5 19 23	2 14 23
Nautilus, A. G. Hanan	5 19 36	2 14 36
Sakana, Haviland Bros	5 28 18	2 23 18

Corrected time: Jigstep 2.05.17; Sue 2.06.39; Crescent 2.07.29; Nautilus 2.07.41; Sakana 2.09.29.

O'Donohue Cup Race—Sloops—Class P—Course 10.5 Miles—Start 3.05.

Jigstep, F. J. Havens	5 17 14	2 12 14
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5 18 34	2 13 34
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	5 19 23	2 14 23
Nautilus, Addison G. Hanan	5 19 36	2 14 36

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3.10—Course 10½ Nautical Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	5 32 14	2 22 14
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 32 39	2 22 39
Spider, H. Chubb	5 33 57	2 23 57
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 34 31	2 24 31
More Trouble, R. Childs	5 35 37	2 25 37
Mary, M. Grundner	5 36 10	2 26 10
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 44 10	2 34 10

Sloops—Class Q Special—Start 3:15—Course 8 Miles.

Ondas, A. F. Menton	5 56 41	2 41 41
Careless, R. Rummell	5 58 46	2 43 46

Sloops—Class B—Start 3:20—Course 8 Miles.

Chickeoker, W. J. O'Neil	5 39 31	2 19 31
Sandpiper, O. W. Heinigke	5 40 31	2 20 31
Ahoy, Max Tornow	Did not finish.	

Crescent Dories—Start, 3.25—Course 3 Nautical Miles.

Mamie, J. H. Bergen	5 35 46	2 10 46
Saucy Sall, W. D. Walker	Did not finish.	
Scall, H. W. Hill	Did not finish.	

380th Regatta of the Beverly Y. C.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 380th regatta from its club house on June 23. The event was the third club race of the season. At the time the race started, 1 o'clock, there was a prospect of a fresh breeze from the westward, and some of the boats took in reefs, but the threatened squall did not come, and instead, a southwesterly air that was blowing, gradually died out.

The 21-footers were sent to Bird Island and back. Radiant won by 4s.

The 15-footers were sent twice around the triangle to the striped buoy on Mosher's Rock, B. Y. C. No. 2, and white spar buoy at the start. Flickamaroo took first place, much to the pleasure of her young owners, the Hellier boys, the oldest of whom has just been made a member of the Beverly Y. C.

Wind southwest. Times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 14—11¾ Miles.

Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 21 24
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 21 28
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 21 33
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 21 55
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 24 28
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 27 10
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 27 46

18-footers—Course 18—8⅜ Miles.

Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 43 33

15-footers—Course 19—6½ Miles.

Flickamaroo, Walter H. Hellier	1 44 14
Tobey, James Jackson	1 44 34
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	1 44 40
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 45 30
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 46 14
Mongoose, Nelson Emmons	1 49 36
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 50 30
Whitecap, W. Vredenburgh & S. Minot	1 50 35
*Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 44 55

*Fouled buoy.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

Marblehead—New York.

On Saturday, June 30, ended the long-distance race for power driven boats, from Marblehead to New York, under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Y. C. The experience gained in the contest last year has contributed much toward the success of this event, and the boats, as boats, are better designed, also the engines, and both stand up well to their work, though it is remarkable that the smallest boat should have won, as there was some heavy weather encountered outside, and over a course of 280 miles, it would seem as if size had much to do with the success of a competitor. The event is to take place next year, and no doubt will be more popular than ever.

The present race brought out fifteen entries; 12 started and two withdrew at Cottage City. The times follow:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie	39 05 29	20 01 07
Sis	34 30 56	28 20 21
May	34 28 52	31 45 49
Davy Jones	34 53 26	32 54 51
Gertrude	37 14 45	33 12 45
Whew	33 57 58	33 12 54
Yo-Ho	38 58 56	33 16 08
Unome	33 45 40	33 45 40
Sarapa	38 32 00	37 33 36

The dimensions of the boats are as follows:

	L.O.A.	L.W.L.	Beam.	H.P.
Davy Jones	30.33	35.00	9.83	21.64
Unome	40.00	36.00	9.00	30.00
May	38.50	34.75	9.25	30.00
Yo-Ho	32.76	30.00	7.66	24.00
Whew	34.75	33.16	7.58	17.00
Aranca	36.00	33.75	10.50	15.00
Sis	40.00	36.00	10.00	18.00
Susie	32.16	30.25	8.16	9.33
Gertrude	35.75	32.00	8.50	15.00
Shawna	31.00	30.00	8.75	20.00
Alice J.	35.00	32.16	10.00	15.00
Sarapa	38.00	34.00	8.50	20.00

Motor Boat Racing in Canada.

The races held at Toronto for the cups and flags presented by the Toronto Gas and Gasolene Engine Co., brought out forty-one starters, and proved to be a very successful affair. The winners were as follows: Auto Float, 18ft. class; Dot (walkover), 16ft.; Dolly D. I., 22ft.; Francesca, 25ft.; Dolly D. II., 30ft. class and free-for-all. The times were:

16ft. Class—Start 2:30.

	Finish.
Dot, J. Gartley	3 16 20

18ft. Class—Start 2:35.

Auto Float, E. Waghorn	3 06 30
Viper, E. Brokes	3 06 30½
Erma, Sander & McWater	3 08 10
Iola, P. E. Thring	3 08 40
Rene, George Pearsall	3 09 20
Slaughter, B. Armstrong	3 12 00

Peggy, Warwhoop, Tomboy, Margaret were late in starting, and quit.

22-footers—Start 2:45.

Dolly D. I., E. English	3 34 00
Arrow, W. J. Commeford, Jr	3 36 00
Sylvia, C. W. Heisc	3 39 45

25ft. Class—Start 2:50.

Francesca, W. P. King, Jr	3 30 00
Moonwinks, A. M. Wilbur	3 30 03
Erie, Robert Northy	3 32 00
Champlain, A. Hayworth	3 36 01
Maybelle, W. E. Harris	3 37 00

30ft. Class—Start 2:50.

Dolly D. II., E. English	3 52 00
Sprite, D. M. Ferguson	3 52 05
Elk, D. English	3 55 00
Reklaw, W. A. Walker	3 58 00

Free-for-all—Start 4:20.

Dolly D. II., E. English	4 43 00
Sprite, D. M. Ferguson	4 43 10
Elk, D. English	4 45 00
Reklaw, W. A. Walker	4 45 30
Champlain, A. Hayworth	4 46 00
Arrow, W. J. Commerford, Jr	4 46 15

Havens Cup, Atlantic Y. C.

On Wednesday, June 27, under trying conditions, the second race of the series for the Havens cup for class M and below, was sailed off Sea Gate. After the race a protest was lodged by Messrs. Church and Childs, against the Soya and Spider, on the grounds that the new boats had not left the Sea Gate mark to starboard. The Joy will, in case the protest is sustained, score her second leg on the Havens trophy. The course was 10½ miles, Sea Gate, buoy 13, Fort Hamilton and Bensonhurst. Summary follows:

Havens, 1906.—Open only to the yachts of the Atlantic Y. C., of classes M and under. Start, 3:30; 10½ miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Soya, W. A. Barstow	6 54 07	3 54 07
Spider, H. Chubb	6 56 53	3 56 33
Joy, W. H. Childs	6 59 00	3 59 00
Saetta, G. H. Church	7 03 24	4 03 24

Subject to protest.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

On June 24 took place a race under the auspices of the Royal Canadian Y. C. The most interesting part of the racing was between Zoraya, Temeraire and Beaver, the 30ft. cup boats, from which will be selected a challenger for the Fisher cup. The summary follows:

20-footers—Start, 2:40.

	Finish.
Vesta	5 44 05
Whirl	5 45 28
Enid	5 48 50
Grayling	Withdrew

16ft. Knockabouts—Start, 2.50.

Little Nell	5 14 25
Lenore	5 14 50

Dinghies—Start, 3.00.

N. R. Gooderham	4 44 35
R. White	4 47 22
V. E. Reynolds	5 12 00

30-footers—Start, 3.00.

Zoraya	6 15 35
Temeraire	6 22 26
Beaver	6 26 00

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Transpacific Race.—The following are the times of the three yachts which competed for the trophy offered by the Hawaii Y. C. in a race of 2,100 miles from San Pedro, Cal., to Diamond Head, Hawaii: Lurline, South Coast Y. C., 12 days, 7 hours, 30 minutes; Anemone, New York Y. C., 14 days, 30 minutes; La Paloma, Hawaii Y. C., 15 days, 11 hours, 20 minutes.

La Paloma, the smallest of the three, had a bad time of it, the crew having to bail most of the time, and with a defective chronometer, she sailed some 200 miles more than necessary and missed her landfall. The other boats fared better, but they are larger and more able to stand such a long journey.

New Fast Power Yacht.—Mr. Payne Whitney, New York Y. C., has placed with the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co. an order for a fast launch, which will be about 70ft. long and have engines, driving twin screws, of 100 horse-power each, giving a speed of 24 miles an hour. The yacht will be delivered on July 15, and will be used by her owner about the Sound and Newport.

Yacht Sales by Mr. Stanley M. Seaman.—The sloop Caribou, sold for J. E. Nicholson, of the Brooklyn Y. C. to H. D. Crouch of this city. The yacht is now fitted out and cruising on Long Island Sound.

The ketch Micco, sold for A. M. Merriam, of the Eastern Y. C., to L. P. Bayard, of this city. She was fitted out at Marblehead, Mass., and is now being used in local waters.

Knockabout Alice, sold for Andrew Mack to DeCoursey Fales, of this city.

Cruising launch Gypsy, sold for O. L. Schwencke to F. M. Miller, of this city. Mr. Miller and family are now living aboard.

Seabury Launch Sent East.—The Seabury Company, of Morris Heights, this city, has sent to Bar Harbor the fast launch Kite, which they have recently completed for Mr. Edgar Scott, New York Y. C.

Fisher Cup Trials.—The Royal Canadian Y. C. announces the dates for the Fisher cup trials, which will be held on July 18, 19 and 20. The Temeraire and Toraida are the two boats from which a challenger will be selected. The Fisher cup is now held by Rochester Y. C., and the races will be held off Charlotte during the second week in August.

Seventy-six Degrees Gasolene to be Withdrawn.—The announcement, from Cleveland, by the Standard Oil Co., that 76 degrees gasolene would be withdrawn from sale, is rather a surprise to users of the gasolene engines either in boats or cars. For some time it has been known that gasolene of as low as 68 degrees test has been sold and charged for at the same rate as 76 degrees, and it has been found fairly satisfactory. The reason for the withdrawal of this product is the inability of the Standard Oil Co. to supply the ever-increasing demand. It is fortunate that at this time the free alcohol bill has become a law, which will go into effect on Jan. 1, 1907. Great energy and skill are being displayed in fitting certain mechanical arrangements that will permit alcohol to be used in the present engines, and soon we shall hear of nothing else than alcohol or heavy oil motors, which means the elimination of much of the danger that has ever been a part of automobiles and motor-driven boats.

Yacht Sales.—Hollis Burgess has sold the steam launch Nordlys, owned by George A. Gibson, of Boston, to the United States Government. She will be used by the Signal Corps of the United States Army between the forts in and around Boston.

The sloop Darthea, owned by J. H. Dyer, of Boston, to George C. Lane, Jr., of Gloucester, Mass.; the fast gasolene launch, owned by W. F. Beal, of Boston, to George W. Overend, of

Bridgton, Maine, and the knockabout Aspinquid, owned by Channing Williams, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to F. E. Gabot, of Milton, Mass.

The gasolene launch Kasagi, owned by George E. Hills, of Boston, has been chartered to R. M. Saltonstall, of Boston. The Kasagi is equipped with two 30-horse power standard gasolene engines.

The Ideal and the Real.

Notes of a Cruise to Acadie.

BY B. H. W.

The Ideal.

As THE bow most tightly strung needs most the occasional relief from the warping tension of its cord, if it is to retain for long the greatest force of its elastic recoil; so the man who puts the greatest enthusiasm, the greatest energy and the greatest thought into his work needs most the period of relaxation, appreciating and enjoying it most fully when he gets it.

The same warm glow of spring that wakes the arbutus and the violet wakes the old-time yearning, the heritage of long-forgotten centuries when our forebears hunted the cave bear and the great elk; that atavistic principle that lies deep in the soul of every man—the love of nature and of the wilderness. And as the spring passes and the summer sun shines more warmly the feeling grows and spreads and deepens, and then——

In the clear, cool dawn you are looking across the waters of that still northern lake, where the ghostly trunks of the white birch are mirrored with the dark branches of the pointed fir, and the only sign of human existence is the thin blue line rising from your camp-fire, or the birch canoe drawn up and waiting.

It matters little whether your lure reaches the trout or the small-mouthed bass, or whether the crack of your rifle is often heard, for the mystic spell of the wilderness holds you fast. If you are a true lover, nature is a mistress who never deceives. Clasped in her arms you drink in with every breath joy and health and life.

"You see the beaver busied;
You watch the black-tail mating;
You lie alone to hear the wild goose cry;
You work the chosen waters where the ouananiche are waiting,
Or the sea trout's jumping crazy for the fly.
You smell wood smoke at twilight;
You hear the birch log burning;
You learn to read the noises of the night.
Aye! Follow, you who linger,
For I know your hearts are turning,
To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

Or it may be that your inclination draws you to the fascination of the wide sea, and in your little bark, known almost as you know yourself, and with a trusted companion you brave the uncertainties, the gray mists, the calms and the sudden tempests of the open ocean. At one time you glide along under sunny skies, at another fight your way over the gray-green ridges, the pastures of the white horses, where

"In tumbling mountains with the wind
The shivering sea runs dully white,
And dizzy valleys drift behind,
Agleam with dusky light;
And far along the windy lea
You watch with rapture unconfined,
The shadowy glories of the night
Upon the storming sea."

Do you remember Van Dyke's "Lullaby to a Fisherman's Child" and the time when it seemed written just for you?

"Come to anchor, little Boatie,
Here's the harbor wide and deep,
Where the dreaming tides in-streaming
Up the channel creep.
See the sunset wind is dying,
Hark, the plover landward flying
Softly down the twilight, crying,
'Come to anchor, little Boatie,
In the port of sleep.'"

And it seems that your eyes have hardly closed when you are waked by the clink of a windlass pawl as a fisherman begins to get his anchor. In the east a pale gray rose shows the coming of dawn. Overhead the stars still shine in a cloudless dome, and little ripples run from the north over the smooth water.

The fleet is waking up. There is the rattle of chain, the chirp of blocks as sails slowly rise, and from somewhere the faint fragrance of old Mocha. With sails like wings outspread you glide from the calm circle of the port to the heaving roll of the open ocean. The tide is low, and the rounded swell runs swift and smooth as oil until it breaks and crashes into foam on the black, weed-covered rocky fangs that guard on either hand the harbor's mouth. In the East the glow deepens. Red, orange, azure and purple above the sharp cut line of the horizon, silver-flecked with flame below, burn sky and sea until the sun comes swiftly up and day has begun. A couple of small black whales, like huge porpoises, swim with soft blowings. In the far northwest the peaks of mighty mountains stand clear in the soft morning light. West and south curves the green, level line of coast, and seaward rises the tall, dark tower of an off-shore light.

Choose which picture you will, the land or the sea, the lowland or the mountain, for there is for each his wished-for goal.

"There's for one the white sail swelling
And the ripple round the bow;
And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust,
And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull moose meets the cow;
And for one the mule-train coughing through the dust."

However the call may come to you, heed it. It will bring to you health and vigor and memories sweet as the breath of spring. It will teach you quick decision, self-reliance, fortitude, perseverance. You will take up your work again with an energy and a pleasure that will repay you a hundredfold for the days—that some count lost—when you were far from the haunts of men. And when at work again remember

"It is not rank, nor birth, nor state;
It is get up and get, that makes men great."

The Real.

To SOME of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM Istar is known. To the others it may be well to explain that she is a strongly built keel yawl 41ft. over all, 29ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 6ft. draft. She is rigged with double headsail and carries a topsail on a pole mast. There is 6ft. of head room in her main cabin, where there are two berths. Forward is a roomy galley and toilet room, and in the bow a berth for a man. Aft, in the steerage, is a berth to starboard and closets to port. Istar is a comfortable, able cruiser, possibly a little underrigged for light winds, and was built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co., of Greenport, N. Y. The skipper carried on this cruise a sailor man, appropriately named Seabury, and three friends—a lawyer, a physician and a midshipman. This made the cabin a bit too crowded for comfort. After the three left the ship at Winter Harbor on the return trip their places were taken by two of the skipper's daughters, who sailed down the coast, around Cape Cod and home. The distance sailed on the cruise was 1,353 nautical miles.

It was toward the close of a beautiful summer afternoon that Istar, favored by a light air from the N., glided by the gas buoy marking the end of the long reef that, stretching like a protecting arm from Gardner's Island, guards the bay from the heave that comes in by Montauk from the ocean. As she drew out from the shelter of the land, the rounded hillocks sliding ever under, lifted her with an easy rocking motion. By sunset three of the party preferred to watch the waning glories of the western sky rather than to face the fine steak that was waiting below, and a little later, regardless of the promise of the night, silently crept into their bunks.

The light northerly air held, with occasional streaks of calm, all through a perfect moonlight night, and, yielding to its fascination, the skipper sent his man below and sailed her alone across the wide stretch between Block Island and the

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Vineyard light and up the narrowing Sound beyond, to greet the rising sun by Nobska. Here the wind came out fresh and sweet from the W., so that at Succonnesset we handed the big club-topsail and a little later swept in fine style to our familiar anchorage behind Hyannis breakwater, having covered 101 miles in our first run.

In the calm behind the sea wall the three promptly recovered, and by night were able to "mug up" in true salty fashion.

In the morning, heavy rain with fog and S.E. wind kept us at our anchorage busy with the work that is always to be done about a boat, but 4 P. M. found us sailing out by the Bishop and Clerks with a light S.W. breeze and thick haze. The tide was running to the eastward, with us at the Hankerchief and across the tail of the Stone Horse to Pollock Rip. Right in the channel to the eastward of the gas buoy marking the Slue, was the wreck of a schooner, sunk to the level of her third reef points, her sails set and bellied by the ebb tide, a bit of white splintered planking entangled in disordered rigging at her bow showing where the steamer, coming swiftly out of the fog a few hours before, had cut her down.

We determined to get up the coast to the Penobscot as rapidly as possible, so as to have the greatest amount of time in Fundy and Minas Basin, the objective point of the cruise. So the chart was gotten out, and the course and distance from the Shoals Light-vessel to a point one mile east from Monhegan found to be N.E. by N. ¾ N., 132 miles. Our compass showed no deviation. Our log, by previous trials, registered 3 per cent. Rigging and boat had been carefully looked over. Our water tank was full and we had plenty of provisions. The tidal drift we could estimate from data to be found in the United States Coast Pilot, and our leeway, except when close hauled in a heavy sea, a condition not at all likely in this run, we knew to be a negligible quantity.

So at 8:15 P. M. we took our departure from the Shoals Light-vessel, set the log and made the course N. E. by N. ¾ N. Wind very light S.S.E. Sea smooth. At midnight Nauset lights bore W. by N. ½ N.; calm. Shortly after fog shut in and it remained foggy and calm with occasional light airs from all points until 2 the next afternoon, the distance made good to this time being only 32 miles. A moderate breeze now came in from S.S.W. At 7:30 P. M. took in balloon jib, which had been rigged as a spinnaker. Wind was freshening with threatening looking heavy clouds and distant lightning. At 11:30 P. M. handed topsail; 12:30 A. M. squall with brilliant lightning to the E. Magnificent sailing. Heavy swell from S.E.; 5 A. M. set topsail; light fog; 11:30 A. M. sighted Monhegan above the mist, distant W. 3 miles. Shortly after, the wind came fresh off the land, clearing away the haze. Handed topsail and ran in to the eastward of Metinick in a sharp squall of wind and rain. Made a delightful run through Muscle Ridge Channel and Fox Islands Thoroughfare to Carvers Cove, it having taken us 48 hours to make the 193 miles from Hyannisport.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Racing Regulations.

We herewith publish the racing regulations sent by the chairman of the Racing Board of the American Canoe Association, Mr. D. B. Goodsell:

It is intended to substitute the subjoined, together with the present rules for the "Special Class" (which are not included, because there is no change) for the present rules down to No. 7, and then renumber all succeeding rules.

After rule No. 7, no changes are made except such slight ones as will be necessary to make them conform to these, and to strike out of Rule XXIII. the words "no back thrusts allowed," and change the number of fouls from five to eight.

RACING REGULATIONS.

Rule I. Definition.—A canoe to be registered and to compete in any race of the American Canoe Association, must be sharp at both ends, without counter-stern, or transom, and must come within the limits prescribed for its class.

Rule II. Classification.—Section 1. Canoes of the American Canoe Association shall be divided into two main classes, viz.; open canoes and decked canoes.

Sec. 2. Open canoes shall have not more than three feet of deck at either end, nor more than three inches of deck at either side.

Sec. 3. All others shall be classed as decked canoes.

Rule III. Measurements.—Section 1. In determining the dimensions of a canoe, the length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem, and the after side of stern. The breadth of beam shall be taken at the widest part, wherever found, but it shall not include a beading. The words "breadth of beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the canoe; and the beam at, and near, the water line must bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale.

Sec. 2. The depth shall be measured from the inside of the garboard next the keel, to the level of the top of gunwales.

Sec. 3. The sail area shall be the actual area, measured when the sail is taut and flat.

Rule IV. Dimensions and limitations, decked canoes.—Section 1. The length shall be not more than sixteen feet; the breadth of beam shall be not more than thirty-two inches; and the depth shall be not less than ten inches.

Sec. 2. The minimum weight, exclusive of centerboard, rudder, steering gear and deck seat, shall be eighty-five pounds.

Sec. 3. Sails.—The sails used in any race, must be capable of being hoisted, lowered and reefed during a race, and in area of not more than one hundred and twenty-five square feet, reefable to eighty-five feet, or less.

Sec. 4. Only one suit of sails shall be used at any meet by any one canoe in all races in which she may be entered, unless injured by accident, when the Regatta Committee may give permission to substitute another rig.

Sec. 5. Centerboards.—Folding or plate centerboards may be fitted. They must not, when raised, project below the keel.

Sec. 6. Paddles.—A double blade paddle at least eight feet long, which may be joined in the center, shall always be carried.

Sec. 7. Ballast.—All ballast must be carried within the canoe, and must not be shifted during a race.

Rule V. Dimensions and limitations, open canoes.—Section 1. One and two men. Maximum length, eighteen feet; minimum beam, thirty inches, with an accompanying maximum length of 16ft. For each inch the length is increased, the beam must be increased at least one-eighth of an inch. The depth shall be not less than ten inches.

Sec. 2. Lecboards.—Leeboards may be carried, but no rudder nor centerboard.

Sec. 3. Seats.—No seat shall extend beyond the side of the canoe.

Sec. 4. Sails.—The sail area shall be limited to forty square feet.

Sec. 5. Weight.—The minimum weight of canoes used for paddling, shall be fifty pounds, and for sailing, seventy pounds.

Sec. 6. Keels.—No keel, nor fin, shall project more than 1½ inches below the garboards.

Sec. 7. Paddles.—A paddle at least 4ft. 6in. long shall always be carried.

Rule VI. Four men.—Maximum length twenty feet; minimum beam, thirty inches; minimum depth, twelve inches; minimum weight, seventy pounds.

Rule VII. War canoes.—Maximum length, thirty feet; minimum beam, thirty-six inches; minimum depth, seventeen inches; minimum weight, one hundred and twenty pounds.

Rule VIII. Insert here, "Special Class" as now defined down to the heading, "Paddling Canoes."

Rule IX. Section 1. Ten per cent. of the weight of a canoe may be made up by ballast, and it shall be discretionary with Regatta Committee to allow of a greater per cent. of such ballasting.

Sec. 2. The Regatta Committee shall have power to rule out any canoe which, in their opinion, does not conform to the spirit of any of the above restrictions.

Rule X. Section 1. Novices.—Novices at any meet shall be those who have never sailed or paddled a canoe prior to September 1, of the preceding year.

Sec. 2. Crews.—Unless otherwise provided by the Regatta Committee, the crew in all races shall consist of one man only.

Sec. 3. No canoe shall be raced by more than one man at any one meet.

Rule XI. Entries.—Section 1. Who may enter races.—None but members of the American Canoe Association, excepting those who have been invited by the Regatta Committee, and accredited representatives of foreign clubs, shall enter its races. No member, who has ever raced for money, nor who is in arrears to the Association, shall enter. No man shall enter in any race, until he has been two days in camp, except by special permission of the Regatta Committee. Applicants for membership in the Association shall not be considered as members.

Sec. 2. How entries must be made.—All entries must be made in writing, and on the blanks provided for that purpose. Entries must be delivered to the Regatta Committee within such time as they may direct.

Sec. 3. Entry numbers.—The Clerk of the Course will provide each man, when he makes his entry, with three prints of his number on cloth. Every canoe entering, excepting for an upset race, must have her entry number, or other distinguishing mark, satisfactory to the Regatta Committee, conspicuously on the canoe or man in paddling races, and on both sides of the mainsail in sailing races.

Rule XII. Prizes.—Section 1. Number of prizes. A first prize shall be given in each race. A second prize shall be given in each regular race, when more than two finish.

Sec. 2. Kind of prizes. Regular prizes, when possible, shall consist of shields, or other lasting memento of the event, upon which shall be expressed the letters "A. C. A.," the year in four figures, the place of the meet, and the name of the event, with the words "first prize" or "second prize." No prizes of money shall be raced for.

Flags shall be given for the paddling and sailing trophy, and the Record winner, in addition to regular prizes.

Sec. 2. Uniformity.—The regular prizes for any one meet, shall be uniform in shape and design, as far as the financial resources of the Association permit; and in the event of their not being uniform, the Regatta Committee shall follow the spirit of this rule as far as possible.

Sec. 4. Special prizes.—Special prizes may be given at the discretion of the Regatta Committee.

Rule XIII. Races.—Section 1. The record race.—There shall be three regular record events forming the Record Race. No. 1, paddling and sailing combined, three miles, time limit one and one-half hours. No. 2, paddling, one-half mile. No. 3, sailing, four and one-half miles, time limit, two and one-half hours.

Sec. 2. Place in record race.—To obtain a place on the "Record," a contestant must enter and finish in all three record events. None but men who have entered for the "Record" shall be allowed to enter in any record event. Only such contestants as finish in all three record events, will receive a credit number, according to position, relative to each other in each event—the highest number given in each event being equal to the number of the contestants, the next one less, and so on; the three numbers given, added together, give the credit number of the "Record." In case of an unavoidable accident which prevents a man from finishing in any one record event, the Regatta Committee may, at its discretion, permit such contestant to enter the other events and his marks to be counted for the record; but he shall receive zero for the event in which he did not finish.

Sec. 3. In the Record race, each contestant shall use but one canoe.

Sec. 4. Regular races.—There shall be nine regular races in addition to the Record Race.

1. The paddling trophy race; distance one mile.
2. The A. C. A. sailing trophy race, conditions as follows: Any sailing canoe within the rules, distance nine miles, time limit three and one-half hours.
3. The "Dolphin Trophy" race; distance seven and one-half miles. Time limit three hours. The winner of the sailing trophy is debarred from entering this race, by deed of gift.
4. Sailing race, distance six miles. Time limit two and one-half hours.
5. Sailing race for open canoes. Distance three miles, time limit one and one-half hours.
6. Paddling race, open canoes, single blade, one-half mile.
7. Paddling race, open or decked canoes, double blades, one-half mile.
8. Paddling race, tandem, open canoes, single blades, one-half mile.
9. Paddling race, tandem, open or decked canoes, double blades, one-half mile.

Sec. 5. The Regatta Committee may provide such additional races, as may be deemed advisable.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—5113, E. A. Barkman, New York City.

Atlantic Division.—5114, G. A. Bryson, New York City.

Central Division.—5119, F. G. Winter, Buffalo, N. Y.; 5120, H. W. Wohlers, Buffalo.

Western Division.—5114, Abram Jennings, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—C. E. Annett, Bayonne, N. J., by D. D. Allerton; Harry Lucas, Kingsbridge, New York City, by R. Rank; A. D. Berning, Kingsbridge, New York City, by E. D. Maloney; J. L. Hyde, Yonkers, New York, by H. L. Quick; W. R. Pitcher, Jr., New York City, by R. J. Wilkin; A. M. Poole, New York City, by W. Carmalt.

Atlantic Division.—William Jessop, Elizabeth, N. J., by G. P. Douglass.

Central Division.—F. D. Newburg, Wilkinsburg, Pa., by A. W. Allyn.

Eastern Division.—C. H. Weeden, Providence, R. I., by E. L. Arnold.

Eastern Division.—C. R. Daniels, A. E. Johnson, Jr.; B. French, A. N. Layton and G. E. Merritt, all of Dedham, Mass., and all by F. Brodbeck; D. F. Holmes, G. W. Kelly, F. T. Kenney, K. W. Packard, and G. W. Paige, all of Providence, R. I., and all by J. E. Gray; J. L. Keenan, Dedham, Mass., by F. W. Notman; O. H. Kramer, W. Roxbury, Mass., by F. Brodbeck; H. R. Locke, W. Medford, Mass., by S. P. Wyatt; T. H. Lord, Lawrence, Mass., by B. E. Thorne; R. R. Pedlow, Lawrence, Mass., by H. M. Roope; C. McTammany, Warwick, R. I., by J. E. Gray; H. R. Pratt, Wellesley Hills, Mass., by D. S. Pratt, Jr.; R. Siber, New Bedford, Mass., by J. S. Wright; W. C. Smith, Medford, Mass., by W. S. Manson; L. B. Stone, Woburn, Mass., by W. W. Crosby; W. A. Tryon, Woburn, Mass., by A. G. Mather.

U.M.C. WINS ONE FIRST

Four Seconds and has a Majority of the Winning Illinois State Team at the

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

The American Amateur Championship

was won by **Guy Ward,** 20 years old, by a score of 144 ex 150.

H. W. Kahler, 18 years old, broke 142, taking second.

Dr. Franklin Edwards was second in the Preliminary Handicap after shooting off the tie at 94.

George Lyon broke 93 in the Grand American, dropping into second place.

Rollo Heikes was second high in the Professional Championship, breaking 143 ex 150, shooting his new Autoloading Gun.

William Heer, from Windy Kansas, defeated all the heavily handicapped shooters in the Grand American, breaking 91 from 21 yards in a gale of wind with his Remington.

U. M. C. ARROW SHELLS won all the above events, proving their excellence.

Note.—*The U. M. C. Co. takes this opportunity to thank the Amateurs of America for their greatly increased patronage at the Handicap.*

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Con ., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament.
*July 11.—Monongahela, Pa.—Monongahela City G. C.
July 11-12.—Betterton, Md.—Malone's summer tournament. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore.
July 16-17.—Duluth, Minn.—Duluth Central G. C. tournament. A. A. Farrington, Pres.
July 17-19.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Interstate Association's Eastern Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
*July 25.—Scottdale (Pa.) Gun Club.
July 25.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
July 26.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
July 27-28.—East Lexington, Mass.—Middlesex Gun Club shoot. Robert Smith, Chairman, 163 Washington St., Boston.
Aug. 8-10.—Hamilton, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association's sixth annual tournament. W. P. Thompson, Sec'y-Treas.
Aug. 7-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Indian annual powwow and tournament; added money, $1,000. Address Mallory Brothers.
*Aug. 8.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
Sept. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia., tournament. Budd & Whitney, Mgrs.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The sixth annual tournament of the Kane, Pa., Sportsmen's Club, to be held July 10, at the Ryan Farm, is provided with a programme of ten events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1, $2 and $3 entrance, the latter applying to the two 25-target events, which are cup contests. To each event $5 are added. Competition will began at 9 o'clock. Ship guns prepaid to A. Sizer, Kane. Mr. H. E. Brown is the Secretary.

In a match at 100 targets, $100 a side, at Lebanon, Pa., June 28, Mr. Nat Ressler defeated Mr. Geo. Hansell by a score of 95 to 92. A large number of spectators witnessed the contest.

After a long business sojourn in the South and West, in the interests of his company, Mr. Frank Lawrence will resume his missionary work in the East, in which section he was theretofore very active.

It is now time to prepare for the Interstate Association first Eastern Handicap, to be held under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa., July 17 and 19. The Association and the Florists' Gun Club add $1,000.

Photographers were numerous at the Grand American Handicap, and also were busy. We feel sure that those taken by Mr. Harry Palmer, with a 4 by 5 Premo camera, published in the report of the Grand American Handicap last week were found specially interesting.

Mr. Arthur J. Reynolds, a veteran trapshooter of New Britain, Conn., and Mr. Ernest W. Reynolds, of New York, have applied for a patent on an improved target-throwing trap and carrier, which will rotate a target unfailing, will not break any targets in throwing, and will be a success in every particular. The trap will change its angles automatically, is loaded instantly, will throw targets any distance desired without changing the adjustments, and has great durability. It will be ready for the market in a short time.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Phantom Lake, Ia., was a visitor at the Grand American Handicap. He is not quite recovered from the violent attack of rheumatism with which he has been afflicted. All the signs are favorable for his early return to the trapshooting ranks in which he and his old friend Chief Kinnikinnick set the pace in the van.

The third monthly tournament of the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League, will be held under the auspices of the West Virginia Gun Club, Sistersville, July 12. Fourteen events are provided in the programme, of which twelve are each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, and one at 20 targets, $2 entrance. The fourteenth event is the five-man team race. Shooting will begin at 9:30. Targets, one cent.

The Tri-County League opening shoot, to be held under the auspices of the Pequea Gun Club, Lancaster, Pa., July 12, has a programme of twelve events, 15 and 25 targets, $1.30 and $1.50 entrance. Totals, 200 targets, $16 entrance. Chester, Lebanon and Lancaster counties will be represented. Conditions are fifteen-man teams, ten highest scores to count; 50 targets per man. High gun $5; low gun $2. Ship shells to Mr. Nat Ressler, Lancaster, Pa.

The Breeder and Sportsman of recent issue mentions that Clabrough Brothers (formerly Clabrough, Golcher & Co.) are now located on the south side of Market street, near First. Shreve, Barber & Co. will soon resume business on the old site, 739 Market street. E. J. Kaplan has started business again at Van Ness avenue and Market street. Otto Feudner is with Brittain & Co. Thus from the destruction of fire and earthquake at San Francisco, a new city is rapidly springing into being.

A correspondent writes us in praise of Mr. Walter Huff's excellent shooting at the Grand American Handicap. He remarks: "Out of a total of 550 targets shot at by Mr. Huff during the Grand American Handicap tournament (the entire programme) he broke 517, an average of exactly 94 per cent. The first 200 were shot at from the 16yd. mark. Then he shot at 200 from the 19yd. mark, and finished up with 150 from the 18yd. mark. The last 350 were shot at in weather that was most decidedly unfavorable for good scores."

BERNARD WATERS.

Columbus Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 30.—Shattock made high score in the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy shoot, breaking 48 out of a possible 50, and Stanley Rhoads was high in the Hunter Arm's Co. diamond trophy shoot with 42 out of a possible 50.

The long expected race between W. V. Baker and R. S. Rhoads, was shot at 25 birds each man, Rhoads winning by three points. Score: Rhoads 22; Baker 19.

The Fourth of July shoot will bring a large turnout. A cordial invitation was extended to all members of the Crescent Rod and Gun Club. The old Sherman Boy, East End, Indianola and all sportsmen to come and see our grounds and participate in the Fourth of July shoot.

Rifle shooting will start at the big range for the first time, July 4. A formal opening of the big rifle and pistol ranges will take place early in July, when a great day of sport will be had, and a number of important local matches shot between teams and individuals. We also have some challenges from out of the city. Columbus is getting ready for shooting, and the Columbus Gun Club has the best in the country.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	30
Baker	8	8	19	17	21	19
Rhoads	8	..	22	23	20	25
Bassell	8	..	16	17	..	21
J T Wells	7	..	20	16	..	24
Shattock	10	..	25	23	..	..
J H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	22
W Wilson	9	7	17	16	..	..
Shroader	6	8	14	18	..	..
Andrews	7	6	16	17	..	..
Wood	6	8	15	14	..	..
Hopper	7	8	19	16	..	..
Murrell	7	9	17	18	..	..
Pember	8	9	19	18	..	..

Doubles, ten pair: Baker 12, Rhoads 16, Bassell 10, Wells 11, J. H. Smith 15.

Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, 50 singles:

	Brk.	P.C.		Brk.	P.C.
Baker	38	76	Wells	36	72
Rhoads	43	83	Shattock	48	96
Bassell	33	66			

Hunter Arms Co. trophy diamond fob, 30 singles and 10 pair:

	Brk.	P.C.		Brk.	P.C.
Baker	31	62	J T Wells	35	70
Rhoads	42	84	J H Smith	37	74
Bassell	31	62			

West Virginia State Tournament.

FAIRMONT, W. Va.—The Tenth Annual Tournament at Targets of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association has just closed one of the most successful shoots of the organization. Not only are we blessed with a large number of shooters, but we had without doubt the best amateur shots in the world. And where can you gather together a better lot of fellows than the following trade representatives "Bill" Crosby, R. Trimble, J. R. Taylor. The ever popular Luther Squier, Frank Riehl, H. H. Stevens, H. S. Welles, Joe Garland, Mr. Nash and Lewis.

Also our friends from afar, John W. Garrett, Colorado Spa.; O. N. Ford, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.; Smiling Willie Kahler, Iowa; Chan Powers, Illinois; Hoffman, New Jersey.

The weather for the first day was perfect, and high scores should have been more frequent, but the targets looked so easy, it was a shame to miss them. However, there were 22 men who broke over 90 per cent., and 7 over 95 per cent. for the day. The merchandise event at 25 targets brought out a full number of entries, 60 men shooting for the 16 prizes. The ties miss-and-out were easily disposed of except with J. F. Mallory and Foord who settled down for a good run until Mallory slipped a cog and Foord won on 29 straight.

The second day. Well, we missed the weather man. Rain and 40-mile wind made every one miserable. High scores seemed impossible; but along comes Smiling Willie with 192 for high average and J. R. Taylor with 191. Powers had 85 straight, the long run for the day. The individual championship brought out 31 entries, J. F. Mallory being the winner with 47 birds. The wind during this race carried the targets 80 yards, and many lost interest in the race when they missed three on the first trap.

The third day made up for the second by being perfect, and the shooters made the most of it as all shot into the money. Crosby got a start and ran 136, missing his 180th bird, which came from shooting in two squads and hurrying from one trap to the other. However, we forgive him as he went out with 198 or 99 per cent. for the day. Kahler and Chan Powers tied for high amateur with 196 each. There were 32 men who shot 90 per cent. and over. Nine men broke 95 per cent. or over.

The State Championship for teams of two men, was shot the last event for the day and was won by Phillips and Merrifield. Neill and Taylor second, Mallory and Stewart, third.

At the annual meeting held in the ballroom of the Manley Hotel, Mr. F. C. Percival was elected President and Ed. O. Bower Secy-Treas. This is simply a matter of form and the only way to change the officers, is to have one of them leave the world. What's the use of a change as long as they are the best ever. It was decided to close the State Shoots to outsiders, except that there is a 10-mile limit. It was decided to hold the eleventh tournament at McMechen, W. Va., near Wheeling in 1907.

Now a word as to the grounds. When the shooters arrived we were ready with four Leggett traps set under ground, so that our trap houses were 20 inches high, all sky back ground, and it is a surprise that more long runs were not made.

During the shoot there were trapped over 60,000 targets.

High averages, shooting at 600 targets, were as follows:

Professionals.

W R Crosby	580	96.6	F Riehl	561	93.5
J R Taylor	572	95.3	R Trimble	543	90.5
L J Squire	564	94.0			

Amateurs.

W H Kahler	577	96.1	O N Ford	548	91.0
C M Powers	572	95.0	J D Atkinson	544	90.1
L German	562	93.6	B D Matthews	544	90.1
Kelsey	561	96.5	J W Hoffman	540	90.0
Jno W Garrett	556	92.6	W H Moore	540	90.0

First day, merchandise event, 60 entries, 16 high guns. First, Kahler, Hunter Arms Co. gold medal. Second, Weidebush, Winchester rifle. Scores: Kahler 25, Weidebush 25, Kelsey 23, Hoffman 23, Miller 23, Bowers 23, Denniker 23, Moore 23, Crow 23, Alkire 23, Stewart 23, Atkinson 23, Foord 22, Mallory 22, Ford 22.

Ties were easily shot off except Foord and J. Mallory, who shot a pretty race, Mallory breaking 28, and Foord shot him out with 29.

Second day, individual championship, 50 birds:

F. E. Mallory 43, Stewart 38, J. F. Mallory 47, Bower 36, Weidebush 42, E. F. Jacobs 56, W. E. Price 34, Jno. Cobun 37, Taylor 28, J. F. Miller 16, Wolf 22, Tootham 30, Bowles 14, Lilley 41, McNeeley 38, Long 33, Phillips 32, J. D. Dinsmoore 40, L. E. Dinsmoore 36, Kennedy 25, Smith 44.

The weather conditions could hardly have been worse, as the wind was so high the targets went 75 yards.

Third day, two-man team championship; 50 targets per man.

Parkersburg.

F E Mallory	44	Stewart	43—87

Morgantown.

Cobun	39	Jacobs	40—79

St. Mary's

Smith	43	Dinsmore	41—84

McMechen.

Hibbs	39	Kenney	43—82

Mannington No. 1.

Long	42	Heckman	37—79

Mannington No. 2.

Mawhinney	28	Dugan	40—68

Fairmont No. 1.

Weidebush	38	Lilley	40—78

Fairmont Uo. 2.

Taylor	42	Neill	46—88

Fairmont No. 3.

Merrifield	47	Phillips	42—89

Fairmont No. 4.

McNeeley	42	Donally	42—84

Won by Fairmont team, Phillips and Merrifield, who hold the cup for one year. Neil and Taylor second, Mallory and Stewart third.

Totals for three days:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
F E Mallory	178	161	184	623
J W Stewart	172	136	166	474
J F Mallory	185	177	...	356
Ed O Bower	166	159	165	490
W A Weidebush	178	176	182	536
Jno W Garrett	188	180	188	556
H S Welles	181	165	180	526
J W Hoffman	178	176	186	540
R Trimble	182	171	190	543
F D Alkire	179	163	181	523
O N Ford	185	178	185	548
J R Taylor	191	191	192	574
C M Powers	190	186	196	572
W H Kahler	189	192	196	577
L J Squier	191	181	192	564
H H Stevens	189	182	168	539
R S Denniker	177	161	177	513
W R Crosby	196	186	198	580
F Riehl	187	187	187	561
E F Jacobs	169	153	173	495
C H Oles	174	151	181	506
W H Moore	181	173	186	540
T L Falor	158	144	149	451
A A Williams	118	117	135	370
Joe Hunter	171	169	169	509
A H King	184	164	186	534
Kelsey	192	178	191	561
C J Jessop	168	154	146	468
J T Atkinson	180	173	191	544
L B Flemming	169	166	181	516
J C Garland	143	133	141	417
J S Stoops	167	169	167	403
S B Kenshaw	167	158	154	479
J T Crawford	153	...	132	285
Andy McKane	159	134	150	443
Clifford	177	165	186	528
Crow	175	162	178	515
Anderson	172	165	166	503
Hickey	179	177	134	490
Baker	167	157	183	507
B D Matthews	183	177	184	544
C F Moore	175	178	167	520
R J West	171	158	161	490
R F Crawford	159	...	...	159
G D Thompson	150	147	162	459
Lilley	162	137	159	458
Merrifield	161	147	174	482
Al Donnely	159	168	170	497
Nichols	180	...	...	180
J R Miller	169	171	186	526
G A Long	158	142	157	457
T A Neill	165	157	183	505
Mawhinney	136	116	127	379
Dunnigan	141	135	151	427
Heckman	158	154	148	420
Anthony	154	114	146	414
F Amos	151	117	160	428
D P Fitch	140	139	143	422
J C McNealy	164	165	175	504
Jno Phillips	148	140	40	362
L E Dinsmore	154	61	...	221
E R Smith	175	130	163	468
R L Hibbs	169	145	167	481
H S West	126	...	...	126
Kinney	172	160	162	494
E E Sample	173	144	184	501
Shattuck	179	163	153	495
S R Wells	145	146	150	441
Potts	150	146	162	458
Mills	140	129	138	407
Bibbee	185	146	183	514
Wyley	145	...	...	145
D Keifer	163	148	163	474
Austin Flinn	180	156	154	490
Dr Stuck	127	...	...	127
Hohing	169	159	175	503
Love	172	144	169	485
Billmeyer	166	146	174	484
Bennett	159	155	...	314
Pontefract	148	128	...	276
L German	191	181	190	562
Foord	191	159	178	528
F Colpits	166	...	...	166
Keefe	177	121	...	298
Emminger	...	157	178	335
C H Dowler	...	140	143	283
J C Williams	...	162	91	253
W D Shafer	...	175	183	358
J D Dinsmore	...	148	161	309
Speary	...	170	179	349
H C Shaw	...	129	58	187
J Dixon	...	134	54	188
Robertson	...	113	...	113
W E Price	...	31	...	31
J Goll	...	33	156	189
Jno Cobun	...	36	180	216
Dr Dugan	...	...	86	86
Jno McCool	...	...	122	122

During the rain on the second day, a vaudeville show was held in the big tent. Mr. Anthony sang a beautiful ballad entitled, "To Be Missed Is To Be Picked Up." The rest joined in the chorus for someone had also missed one.

"Bill" Nichols of Wheeling, W. Va., was taken violently ill on the evening of the first day and had to be taken to the hospital. Bill would have given the boys a race from the way he started the first day.

Squad No. 3 were shooting some. Ford, Kansas; Taylor, Ohio; Powers, Ill.; Kahler, Iowa; Squier, Del. They did wonderful work for the threee days, shooting a 95 per cent. gait. On the third day they missed 39 birds out of 1,000, and for the three days missed 165 out of 3,000. It was decided not to allow them anything for the pick ups.

Weidebush, the local shooter, had been suffering with La Grippe for ten days, but shot through with 90 per cent. This is no going for Weide, as he has every other shot in the State beaten a mile when he is feeling right.

Did anybody fail to hear Jno. W. Garrett's long-drawn-out yell. Come back, and he will do it over again. It's worth going to Denver shoot just to hear this yell.

Mr. A. Ford Dickey of Morgantown, who handled the cashier's office, was "some busy" and says these big shoots are ——. Mr. Jacobs also assisted materially.

The traps worked perfectly under the direction of C. North, but to Frank Coogle the greatest credit should be given for they were in perfect working order when Charlie came on the ground. When it comes to knowing the Leggett trap, Coogle has lessons to give the man who invented it.

If anyone had a kick coming, he forgot to register it before leaving, for never was a shoot run with any less dissension than this one, and the management wishes to thank the shooters for the assistance they gave in making this shoot the success it was.

George Lilley, always the same George, recited his favorite piece, "Out on the Deep, or, Am I a Backstop for the Ocean," which was much appreciated by all.

One of the pleasant features of the shoot was the time in which it was run off. On each day, the shooting began at 9 o'clock and the last event was run off by 3.30, and we allowed the boys time to eat. There could have been 20,000 more targets trapped each day, and not hurried us at all.

Mr. McMannis, manager DuPont Company, Pittsburg, was on the grounds with Billy Lyons, but did not shoot.

Some good advice was given E. H. Taylor, who was running the shoot, by Joe Hunter, of Washington. When Taylor was smashing the birds up fine, Joe advised him, not to use so many shot on one target, for he would soon need some for the others, and he did.

While the W. Va. State shoot is closed to outsiders, we wish to say that the Fairmont Gun Club believes in the open door and we will give another shoot, either this fall or in the spring, open to the world; and if you who were here, believe we can run a shoot, come back; and should you be good enough to win our money, it's yours and welcome.

It was much regretted that the Hon. F. C. Percival, president of the Association, was unable to be present, being detailed at Casey, Ill., where he has many oil interests. No shoot in W. Va. is complete without Mr. Percival.

Preliminary, 100 birds:

P. Stevens 94, Weidebush 86, J. Mallory 96, F. E. Mallory 88, Marrifield 82, Garrett 95, P. Welles 91, Hoffman 86, P. Trimble 91, Alkire 81, Ford 88, Powers 95, Kahler 92, P. Squires 82, Fitch 69, Donaly 76, F. Amos 76, Phillips 75, McCool 49, Denniker 92, Falor 72, Smith 89, L. Dinsmoore 81, Heckman 87, Bowers 95, Stewart 86, Lilley 57, E. P. Taylor 83.

Plainfield Gun Club.

The Plainfield N. J., Gun Club held its all-day Silver shoot on June 21. Twenty-three (skidoo) shooters faced the traps.. The threatening weather in the morning undoubtedly kept away some of the out of town shooters.

George Piercy won the $3.00 in cash, offered for high amateur.

Capt. Travers of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was a welcome visitor, although he was somewhat late in arriving, caused by the missing of a train at Jersey City and the stupidity of a local cabman who drove him four miles out of the way.

The G. A. H. accounted for the slim attendance of professionals. However, the shoot was a success and the club extends its thanks to all who attended. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	25	20	15
Scribner	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Overbaugh	9	11	8	9	..	13	15	..	..	11
Bogart	11	11	11	6	14	10	13	17	14	11
John	8	8	..	..	10	12	10	15	..	5
Steele	9	10	9	10	17	11	15	17	5	6
Piercy	14	14	14	14	17	15	18	21	16	14
Truax	11	14	13	14	18	10	18	21	13	14
Schoverling	10	11	9	14	16	13	16	19	15	13
Hirschy	13	10	9	12	16	7	13	12	13	14
Gille	11	10	9	7	12	10	14	13	13	12
Druer	..	..	..	..	12	6	..	12	..	..
Vosseller	..	..	11	11	17	12	12	20	17	12
Calloway	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
Heading	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	19	.. 10
Emmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	22	16 10
J Terry	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	13	.. 7
Travers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14 11
D'Terry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11 ..
Dr Belloff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13 7
Dr Parsons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 5
Haviland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 5
Ayer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 5
Beisel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17 12

O. C. S. A. Shoot.

Utica, N. Y., June 26.—The Oneida County Shooting Association Gun Club held a shoot on June 23 to celebrate the victory of the team which captured the Dean Richmond trophy. Thirty-two shooters participated, and there was a large attendance of spectators. The Hunter medal contest was won by C. Windheim, he and M. Mayhew breaking 25, in the toss off Windheim winning. The visiting sportsmen were F. Morrison, Hinckley; K. Smith, Holland Patent; Messrs. Hays, Elliot, Barlow and Deck, of Clinton; Dr. Cavana, of Sylvan Beach; M. Mayhew, of Marcey; J. Finster, of New York; Messrs. Betson and F. G. Wilcox, of Rome; Messrs. Eaton, Sohn and Ellis, of Schuyler: Messrs. Rick and Steele, of Frankfort. A total of 3,080 targets were trapped in three and one half hours. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	10
J Wagner	8	15	9	13	18	7	13	10
Morrison	7	11	7	11	17	7	12	9
Jenny	8	14	10	11	21	7	12	8
W Wagner	9	13	8	14	21	8	11	8
Steele	7	13	7	11	21	10	13	8
Hayes	6	10	6	9	17	7	..	..
Elliot	7	14	7	12	21	8	..	..
Barlow	6	11	7	9	20	6	..	..
Russell	6	10	6	11	21	..	..	..
R Smith	6	13	6	11	..	..	..	..
Martin	5	11	8	10	20	7	11	7
Corfield	9	11	9	15	22	8	13	9
Mayhew	8	12	10	14	25	6	12	8
Gates	7	13	9	15	19	8	12	8
Davidson	6	10	6	11	24	8	14	8
Deck	7	14	6	11	..	..	..	..
Finster	6	12	6	11	..	..	..	..
Keeler	7	11	8	12	20	6	12	7
French	7	11	8	12	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	..	10	7	12	21	7	..	..
Christian	..	10	9	11	20	7	12	9
Olds	..	11	1	12	21	7	11	..
Betson	..	10	8	12	23	7	..	..
F G Wilcox	..	11	7	13	21	7	..	..
Kokesch	..	11	8	12	21	8	11	7
Windheim	..	10	8	12	25	8	13	7
Eaton	..	10	7	11	23	7	11	7
Sohn	..	11	7	11	21	8	11	7
Ellis	..	10	8	10	..	..	..	..
Madison	..	12	7	11	19	..	..	..
Rich	..	..	7	12	20	..	..	..
W Dexter	..	..	7	11	19	7	11	8

Palisade Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., June 28.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Palisade Gun Club to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Dr C F Hunter	13	8	14	15	14	17	16	16	15
Geo Piercy	18	20	20	17	16	20	19	20	19
Fred Truax	20	14	17	17	17	18	17	20	16
Wm Hopkins	19	17	19	17	20	19	18	17	16
Carl Richter	18	18	16	19	15	19	17	20	19
H Bergen	18	18	16	19	16	17	19	..	..
W G Hearne	17	16	17	20	18	18	17	19	18
J W Glaister	14	16	17	11	12	14	14	14	18
E J Westhall	18	12	16	13	14	..	..	..	..
C S Medler	9	6	10	2	11	..	..	..	..
F W Moffett	18	16	19	15	..	..	..	..	..
J G Ropes	15	15	18	14	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Downs	12	13	14	17	..	..	..	..	..
F W Lydecker	10	11	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
Secretary	18	16	16	16	16	14	..	..	..

A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament

This great victory for Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and Winchester Repeating Shotguns under most trying weather conditions tells a convincing story of wonderful marksmanship, and stamps Winchester shells and guns as being as near perfect as brains and ingenuity can make them.

The Harder the Conditions
The Surer a Winchester Victory

North Dakota State Sportsmen's Ass'n.

FARGO, N. D.—The twelfth annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association brought together in competition a fair number of the best amateur trapshooters of North Dakota and Minnesota.

The attendannce was less than expected, owing to other conventions and meetings of various kinds being held elsewhere the same week.

There were forty-nine shooters entered each day, although only twenty-eight took part in all events.

The scores the first day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	20	25		
Robbins	13	10	14	12	11	14	11	13	18	15	20	190	151
Bailey	9	9	7	13	12	12	11	12	18	16	19	190	140
Jensen	10	9	10	10	11	10	10	11	19	11	19	190	130
Marshall	12	14	12	12	12	13	11	11	..	..	..	120	97
L Backer	12	10	9	11	11	12	6	12	17	17	20	190	137
Farrell	11	9	14	9	8	12	12	13	..	16	18	165	122
Bernard	12	13	13	14	13	15	13	11	..	16	19	165	143
Close	14	7	9	11	9	12	13	10	..	13	19	165	124
Johnson	10	11	12	14	11	10	14	12	..	16	20	165	134
Loken	7	8	13	12	9	10	10	10	..	16	..	140	85
O'Connor	12	9	12	9	11	9	13	12	19	15	19	190	140
Rial	11	11	13	14	11	12	11	12	22	14	22	190	150
La Moure	11	10	12	10	12	14	9	12	21	15	20	190	146
Kershaw	10	9	6	10	7	8	6	7	..	11	..	140	74
Reimer	6	8	12	6	11	8	10	7	..	..	..	120	68
Davidson	9	9	10	14	13	11	14	13	..	15	20	165	138
Evander	10	12	14	10	10	14	14	11	..	16	20	165	131
Ballock	9	9	7	13	10	9	8	10	..	..	..	120	75
Band	7	9	10	10	11	13	14	12	23	14	22	190	149
Hovet	6	8	7	9	11	9	13	10	..	..	..	120	73
Jones	11	9	12	10	10	11	9	10	..	13	12	165	107
Allen	10	7	11	11	10	11	12	11	..	12	12	165	117
Ferguson	7	7	8	9	9	12	8	10	..	..	..	120	70
King	10	7	12	9	11	13	12	10	..	14	17	165	115
Hileman	6	4	8	10	9	9	9	10	..	13	..	140	78
Morrison	15	12	14	13	13	14	13	14	..	..	..	120	114
Duis	10	10	13	11	11	10	12	11	22	17	22	190	149
Wilkinson	12	13	13	14	13	11	15	13	..	..	15	145	119
Stevens	7	10	10	8	11	11	12	10	..	..	..	120	79
Quain	10	11	9	13	12	10	10	11	22	9	20	190	137
Hirschy	12	12	10	14	13	12	13	14	..	..	..	120	103
Sprague	13	14	13	13	13	11	12	13	23	16	14	190	165
Bull	9	12	5	12	11	11	13	14	..	..	21	145	118
Seymour	13	9	10	6	12	12	10	..	..	..	..	120	79
White	12	11	11	12	13	14	11	15	17	16	19	190	151
Smith	12	13	9	11	11	13	10	13	13	16	18	190	139
Tonsager	9	10	8	9	11	10	8	10	..	9	18	165	102
Ducke	9	4	7	11	9	9	6	11	..	12	..	140	78
Fletcher	10	13	11	11	12	11	9	13	17	17	18	190	142
C Sidnam	10	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	70	42
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	13	14	11	20	130	98
Woods	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	8	18	11	..	105	73
Vidger	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	10	9	15	..	..	85	63
G Backer	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	11	9	21	..	20	130	104
Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	20	8
Sidnam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	25	19
Webber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	20	17

Event No. 9, the Interstate Associations' 4-man team event for trophies, value $100, was won by the Bismarck team:

Bismarck—Rial 22, O'Connor 19, Quain 22, La Moure 21; total 84.

Fargo, No. 1—Robbins 18, Bailey 18, L. Backer 17, Jensen 19; total 72.

Grand Forks—Duis 22, Cooper 14, Wood 18, Fletcher 17; total 71.

Fargo, No. 2—Vidger 15, Sidnam 14, G. Backer 21, Nelson 19; total 69.

In the merchandise event Duis, L. Backer, Fletcher and Webber tied for first prize, a Stevens rifle. The tie was shot off. Duis won first place, Backer second, Fletcher third and Webber fourth.

Five professionals shot in the 15-target events, and out of 120 targets, Morrison broke 114, Hirschy 103, Marshall 97, Seymour 79, Ferguson 70.

The five high guns among the amateurs shooting at 120 targets were: Wilkinson 104, Bernard 104, White 99, Robbins 98.

A strong cross wind prevented high scores. The maximum velocity, as given by the Government observer, was 30 miles per hour. The second day the velocity of the wind was 24 miles per hour.

At the annual meeting of the Association, held the evening of the first day, a large number of sportsmen took part. Speeches were made by Hon. Thomas A. Marshall, Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, Mr. H. C. Hirschy, Mr. James Collins and several of the Association members.

All advocated united effort on the part of the Association toward securing better game laws. The prevailing sentiment of the meeting was strongly against allowing spring shooting.

Bismarck was selected as the city for holding the 1907 annual meeting and tournament. The following officers were unanimously elected: President, George Watson, Bismarck; First Vice-President, R. W. Main, Cando; Second Vice-President, G. M. Backer, Fargo; Secretary-Treasurer, A. O. Kershaw, Bismarck; Directors—C. E. Robbins, Fargo; C. A. Hale, Grand Forks; F. H. Sprague, Grafton; G. E. Duis, Grand Forks; C. H. Parker, Minot.

The President appointed the following members as a Committee on Laws: C. E. Robbins, C. A. Hale, F. H. Sprague, R. W. Main, Dr. E. P. Quain.

June 14, Second Day.

The same number of shooters took part the second day, although some new faces were noticed. The first eight events were at 15 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	50		
Robins	13	15	15	15	13	13	12	11	21	21	21	47	245	217
Bailey	12	14	13	13	15	12	12	12	23	24	20	42	245	209
Jensen	12	12	12	10	10	13	13	10	17	19	..	..	170	128
Marshall	14	14	14	12	14	13	14	11	..	..	..	..	120	106
L Backer	12	9	9	14	14	11	14	14	22	21	22	40	245	202
Hirschy	14	14	13	15	13	15	13	12	..	..	..	..	120	109
Sprague	15	11	14	11	13	11	13	11	23	24	24	41	245	211
Bull	13	10	13	9	11	14	13	11	..	21	22	32	220	169
Seymour	13	13	12	9	13	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	120	93
White	9	11	11	8	12	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	120	94
Farrell	13	11	12	12	12	11	13	9	..	..	..	43	170	143
Bernard	10	8	11	10	14	11	11	14	..	..	25	..	145	114
Ducke	11	10	13	11	14	11	12	10	..	..	..	..	120	92
Wilkinson	13	15	14	15	14	14	14	12	..	..	28	40	195	174
Rand	13	12	13	15	14	9	12	14	..	23	24	43	220	196
Davidson	14	11	14	13	14	14	14	12	..	..	23	43	195	171
Evander	13	13	12	12	12	12	14	12	..	..	23	..	145	123
Johnson	11	13	14	11	11	11	11	11	..	..	20	..	148	123
Close	11	12	11	12	14	9	12	12	..	..	21	..	145	114
Ballock	14	13	10	11	12	8	12	10	..	16	..	..	145	115
Duis	12	8	14	9	12	12	12	9	21	21	19	43	245	192
Cooper	14	8	12	12	13	13	8	14	22	21	..	..	170	137
Wood	10	11	9	9	..	..	..	11	15	..	..	..	100	70
Hovet	9	11	10	12	15	12	11	12	..	..	..	..	120	92
Smith	11	13	13	10	15	4	15	11	..	21	23	40	220	186
Jones	10	12	12	14	12	14	14	8	..	..	14	..	145	121
Allen	15	13	14	13	10	11	15	12	..	..	21	41	195	165
Ferguson	10	12	8	..	..	15	11	11	..	..	..	..	90	67
King	8	10	9	8	10	11	12	11	..	22	17	..	170	118
Hileman	10	9	9	10	10	11	10	14	..	20	21	..	170	124
O'Connor	9	13	15	12	10	14	14	12	22	22	25	..	195	158
Rial	13	9	12	12	14	13	14	14	21	16	22	..	195	160
Quain	13	11	14	13	12	13	13	10	21	20	20	40	245	210
Kershaw	7	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26
La Moure	12	11	10	10	12	12	13	8	20	16	..	40	170	124
Morrison	14	13	15	14	13	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	120	112
Adams	10	10	..	..	10	..	10	8	..	..	15	..	100	68
Wheeler	7	6	..	..	8	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	75	32
Roberts	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	45	34
Sidnam	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Fletcher	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	35	42
Starr	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Fuller	..	8	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	30	19
G Backer	..	9	..	..	13	..	11	..	..	22	23	..	95	68
Reimer	..	10	11	7	11	8	12	8	..	..	..	..	105	67
Tonsager	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	16	..	55	33
Hornish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	15	10
Saindon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..	30	22
Webber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	24	40	36

In events Nos. 2, 3 and 4 Robbins made a straight score which, with the last of event No. 1 and the first of event No. 5, gave him a run of 60—the longest made by any one during the tournament.

In the team event for the North Dakota challenge trophy, the Bismarck team won by one target, as follows:

Bismarck—La Moure 20, Rial 21, O'Connor 22, Quain 21; total 84.

Fargo—Robbins 21, Bailey 23, Backer 22, Jensen 17; total 83.

Grand Forks—Wood 15, Cooper 22, Fletcher 20, Duis 21; total 78.

Event No. 10, the individual State championship, was won by D. C. Rand, with a clean score of 25. Bailey and Sprague scored 24 each.

The extra event for the Ballistite cup at 50 targets per man had twenty entries. It was won by Robbins with a score of 47, Rand and Davidson scoring 45 each.

The special average prize, a No. 2 Ithaca trap gun, was won by Sprague.

Five professionals shot in the eight 15-target events at 120 targets, and Morrison broke 112, Hirschy 109, Marshall 106, Ferguson 97, Seymour 93.

The five high guns among the amateurs for the same events were: Wilkinson 111, Robbins 107, Davidson 106, Bailey 103, Allen 103.

The amateur averages made in all the 15-target events for the two days, shooting at 240 targets were: Wilkinson 89 per cent., Robbins 85, Sprague 83, Davidson 82, Rial 81, Evander 81, White 81, Smith 81, Bernard 80, Rand 80, Bailey 78, Johnson 78, Allen 78, O'Connor 78, Quain 77, Bull 75, Farrell 75, Backer 75, Close 74, La Moure 74, Jones 74, Duis 73, Jensen 72, Ballack 69, Hovet 69, King 68, Ducke 66, Hileman 62.

O'GRAF.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

June 30 was a hot day, but there was breeze enough to temper the heat a little and make it bearable. Two 100-target races were shot, besides the practice events. Gambell has so far recovered from his broken ribs as to be able to shoot a little, but is off yet. Charlie Young stopped off here for a day or two on his way to Milwaukee. Of course, he headed the list, with Fultz a close second. The members are beginning to talk of the Eastern Handicap at Philadelphia, and John Falk and Horace Bonser have signified their intention of attending. Falk also has the Denver tournament on his list. To-day's scores:

No. 1, 100 targets:

Fultz	93	Bullerdick	63
Herman	83	F Altherr	35
Ahlers	76	Gambell	28
Miles	73		

No. 2, 100 targets:

C A Young	94	E Altherr	67
Keplinger	83	Goshorn	50
Offner	74	French	48
Tuttle	67	Dick	50

Kentucky Gun Club.

There were sixteen members and visitors at the shoot of the Northern Kentucky Gun Club, June 24, on the grounds near Dayton, Ky. Shooting at 150 targets, Steard broke 121, Miles 106. At 100 targets, E. Trimble scored 73, Jones 30, Hice 75, Gould 68, Frances 80. Riley broke 97 out of 125. The others shot at less than 100 targets, and making fair scores.

Eight members took part in the weekly handicap shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club on June 25. Warner was high with 55, including his handicap of 9: Fouts (15) 49, Limbert (7) 46, Wolf (0) 45, Kirby (1) 42, Eidson (7) 42, Baker (9) 40, Smith (15) 24. Warner made high score in actual breaks with 46. Wolf second with 45. Then followed a four-man team match at 25 targets per man; scores: Wolf 24, Kirby 24, Eidson 21, Fouts 15; total 84. Warner 21, Baker 24, Limbert 21, Smith 8; total 74.

Ohio Trap Notes.

Six members of the Glen Airy, Cincinnati, Gun Club took part in the shoot on June 24. Albrecht led with 55 out of 75, Gehring and Rock 54 and 45 respectively. Teatman broke 41 out of 50. Lord and Ganring got 18 each out of 25.

The attendance at the shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club on June 23 was smaller than usual. In the watch fob contest at 80 targets, Franklin was the winner with 65. Mack, Frank and Hopkins scored 70, 70 and 69 respectively, but were not contesting for the prize. Wallace got 63, Saffold 62, Tamblyn 60, Herbert, Ware, Ong and Taylor shot at 50 each, scoring in order 38, 33, 31 and 28. Hopkins won the Hunter Arms Co.'s charm contest, breaking 49 out of 50.

Snyder was high gun at the shoot of the gun club of Canal Dover, on June 23, breaking 60 out of 75. King, Salsgiver and Reanick got 59 each; Leiser 50, Groff 51. The others shot at less than 75. Trew won the contest for the Peters cup with 24 out of 25, at 16yds. Rearick second with 20. There were eleven contestants.

Rolla O. Heikes and Mrs. Heikes have gone to St. Clair Flats, Mich., where they will spend the summer. "Pop" has laid aside the shotgun for a while, and will exchange the sport of target smashing for that of bass fishing. Before the season is over, he will try his hand at muscalonge fishing.

Michael J. Schwind, of Dayton, has just gotten his new 12-gauge gun. It is a beauty, and fits him to perfection. His scores at the trap ought to climb a little now.

The woods around Dayton are alive with young squirrels, giving promise of fine sport when the season opens, a couple of months later.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, June 23.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the second series. In the club trophy event, McDonald and Eaton tied in Class A on 23. George won Class B on 23 and Herr won Class C on 19.

In the DuPont cup shoot at 15 singles, W. Einfeldt won in Class A on 15 straight. George won in B on 14. Herr won in C on 13. After these events were closed, George and Einfeldt captained teams formed by choosing sides, and Einfeldt's team won by four targets. The day was a fine one for target shooting, being cool, and but little wind, and a fairly good crowd showed up for the occasion. Kuss and Cop, two old-time members of the club, but who have been practically out of the target shooting game for a year or two, came out and demonstrated that they could still hit 'em.

June 30.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the second series. In the club trophy event, Dr. Reynolds won in Class A on 21. George in class B on 20, and Herr in class C on 8. In the DuPont cup shoot, Kampp won in Class A on 14; George won in Class B on 13; Herr won in class C on 8.

The day was a delightful one for target shooting so far as weather conditions were concerned, being nice and clear and cool, but a rear wind beat the targets down quickly, which caused a strong tendency to overshooting, and accounts for the ragged scores made. Dr. Huff appeared as the latest devotee to the pump gun and handled it very creditably for a beginner, scoring quite regularly on doubles, but we must observe that the doctor can shoot some with any old gun.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	25	10
McDonald	8	6	13	16	9
Eaton	5	8	12	13	8
Thomas	7	8	9	14	7
Kampp	6	8	14	19	..
L Smedes	5	5	11	15	7
Goetter	6	8	7	11	..
Birkland, Jr	4	2	10	14	..
Dr Reynolds	8	9	11	25	..
George	..	6	13	20	..
Ford	..	..	11	19	..
A Smedes	..	..	12	18	7
Herr	..	..	8	8	..
Dr Huff	..	..	..	..	8

No. 2 was DuPont cup event.

No. 3 was trophy event.

Team shoot, 10 targets, George and Kampp, captains.

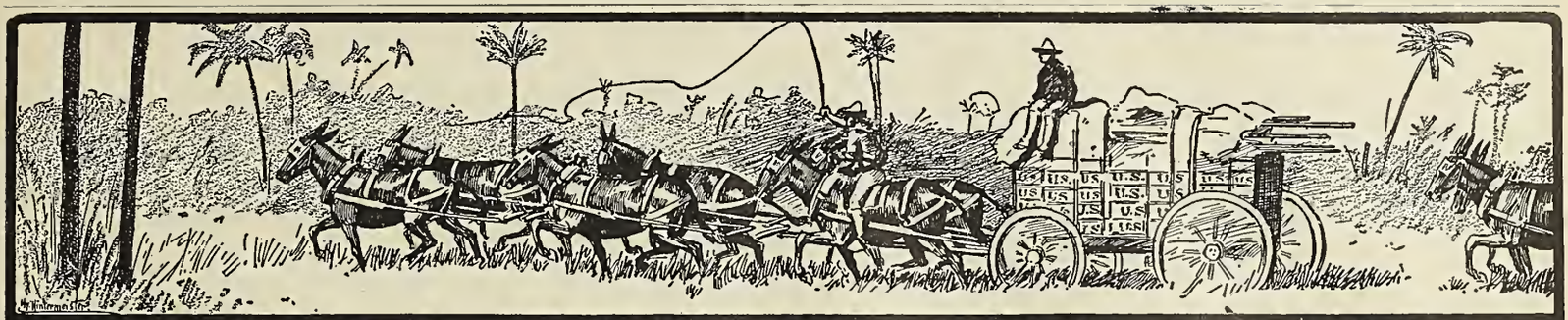
Kampp	8	George	7
McDonald	8	Eaton	8
Thomas	8	Dr Reynolds	8
Ford	9	A Smedes	7
L Smedes	5	Goetter	3
Birkland	5—43	Herr	5—38

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

Capt. Hardy, the well-known scout and exhibition shot, took a team of trapshooters from Lincoln, Neb., to the G. A. H., composed of Dan Bray and Gus Schroeder, of Columbus; Dick Linderman, of Cortland; Geo. Maxwell, of Holstein; Wm. Veach, of Falls City, and W. T. Brookings, of Funk.

The third shoot of the Appleton, Minn., Gun Club was a success, in spite of the wind that prevailed for the two days, although the scores were not high. Mr. Davidson, of Wheaton, was high among the amateurs, with A. E. Close second. John Tasmer, of Glencoe, won the gun with 25 straight. C. G. Johnson, of Cornell, won the last day with 178 out of 200. Scores for two days, at 400 targets. Morrison 378, Hirschy 377, Davidson 349, Close 345, Wilks 344, Quinton 342, Johnson 342, Bailey 340, Jones 331, Minert 326, Buchanan 309, Tasmer 305, Jacobs 267. Others shot in a part of the events only.



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Meeting was held at Blooming Prairie, Minn., Wednesday last, at which time a gun club was organized, and the following gentlemen were selected as officers: George E. Thomas, President; D. T. Hollywood, Secretary. The members: Jas. A. Kent, Jas. Herron, T. C. Cashman, Dr. H. C. Wood, A. C. Thomas, Frank Zweiner, James Olson, Ed. Zweiner, A. A. Peterson and J. W. Whitson.

In the West Toledo, O., Gun Club shoot for the cup, Markman, Hittler and Moore each made a point. Mr. Markman was high for the day with 94.

The secretary of the Lake City Gun Club, Madison, Wis., held a business meeting Thursday last, despite the fact that he had not sent out notices by mail to each member.

The Valley and the Germany gun clubs defeated the Haysville, O., club in a shoot held Friday last.

R. R. Barber, the Paulina expert, won the Interstate cup for the second time, at the Sioux City, Ia., tournament. He had a hot race, as Harry Taylor, W. S. Hoon, George Hughes, Dr. Haughawot, Ed Spatz and W. L. Ross tied on the first round. The last man to stay with him was Mr. Hoon. Thus Barber wins honors in his own State, as well as abroad.

It will interest all shooters to learn that Mr. R. R. Barber, well known as the winner of the 1905 G. A. H., has been installed as a shooter for the Dead Shot smokeless powder, otherwise, the American Powder Mills, of Boston, Mass. He will prove a running mate for Mr. Ed. O'Brien.

In the 100-target trophy match at Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Ill., Fred Bills, Milwaukee, Wis., won the trophy with 95. Alex. Vance, of Capon, Ill., and Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, tied on 94, with Jesse Young, of Chicago, 93.

There are many champions in Ohio, yet the latest one to come into prominence is E. W. Holding, of Urbana, who won the prize at the late Dayton shoot, with 48 out of 50, beating out Chas. Young on a tie.

A feature of the Nebraska State shoot was the large number of young shooters who faced the traps. This was very encouraging for the management, who had worked hard to make the meet at Lincoln a success.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett, of Denver, was present at the University Place Gun Club shoot, Lincoln, Neb., and in a contest with Capt. Hardy, broke 23 out of 25 targets.

Information as to the G. A. H. was sent out to the shooters of Wisconsin that H. C. Stackpole, of St. Mary's, Pa., was placed at the 10yd. (?) mark at that big event.

Clay pigeon shooting will occupy the attention of the shotgun cranks at Oconto, Wis., as a new gun club with sixteen members has been organized.

The South Side Hunting and Fishing Club, Milwaukee, Wis., held their outing last Sunday. Little attention was paid to shooting, but the tales of fishing were very stretchy.

Louis Lehrbas, Pocatello, Utah, won a shotgun at a prize shoot by a score of 24 out of 25.

There is no effort being made by the shooters at Joplin, Mo., to revive the shooting interests at that town, while at Carthage and Webb City the grounds have been enlarged and refitted, and much enthusiasm has resulted. Joplin boys can shoot with them, but that is not like a home of their own.

Sportsmen's clubs are being organized in the new State of Oklahoma with a view of protecting the game supply. James R. Cottington is president, and A. E. Johnston secretary of the Twin Lake Gunning Club at Guthrie. Newkirk has a club with C. A. Hazen president, J. A. Coleman secretary, and George Alberti superintendent.

Harry Kahler, the boy wonder in the shooting line, attended the Cumberland picnic at Davenport, Ia., and though just returned from a month on the road, he made 74 out of 75. His friends were consoling him on his loss of the amateur championship when he had it at one time well in hand.

Chas. Bliss and Fred Kopp, each got 21 out of 25 at a shoot at Albion, Mich., Sunday last. Jim McGuire, the ball player, was next with 19.

There was great sport at the second day of the Jefferson City, Mo., merchandise shoot. Dr. Yocum won the high average, 83 out of 105. W. A. Moore 74, Jesse W. Henry beat his son for the booby prize.

Splendid sport marked the weekly shoot of the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club Saturday. Mr. Johnson, the big Indian, is shooting fine. His score of 95 is a corker. Mr. Mitchell, a new member shot well. Clopper won the cup; Shepard, Class C; Mrs. Johnson, Renly Bros.' cup. Hoffman St. Jacobs, Johnson, 100 targets, 95, Seymour 94, Hoffman 91, O'Brien 90, White 90, Mitchell 88, L. F. Kennedy 86, Shepard 84, Marshall 82, Mrs. Johnson 82, Famachon 81, Clopper 80, Collander 76, Regie 60, Clark 38.

Dad Martin held a big shoot at the race track, Ottawa, Kans., July 4.

The Muskogee, I. T., Gun Club will hold its regular semi-weekly tournaments at Hyde Park.

Few shooters are aware that Capt. A. H. Bogardus is still hale and hearty, and that he is now engaged with a shooting school at Al Fresno Park, Peoria, Ill.

Shoots are not started at Fargo, N. D., until after supper at 6 P. M.

The opening shoot of the East End Gun Club, held at Flambo Garden, East Davenport, Ia., recently was a success. All indications point to the successful carrying out of a well organized club.

Duluth, Minn., Gun Club will hold a tournament, July 15 and 16. All the gun clubs in the northern part of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, will be invited to participate.

The Cass Lake, Minn., Gun Club have abandoned their shoot which was to have been held during the firemen's tournament, and will hold a regular tournament July 20 and 21. There will be $300 added money. This club boasts of many good shots, and when it comes to a team contest, expect to hold their own.

The East End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., has recently organized with Fred Gerdts as President; Carl House, Secretary; Money Hageman, Treasurer, and Herman Gottschalk, Captain of the Grounds.

Four members of the Springfield, O., Gun Club were out last Saturday for their practice. Winkler broke 74 out of 125, Pool 83 out of 120, Mack 82 out of 100, Leasure 78 out of 100.

There will be a big trapshooting contest held at Manistique, Mich., some time in August. There are a number of good shots in Sault St. Marie, and other towns, and a big turnout is anticipated.

Sunday there will be a match between the Wayne and the Corner Rod and Gun Club at the new grounds, near Fort Wayne, Ind. This new club has built a club house three miles out on the traction line, and will be at home to friends at all times.

Now an Oliver Gun Club exists at Woodstock, Ill., with officers as follows: President, James Taylor; Vice-President, Dr. W. C. Besley; Secretary, Herbert Billings; Treasurer, E. M. Ingersoll.

Members of the David Crockett Gun Club held their weekly shoot last evening, at the ground, Crockett, Tex. Some good scores were made and the successful ones are thinking of attending the shoots at Marshall and Shreveport.

The Cumberland Gun Club held their annual picnic at Suburban Park, Davenport, Ia., on Sunday last. Besides the trapshooting, there were many amusements characteristic of society picnics.

The Danville, Ill., Rod and Gun Club has received its new trap, and is now ready for business, and will hold shoots and give tournaments.

Members of the Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club are now shooting for the handsome cup donated by a powder company.

The Owatoma, Minn., Gun Club has reorganized with the following gentlemen as officers: Emil Lippert, President; M. R. Cashman, Vice-President; Carl Hoffman, Secretary; Dr. Sweeny, Treasurer. Grounds will be selected and the club events will be started soon.

With a strong wind, which has a full sweep at the West St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club grounds, the scores were low on Sunday last. Green shot at 100, broke 76; Grunan 100, 72; Kloustadt 100, 76; Marden 85, 70; Gock 75, 49; Becker 100, 51; Jenson 50, 32; Stevenson 50, 26.

A. A. Lonsberry won the diamond badge at the Elwood, Ind., Gun Club shoot, defeating A. Chamness, who had held it for more than a year. Mr. Lansberry, being sixty-seven years old, is a remarkable shot, and on this occasion made 24 out of 25 targets.

The Muskogee, I. T., Gun Club held its regular semi-monthly shoot last Wednesday, with a good attendance. The club is growing, and the boys are making good records.

Horbe Soule, B. Rodgers, C. C. Newman, E. Smith, Ollie Hutton, Lance Burden, Harry Burden, Frank New-

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ILLINOIS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP,	Bloomington, Ill., May 24,	J. R. Graham (19 yards),	94 out of 100
KENTUCKY STATE CHAMPIONSHIP,	Owensboro, Ky., May 24,	Woolfolk Henderson,	98 out of 100
HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE,	Columbus, O., May 8-11,	R. S. Rhoads,	555 out of 600
DuPONT TROPHY,	Columbus, O., May 8-11,	R. S. Rhoads,	96 out of 100
SMITH TROPHY,	Bloomington, Ill., May 24,	H. W. Cadwallader,	24 out of 25
HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE,	Idaho Falls, Idaho, May 8-9,	C. T. Callison,	386 out of 400
HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE,	Louisville, Ky., May 30,	Woolfolk Henderson,	250 out of 260
HANDICAP TROPHY,	Louisville, Ky., May 30,	Woolfolk Henderson,	49 out of 50 20 yards.

THE CONSOLATION HANDICAP at the 1905 Grand American was won by Mr. Jas. T. Atkinson, from 18 yards, score 99 out of 100, using Peters Factory Loaded Shells.

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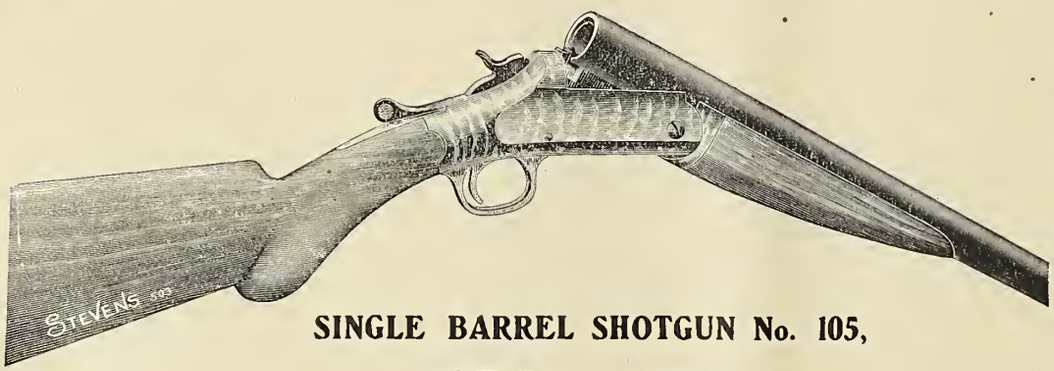

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Also HIGH INDIVIDUAL SCORE in the STATE TEAM RACE—99 ex 100.

All the above records were made by

DUPONT SMOKELESS

man, Lee Bradley and Hugh Graham have organized a gun club at Anacortez, Texas. Hunting grounds will be leased and club house erected.

Some vandal destroyed the pull rod of the Badger Gun Club, Janesville, Wis., and the members were prevented thus from holding the last scheduled contest.

Mr. Turner Hubby, of Waco; Mr. R. J. Jackson, Mexia; Mr. L. I. Wade, and E. Atchinson were at the shoot held by the Palestine, Tex., Gun Club, and some fine scores were made.

The amateur sportsmen's shoot at Jefferson City, Mo., was a success. Dr. H. C. Yocum, of Warrenton, and L. Sirdner, of Morrison, tied on 74 out of 100; Donald Henry made 72.

There is a gun club being formed at Nampa, Idaho. Members are mostly connected with the sugar factory.

J. Heiser was high gun at North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., last Sunday, with 48 out of 50. L. Schneider made 44, P. Peters 43, J. Haertel 43, G. Kloman 42, R. Lado 42, L. C. Klug 42, W. Muner 41, G. Coop 41, E. Loss 41, C. Trester 39, J. Mierswa 36, E. Koehn 35, A. Krouse 35.

Regular weekly shoot of the Helena, Mont., Gun Club, Sunday last, the Bryan medal was won by Prewitt, with 22 out of 25. He won the high average medal with 88 out of 100.

Regular shoot of the Amateur Gun Club, Brenham, Tex., resulted in Beaumier, Prelop and Geisicke tying on 12 out of 15. In the shoot-off Beaumier won, as he did the week previous.

The season for dove shooting opened in California July 1, and the sportsmen will do well to remember that the late law puts a limit of 25 in any one day.

Some say that Guy Ward never attended a tournament before; but he attended a number, though usually accompanied by his father, the well-known C. C. Ward.

The first amateur tournament of the Wheatland Field and Gun Club, Youngstown, O., was held June 27, with a good attendance.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKeesport, Pa., June 25.—Inclosed please find scores made on the grounds of the Enterprise Gun Club, on Saturday June 23, in the contest for the Hunters Arms Co. gold medal. The weather was anything but favoorable; very dark and a drizzling rain through the shoot, and while 18 men started, only 11 finished. The conditions were, 20 singles and 10 doubles. Handicaps 14 to 20 yards. J. F. Calhoun was high. He went straight in the singles, and broke 14 out of the doubles from the 20yds mark.

The scores:

	H.	S.	D.	T.
Calhoun	20	20	14	34
Stephan	17	17	13	30
Hardy	19	19	12	31
Cochran	19	19	10	29
Noel	17	13	14	27
Straub	20	17	10	27
McGlashen	20	14	11	25
Jim Crow	17	18	5	23
Good	20	13	9	22
Davis	20	13	8	21
Pearse	18	10	10	20

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Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17 (Interstate Association's Southern Handicap Tournament)—
First General Average.
Vicksburg, Miss., May 7-8.—First and Second Amateur Averages.
Tulsa, I. T., May 7-9.—First General Average.
New London, Ia., May 8-10.—First, Second and Third Amateur Averages.
Columbus, O., May 9-11.—First and Second General Averages.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., June 23.—The scores made at the shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Kelly	19	22	16	19	23	21
Crater	16	19	16	19	23	19
Creamer	17	19	15	18	14	..
Fleury	7	17	18	18	20	..
Dunn	14	..	..	..	..	..
Suydam	..	..	12	13	18	12
Osterhout	..	8	11	13	..	..
Weiskotten	..	13	16	14	..	..
Pfender	..	19	18	..	..	..
Dreyer	..	11	16	..	..	..
Howard	..	..	15	16	16	..
Slavin	..	..	9	11	..	..
Van Valer	..	..	..	12	12	..

Bergen Beach, L. I., June 30.—The regular weekly shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day, closed the summer season. The next regular weekly shoot will be held in September. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	15	25	10
Kelly	22	19	22	23	13	23	..
Voorhies	15	19	21	22	7	13	..
Weiskotten	10	..	16	14	7	..	..
Dryer	8	12	11	15	7	..	..
Bergen	18	12	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	18	18	19	23	..	..	..
Fleury	9	18	13	11	5	13	3
Crater	17	18	20	19	15	..	9
Berquist	..	11	12	..	..	..	..
Slavin	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Griffith	..	..	13	19	13	14	6
Pfender	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Von Valer	..	..	..	21	9	17	7

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., June 30.—The regular shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club was well attended to-day. The weather was a little warm, otherwise conditions were fair. Mr. Harry Welles won high professional average. Mr. Hodkins, of Tottenville, won high amateur average, and also won three nice medals. W. Slater won a medal with a straight score. Dr. W. H. M. won the best medal of the day. Mr. Ellis won a picture. Mr. Slater, a sword. Mr. Brown won a hawk. Hovey, case of shells, and Mr. Rochetty, the old rifle. Mr. Overbaugh was present, doing good work for his company. Dr. Luckey gave an exhibition, breaking three targets in the air at one time. W. M. Hovey did the best work in the sweeps, taking in the cold cash. Dr. Beloff also did well. Hodkins has a medal for every member of the family. He got a medal pinned on him all right from top to bottom.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Brk.
Welles	9	9	10	9	7	44
Dr Luckey	3	9	6	7	9	35
Dr F N M	8	9	10	8	7	42
Dr W H M	8	9	7	9	9	42
Brown	8	9	6	10	9	42
Hodkins	8	9	9	10	8	44
Still	4	5	8	9	8	34
Ellis	5	9	7	5	9	35
Hovey	7	9	7	8	9	40
W Slater	10	8	9	6	9	42
F Slater	5	7	8	9	8	37
W C Nechlas	..	..	7	8	8	..
Dr Beloff	..	..	10	8	7	..
Claude Fisher	..	..	10	..	..	..
Rochettey	..	..	9	9	..	..
Manken	..	..	..	7	8	..
Alex Crater	..	..	..	..	6	..
Dr Pardoe	..	..	9	8	7	..
Dr Iredell	..	..	6	5	7	..
Dayton	..	..	..	6	7	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	5	..

Dr. J. B. PARDOE, Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 27.—The scores made to-day at the club shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Kirkwood	9	14	10	15	10	12	12	13	14	13	13	23
Frank	8	13	9	13	9	15	14	14	13	8	..	..
Roy	8	13	7	12	4	15	12	15	13	13	11	..
Keeler	8	15	8	12	7	14	13	15	11	13	14	19
Wheeler	6	13	10	14	9	13	13	13	14	13	10	23
Freeman	8	13	6	11	9	12	11	13	14	13	13	..
Fay	5	13	8	13	10	12	13	15	15	12	11	..
Sibley	6	10	7	12	9	12	13	12	10	13	13	21
Burns	7	15	9	14	8	14	13	14	12	15	14	17
Borland	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	15	11	11	13	..
S Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	11	13	13	11	..

Events 7 and 8 were for Dupont cup.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., June 23.—Mr. Piercy won the Sauer gun, scoring the ninth win for this prize. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	15	15	
Piercy	13	13	14	21	23	13	14	..
Truax	11	11	11	19	21	14	15	..
Richter	14	11	14	17	21	14	..	..
Eick	11	10	11	18	19	12	13	..
Russel	9	8	7	14	..	..	..	..
St. John	7	6	11	11	6	8	11	11
Cacklin	11	10	7	18	10	9	18	..
Burns	11	7	14	19	19	..	..	..
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	15

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, O., June 26.—The latter part of this week we will mail from this office the completed programmes of our midsummer tournament of two days—July 25 and 26. Our tournament promises to be the largest one, outside the largest cities, that has ever been given in this section of Ohio. Two sets of traps, one magazine and a set of experts, will be used. Four average moneys will be given to high guns, viz.: $10, $7.50, $5, $5, and two low guns, $5 and $5. Also low guns each day in the first six events will receive an Ideal gun cleaner.

Events 3 and 4 first day bring to the winner the Hunter silver medal. Event 3, is 20 birds, use of both barrels, and event 4 is 20 birds as doubles. The last event the first day is 50 birds, for the Ballistite cup; entrance price of birds only. The last event the second day is for a case of shells loaded with Dead Shot smokeless powder, entrance price of targets only.

In each of the 50 target events it is necessary that the shooter use the respective powders named in each event. To the member shooting through the entire programme and making the highest average, we will give an order on the Ithaca Gun Co. for a No. 2 Pigeon gun, that they will furnish to the order of the winner without expense to him. Fifth high average gets a merchandise prize well worth shooting for.

Two hundred targets on the programme each day, with entrance fees of $11.

There will be a number of experts present, including Young, Heikes and Trimble, who of course will not participate in the purses. We will have lots to occupy their minds besides shooting for records; they will be called upon to referee, score and squad hustle.

Every modern load of smokeless powder will be for sale on the grounds, loaded in all the standard make of shells.

JAMES E. GASTON, Pres.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. writes us that "At the Grand American Handicap, the greatest trap-shooting tournament of the year, held in Indianapolis, June 19-22, Winchester factory loaded shells or repeating shotguns won first place in every event. F. E. Rogers, an amateur, won the Grand American Handicap with a score of 94 out of 100. The professional championship was won by Walter Huff with a score of 145 out of 150. The veteran shooter, J. A. R. Elliott tied for high professional average with a score of 193 out of 200, using a Winchester repeating shotgun. The well-known Eastern shooter, Lester German, qualified for high amateur average, breaking 192 out of 200. The long straight run was made by Luther J. Squier, who smashed 139 targets in succession. All the above shooters used Winchester factory loaded "Leader" shells. The Preliminary Handicap was won by an amateur, who also used Winchester factory loaded "Leader" shells. Upon the banner of Guy Ward fell the amateur championship honors, his score being 144 out of 150, made with a Winchester Repeating Shotgun."

The Savage Arms Co., 487 Turner street, Utica, N. Y., in our advertising columns this week, call attention to the excellence of the Savage .22 repeater, model of 1903. It is a practical "takedown," is chambered for short, long, and long-rifle cartridges, weighs 5¼lbs.—an excellent arm, adding greatly to the pleasures of an outing of old and young. Send for circular describing the many popular kinds of rifles manufactured by that company.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The annual spring shoot of the Dayton Sharpshooters was held on June 21. Among the visiting riflemen were V. K. Dodge, of Lexington, Ky.; Henry Smith, of Indianapolis; R. W. H. Seitz, Cincinnati; Joseph Lessner and H. Arnett, Springfield; D. W. Jones, Wm. F. Jay, D. W. Macy and W. S. Kessler, West Milton; J. Brown, W. Baltimore; Chas. W. Matthews, Euphemia. J. S. Lessner has been a frequent shooter on this range, and to-day was admitted to membership in the club. Those in charge of the shoot were: C. W. Sander, manager; H. C. Clevenger and J. Craig, scorer; Julius Weinstein, field captain; John Dohse, cashier. The programme was carried through without interruption from start to finish. During the hour of the funeral of Governor Pattison, shooting was entirely suspended as a tribute to his memory, and the club flag was displayed at half mast. The first off-hand match in the morning had 22 entries, and was won by V. K. Dodge with 62. The other four money winners were J. S. Lessner 58, D. W. Macy 48, W. F. Jay and C. W. Matthews 44 each. The second match had eleven entries, the winners in order being: W. S. Kessler 70, V. K. Dodge 62, and J. S. Lessner 33. Both matches were 3 shots, offhand, 200yds., on German ring targets, 12in. black bullseye, ¾in. rings, 50 cents entrance, re-entries allowed, possible 75. In the first free-for-all of the afternoon, V. K. Dodge won with 70 out of a possible 75 in 3 shots. In the next match D. W. Macy and Dodge tied on 67, Macy winning the shoot-off. In the free-for-all, muzzle rest, 3 shots, possible 72, German ring target, 12in. white bullseye, ½in. rings, 50 cents entrance, re-entries allowed, five moneys, there were 85 entries. The winners in order were: V. K. Dodge 67, his first shot was a center one, value 24; John Boehner 63, Chas. Whealen 63, D. D. Bergk 62, C. W. Sander 62. The single shot match, offhand at 100yds., for a prize given by the Banner Store, was won by Will E. Kette, with 22 out of a possible 24. Chas. Lang, John Rappold and J. C. Hahne second with 20 each. The

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

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Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

and is already well started on its

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Savage 22 Repeater is a practical "Take-Down," permitting the weapon to be taken apart in the middle, exposing all the mechanism for cleaning and adjusting. Convenient to transport, easily reassembled; weight, 5¼ pounds.

Your Dealer **should** keep them. If he does not, **$12.00** will bring you one direct from us.

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1902 **1906**

The Smith Gun and Hunter One Trigger are absolutely perfect.
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Why is the *Marlin* Repeating Shotgun, Model No. 17, the best low-priced repeating shotgun in the world?

By making this gun with a solid frame and a straight grip stock a number of parts have been eliminated. The result is a stronger, simpler, cleaner gun than any other repeating model and a very much less costly one.

The exclusively *Marlin* solid top and side ejection are features of Model 17 and to these famous *Marlin* ideas are added the new double extractor and a two-piece safety recoil block—devices which repeating shotgun users will welcome.

The *Marlin* breech block and working parts are *cut* from solid drop forgings. The barrel of special rolled steel is bored for both smokeless powder and black. The guaranteed *Marlin* pattern of 325 pellets with 1¼ oz. No. 8 shot in a 30 in. circle at 40 yards is maintained in Model 17.

When the ducks come rushing in among the decoys or the grouse roar off through the dead leaves you cannot be armed with a better, quicker, harder-hitting gun than the *Marlin* Model 17.

It is a first-class quail gun. For woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, sharp tail grouse or any other bird shooting it is unsurpassed.

Its records at the traps are **wonderful.**

There are many other valuable ***Marlin*** *ideas included in every* ***Marlin*** *gun. Send six cents in stamps for our handsome catalog, which explains all and contains much other valuable information.*

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LOG CABINS AND COTTAGES; HOW TO BUILD AND FURNISH THEM.

By William S. Wicks. Price, $1.50.

This work covers the field of building for the woods from the simplest shelters to the most elaborate cottages, cabins and houses. The details and directions are very specific and easily comprehended, and the illustrations are so numerous and so taking that one will be sure to find in them something to his taste.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

championship cup match, open to members only, was shot on the German ring target, with 12in. white bullseye, ½in. rings, muzzle rest, 200yds., 5 shots, possible 120. Cup and first money to winner, four other cash prizes. This cup is shot for each month during the summer, the winner holding it from month to month until defeated. A. Schwind and J. Rappold tied to-day on 10, and in the shoot-off Schwind won, 21 to 19. Rappold took second money, C. Lang third on 100. G. R. Decker fourth on 98, C. Whealen fifth on 95. The merchandise prize match, open to members only, was shot on the same target, under same conditions, 5 shots, possible 20. Twenty-six prizes were given. The exciting feature of the match was the splendid shooting of C. W. Sander, winning the victory at the finish with 114. This score has been made by only three other members since the rings were reduced from ¾ to ½in., and the center from 1½ to 1in. The other members who have made this score are M. J. Schwind, Charles Whealen and Adolph Schwind. Other high scores to-day were: E. J. Bundenthal 100, C. Lang 99, G. R. Decker 98, J. F. Beaver 98, J. Boehner and A. Schwind 95 each, W. E. Kett 94, W. Isenberg 93, C. Whealen 91, J. Rappold 90.

Rifle Notes.

Mr. F. E. Butler and his wife (Annie Oakley) started on a professional tour, beginning at Plattsburg, N. Y., on July 3. After touring New York, they will tour the Northwest. Some of the feats performed by the wonderful Annie Oakley are the following:

1. Hitting ten 1-in. disks in 10 seconds.
2. Splitting cards, shooting ashes from cigarettes, etc.
3. Breaking two bottles 6ft. apart, at the same time using revolver in each hand.
4. Bending over shot without support.
5. Hitting marbles, lead pencils, pennies, disks, .22 cartridges, pieces of brick, etc., thrown in the air, using all caliber rifles at single and double shot.
6. Throwing two objects, wheeling and hitting both.
7. Breaking five objects thrown in the air at the same time, using Remington shotgun and U. M. C. short range shells.
8. Breaking targets thrown in the air, sighting from a mirror.
9. Running 20ft., picking up gun and hitting double targets thrown in the air.
10. Hitting objects thrown in the air in rapid succession.
11. Hitting objects thrown in the air while riding full speed on the bicycle, where ground will permit.

"What did papa say?" "He showed me the door." "And what did you say?" "I said it was a handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine."—N. Y. Herald

One Does Turn.

IN his "Mémoirs," Alexander Dumas relates this story of the duel between Dumas and Gaillardet, which Dumas relates in his best manner. One or two touches in the narration are intensely characteristic. He begins by saying that as he started for the place of the combat Bonnaire, a friend of his, came up to him with an album in his hand. "Ah!" he said, "you are going out. Are you in a hurry?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you are not, I should like you so much to write something in this album."

"Well, leave it in my room, and when I come back I will write something in it."

"You can't now?"

"No; I am in a hurry to keep an appointment, and would not be late for any consideration."

"Where are you going?"

"To fight a duel with Gaillardet."

"Oh, then please write something now. Think how delightful it would be for my wife to possess the last lines you ever wrote."

"Ah!" said Dumas, "you are right. I will not deprive Madame Bonnaire of that pleasure," and so saying he went back and wrote a few lines in the album.

Then, when they were on the ground, Bixio, a friend of Dumas, who was a doctor, said to him, "Shall you hit him?"

"I don't know," said Dumas.

"Try to."

"I shall certainly try; but do you dislike him?"

"Not at all; I don't know him."

"Then why so anxious?"

"Well, have you read Mérimée's 'Etruscan Vase'?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you remember that he says every man killed by a bullet turns round before he drops? I want to see if it's true."

He had no opportunity of seeing on this occasion, for the duel was fortunately harmless; but the pendant to this odd story is that Bixio himself was shot some years afterward at a Paris barricade—shot to death—and as he fell, turning, he cried, "Ah! one does turn, then!"

ON Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia, dwells one logging camp boss, known far and wide by the name of Lev. He is a hunter of some importance, and a rifle shot of more than ordinary skill. One rainy day Lev took his gun and sailed forth for a deer hunt, but was overtaken by darkness while a long way from the camp; and forced to remain in the woods all night. On searching his pockets he found he was without matches. The logging crew blew horns, fired guns, etc., to guide him home, but without avail. Morning returned, and Lev made his way home just as the crew were turning out for breakfast. Hungry, wet and tired, he sat down in front of the big camp-fire, rested his face on his hands, his hands on his knees, looked vacantly at the blaze, and for about ten minutes appeared lost in contemplation. He then spoke, "Boys, did you ever hear of a person making a fire by rubbing two sticks together?"

"Oh, yes," replied several, "easy enough to do. Common thing," etc.

Lev waited patiently till they all got through, and then exclaimed, "It may be easy enough to do, and perhaps has been done, but I'll be eaten alive if ever anybody did it in one night."

MOWITCH.

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TRAIL a bottle of Club Cocktails astern. They'll make your sandwich lunch a dainty repast. The raw guesswork materials of the bartender form but a sorry substitute for them. Club Cocktails are measure mixed, from fine old liquors and aged until mellow. They keep in any climate and are always ready to serve.

Just strain through cracked ice.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York—each one delicious—of all good dealers. :: :: :: ::

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If you wish a good hunt, write me. I guarantee shots at big game or no pay. GEO. W. DOWNING, Rocky Mountain Guide. Ishawood, Wyo.

For VACATION Try OCTOBER
Hunting in Maine's balsamy forest. It beats the hot spell anywhere. I know because I've tried both. Private party. For details write WRIGHT right away, 254 W. 25th St., New York City.

BIG GAME.—I guarantee bear, panther and bucks. First-class dogs for the chase. Plenty of trout and small game. Address A. R. GATES, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal. 2

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WELL STOCKED TROUT BROOK; ideal Club House on BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., to lease; ample game preserves; pond and sea fishing. For illustrated booklet of particulars, address BROOKSIDE CLUB, Monument Beach, Mass.

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Excellent Salmon and Trout fishing; also Caribou shooting. Tents, guides, boats provided. Write BUNGALOW, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

EDWARD SHEFFIELD,
Guide and Outfitter, St. Anthony, Idaho. References.

Best Black Bass Fishing in Maine
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Two furnished log camps for rent. Situated on islands one mile from village. One large five-room camp accommodating ten persons, and one large one-room camp accommodating four persons. For particulars, address
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The only Hotel in the interior of the island. Salmon, Trout, and Caribou hunting. Complete new outfit, Tents and Canoes. Sportsmen outfitted and Guides found for any part of the Island. 72 hours from New York.

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Go to
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Shooting very good the last few days. Best accommodations as compared to any sporting resort on the coast.

I have five camps on shore of Lake in the Woods, close to the station; one large camp, 11 sleeping rooms, large office, dining room. Post-office in camp; daily mails. Other camps have two sleeping rooms and sitting room. Fine place for teacher and children to spend their vacation. Fine trout fishing. One large camp on Ebeeme Pond. Fine bass fishing 1½ miles to walk. Write for booklet. N. W. McNAUGHTON, Schoodic, Me.

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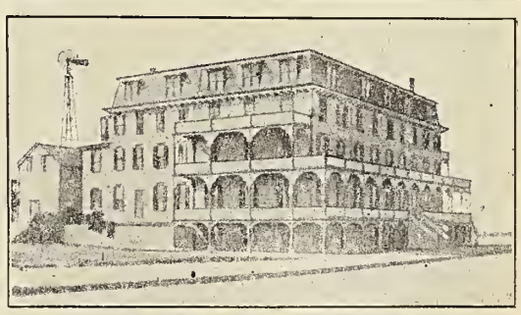

THE SUNSET INN, Barnegat City, N. J.,
is now open for the season of 1906. Application for weekly rates made to above address, or American House, Trenton, N. J., will receive prompt attention.
JAMES H. ROMAIN, Prop.

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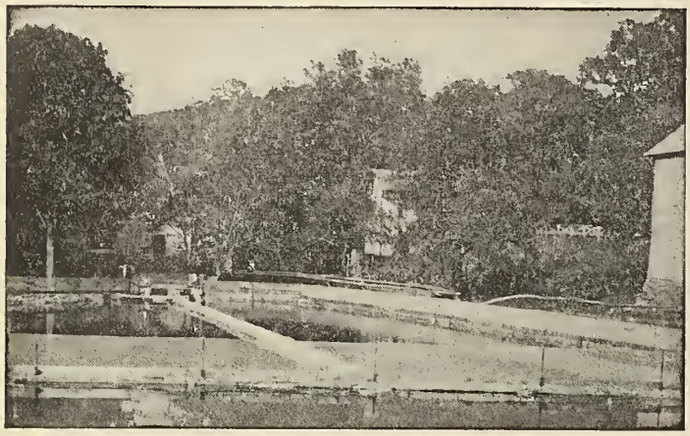

During recent years discouraging results have followed repeated attempts to propagate the small-mouthed black bass.

We have demonstrated that these fish can be **produced** and **delivered** with a remarkable degree of success. We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the U. S. A. We offer to those who desire it this rare opportunity to procure vigorous young bass in various sizes ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes. Also yellow perch, white perch, sunfish and roach.

WARAMAUG SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS HATCHERY,

Correspondence invited. Send for Circulars. Address

HENRY W. BEEMAN, - New Preston, Conn.

For Sale.

BROOK TROUT FOR SALE.

We have constantly on hand fine supply of Brook Trout, all sizes for stocking purposes. Also for table use at 75c. a pound Visitors privileged to catch own trout.

PARADISE BROOK TROUT CO., Parksi de, Pa., Henryville Railroad Station

WANTED—SWANS

I desire to purchase a number of American Swans, both Whistlers and Trumpeters. G. D. TILLEY, Darien, Ct.

BROOK TROUT.

Eggs, fry, yearlings and two-year-olds, for stocking brooks and lakes. Address NEW ENGLAND TROUT FARM, Plympton, Mass.

BROOK TROUT.

It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
Plymouth, Mass.

FOR SALE—BROOK TROUT.—FINE, HEALTHY Fish of all sizes. Eyed eggs in season. Warranted delivered anywhere, as represented. Correspondence solicited. BAY SIDE TROUT FARM (A. B. Savary), East Wareham, Mass.

THE BROOKDALE TROUT CANNOT BE BEAT for stocking ponds and streams. For the next few weeks we will make a very low price on young fry and large fish. Also fly-fishing.
BROOKDALE TROUT CO., Kingston, Mass.

PHEASANT EGGS., English ring-neck, choice stock, $2 per setting. BLUERIDGE PHEASANTRIES, Bedford City, Va. 26

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES

FOR STOCKING GAME PRESERVES.

Orders taken till end of July for early fall importation. Write for circular.

DR. CECIL FRENCH, NATURALIST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Practical Dog Training; or, Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. To which is added a chapter on training pet dogs, by an amateur. Cloth, 165 pages. Price, $1.
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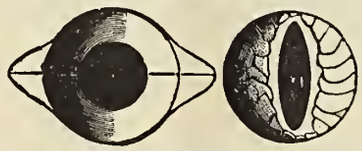
J. KANNOFSKY,
PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER



and Manufacturer of
Artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of skulls for the fur trade. **369 Canal St., New York.**
Please mention FOREST AND STREAM.

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Write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

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It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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A specialty in mounting Moose, Elk, Caribou and Deer heads. Call and examine work.

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Formerly No. 3 No. William St.,
Removed to 42 Bleecker St., cor. Elm St.,
will continue to please customers with the best durable work. Also carry large assortment of Game Heads, Rugs and attractive groups, for sale and to rent.

When writing say you saw the ad. in FOREST AND STREAM.

Better Late than Never.

THE poets are fond of likening love to fishing; and as it is never too late to hope for success in love, so one should never despair of luck in fishing. The papers last Friday reported the case of a man, who, voluntarily or unwillingly having persisted in celibacy for sixty-nine years, had at last taken himself a wife. And a correspondent, who tells us that he is seventy-two years of age and has been visiting the St. Lawrence River for twenty-two summers, reports that he has caught his first maskinongé, a beauty of nineteen pounds and an odd ounce. If congratulation and good wishes for a long life are becoming at the wedding of one whose head is frosted with the lapse of sixty-nine winters, what may not be said in felicitation of an angler who at seventy-two marks with a red letter the day he scores such angling fortune?

Kennel Special.

Ads under this head 2 cents a word a time (or 3 cents in capitals). Cash must accompany order.

For Sale.—Full-blood English BEAGLE Hounds, Hunters that are hunted. OAKLAND BEAGLE KENNELS, Pontiac, Mich.

Norwegian bearhounds, Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds. English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. Four-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue.
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For Sale.—Dogs, Hogs, Pigeons, Ferrets, Belgium Hares. 8 cents for 40-page illustrated catalogue.
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FOR SALE.—Thoroughly trained pointers, setters and hounds. Can furnish you a good one at a moderate price at any time. GEO. W LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.

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Manufacture specially prepared foods for

DOGS, PUPPIES, CATS, RABBITS, POULTRY, PIGEONS, GAME, BIRDS, FISH.

Write for Catalogue, "Dog Culture," with practical chapters on the feeding, kenneling and management of dogs; also chapters on cats.

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BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
AND
HOW TO FEED.

Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

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DO YOU HUNT?

Trained COON, FOX and DEER HOUNDS For Sale. Reasonable Prices

Here in Arkansaw we have millions of Coons, Foxes and Deer at our door to train our hounds with, and we train them too. They "Deliver the Goods." A few trained Rabbit and Squirrel Dogs. Also untrained Pups. For particulars address
SPRING RIVER KENNELS
Box 27, Imboden, Ark.

IMPROVED SPIKE COLLAR.

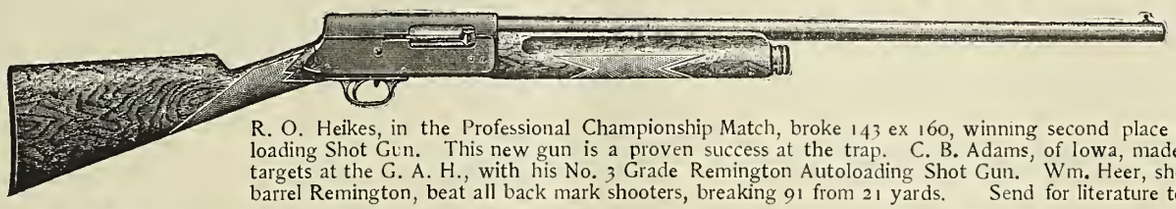
For use in dog training. Price, $2.00. By mail, $2.10. Send for circular.

B. WATERS.
346 Broadway, New York.

Remington Autoloading Shot Gun

AT THE

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP



R. O. Heikes, in the Professional Championship Match, broke 143 ex 160, winning second place with his Autoloading Shot Gun. This new gun is a proven success at the trap. C. B. Adams, of Iowa, made a run of 105 targets at the G. A. H., with his No. 3 Grade Remington Autoloading Shot Gun. Wm. Heer, shooting a double barrel Remington, beat all back mark shooters, breaking 91 from 21 yards. Send for literature to N. Y. office.

THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y. Agency; 315 Broadway, New York City.

A Girl, a Boy and a Cow.

ABOUT two years before the Civil War, near a pretty and substantial residence, a beautiful girl, about fourteen, was sleeping in a hammock swung from two stately oaks in a grove. In a meadow to the rear a fat, meek-eyed cow reclined in the shade. Across the road from the house the girl and cow was a meadow, a branch running through it, and coming up the branch was a boy with a gun. When within 100 yards from the girl a bird flew up, sailed in the air toward the cow, and the boy fired at the bird, which flew on unhurt, but the cow received a pretty strong dose of shot. She immediately arose in fright, dashed through the grove, caught the girl and hammock on her horns, and rushed with her shrieking victim about the lot. The terrified girl became silent and the crowd of relatives and friends in pursuit thought that she was dead. The wild fury of the cow as she rushed around soon tore the netting loose, and the girl dropped unconscious to the ground, unhurt. She was picked up and taken in the house, and on examination only a few minor bruises were found. The boy, thinking he was the innocent cause of the killing of the young girl, disappeared. All trace of him vanished. It was thought that he had perished by his own hand, but about six years after the war a travel-stained stranger was in the town inquiring for persons, most of whom had been swept away by the war.

After a long search the stranger learned where one of the parties he was in search of lived, a few miles out of town. He went there, made himself known, and turned out to be the boy of the gun. The people he found were the father and mother, who had mourned him dead for eight years.

The boy had been in South America, got rich, and, yearning for the old folks, returned to the desolated home of his childhood and made his loved ones comfortable. For the first time then hearing that the girl was uninjured he called on her and found her pretty, good, and a first-class home woman. He put in with a will, got her heart as his own, and the old folks' consent. He afterward became one of the leading men of his section.

Boating a Big Catch.

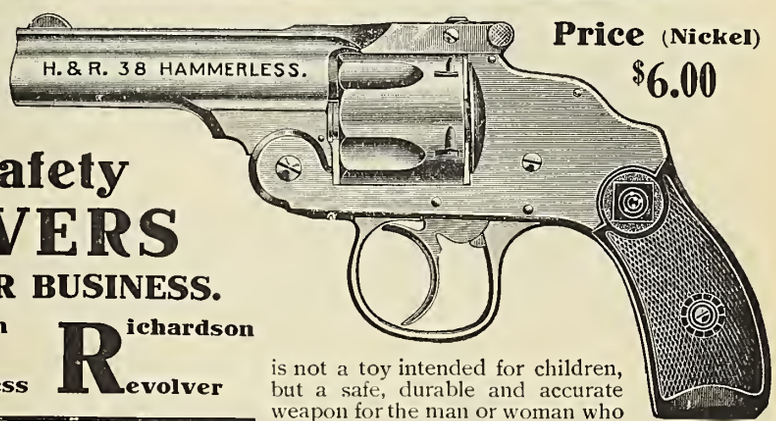
SOME of the staff of the D. O. A. L. office at Delagoa Bay, accompanied by the officers of the Kronprinz, had one of the most remarkable fishing catches on record up the Umbeluzi. They went up in a launch, and were lying at anchor in the dark in the evening, with a lantern burning. Presumably attracted by the light, a number of fish leaped into the boat, and these were followed in quick succession by others. Some of the party had their hats knocked off, and for a moment were naturally quite alarmed. The fish, evidently members of a large shoal, continued leaping into the boat, thick and fast, and when a count was possible, it was found that nearly 400 of them were in the boat. They ran to about a foot in length, and made good eating.—South Africa, June 2.

H & R

Famous Safety REVOLVERS

ARE BUILT FOR BUSINESS.

The Harrington & Hammerless Richardson Revolver



Price (Nickel) $6.00

is not a toy intended for children, but a safe, durable and accurate weapon for the man or woman who needs a revolver for purposes of offense or defense, or for the huntsman, army officer or policeman.

In the H. & R. Hammerless Revolver there is no hammer to catch in the clothing and cause accidental discharge in drawing it from the pocket. The only way possible to discharge it, is to pull the trigger.

All H. & R. Revolvers are made of the very best obtainable materials in a factory equipped with the most improved machinery operated by skilled mechanics. It is a marvel. Small and light in proportion to its effectiveness. Perfect in balance and finish, and extremely durable. The automatic device for ejecting the empty shells, makes reloading easy. The handle is so shaped as to insure a sure grip.

Every revolver bearing our name passes the most rigid inspection and is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. We could not afford to risk our reputation by permitting an H. & R. Revolver to be sold unless it is without a single flaw. Our guarantee goes with every one.

H. & R. Revolvers are made in many styles and sizes. Blue and nickel finish. Prices from $2.50 to $8.00. The Hammerless illustrated in this ad., finest nickel finish, is $6 00. Our catalogue gives full particulars.

A postal card will bring it. H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
307 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Makers of H. & R. Single Gun.

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Patent Reflecting Lamps

THOMAS J. CONROY,

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With Silver Plated Locomotive Reflectors and Adjustable Attachments.

UNIVERSAL LAMP,
For Sportsmen's use. Combines Head Jack (Front and Top), Boat Jack, Fishing, Camp, Belt and Dash Lamp, Hand Lantern, etc.

EXCELSIOR LAMP,
For Night Driving, Hunting, Fishing, etc. Is adjustable to any kind of dash or vehicle. Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and address all orders Lamp Department.

Houseboats and Houseboating

BY ALBERT BRADLEE HUNT.

A volume devoted to a new outdoor field which has for its purpose three objects:

First—To make known the opportunities American waters afford for enjoyment of houseboating life.

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Third—To set forth the advantages and pleasures of houseboating in so truthful a manner that others may become interested in the pastime.

The book contains forty specially prepared articles by owners and designers of well-known houseboats, and is beautifully illustrated with nearly 200 line and half-tone reproductions of plans and exteriors and interiors. A most interesting chapter is devoted to houseboating in England.

The book has been carefully prepared by Mr. Albert Bradlee Hunt.

The work is printed on extra heavy coated paper, and is bound in olive green buckram. The price is $3 net. Postage 34 cents.

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Poultry Magazine,

Monthly, 50 to 100 pages, its writers are the most successful Poultrymen and women in the United States. It is

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nicely illustrated, brimful each month of information on How to Care for Fowls and Make the Most Money with them. In fact so good you can't afford to be without it. Price, 50 cents per year. Send at once for free sample and SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU.

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Dog "Toggery."

We carry a truly wonderful stock of canine outfittings, embracing things for the dog under any and all conditions—a stock that leaves no requirement unsatisfied. Collars in "no end of styles," leads and leashes, blankets and clothing, muzzles, chains, whips, bells, brushes, soaps, foods, medicines, shipping crates—everything to decorate the dutiful dog, or to discipline the derelict one, will be found in our stock. A veritable encyclopedia of "Dog-gy" goods will be mailed you on request.

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High-Grade Sportsmen's Supplies

Guns	Fishing Tackle	Croquet
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THEY COULDN'T STOP US.

BALLISTITE

The Best Shotgun Smokeless Powder on Earth, but barred out of the Interstate Association because it is foreign.

WINS

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP of the UNITED STATES, the best event of the shoot

AT THE INTERSTATE TOURNAMENT

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Shot by **Guy Ward, 20 years old, of Walnut Log, Tenn., Score 144 ex 150.** Only one behind High Professional, same event.

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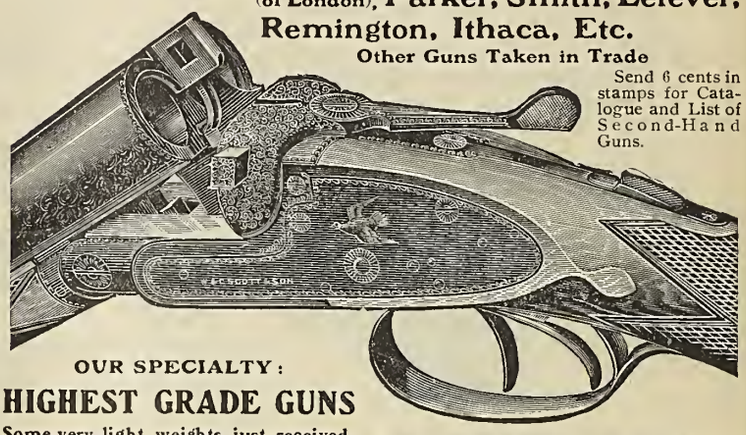
FINE GUNS

All the Prominent ENGLISH and AMERICAN MAKES

Scott, Greener, Purdey, Jos. Lang & Son, (of London), Parker, Smith, Lefever, Remington, Ithaca, Etc.

Other Guns Taken in Trade

Send 6 cents in stamps for Catalogue and List of Second-Hand Guns.



OUR SPECIALTY:

HIGHEST GRADE GUNS

Some very light weights just received.

Send for List of High-Grade Second-Hand Guns.

Also Highest Quality Fishing Tackle.

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Established 1826 The Old Gun House

GREENER GUNS WEAR.

Durability is a quality that has made the Greener gun famous for three generations. The Greener product goes through the hands of 200 of the highest paid and most skillful workmen it is possible to obtain, and as a result the Greener gun is known all over the world for its careful fitting and general durability.

The following unsolicited testimonial well illustrates this wonderful wearing quality, and we have had other testimonials describing Greener guns that have been in constant and effective service for fifty years.

"W. W. Greener, Birmingham, England.

"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

"My brother bought a 12-gauge W. W. Greener at the same time, and up to his death, seven years ago, she stood the test. I bought a 12-gauge Greener about 1875 for a present to a friend. It also proved to be all right, although I lost track of it twenty years ago.

"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

Very sincerely your friend,

"C. A. Laughton."

We have a splendid stock of Greener guns on hand, from 4½ lbs. 28 bores, to 22 lbs. double 4-bores, and a catalogue describing them is free for the asking.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON,

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IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET

VOL. LXVII.—No. 2. PRICE, TEN CENTS SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

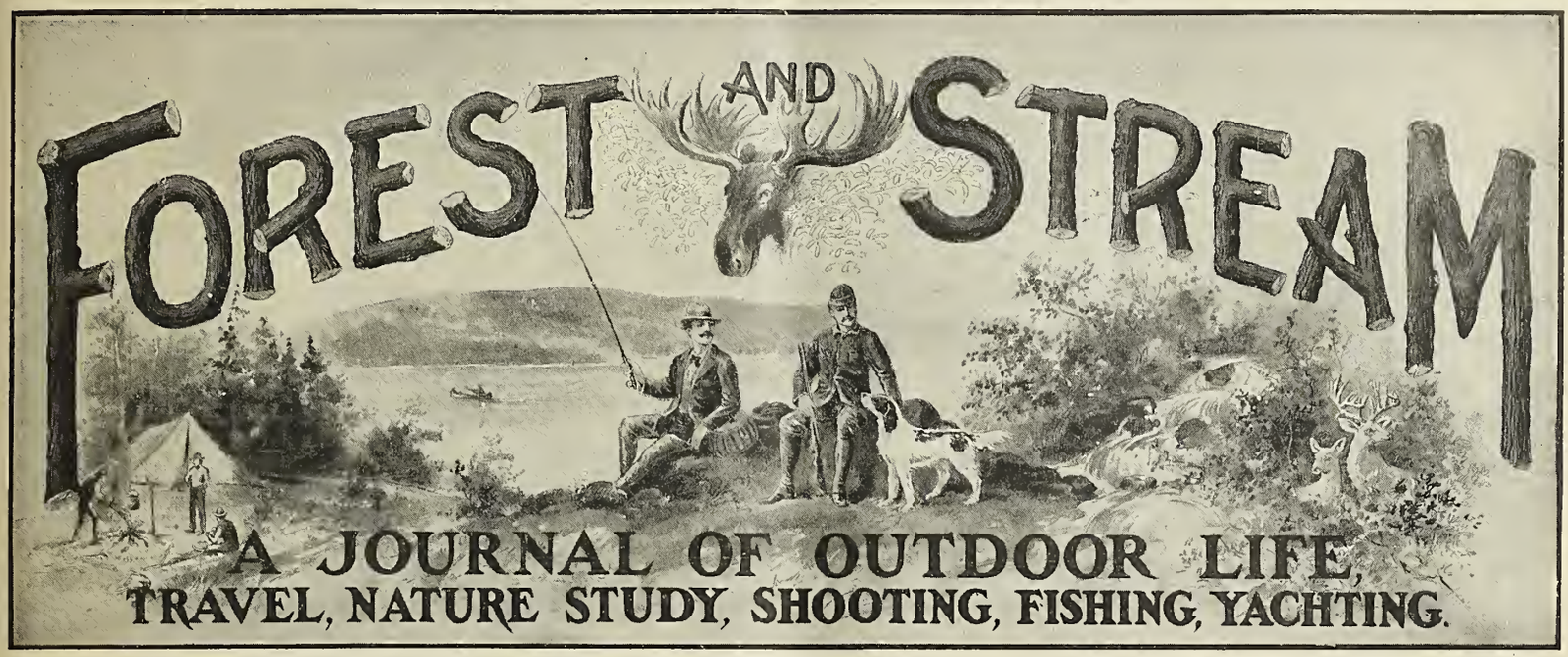

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Photo by Burton

VIGILANT

THE ROBERTS SAFETY LAUNCH AND YACHT BOILER. Nearly 1500 in use. 250 pounds of steam. Handsome catalogue free.
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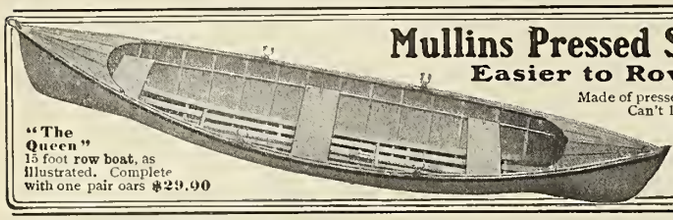

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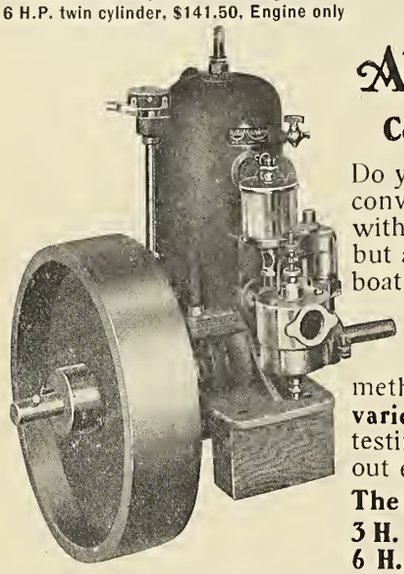
Made of pressed steel, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Can't leak—crack—dry out or sink—last a lifetime. Every boat guaranteed. The ideal boat for families—summer resorts—parks—boat liveries, etc. Strong—safe—speedy. Write to-day for our large catalog of row boats, motor boats, hunting and fishing boats
The W. H. Mullins Co., 126 Franklin St., Salem, O.

3 H.P., will develop 4 H.P. $44 Engine only
6 H.P. twin cylinder, $141.50, Engine only



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Convert Your Row Boat into a Speed Launch.

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The DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR, New Model, 1906
3 H. P., will develop 4 H. P., - $ 44.00, Engine Only.
6 H. P., Twin Cylinder, - - 141.50, Engine Only.

For Stationary Power purposes we equip these engines with the Auto Adjustable Governor at an addition of $5.00, making one of the most satisfactory gasoline engines for power purposes built.

Write for catalog describing Auto-Marine Motors, 1 to 20 H. P., and Auto-Adjustable Governor.

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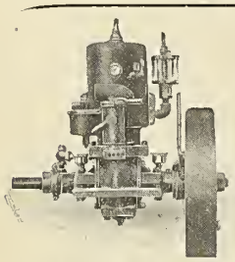
The only Builders of Auto-Marine Engines in the world.



2 H. P., 75 pounds.

IF YOU ARE BUILDING A NEW BOAT,

and want the greatest possible **speed,** as well as comfort and pleasure, or if you have a boat which has not developed the pace you expected, buy a new 1906 model

CUSHMAN ENGINE.

It never disappoints. It always makes good. Simplest and most powerful engine. Valveless: cylinder, water jacket and head cast in one piece. The **Cushman Motor** holds many speed records. Single and double cylinders, 2 to 20 H. P. Send for illustrated descriptive booklet of this remarkable engine.

CUSHMAN MOTOR COMPANY, - - Lincoln, Neb.

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Canoe and Boat Building.

A Complete Manual for Amateurs. Containing plain and comprehensive directions for the construction of canoes, rowing and sailing boats and hunting craft. By W. P. Stephens. Cloth. Seventh and enlarged edition. 264 pages. Numerous illustrations, and fifty plates in envelope. Price, $2.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

The Whale Robbed of Her Young.

"WHAT's in a name?" writes a correspondent at Scituate. "I read in yesterday's Journal of the bark Essex having been struck by a floating object supposed to have been a whale, that the bark shivered as if she had struck a rock, part of her stern was carried away and the vessel sprung a leak, etc. She was not so unfortunate as her namesake, the ship Essex of Nantucket, Captain Pollard, in 1820. The latter vessel succeeded in capturing a young whale. Shortly after a whale of the largest class (probably the dam of the one they had just taken) struck the ship, knocking part of the false keel off just abreast of the main channels. The animal then remained alongside endeavoring to clasp the ship within her jaws, but could not accomplish it. She then turned, went round the stern and came up on the other side, and went away ahead about a quarter of a mile. Then, suddenly turning, she came at the ship with tremendous velocity, head on.

"The vessel was going at the rate of five knots, but such was the force with which she struck the ship (which was under the cat-head) that the vessel had sternway at the rate of three or four knots. The consequence was that the sea rushed into the cabin windows, every man on deck was knocked down, and, worse than all, the bows were completely stove in. In a few minutes the vessel filled and went on her beam ends. The masts were cut away and the vessel righted. The upper deck was scuttled and provisions were obtained, when she was abandoned in mid-ocean."—Boston Journal.

WHEN I was a young steamboatman on the raging Mississippi, running from St. Louis in the Keokuk trade, the good steamer Di Vernon, with Captain Matson commanding, was one of the finest and largest side-wheelers in the river. The mate at that time was "Old Hughey," a large, broad-shouldered, fat Irishman, who had the reputation of being the terror of the roustabouts, for when he opened his broad mouth they had to "get up and dust around." One day while the steamer lay "tied up" at the levee landing, some of the men were at work in the hold, and Hughey just then needed more help on deck; so striding to the forward hatch he looked down and bellowed out:

"Hello, down thar."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the men from below.

"How many of yees is thar down thar?"

"Three of us, sir."

"Well, the half of yees come up here."

DORSAL FIN.

TRADE MARK.

SPAR COATING

A perfect finish for all woodwork, spars and ironwork exposed to excessive changes in weather and temperature.

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EDWARD SMITH & COMPANY,
Varnish Makers and Color Grinders
59 Market Street, Chicago, Ill. 45 Broadway New York.

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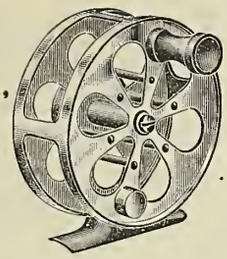

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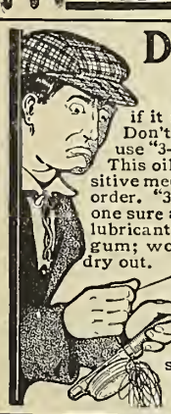

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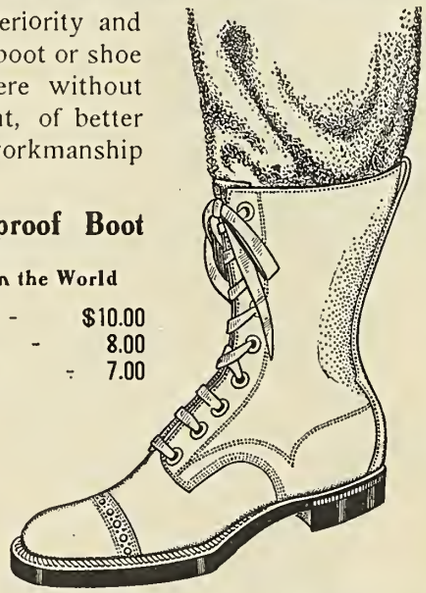

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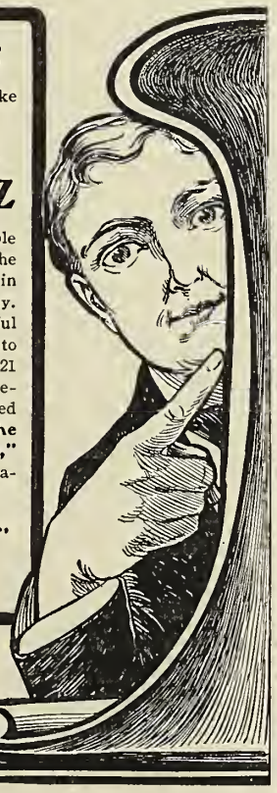

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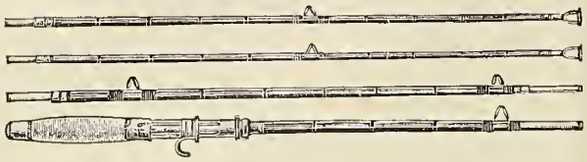

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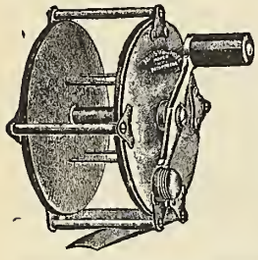

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 2. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GAME.

The Province of British Columbia, which extends from the crest of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean, and from the United States boundary line to Alaska and the Arctic regions, is the best big game country that is left in North America. It is a region of tall rough mountains, drained by great rivers and dotted by a multitude of beautiful lakes. Within its boundaries are still to be found all the great game of the North that ever has inhabited it—moose, elk, caribou, several forms of wild sheep and of deer, and bears in unknown numbers, and as yet of unknown species. Here may still be found nature unmarred. Except along the railroads and the rivers, British Columbia is not a land of great conveniences of travel, and it is for this very reason that game may still be found there. Some of the joys of travel here were illustrated recently in the Forest and Stream, in the Land of Up and Down.

Here, so soon as one leaves the beaten track, he is obliged to travel by the slow methods of the good old times, and pack train and saddle horse and canoe are the only means of getting about over much of the country, though there are many wide stretches of territory where there are good wagon roads. On the other hand, railroad building is going forward in this country; new lines have been surveyed and will soon be constructed, and as the roads go forward, the game will be driven back.

The residents of British Columbia have at last come to appreciate the value to them of their wonderful game supply, and the report for the year 1905, recently issued by Mr. A. Bryan Williams, the Provincial game warden, points out in a very distinct and broad-minded way, the importance of preserving this game as long as possible. The Provincial Legislature has hitherto been slow to appropriate money for looking after the game over this vast territory, but energetic and far-sighted private individuals, who have associated themselves together as Game Protective Associations, have furnished Mr. Williams with several unsalaried assistants, whom they paid themselves. The publication of his recent report has resulted in the appointment of several additional salaried assistants paid by the Government. From all over the Province come reports which say that game is now more plentiful and less wild than for several years, and by means of his enlarged force the game warden has been enabled to put almost an entire stop to the spring and summer killing of game by the Indians. The prospects for game protection and game endurance in British Columbia seem bright.

LONG ISLAND JACK RABBITS.

At intervals of about four years, the Long Island farmer comes to the front and asks for sympathy. His customary plaint is that he is oppressed and deprived of his rights and his cabbages by sundry wild beasts, which are maintained, much to his distress and loss, for the sole benefit of those idle fellows known as sportsmen. Just now, the wail is about the rabbits—jack rabbits and little rabbits; and the spokesman for the Long Islanders is the Practical Farmer, which is published in Philadelphia, but has a heart of brotherly love which extends to agriculturists in distress wherever found. As the Farmer paints the situation in an editorial paragraph quoted on another page, an importation of jack rabbits, which were introduced by sportsmen, have become a pest and are devouring crops, while the land owners are forbidden by law to molest the vermin, but must stand idly by in despair, and see their cabbages disappear; for under the game laws, according to the Practical Farmer, they cannot shoot them. Such a state of affairs, it must be conceded by every fair-minded man, violates justice, is not short of an outrage, and is not to be endured. The judicious will not grieve over it, however, until they shall have inquired whether the story is true as printed, or whether the woes of the Long Islanders may not exist only in the lively and sympathetic imagination of the editor of the Practical Farmer. The cold fact is, that the Long Islander may on the instant take arms against his sea of trouble, and no law human nor divine will say him nay, nor living man nor dead ghost stand in his way. He is free to do to the rabbits whatever he will; he may even accumulate explosives and blow up the jacks as Farmer Horner the other day blew up the kangaroo.

As told in the press dispatches last Monday, Joseph Horner of Millsborough, Pa., had on his farm an unique rock, which was covered with chiseled snake and animals, including a kangaroo, and was invested with much mystery as to its origin and purpose. It was known far and wide as the Indian Altar Stone. The people came to visit it, and incidentally to trample the Horner crops, leave down the bars and let the cattle into the corn, pull down the stone walls, and in general conduct themselves in the thoughtless way of ill-bred city folks in the country. The Millsborough man stood it as long as he could, then the other day he invested in a stick of dynamite, and blew the altar and the snake and the kangaroo into atoms. It was the simple and final thing to do. Farmer Horner may now grow his crops in peace.

The Long Island landowners are as welcome to adopt summary methods to abate the rabbit nuisance, if there be any. The game law expressly declares as much. It provides as to hares and rabbits that nothing in this "section shall prevent the owner of inclosed or occupied farm land from taking hares or rabbits on his own premises at any time to prevent the injuring of property."

The law in Pennsylvania, where the Practical Farmer is published, is quite as explicit. It says that "nothing in this act or existing laws shall be so construed as to prevent owners, tenants, or their employees, to kill or destroy fruit-eating and grain-devouring birds, or squirrels in the act of destroying fruits or cereals. It shall be lawful for the owner or lessee of any real estate in this State to kill, or have killed by any employee or member of his family, on his certain premises, any hare or rabbit at any time, as a protection to cultivated crops, or trees; but for no other purposes."

THE WICHITA REFUGE.

The appropriation in the Agricultural Bill of the sum of $15,000 to fence a buffalo pasture in the Wichita Forest Reserve, points—as elsewhere told—to the establishment this year in Oklahoma, of an independent herd of buffalo belonging to the Government.

It has long been known that the New York Zoological Society stood ready to present to the Government a herd of buffalo just as soon as the Government was ready to accept them, and had a place to put them. The Agricultural Department accepted the buffalo on these conditions, and last autumn Mr. J. Alden Loring was sent out to the Wichita Reserve by the Zoological Society, to look it over and select a location for the pasture, so that there might be no delay when the appropriation for fencing it should be passed. Mr. Loring made careful examination of the reservation, and chose about twelve sections lying in the west central portion of the reserve, about twenty-four miles west of Fort Still, and twelve miles northwest of the town of Cache. The range is well watered and well grassed and has some small oak timber on it.

Not only is it suitable for buffalo, but it is an excellent range for elk, antelope, deer, wild turkeys and many lesser birds. It is conceivable that in this Wichita buffalo pasture, we may before long have a good sized park, which may become in a sense an educational center for the people of the Southwest, as the Yellowstone Park is one for the people of the Northwest. While the park is as yet only in the future, the steps that have been taken toward establishing it, and stocking it, should encourage those interested in our great and small game to work harder than ever in behalf of the establishment of other game refuges.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXIII.—The "Black Robe's" Help.

DURING my visits to the various camps, I had heard much of a certain Black Robe or priest, whom the people called Stahk'-tsi kye-wak-sin—Eats-in-the-middle-of-the-day. "He is a man," the people told me, "a real kind-hearted man. Twice the Agent has ordered him off of the reservation, but he returns to talk with us, and help us as he can."

I learned that he had built a Nät-o-wap'-o-yis, or sacred house, on the non-reservation side of Birch Creek, and thither I went after visiting the last of the camps. I found the Rev. P. P. Prando, S. J., at home in his rude shed-like room, attached to the little log chapel, and there we two struck up a fine friendship which was never broken. I am not a religious man—far from it; that is as to a belief in a revealed religion and some certain creed. But, how I do admire these Jesuits. They have always been at the front here in America; have suffered hardships, cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and gone through such dangers as the representatives of no other creed have done. Nothing has daunted them in their zeal to propagate their faith in wild and savage lands. There was Father De Smet, for instance, who ascended the Missouri in 1840, and established a mission among the Flathead Indians. You should read his story. He crossed the Rockies, of course, to reach the Flathead country, and then he made a trip with my old friend, Hugh Monroe, among the Blackfeet on the east side of the Rockies, during which they had several narrow escapes from Assinaboine and Yanktonais war parties. But the Father found conditions unfavorable for founding a mission among the Blackfeet, for they were forever roaming over their vast hunting ground, one winter on the Saskatchewan, for instance, and the next far to the south on the tributaries of the Missouri or the Yellowstone.

Father Prando made me welcome; made me know that I was welcome, and I stopped with him for the night. We had supper; some yeast powder biscuits, rancid bacon, some vile tea, no sugar. "It is all I have," he said, deprecatingly, "but what would you? I have given a little here, and a little there, and this is all that remains."

Even that was better than I had found for several days, and I ate a number of the biscuits. We began to talk about the starving Indians, and I learned with surprise and pleasure, that the good Father had been trying for some time to obtain relief for them. He had written to the authorities in Washington, without result. Then he had corresponded with the army officers at Fort Shaw, especially with Col. —now General—Edward A. Moole, and they had accomplished something. Reporting to the War Department the condition of the Blackfeet, there had been a lively scene between the officials of that and the Indian Department, with the result that an inspector was to be sent out. He was supposed even then to be on his way. "And now," the good Father concluded, "it all depends upon the inspector: If he be honest, all will be well; if dishonest, then ——" his voice trembled, and he could say no more.

It seemed that there was nothing more for me to do, so I started homeward by way of the Agency. When nearing the stockade, I met a policeman, and his face was one big broad smile. "Yesterday," he told me, "came a man from the home of the Great Father, and we are saved. I carry this letter from him to the soldiers; they are to bring us food;" and with that he hurried on.

Down at the trader's store, (it contained about a wagon load of goods) I at last got the details of all that had happened. I am sure that never before, nor since, has the Indian service had a more efficient man than was Inspector, or Special Agent G. Arrived at the stockade, he had the driver stop just within the gates. "Where is that chicken house? he yelled, jumping from the wagon and staring at the gaunt forms of the Indians, standing apathetically around. The driver pointed it out to him, and he ran and kicked open the door, shoved the chickens out and piled out after them several sacks of corn. "Here, you," he called to the astonished spectators, "take these; take the chickens and go and eat something."

If the Indians did not understand the words, they at least understood his actions—and what a scramble there was for grain and fleeing, squawking hens. The Inspector hurried on across to the office, kicked open the door and came face to face with the Agent, who had arisen, and was staring at him in astonishment. "You —— —— canting old hypocrite," he cried, "I've just given your Indians those chickens, and some Government corn. What do you mean by denying that your charges are starving? Hey? What do you mean, sir?"

"They are not starving," the Agent replied. "I will admit that they haven't a large ration, but they are not starving by any means. Not starving by any means, sir. But who are you, sir? What right have you, breaking in here and questioning me?"

"Here is my card," the Inspector replied, "and I'll just add that I suspend you right now. Your goose is cooked."

The agent read the card and sank back into his chair, speechless.

The Inspector drew on the Fort Shaw commissary for what supplies could be spared, and bought more at Helena, but they were a long, long time in coming. Owing to the melting spring snow, the roads were almost impassable, so, still for a few weeks, Almost-a-Dog kept cutting notches in his willow mortuary record, and at the end, after a bountiful supply of food had arrived, and a new and kind and honest Agent was looking out for their welfare, the total numbered five hundred and fifty-five! Nearly one fourth of the tribe had passed away. The living, weakened by their long privation, became an easy prey to tuberculosis in its various forms. To-day, there are but thirteen hundred full-blooded Blackfeet, seven hundred less than there were in 1884. They are going fast; they might as well, for there is no place left for them to abide in even comparative prosperity and peace. Since 1884, they have sold three million dollars' worth of land, and the money has mostly been used to purchase for them food, farm machinery and cattle. Under the few good Agents they have had they did remarkably well. For instance, under one Agent who served two terms, their cattle increased to something like twenty-four thousand head, for he allowed them to sell only steers and old dry cows. Under a succeeding Agent, however, their fine herd practically disappeared. Cows, calves, yearlings, were bought by the trader, rebranded and driven to his range in the vicinity of the Bear's Paw Mountains. Also, the Reservation was always, except during the short administration of an army officer, overrun with the stock of the great cattle kings. Their round-ups drove away many of the Indian stock, the vast number of steers they kept shoving upon the reserve caused the grass to become more and more sparse. To-day, I am told, the range is about gone, and the Indians are about to receive their allotments of land. When that happens, and the surplus land is opened to settlement, the sheepmen will drive their flocks upon it, and thereafter the Blackfeet will be unable to raise either horses or cattle. In a very few years, those once richly grassed hills will become as bare of verdure as is the middle of a country road.

I could not help but go back to tell the good father that his efforts to aid the Indians had proved more than successful, and thus I stayed another night with him. He told me of his work with the Crows, among whom he had been for several years, long enough, in fact, to learn their language. Like most of those frontier Jesuits, he could do things: He had a good knowledge of medicine and surgery. He could build a log cabin; repair a broken wagon wheel; survey and construct an irrigating ditch; and he was a successful fisherman and good shot. I came across him one afternoon away down on Milk River. He had been visiting some distant parishioners, and had tethered out his horses for a short rest. He was broiling something

over a small fire, and looking up, invited me to alight and eat with him. "It is a badger," he said, "that I have just killed."

"But," I expostulated, "they are not good to eat. I never heard of anyone eating badgers, did you?"

"My son," he replied, deliberately turning the meat over the glowing coals, "everything that God has made, has some use, if we could only discern it. This badger now, He made it; I am very hungry; therefore, I broil its meat—I killed it and it is mine—and I shall satisfy my hunger."

"But see here," I went on, dismounting and sitting down by his fire, "When you are traveling around this way, why don't you have a well-filled 'grub' box in your wagon?"

"I had; there is the box, you see; but save for a little salt and pepper, it is now empty. The people I visited were very poor, and I gave them all."

There you have it in a word. They gave them *all*, those Jesuits of the frontier. All their strength and endurance, bodily and mental; gave even the necessities of life, in their zeal to "gather the heathen into the shelter of the cross." This same man, at the age of sixty; have I not known him more than once to start out at dusk and drive wildly, madly, all night through a forty degrees below blizzard, to reach the bedside of some dying Indian who had sent for him to administer the last sacrament!

"Mistaken zeal." "Folly." Many of us may say. Well, granting that, yet must we still regard with reverence and something akin to awe, the men who dare all things, endure all things, for the faith that is in their hearts.

But to continue my story: Arrived home, I stabled my horse, and went to my room to hang up my chaps and spurs. I found Nat-ah'-ki in bed, her eyes swollen with weeping; and when she saw me, she sprang up and clung to me crying: "They are dead, both dead! My daughter, my handsome daughter, Always Laughs; they two who loved each other so much, both are dead! Both drowned in the everywheres water."*

And then she told me, little by little, as she could between her fits of sobbing, of what Berry had read in the newspaper received that morning. Ashton's boat had foundered in a great storm, and all on board were lost. I sought out Berry, and he handed me the paper in silence. It was all too true. We were never again to see Ashton and Diana. Their yacht and all it held, lay at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

That was a sad time for us all. Berry and his wife went to their room. Old Mrs. Berry and the Crow Woman were mourning and crying, away down by the river. I went back to comfort Nat-ah'-ki if I could, and the men cooked their supper. I talked long, far into the night with the little woman, saying all I could, everything I could think of, to allay her grief—and my own too; but in the end, it was she who solved the problem, in a way. I had thrown another chunk or two on the fire, and leaned back in my chair. She had been silent some little time. "Come here," she finally said. So I went over and sat down beside her, and she grasped my hand with her own trembling one.

"I have been thinking this," she began, falteringly; but her voice became firmer as she went on, "This: They died together, didn't they. Yes. I think that when they saw that they must drown, they clung one to another, and said a few words, if they had time, and even kissed each other, no matter if there were other people there. That is what we would have done, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well then," she concluded, "it isn't so bad as it might have been, for one was not left to mourn for the other. We must all die sometime, but I think the Sun and the white man's God favor those whom—loving each other as they did—they permit to die that way."

She got up, and removing from wall and shelf various little gifts Diana had given her, packed them carefully away in the bottom of a trunk. "I cannot bear to look at them now," she said sadly, "but some day, when I am more used to it, I will take them out and set them in their places."

She went back to bed and fell asleep, while I sat long after by the waning fire, thinking much upon her words. More and more, as the years went by, I realized that Nat-ah'-ki was—well, I'll not say what I thought. Perhaps some of you, of sympathetic nature, can fill in the blank.

It was several years before Diana's gifts again took their place in our abode to delight the eye and the mind of the dwellers therein. But many a time did I see Nat-ah'-ki quietly take a picture of her daughter from the trunk, and after gazing at it lovingly, go away by herself to mourn.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Mo-to-yi' awk-hi*—The ocean.

Dragon Flies.

MUCH has been written in this country and Europe about dragon flies, but for the folk lore and poetry of the subject we must go to Japan.

It is curious to note that the Island Empire was once actually called after the dragon fly.

Says Lafcadio Hearn: "One of the old names of Japan is *Akitsushima*, meaning, 'The Island of the Dragon Fly,' and written with the character representing a dragon fly—which insect, now called *tombo*, was anciently called *akitsu*."

"In a literal sense," continues Hearn, "Japan well deserves to be called the Land of the Dragon Fly; for as Rein poetically declared, it is 'a true Eldorado to the Neuroptera fancier. Probably no other country of either temperate zone possesses so many kinds of dragon flies; and I doubt whether even the tropics can produce any dragon flies more curiously beautiful than some of the Japanese species.'"

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that so æsthetic and fanciful a people as the Japanese should have adopted the dragon fly, so to speak. The author already quoted tells us again:

"They made verses about all its habits and peculiarities, even about such matters as the queer propensity of the creature to return many times in succession to any spot once chosen for a perch. Sometimes they praised the beauty of its wings, and compared them to the wings of devas or Buddhist angels; sometimes they celebrated the imponderable grace of its hovering—the ghostly stillness and lightness of its motion; and sometimes they jested about its waspish appearance of anger, or about the goblin oddity of its stare. They noticed the wonderful way in which it can change the direction of its course, or reverse the play of its wings with the sudden turn that suggested the modern Japanese word for a somersault—tombogaëri ('dragon fly turning'). In the dazzling rapidity of its flight—invisible but as a needle-gleam of darting color—they found a similitude for impermanency. But they perceived that this lightning flight was of short duration, and that the dragon fly seldom travels far, unless pursued, preferring to flit about one spot all day long. Some thought it worth while to record in verse that at sunset all the dragon flies flock toward the glow, and that they rise high in air when the sun sinks below the horizon—as if they hoped to obtain from the altitudes one last sight of the vanishing splendor. They remarked that the dragon fly cares nothing for flowers, and is apt to light upon stakes or stones rather than upon blossoms; and they wondered what pleasure it could find in resting on the rail of a fence or upon the horn of a cow. Also they marveled at its stupidity when attacked with sticks or stones—as often flying toward the danger as away from it. But they sympathized with its struggles in the spider's net, and rejoiced to see it burst through the meshes."

The following are some samples of their charming little verses of which, it is said, there are hundreds and even thousands:

"Nagaré-yuku
Awa in yume miru
Tombo kana.

(Lo! the dragon fly dreams a dream above the flowing of the foam bubbles!)

Tombo ya!
Hana ni wa yoradé
Ishi no uë.

(O the dragon fly!—heedless of the flowers, he lights upon a stone!)

Tombo no
Ha-ura ni sabishi—
Aki-shiguré.

(Lonesomely clings the dragon fly to the underside of the leaf—Ah! the autumn rains!)

It will be observed what a naïve feeling for nature is shown in the above.

In this country children are taught to rather dread the dragon fly—one old saw having it that the insect sews up the eyes of boys and girls (apropos, I suppose, of its alias of "the devil's darning needle"). Not so in Japan. There the dragon fly hunt is an established institution among the rising generation, and is pursued with songs and jubilation. Some of the means of capture are the net, a bamboo smeared with bird lime and a decoy female. An extraordinary device used by the children of the province of Kii is thus described:

A long hair—a woman's—is procured, and a very small pebble is attached to each end of it, so as to form a miniature "bolas," and this is slung high into the air. A dragon fly pounces upon the passing object; but the moment that he seizes it, the hair twists round his body, and the weight of the pebbles bring him to the ground.

Much could be added about art in its relation to the dragon fly, but the curious reader is referred to the libraries, which teem with works descriptive of that, in a sense, newly discovered country which has set us all marveling and admiring.

In conclusion it may be said that whether or no the cult of Bushido has made Japan great, the cult of nature has certainly made her happy.

FRANK MOONAN.

THE SEASONS IN A FLOWER GARDEN. By Louise Shelton. Cloth. Illustrated. 117 pages.

Miss Shelton's book is an attractively put together, practical guide for the use of amateurs. It is a condensed record of garden wisdom, especially prepared for those who have small gardens, where space must be made the most of, in order to give variety. There are some directions on plans, planting and soil, and the book then follows the order of the months, beginning with September. Winter breaks this order, which begins again in March.

In Part III. there is much general information. The wild garden and the water garden are both briefly treated, and attention is given to shrubs, roses, the seed bed, hot bed and the protection of the garden against those pests which make life a burden to the gardener.

The illustrations are beautiful reproductions of photographs of garden plans, and the whole book is a useful manual for the amateur. Price $1.00 net.

NATURAL HISTORY

Gossip about the Pronghorn.

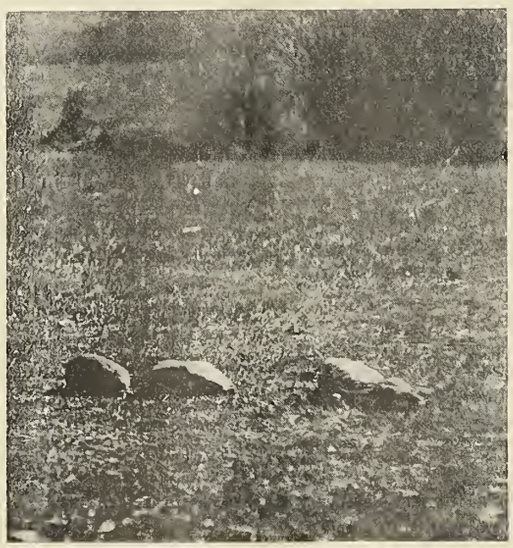
NEW YORK, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All old plains people, and many other hunters of narrower experience, will read with very great interest Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's article, on the Prong Horned Antelope, in Scribner's Magazine for July. There is gathered together here a wealth of interesting and valuable matter about a vanishing species, which I am glad to think, will appear in permanent form.

A volume might well be written on the antelope, which, as is well known, stands absolutely by itself in the world, and is far and away the most peculiar of North American mammals. Mr. Seton has pointed out these peculiarities, but I ask permission to make a running comment on some of his statements, not because I have anything to criticise, but because I want to emphasize a few matters that he speaks of. In doing this, I shall simply run along over his article, and gossip about the matter that it touches on.

There is a bend to the westward in the dark line, which on his map shows the eastern boundary of the primitive range of the antelope, in Nebraska, which I do not think should be there. In other words, I believe that this line should be brought nearer the Missouri River, and that in eastern Nebraska, the antelope was found nearly to the breaks of the Missouri River—at least north of the Platte River. When I first crossed the Missouri River in the early days, antelope were found not very far west of the town of Omaha. I have myself seen them within forty miles of Omaha.

This statement is confirmed and somewhat amplified by one made by my friend, Capt. L. H. North, who has resided in eastern Nebraska since before the year 1860. He writes me, "There used to be a great many antelope between Columbus and Omaha, but I do not remember just how near to Omaha I have seen them. In the northern part of the State, near the Niobrara River, I have seen them not more than five miles from the Missouri River, and I have no doubt they ranged on the Missouri River bottom." Columbus is about ninety miles west of Omaha.

The numbers of the antelope are not, I think, over-estimated. We have heard for many years of the millions of buffalo that used to range the western plains, but so far as I recall it, there has never been an intelligent attempt to estimate the numbers of buffalo in the country at any time, and in fact such an attempt could never have been made intelligently. They were countless, but for many years I have believed that in early days the antelope were more numerous than the buffalo. To be sure, I have seen buffalo in numbers that could not be computed, and have traveled for weeks through the multitudinous herds, but I am very sure that I have seen far more antelope than I have ever seen buffalo, and in this view, I am upheld by the opinions of a number of men whose experience has been as long and longer than mine.



YOUNG ANTELOPE AND STONES.
An Instance of Concealment. Photos by E. Hofer.

Major J. B. Pond's description of the valley of the Cache le Poudre in winter, when the antelope were bunched up there, is just; but as Mr. Seton says this was only one of the winter bunches of which there were many. They gathered in the same way, I am told, in the valley of the Little Missouri, and I have seen them so gathered, and in inconceivable numbers in the Laramie plains. Here they were so abundant, that the meat hunters did not take the trouble to approach the animals, but getting as near as convenient, would fire half a dozen shots at the "brown" of the herd, and then go and pick up the dead and the badly wounded. There was another winter range in the Colorado parks where were gathered all those vast multitudes of antelope, which in summer inhabited North Park, South Park and Middle Park, and the high plateaus of the neighboring mountains.

I should suppose that a fully adult buck antelope, in good condition, would weigh on the hoof more than 125 pounds, but dressed, probably not more than 80 pounds.

Mr. Seton does not speak of the curiously crimped appearance of the hair in the young antelope. This crimping is soon lost. This crimping, together with the dull shades of gray and brown which mark the new born antelope, make him almost invisible, because he matches so closely the ground on which he lies, and so closely resembles a stone or other natural object. I recall a picture, taken I think by Mr. Hofer, of a newly born antelope lying on the ground near a stone. Quite a sharp inspection of the picture is required to say which is the antelope and which the stone. As has often been pointed out, before the antelope, like other young ungulates, is absolutely limp and loose at such a time, and if picked up, will hang down like a newly killed animal. I have had a number of these young antelopes in confinement, and have observed that the brownish color of the coat changes slowly, until, when they are about three or four weeks old, they have approached quite nearly to the adult in color, being of a reddish yellow hue.

A very great interest attaches to the horns of this curious species, but Mr. Seton's description leaves little to be added. On one occasion in North Park, Col., I killed a buck antelope with four horns, the additional ones being solid cylindrical black masses of aglutinated hair, like the ordinary horn sheath, growing from the skin of the head behind the horns. Of course, they had no horn cores. One of these horns was an inch in diameter, and about two and a half inches long, while the other was slightly longer. I attempted to preserve the skull and skin of this head, but it was lost off a pack.

As Mr. Seton says, the fact that the antelope shed his horn sheaths was first established by Dr. Canfield of California, but of course it had long been known to hunters and mountain men. I pointed out some time ago that the earliest printed mention of it that I have seen, was by R. B. Sage in a book published in 1846.

From what Mr. Seton says I have inferred, probably incorrectly, that he believes that the tip of the antelope horn is usually turned inward. This of course is not the fact. They are commonly turned inward or backward, but more often backward than inward, I think. I have a pair—the only one I have ever seen—in which the tips are directed forward. They turn inward, downward and forward, so that the tips actually point to the front. I have seen antelope fight on more than one occasion, and where it was possible to see any of the detail of the battle it always seemed to me that the prong of the horn acted as a guard, much as the brow antlers of an elk act as a guard.

Up to about twenty years ago, the curiosity of the antelope was very real and could be taken advantage of by the hunter.

One of the very interesting subjects touched

YELLOWSTONE PARK ANTELOPE.

CAPTAIN JOHN PITCHER AND HIS ANTELOPE PETS.

on by Mr. Seton, is the speed of the antelope. In my opinion, Mr. Seton is unquestionably right in thinking that the speed of wild animals is almost always overestimated. His table of relative speeds is very interesting. It is as follows:

Best speed per mile at rate of miles per hour.

Race horse	34
Prong horned antelope	32
Greyhound	30
Texan jack rabbit	28
Common fox	26
Northern coyote	24
Foxhound	22
Gray wolf	20

In making out such a table, allowance must be made for the individual variation in all animals. There is unquestionably a very great difference in the speed of antelope or horses or greyhounds or coyotes. On the Yellowstone Expedition of 1873, Gen. Stanley's dog Gibbon, caught twenty-two unwounded antelope, and of these a number were single bucks. This dog was no doubt exceptionally swift, and I have never heard of any record which approached his. The following year, Gen. Custer's pack of greyhounds and staghounds caught no antelope, although they were chasing them all the time. They did catch many jack rabbits, and occasionally a kit fox,, but no coyotes.

Although the antelope, is the swiftest animal of North America, it is well known that coyotes organize to chase them by relays, and often capture them in this way. I have seen this happen several times, and it is an interesting sight. I question, however, whether this is resorted to as a result of special hunger—when the coyotes are "hard pressed"—for it is practiced—or used to be in a good antelope country—in June, July and August, when the food of the coyotes is or ought to be as abundant as at any time of the year. I have never seen gray wolves pursue antelope in this way, and do not believe they do it.

Judge Caton's remark that the leaping power of the antelope is always exercised horizontally is, of course, entirely true, but, as I think I have already pointed out, an antelope can perfectly well learn to jump a fence. I recall one belonging to the late Major Frank North, of Columbus, Neb., which, though usually confined in the front dooryard, sometimes got out through the gate, and wandered down toward the center of the town, where the dogs used to get after it and chase it back. It would run back ahead of the dogs and would sail over a four-foot picket fence as if it had been a deer, and then turn around and look at its pursuers as they barked through the fence.

I am very glad that Mr. Seton insists so strongly on the local attachments of the antelope. This is as true of the antelope as of other wild —and half-wild domestic—animals, and of many non-migratory birds. Their range is extremely limited. During my residence in the West, I used to know constantly of cases, where at any hour of the day I could go out and find a certain deer or two, or a certain little bunch of antelope, a family of elk, or a little group of sheep. Often there are seasonal shiftings, which may be called migrations, if you please, but when the animal or the bird has settled down, there, or very near there, it stays.

I have never happened to see a play quite so extended as that reported by Mr. McFadden, but what he describes I take to be preparatory to the chasing of the does by the bucks, which occurs usually from mid September to early October. I have seen bucks chasing the does as early as Sept. 10, and the sight is so impressive for astonishing speed and long endurance displayed that it never ceased to interest me. From a convenient watch point, I have seen a buck start after a doe and chase her up a broad flat valley so far that the running animals became mere white points on the yellow soil, and then I have seen them turn and come back as hard as they could go, each one kicking up a distant dust, and the two growing large with astonishing rapidity as they approached. This, in an antelope country, was a common sight, and sometimes after a series of races like this, some of which I have estimated

THE PRONGHORN. DRAWN BY CARL RUNGIUS.

to cover ten or twelve miles back and forth, I have seen the mating completed.

Mr. Seton's incident of the buck which took refuge among the horses of his party is a curious parallel to an incident that I have mentioned as occurring during the Black Hills expedition of 1874, when a passenger pigeon, pursued by a duck hawk, dashed in among a resting group of the headquarter escort of Gen. Custer's command and, after twisting back and forth among the horses, alighted on one of the saddles, while the hawk hovered over us. G. B. G.

The Sad Penguins.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in last week's Forest and Stream a communication in which I was taken to task for having said that the penguins of the Antarctic wear a sad expression. Now I am free to confess that I have never been to the Antarctic, and to be candid, I have no particular desire to go there. Nevertheless, the region has a certain fascination for me—as has also the Arctic—and I have read not a few books about them. Among these, I have come across many references to the penguins, so that I may claim that my recent article was not written at haphazard or after seeing a few penguins in a cage, as your correspondent charges.

The completest account of the birds I have found is given by Mr. Louis Bernacchi, F. R. G. S., in his work entitled "A Voyage to the Antarctic." On page 66 of that work he says: "We had not walked many yards before we met the secluded and melancholy inhabitans of that south Polar land; these were the penguins scattered about it in groups of a hundred and more. They extended us but cold courtesy, and gravely regarded us from a distance; but on our approaching closer, they evinced more interest and commenced talking loquaciously together in their own peculiar vernacular. They had evidently discovered that there was something unusual about our appearance, and some were commissioned to investigate matters. These with perfect sang froid, slowly marched right up to our feet and ogled up at us in a most ludicrous fashion. Having finished this scrutiny, they returned to their fellows as sedately as they had come, and thenceforth took no more notice of us. What impressed us greatly was the general appearance of sadness prevailing among them; they appeared to be under the shadow of some great trouble."

Here we have the testimony of a gentleman who saw the penguins, not in menageries, but in their native wilds, and he says they were sad. But perhaps, like the professional humorists, they only looked sad, being full of fun and merriment inside.

Joking apart, it is a well-established principle of natural history that environment is largely responsible for the peculiar stamp of a man or animal, mentally and physically. To say, then, that an environment such as the Antarctic could beget as gay or happy a disposition as an environment of sunshine and flowers is manifestly absurd.

Your correspondent refers to certain characters of Hamlin Garland and Mary Wilkins, and says they are not true to nature. Possibly not. But I am sure that no man could live on a lonesome, wind-swept prairie, and no woman could live in a humdrum, narrow New England village without showing the effects of their environments. As to the Eskimos, to whom your correspondent also refers, I have seen some of these people in the flesh, and many more of them in photographs, and I am decidedly of the opinion that they did not look happy. In fact, such morosely miserable faces I never saw. Poor creatures, their lot is pretty much that of the penguins. Desolation, climatic horrors and coarse, precarious food have left their inevitable mark on them.

But, asks your correspondent, if they feel unhappy, why don't they go away—seek a change of scene? This looks like a poser, but in reality it is very easy to answer.

The simple fact is that birds, as well as men, are inured to their condition, and knowing no other, desire no change. And, indeed, a change would do them no good, for away from all to which they have been accustomed they would be only more sad or miserable still.

But it must not be supposed I am contending that the penguins or Eskimos have no pleasure in their lives. Nothing of the kind. Undoubtedly they have their moments of enjoyment, and in the main are content enough in a numb way. All I contend is that the normal state of their minds is one of sadness or a bleak dejection, which is only the reflection of the scenes amid which their destiny has cast them.

Frank Moonan.

New York, July 5.

Buffalo for the Wichita Reserve.

The offer made by the New York Zoological Society to the United States Government, regarding the placing of a herd of buffalo on the Wichita Forest Reserve in southwestern Oklahoma, has been accepted by the Government and the conditions named by the Society will be promptly met.

It will be remembered that as an evidence of this desire to aid the Government in taking steps to preserve permanently the American bison from final extinction, the Zoological Society offered to the Government, as a gift, a herd of between fifteen and twenty buffalo, provided the Government would fence in a suitable range on the Wichita Forest and Game Reserve, wherein the herd could be maintained without the expense of constant feeding. This offer was so favorably received by the Department of Agriculture, that the Zoological Society sent an agent to the Wichita Forest Reserve to act in conjunction with the Forest Supervisor in charge of the reservation in selecting and recommending an area suitable to be fenced for buffaloes. The Society's agent, Mr. J. Alden Loring, acting in conjunction and co-operation with Supervisor Morrissey, selected an area of about twelve square miles of good grazing grounds, provided with permanent water and shelter from storms. Immediately upon the presentation of this report, the Department of Agriculture and Mr. Madison Grant secured the insertion in the Agricultural Bill of an item appropriating $15,000 with which to erect the fence necessary for an inclosure for the maintenance of the buffalo herd.

Inasmuch as the Agricultural Appropriation Bill is now a law, the fund is available, and the Department of Agriculture proposes to take immediate steps to procure the erection of the fence. As soon as the fence has been completed, the Zoological Society will deliver its gift buffalo herd in the new buffalo range.

The New York Zoological Society desires it to be distinctly understood that its gift of a buffalo herd is prompted solely by patriotic motives, and not, as has been erroneously alleged, because the buffaloes in the Zoological Park are not doing well. As a matter of fact, no buffaloes in captivity are in finer condition, or breeding more rapidly, than those in Bronx Park, which is to-day the largest and finest herd on public exhibition anywhere.

It is conceded, however, by the Zoological Society, and by all competent authorities, that the American bison cannot be preserved from ultimate extinction and carried through several centuries by breeding in the close confinement of zoological gardens and parks. This noble animal can be saved only by establishing herds on very large areas, so that the animals will be in a semi-wild condition and will thereby obtain the exercise that is absolutely necessary to their permanent welfare.

It is hoped that the fencing of the Wichita Buffalo Range can be accomplished in time for the herd to be transferred from the New York Zoological Park sometime in October or November of the present year. It would of course be inadvisable for the animals to be taken from sheltered captivity and turned loose in a wild country in midwinter; nor would it be possible to move the buffaloes just previous to calving time in the spring, owing to the danger of costly accidents.

It is hoped that the example of the Zoological Society in thus co-operating with the Government in establishing another national buffalo herd will stimulate other owners of buffalo to do likewise.

The Sullivan County Pigeons.

West Park, N. Y., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Since I wrote you a few weeks ago, I have been looking up the men who were reported to have seen wild pigeons recently. I have seen six men who are positive they have seen flocks of wild pigeons—some of them two years ago, and some of them this past spring. As these men were all past middle age and had been familiar with the pigeon thirty and forty years ago and were, moreover, men reported truthful and sober by their neighbors, and who impressed me as being entirely reliable, I feel bound to credit their several statements. At De Bruce, Sullivan county, Mr. Cooper, the postmaster and village blacksmith, said he had seen a large flock of pigeons in the fall two years ago. They were about a buckwheat field. He pointed out the hill about which they were flying. Mr. Cooper had shot and trapped a great many pigeons years ago, and was sure he could not mistake any other bird for a pigeon. A farmer, whose name I do not now remember and who heard Mr. Cooper's statement, said he saw a large flock last fall about a buckwheat field, in the same town. This man was reported to me as perfectly reliable, and he gave me that impression.

At Port Ewen, I met a Hudson River shad fisherman, Mr. Van Vliet, who said he had seen early one morning in April or May, two years ago, a flock of wild pigeons over the Hudson. He estimated the flock as containing seventy or eighty birds. Mr. Van Vliet is a man nearly seventy years old, and one cannot look into his face and have him speark and doubt for a moment the truth of what he is saying. When I asked him if he knew the wild pigeon, he smiled good humoredly and said he knew them as well as he knew anything; he had lived in the time of pigeons, and had killed hundreds of them.

Another man, one of the leading grocerymen of Port Ewen, said he had seen a very large flock of pigeons between four and five o'clock on May 15 last, flying over, as he was on his way to open his store. His hired man, who was with him, also saw them. Mr. Van Leuven had also seen pigeons in his youth and described to me accurately their manner of flight and the form of the flock against the sky. A neighbor of his told me he had seen a flock of fifteen or twenty pigeons on a foggy morning only a few days before. The rush of their wings overhead first attracted his attention to them. But he had never seen wild pigeons, and might have been deceived, though he was sure they were pigeons by their speed and general look.

None of these men could have had any motive in trying to deceive me, and I feel bound to credit their stories. Their statements, taken in connection with the statement of my old school fellow at Prattsville, N. Y., of whom I wrote you, makes me believe that there is a large flock of wild pigeons that still at times frequents this part of the State, and perhaps breeds somewhere in the wilds of Sullivan or Ulster county. But they ought to be heard from elsewhere—from the south or southwest in winter. John Burroughs.

P. S.—Just as I finished the above, I come upon the following in the Poughkeepsie Sunday Courier:

"We noticed recently an item asking whether wild pigeons are returning. Sullivan county people seem to be taking the lead in answering the question, but a Dutchess county farmer named David Rosell, living near Fishkill Plains, who was familiar with the aforesaid birds in old days, reports having seen a flock of about thirty feeding on his buckwheat patch one morning last week, which gives evidence that the birds are not extinct as supposed, but a flock may merely be taking a tour around the world like Magellan of old. Mr. Rosell stated that he had not seen any before in about forty years. At first sight, he could hardly believe his eyes, but he was not long in becoming convinced of their identity."

Wild pigeons were observed at Mount Tom, Mass., in May. The Springfield Republican

noted: "Early in May, when the birds were returning North, observers on the top of Mount Tom saw a sight strange to this region for more than two generations—a flight of wild pigeons. There was no mistake about it, for they were discovered and recognized by one who had seen them in the West, and was perfectly acquainted with their mode of flight and by the aid of an opera glass could identify them without hesitation. They were not flying high above the mountain, and the flock was a small one."

The Bison Society.

THE object of the American Bison Society is "the permanent preservation and increase of the American bison."

With a view to awakening a wider public interest in the preservation of the few remaining buffalo, the Society is now beginning an active campaign. Mr. E. H. Baynes, its secretary, is energetically engaged in writing and lecturing on the subject, and is sending out thousands of circulars appealing for help—and with very gratifying results.

The Society takes the very sensible ground that —as we long ago pointed out—the remaining buffalo ought to be acquired by the Government, and that reservations for them ought to be established in different parts of the country, where small separate herds could be kept. Only by such a course can the danger of accident or epidemic be so reduced that the race will be certain to endure.

This Society does not appeal to the public on economic grounds but on those of sentiment. While the buffalo is a useful animal, it is not for this reason especially that it should be preserved. It is because it is our largest mammal, because it is typical of America, and because its history is interwoven with the development of the great West and with the history of the Indians and the pioneers. Good reasons these are, too.

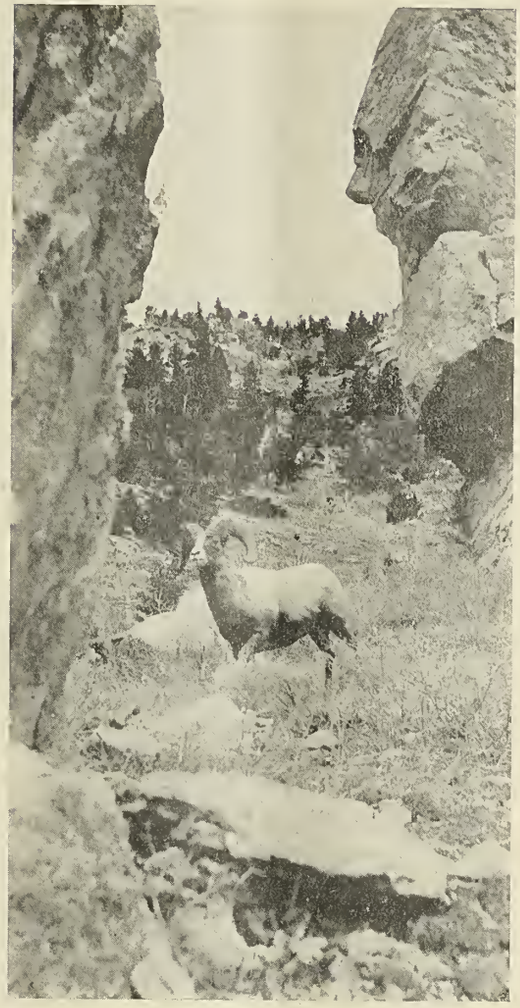
A campaign such as the Society has inaugurated cannot be carried on without money, and money can only be had from the fees and dues of membership, supplemented occasionally by private subscriptions. The Society has three forms of membership, associate members, members, and life members with varying fees.

The Society's object is a good one, and we look forward to a large membership for it. Persons interested in the preservation of the buffalo, and what an American is not, should write to Mr. Edmund Seymour, Treasurer, 45 Wall street, New York city, for information and blanks.

Death of Prof. Henry A. Ward.

PROF. HENRY A. WARD, formerly of Rochester, but lately of Chicago, was killed July 4, by being struck by an automobile. Prof. Ward was born at Rochester, N. Y., in 1834, educated at Williams College and Rochester University, and entering the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard, became after a time assistant to Prof. L. Agassiz. He studied in Europe and traveled extensively, making collections and investigating mines. More than forty years ago, while Professor of Natural Sciences at Rochester University, he established a laboratory for the production of facsimiles of fossils and of mounted osteological preparations and of natural history objects in general, which he supplied to museums. As time went on, this gradually developed into the Ward's Natural History Establishment which we know to-day, and which is the most important institution of its kind in the United States.

Prof. Ward was a great collector, and possessed at his death a great collection of minerals. His collections of meteorites is perhaps the most important in the country. Of him the Springfield Republican very justly says that he "combined the attainment of authority in natural science, so that in several lines he had not his superior, with the commercial capacity to make a profitable calling out of it. He was in fact the business man with special knowledge behind him, and his business was furnishing natural history collections to museums, colleges—all sorts of institutions—and even to small collections for schoolboys. It was a matter of indifference to him whether he was sending a great saurian's mounted skeleton to the



ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIGHORN.
Photo by F. Tolhurst, Livingston, Mont.

British Museum or an assorted lot of minerals to grace a "den" with a mere toy of a cabinet. And indeed, his extraordinary establishment on College avenue, Rochester, could respond to any call for anything that might be wanted in the lines of prehistoric fossils or bits of curious stone —geology, paleontology, conchology, everything was in his line. He was doubtless the most versatile and comprehensive student of such matters in America, and can have had few rivals anywhere. Indeed, there are many European institutions of various scope and means that have constantly, or for nearly thirty years, depended on him for their supplies. Ward was absolutely the scientist. He never made even the least of his cabinets less than accurate and systematic. Thus he deserves the honorable title of a trustworthy and thorough educator; nothing that he did misled the student; he was a recognized scholar in his large lines, and in the extent and variousness of his labor for science, such as no other scholar ever thought of entering upon, he had done a service for mankind that is of a value clearly estimable and memorable."

A Spartan Mother.

I WAS snipe shooting in northwest Missouri this spring when two boys came along on their way home from "town." The shooting was not so good but that there was time to stop and have a talk, and before we parted, they had told the following story: They had caught a gray squirrel and her four young ones, in the usual way, by stopping up the hole in a hollow limb. "We wanted to raise the young ones, and took the mother, so she'd raise them; but when we got them home and put her in the box with the young ones, she killed every one of them. Bit each one once through the heart. First she took hold of a little girl squirrel, and she acted kind of as if she didn't like to kill it, bein' as it was a girl, so she dropped it and went and smelled another one, and it was a 'he,' so she killed it, and then the other 'he's,' and then he killed the girl last."

"What did you do with the mother?" I asked.

"Well, sir, after she treated her children thataway, we didn't want her, and we turned her loose."

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Something about the Okapi.

SOME interesting details as to the manner of life of the okapi and as to its numbers are given in a letter to the London Times from Capt. G. B. Gosling, who, as stated last week, was probably the first European to see a living specimen of the strange creature. He says:

"The okapi is generally found singly or in pairs, but Mobatti hunters state that sometimes three may be found together. An essential to the life of the okapi is a small stream of water with some muddy and swampy ground on either side. In this grows a certain large leaf that on its single stalk attains a height of ten feet. It is the young leaf of this plant that is the favorite food of the okapi, and I venture to say that where the plant is not to be found the animal will not exist. During the night he will wander along in the mud and water in search of it. Here he may be found feeding as late as 8 A. M. in the morning, after which he retires to the seclusion of the forest, where he remains till nearly dusk. On the three occasions that I was at close quarters with the beast, he was perfectly concealed in this swamp leaf. Near the River Welle I found his spoor on ground frequented by buffalo and waterbuck, but this is unusual, and his companions in the forest are the elephant, the greater bushbuck, the yellow-backed and small red duikers. The okapi is very quick of hearing, and in that respect is classed by the Mobatti with the bushbuck (local name 'bungani.)' In the forest here I consider this latter beast to be more difficult to obtain that the former. On the hunting ground of the first village that I visited I estimated the number of okapi as five or six, at the second and third nil. and twenty miles south in the forest, on very likely ground, where my guide said they were formerly numerous, there was one only, probably owing to rubber collectors who had been there. The okapi is killed occasionally by the natives, speared, shot, or trapped by the common African method by which José Lopez secured it. At the first village I visited three had been speared at various times, at the second and third one each, and in the forest referred to above my guide had shot one. Unfortunately, time did not permit me to continue my search or return to the ground first visited by me."

A Fox Story.

A FEW days ago I read in a Boston daily that Mr. S., of a certain town in Maine, having missed a good many of his lambs, determined to watch out for the thief, with the result that one day he saw a fox capture one and sneak off with it. So he took the direction and went in pursuit. He found a den, and at its mouth one-half of a lamb's carcass. Desiring to obtain positive information, I wrote to Mr. S. requesting a statement of facts if there was any truth in the story. In his reply, after commenting on the way reporters get things mixed up, he states that he and a companion found a fox den in his pasture and dug out eight young foxes, but did not see the old fox. The reporter, he says, must have thought him about as "keen-scented as a foxhound," and that is all there is to the story about a fox carrying off one of his lambs.

CENTRAL.

Bluejay a Mouser.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A few days ago a party of friends at a nearby residence were sitting on the front porch, when a jay bird alighted on the yard pickets a few feet distant. The bird presently flew to the ground and seized a live mouse, which after a struggle was subdued, and the bird, holding the mouse by the neck with his bill, flew away with it.

The character of the "mouser" is a new role for the jay bird so far as I am aware.

COAHOMA.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Good and Bad Game Laws.

THE Colonel was walking into town from a quail shooting trip in southeast Missouri a little more than a year ago, when Missouri had a bad game law. Parenthetically, it may be stated that a bad game law is one which permits the sale of game and which contains no provision for funds to pay for good game wardens. A man came along the road in a one horse wagon. He was followed by an old, fat pointer. The bed of the wagon was full of quail, all shot that day. The man explained how he did it. The dog ambled along in a field, having a short cord attached to his collar. Presently he would come to a point, whereupon the man would walk up to the dog and tie the end of the cord around his leg. The dog could not then go forward. They just waited. In a few minutes, maybe five minutes, maybe not so long, the covey of birds began to walk away; first one, then another, until they were strung out in a line. Then the man fired into them on the ground with both barrels, at the proper distance. Sometimes getting ten birds, sometimes getting nearly all of them. As I say, he had filled the wagon bed that day.

The year after that, Missouri had a good game law; a law which provides ample funds for efficient game warden, which restricts the bag to twenty-five quail a day, not more than fifty to be in possession at one time, and which prohibits the sale of game. That year I went to the same country to shoot. The first day my meat dog, Jemimah, and I got our limit in good time and strolled back to town in a leisurely and contented way, to supper, Jemimah getting hers first. Raw meat until her sides swelled out. The next day it was the same way. At just half-past two o'clock, a certain quail tumbled over and over into the cornstalks, and when Jemimah fetched it in, I said, "My dear, that is number fifty, we are going to stop now." I tried to explain the game law to her, but she had been brought up under the old law, and seemed to think it was good enough for her and ought to be for me, and so I just had to draw her up on a wagon load of corn that a man came along with, and hold her there until we got to town. When I got home, my wife said, my count was exactly right, but there was one bird that ought not to have counted. That will happen to the best of us, sometimes. I didn't think I was so close. There was another bird that must have come very close to being mangled also. When I kicked it up and waited for it to get far enough away, it just circled around me, still keeping too close, and I was all twisted out of shape, and I just had to let go. Then this Jemimah person started to bring it to me, but I said, "Hold on there, sister; I'll have to gather that one up in a handkerchief." But, when I went to where it lay in the corn, I found I had cut off one wing and its head, as if done with a hatchet on a chopping block! Southeast Missouri is the best quail shooting country in the world, now that Missouri has a good game law. If you want to go there, I'll tell you where to go. I never would do that in the old days, but you can't hurt the shooting there now.

Good Guns and Bad Guns.

I am glad to see that some of the sportsmen have begun to get into print on the subject of the automatic and pump shotgun. I think the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM should be open to the full discussion of this subject. If there are certain types of shotguns that are bad guns, and certain other types that are good guns, it will be known sooner or later, and public sentiment will do away with the bad ones. It is my belief that this sentiment is even now in process of formation, and that in time no repeating shotguns will be allowed in any of the States. Sportsmen will not hold up the good game laws with one hand and be seen to uphold the slaughter gun with the other hand. It is not that the slaughter gun gets so many more birds, but that it kills so many more that are not gotten. Meanwhile, it would be instructive to those of us who never used a gun of this sort, and who never will, to hear from those who are its advocates. There must be something in their favor, or they would not be used. What is it? Do they shoot harder, or do they bag more birds? Do the people who use them, do it in order to get all the birds at one time? Do they get up two coveys of quail or two flocks of ducks and get ten of them in the two times, and then go right off home with them? Is that it? Come now, Mr. Pump Gun, why do you pump? Is it because, although you get no more birds than we old fashioned double barrels, you have so much more fun wounding the other birds? Is that it?

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Game Legislation at the Last Session of Congress.

AT the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, which adjourned on June 30, 1906, more bills affecting game protection were introduced and more measures became laws than in any previous Congress. Fifteen special bills were introduced, of which four were passed and several favorably reported. Of the bills which became laws, one provided for the leasing of not more than 3,500 acres of land in South Dakota for a buffalo preserve; another provided better protection for birds on the seven bird refuges established under Executive order, in Florida, Louisiana, Michigan and North Dakota; the third established a game refuge in Arizona, and the fourth prohibited shooting in the District of Columbia, except in limited areas on the eastern branch and on the west side of the Potomac River, thus making the District in effect a game refuge. The titles of these acts are as follows:

An Act authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to lease land in Stanley county, S. D., for a buffalo pasture. Public No. 43. Approved March 12, 1906.

An Act to protect birds and their eggs in game and bird preserves. Public No. 314. Approved June 28, 1906.

An Act for the protection of wild animals in the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve. Public No. 339. Approved June 29, 1906.

An Act to prohibit the killing of wild birds and other wild animals in the District of Columbia. Approved June 29, 1906.

Other measures of interest in this connection are the appropriation of $15,000, included in the agricultural appropriation bill for the erection of a fence on the Wichita Game Preserve, to make an enclosure of several square miles for the buffalo offered to the Government by the New York Zoological Society, and the passage of the Statehood bill, which will extend the game laws of Oklahoma to the Indian Territory.

The bills which failed to become laws were eleven in number. Of these, H. R. 376 and S. 3602 covered the same ground as two of the measures passed. Two bills relating to the use of automatic shotguns in the Territories and in the District of Columbia were acted on adversely in Committee. Three game refuge bills—one of a general character; one establishing a game refuge in the Olympic Reserve in Washington, and the third creating game refuges in the forest reserves of California—were favorably reported, but the California bill was accompanied by an adverse minority committee report. Four other bills, namely, House bills, providing for a Territorial park in Woods county, Oklahoma, and for the protection of water fowl on the Potomac River, and Senate bills providing for the creation of game refuges on forest reserves, and for game refuges on the forest reserves of California, were not reported by the respective committees. The titles of these bills and their status are shown in the following list:

House Bills.

H. R. 376. Concerning reservations of public lands as preserves and breeding grounds for native birds or for game birds, and to punish violations of Executive orders concerning the same. Referred to Committee on Public Lands, Dec. 4, 1905. Superseded by H. R. 13,190, which was approved June 28, 1906. (See Public No. 314.)

H. R. 7019. For the protection of animals, birds, and fish in the forest reserves, and for other purposes. Referred to Committee on Agriculture, Dec. 13, 1905. Reported without amendment, March 23, 1906.

H. R. 11789. Creating and establishing a Territorial park in the county of Woods, Territory of Oklahoma, and for other purposes. Referred to Committee on Public Lands, Jan. 13, 1906.

H. R. 11949. To prohibit the use of the automatic shotgun in hunting in the Territories of the United States. Referred to Committee on Territories, Jan. 15, 1906. Laid on the table March 29, 1906.

H. R. 11950. To prohibit the use of the automatic shotgun in hunting in the District of Columbia. Referred to Committee on District of Columbia, Jan. 15, 1906.

H. R. 15335. For the protection of game animals, birds and fishes in the Olympic Forest Reserve of the United States, in the State of Washington. Referred to Committee on Public Lands, Feb. 21, 1906. Reported March 29, 1906.

H. R. 15849. To protect wild water fowl on the Potomac River and its tributaries. Referred to Committee on Agriculture, Feb. 28, 1906.

H. R. 19234. For the protection of animals, birds and fish in the forest reserves in California, and for other purposes. Referred to Committee on Public Lands, May 11, 1906. Reported with minority report, June 9, 1906. Rept. No. 4907.

Senate Bills.

S. 2966. For the protection of animals, birds and fish in the forest reserves, and for other purposes. Referred to Committee on Forest Reservations, Jan. 10, 1906.

S. 3602. To prohibit the killing of wild birds and wild animals in the District of Columbia. Referred to Committee on District of Columbia, Jan. 23, 1906. Indefinitely postponed June 21, 1906, the corresponding House bill being substituted and passed.

S. 6119. For the protection of animals, birds and fish in the forest reserves of California, and for other purposes. Referred to Committee on Forest Reservations, May 10, 1906. Reported June 11, 1906.

From the above summary it will be seen that seven bills still await action at the session of Congress which begins next December. Five of these—two in the Senate and three in the House—are game refuge bills. Three of the House bills—No. 7019, a general bill authorizing the President to establish game refuges on the forest reserves; No. 15,335, providing for the establishment of a game refuge in the Olympic Forest Reserve in Washington, and No. 19,234, authorizing the establishment of game refuges.

in the forest reserves of California—are on the House calendar. The two Senate bills—S. 2966 and S. 6119—still in Committee, are practically identical with H. R. 7019 and H. R. 19,234. The other two bills—H. R. 11,789 and H. R. 15,849—have not been reported. T. S. PALMER.

Taxidermist's Specimens.

UNUSUAL activity has been shown of late by the officials of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for alleged violations of the game laws. Mr. Fred Sauter, one of the leading taxidermists in New York city, who has been established in business for nearly fifty years, is highly incensed against what he calls the unwarranted and ridiculous crusade now being waged against taxidermists in New York city. To a FOREST AND STREAM reporter Mr. Sauter said:

"It seems odd, to say the least, that the officials of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission should suddenly direct their attacks against taxidermists for the alleged violation of statutes enacted about six years ago, and as to the proper interpretation of which skilled lawyers are now in a wrangle with the courts in behalf not only of taxidermists, but wholesale milliners and hotel men.

The section of the law involved is Sec. 33, which makes it a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine of $60 and an additional penalty of $25 for each part of the plumage, skin or body of any protected bird (other than game birds for which an open season is provided, and English sparrows, crows, hawks, crow blackbirds, snow owls, and great-horned owls), which are sold or held in possession for sale.

"When a law," continued Mr. Sauter, "has for so long lain dormant, it's an outrage that its sudden enforcement should work us such hardship and financial loss. I'm sure that the framers of the law never intended that it should be wielded against taxidermists, but against the wanton slaughter of birds for market purposes.

"At present, taxidermists are all up a tree, so to speak, as to what we may or may not do, as far as the bird part of our business is concerned. Just now we scarcely know which way to turn, and I have already written to Commissioner Whipple, asking him to have one of his game protectors visit me and give me full instructions, as he suggested. We all want to obey the law, but scarcely know how to live up to it.

"For instance, I would like to know whether I, as a taxidermist, can lawfully have game birds or part of their plumage or body in my possession during the closed season in this State, and whether it is lawful for me to offer the same for sale. Also what I am to do with birds that came into my possession before the present law went into effect.

"It seems ridiculous to me that a man who lawfully shoots a game bird in some other State during the open season there cannot send it on to a taxidermist in New York city and have it mounted should it happen to be the closed season here for that particular kind of game.

"Then again, the injustice and absurdity of the law are illustrated by the fact that should a person shoot a game bird during the lawful season in this State and send it to me to be mounted, and should the bird be discovered in my possession after the open season here closes, I am liable to be arrested and compelled to pay a heavy fine.

"As a matter of fact, taxidermists have comparatively few game birds on sale, and in nearly every case these are birds that have been left to be mounted, and have failed to be called for by the persons who brought them. In the name of justice, common sense and fair play, where does our protection come in? We have only received a small sum in advance for our work, the customer fails to turn up, and then should the bird be found in our possession or offered by us for sale, we are pounced upon as a malefactor by the agents of the Commission.

"Rarely, indeed, do we buy a bird; and we would starve to death if we had to live on the profits from the sale of them. It is well known and acknowledged by the officers of the Audubon Society that we don't do a bit of work for milliners. Over nine-tenths of our work is done for schools, collectors and for scientific purposes. The Commission issues permits to men to kill wild birds for scientific purposes, yet if they bring their specimens to me, I must refuse to take them, for the law which protects them does not protect me.

"Collectors and others, who formerly had most of their work done by New York city taxidermists, are now sending their specimens to New Jersey, and to taxidermists up the State, who have not been interfered with as yet by the officials. Lots of collectors have come to me of late, but I have had to refuse their work.

"Not long ago a man brought me a woodcock which he had found lying stunned in City Hall Park. I could not take it, and the man let it loose in the park again, where it was soon stoned to death by small boys. Although numberless birds meet death by accident, as thousands are killed every year during the migratory season by dashing their lives out against the Statue of Liberty, and against lighthouses everywhere, I can't even receive such birds in my shop, even though proof were presented of the manner of their death.

"As I said before, the present law was not intended to interfere with the business of taxidermists, but was aimed to put an end to the ruthless destroying of birds for millinery and market purposes. Down in Florida thousands upon thousands of white herons are killed every year for their aigrettes. Within a radius of twenty miles from City Hall Park more wild birds are killed every Saturday and Sunday for pot-pie purposes than the taxidermists in the State handle in a year. Why don't the game protectors get after these wholesale destroyers of bird life?

"As matters now stand, we are all at sea, and as a result we shall ask for an amendment to the present law calling for taxidermists to be licensed, as they are in Maine; and in this connection we shall doubtless petition the Forest, Fish and Game Commission and the Audubon Society to see if we can't secure some kind of arrangement whereby we can continue to do business."

Thomas Rowland, a well-known New York city taxidermist against whom a verdict was recently obtained for having in his possession wild birds for which there is no open season, declared to the FOREST AND STREAM reporter that he intended to appeal the case, as he deems that he has been dealt with most unjustly. The birds mentioned in the complaint were a blue-jay, a loon, a starling, a sea gull, a bald eagle and a golden eagle. The case was tried before Judge O'Gorman in the Supreme Court, and was deemed of special interest, as it was the first of a series begun against taxidermists. The allegation was that not only had Mr. Rowland the plumage of birds, but the birds themselves. The court held that even if the birds had been merely left with the taxidermist for mounting, he was in unlawful possession. The judgment, including costs, has not yet been entered, but it is expected to amount to $312.

In commenting on the case, Mr. Rowland warmly declared that he believed his arrest an outrage. "It was due to the fact," said he, "that there was discovered in my shop a small part of a loon and a bit of a gull, the head of an eagle and three perfect birds. The eagle's head had been sent to be mounted from Wyoming, where the bird had been killed in a bear trap.

"If these bits of plumage were found in the possession of some big wholesale milliner, would the owner have been arrested? Of course not. The wholesale milliners along Broadway have thousands of aigrettes for sale this very minute. Why are they unmolested? Is it because they are so powerful and that we are so weak? Should a collector send a single aigrette to me to work upon, and the plumage be found in my possession, I am liable to be haled before the bar of justice.. Thousands and thousands of women are to be seen every day wearing hats adorned with eagle and pelican feathers, aigrettes and gulls' wings, yet no one molests their owners, and no one molests the milliners who sell them.

"A collector may go to Cuba or Florida, or some other far-away place, and lawfully shoot a bird and send it to me to be mounted. Should it chance to reach me during the closed season here for that particular kind of bird, I would be compelled, for my own protection, to throw the specimen away. We can't even supply schools now with specimens, and little or no work can be done for collectors. And, by the way, if we are liable to arrest for having certain birds in our possession at certain times and certain others at any time of the year, why are not the owners of private collections liable to arrest?

"I learn that collectors for scientific purposes are much opposed to the law. Who is going to mount their specimens for them, as most collectors are unable to do so themselves? If the law continues in force, there will be little chance for a young man to learn to be a taxidermist, as the specimens that he may work on will be too few in number.

"I believe the State ought to license all taxidermists, giving them the right to mount specimens for collections and scientific purposes, and so that we could work on prohibited birds to a certain extent. They might limit the number of birds that we may mount during a season, our books being always open for official inspection. At all events, the existing laws should be amended or modified so that reputable taxidermists may be properly protected in pursuance of their trade."

Benjamin F. Feiner, counsel of the Feather Importers' Association, of New York, expressed himself in no uncertain terms against the legality of the recent seizure in Rochester of fancy feathers, including wings, quills and plumage, that were on sale in the dry goods stores of that city. Said Mr. Feiner:

"I have been informed by Commissioner Whipple that the seizures and arrests made in Rochester were wholly unauthorized by his department. He stated that he had directed that the merchandise seized be at once returned and that no further action would be taken. He thought that, inasmuch as the persons handling this character of merchandise were representative merchants, they were entitled to every fair consideration, and if there was any doubt as to the construction of any law a test case should be made with the least possible disturbance to their business.

"Former Attorney-General Cuneen rendered an opinion in writing in November, 1903, stating that there was no law prohibiting the traffic in imported aigrettes. This opinion applied equally to all imported feathers. There has been no law or decision since this opinion was rendered, changing the situation. I have therefore advised my clients that their business is perfectly lawful, and I will be prepared to take the necessary action against any person or society of persons who make any attempt similar to the outrage perpetrated in Rochester, to prohibit any unlawful interference with the business of my clients, and to punish any offenders.

"Commissioner Whipple relies upon the provisions of Sections 33, 39 and 141 of the Forest, Fish and Game law of his State; also upon the act of Congress commonly referred to as the Lacey Act, and upon the decision of the Court of Appeals in what is usually known as the Silz case. None of the sections sustains his position, nor do the other authorities cited.

"So far as I can see, the Legislature does not intend to—and never will—interfere with the sale of foreign plumage. Such a law could only be enacted for the purpose of protecting and preserving our local birds of this State, and if there are no birds within the State yielding plumage of the character which is imported, such as paradise, aigrette, ostrich and numerous other varieties, it would be senseless for the Legislature to put any such laws upon the statute books.

"The trouble seems to have been caused by the agitation carried on by the various branches of the Audubon Society—whose object (a laudable one in itself) is the protection of our wild birds. The Society, however, seems to have lost sight of the fact that by far the greater proportion of feathers used for millinery purposes to-day are obtained from domestic fowls and

worked up by skilled operatives. Neither the imported feathers nor those of domestic manufacture, present any serious menace to the lives of our native wild birds.

"As to aigrettes: If it is true, as asserted, that the plumage of the South American egret cannot be distinguished from similar plumage obtained from our native birds, some ground would seem to be presented for the Audubon Society's demand that the importation of aigrettes be forbidden.

"That the State Legislature would have a right to pass a law of this character is conceded. In fact, a precedent for such action has been established by the law now in force, which not only prohibits the taking of certain fishes during specified months of the year, but makes it illegal to have fish of this kind in one's possession. It is well to remember, however, that no such law is on the statute books of this State. This fact was recognized by the Audubon Society as late as December last, the annual report of the Society then published containing the following reference to the Silz case, in which the constitutionality of the law forbidding foreign birds was involved: 'If this law is pronounced constitutional, it will also apply to and will, by a slight amendment to the present plumage law, prevent the sale of imported aigrettes.'

"The writer of the Audubon Society report was doubtless aware that in 1903 Attorney-General Cuneen rendered a decision that there was no law then existing which prohibited the sale of imported aigrettes, and though a bill was introduced in the Legislature in 1905 to supply the deficiency, it failed to pass, and no subsequent action in the case was taken. It is significant that, though spasmodic efforts have been made to scare handlers of aigrettes and other feathers into discontinuing the sale of such goods, action of this character has almost invariably been directed against retailers of a small caliber, while the New York importers, as well as department stores in this city, have in no way been molested."

In an interview with a FOREST AND STREAM reporter, Mr. W. Dutcher, president of the National Organization of Audubon Societies, said the following about the situation:

"I see no reason why taxidermists should be granted privileges that are denied to others. They certainly shouldn't have any more privileges than milliners, and the milliners shouldn't have privileges that are not extended to taxidermists. When tested in every way, the present law will be found entirely adequate, and I see no reason why taxidermists should be exempt from it in any way. It would simply be an incentive for men to kill birds if they thought that they could lawfully get taxidermists to mount their specimens.

"I can't see any reason why taxidermists should be in doubt as to the interpretation of the law. It's as plain as the proverbial pikestaff. If any taxidermist can furnish proof that the specimens in his possession were procured during the lawful season, he should stand in little or no fear of prosecution. The fact of the matter is that there are no such prosecutions. Taxidermists are only prosecuted when they are caught red-handed in the act of violating the law, and after repeated warnings.

"As a matter of fact, taxidermists do little or no work for scientists. Scientists never have their specimens mounted. They work for persons whom they are prone to call collectors or scientists, but who are people who simply want specimens of birds as ornaments for their homes. No man should have a bird collection except for scientific purposes. The only kind of persons to whom certificates are issued by the Commission to collect birds, birds' nests or eggs are well-known scientific men who are engaged in actual scientific work, and who are recognized as such. I am decidedly against granting any such privilege to taxidermists.

"As for the taxidermist trade being ruined on account of the enforcement of the law, that is all simon-pure poppy-cock. There will always be work for the proper kind of taxidermist. When taxidermists declare that a large proportion of their stock has been in hand from ten to twenty years, I give little credence to their statement. Experience has taught me differently.

"About ten years ago almost every other woman's hat or some part of her apparel was adorned with the plumage of some American bird. Owing to the constant vigilance and activity of the Audubon societies throughout the country the sale and the wearing of such plumage has dwindled to almost nothing. The aigrette question has been a hard nut for us to crack, because the milliners declare that they only use such plumage as is foreign. Dr. Richmond, of the Smithsonian Institution, tells us that it is impossible to tell the difference between the plumage of the white heron in different parts of the world, and this, in a measure, has restricted our activity in this direction.

"However, now that the Rochester case has been dropped, for certain reasons, we intend to move against one of the big Broadway firms, who deal largely in aigrettes, and have the matter settled for good and all. It is a fact that pretty nearly all the plumage used by milliners nowadays consists of ostrich feathers and foreign aigrettes, and birds of paradise, and feathers from domestic fowls. Most of the heads and bills of birds, used by milliners nowadays are manufactured of wood or horn.

"The taxidermists, I'm told, ask why we are not active against certain other kinds of violators of the law. Let me say that we are as active in every way as our limited resources permit us. With only sixty-five wardens and sixty counties in the State, it's rather impossible to have a game protector stationed behind every tree."

The activity of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission in prosecuting various alleged violations of the law was again brought into recent prominence by the seizure of two hundred pheasants at a banquet given at the Waldorf-Astoria. For serving the birds out of season the management may be mulcted several thousand dollars. The defense submitted to the court was that the pheasants in question were ordinary domestic fowls, especially grown for the market. Selah B. Strong, counsel for the State in the prosecution of game cases, filed a brief denying the validity of the claim. Judge Greenbaum is expected to render a decision in a few days.

"Contrary to general knowledge," said Mr. Strong yesterday, "hotels and commission houses have been prosecuted to a large extent for violations of the fish and game laws. For these violations over $15,000 in fines has been collected during the last six months. Very nearly all the cases were settled before they came to trial. All game law violations in 1905, with the exception of two cases, were settled before trial. These cases are now pending on appeal by reason of technical questions that were raised.

"There are hundreds of suits pending under the game laws. As the laws exist, we are trying to have them enforced. Very many of them do not involve anything of greater public interest than the cooking of lobsters that are too short for legal consumption."

Mr. Strong said he would take no action against concerns dealing in aigrettes and other feathers utilized for women's hats until he received instructions from Albany.

Bears in Idaho.

SPOKANE, Wash., June 20.—Dave Heaveny, a rancher on Pack River, near Hopo, Idaho, had a remarkable experience with one of his steel bear traps, in which he succeeded in capturing two bears at one time. One weighed 250 pounds, and the other was a 50-pound cub. He brought both animals to town. The larger bear was caught by a paw and the young one by a shoulder.

Mayor F. L. Daggett, of Spokane, is receiving numerous offers this year to supply wild animals for the new zoo, which has been made in this city. The animals include bear, bob cat, lynx, deer, elk and fox. He has had to decline the offers because the city funds for this purpose have been exhausted.

Pennsylvania Game Interests.

FROM the report of the Chief Game Protector of Pennsylvania, Joseph Kalbfuss, we take these paragraphs:

I feel satisfied that game of all kinds is rapidly increasing, and that there is a most pronounced increase in our wild birds other than game birds, this condition being attributable to many causes, first among which is that the general public is taking a far greater interest in the work of giving protection to these creatures than ever before, and is becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the benefits that must accrue to each individual and to the State from such a source. The mercenary motive controls many. I feel the great majority, though, are doing right and refraining from violation of the game laws, not because they hope for reward or fear punishment prescribed by the statutes, but because they respect the law and because they feel that it is right to do right.

One of the great conditions tending to the increase, especially of game, is the absence of forest fires. Herein public opinion is again having its effect, and I feel that the Department of Forestry deserves special credit for the effective manner in which it is not only preventing the spread of fire upon lands under its control, but also for the effective instructions given the public upon the subject of the benefits to be derived from the growing timber, frequently through persuasion, sometimes through the clasp of the strong hand of the law. If an idea enacted into law is held in a fair way to the people, they, with but few exceptions, are ready to not only obey it themselves, but to see that others comply with its provisions. Seeing this matter in this light, I cannot help but feel that some of the provisions of our game laws appear to me to be unfair and most unjust to some of our people.

I refer at this time to that part of our law covering the killing of migratory wildfowl, not only in the matter of season, but also in the matter of limit as prescribed. To illustrate: I may hunt for very many years without getting a chance to kill a wild goose. Finally the opportunity presents itself. I am legally hunting, and it is possible to kill one-half dozen at one shoot. The law says I may kill but two in one day. If more are taken a heavy penalty is imposed. I am compelled by law to stay my hand, while the flock I spare crosses the State line, perhaps only a mile away, and is entirely wiped out, killed not only in a manner that sportsmen call legitimate, by means of a gun held to the shoulder in broad daylight,but in every conceivable way, with swivel guns, batteries, night lights, launches, and every other means through which they can be reached. This applies to all of our wild fowls.

To my mind some of the penalties as fixed by our State law are excessive, unreasonable and unjust. I now refer to that provision of the act of 1897 which imposes a penalty of $50 for the destruction or simply interfering with a bird's nest; also that provision which prescribes a penalty in the same amount $50, for digging a rabbit out of a hole or stone pile or rail pile, and that, too, without regard as to whether the rabbit has been wounded or not. The law permits the land owner or lessee or their employes to kill birds of any kind caught in the act of destroying fruit or cereals. The old bird may be killed legitimately. If they are killed, what becomes of the nest and its contents? The same party may kill a rabbit at any time, as a protection to trees, or growing crops. If the bird's nest is interfered with or the rabbit is killed by any means, other than a gun, even though it be during the open season for rabbits, the penalty of $50 attaches. The killing of a rabbit during the closed season with a gun carries a penalty of but $10.

There is no discretion placed in the hands of the Game Commission or its officers. The law prescribes exactly what shall be done, and there is no alternative. When we consider this situation, and that the provisions before referred to are more likely than otherwise to be violated by small children, or at least young people, the law in these particulars seems especially un-

fortunate, and in my opinion tend to make all the provisions to which they might be attached either unpopular and therefore hard to enforce, or a dead letter. It seems to me that something should be done to correct these conditions.

I reiterate what I have already said in my former reports upon the subject of preventing unnaturalized foreign-born residents to even be possessed of a gun in any public place. There is not a county in this Commonwealth where this class is found in any considerable numbers that has not had its annual bill of expenses seriously increased because of wrongs that are directly attributable to the possession of firearms by these people. Five of the officers of this Commission have been shot at during this year by members of this class of people. One of them, Seely Houk, of Newcastle, Lawrence county, was cruelly shot to death. He was an honest man, a good citizen, a painstaking, conscientious officer, ready at all times to do and dare and to risk his life to defend the right. I cannot refrain from asserting that in my opinion this Commission has lost the help of one whose place will be hard to fill, and that it is our duty to do our utmost not only to punish those who perpetrated this wrong, but to see to it that, if possible, this power of evil be taken from these people. I therefore again recommend the adoption of some law that makes it a crime, punishable by heavy penalty, both fine and imprisonment, for any unnaturalized foreign-born resident to be possessed of firearms of any description in any public place or outside of his or their own private dwelling. This, as a protection to our people, as well as to our game and wild birds. I have had printed upon cloth and posted throughout the State several thousand posters in Slavic and Italian, calling the attention of these people to our law as it now stands, and citing the heavy penalties that might attach to a violation of its provisions. These circulars, I am sure, have done and are doing great good. Still, I feel that we should go further in this direction and insure, as far as possible, not only the safety of our game and birds, but also the peace of our Commonwealth.

I will not attempt to specifically state the number of complaints received, the number of prosecutions brought, or the reasons therefor, during the past year, but take pleasure in asserting that, notwithstanding the fact that we have many more officers and very many more people interested in our work than ever before, the number of complaints filed and the number of prosecutions brought has fallen short of the number reached last year, excepting in the matter of violations by the unnaturalized foreign-born resident. I desire especially to report that many dogs caught running game have been killed under the provisions of the new law, and that the running of deer by dogs, which was only a few years ago a great evil, has been reduced to a minimum.

I beg to report that the work of the committee appointed to distribute the funds appropriated by the last Legislature for the establishment of preserves and progagation of game, is moving in the direction of its appointment and progressing as fairly as might be expected. We have located three sites for preserves—one in Clinton county, one in Clearfield county, and one in Franklin county. All of them most favorably located, where the increase of game that may be propagated therein will overflow into a like favorable country. We have received quotations upon wire, etc., and are ready to inclose same with the single wire as soon as business claims will permit.

We have brought into this State from Alabama and distributed mainly through the officers of this Commission 3,547 quail, and in addition 600 of these birds from the same place to the use of sportsmen of Lebanon county, said sportsmen paying for same and having the birds shipped to them direct. We have failed up to this time to secure other game, either deer or turkeys, which I fully expected to do—turkeys from out the State and deer from preserves in this Commonwealth.

For some years past certain of our preserve owners have shown a disposition to ignore the game laws within the limits of their fences. This, in the face of numerous decisions to the effect that no one can secure absolute property in game, and that game in preserves and fish in private ponds are subject to the general laws of the State. The proprietors of these preserves contend that the game therein is their private property, and that they have the right to kill at pleasure, and also the right to dispose of the same as they might see fit. In the belief that these statements relative to the overstocking of preserves were correct, I expected to purchase and attempted to negotiate for a limited number of deer alive from each of the several preserves without our Commonwealth, said deer to be released from said confines and to be allowed to wander at will. Much to my surprise and disappointment, I was in every instance notified that said preserves were not overstocked and that the owners had no deer to sell.

My search for turkeys has met with the same result. Either there are but few turkeys on the market or I have not been able to reach those who control them. I am of the opinion therefore that we must depend upon our own stock for an increase, and to do this it devolves upon us to give them better care and protection than heretofore.

I take great pleasure in stating that I am in receipt of most favorable reports regarding the increase of our native turkeys. Many nests have been discovered and birds are being seen in sections where it was thought they had been absolutely exterminated. In this connection I desire to say that the same reports are being received relative to the ruffed grouse and the imported quail; also that many coveys of our native quail have been discovered in sections where until last fall hunters failed to find a single bird.

I have rewritten and added to my circular letter entitled "Save Our Birds," dwelling particularly upon the necessity of trapping and caring for our quail during the winter. I have introduced cuts representing the methods whereby these birds can be the most easily secured and kept during that time, altogether to my mind forming a most beneficial circular. Same is now in the hands of the State printer.

I herewith attach a copy of my account with H. M. Long & Sons, of Wyeth City, Ala., from whom we secured quail for restocking purposes, the number bought and distributed being 3,547; also a copy of my record showing the disposition of the birds. When the shipments of these birds began to arrive from the South, we found the birds packed in boxes more like dead herring than anything else—no water and but little protection from injury on the road. The mortality list in my table shows the result. To a very great extent, those birds arriving alive were in a most exhausted condition, staggering and ready to die at short notice. I wrote to the shippers several times without result, and finally telegraphed them that I would no longer be a party to such cruelty, and that they must stop shipments until water could be introduced into the boxes and better protection insured. This was done, and again the list of dead in said table will show the result. Owing to the crude and cruel manner in which these birds were boxed in the South, it became necessary for me to construct new boxes equipped with watering troughs, and to immediately transfer the quail to these crates upon their arrival in this city. This was done in our office by Mr. Berrier, Mr. Black and myself. Without the actual experience, it is hard for any one to realize just the amount of labor necessary to accomplish this task.

I desire also to call the attention of the Commission to the fact that a strong effort will be made before our coming Legislature to secure the passage of an act requiring all resident hunters to secure a license before shooting in this State, the main purpose being to secure revenue wherewith to run the Game Commission, to establish preserves, to purchase and propagate game for distribution throughout the Commonwealth. The effect of such a law will also prevent irresponsible people, such as boys and worthless men, from traveling over the State with guns.

Bears and Lions in Washington.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 2.—Alta Russell, a sixteen-year-old girl living on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains, 200 miles west of Spokane, is the envy of all other girls in this part of the country who attempt to hunt large game, and there are several of them. A few days ago, this young sportswoman killed her sixth bear, a fine, large specimen. Alta Russell is the daughter of John Russell, who lives in the Teton basin, a section which is attracting a great deal of attention because of the Government's irrigation enterprises. She and her sister were out hunting on Indian creek, three miles above her father's farm, when they chanced upon a large black bear on the trail. Whether the animal would have let them alone if they had let him alone, cannot be said, for the nervy little girl gave him no opportunity to decide. As quick as she caught sight of him, she fired with her rifle and wounded him. This made matters worse, for after he had been hit, there was no uncertainty as to what the animal intended. He was maddened by the wound and started for the two girls. Alta knew that if they attempted to run it would be their last hunting trip, so she stood unmoved until he came nearer and fired a second shot with truer aim, which killed him. The girls have spent all their lives in the mountains, and have hunted not only in that section, but in other famous hunting districts in the Spokane country.

Henry Honenkrat has killed his eighth mountain lion this season in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains, east of Spokane. He is a trapper and not a hunter. Last week he brought in five skins of this animal to the county commissioners at Wallace, Idaho, and will receive $75 bounty. Besides the bounty, he receives $7 apiece for the hides. The animals were trapped near Kingston, Idaho, seventy-five miles east of Spokane. B.

Rabbits and Farm Crops.

Too many of the so-called game laws are made for the benefit of the sportsmen rather than the preservation of insectivorous birds or beneficial animals. We have heretofore spoken of the protection of rabbits in many States. There is no possible reason for the protection of these pests of the farm, except to give sport to the idle fellows who follow their beagles over the farmers' land without any regard for the farmer or his crops. No close season is needed for rabbits, for no matter when or how they are hunted they will increase more than is desirable to the farmer. And now we hear that on Long Island they are having a pest of jack rabbits, which are far worse than our common hare. Sportsmen turned loose there a large number of these long-eared gentry and they have increased to such an extent that the crops of the truck farmers have suffered greatly. We do not believe that if the matter was carried to the higher courts that any farmer could be fined for shooting any wild animal that is a pest to his crops at any time he chooses to do so. No one has a right for mere sport to turn out a lot of animals that prey on the farmers' crops, and every farmer has the natural right to protect his farm and crops from trespass by wild animals or by the idle fellows that hunt them. All that is needed is for the farmers to unite in testing the ridiculous game laws that are made solely for the sportsmen. As it is now, the fruit grower must stand by and let the robins eat his cherries and the jack rabbits and little rabbits eat his garden truck, and under the game laws he cannot shoot them. The law guarantees every man peaceable possession of his lands, and these are serious trespasses, and we believe that under any sensible bill of rights the farmer has the right to protect his land from trespass. It is mainly a craze for sport at the expense of the farmer.—The Practical Farmer, Philadelphia, June 9.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Utah's Trout Waters.

UTAH'S open season for trout began June 15, but for all that, the hundreds of anglers and "fishermen" who have industriously tramped the banks of our many good trout streams daily —and Sunday, too—have so far done little damage to shy *Salmo fontinalis* and his relatives Truth is, every stream in Utah is running bankfull, and tons of picturesque mountain scenery are being rapidly shifted to the lowermost levels of the great fertile valleys by the mighty downrush of the melting snows.

First and last no less than a thousand ambitious fly-casters whipped the waters of the various streams on opening day; all kinds of tackle and lure were used, from the delicately fashioned fly to the lowly and succulent angleworm; it is estimated that the day's aggregate catch did not exceed one trout to each ten rods. Snow waters continue to roll murkily toward the valleys, and conservative men—fisherwise and otherwise—opine that the "Eastern tourist" who happens along here about the middle of July and thereafter will about "strike it right" for the big old lunkers, who put up the gamiest fight of any fish that swims.

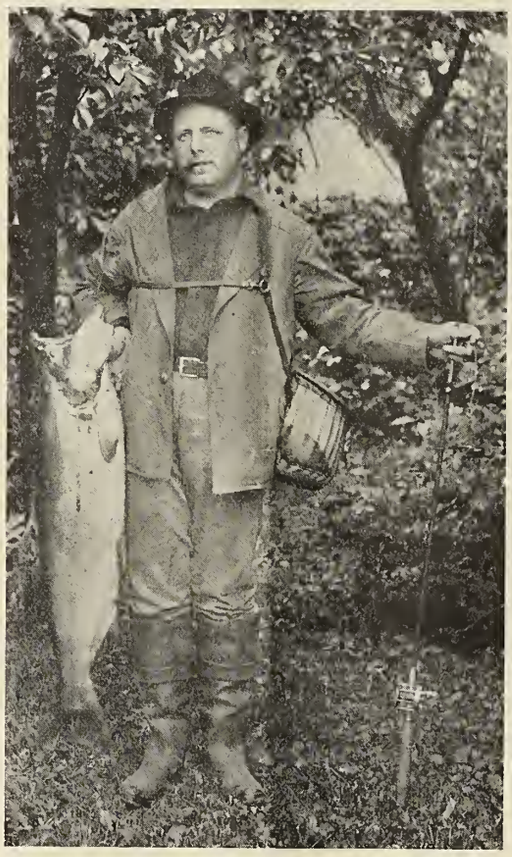
A most active angler is Uncle John Sharp, a grizzled youth of some sixty-five summers—no winters, thank you—who is also State Fish and Game Commissioner. Uncle John has tramped over every foot of territory in the State since forty odd years back; he knows the exact location of more good "holes" than even the redoubtable Fisher Harris, a right smart expert with the flies, but whose chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that he evolved the "See America First" movement while on a short trip to Dreamland.

About a year ago Uncle John—he is really the Nestor of fly-casting in Utah—was caught in an ice pack; his right arm was rather seriously injured, and as a consequence he is compelled to use a 16-foot double-handed special. It seems a little odd to watch him with his big salmon outfit, but there is not a single pool in the country he cannot throw his fly across. This grizzled game warden—by the way, he is the first, last and only official of that title in Utah, now being in the tenth year of incumbency—packed up a day or two before the 15th, and with young Jack Tingey, son of the Secretary of State, hied him to the famed Strawberry, a stream noted for the size, abundance and beauty of the trout hidden in its waters. Tingey, Jr., comes by his love of angling honestly, his father being one of the most ardent and expert casters in the whole West. Jack is six or eight feet tall, and is still growing some. These two, accompanied by Deputy Game Warden Billy Ritter, who is the only deputy under pay in the State, fished several affluents of the Strawberry as well as the river itself; their joint day's catch was just three small ones. A number of anglers from Salt Lake City and several of the smaller towns failed to get enough to "scent the frying-pan." And such is the story wherever you go. You meet a fellow who knows "where there is a deep hold with 'leven old wallopers in it," but when you ask him to chart the particular neck of the woods wherein that hole lies, he shuts up like a jack-knife and say nary a word more. Meantime those who eat trout are paying the restaurants 90 cents for three little weanlings that boost the price to 15 cents per mouthful.

Contrary to the generally accepted Eastern idea, Utah has some fine trout waters. The Salt Lake visitor can get fair sport within a few miles—in a few instances via trolley. A score of good trout streams are to be found within less than sixty miles—all accessible by rail. And while the run of trout may not be so large as those taken in Wyoming and Idaho, four and five-pounder are by no means uncommon.

Bear Lake is alive with natives—"red-throats," according to Dr. Henshall—easily averaging five pounds; Commissioner Sharp says he saw several taken by net from this lake the present month weighing eight and ten pounds each, and was told of one which tipped the scale at eighten pounds. Speaking of this finest of all food fishes, Mr. Sharp spoke of their wanton destruction by the netters of Idaho as follows:

"Bear Lake is partly in Idaho, partly in Utah. Utah legislates against netting; Idaho does not. Though these trout live in the lake,



MR. STOCKDALE'S SALMON.

they seek the streams for spawning, showing that they are the regular native of the Western country. They spawn in June, seeking the lake shores and following them till they are caught in the nets or escape them and find their spawning beds up the river. Of course, these vandals with their nets take good care that few, if any, shall escape. For a mile on both sides of the lake, leading to the river, nets are set, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, some one has staked a battery of nets about 200yds. above the mouth of the river. When I was there a couple of weeks ago these vandals were taking the spawners at the rate of 500 to 2,000 pounds a day. None but the ignorant or criminal would do this—it is the same kind of a fellow who would kill a setting hen and sell her, or slaughter a cow with calf. Of course, Utah suffers through the laxness of Idaho's laws. If properly protected, this lake would afford splendid trout fishing for generations; would, in fact, be a source of considerable income to the State and the people; but unless something is done, and done quickly, there will be no trout in the lake. And they are such gamy fighters, too. It is a pity and shame."

When it comes to fish and game protection, Utah's Legislature is mighty mean and short-sighted. Hands out about $3,000 a year for salaries, hatchery expenses, and the like, and then asks, rather proud-like, "Where's that 50 cents I gave you week before last?" Mr. Sharp receives $1,000 a year—about enough to pay for the irrigation of his lawn grass. Deputy Ritter receives $600 a year and the State hatchery receives a like sum. The other $800 is kinder dribbled for such necessary odds and ends as must be had. Yet, with all these drawbacks, Utah plants 2,000,000 fry a year. The railroads help with several hundred thousand additional. Mr. Sharp's ambition is to plant 10,000,000 fry a year in Utah waters. "If the State would give me $1,000 a year I could do it, too," he says. The State has a good hatchery and a competent man to look after it. With 10,000,000 fry annually, Utah would afford ideal angling. Some idea of the extent of Utah's trout streams may be had when it is known that there are some 115 mountain streams here capable of supporting trout life under the best of conditions for their perfect development: in all, a length of over 1,000 miles.

The best of these is the famed Strawberry, where native trout weigh up to six and seven pounds, where two- and three-pounders are usual, and where 200 and 300 trout may be taken in a day—if one belongs to the great order of Game Hogs. Next in importance are the Provo, the Bear, and the uppper portion of the Ogden.

Several 7-pounders were killed in the Provo last summer, and there be dozens of ambitious anglers who purpose repeating this feat during the summer. The Provo affords pretty nearly 100 miles of picturesque fishing, and can be reached by two steam roads. Its lower reaches are rather over-done, because of its accessibility on Sundays. One should strike for the higher and more inaccessible parts of this noble stream.

The Weber is as full of pretty and fascinating pools as a blushing girl's face is full of dimples and changing expressions. Here one encounters some savage old campaigners, cautious and wary of strange flies as a self-made man is of new schemes. But there are anglers of the earnest, painstaking sort, who seldom fail to return with the 20-pound limit tucked snugly in their leather-bound creels. The run of trout is large; like most of the Western mountain trout, they are the native red-throats. This Weber River is a mighty busy little stream, and reminds one of the truculent Neversink, in Sullivan county, N. Y., except the Neversink is twice or more larger. Both hurry and both sing loudly—one would better say shout. The upper reaches of the Weber—it is a good trout stream for fully 100 miles—from Wanship to Hallidaysburg, where are many handsome summer homes—afford the angler opportunity to fill his creel with little exertion. Many deep pools there are; in each there is one or more gay fellow waiting for the right morsel of fluffy feather to tempt him to his last battle royal. This is one of the best streams in Utah; it is easily accessible by rail at many points, and trains are timed for the accommodation of anglers.

Bear River carries a great volume of water down to the great Salt Lake; it, too, is a splendid stream, affording seventy-five to a hundred miles of good fishing ground. Like all the other big rivers of Utah, the Bear is born away up in the Uintah range, where the altitude is 13,000 feet and better. The Bear is not so popular as the Weber and Provo, probably because it is not quite so accessible. But it offers beau-

ON MINK CREEK—ONE OF UTAH'S TROUT WATERS.

tiful sport with the big ones to him who will take the trouble to seek its banks.

Utah also has two notable lakes which offer good sport: Fish Lake, in Sevier county, accessible by rail, and Panguitch Lake, which is some 250 or 300 miles from Salt Lake City. This distance includes a stage ride of some sixty miles to the town of Panguitch, and a further ride of fifteen miles to the lake—an ideal spot for camp life. The ice cold waters have been stocked with natives; these now range from five to six pounds in weight, and fight like one possessed the minute they feel the prod of the barb. The only way one can keep within the law's limit is to cast with barbless hooks and give his quarry a more liberal "run for his life or his money."

Utahans are coming to realize that good fishing is a State asset—that well-stocked streams offer temptation to the stranger to linger within their midst, to spend his money in the State. This sentiment is abating lawless destruction of game fish. Eight of the largest towns in the State have their local fish and game protective associations, and there is a similar State association with a large membership now in formation. So keen and universal is the desire to protect the trout that every member is a voluntary game and fish warden. The greatest source of fish destruction is by "shooting"; it is a hard task to apprehend the vandal who carries a stock of dynamite where he ought to wear his conscience—if he had one. Market-fishing is largely on the wane; private fish ponds have robbed the market fisherman of his avocation. Commissioner Sharp each year sells a portion of the State fry to private pond owners. These latter supply hotels, clubs, etc., and as the source is more certain than the market fisherman, the latter has almost disappeared, leaving the real owners of the fish in the streams a better opportunity to come into their own. There is no gainsaying that the Commissioner's policy has caused considerable adverse criticism, many anglers claiming that the full hatch should be placed in the public streams. Mr. Sharp maintains, however, that by dividing up the fry as he does, he is educating the people up to a higher ideal, and if let alone for a short while, he will have sufficient fry for both public streams and private ponds. "At best," says Mr. Sharp, "it is an expedient; but the best expedient that offers a depleted treasury." Right or wrong, Mr. Sharp has the confidence of even his critics; "honest, but misguided," is their way of putting it. However, he says if the Legislature will come to his aid with a little larger appropriation next session, he promises to demonstrate to the satisfaction of every public-spirited citizen that his plan will inure to the good of all.

GAGE.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 29.

THE CAMPER'S FRIEND.

Pure Milk is desirable wherever you camp, one or one thousand miles from civilization. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk always opens up perfectly fresh, pure and satisfactory. It is the first item thought of by the veteran camper.—*Adv.*

A Clackamas River Salmon.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose photograph of a Chinook salmon, which I took on a spoon in the Clackamas River. The Clackamas is about thirty-five miles from Portland, and is reached from the city by the electric railway.

I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for years, and when I read of parties in the East going miles to capture a salmon, I thought perhaps it would be interesting to hear that we can take an electric car at 7:30 A. M. in Portland, have about eight hours' fishing, and be home by 7:30 P. M.; and sometimes land a good salmon like the one in the photo.

This salmon was taken by casting a spoon from the rocks on shore, and was brought to gaff in from forty to fifty minutes from the time it struck.

The dimensions taken the same night (June 10, 1906) were: Length, 41in; girth, 21½in.; weight, 26 pounds.

J. E. STOCKDALE.

Newfoundland Salmon.

THE LOG CABIN, Newfoundland, June 22.—Dr. McCullough, who is staying here at the Log Cabin, has killed twenty-six salmon from June 4. He had never fished for salmon before in his life.

CHAS. E. DODD.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

A GOOD STRING MAKES A GLAD HEART.

New England Fishing is Good.

Boston, July 7—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Glowing accounts are coming in from the various resorts of southeastern Massachusetts of fine sport with the rod and reel. From Cottage City comes the report that not for a number of years have the boats brought in such catches of bluefish as within the last two weeks. From eighteen to twenty-eight blues to a boat caught on a single tide is the record. Other fish taken in large numbers are scup, squeteague (often erroneously called sea-trout) and bass. Squeteague are also plentiful in Buzzard's Bay waters, one skipper and his party bringing into Onset 105, as the result of a half-day's fishing. Other localities on the bay are equally favored. The bay has been looked after with great zeal, and the menhaden seiners have been kept out by the efforts of the Old Colony Club under the leadership of the late Mr. Jefferson and of Ex-President Cleveland.

The fishing has been the magnet that has attracted the city men to the shores of the bay, and has led to the erection of palatial summer residences in every town on the bay shore. In fact, the summer business has become, of late years, the chief source of revenue in the Cape towns with the possible exception of Provincetown, which is still the center of a considerable industry in commercial fishing. The conditions which existed fifty years ago, when every Cape town sent out vessels to the fisheries, and many of them sent ships to every quarter of the globe, have undergone a wonderful transformation. So great has been the advantages to the Buzzard's Bay towns from the prohibition of net, pound and seine fishing, that the trend of public sentiment now is towards increasing the area of restricted waters.

On the Kennebec River the local fishermen are at present receiving a revenue quite out of the ordinary, thanks to the U. S. Fisheries Bureau, which has sent the steamer "Fish Hawk" into the stream to collect shad-roe. The scarcity of spring shad this year, caused the fishermen much anxiety, lest what has been a lucrative industry should slip away from them. A launch follows the fishermen at night and they strip the eggs from the female fish and the milt from the male into a pan furnished by the steamer. These impregnated eggs are collected and quickly deposited in the hatching jars and tanks on board the Government steamer. The fishermen receive $20 a million for catching and stripping, but if they only catch and do not strip, they are paid half that amount. It is a work of so much importance to the fishermen, that they are rendering the Government employees all the assistance in their power.

Trout and Salmon.

As the spring fishing this year was late, so too the excess of rain and the low temperature made the fly-fishing later than usual, but the warm air of the last two weeks has worked a change for the better. Universal success meets the host of anglers, men and women, whipping the waters of the Rangeleys. Mrs. J. W. Carr of New York, Mrs. W. W. Coolidge of Salem, Mrs. Pierce of Portsmouth, N. H. and Mrs. Pike of Pittsfield are accredited with record fish. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Nason of Boston, have passed several days in a trip to Kennebago, and both have had great success in securing trout and salmon.

Mr. A. H. Wilbur of Brocton, has to his credit one 2, one 4 and one 6½-pound salmon. His friend Mr. Dunham has taken two 4-pounders and one weighing 5¼ pounds, but Miss L. M. Dudley took one larger yet, a laker of 7¾ pounds. Messrs. Perkins and Farrar of Lowell, record lakers of 7½ and 7¾ pounds. Dr. J. F. R. Biron of Amesbury, is making a tour of the Rangeleys on his way to Round Mountain Lake. Mr. V. F. Prentice, a prominent Worcester angler, has been passing several weeks at Rangeley and secured many good trout and salmon while there. Mr. Harry Dutton of Boston, has gone in with his auto and will occupy his magnificent camp "Metalluc Lodge," Umbagog. Mr. Lewis Parkhurst, the well-known publisher, with his son has taken by instruments the height of Bald Mountain, finding it to be 950 feet above the surface of the lake, or 3,000 feet above sea-level. The largest fish of the season at Upper Dam was taken by the veteran angler from Connecticut, R. N. Parish. While at King and Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Becker of New York, caught 587 trout, 59 salmon and 16 lakers, but returned more than half of them to the water, retaining only enough to supply the camp table. Mr. S. F. Teele of Somerville and several friends, have just started homeward with a good supply of fish to distribute among their friends at home. Mr. M. H. Hardwick of Boston, the watercolor artist, is dividing his time at Lake Webb between the palette and the rod. This lake received much attention from Commissioner Stanley for several years and is showing the good results of his admirable work. The meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association this week at Kineo, brought together more than 200 people.

Central.

On the Beaverkill.

The Beaverkill at last. After five years (I have not seen much of the river yet) I find many changes in its rapid course. New channels have been made and several of the smaller pools have vanished. It will always be an ideal stream for trout, and they are here still—plenty of them—although the season for really good fishing is about over on the lower reaches.

The water is quite warm now, and but few natural flies are hatching. A few rises may be seen in the evening—none during the heat of the day.

I spent my first evening on the stream, of course, and was considerably bored by the silver chub or windfish (known as the fallfish in Pennsylvania). These rascals fell in love with the small fly I was using, hook number 14, and I creeled five of the largest—some people are fond of them. I killed three good trout with the same fly and "a big one got away," so I think that sport was fair. Yesterday afternoon the heat was intense, a storm was brewing. I lingered too long by the river side and was drenched by the rain before I reached the house. Six trout, one really good fish. The wind has now shifted to the northwest, and the air is like wine, cool and stimulating to weary bodies. I hope that the temperature of the water will be lower, and the fishing better after this change.

I regret that I am too late for the rise of the grannom. I know of no other stream where this fly is so numerous as it is on the Beaverkill. The first half of June is the season for it, and it sometimes rises in swarms at sunset and after. When

ON THE PORTNEUF, IDAHO.

on the wing, these flies are always seen moving up stream; no matter where you are, they are flying up, yet they must have an ultimate destination. The first successful imitation of the grannom was made by using the crest feathers of a kingfisher for the legs. This feather is very small and several may be used. Some kingfishers have black crests. These are useless for the purpose; they must be dark blue, or dun colored, but these feathers are too soft for a floating fly.

I am told that rain enough has fallen to insure good crops, so we shall not lack for fruit and vegetables. I trust that we shall have no drouth this year. When I was here last, many of the small tributary brooks dried up entirely and thousands of little trout died upon the dry stones and gravel. Several men have told me this season that all fishing in these small streams should be prohibited. The fry brought from the State hatcheries are placed in them, and some men and boys ignore the six inch law when fishing in such water. I have seen a lad come from one of these brooks with a string nearly as long as his arm. He had a few decent trout, but the majority were fingerlings. These tributaries are nurseries for the supply of the large streams with good sizable trout, fish that will make the angler's heart beat faster when he hooks them.

The river is right in front of the house and when a new man arrives, you can see that he is restless and ill at ease. Soon he disappears for a few minutes, his oldest togs are mounted and one sees him hurrying to the stream. He is sure that a big trout is waiting for him in the first large pool. He does not always catch the fish, but he is happy nevertheless. Usually he thinks that he has hooked it or has seen it rise. If he does not kill it to-day, he will to-morrow or the next day. The pleasures of anticipation are great. Hope never dies in the angler's breast, and provided that he can cast his flies upon bright waters, he is satisfied. A little luck now and then is enough, and he is better pleased with one good fish than fifty seven-inchers.

Beaverkill, July. Theodore Gordon

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Shipping Live Fish.

Consul-General Richard Guenther writes from Frankfort that experiments made in Germany with reference to cheap transportation of live fish have demonstrated that all kinds of fish can live for days outside of their natural element, water, under certain conditions.

This apparently wonderful fact will be easily understood by examining the breathing apparatus of fish. The gills of fish are an organ similar to the human lungs; the blood in them comes up close to the surface. The lungs exchange for the outside air, rich in oxygen, carbonic acid which has been formed in the lungs. On the other hand, the gills of fish are constantly washed by water containing oxygen. The thin membrane of the gills separates the blood in them, vitiated with carbonic acid, from the water containing oxygen, and the practical result is the same as with the human lungs. Carbonic acid is exchanged for oxygen.

It had been noticed long ago that many kinds of fish could live out of water for some time, provided that the gills remain wet. The experiments made aimed at keeping the gills wet and to see to it that this moisture be well charged with oxygen. In order to keep the gills wet the evaporation of the moisture of the gills had to be prevented; for this purpose the fish were placed in an atmosphere thoroughly saturated with water vapor. An hermetically closed wooden box was filled with water to the depth of about one-third of an inch, or the bottom was covered with wet rags, which through evaporation kept the air in the box always saturated with water vapor. The fish were placed in a box which was then shut hermeticall by the lid.

Through a tube, reaching to the bottom, oxygen was introduced and allowed to escape through a tube in the lid. This oxygen before entering the box passed through several water bottles which thoroughly saturated it with water vapor. In this way the fish are always in a pure oxygen atmosphere and a drying up of the gills is not to be feared. The result of the experiments was surprising. Carp, tench, bleak and other fish remained in the box for from three to four days perfectly well. When they were then placed into water to be fed, they swam about in a lively manner and appeared perfectly fresh.

It is expected that this mode of transportation for fish will become popular, as it is much more economical than shipping live fish in water tanks. By the latter method the weight of every shipment was 93 to 96 per cent. water.

The Calais Salmon Pool.

A case has finally been made against a salmon spearer in the Calais, Me., municipal court, and the defendant has been held for trial. The prosecution was brought through the detective work of Sea and Shore Fisheries Warden Nathaniel J. Hanna, of New Harbor. A correspondent writes:

"It seems that all it was necessary to do was to send down a general warden who was not influenced by local conditions. The offender in drifting and in dynamiting the pool was also arrested, as I am informed, and has now left Calais and gone to Bangor. This seems to show that the agitation by a private citizen who is interested in the preservation of our fisheries may accomplish some good. Now, if, without neglecting the poachers, the authorities will attend to the sawdust and driftwood, the Calais pool will again become a great pool, and the salmon in the river will multiply; and by most epicures they are considered better than the St. John's River salmon, the Restigouche salmon and the Penobscot salmon, and quite equal, if not superior, to the salmon of the Kennebec, the Miramichi and those of the rivers of the north shore of the St. Lawrence."

Four or five years ago a party of us were woodcock shooting. Among the number was Mack, who that day shot his first bird; he wrung the cock's neck and pocketed it. A couple of hours later we all stood together, when Mack felt something move in his pocket. He put his hand in and out again with a frightened motion, when the woodcock popped out and sailed over the tree tops. About the time he was out of range we began to wake up, and six or eight shots were fired at him, but he went on.

No-Name.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

12. Indian Harbor, New York thirties.
12. Eastern, Dark Harbor to Cranberry Isle.
12. Quincy, ladies'.
13. Indian Harbor, special.
13. Eastern, run to Bar Harbor.
14. Brooklyn, off Bensonhurst.
14. Indian Harbor, annual.
14. Chicago to Mackinac, long distance race.
14. Royal Canadian, 30ft., 14ft. and dinghy classes.
14. Westhampton, Great South Bay Y. A.
14. Boston, cruise.
14. Corinthian, Marblehead.
14. Keystone, club.
14. Wianno, club.
14. Hingham, O. D. C.
14. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
14. Wollaston-Columbia, inter-club.
14. A.P.B.A. rendezvous, Manhasset.
14. Eastern, dinner, fleet disbands.
14. Cohasset.
14. Columbia, Mass., interclub.
14. American, Newburyport, dories.
14. Winthrop, handicap.
14-21. Seawanhaka-Atlantic-Corinthian joint cruise.
14-21. Atlantic, cruise.
15. Winthrop, ladies'.
15. Narragansett Bay, Y. A. R., race week, Edgewood.
15. Newport.
16. Edgewood, open, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
17. East Gloucester, championship.
17. A. P. B. A., cruise, fleet at Newport.
17. Narragansett, Y. R. A., Washington Park.
18. Rhode Island, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
18. Narragansett, Y. R. A., Rhode Island.
18. Newport.
19. Narragansett Y. R. A., Prudence Island.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups.
20. Narragansett Y. R. A., Fall River.
20. Kennebec, cruise.
20. Seawanhaka-Atlantic-Corinthian, at Newport.
21. Bristol, open, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
21. Corinthian, Marblehead.
21. Winthrop, Y. R. A., Nahant.
21. Royal Canadian, first, 20ft. and 16ft. classes.
21. Larchmont, Hartford, Y. R. A.
21. Moriches, Quantuck.
21. Wianno, club.
21. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
21. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Bensonhurst, open.
21. Taunton, power boats.
21. Cohasset, club.
21. Narragansett Y. R. A., Bristol.
21-28. Larchmont race week.

CRUISING.

THE sport of yachting includes many phases of life upon the water, dependent mainly on the time or inclination of the man or woman who seeks excitement, recreation or rest in sailing.

For many, cruising holds the greatest charm of yachting, and along a coast that is plentifully supplied with safe harbors, and which offers a great variety in the aspect of the land, nothing could be more enjoyable than to sail from port to port, observing the character of the coast and its people, their dwelling places and their boats.

Cruising to-day enjoys a well deserved popularity, but in our larger yachts its social aspect too often overshadows the main object of a cruise. Yet there are many enthusiasts among small boat sailors who yearly cruise considerable distances, sailing and caring for their boats in every required capacity from coók to masthead man. Generally, however, the sport of cruising is not carried on so intelligently as it should be, and a number of causes contribute to hold it back. The obstacles to progress may often be traced to the hurry and rush with which we all take our vacations. Often no time is spent ashore, except at night or in early morning prior to setting out for a run to some distant point. Such haste does not permit to the yachtsman the proper enjoyment or observation of his surroundings; for till the anchorage is reached, his attention has to be devoted to picking up marks or carrying out rapidly given orders that always accompany the entrance or exit from a crowded anchorage, or through a narrow fairway.

There are many cruising yachtsmen or women who are very able and clever with pen and pencil, and yet who get home from a cruise with a few photographs as the sole evidence of what they have seen or done.

Sailing at sea, outside of the interest attached to navigation, soon becomes monotonous, unless there is an object in view. It is in the observation of passing ships and the association ashore with the peculiar but often gentle men that follow the sea that we shall find the greatest possibilities and interest.

The small rivers and creeks afford opportunities for fishing and hunting that are still unknown to many, for seldom are brought home tales of such experiences.

The art of cruising then should be considered in a different aspect from what it is at present, in order that those who find pleasure in sailing and traveling in their own vessels, may be tempted from home, to enjoy the constantly varying land and seascape. In that way they may rediscover those small and quaint harbors that hold the greatest interest for the cruising man, and that offer him the most varied and delightful form of recreative life that any sport within the ken of man affords.

Southern Letter.

SATISFACTION and enthusiasm is running high in the South over the fact that the Southern Y. C. of New Orleans, is to be represented in the Sonderklasse trial races of the Eastern Y. C. off Marblehead, beginning Aug. 13. This entry is from a design by Small Bros. of Boston, and White of Manchester is the builder. The craft which will be named New Orleans, is the only one for the class to be owned and named outside the Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound contingents, and the participation of the southern boat will give something more of a national tone to the trial races leading up to the international affair in September between the Germans and Americans for the Roosevelt cup. If, perchance, the Southern Y. C. boat is one of the three selected to meet three to be sent over by the Imperial Y. C. of Kiel, the whole of Dixieland would be overwhelmed with gratification.

The cost of the Southern Y. C. craft is $1,500 and it is figured that the expenses for the crew and boat will foot up about $2,000 more. The money was raised by the popular subscription plan among the club's 800 members, the idea being to get as many yachtsmen personally interested in the venture as possible—to make it a club affair entirely, and to have it clothed with as much patriotic home sentiment as could be.

If the Sonderklasse boats take with favor, there is no doubt but that the class will be taken up in the Southern Y. C. and that it will be represented in future German-American contests, also. Vice-Com. S. F. Heaslip, who is the leading spirit in the present enterprise, says that if the boats prove likely little racers, he will have a second boat built when at Boston and will take both south to form the nucleus of a new class on this coast.

The New Orleans is 37ft. over all, 6ft. 11in. breadth, 5ft. ½in. draft, and her lead keel will weigh 2,000lbs. The club committee negotiated with ten of the leading designers including Herreshoff, as they wanted the best. Small Bros. got the order, as their proposition seemed to show that they had given much study to the conditions of the contest, and the fine work they had done for not only Massachusetts Bay, but for Lake Erie and Lake Michigan yachtsmen, were borne in mind. A large delegation of the members of the Southern Y. C. will go on to Boston to witness the Dutch-Yankee "sailfest," and it is probable that one or more of the large New Orleans steam yachts may be taken up to the scene of the contests.

The sensation of the yachting season in the South this summer in the sailing line, is the marvelous speed shown by the Burgess and Packard designed and built 30-foot cabin yacht Cricket against the speedy and noted imported Northern cracks Calypso, Chewink III. and Cadillac brought here during the past two years. It is a fact worthy of record that this fine racer has probably had more time and money spent on her to get her hull into a smooth and polished condition, than any yacht of her size. Two experienced men have labored more than six months smoothing up her planking and preparing her for the races of the season, and all this on a yacht that was most excellently built and finished but six months before. No cup defender, no, nor even a Croescus or a Maud S. was ever so lovingly and carefully groomed for the fray. The three other contenders in the 30-ft. class, Chewink III., Cadillac and Calypso, are well seasoned, and always in the pink of condition. Cricket is owned by Ex-Com. J. A. Rawlins, Cadillac by Vice-Com. S. F. Heaslip, Chewink III. by Messrs. Robt. Hardie, Ex-Com. J. W. Glenny and Eben Hardie, and Calypso by Ex-Com. A. H. Cooke. In this quartette of able cabin sloops, it is thought that the Southern Y. C. has the best class of "thirties" in the country. This is the opinion here, and it is hinted that Cricket would be matched against any boat of her size anywhere for any amount or marbles. There is talk of arranging a big yachting carnival for this coming fall or winter and of inviting Northern yachtsmen to race against Cricket in particular, for a handsome prize. It will be remembered that New Orleans beat New York in a similar game for a prize of $1,500 in 1884, and the feeling is that it could come pretty near being done again in the coming year of our lord.

The year of 1906 promises to be a red-letter one for the 57-year-old Southern Y. C. in more ways than one. The latest matter over which the members are feeling proud, is the promise of Sir Thomas J. Lipton to donate a handsome cup to the club for whatever class it is desired, to concentrate upon and see fostered along the Mexican Gulf coast. It is probable that the club will ask the trophy for a small class of racing-cruising cabin sloops, such as class "R" of the Universal Rule and the 18ft. cabin sloop knockabouts of the Y. R. Association of Massachusetts. The leading spirits of the club are determined to attempt to make the Southern Y. C. Lipton cup annual event rival in importance that of the Lipton cup of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago, and the desire will be to organize by this stimulus an annual southern inter-state yachting event, if not one of national importance.

LORILLARD DUDLEY SAMPSELL.

ENLARGEMENT OF GAS ENGINE PLANT.—The Foos Gas Engine Company, Springfield, Ohio, the largest exclusive gas engine factory in the world, whose output consists of high grade engines in all sizes and types, have just placed an order for $20,000 worth of machine tools, consisting of lathes, planers, boring mills, drill presses, grinders, etc. Their business so far this year shows an increase of fifty per cent. over any previous year, and this extra equipment will enable them to make prompt delivery of all orders.

Lloyd's Register of American Yachts, 1906

THE activity and prosperity of the present yachting season is mirrored in the annual edition of Lloyd's Register of American Yachts, which has just been launched in new and improved shape. When first published, four years ago, the American register was modeled largely on its English namesake, but the changing conditions of yachting have shown the necessity for a complete rearrangement and revision.

The new volume is deeper than the old (7¼ by 9¼in.) with a proportionate decrease of thickness, thus making a more shapely volume and one more easily handled; while the number of entries has been increased from ten to fifteen to the page. The old arrangement of two separate lists of power and sailing yachts, has been abandoned, and there is now a single list of yachts in alphabetical order. This list includes 3,399 yachts of all types and sizes, from the little 18ft. Okee, which won the recent race from New Rochelle to Block Island, up to such magnificent craft as Lysistrata, Margarita, Lorena, Niagara and the other great steam yachts.

The arrangement of the page has been greatly improved, a smaller but very distinct type giving space for much additional information; in particular, by means of special abbreviations the type of cabin, such as trunk cabin, hunting cabin, etc., is indicated. The particulars of the various types of gas engines, now so generally used in yachts are very fully given, a new feature being the special type of engine, four stroke or two stroke.

One of the most interesting features of the book as indicating the recent growth of yachting in America, is the club list covering thirty-four pages and containing the full particulars of 302 yacht clubs. This list includes the Royal Bermudian Y. C. and the Hawaii Y. C., each conspicuous just now in connection with ocean racing, the Royal Vancouver Y. C. and its neighbor, the Seattle Y. C. (also the new Seattle Power Boat Club) the South Coast Y. C. of lower California, the Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron of Nova Scotia, the Halifax River Y. C., and a dozen other clubs of the Florida peninsula and the Gulf coast, and in addition to the well-known clubs of the coast and the Great Lakes, newer and smaller clubs in every section of the country. The burgees of these clubs fill nine large color plates in addition to twenty-five plates with 1,576 private signals of individual yachtsmen throughout the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the West Indies.

For the first time, the various yachting associations of the country are included; with the rest, the American Power Boat Association.

A specially interesting feature of the club list is the number of new clubs devoted to power boats, many of these with fine club houses and large lists of members being established on the inland rivers where sailing is possible.

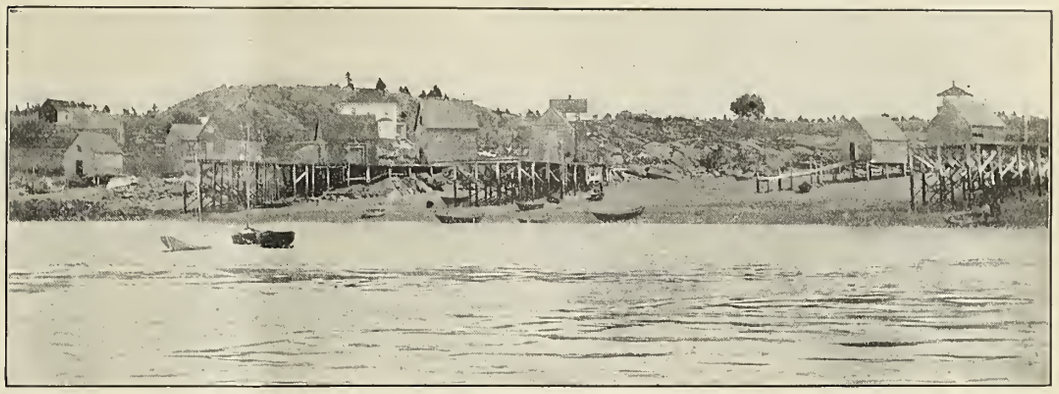
New and very complete lists are given of American designers, yacht builders and sailmakers, making a full directory for this side of the sport.

The list of yacht owners includes some 3,300 names, the address of each owner being given, with the clubs to which he belongs, and the yachts owned by him; a special key number refers to the cut of his private signal in the colored plates.

The book is very handsomely made, bound in blue cloth, with all gilt edges, and with the old seal of Lloyd's Register of Shipping in gold on the cover. It is published by Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 15 Whitehall street, New York.

New Boats on the Gulf Coast.

THE LATEST Northern yachts to go south to help in the good work of modernizing the fleet on the Gulf Coast, are two class A racing machines of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association. The Wahkita is a sister boat to this year's champion Glyndyr, and she won two races out of five against that crack flyer. The second boat is a new craft, and has been named Kibosh, both she and Wahkita being productions of Jones and Laborde, of Oshkosh, Wis. Wahkita is owned by Rear Com. E. L. Jahncke, Zachary Adler and C. A. Sporl, of the Southern Y. C., and Kibosh is the property of Bernard Chotard, Gage Clark and Bert Jones, of the Gulfport (Miss.) Y. C.



A FISHING VILLAGE, CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

The Ideal and the Real.

Notes of a Cruise to Acadie.

BY B. H. W.

(*Continued from page 46.*)

Toward the head of the Cove, southwest from the light, is an old wreck with blackened ribs, visible at low water. It is not marked and must be remembered and avoided by the small boat seeking a snug anchorage.

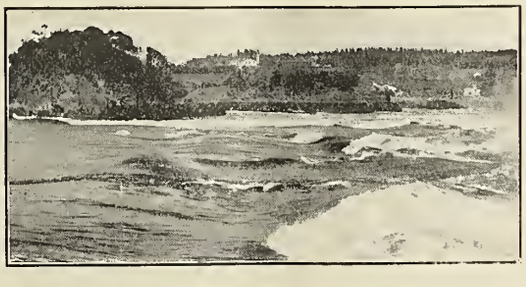
The three following days were perfect and carried us through the islands to Bar Harbor and Winter Harbor for supplies and mail, and up by Petit Manan, through Moosabec, the Quoddy Channel, Lubec Narrows and Passamaquoddy to Bliss Harbor, New Brunswick.

When off Petit Manan the air was so abnormally clear that vessels could be seen, sharp cut, so far away that only the upper half of their topmasts were visible over the sea rim, and this with the S. wind that is so certain to bring with it at this point the gray curtains of fog.

From Bliss Harbor we were two days working our way in calm and fog to Musquash, and at the end had to get the dinghy over and tow the last half mile to make an anchorage inside the heads before the tide should turn and sweep us back. From Point Lepreau to Musquash, salmon broke alongside frequently. In early July many are caught in the open bay and in the harbor mouths in drift nets. We saw ninety taken in one net, but the average catch was small. The fish ran from 16 to 20 pounds in weight.

From Musquash Head on the eastern side of the harbor entrance the high rocky cliffs of the coast trend E.S.E. for a mile and then fall away to the N.E. toward St. John, forming a projecting point. Part of this point—a sheer, black pinnacle, Split Rock—rises from the depths some 60ft. above low water. At times the flood tide sets strongly on to the rock and here we were destined to have our first adventure.

Istar had lain in Musquash all through a foggy night and a calm and foggy morning. Sail was set, the anchor was short, only wind was wanting. At 11, just at the end of the ebb, a little air from S.S.W. tempted us out. We glided slowly along through the grayness, by the bell buoy at the harbor mouth and out into the open bay, expecting to easily get far enough off the land to clear everything. To our surprise we ran almost at once into a high, confused, rippy sea, which shook us up most disagreeably and drifted us along, any end foremost. There was no wind; we had no way on; it was so rough that towing could not be thought of. As quickly as possible the topsail was gotten off. We hoped to drift clear of Split Rock, but the growl of breaking water growing rapidly louder showed that we were getting dangerously close. A shadowy darkness began to loom through the fog. The anchor was let go with a long scope of cable, dragged a few seconds and held us in a tumbling rip of swirling tide, with our stern scarcely 100ft. from the black face of the rock, which towered menacingly above us, its top hidden in the mist. This hiding of the top of a cliff by the fog greatly exaggerates the impression of height, and is most stimulating to one's imagination.



THE EBBING TIDE, ST. JOHN RIVER.

There was no doubt the position was dangerous. Pitching bows under at every jump, the motion was extremely violent. In a minute or two, and before we could lower the mainsail, a vicious plunge snapped the deck bolt holding one of the main sheet blocks, and at the same instant carried away the sling holding the upper peak halliard block. The gaff, in falling, carried away the throat-shackle and the sail came down on the run. Later, when we could go aloft, damages were temporarily repaired. The peak block was secured by a couple of turns of two-inch rope and the throat-shackle by a piece of flexible wire. We were very uncomfortable until 5:30, when the current turned and a little breeze came that enabled us to grope our way back to our anchorage in Musquash. We dined luxuriously on boiled salmon with bacon sauce, hardtack and cocoa, and at 9 P. M. were tucked in our bunks.

The next day there was the same thick fog. At 11:30 ran out again and found a gentle S.W. wind and smooth sea. Gave Split Rock a wide berth and made a course close in by Tiner Point (Negro Head), where there is now a powerful fog signal, a diaphone with a blast of 3 seconds every minute, and groped our way to Partridge Island and into St. John, where we lay for two days making repairs and waiting for mail and wash.

At 12:02 A. M. July 29 we slipped out from St. John bound for Minas Basin. Lay becalmed off Black Point from 2 until 9, when the wind came in strong from W. with the usual thick fog. Made Quaco Light close aboard at 11. Set log and made a course for Cape Chignecto. The ebb was now running 1½ miles an hour to the westward. At the end of each hour our course by compass and distance by log were marked on the chart, and from the point so obtained the drift and set of the tidal current projected. This gave our position with considerable accuracy. The wind gradually failed and at 6 P. M. we were becalmed with Cape Chignecto supposed to be bearing N.E., distant 1½ miles. Shortly before this we had passed through a circle of driftwood about ¼ mile in diameter and revolving in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch. This we took to be at the division of the tides between Cumberland and Minas Channel. This heavy driftwood is a constant menace to a small boat in these waters and makes great vigilance necessary when sailing at night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Yacht Sales.

The sloop Caribou was sold for Mr. J. E. Nichelson, of the Brooklyn Y. C. to Mr. H. D. Crouch of this city, through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city. The yacht is now fitted out and cruising on Long Island Sound.

The same agency has sold the ketch Micco for Mr. A. M. Merriam, of the Eastern Y. C., Boston, Mass., to Mr. L. P. Bayard of this city. She was fitted out at Marblehead, Mass.

The following yachts have also been sold by the same agency:

Knockabout Alice for Mr. Andrew Mack to Mr. DeCoursey Fales of this city.

Cruising launch Gypsy for Mr. O. L. Schwenke to Mr. F. M. Miller, of this city. Mr. Miller and family are now living aboard.

The auxiliary yawl Onawa has been sold by Mr. C. T. Grantham of Hamilton, Can., to Mr. Clarence H. Eagle of this city through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city. The Onawa was built in 1901 by the Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J. She has been fitted out and delivered to Mr. Eagle, and will be used in the vicinity of Sea Girt. The same agency has sold the schooner yacht Zahra for Mr. John M. Cromwell to Mr. Wm. M. Butler of Boston, Mass. Dimensions: 76.6 over all, 51.6 waterline, 7.4 beam, 6ft. draft; designed and built 1904 by Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. Yacht has been fitted out at Cold Spring and is being used by new owner off Nantucket.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

CANADIAN TRIAL RACES FOR FISHER CUP.—On Saturday, June 30 and July 2, took place the trial races to select a challenger for the Fisher cup. The Iroquois, the challenger of last year, showed her superiority over Kee Lox, and will be selected to defend the Fisher cup this year in the races which will be held at Rochester, on Aug. 11.

NEW LAUNCH FOR THE REV. J. A. ASPINWALL.—Recently the Greenport Basin and Construction Co. have completed from their designs a 46ft. cruising launch, equipped with a 40 horsepower Lozier motor for the Rev. J. A. Aspinwall of Washington, D. C. This is Dr. Aspinwall's twenty-third vessel that he has owned or has built.

A BUILDER FAILS.—A Rockaway Park, L. I., boat builder, Geo. A. Rigby, living in Brooklyn, has filed a petition in bankrupcy which shows an indebtedness of $2,462.38 with assets of $819.79.

LIPTON CUP BOATS.—A few days ago, Geo. R. Pierce, Chicago Athletic Club, was in New York to see the Lipton cup boat, Cherry Circle, which Mr. Robert Jacob has just finished from designs by Messrs. Barney and Mower for a syndicate of the Chicago club. It is said that there will be about fifteen boats, old and new, that will compete for the Lipton cup at Chicago, on August 21.

UTOWANA SOLD.—It is reported from London that the auxiliary three masted steam yacht Utowana has been purchased by the German Emperor from Mr. Allison V. Armour of Chicago. The yacht is now cruising in Norwegian waters and upon her return will be delivered to her new owner. Utowana will be placed at the service of the Empress.

Utowana is a steel three masted auxiliary schooner, designed by Mr. J. Beavor-Webb and built by Messrs. Naefie & Levy at Philadelphia, in 1901. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 190ft.; water line, 155ft.; breadth, 27ft. 6in. with a draft of 14ft. 6in.; the engine is three cylinder triple expansion, 10-16-25x20in. stroke. Utowana was entered in Emperor William's ocean race two years ago, and has cruised extensively in foreign waters, and the price paid for the yacht by the Emperor is reported as $75,000.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

Boston, Mass.—Saturday, June 30.

THE open and interclub race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed off the club house, South Boston, on Saturday, June 30, in a stiff N.E. breeze. Fifty-four boats crossed the finish line, making the race one of the best in the history of the club. Of the interclub classes, Kit won in Class A, Vexer in Class B, Wayward in Class C, and Vera II. in the special class. In Class D, Iris won, and Esther won in the dory class. There were two classes of power boats, Luella winning in the second class and Mr. Walter Knight's launch in the third class. The summary:

Interclub—Class A.

	Elapsed.
Kit, H. B. Whittier, Winthrop Y. C.	1 06 06
Alpha, A. F. Leary, S. B. Y. C.	1 11 19
Scntinel, G. H. Crawford, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 13 14
Emma C., F. D. Perkins, S. B. Y. C.	1 19 30
Florence, R. H. Garrity, Col. Y. C.	1 20 16
U & I, A. Leach, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 27 53
Neireid, C. H. Small, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 30 21
Sunward, Dr. Dalrymple, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 39 04

Interclub—Class B.

Vexer, R. J. Murphy, S. B. Y. C.	1 10 05
Goblin, R. Lothrop, Wollaston Y. C.	1 15 06
Comet, H. Greene, Col. Y. C.	1 16 48
Poor Boy, I. Perry, Col. Y. C.	1 24 33
Echo, W. E. Burdy	1 26 34
Flirt, J. Black, Jr., Orient Heights Y. C.	1 27 34
Mosquito, W. C. Cherrington, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 28 06
Newsboy, R. M. Topam	1 31 32
Beth, G. Magnussen, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 38 54
Sea Gull, T. McGome, Wollaston Y. C.	1 39 53

Interclub—Class C.

Wayward, E. Marley, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 10 42
Thialfi, Dr. W. Soule, S. B. Y. C.	1 11 23
Violet, H. J. McKee, S. B. Y. C.	1 13 26
Priton, Thos. Kelly, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 14 19
Nelka, J. Embree, Col. Y. C.	1 11 32
Grandee, A. H. Bacon, Col. Y. C.	1 27 44

Interclub—Special.

Vera II., H. Lundberg, Dor. Y. C.	1 11 38
Zoe, S. J. Stewart, Squantum Y. C.	1 12 09
Bonita, F. F. Leahy	1 14 45
I. X. L., Quincy Y. C.	1 18 09
Revelle, T. J. McAuliffe, Moc. F. Y. C.	1 36 50
Louise, M. Roach, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 40 11

Class D—Y. R. A.—Catboats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iris, F. F. Crane, Quincy Y. C.	1 02 54	1 02 18
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore, Q. Y. C.	1 05 20	1 02 26
Hustler, H. W. Robbin, Quincy Y. C.	1 05 24	1 03 03
Arrawk, H. C. Nickerson, Q.Y.C.	1 05 40	1 04 18
Josephine, M. Smith, Q. Y. C.	1 06 34	1 05 02
Stranger, F. E. Dawes, Col. Y. C.	1 09 57	1 07 13
Dollu II., W. W. Arnold, Q. Y. C.	1 12 34	1 09 38

Class X—Dories.

Esther, W. H. Jackson	0 49 49
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley	0 52 23
Barbara, J. J. Blaney	0 53 09
——, Sidney Dome	0 54 52

Second Class—Power Boats.

Luella, J. W. Reardon, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 52 26
Scheiner, C. Paget, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 52 43
Susie, R. S. McCarten, S. B. Y. C.	0 53 45
Ulala, F. C. Goode, Boston Y. C.	0 55 45
Neirbo, J. D. O'Brien, Mos. F. Y. C.	1 00 27

Third Class—Power Boats.

——, Walter Knight, S. B. Y. C.	0 40 45
Natalie, E. J. Lewis, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 41 19
Pretzel, W. Coughlin, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 45 35
Annie G., S. B. Y. C.	0 46 06
——, J. R. Grose, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 47 28
Ruth, J. Devine, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 47 46
Marguerite, C. R. Rothwell, S. B. Y. C.	0 49 00
Echo, F. Carllso, Mos. F. Y. C.	0 51 20

Hingham Y. C.

Hingham, Mass.—Saturday, June 23.

A RACE between the one-design 15-footers of the Hingham Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 23, in a strong N.E. breeze, and Puzzle won for the fifth time. The summary:

One-Design 15-footers.

Puzzle, W. H. Canterbury	1 34 22
Polly Wog, W. P. Karshick	1 38 51
Abigail, Arthur Rohn	1 40 11
Ruth C., A. M. Stowward	1 41 17
Tenderfoot, R. L. Summers	1 42 10
Marwindor, C. M. Scudder	1 42 50
Ratskin, C. B. Rice	1 42 53
Too-Whoo, S. O. Barnard	1 43 00
Mischief, S. P. Moses	1 44 31
Hanky Pank, Kimball & Stetson	1 46 02
"23," E. J. Bliss	1 46 09
Inez, W. A. Wheaton	1 47 42

Saturday, June 30.

In the seventh race of the Hingham Y. C., sailed in a strong N.E. breeze, Puzzle was beaten for the first time. The race was won by Usona II., with Too-Whoo second and Puzzle third. The summary:

One-Design Class—15-footers—Start, 2:40.

	Elapsed.
Usona II., A. L. Lincoln	1 05 49
Too-Whoo, Frank Coleman	1 07 59
Puzzle, W. H. Canterbury	1 09 37
Polly Wog, W. P. Karshick	1 14 46
Ruth C., A. M. Stoddard	1 16 06
Tenderfoot, R. L. Summers	1 16 42
Inez, W. A. Wheaton	1 16 56
Abigail, Arthur Rohn	1 17 15
Ratskin, Dr. George B. Rice	1 18 06
"23," E. J. Bliss	1 18 18

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—June 24.

THE second club race of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on Saturday, June 24, in a strong N.E. breeze, with a heavy sea. The race was marked by the carrying away of rigging in almost every class. It was especially noteworthy as being the first official meeting between boats of the Sonderklasse, and they were given much to do in their first race, for in spite of the heavy weather, they were sent over the long course of 12½ miles. In the Sonderklasse the boats got into a mixup at the start, owing to Cod sweeping the line while on the port tack. Bonidrei was first to get away, with Hayseed with her. Hayseed carried away a spreader soon after the start and withdrew. Bonidrei led as they went out by the lighthouse, but on the reach to the next mark, Sally VIII. and Sumatra went out ahead, Sally VIII. turning the mark first. Bonidrei was third and Cod fourth. All were carrying whole sail in a double-reef breeze, and as they hauled on the wind, they commenced to get all that was coming to them. Soon after rounding, Cod sprung her weather spreader, and had to pull out. Sally VIII. and Sumatra had a hot contest on the wind, but Sumatra overstood the mark and Sally VIII. turned first, the order remaining the same to the finish. They used spinnakers on the run in, notwithstanding the wind and sea. There was a close race in the 22ft. class between Marie L. and Tyro. Tyro got the start and led to the first mark, but on the windward leg, Marie L. went ahead, and she led to the finish. Nutmeg's fore hatch was carried away, and she lost ten minutes picking it up. In Class Q, Sintram got the start and led around the course. She carried away spreader on the windward leg, but patched things up, and sailed the course. Opitsah II. carried away her jib sheets and withdrew. Chewink IV. led around the course in the 40-rating class, but lost to Carina II. on time allowance. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40ft.

Carina II., C. B. & H. S. Wheelock.	2 16 58	1 59 08
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 07 49	2 07 49

Class E—22-footers.

Marie L., George Lee	2 10 00
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 12 10
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 24 24

Class I—18-footers.

Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 21 18

Sonderklasse.

Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	2 21 37
Bonidrei, G. H. Wightman	2 23 32
Sumatra, Francis Skinner, Jr.	2 24 20
Cod, Dr. Morton Prince	Disabled.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	Disabled.

Class Q—22-Raters.

Sintram, Hollis Burgess	2 20 04
Opitsah II., Tillinghast & Foster	Disabled.

Ocean Race, Saturday June 30.

THE ocean race of the Corinthian Y. C., which was postponed from June 23, was started Saturday evening, June 30, and the boats sailed all night in a howling northeaster, with heavy sea and torrents of rain, finishing early Sunday morning. The course was to the Isles of Shoals and return, giving them a beat to Cape Ann, a lay-to White Island whistling buoy, a broad reach back to Cape Ann and a run to the finish. There were fourteen starters in four classes, and all but two of them finished. The smaller classes were sent away first, in order, the starts in each class being close. Tyro, in the 22ft. class, led the fleet before they reached Cape Ann, and she kept her lead to the finish, breaking the record for the whole course made last year by Sally VII. by 2.27.58. At the outer mark she led Little Hope, a new 33-rater, sailed in Class A, by 22m. Little Hope made the fastest time coming back, gaining over 15m. on Tyro. It is not likely that Tyro's time will soon be beaten. The summary:

Class A.

Little Hope, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	11 21 05	10 43 41
Cricket, G. L. Batchelder	11 34 35	11 20 58
Scud, Harry Weeks	12 30 00	11 21 54
Athlon, H. H. Walker	12 43 13	12 15 59
Redskin III., R. L. Pond	13 18 43	13 18 43

Class B.

Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	11 42 50	11 42 50
Myrtle, Souther & Holt	14 15 21	13 26 09
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hogdon	15 39 00	15 17 55

Class C.

Tyro, W. H. Joyce	11 14 25	.. .. ..
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	11 48 38	.. .. ..
Medric, S. H. Eldridge	11 59 50	.. .. ..

Class D.

Carina II., C. B. & H. S. Wheelock.	12 24 30	12 17 28
Sally IV., H. R. Starrat	Withdrew.	
Aimee, Channing Williams	Withdrew.	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

July 7.

IN the weekly race at Oyster Bay on Saturday for the one-design 15-footers, Mr. R. L. Cuthbert's Wee Wean carried off the honors, with Bobs second and Imp third. The times were as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert	4 03 30	0 58 30
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	4 06 15	1 01 15
Imp, Stephen L. Landon	4 06 50	1 01 50
Marjorie, H. M. Warner	4 07 45	1 02 45
Chipmunk, C. S. Young	4 08 35	1 03 35
Grilse, C. E. Roosevelt	4 08 45	1 03 45
Fly, E. F. Roosevelt	Did not finish.	
Flicker, E. P. Henderson	Did not finish.	

Atlantic Y. C.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed in bad weather, but in a good wind. The weather kept many competitors away, and only nine yachts started, three in Class P and six in Class Q. Suc met with a mishap during the second round and withdrew, as did also Saetta. The Q Class sailed a good race, and it was regrettable that Joy, who had place, should get mixed up with a tramp steamer which was impolite enough to get in the way. Soya was well handled, and did not fail to preserve her well-earned advantage. The course was to Bensonhurst, Fort Hamilton, West Bank and home. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class P—Start 11:05—Course 12 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	1 06 30	2 01 30
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	1 09 20	2 04 20
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	Disabled.	

Sloops—Class A—Start 11:10—Course 12 Nautical Miles.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	1 12 53	2 02 53
Spider, Hendon Chubb	1 16 01	2 06 01
Joy, W. H. Childs	1 16 15	2 06 15
Mary, Max Grundner	1 16 18	2 06 18
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	1 18 21	2 08 21
Saetta, G. H. Church	Disabled.	

Saturday, July 7.

THE Q Class at Gravesend Bay saved the day from being dull. In Class N Vivian II. started and withdrew. In Class P only three starters materialized. Soya beat Saetta by 15s. The other boats were hardly in the race, being so far behind. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class N—Start 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian, II., S. G. Vernon	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class P—Start 3:05.

Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5 14 52	2 09 52
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	5 15 00	2 09 00
Crescent, J. D. O'Donohue	5 17 17	2 12 17

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3:10.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 25 00	2 15 00
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 25 47	2 15 47
Spider, Hendon Chubb	2 27 40	2 17 40
Mary, M. Grundner	5 28 15	2 18 16
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	5 27 39	2 17 39
Joy, W. H. Childs	Disqualified.	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:20.

Ahoy, Max Tornow	5 05 25	1 45 25
Chickioker, T. J. O'Neil	3 10 30	1 50 30

Catboats—Start, 3:30.

Martha M.	5 20 22	1 50 22

Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 381st regatta from its club house on Saturday, June 30.

As at previous races, there was a large number of entries in the 21 and 15ft. classes, and one entry in the 18ft. one-design. During the morning there was a light S.W. breeze, and there were hopes of a good race day, but shortly before the start, squalls began to heave up in the northwest, and at 12:45, the starting hour, these had entirely killed what little wind there was. At 1 o'clock the first squall struck with rain and a heavy wind, and the race was therefore postponed a few minutes. At 1:05 the weather had cleared enough to make a start possible, and the preparatory gun was fired.

The 21-footers got away with a fresh breeze from N.W., which carried them with spinnakers to Scraggy Buoy No. 8. From there they ran across to Bird Island buoy, and then turned to beat home. The squall having passed over before they started home, the wind gradually fell off, and the boats finished in almost a flat calm. Some went one side of the bay and some the other, and the wind was so different in strength and direction that the fleet was strung out tremendously. Amanita III. won and Arethusa took second place. Mr. Paine's new Owl did her best work of the season, and finished third. Barnacle broke her gaff on the run down and did not finish. Commodore Dabney's Terrapin also met with an accident, and was very greatly delayed. She managed to finish nearly an hour behind the leader.

The 18ft. and 15-footers were sent twice around the triangle to B. Y. C. buoy No. 2, Mosher's Rock, and return. Before they started, the first squall had blown over, and another one had come up. This struck with considerable force just as the boats got under way, so that the start was a very lively one. Young Hellier won in his Flickamaroo, and Miss Eleanor Emmons was second with Mongoose. The times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 17—8⅝ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 51 06
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	1 52 25
Owl, F. C. Paine	1 53 05
Illusion, C. M. Baker	1 53 47
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	1 54 48
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 47 01
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	Disabled.

18-footers—Course 20—6½ Miles.

Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 47 25

15-footers—Course 20—6½ Miles.

Flickamaroo, Walter H Hellier	1 48 30
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 51 32
Bantam, Miss Hilda W. Williams	2 04 07
Tinker, Mrs. F. W. Emmons, 2d	2 05 10
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	2 05 40
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	2 07 28
Peacock, Robert Winsor	2 07 29
Seeps, S. D. Warren	2 13 17
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	2 13 33

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 382d regatta from its club house on July 4. The event was the first open sweepstake of the season.

The morning opened with a strong wind from S.W., which increased so that the race was sailed under peculiar Buzzard's Bay conditions, a wind that amounted to almost a gale from S.W.

There were five entries in the 21ft. Class, and they all had a hard beat to windward to Bird Island, and a fast and exciting run home. The weather was exactly to Barnacle's liking, and she won very easily. Terrapin took second place, and Amanita III. and Arethusa had a very close race for fourth place. Amanita III. finally got it by something over half a second. Arethusa had gone out to windward in an astonishing fashion, and it was due chiefly to her slow running that she did not get a much higher position in the class.

The 15-ft. one-design boats were sent once around the triangle—Mosher's Rock, B. Y. C. buoy No. 2 and return. It was certainly to the credit of the young ladies of Buzzard's Bay that, in spite of the very severe weather conditions, the first two places in this one-design class were taken by lady skippers. Miss Margaret Codman won with Yalu and Miss Eleanor Emmons took second place with Mongoose. One of the features of the day was the extraordinary time made before the wind by these small boats. The leader made the run from the club house to Mosher's Rock in about seven minutes, which is at the rate of about 9.9 knots per hour.

The times follow, wind S.W., 35 knots:

21-footers—Course 18—8⅜ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 18 58
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 22 54
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 23 54
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	1 23 55
Owl, F. C. Paine	1 27 45

15-footers—Course 19—6½ Miles.

Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	0 51 11
Mongoose, Miss Eleanor Emmons	0 51 53
Whitecap, W. Vredenburgh & S. Minot	0 53 59
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	0 54 11
Peacock, Robert Winsor	0 56 36
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	0 57 00

Boston Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, June 30.

A RACE of the Boston Y. C. was sailed at Marblehead on Saturday, June 30, over an 11-mile course in a stiff N.E. breeze and a jump of a sea. It was the second meeting of the Sonder boats, and under the same conditions that existed a week before, the results were somewhat different. In this class the boats made a straggling start, Bonidrei getting away first, followed by Hayseed, Skiddoo, Sumatra and Sally VIII. Bonidrei led at the first mark, with Sally VIII second, Sumatra third, Skiddoo fourth, and Hayseed last. On the windward leg Sumatra beat the others in great style, but before the mark was reached, Sally VIII. went up some in a lightening breeze. Sumatra had a lead of about 15s. at this mark, but on the run in Sally VIII. kept gaining, Sumatra winning by only one second. In the 22ft. class, Tyro got the start and led all around, beating Marie L. fairly under the same conditions that the latter beat her a week previous. Dorchen won in the 18-footers, Clotheroc in Class Q, and Carina II. in the second rating class. The summary:

Class E.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 12 34
Marie L., George Lee	2 15 55
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 18 46

First Rating.

Clitheroe, Walter L. Dean	2 34 25
Goslin, H. B. Bailey	Withdrew.

Sonderklasse.

Sumatra, Francis Skinner	2 30 38
Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	2 30 39
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 35 36
Skiddoo, H. M. Scars	2 37 17
Bonidrei, G. W. Wightman	Disabled.

Class I.

Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	2 36 26
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 40 18
Fritter, A. P. Loring	Disabled.

Second Rating.

Carina II., H. Wheelock	2 33 15
Ruth, H. C. Hartshorn	Withdrew.

South Boston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, June 23.

THE postponed Memorial Day race of the South Boston Y. C. in Class D Cape cats, was sailed over the Quincy Y. C. course on Saturday, June 23, in a stiff N.E. breeze and a jumping sea. Hustler got the start and led all around the course. She was closely pressed by Iris, however, which was only one second behind at the finish. On corrected time, Iris lost second place to Marvel. There was also a class for launches, in which Susie won. The summary:

Cape Catboats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	1 28 55	1 01 45
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	1 30 11	1 03 37
Iris, F. F. Crane	1 28 56	1 04 03
Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	1 30 57	1 05 04
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	1 30 15	1 05 27
Josephine, F. H. Smith	1 31 40	1 05 34
Dolly, Wallace Arnold	1 39 57	1 12 11
Salt Air, C. C. Collins	1 37 52	. . . .
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	Disabled.	
Laura N., Mr. Nickerson	Withdrew.	

Power Boats.

Susie, R. S. Carter	4 24 05
Eleanor, Gould & Hamblett	4 30 14
Jennie, J. E. Kneeland	Disabled.

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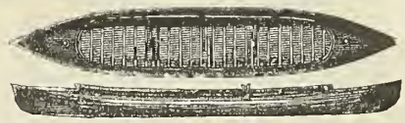

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Larchmont Y. C.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on July 4 was most successful, and brought a fine aggregation of fifty-four yachts. The racing was good, in a steady and true breeze, and furnished some line on the form and speed of the new boats. The summary follows:

Schooners, Colt Cup—Course, 30½ Miles—Start, 11:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 56 06	4 16 06
Amorita, Richard Mansfield	4 25 44	4 45 45

Actual Start—Queen, 12:13:37; Amorita, 12:14:02. Corrected time—Amorita, 4:34:41. Queen beats Amorita 18m. 35s.

Sloops, Class H—Course, 30½ Miles—Start, 11:45.

Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 37 28	3 52 28
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	3 43 20	3 58 20

Rainbow beat Yankee 5m. 52s.

Sloops, Class J—Course, 30½ Miles—Start, 11:50.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 00 09	4 10 09
Neola, E. D. King	4 02 34	4 12 34
Effort, F. M. Smith	Disabled.	

Corrected time—Neola, 4:12:09. Weetamoe beats Neola 2m.

Sloops, Class M—Course, 23 Miles—Start, 11:53.

Irondequoit, H. M. Raborg	3 46 40	3 51 40
Gardenia, A. H. Morris	3 45 40	3 50 40

Corrected time—Irondequoit, 3:51:29. Gardenia beat Irondequoit 49s.

Sloops, Class N—Course, 23 Miles—Start, 11:55.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	3 50 02	4 04 02
Regina, F. G. Stewart	4 18 50	4 23 50
Surprise	Did not finish.	

Mimosa beat Regina 19m. 48s.

New York 30-Footers—Course, 15¼ Miles—Start, 12:00.

Nautilus, W. Hanan	2 51 38	2 51 38
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 52 00	2 52 00
Atair, J. E. and T. C. Meyer	2 56 22	2 56 22
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 48 55	2 48 55
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	2 51 29	2 51 29
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 53 53	2 53 53
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 03 36	3 03 36
Banzai, C. O. Mallory	2 57 50	2 57 50

Phryne beat Alera 1m. 34s., Nautilus 1m. 43s., Cara Mia 2m. 5s., Dahinda 3m. 58s., Atair 7m. 27s., Banzai 8m. 55s. and Neola 14m. 41s.

Raceabouts—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Pretty Quick, A. W. Alley	2 27 04	2 22 04
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 29 46	2 24 46
Chinook, Robert Mallory	2 29 58	2 24 58
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker	2 40 44	2 35 44
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	2 31 17	2 26 17
Tomboy, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	2 50 36	2 55 36
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 47 23	2 52 23

Pretty Quick beats Rascal III. by 2m. 42s., Chinook 2m. 54s., Cadeau 4m. 13s., Jolly Roger 13m. 40s., Busy Bee 30m. 19s., Tomboy 33m. 32s.

Handicap Class, First Division—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:10.

Rube, G. P. Granberg	2 27 14	2 17 14
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	2 35 08	2 25 08
Thelema, Dr. A. E. Black	2 40 23	2 30 23

Corrected time—Rube, 2:17:14; Naiad, 2:18:17; Thelema, 2:21:28. Rube beats Naiad 1m. 3s., Thelema 4m. 14s.

Handicap Class, Second Division—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:10.

Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	2 52 39	2 42 39
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddart	3 02 03	3 52 03
Kenoshi, W. R. Berth	3 02 19	3 52 19

Corrected time—Grasshopper, 2:42:39; Monsoon, 2:43:15; Kenoshi, 2:45:25. Grasshopper beats Monsoon 36s. and Kenoshi 2m. 46s.

Larchmont 21-Footers—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:15.

Vaquero, W. Stump	2 50 36	2 35 36
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 53 44	2 38 29
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 01 23	2 46 23
Follette, L. J. Garcey	4 08 39	3 53 39

Vaquero beats Houri 2m. 53s., Dorothy 10m. 7s., Follette 1h. 18m. 3s.

Sloops, Class P—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:15.

Anona, Don Y. Pendas	2 41 34	2 26 34
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 48 47	2 33 47
Spinster, Miss M. R. Babbitt	2 57 40	2 42 40

Corrected time, Rascal, 2:28:18; Spinster, 2:30:32. Rascal beat Anona 3m. 16s. and Spinster 3m. 58s.

Sloops, Class Q—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:15.

Okee, J. A. Mahlsted	Disabled.	
Ogeemah, G. C. Clement	3 03 59	2 48 59

Sloops, Class R—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:20.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 25 46	8 05 46
Vivyen, D. G. Levett	3 26 35	3 06 25
Mist, R. P. Clarke	3 33 32	3 13 32

Corrected time, Vivyen, 3:05:05; Mist, 3:10:01. Vivyen beats Ace 41s. and Mist 4m. 15s.

Manhasset Bugs—Course, 4 Miles—Start, 12:25.

No. 2, Clarkson Cowl	3 23 25	2 58 25

Catboats—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:20.

Arline, A. E. Rendell	4 19 01	3 59 01
Rascal, J. P. Collins	4 25 14	4 05 14

Arline beats Rascal 6m. 13s.

American Y. C.

THE American Y. C. gave their third race on Saturday, July 7, in the series for their one-design class, off Milton Point, in which Skiddoo, Mr. P. Marquand, carried off the honors, with Tautog 3s. behind. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Score.
Skiddoo, Philap Marquand	4 37 47	10
Tautog, Geo. G. Fry	4 37 50	16
Bumble, H. A. Sherman	4 40 45	9
Martini, Norman Warner	4 41 05	11
Bo-Bo, H. M. Cowperthwait	4 41 12	5
Bug, A. S. Norman	4 43 55	8

Riverside Y. C.

Annual Regatta—July 7.

ON Saturday the Riverside Y. C. annual regatta was sailed on the Sound. Thelema won in the first division of the handicap class, and Robin Hood won in the second division. This was the first appearance for the one-design classes of the Indian Harbor and Riverside yacht clubs, in which Miantee and Teal won respectively. The summary follows:

Sloops—Handicap Class—Course, 14½ Miles—Start, 12:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	3 25 38	2 45 38
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	3 34 01	2 54 01
Thelema, A. E. Black	3 22 00	2 24 00
Huntress, L. Dyer	3 26 13	2 46 13
Robin Hood, Geo. Gartland	3 23 58	2 43 58

Corrected time—First Division—Thelema, 2:30:40; Naiad, 2:37:32; Huntress, 2:44:36; Monsoon, 2:45:49. Thelema wins by 6m. 52s.

Second Division—Robin Hood, 2:40:41.

Raceabout Class—Course, 14½ Miles—Start, 12:45.

Cadeau, W. W. Swan	3 29 15	2 44 15
Tomboy, C. O. Iselin	Disabled.	

Sloops, Class O—Course, 14½ Miles—Start, 12:45.

Paunonak, F. P. Currier	3 51 50	3 06 50

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Course, 5 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Miantee, Star Cooper	1 53 08	1 03 08
Nancy, H. W. Paret	1 57 35	1 07 35
Joe, C. T. Wills	1 59 58	1 09 58
Wacoutah, M. D. Truesdale	2 02 32	1 12 32
Osseg, A. G. Cooper	Disabled.	

Miantee wins by 4m. and 27s. over Nancy.

Riverside One-Design Class—Course 5 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Teal, C. T. Pierce	1 58 32	1 08 32
18 and 5, John Tyson	2 01 33	1 11 33
Nilo, A. R. Starr	2 06 22	1 16 22
Dooley, John G. Porter	2 15 31	1 25 31

Teal wins by 3m. and 1s. over 18 and 5.

Catboat Class—Course, 5 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Fannie, C. C. Iselin	2 03 33	1 13 33
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	Disabled.	

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove—Saturday, July 7.

IN a good breeze of wind, the races for the Glen Cove cups of the New York Y. C. were started. The yachts sailed a fast race, Queen winning, sailing against the 70-footers and saving her time, at an 85 per cent. allowance. The new Effort made a fine showing; in spite of her mistaking instructions, she came in after Neola, but won on time allowance. The summary follows:

Special Class—Schooners and 70ft. Sloops—Start 12:20 and 12:25—Course 19¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	2 21 11	1 59 52	1 57 09
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	2 29 51	2 03 15	2 03 08
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	2 31 28	2 04 54	2 04 54

Sloops—70-footers—Start 12:25—Course 19¼ Miles.

Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	2 29 51	2 03 15	2 03 15
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	2 31 28	2 04 54	2 04 54

Sloops—60-footers—Start, 12:30—Course 19¼ Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	2 49 19	2 18 23	2 16 51
Neola, E. D. King	2 48 33	2 18 13	2 18 13
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	2 49 55	2 19 45	2 19 45

Sloops—New York 30-footers—Start 12:40—Course 18¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adelaide, Adee Brothers	3 31 30	2 51 30
Atair, Cord Meyer	3 31 42	2 51 42
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 32 29	2 52 29
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	3 32 29	2 52 39
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 32 46	2 52 46
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	3 32 13	2 53 13
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan	3 33 42	2 53 42
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	3 33 50	2 53 50
Minx, Howard Willetts	3 35 05	2 55 05

Huguenot Y. C.

Club Race—July 7.

THE Huguenot Y. C. sailed its second race of the season, off New Rochelle, on July 7. Okee, winner of the Block Island race, won in the knockabout class. In the special open class, Capt. Taylor's Cross Patch won. The course was between Huckleberry Island and Hen and Chickens Light, twice around, 10½ miles. The summary follows:

Knockabout Class—Start 3:39—Course 10½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	5 20 10	1 56 10
Dipper, H. H. Van Rennsselaer	5 27 07	1 57 07
Vagrant, J. A. Maybring	5 53 01	2 03 01
Orion, J. H. Hill	Withdrew.	

Special Open Class—Start 3:40—Course 10½ Miles.

Cross Patch, A. W. Taylor	5 35 41	1 55 41
Alcedo, C. E. Allen	5 37 37	1 57 37
Virginian, J. M. Shields	5 43 02	2 03 02
Arizona, G. W. Kear	5 48 13	2 08 13
Quinsignant, J. H. Woodwright	5 50 22	2 10 22
San Toy, W. J. Keough	Did not finish.	

Crescent A. C.

In the weekly race on July 8 for the one-design dories of the Crescent A. C., Mamie scored her third victory. The race was sailed in a light breeze. The summary follows:

Seventh Race for Crescent Dories—Start 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mamie, J. W. H. Bergen	2 50 06	1 30 06
Rooter, J. Cassidy, Jr.	2 06 08	1 31 08
New Moon, P. H. Langden	2 09 09	1 34 09

Indian Harbor Y. C.

July 4.

THE Indian Harbor's fixture for motor-driven boats was well attended, and notwithstanding the choppy sea, the event proved a success, with fourteen starters. The summary follows:

Cabin Cruising—Course 9¼ Miles—Start, 4:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nawquisi, A. G. Cooper	5 54 29	1 54 29	1 04 29
Marie, L. Newman	5 10 18	1 10 18	59 36

Regular 50ft. Class—Course 18½ Miles—Start, 3:40.

Tormary, J. R. Torrance	5 34 58	1 54 58	. .. ..
Scat, C. Andrade, Jr.	6 51 44	3 11 44	2 24 30

21ft. Class—Course 5 Miles—Start, 4:00.

Lucia, A. S. Menendez	4 58 49	0 58 49	0 58 49

Automobile Boats, 90ft. Class—Course, 28 Miles—Start, 3:20.

Don, J. H. Hoadley	Withdrew.
Panhard, II., A. Massinet	Did not finish.

80ft. Class—Course, 28 Miles—Start, 3:30.

White Fox, W. Ferguson	5 43 27	2 13 27	2 10 57
Silver Fox, W. Ferguson, Jr.	Withdrew.		
Bit Bab, A. J. Stone	5 09 19	1 49 19	1 49 19
Fairbanks, II., H. E. Miller	5 21 00	2 01 00	2 00 02

70ft. Class—Course, 28 Miles—Start, 3:30.

Buddie, II., W. T. Atkin	5 28 53	1 58 53	1 57 23
20th Century, L. F. Pettee	5 15 05	1 45 05	2 09 32
Yvonne, J. R. Johnson, Jr.	5 15 05	1 45 05	1 45 00

Eastern Y. C.

Long-distance race—New London to Marblehead—June 30

THE long-distance race from New London to Marblehead, 180 miles, did not prove all its promoters had hoped. Nasty weather drove most of the competitors to shelter, to avoid the gale or repair some mishap in the way of parted gear. The prize was a cup offered by Commodore F. Lewis Clark, and was won by Corona. Elmina had bad luck, parting the pennants of her jib, which is set flying. It was impossible in the heavy wind to get the sail in, and it was lost, putting her out of the race at a time when Corona was hull-down astern. The times were as follows:

First Division—Schooners.

	Start. June 30. P. M.	Finish. July 2. A. M.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona	5 40 00	3 28 01	33 48 01	33 30 48
Constellation	5 40 00	8 25 11	38 45 11	38 45 11
Elmina	5 40 00	Did not finish.		

Special Match Race.

Emerald	5 50 00	9 19 46	39 29 46	37 21 04
Vigilant	5 50 00	Did not finish.		

Yachting continued on page 74.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—John B. Elliman, Staten Island, N. Y. City, by T. S. Oxholm; Geo. W. Kuchler, New Rochelle, N. Y., by H. L. Quick.

Western Division—Dr. F. W. Van Slyke, St. Paul, Minn., and Harry F. Norris, Rockford, Ill., both by W. H. Yardley.

A. C. A.

IN accordance with Article XII. of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, as published in the 1905 year-book, notice is hereby given that the following amendment to the Constitution will be offered at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A.:

Article V. Section 2. Strike out, "The Division Camp of the Division by which the A. C. A. Camp is to be held shall merge in the A. C. A. Camp," and insert in place thereof:

The election of a Commodore from, or holding of a General A. C. A. Camp by a Division, shall not deprive the said Division of its rights to hold a Division Camp, if in the judgment of the Vice-Commodore of said Division it be for the good of his Division to do so. And, in such case, the said Division shall retain forty per cent. of its receipts, for that year, to be applied toward the expenses of the said Division Camp. If, however, no Division Camp be held, then the full receipts of the Division for that year are to be turned into the general treasury of the A. C. A.

Also, ament the By-Laws to conform to the proposed change, by striking out the clause in Section 2, paragraph 2, as follows: "Except that the Division by which the A. C. A. Camp is held shall contribute its entire receipts for that year. The receipts of the Division by which the A. C. A. Camp is held shall include all moneys received during the year."

Signed,

LOUIS C. KRETZMER, A. C. A., 1765.
M. OHLMEYER, A. C. A., 3635.

U.M.C.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP WINS

In addition to the following Grand American Handicaps,

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

was won in 1906 with U. M. C. Shot Shells.

1893, R. A. Welch,	U. M. C. Shells.
1894, T. W. Morfey,	U. M. C. Shells.
1895, J. G. Messner,	U. M. C. Shells.
1897, T. A. Marshall,	U. M. C. Shells.
1898, E. D. Fulford,	U. M. C. Shells.
1899, T. A. Marshall,	U. M. C. Shells.
1900, H. D. Bates,	U. M. C. Shells.
1900, R. O. Heikes,	U. M. C. Shells.
1903, M. Diefenderfer,	U. M. C. Shells.
1904, R. D. Guptill,	U. M. C. Shells.

Out of the 17 Grand American Handicaps held, U. M. C. Shells have been used 10 times exclusively by the winners. This is twice as large as the number of wins by any other company.

Shoot Arrow and Nitro Club Shells and do justice to your ability.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 16-17.—Duluth, Minn.—Duluth Central G. C. tournament. A. A. Farrington, Pres.
July 17-19.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Interstate Association's Eastern Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
*July 25.—Scottdale (Pa.) Gun Club.
July 25.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
July 26.—Edgewater, N. J.—Palisade G. C. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
July 27-28.—East Lexington, Mass.—Middlesex Gun Club shoot. Robert Smith, Chairman, 163 Washington St., Boston.
Aug. 2-3.—Dalton, O.—Annual tournament of Dalton G. C., Dalton, O. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-10.—Hamilton, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association's sixth annual tournament. W. P. Thompson, Sec'y-Treas.
Aug. 7-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Indian annual powwow and tournament; added money, $1,000. Address Mallory Brothers.
*Aug. 8.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
Sept. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia., tournament. Budd & Whitney, Mgrs.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At the Allentown, Pa., target tournament, held recently, Mr. Jacob Pleiss, of Easton, Pa., won high average; Mr. C. Kramlich was second.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "As several of the gun clubs around New York have announced that during the months of July and August their grounds will be closed, on Saturday afternoons, Manager I. H. Terrill wishes to remind the shooters that the grounds of the South Side Gun Club on New Jersey Railroad avenue, Newark, N. J., are open every Saturday afternoon, thus carrying out a rule that has obtained since the club was organized a half-century ago. Targets are thrown at one cent each, and all shooters are welcome."

A team match has been fixed to take place between ten-man teams of the Montclair and Newton, N. J., gun clubs, on the grounds of the former.

The Ohio State shoot for 1907 will be held at Columbus, O., under the auspices of the Columbus Gun Club, and the members will make it an object for all amateur shooters of Ohio to attend.

The Duluth Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., has provided an interesting programme for its tournament, July 16 and 17. Added money, $350. Twelve regular events, 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, comprise the first day's competition, with a special event at 25 targets, $5 entrance, two moneys, class shooting. The second day has a similar programme except that the special event is for State trophy. There will be thirty average prizes ranging from $20 to $5. Ship shells etc., to Northern Hardware Co., 222 West Superior street.

The annual tournament of the Dalton (O.) Gun Club will be held Thursday and Friday, Aug. 2 and 3. The events of each day number eleven, with a total of 200 targets for the day. Mr. E. F. Scott, the Secretary, advises us that the shooting will begin at 10 o'clock on

Thursday morning and at 9 o'clock Friday morning. Interstate Association rules will govern. Targets are included in the entrance fee. There will be four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15. Manufacturers' agents or representatives may shoot for targets only. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid to E. F. Scott will be delivered at the grounds free.

Mr. Clarence A. Haight, formerly duPont agent of the Pacific Coast, but during the past few years in charge of the sporting powder interests of the California Powder Works, will receive the profound sympathy of his many friends when it is known that he is a patient in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, as a consequence of a surgical operation for the removal of an abscess in the region of the vermiform appendix. Another operation will be necessary later, with a prospect of a three months' invalidism. His wife and sister are nursing him, which is to him a special blessing. But grievous as are such confinement and suffering, there is much of gratification in the prospect of a full recovery and years of happy life.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

THE Fourth of July shoot was a decided success, thirty-six shooters taking part in the various events, and forty or fifty spectators, including a number of ladies, enjoyed the sport as much as the participants. Among the visiting shooters were E. D. Conrad, Link and Andrews, of Hamilton, O.; Dr. Gaston, of Wilmington, O., and the Northern Kentucky Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., was represented by Dr. Gould and wife, Dr. Hill and wife, Mr. Fee and wife, and Messrs. Stuart and Damaron.

The weather was perfect, light clouds partially obscuring the sun and a gentle breeze helping to mitigate the heat, while not interfering with the flight of the targets. Shooting began at 1:30, the last event was finished at 6 o'clock, and ten minutes later the prizes and money had been distributed to the winners. Lunch was served at 12 o'clock by Mrs. Gambell, to all who came out in the morning. The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, $1 entrance. The first five events were for merchandise prizes, the high man in each squad in each event receiving a prize, this being decided by the score in the next event. The last five events were sweepstakes, the division being high man in each squad in each event taking the money of that squad, less the price of targets; ties shot off in next event; ties in last event divided. This scheme was something new, and the shooters seemed to approve of the innovation. Gambell took no part in the shooting, having his hands full in hustling squads and looking after things in general. Two sets of traps were used, and the programme was run off without a hitch.

The merchandise prizes consisted of cigars, umbrellas, shooting jackets, neck wear, loaded shells, etc. The winners were: First event—Bonser, Herman, Ayres, Link, Stuart. Second event—Bonser, Dick, Miles, Gaston, Stuart. Third event—Barker, Herman, Johnson, Conrad, Pohlar. Fourth event—Barker, Dick, Johnson, Conrad, Pohlar. Fifth event—Barker, Keplinger, Johnson, Link, Pohlar.

The money winners were: Bonser, $13.60; Dick, $12.75; Miss Altherr, $12.20; Link, $6.80; Kerry, $8.50; Pohlar, $1.70; F. See, $3.40; Offner, $3.40; Johnson, $3.40; Dr. Gaston, $3.40; Stuart, $6.80.

Bonser was high man for the day with 142. Kerry and Pohlar scored 139 each. Link, third, 137; Frank See fourth, 136; Stuart, 134. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Bonser	15	15	12	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	150	142
Barker	12	13	15	15	14	11	15	14	12	10	150	131
Ahlers	12	12	13	13	14	13	13	14	12	14	150	130
See	12	15	13	14	14	14	13	12	14	15	150	136
Bleh	12	10	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	57
Middleton	8	6	8	6	9	13	..	..	..	..	90	50
Herman	14	11	14	12	13	11	13	14	13	13	150	128
Dick	11	14	10	13	13	14	15	14	13	14	150	131
Bullerdick	8	11	7	7	9	9	12	11	11	13	150	98
Keplinger	13	11	12	11	14	11	14	13	12	11	150	122
*Miss F Altherr.	13	12	11	13	13	10	12	12	13	10	150	119
Johnson	8	4	12	10	13	9	10	10	12	13	150	101
Offner	8	8	8	7	10	9	8	14	10	10	150	92
Miles	4	10	7	10	12	9	11	9	7	5	150	84
Ayres	10	10	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	75	41
*Baldy	8	7	7	7	9	8	10	7	7	10	150	80
*Koch	11	11	10	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	90	60
*Dr Rhoads	11	7	11	9	13	10	..	..	..	..	90	61
*Colonel	6	2	9	4	4	4	3	..	..	..	105	32
*Lawrence	2	3	2	6	7	6	9	9	0	..	135	44
Maynard	6	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	19
Conrad	9	8	14	12	10	12	12	..	..	..	105	77
Link	15	13	13	15	14	14	15	13	14	14	150	137
Dr Gaston	14	14	12	13	10	9	11	12	15	15	150	125
Kerry	13	12	15	14	14	15	15	14	13	14	150	139
Stuart	15	14	14	14	12	12	13	14	15	11	150	134
Pohlar	13	12	15	14	15	14	14	14	14	14	150	139
Brown	12	12	15	12	13	13	10	11	14	13	150	125
*Hill	9	8	9	9	13	12	5	..	..	..	105	65
*Dameron	10	11	13	11	10	8	5	..	..	..	105	68
*French	12	10	7	11	9	10	8	..	..	..	105	67
*Andrews	10	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	43
*Gould	..	..	9	..	11	11	12	11	11	14	105	79
*Goshorn	4	6	6	10	9	9	11	..	..	..	105	55
*Fee	..	..	7	12	13	12	9	..	..	..	75	53
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	6	3	60	31

*Not shooting for the merchandise prizes.

THE attendance on July 7 was very good, and the members kept the traps working until past 6 o'clock. In the 100-target race Fultz tied with Le Compte for high gun on 94. Ahlers second 93, and Bonser 91. Gambell has got back into the game, and is shooting pretty well up to his mark.

A ten-man team match is being arranged with the Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky. The first match will be shot the first week in August at Lexington, and the second match at Cincinnati. The Glen Airy Gun Club will shoot a match with the Here He Goes at the latter's grounds, Price Hill, on July 8. A new series of contests will be started on July 13 for a gold watch charm, presented by the Peters Cartridge Co. There will be sixteen contests at 60 targets each; members must compete in at least ten of the series in order to qualify. Ten best scores to count. Sliding handicap will be used. All start at 16yds. Those breaking straight go to 20yds. for the next 20 targets, the 19s to 19yds.; 18s to 18yds., 17s to 17yds., 16s or less remain at 16yds. The scores made in the last 20 fix the starting distance for the next shoot.

Bonser, Ahlers, Miss Altherr and Gambell will visit the Northern Kentucky Gun Club on July 8. Several of the members, among them Ahlers, Falk and Bonser, are going to the Cedar Springs tournament July 10-12. The scores:

One hundred target race:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Brk.
Fultz	23	23	24	24	94
Le Compte	24	24	24	22	94
Ahlers	24	24	23	22	93
Gambell	21	22	24	21	88
Herman	22	23	18	17	80
Bonser	23	24	21	22	91
Keplinger	22	20	21	17	80
Bullerdick	20	21	21	20	82
Tuttle	20	16	18	21	75
Meyers	19	18	18	17	72
French	20	15	15	14	64

Ohio Trap Notes.

Eleven men took part in the prize contests of the Cleveland Gun Club on June 30. A high wind, which forced the targets to the ground almost before they could be seen by the shooter made hard conditions and affected the scores. The watch fob given by the club was won by F. H. Wallace, who tied with Tamblyn on 68 out of 80. West was second with 66, Hopp 65, Hopkins 63, Scott 62, Gold 59, Taylor 58, Tobey 57. Winston and Chester shot at 50 each, breaking 32 and 31 respectively. The contest for the Hunter Arms Co.'s gold charm, at 30 singles and 10 pairs of doubles, was won by W. H. Tamblyn, with 44, Hopkins 39, Tobey 37, Taylor 32. At the doubles Tamblyn and Hopkins tied on 19. Tobey broke 16 and Taylor 11.

The Greenville Gun Club held its regular contest in the prize series on July 2. Limbert won with 50, including his handicap of 6, Huddle (5) 48, Kirby (4) 46, McCaughey (0) and Smith (15) 45 each, Eidson (10), Wolf (0) 43 each, Fouts (11) 42, Baker (0) 38. To even up the number of contests, Baker, Huddle and McCaughey shot at an extra 50 targets, scoring 46, 46 and 45 respectively, including their handicaps of 7, 4 and 0 in order named. McCaughey was high gun in actual breaks in the regular event with 45. Huddle second with 44. For the day McCaughey led with 89, Huddle 85 and Baker 77 out of 100.

Dr. Gaston, of Wilmington, was at the Cincinnati grounds, July 4, giving out invitations to attend the club's tournament on July 25 and 26. The club has a limited membership of thirty-five, and most of the members take an active part in the sport. Wilmington is in the center of a good trapshooting district and easily reached, so that the prospects for a big attendance are excellent, and the Doctor will see that every visitor has a good time.

The Trenton Gun Club held their regular shoot on June 30, eleven men taking part. In the trophy event at 50 targets, Jones was high with 46; Ike, Heckman and Jacoby 45 each; Barron, Kerr and Clark 44 each. Jones and Ike then chose sides for a team match, 25 targets per man, 18yds. rise: Jones 20, Shanny 23, J. H. Kerr 21, Jakie 19, Barron 20; total 103. Ike 23, C. W. Kerr 24, J. W. B. 18, Johns 14, Smith 17; total 46.

The Fourth of July shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was a very pleasant occasion, though there were few shooters present. H. A. McCaughey made the best record for an amateur ever made on these grounds; he broke 59 out of 60, and broke 57 of this number straight. He was high man with 73 out of 80; Hartzell 67 out of 75; Limbert and Baker 40 each, and Lockwood 29 out of 50.

The Cleveland Gun Club held a Fourth of July shoot which was a big success. The conditions were 100 targets per man, $1.50 entrance, 25 prizes to the 25 high guns. Five low scores not receiving a prize in the regular contest, each received a gun cleaner. The contestant making high score had his name engraved on the Geo. F. Hammon trophy, as winner of 1906. L. J. Squier was high man with 92, but was not eligible for the prizes. The shoot began at 10 A. M. and was finished at 5 o'clock. The shooters were handicapped from 16 to 20yds. Prechtel and Saffold tied for first on 91, the latter winning the shoot-off: Rodgers 89, A. Forrester 87, J. W. McMeans 87, G. Burns 86, F. G. Hogen 86, H. F. Franklin 85, W. Bookwalter 85, C. S. Payne 84, A. R. Pocock 83, R. W. Hill 83, C. A. Rice 82, C. J. Smith 82, W. H. Tamblyn 81, F. Burns 80, Geo. Moore 80, Ledgett 80, J. Trew 79, R. E. Sheldon 79, F. H. Wallace 79, Surridge 79, T. D. Rowley 79, C. McCracken 79, Radcliffe 76. Low guns were: Bliss 53, Riley 49, Jarvis 47, Jones 46, and Hyde 41. Five shooters from Canal Dover got to the grounds a little late, but they were permitted to shoot up.

In Other Places.

There is much enthusiasm at the present time among the members of the East Grand Forks, Minn., Gun Club. There are so many trophies up for competition that they are displayed in the window of a jewelry store. A telephone has been placed in the club house, and now all the shooters can notify their wives how late they will be coming to supper.

Shooters from Bellefontaine, O., were present at the shoot held at Urbana last Wednesday. Ralph Trimble made the highest score with 22 missed out of 180. Messrs. Runyon and Rairdon, of De Groff, tied on 68 missed.

Rosco Luke, J. B. Way, John Chambers, Jim Briley, August Stark and H. W. Hopkins were the tournament committee for the shoot at Thomaston, Ga.

Annual meeting of the McLean County Gun Club, Bloomington, Ill., resulted in a re-election of all the last year's officers. Bert Bender was made field captain; James Gray and J. W. Grapes were put on the board of directors. Powder cup contest, 100 targets: John Gray (20yds.) 90, Austin (16) 87, C. Bender (16) 86, McDermand (20) 85, Curley (16) 85, Crothers (20) 83, Gideon (20) 83, Botts (20) 80, Hoysrode (16) 80, Boettger (17) 77, Davis (16) 77, D. Bender (14) 74, J. Gray (17) 72, Radbourn (17) 72, Evans (14) 67, Perkins (16) 64.

Members of the Hutchinson, Kans., Gun Club met at their grounds to entertain Ed. O'Brien, and as the wind was blowing, the scores were good. At 50 targets C. T. Rankin broke 47, O'Brien 46, J. H. Stratton 44, W. Johnson 44, J. E. Cook 34. Ed. was last seen boarding a train for the East, and the broad smile showed that he was pleased with the way the boys shot his powder.

C. H. Peck, Remington, Ind., started well at the G. A. H., but he did not hold up, and the cause now assigned is that of a rheumatic shoulder.

The Gun Club was recently organized at Worthington, Minn. The first shoot was held Wednesday last, being merely a little practice, there was no record made.

The championship shoot between John E. Wells and A. H. Morgan, of Camden, Ark., has been postponed, owing to ill-health of Mr. Wells.

The members of the well-known Pine Bluff, Ark., Gun Club hold weekly meets, and some of their members took in the Shreveport, La., tournament, July 4.

There was a shoot for the price of targets only at Butte, Mont., July 4. As a bracer, there was $5 cash put up for high average, and the contestants were handicapped.

Lakeside Gun Club, Alpena, Mich., held a shoot last Tuesday. At 50 targets, G. R. McDonald made 40, E. Letourneau 33, E. E. Wents 25. At 30 singles: C. Dust 19, E. E. Van Natter 18, N. J. Laloude 12.

At the Milwaukee tournament, July 1, Mr. Wm. Heer made 147 out of 150. Other professionals present were Crosby, Barber, W. D. Stannard and Budd. Ford was high amateur with 143. Bills second and Hughes third.

Mr. Michael J. Schwind, of Dayton, O., now possesses a shotgun made by the Lefever people that is handsomely engraved and inlaid with gold.

Gee! what a merry bunch of experts that was on July 1 at Milwaukee—Heer, Crosby, Stannard, Vietmeyer, Steenberg, Boa, Budd and Hirschy.

The Le Roy, N. Y., Gun Club has completed arrangements for its handicap shoot for the trophy presented by Harry Stewart. Aside from the cup, there are other prices up. Members will be handicapped by an allowance of targets. A new member is J. W. Van Gorden.

The following members of the Menominee Gun Club were at the Ironwood, Mich., tournament: R. A. Kane, W. W. McQueen, A. A. Juttner, H. Hammersmith, C. H. Mitchell, A. Reinke, George Premo, Louis Woessner, Fred Wolf. They reported that they went there "loaded for bear."

It was a great treat to the shooters and visitors who were present at the shoot July 4 at Jacksonville, Ill., to see R. R. Barber break 173 out of 175 targets.

First shoot of the season was held by the White Hall, Ill., Gun Club on July 4. It was a kind of hit-and-go-easy affair, no two shooting at the same number of targets. H. Robley shot at 105, broke 87, H. Beebe (55) 48, O. Vievell (55) 39, L. G. Griswold (95) 73, W. E. Fischer (50) 20, E. C. Boehm (75) 44, F. A. Mytinger (75) 40, E. J. Hume (115) 81, Ed. Robly (50) 23, Bert Nevins (60) 34, D. Whiteside 50) 21, John Singleton (30) 16, Luther Ballard (45) 14, Wm. Teter (50) 33.

We hear from Carrollton, Ill., that after a year lay-off the Gun Club will come again into existence.

Westhope, N. D., Gun Club will hold a tournament July 25 and 26. There will be $150 added money. Those interested may secure programmes by addressing B. C. Phipps.

Announcement is made by Mr. Fred Bell, of the Arkansas City, Kans., Gun Club that a tournament will be held Dec. 6 and 7, there being $200 added money.

The Childress, Tex., Gun Club wishes it understood that there will be a two-day tournament, Dec. 6 and 7, with $200 added, at their club grounds. In order to please all, there will be matches at live birds.

There has been something on the quiet going on at Champaign, Ill., for some time past, and now a full-fledged gun club is liable to be sprung at any time.

H. O. Burnham, Lowell, Ind., will hold a tournament July 19 and 20. Purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15. A large attendance is desired.

The Greater Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club has secured new grounds, accessible to street cars and quite sheltered by woods, so that the wind will not have much effect on the targets. The club expects to be more prosperous in the future.

New life has come into the trapshooters at Aurora, Ill., and with it a new gun club. W. E. Orr is President, and William Coleman Secretary of the Aurora Central Gun Club. The old club there has been quiet during the past two years, and there is some prospects of the old one being amalgamated with the new one, and that would make the club a power on Fox River.

The officers of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest are: President, J. C. Scott, Walla Walla; Vice-President, J. P. Holohan, Idaho; Secretary, J. F. Smailes, Walla Walla. The next shoot will be held at Walla Walla, Wash., in October, at which time the medals and trophies lost in the San Francisco fire will be replaced.

Rockford, Ill., held a shoot for a diamond badge, on July 12. Further particulars in our next issue.

James E. Gaston, president, Wilmington, O., Gun Club, is out with the announcement that a target tournament will be held July 25 and 26 at their grounds. The programme will be varied and interesting. There will be doubles, two-barrel, and some variety to the sport of target shooting.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 4.—The inclosed scores were made on our grounds to-day at a special holiday shoot, ten prizes being up to be shot for, and arrangements were so made that a member could only win once. The first event and prize was won by Eaton on a draw, second by W. Einfeldt, third by C. Einfeldt, fourth by W. A. Jones, fifth by Al Smedes, sixth by Goetter, seventh by Thomas, eighth by McDonald, ninth by Flanagan, and tenth by T. L. Smedes. The prizes were equal in value, but of different styles, and all seemed highly pleased with them.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, and thirty-one shooters took advantage of the weather and the holiday to take part in the various events. It seemed quite like old times to have a crowd; and from five to six-man squads on top at once.

Event No. 1: Eaton 9, McDonald 8, Stone 8, Ford 4, Keck 8, Thomas 6, Geotter 6, Meek 7, T. L. Smedes 4, Al. Smedes 7, W. F. Smith 4, Drinkwater 3, Dr. Huff 8, Dr. Mathews 7, J. P. Johnson 7, W. Einfeldt 9, Herr 7, Dr. Reynolds 9, Swartz 5, Long 9, Ostendorp 6, Seymore 6.

Event No. 2: Eaton 5, McDonald 8, Stone 8, Ford 9, Keck 9, Thomas 6, Geotter 9, Meek 4, T. L. Smedes 5, Al. Smedes 4, W. F. Smith 6, Drinkwater 6, Dr. Huff 4, Dr. Mathews 9, J. P. Johnson 6, W. Einfeldt 10, Herr 8, Dr. Reynolds 5, Swartz 4, Long 7, Ostendorp 8, Seymore 9,, Pickett 3.

Event 3: Eaton 4, McDonald 7, Stone 5, Ford 8, Keck 9, Thomas 7, Geotter 6, Dr. Meek 7, T. L. Smedes 8, Al. Smedes 5, W. P. Smith 5, Drinkwater 5, Dr. Huff 8, Dr. Mathews 9, J. P. Johnson 6, W. Einfeldt 10, Herr 5, Dr. Reynolds 8, Swartz 6, Long 8, Ostendorp 9, Seymore 8, Rickett 3, C. Einfeldt 10, R. Kennerberry 3, W. A. Jones 7.

Event No. 4: Eaton 5, McDonald 9, Stone 9, Ford 7, Keck 9, Thomas 6, Kehl 3, Geotter 7, Dr. Meek 4, T. L. Smedes 9, Al. Smedes 8, W. P. Smith 9, Drinkwater 5, Kampp 9, Dr. Huff 9, Dr. Mathews 6, J. P. Johnson 10, W. Einfeldt 9, Herr 7, Dr. Reynolds 10, Swartz 6, Long 9, Ostendorp 6, Seymore 4, Rickett 2, C. Einfeldt 7, R. Kennerbery 8, W. A. Jones 10.

Event No. 5: Eaton 7, McDonald 10, Stone 10, Ford 7, Keck 9, Thomas 9, Geotter 9, Meek 7, T. L. Smedes 8, Al. Smedes 10, Smith 6, Drinkwater 8, Dr. Huff 3, J. P. Johnson 7, W. Einfeldt 9, Herr 7, Dr. Reynolds 10, Swartz 6, Long 9, Ostendorp 4, Seymore 4, Rickett 1, C. Einfeldt 10, Kennerbery 7, W. A. Jones 8, Kehl 0, Eick 5, Cox 1.

Event No. 6: Eaton 6, McDonald 10, Stone 7, Ford 6, Keck 8, Thomas 8, Geotter 10, Meek 9, T. L. Smedes 6, Al. Smedes 8, Smith 4, Drinkwater 7, Dr. Huff 10, J. P. Johnson 9, W. Einfeldt 9, Herr 7, Dr. Reynolds 8, Swartz 9, Long 9, Ostendorp 5, Seymore 7, Rickett 2, C. Einfeldt 6, Kennerbery 9, W. A. Jones 6, Kehl 4, Eick 8.

Event No. 7: Eaton 9, McDonald 8, Stone 7, Ford 8, Thomas 10, Geotter 7, Meek 7, T. L. Smedes 6, Al. Smedes 7, Drinkwater 8, Dr. Huff 10, Johnson 9, W. Einfeldt 9, Dr. Reynolds 7, Long 8, Ostendorp 7, Seymore 9, Rickett 6, C. Einfeldt 8, Kennerbery 8, W. A. Jones 9, Kampp 9, Flanigan 9.

Event No. 8: Eaton 9, McDonald 9, Stone 6, Ford 7, Thomas 8, Geotter 8, Meek 6, T. L. Smedes 7, Al. Smedes 9, Drinkwater 5, Dr. Huff 7, Johnson 8, W. Einfeldt 8, Long 7, Ostendorp 5, Seymore 6, Rickett 2, C. Einfeldt 8, Kennerbery 7, W. A. Jones 8, Flanigan 6.

Event No. 9: Eaton 3, McDonald 8, Stone 7, Ford 7, Thomas 9, Meek 4, T. L. Smedes 9, Al. Smedes 6, Drinkwater 9, Johnson 6, W. Einfeldt 10, Ostendorp 6, Seymore 4, Rickett 3, Flanigan 10.

Event No. 10: Eaton 5, McDonald 7, Stone 9, Ford 7, Thomas 9, Meek 6, T. L. Smedes 10, Al. Smedes 7, Drinkwater 2, Johnson 7, W. Einfeldt 8, Ostendorp 4.

Fifth Trophy Shoot.

July 7.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the second series. In the club trophy event Eaton won in Class A on 22, George in Class B on 23, and Herr in Class C on 22.

In the Dupont cup event, which followed, Thomas won in Class A on 15 straight, George won in Class B on 15 straight, and Herr won in Class C on 14.

Thomas and Herr then captained two teams formed by choosing up sides, and two matches were shot. Thomas' team won the first by 4 targets, and Herr's team won the second by 1 target.

We tried a new trap, which threw targets so fast that the shot could not catch up to them apparently, at least it did not catch them in cases too numerous to mention. The day was fine and attendance fair, considering we had a big shoot only three days ago.

Team shoots; Thomas and Herr captains:

Thomas	0110001011—	5	1111111111—10	
Herr	0110101101—	5	0000110111—	5
McDonald	1111011010—.7		1011011111— 8	
Reynolds	0101111010—	6	1001111111—	8
Seenberg	1011001111— 7		1001111101— 7	
George	1111110111—	9	1111111111—	10
Stone	1111111010— 8		0101111111— 8	
Eaton	1110100000—	4	1111101101—	8
Meek	0101101111— 7		1110111110— 8	
Gilman	1011111110—	8	1111111111—	10
Birkland	1011110010— 6		0111111110— 8	
Becker	0111101111—	8	1111001011—	7
Johnson	0101001010— 4			
Lawson	0011111111—	8		
		44—48		49—48

Dupont cup:

Eaton	1010110101011111—10
McDonald	1101111111111111—14
Stone	1111110100100111—10
Thomas	1111111111111111—15
Steenberg	1111111100111111—13
Dr Meek	1111001111111111—13
Johnson	1100011001111011— 9
Lawson	1110110010101100— 8
Dr Reynolds	1111111000111111—12
Birkland, Sr	1011111111111011—13
Gilman	1001111111111111—13
George	1111111111111111—15
Herr	0111111111111111—14
Becker	0011111110111111—12

Trophy shoot:

Eaton	1111111011101111111111101—22
McDonald	1111111111111011000011111—20
Stone	1111111110110111111011110—21
Thomas	1011111101100101101111111—19
Steenberg	1011111111111011111111111—23
Dr Meek	1111101010111111111011111—21
Johnson	1111000000101110000000010— 9
Lawson	1110110110101101011111001—17
Dr Reynolds	1111111111011101111101111—22
Birkland, Sr.	1111111001110000101111011—19
Cop	0101101111111111011101100—18
Gilman	0011111101111110111111101—20
George	1011111111111011111111111—23
Herr	0111111111111101101111111—22
Becker	1011011001110011111001101—16

Event No. 1: Eaton 10, McDonald 8, Stone 7, Thomas 8, Steenberg 5, Johnson 9, Lamson 6, Meek 6, Dr. Reynolds 6, Birkland, Sr., 8, Cop 7, Gilman 9, George 5, Herr 4.

Event No. 2: Eaton 5, McDonald 8, Stone 7, Thomas 4, Steenberg 9, Johnson 4, Lamson 1, Meek 4, Dr. Reynolds 7, Birkland, Sr., 9, Cop 3, Gilman 7, George 7, Herr 3.

Event No. 3: Eaton 4, McDonald 7, Stone 5, Thomas 7, Dr. Meek 5, Gilman 10, Becker 7.

Event No. 5: Eaton 7, McDonald 9, Stone 10, Thomas 7, Gilman 9, Becker 9.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament

This great victory for Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and Winchester Repeating Shotguns under most trying weather conditions tells a convincing story of wonderful marksmanship, and stamps Winchester shells and guns as being as near perfect as brains and ingenuity can make them.

The Harder the Conditions — The Surer a Winchester Victory

Denver Trap.

DENVER, Colo.—Sportsmen are taking keen interest in the preparations that are being made for the Denver shoot, beginning Aug. 21, and lasting four days, or until the programme is finished. Berkeley, a run of twenty-five minutes on the electric cars from Denver, has been selected as the place of bombardment, and a more beautiful spot I have never seen. On the edge of a grove of noble old trees, there is a picturesque lake, clear as a crystal, surrounded by bulrushes, while the hillsides are covered with black-eyed susans and red poppies, a vivid bit of color blending with the tender green of the grass.

The five new sets of traps now being put in, under the direction of Mr. A. E. McKenzie, will face due north against a sky background, and the unbroken targets will

find a permanent resting place in the blue waters of the lake.

There is no question in the minds of the Denver people if this shoot is the success they anticipate, the G. A. H. will be held here next season.

An extra $1,000 has been set aside to go to the amateur class. All amateurs shooting through the programme and not lucky enough to win their entrance money, will get it back, minus the cost of targets. This gives all shooters the privilege of having good sport with very little cost. They will be out of pocket the price of targets only.

Four hundred dollars will be invested in silver trophies, and they will be practical, useful prizes. No loving cups will be given, for while "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," in this utilitarian period men prefer a full ice-water pitcher in their den to an empty loving cup (or one filled with dust).

The Albany Hotel will be headquarters for the shooters, and more than five hundred are expected.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 28.—The Bradford Gun Club drew two very pleasant days for their two-day tournament on June 26 and 27, and the events paid well and every one was paid promptly.

Luther J. Squier was high professional, and Kelsey high amateur. Professionals present were Luther J. Squier, W. J. McMannis, J. Mowell Hawkins, H. H. Stevens, W. P. Fessenden, Sim Glover, and last, but not least, was Charles G. Grubb's brother, who took his place and many a shooter shook his hand and thought he was Charlie.

The Bradford Gun Club expects to give another shoot this fall, and will try and make it pleasant for all comers.

Attached you will find scores for the two days' shoot:

PROFESSIONALS.

	1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l		1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l
Squier	195	191	386	Taylor	174	195	369
Hawkins	190	190	380	Glover	175	184	359
Apgar	186	186	372	Le Noir	175	178	353
Stevens	184	186	370				

AMATEURS.

Kelsey	191	194	385	Stoops	175	160	335
Ford	192	192	384	Mason	180	182	362
Martin	188	190	378	Wheeler	182	179	361
Baker	185	188	373	Dalley	182	183	365
Hoey	182	190	372	Hookway	170	165	335
Mallory, Jr.	187	185	372	Hoffman	177	183	360
King	184	186	370	Mallory, Sr.	174	155	329
Atkinson	186	182	368	Bodine	156	165	141
Burns	185	181	366	Ellsworth	173	178	351
Bozard	175	179	354	Luce	..	141	141
Farnum	160	162	322	Ross	..	153	153
Anderson	172	182	354	Clark	..	146	146
Vernon	..	58	58	Groat	..	33	33
Russell	168	163	331	Disncy	..	80	80
Conneely	184	179	363	Haymaker	139	161	300
Pringle	177	186	363	Parsons	..	62	62
Fleming	180	180	360	Tyler	..	27	27
Brown	173	173	346	Shattuck	..	71	71
Jessup	165	173	338	Lucas	..	15	15
Kelly	172	158	330	North	..	75	75

The Bradford Handicap, a special event at 25 targets, resulted as follows:

L E Mallory, Jr.	19	25	Stoope	18	15
Fleming	18	25	Hoey	18	24
Brown	17	23	Pringle	18	21
Shattuck	17	19	Stevens	18	21
Vantine	17	21	Bozard	18	20
Clark	17	22	Russell	17	19
Haymaker	17	21	Anderson	17	20
Kelsey	20	20	Klinger	17	14
Hawkins	20	23	Ellsworth	17	17
Squier	20	19	Kelly	17	22
Taylor	20	24	Tyler	16	20
Baker	19	19	Farnum	16	21
Atkinson	19	21	Jessup	16	24
Martin	19	20	Lucas	16	13
Apgar	19	22	Groat	16	16
Burns	19	21	Granel	16	20
Conneely	18	23	Fessenden	16	22
Mason	18	19	Mallory, Sr.	16	16
King	18	22	Bodine	16	20

SPECTATOR.

New Britain Gun Club.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., July 4.—Rained all morning, and cleared with sharp breeze in afternoon, which made shooting hard all day. Scores were very creditable under the conditions. The merchandise handicap was the main event and included events 1 to 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	H	B	T'l
E W Reynolds	19	18	20	16	16	19	17	14	..	..	..	..	89
A J Reynolds	19	14	16	18	17	17	15	15	17	..	..	..	84
A Langdon	17	17	20	17	17	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	88
N H Miles	10	17	17	19	17	17	13	14	16	18	..	..	80
C B Cadwell	15	13	16	18	14	16	19	18	15	14	..	..	82
W H Cadwell	9	11	15	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	61
L M Barnes	15	15	18	20	19	..	18	..	..	..	10	7	94
Jos Diehl	12	12	14	17	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	70
H P Carter	8	18	15	17	15	..	16	12	13	17	20	10	83
W A Ingram	14	15	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	79
E Strong	10	10	10	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	50	..	42

H denotes handicap birds to be shot at. B, number broken.

Handicaps were birds to be shot at, and added to best score of 100 for nice prizes.

O. Gustafson shot at 50 and broke 32, S. Gustafson shot at 40 and broke 33, S. W. Parsons broke 54 out of 70.

E. W. REYNOLDS, Cashier.

Jacksonville's July 4, Tournament.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., July 4.—The ever glorious was fully celebrated by the members of the gun club and their friends to-day at their beautiful home in Nicholas Park.

Fourth of July shoots are, as a rule, to be discouraged, as shooters have some business that calls them elsewhere on this day we celebrate; but the popularity of Messrs. Scott, Groves, Masters, Hobbits, Jewsbery, Riley, Goebel and others was exemplified when there were twenty-three shooters present, most of whom shot the entire programme through. Weather was fine—bright, with slight wind. The targets were thrown too high, much higher than the rules provide for, yet on the whole, the shooters were satisfied, because they made very excellent scores.

R. R. Barber, now touring Illinois, took delight in smashing up things and burned his "Fourth of July" powder to a good purpose. He passed the 100 mark without a skip. Then starting for the last 75, he lost the fourth one, which ducked, and thus came off with a run of 103. He made a skip of his fourth target in the following event, and then went out straight, another run of 56. The secretary informs the scribe that this is the ground record.

He shot the same Lefever gun that he used in making the famous scores last year when he won two handicaps—the same four-leafed clover is still in the stock. Well, it is true that he could not eradicate cutting except with a new stock.

H. H. Vietmeyer was present, and shot well with the single barrel gun. Billy Stannard came down with Viet from the Windy City, by the Lake Side, and though shooting very well with his favorite Dupont powder, still took his hat off to Barber on this lovely day.

While this was going on, and all present were wondering if Barber never would miss, there was plenty of excitement in the amateur class. Clay, Baggerman and Selzer, of St. Louis, were having a hot race, with Rupert, of Decatur; Pearn, of Ashland; Riley, of Bloomington, and Ramsey, of Manito.

Others shot well for at least half the events, and then fell away slightly.

Clay and Baggerman shot out first, to catch a train, and as Clay only missed one out of his last 95, he was only down six for the day. Baggerman made 162, and both went for old St. Louis, pleased with their outing. After their departure then came Mr. Pearn, who had lost only 5 up to the last event, and a straight would beat Clay. He failed, and by the loss of two gave Clay the gold medal and the first average.

Mr. Riley started his last event with only 7 missed, and there was more anxiety on the part of all present. He missed 3, and made third average with 165.

Mr. J. C. Ramsey, of Manito, finished strong, and was for the first time shooting an autoloading.

A. L. Cummings was present and did the office work, while John Groves assisted in the management.

Yes, Gilbert was present, just "Dad" Gilbert, who has shot hereabouts for the past forty years, and he had good cheer in plenty. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25		
R R Barber	15	15	20	15	15	20	14	14	20	25	175	173
Vietmeyer	14	10	16	11	12	17	12	14	17	22	175	145
Stannard	14	13	18	14	15	20	15	14	20	21	175	164
Scott	12	11	16	14	14	19	15	11	18	23	175	153
Masters	14	14	18	13	13	16	15	17	18	19	175	152
Clay	14	15	18	14	14	20	14	15	20	25	175	169
Baggerman	15	14	19	13	14	19	13	13	19	22	175	162
Selzer	13	14	19	15	15	18	9	14	18	22	175	157
Reithman	13	12	13	11	10	17	13	12	14	..	150	120
Rupert	13	15	17	14	15	19	15	14	19	23	175	161
Hoblit	12	13	15	15	10	18	13	12	19	24	175	151
Englebrecht	13	14	15	12	15	18	14	13	15	..	150	124
Morris	12	14	14	13	14	16	14	12	19	23	175	151
Pearn	14	14	20	13	15	20	15	15	19	23	175	165
Kirk	13	13	18	14	15	16	13	11	17	24	175	154
Coleman	14	13	16	12	13	19	13	15	19	25	175	158
Gilbert	14	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	44
Jewsbery	13	14	18	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	80	71
Riley	14	13	18	14	15	20	15	15	19	22	175	165
Goebel	12	10	17	12	15	15	11	10	16	24	175	142
Ramsey	13	14	17	12	15	19	14	14	18	24	175	160
Magill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	20	75	68

Clay first average medal, 169; Pearn second, 168; Riley third, 165; Rupert fourth, 161; Ramsey fifth, 160.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 30.—But five members were present to-day, probably because many were reserving their energies for the prize shoot on Independence Day.

Event 1 was for practice. Event 2, gun held below the elbow till target appeared. Event 3, a walking match. Event 4, doubles. Event 5, gun held below the elbow till target appeared, the weekly event for the field gun presented by Mr. Colquitt. Event 6, for practice.

On July 21 the Newton, N. J., Gun Club send a ten-man team to shoot a team race with the Montclair Club for a silver cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	15	10	25	15
Cockefair	21	7	10	5	22	13
Bush	21	9	10	7	18	9
Winslow	17	1	4	4	14	12
Nott	16	..	..	2	15	12
Boxall	21	..	..	..	20	12

The Montclair Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on their grounds, Bellevue avenue and Grove street, on Saturday, July 21. Some ten events for silver prizes will be run off during the day.

The principal event of the afternoon will be a team race between teams of the Newton, N. J., and Montclair clubs, ten men on a side, 50 targets per man, for a handsome silver loving cup, offered by the Montclair club.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 30.—The scores made at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20
Anderson	15	15	19	18	..	..
Hunter	15	18	15	..	..	..
Nash	17	12	13	18	14	18
Michaelis	16	13	11	..	..	..
Parry	16	15	18	18	20	16
Southern	15	17	15	16	18	..
B H Moore	16	15	14	15	16	..
Medico	16	10	..	..	..	..
Wildhack	11	18	14	14	12	..
Sayles	18	15	17	15	15	19
Emsinger	16	14	13	12	..	..
Daggett	8	8	12	12	12	11
Wainwright	5	7	..	..	..	..
Hice	15	13	8	14	..	..
Moller	9	11	1	8	..	..
Scott	13	13	18	8	..	..
S H Moore	12	12	17	17	..	..
D C Morris	19	15	17	17	13	..
Colon	8	13	7	8	..	..
Beck	14	17	13	..	..	..
Trotter	14	15	8	15	12	..
Abe Martin	14	15	16	15	17	..
Neighbors	10	10	12	16	8	..
Wilson	10	10	14	12	10	..
Gannon	12	11	..	..	..	..
Johnson	17	9	8	..	..	..

July 7.—James W. Wands defeated John E. Clark in the contest for the English Hotel cup by the following score: Clark 73, Wands 75. Mr. W. T. Nash, ex-president of the club, has gone to the Bitter Root Mountains, Idaho, with a party of gentlemen in quest of big game.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20
Wildhack	17	18	13	18	18	15
Anderson	18	16	14	17	13	..
Parry	16	17	18	19	17	14
Hall	13	9	8	11	13	..
Michaelis	17	17	18	19	15	..
Medico	10	13	12	15	..	..
Southern	18	19	19	18	17	..
Denny	15	16	18	18	16	..
Daggett	13	13	0	11	14	11
Armstrong	15	13	10	14	18	..
Habich	15	13	17	13	14	..
S Hice	13	14	16	16	..	..
Wands	19	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	10	18	17	15
C Harvey	12	12	9	..	..	..
Trotter	13	17	11	13	..	..
Sandford	9	15	11	..	..	..
Harvey, Jr.	9	12	13	..	..	..

Scores of July 4:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Abe Martin	19	12	18	12	15	..	..	..
Moller	14	13	14	17	14	12	11	..
Kanouse	17	19	18	19	18	19	..	..
Sayles	13	14	18	16	17	..	..	..
Trout	20	17	17	15	17	..	..	..
Southern	18	16	15	16	15	..	..	..
Parry	17	18	18	15	17	..	..	..
Anderson	12	14	13	17	13	17	..	..
Smoke	19	17	20	16	18	19	..	..
Wands	17	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	16	19	15	15	16	..	..	..
Dixon	16	18	13	15	17	15	..	..
Armstrong	15	18	14	15	..	..	..	..
Smith	16	15	7	17	14	16	..	..
Habich	16	14	15	16	..	..	..	..
Roland	17	17	16	13	11	17	..	..
Bowen	16	17	19	18	18	..	..	..
Wildhack	20	17	13	12	..	..	..	..
Craig	18	17	13	10	15	16	..	..
Apple	12	19	12	15	15	15	16	..
Beck	17	9	8	12	18	17	..	..
Shreyer	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	14	11	18	12	..	..	..	21
Hoffman	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaffer	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam Hice	14	11	13	..	..	..	..	..
Harcourt	15	14	14	14	..	..	..	..
Tony	13	10	10	7	9	..	..	..
Ensminger	11	17	14	13	17	..	..	..
Harvey	12	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Slipher	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
B H Moore	11	12	18	11	18	..	..	..
Douglass	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gleckert	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neighbors	5	14	11	8	..	..	..	..
Wolf	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Colon	18	12	13	17	13	..	..	..
Hill	16	14	17	15	12	..	..	..
Wilson	13	11	14	..	..	..	..	..
Bence	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fenger	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	16	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Mare	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

SECRETARY.

Rocky Mount Gun Club.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—The grounds are admirably located for trapshooting, as well as for taking care of the personal pleasures of the visitors, being on the outskirts of one of the most progressive towns in eastern Carolina. Adjacent is one of the best appointed places to hold a barbecue, for which old Nash county is famed. Col. Anthony will never know what a fine treat he has missed by absenting himself. While not as many were in attendance as expected, no one left without expressing himself in the warmest terms of the hospitality of Bud Harris and Dave Daughtridge. They were ably assisted

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by other members of the club in looking after our every comfort. It was the most informal shoot I ever had the pleasure of attending. We were there under no rules, every one to have a good time and enjoy the day's outing.

If you chose to shoot a broken target it was all right; if you failed to close your gun properly and not shoot, that was all right; and if you failed to put a shell in your gun, as one brother was guilty of, you were given another target. We were there for each other's pleasure and enjoyment, but very few of those accidents were noticeable.

It was an ideal shoot for amateurs to break into faster company at our State tournaments; but several adjacent clubs failed to turn out as they should have done. Wilson, Wilmington, Charlotte and Raleigh clubs were represented. No one left the grounds without receiving a nice prize, consisting of the best quality of hats, umbrellas, cigars, shoes, ties, pocket knives, and others too numerous to mention. To take care of the poor shooters the ninth and tenth events were for men shooting under 80 per cent. in the other eight events.

The programme was 200 targets, divided into ten events of 20 targets each, with six prizes in every event. Ties were shot off in succeeding events. The weather conditions were varied, and not at all suited to good scores. The wind was very high at times, giving us towering targets. Drizzling rain interspersed some of the events; cloudy most of the day, with just a small glimpse of old Sol occasionally.

Taking it all in all, it was not a good day for record-breaking scores. Just as at all tournaments some one makes phenomenal records under adverse circumstances, just so to-day Emory H. Storr, the popular trade representative, won high average, scoring 191 out of 200 and 24 out of 25 from 21yds. in an extra sweepstake event, giving him the fine record of over 96 per cent. His prize was a $5 gold piece, needed to complete his watch fob. He also made the longest run, 64 straight. The North Carolina shooters appreciated his presence, and his company will be the gainer by his presence.

Jas. I. Johnson, of Raleigh, won high amateur average, 181 out of 200. With the many other prizes won by him, this distinction gave him a $2,000 accident policy.

Wm. Walls, of Wilson, was a close second with 180. This gave him a nice sweater, that he will be found wearing at our next State tournament.

Bud Harris, our popular host, was third with 178; he shot a rapid gait, and many thought he would win high average, but a bad break in two events threw him out. He made the longest run for the amateurs, 54 straight.

When half the events were finished, we were interrupted by our kind friends and requested to repair to the sumptuous feast, prepared as they know the art. No one was afraid to eat too much, well knowing every one present would be on an equal footing in the final events; but just as fine records were made after the feast as before, exploding the theory that a full stomach makes a lazy shooter. Following are the scores for the day, shooting at 200 targets: Storr 191, Johnson 181, Walls 180, Harris 178, Sims 174, Barnes 162, Litting 162, Ellington 159, Gowan 152, Tony 151, D. Daughtridge 134, Killette 131, Abrams 117, Thurman 102, G. Sims 79 out of 100, M. Daughtridge 45 out of 60. R. T. GOWAN.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., July 4.—The holiday shooting tournament of the Riverside Gun Club was a gratifying success, bringing together more than forty sportsmen from various parts of the State. While the rain delayed the sport somewhat in the morning, about 4,500 birds were thrown in the different events, and all present had an enjoyable day of trapshooting. W. E. Corfield, of this city, was practically in a class all by himself, winning the bulk of the cash prizes and finishing first by a good margin over all competitors except one—Jack Fanning, one of the world's noted professional marksmen, with whom he was tied. Among the visitors present was the genial J. H. Briggs, of the Winchester Arms Co., who acted as referee for the club. The tournament was in charge of E. J. Loughlin, while Windsor A. Martin acted as cashier and compiler of scores. The next club shoot will be held July 20.

Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	20
Corfield	8	15	18	10	14	10	14	17
Morrison	6	13	17	9	13	7	14	16
Fanning	8	13	20	8	14	10	14	19
Felter	6	10	13	7	11	6	10	14
Van Nort	4	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Mayhew	8	11	16	9	13	9	11	..
Windheim	8	11	16	8	..	..	..	..
Mark	6	10	14	7	13	9	11	..
Brunner	8	10	13	7	12	8	..	..
Jones	7	12	16	..	..	..	13	17
Debee	7	8	15	10	11	8	11	17
Mather	8	7	..	7	12	9	11	..
Gangloff	6	10	11	7	12	7	11	..
Deechie	6	7	11	7	12	..	..	..
Klausner	10	12	16	10	13	9	12	17
Newton	7	11	15	8	13	8	8	..
Lawrence	6	10	12	7	..	9	13	..
Frazer	6	8	17	8	14	9	12	17
Steele	8	12	16	9	13	8	..	..
Wagner	8	13	17	7	11	8	11	15
Teesdale	..	12	16	9	13	7	..	..
Pederson	..	11	16	8	12	8	13	19
Elliott	..	13	18	7	12	8	12	..
Bartow	..	10	15	6	12	10	13	..
Hayes	..	12	11	6	12	..	11	..
Armstrong	..	11	16	9	..	8	12	..
Helmer	..	10	16	6	11	7	11	..
Brown	..	13	15	7	..	..	..	..
Davidson	..	..	15	7	10	7	12	16
Decker	..	..	16	9	10	8	13	..
Penner	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	..
Wightman	..	..	..	..	10	7	9	..
Eaton	..	..	..	..	11	6	13	..
Maine	..	..	..	..	10	8	13	..
Kingsley	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..
Keeler	..	..	..	..	12	7	10	..
Bills	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..
Metzger	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	15
Evans	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	12
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10
Cook	..	..	..	6	10	7	12	14
Seidma	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	12

Bob White Gun Club.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 7.—These scores were made on the grounds of the Bob White Gun Club on July 4, at Rocky Spring Park. The 25-bird race was very interesting; by the aid of a given handicap, four tied: Andrews, Bonham, Hartsock and Phillips; it was finally won by Phillips.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	10	15	Brk.
Gleim	9	13	22	10	13	9	13	89
Phillips	2	13	22	8	13	8	13	80
Andrews	9	15	25	9	14	9	..	81
Anderson	3	6	17	6	8	4	..	44
Adams	5	9	16	..	..	..	..	30
Smith	4	9	17	..	..	..	..	30
Krick	4	11	20	8	13	9	13	78
Bonham	9	12	24	8	14	7	13	87
Hartsock	4	10	21	9	13	9	9	75
Pfenninger	5	11	19	8	..	..	..	43
Barr	10	14	21	9	14	9	13	90
Stormfeltz	..	9	..	7	8	4	11	39
Grebble	7	8	14	..	..	..	..	29

SECRETARY.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J.—The last shoot of the North River Gun Club for the summer season had scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	25	25		15	15	15	15
Piercy	12	14	17	15	..	9	13	15	13
Burns	12	12	16	18	..	10	10	..	..
Wynn	11	11	13	14	..	4	8	7	11
McGill	11	10	21	15	18	12	13	12	13
Eick	12	7	17	18	..	12	9	12	9
Dr Hunter	12	6	14	20	..	10	5	12	14
Richter	10	11	19	17	20	10	20	..	..

This was the last shoot of the series. Piercy won ten times and received the Sauer gun; Richter, 4 times, a case of shells; Truax, 4 times, a gun case; Schoverling, 2 times, 250 shells; Hendrickson, once, one bottle of 20-year-old whisky; Dr. Hunter, once, one bottle of Rosebud beer; Miss Horneck, once, one bottle 20-year-old whisky; McClane, once, one bottle 20-year-old whisky. JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

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ILLINOIS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP,	Bloomington, Ill., May 24,	J. R. Graham (19 yards),	94 out of 100
KENTUCKY STATE CHAMPIONSHIP,	Owensboro, Ky., May 24,	Woolfolk Henderson,	98 out of 100
HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE,	Columbus, O., May 8-11,	R. S. Rhoads,	555 out of 600
DuPONT TROPHY,	Columbus, O., May 8-11,	R. S. Rhoads,	96 out of 100
SMITH TROPHY,	Bloomington, Ill., May 24,	H. W. Cadwallader,	24 out of 25
HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE,	Idaho Falls, Idaho, May 8-9,	C. T. Callison,	386 out of 400
HIGH GENERAL AVERAGE,	Louisville, Ky., May 30,	Woolfolk Henderson,	250 out of 260
HANDICAP TROPHY,	Louisville, Ky., May 30,	Woolfolk Henderson,	49 out of 50 20 yards.

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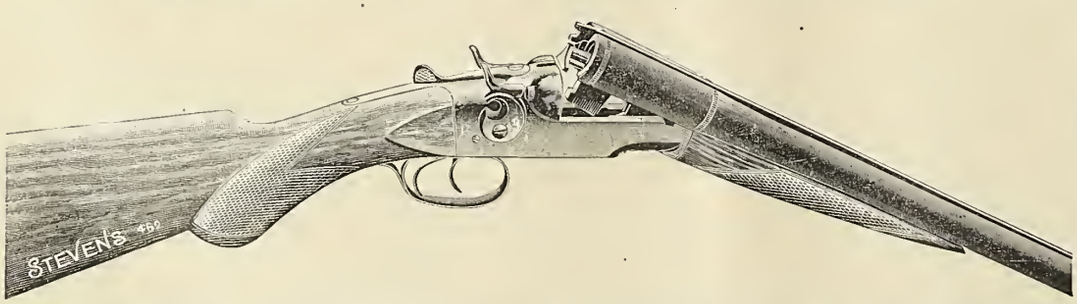

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Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, Ont., July 7.—The Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, held to-day the fourth shoot of their handicap series for the Gleason cup, Laflin & Rand cup, Ellis medal, Bailey shield and Ward trophy. The Gleason cup, a handsome sterling silver trophy, valued at $100, was presented to the Stanley Gun Club by Dr. Gleason, of Boston, and is being shot for at 400 targets, divided into a series of eight events of 50 targets each, handicaps ranging from 16 to 21yds. Members being allowed ten weeks to complete their scores, thus allowing any member who may be indisposed or out of town a chance to complete his score, no member being allowed to shoot more than two scores in one day. The one making the highest score in the cup event of the day has his name inscribed thereon, and the one making the highest score in the eight events wins the cup. In the first shoot Robt. Fleming, 18yds., was high with 45. In the second series P. Wakefield, 21yds., and J. Massingnam, 18yds., tied with 41. The scores to-day were low, it being one of those bright sunshiny days, with no wind and a peculiar haze in the air, which made the steadiest shots of the club miss their targets in a manner unaccountable. The third event of the series was won by Mr. Ely, 18yds., with 42. The same weather conditions prevailed on this day as on the previous one. The fourth event was won by Mr. McGill, 20yds., with 45. The following is the result to date:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	50	50	50	50	Targets:	50	50	50	50
Schoffield, 17...	43	38	32	..	Buck, 18	33	..	..	..
Vivian, 19.....	42	43	..	44	Kemp, 16	37	37	29	..
Thompson ,18..	41	31	32	..	Mason, 17	39	35	39	..
Edkins, 18.....	37	36	32	42	Duff, 20.....	44	..	..	..
Dorf, 16	35	38	28	..	Dunk, 21	42	46	..	44
Fleming, 18....	45	36	38	..	P Wakefield, 21	42	41	44	41
Townson, 18....	39	..	..	..	Joselin, 20.....	40	40	37	38
Massingham, 18.	41	41	37	37	Hooey, 18	35	33	38	..
Dey. 19.....	40	38	32	42	Sawdon, Jr, 18..	40	29	..	..
W Wakefield, 18	40	36	34	.	Williamson, 18.	33	..	..	..
Ely, 18.....	41	33	42	41	McGill, 20.....	46	..	..	45
Jennings, 20....	44	31	37	.	Wolfe, 18	41	..	..	42
Mathews, 18....	43	37	..	38	Harrison, 18....	41	..	..	..
Jordan, 17.....	34	..	..	..					

ALEX. DEY.

Auburn's Jack Rabbit.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 4.—Our local Jack Rabbit tournament for the Fourth opened up in the morning with plenty of rain, which prevented a larger attendance, but it soon cleared up, and we had a pleasant shoot, throwing 2,500 targets. In event 7, re-entry, for a $20 hammerless gun, with over forty entries, Messrs. Frantz and Knapp were the only lucky ones to make 15 straight and divided. Mr. Carpenter, of Syracuse, first average; J. N. Knapp, of home club, second; C. L. Frantz, of Seneca Falls, third. All matches at 15 targets:

Conners	13	12	11	12	11	15	10	9	9 10
Cottle	10	15	14	13	10	14	14	13	13 13
Knox	13	14	14	12	14	9	10	13	12 13
Wheeler	13	14	12	11	9	12	12	13	15 15
Carpenter	12	14	15	13	15	14	14	14	14 13
Cooper	10	14	14	11	13	13	..	9	15 10
Knapp	13	11	14	13	13	13	15	13	15 14
De Groff	10	11	14	10	12	11	10	9	12 11
Post	13	15	12	10	10	12	14	11	9 11
Frantz	11	9	14	13	12	15	15	12	15 13
Brown	11	9	9	6	11	11	..	12	11 10
Wadsworth	..	..	..	9	7	11	9	11	10 11
Stilwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	.. ..
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	12 14

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Englewood Rifle Club held an all-day shoot on July 4, riflemen from several of nearby clubs being present. All the contests were at 100yds., offhand, on Standard target, center count 10. First came ten one-shot events, with five cash prizes in each. G. W. Izor, of Jackson, was high man with 80 out of a possible 100, J. Johnson 78, J. W. Lesher 74, W. H. Kerr in nine shots and A. N. Clemmer 71 each. D. W. Jones 66, I. A. Vore 65 out of a possible 80, J. C. Anderson 62 out of a possible 90, M. T. Hampton 66 out of possible 90. Then followed eight three-shot events, possible 30 in each, possible total 240; five cash prizes in each event: Clemmer 202, Johnson 200, Hampton 193, Lesher 179, Izor and Kerr 169 each, Mast 165. The others did not enter in all events. Ten single-shot events, possible total 100; four cash prizes in each, ended the day's sport. Clemmer was high with 88, Johnson 85, Hampton 80. None of the others shot in all events.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 1. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the Standard American target. Nestler was champion for the day with a score of 89 points. Freitag was high on the Honor target with 25 points.

The scores:

Nestler	89	85	84	84	82	Freitag	80	77	76	76 75
Pavne	84	83	81	81	79	Allen	71	71	67	67 60
Roberts	82	80	80	79	77	Le Conte	66	60	49	49 ..

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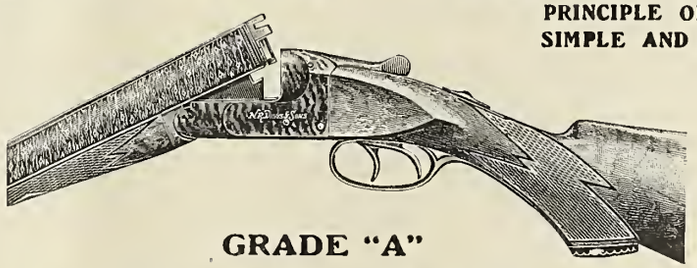

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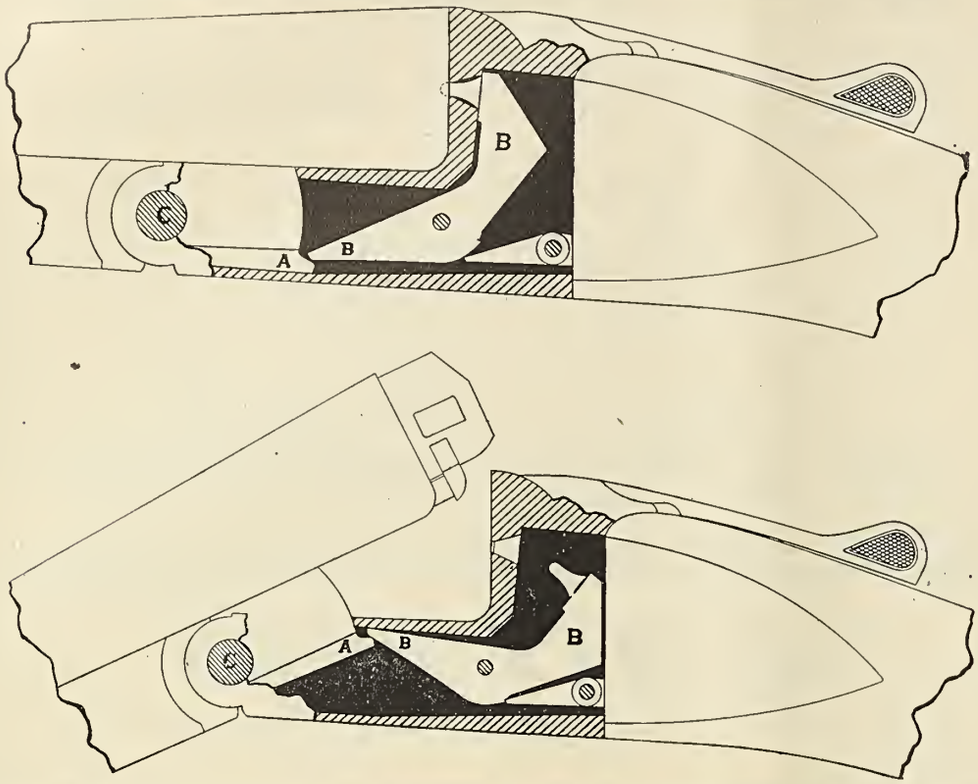

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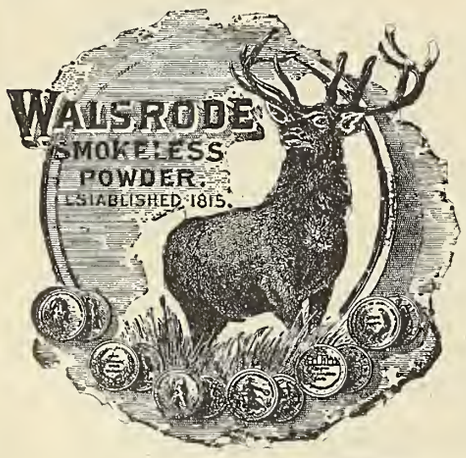

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Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Wednesday, July 4.

AN open race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Wednesday, July 4, in a moderate to fresh breeze from S.W.. In Class M, Chewink IV. got the start on Pontiac and led all around the course, except for a very short time on the second leg, when Pontiac got a lift out by standing in under the shore. Pontiac was handicapped by carrying a three-reefed mainsail and a storm jib. Little Hope got the start in Class N and led Cricket all around the course. Carina II. led Sally IV. in Class P from start to finish. In Class Q, Juniper was away first at the start, and she led at the first mark; but on the windward leg Ghost went out ahead and led to the finish. Sally VIII. had a picnic in the Sonderklasse. She got the start on Sumatra and kept getting away from her all around the course, finishing with a lead of 13m. and 27s. Sumatra was handicapped by having a short crew. In the 18ft. Class, Mirage II. had the start, and led to the first mark, but on the windward leg Cheroot (ex-Boo Hoo) got the lead and held it. The summary:

Class M—30 to 40 Rating.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 54 38	1 52 22
Pontiac, W. F. Whitney	1 56 51	1 56 51

Class N—27 to 33 Rating.

Little Hope, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 57 03	1 57 03
Cricket, G. L. Batchelder	1 59 22	1 59 07

Class P—22 to 27 Rating.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 33 33	2 30 57
Sally IV., H. R. Starratt	2 35 01	2 35 01

Class Q—18 to 22 Rating.

Ghost, Charles Burgess	2 44 34	2 44 34
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 45 45	2 45 03

22-footers.

Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 12 58
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 18 33
Medric II., Eldridge & Knowles	2 25 35

Sonderklasse.

Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	2 27 13
Sumatra, Francis Skinner	2 37 40

18-footers.

Cheroot, Morton Prince	1 19 20
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 21 35
Hugi, A. E. Chase	1 22 25
Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 23 06

Saturday, July 7.

A club race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 7, in a very light and fluky S.E. breeze. The race of the day was in the Sonderklasse, in which Sumatra had her innings, squaring things with Sally VIII. by beating her 13m. 4s. The new Hayseed III. got the start in this class, all being well bunched. After heading out to sea, they spread out, Sumatra and Bonidrei standing to the eastward and the others standing to the southward. The wind shifted to the southward and then to the eastward, helping both divisions in turn. Sumatra had a lead at the windward mark of about 6m., with Bonidrei second. This lead was cut down on the second leg, but on the reach and run home Sumatra's lead was greatly increased, helped by jockeying between the other four. On this leg Sally VIII. took second place, when she was pocketed between Bonidrei and Hayseed III., and Caramba went by them all for second place. Hayseed passed Caramba before the guide mark was reached, and the two started a luffing match, during which they were passed by Sally VIII. and Bonidrei. In the 22-ooters Tyro took the lead on the windward leg and held it all around the course. Sintram led from start to finish in Class Q. The summary:

22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tyro, W. H. Joyce	2 35 14
Marie L., George Lee	2 36 51
Nutmeg, A. C. Jones	2 40 16

Sonderklasse.

Sumatra, Francis Skipper	2 42 45
Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	2 55 49
Bonidrei, G. H. Wightman	2 55 51
Caramba, C. H. W. Foster	2 56 11
Hayseed III., L. H. Bowden	2 56 30

18-footers.

Hugi, A. E. Chase	1 40 32
Cheroot, Dr. Morton Prince	1 44 52
Moslem, John Tyler	1 44 56
Fritter, A. P. Loring	1 48 06
Cuyamel, A. W. Godfrey	1 49 32

Class Q.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sintram, Hollis Burgess	2 45 06	2 45 06
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster	2 53 23	2 50 06

Class P.

Carina II., H. S. Wheelock	2 58 00

Hingham Y. C.

Hingham, Mass.—Saturday, July 7.

The last of the special Crow Point races for one-design 15-footers of the Hingham Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 7 in a light S.E. breeze. Polly Wog was the winner. The cups for the series went to Two Whoo, first; Tenderfoot, second, and Polly Wog, third. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Polly Wog, W. P. Karshick	3 01 30
Two Whoo, Frank Coleman	3 01 45
23, E. J. Bliss	3 09 10
Ratskin, Dr. G. B. Rice	3 11 25
Tenderfoot, B. L. Summers	3 13 00
Unsonia II., A. L. Lincoln	3 13 35
Abigail, Arthur Rohn	3 14 00
Puzzle, W. H. Canterbury	3 16 30
Ruth, C. M. Stoddard	3 22 00
Marwindor, C. M. Scudder	3 40 00
Ineze, W. A. Wheaton	Withdrew.
Mischief, S. P. Moses	Withdrew.

City of Boston.

Boston, Mass.—Wednesday, July 4.

THERE were forty-three starters in the annual open race given by the City of Boston, sailed off City Point, on Wednesday, July 4, in a fresh S.W. breeze. The racing was not particularly close in any of the classes. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class C—Topmast Cabin Yachts 20ft. Waterline.		
Thialfi, W. Soule		1 40 30
Violet, H. McKee	Disabled.	
Class D—Catboats.		
Iris, Frank F. Crane	1 59 32	1 58 22
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	2 06 49	2 02 53
Arawak, H. C. Nickerson	2 08 25	2 06 09
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	2 11 23	2 08 14
Stranger, Dr. E. F. Dawes	2 13 52	2 09 32
Saltair C. F. Collins	Withdrew.	
C. C. G., H. Carey	Withdrew.	
Moondyne Shaw Bros	Withdrew.	
Special Open Class.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg	2 17 20	1 45 11
Zoe, F. J. Stewart	2 26 55	1 55 07
Santoy, W. Ridlon	Withdrew.	
Louise, T. Roache	Withdrew.	
Wawenock, F. E. Dawes	Withdrew.	
Class X—Dories.		
Barbara, J. J. Blaney		1 49 28
Tyrant, J. Vaux		1 59 10
Spider, A. G. Beese		1 59 42
Esther, W. H. Jackson		2 18 19
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge	Withdrew.	
Class A—Pole-masted Cabin Yachts —22ft. L.W.L.		
Alpha, A. T. Leary	1 56 30	1 36 20
Atalanta	2 12 45	1 42 45
Sentinel, George A. Crawford	2 13 10	1 45 09
Eleanor, G. F. Sawyer	2 09 00	1 48 09
Emma C., F. D. Perkins	2 13 45	1 50 35
Omar III., F. R. Bogardus	Withdrew.	
Jacobin	Started wrong.	
Class B—Pole-Masted Cabin Yachts Under 22ft. L.W.L.		
Comet, H. B. Gillen	1 48 06	1 25 58
Goblin, R. M. Lathrop	1 57 15	1 29 05
Poor Boy, James Barry	1 49 15	1 29 54
Swirl, G. Munroe	2 16 45	1 51 06
Echo		2 21 55
Memento, J. Campbell	Disabled.	
Cabin Launches.		
Queen	1 30 48	1 29 18
Shark, Charles Davis	1 47 47	1 31 31
Disturber, C. D. Rankin	1 32 11	1 31 33
Ullalla, F. C. Goode	1 32 21	1 32 21
Annie G., C. S. Garrity	1 52 49	1 36 15
Bouquet, W. H. Low	1 46 42	1 33 26
Open Launches.		
Winifred, G. Brownill	1 54 13	1 32 43
Ida M.	1 34 25	1 34 25
Premier, W. Knight	1 46 11	1 36 43
Squid, J. E. Riley	2 10 44	1 38 19
Atlantic, J. F. Williams	Withdrew.	

Crescent A. C.

THE race sailed for the Crescent A. C. dories on July 1 brought out only two competitors, New Moon and Mamie. The wind was N.W. and light, New Moon winning her first victory.

Start, 12:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
New Moon, P. H. Langdon	2 49 50	2 19 50
Mamie, J. W. H. Bergen	2 51 50	2 51 50

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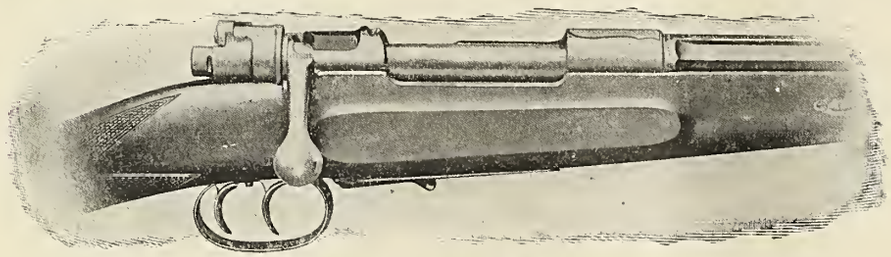

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Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Wednesday, July 4.

A special open race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Wednesday, July 4, in a fresh S.W. breeze. In Class M, Tyro went against the 30-footers Chewink IV. and Pontiac. Chewink IV. got the start, and led all around the course. In Class N, Carina II. had the start, and led at the first mark, but on the windward leg, Little Hope got the lead and held it. The start was bunched in Class Q, and Ghost lost minutes by getting her ballooner under her bow. She rapidly overhauled the others, however, and had the lead on the windward leg. Although finishing first, she is likely to lose on allowance. In the Sonderklasse, Bonidrei was away first, but had trouble with her ballooner. Sally VIII. soon had the lead and she increased it to the finish. The summary:

Class M—33 to 40 Rating.		
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 53 12	1 49 59
Tyro, W. A. Joyce	1 58 57	1 54 23
Pontiac, W. F. Whitney	2 06 10	2 06 10
Class N—27 to 33 Rating.		
Little Hope, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 54 48	1 54 48
*Cricket, G. L. Batchelder	1 57 41	. . . .
Carina II., H. S. Wheeler	2 09 34	2 00 37
Class Q—22-Raters.		
Ghost, Charles Burgess	. . . .	2 11 30
Sanderling, Walter Burgess	. . . .	2 13 24
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	. . . .	2 14 49
Gosling, H. R. Bailey	. . . .	2 15 31
Cheroot, Morton Prince	. . . .	2 17 40
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	. . . .	2 20 59
Opitsah II., Tillinghast & Foster	. . . .	2 24 22
Sonderklasse.		
Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	. . . .	2 04 55
Sumatra, Francis Skinner	. . . .	2 12 32
Bonidrei, G. W. Wightman	. . . .	2 17 20

*Not measured.

Motor Boat Race.

THE first open motor boat race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on Wednesday, July 4, in a strong S.W. breeze and a jump of a sea. There were twelve starters, five of which withdrew. Hush won in the third class and Sagamore in the fourth class. The summary:

Third Class—Non-cruising Boats, 21ft. Rating and not more than 60ft.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hush	1 01 37	0 47 37
Cuffin II.	1 11 40	1 05 40
Little Egypt	1 33 59	1 14 49
Allons	Withdrew.	

Fourth Class—Dories and Launches Under 25ft.

Sagamore	0 47 00	0 47 00

Benjamin Enos	0 55 50	0 47 20
Mohican	0 59 25	0 50 55
H. Swan	1 03 05	0 52 35
Komon	Withdrew.	
S. C. Packard	Withdrew.	
Y. E. Percy	Withdrew.	
John Olsen	Withdrew.	

Annual Regatta.

Friday, July 6.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on Friday, July 6, in a very light and fluky breeze from the S.E. There were nine starters, and the feature of the race was the probable winning of the Puritan cup by the 22-footer Marie L., the cup being awardedd to the yacht making the best corrected time over the course. She finished third, beating out the schooners Dervish and Taormina. Dervish had the start in the schooner class, the others being handicapped, Taormina badly. Corona had the lead before the windward mark was reached, and led the fleet across the finish line, but lost to Dervish on time allowance. In Class K, Doris had for a competitor the old Cup defender, Mischief. The old boat was handicapped at the start and withdrew on the second leg, when hopelessly behind. Marie L. had the start in Class M, with Cricket following. Cricket led at the windward mark by a short margin. On the second leg, Marie L. opened up a big lead, which she held to the finish. The summary:

Class B—Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dervish, H. A. Morss	6 34 15	6 07 09
Corona, A. F. Luke	6 07 48	6 07 48
Taormina, W. S. Eaton	6 49 06	6 29 37

Class K—Sloops.

Doris, S. R. Anthony	6 17 08	6 17 08
Mischief —. Sparks	Withdrew.	

Class M—Sloops.

*Marie L., George Lee	6 21 02	. . . .
Heron, W. I. Badger	6 32 00	6 25 23
Cricket, G. L. Batchelder	6 47 03	6 34 46
Pontiac, W. F. Whitney	6 45 05	6 45 05

*Not measured.

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, July 7.

A CLUB race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 7, in a light S.E. breeze. Hermes won handily in the 25ft. class. Opeechee won a close race from Elf in the 21ft. class. Aspinquid won by 5s. from Celia in the 18ft. class. Maretta won the launch race. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hermes, C. A. Heney	1 07 21	1 06 21
Naturus, C. O. Whitney	1 16 28	1 08 28
Marion III., R. C. Goudey	1 16 52	1 10 52
Kit, H. Whittier	1 14 11	1 18 11
Alpha, Leary & Jenkins	1 14 06	1 14 06

21ft. Class.

Opeechee, F. P. Gilmore	1 18 40	1 10 40
Elf, R. T. Wells	1 18 45	1 10 45
Scamper, H. B. Scates	1 20 44	1 14 44
Lady Faire, W. F. Brown	1 21 15	1 16 15
Scout, Belcher & Wright	1 20 41	1 21 41
Evelyn, H. Waitc	1 31 58	1 23 58
Marion, S. Ford	1 34 16	1 24 16

Crystal Bay Association Class—18ft.

	Elapsed.
Aspinquid, C. Whittemore	1 43 58
Celia, H. Flinn	1 44 03
Yankee, H. Atwood	1 45 48
Domino, A. B. Freeman	1 47 00
Gertrude, S. Bloomfield	1 50 10
Wink, G. D. Bussey	1 50 38

Motor Boats.

Maretta, A. Hutchinson	0 47 03
Muriel D., W. James	0 47 22
Apache, L. Meston	0 49 00
Premier, W. Knight	0 51 44
Bob, H. Kennedy	0 51 47
Hobow, E. Fowler	0 52 10
Varcta, W. Allen	0 53 10
Siskin, Wm. Traiser	0 56 22

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, July 7.

A club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 7, in a light S.E. breeze. In Class D, Arowak led all around the course. I. X. P. won in Class B, and Susie in the power boat class. The summary:

Class D.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arowak, H. C. Nickerson	1 43 12	1 17 19
C. C., George H. Carey	1 48 31	1 21 44
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	1 53 10	1 26 36
Josephine, F. H. Smith	1 54 09	1 28 03
Iris, Frank F. Crane	1 54 57	1 30 05
Mellwood, L. O. Crocker	1 55 57	1 30 27
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	1 55 28	1 30 40
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	1 57 57	1 30 46
Dolly, W. W. Arnold	1 58 47	1 31 01
Moondyne, Shaw Bros	1 59 07	1 33 28
Emanon, Roscoe Ricker	Withdrew.	

Class B.

I X L, Hardwick & Tupper	2 03 47	1 29 36
Catherine, William Gladwin	Not measured.	

Power Boats.

Susie, R. H. McCarter	1 13 05
Marjorie, A. H. Taber	1 13 27
Lehigh, Charles Keith	1 18 25
Elcanor, Gould & Hamblett	1 20 22
Nakomis, Mr. Estarbrook	Withdrew.

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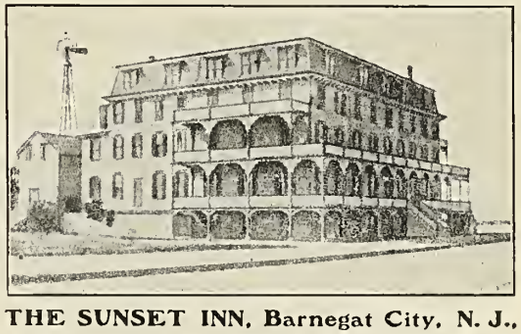

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Wollaston Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, July 7.

THE second championship race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 7, in a light S.W. breeze. Eleanor won in Class A, thereby taking the class championship. Sheila won in Class B. Swastika finished first in Class C, but lost to Pewee on allowance. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class A.		
Eleanor, G. F. Sawyer, Jr.	1 16 05	0 56 09
Mildred, W. H. Nichols	1 22 02	0 59 04
Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill	1 26 20	1 08 30
Class B.		
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 12 52	0 49 26
Whisper, Jos. Thomas	1 17 47	0 50 38
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	1 16 14	0 52 01
Class C.		
Pewee, W. F. Reynolds	1 30 58	0 57 35
Swastika, G. F. Murray	1 29 05	0 58 06
Seagull, Thacher Magoun	1 32 35	1 00 47
West Wind, W. F. Field	1 33 50	1 02 37
Peacock, Frank Gardner	1 39 52	1 06 04
Edith S., J. L. Smith	1 42 00	1 11 01
*Rainbow, A. T. Barstow	1 32 01	. . ..

*Not measured.

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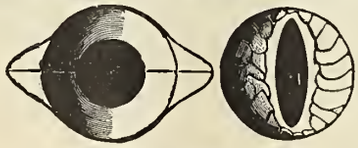

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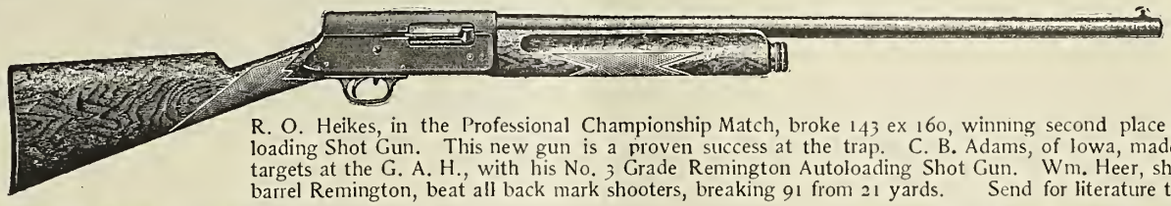

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THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y. **Agency; 315 Broadway, New York City.**

Bristol Y. C. Ocean Race.

TWENTY sail, including sloops, yawls and catboats, started in the ocean race of the Bristol Y. C. Saturday afternoon, June 30, in a light wind from N.E., which picked up to the proportions of a gale before the yachts had finished the course of 88 miles from Bristol to Great Eastern Ledge, off Montauk Point, and return to the starting point. Ishkoodah, a sloop owned by Col. Samuel M. Nicholson, of Providence, and by far the ablest of the fleet, first rounded the outer stake and was the first to pass over the finish line at a few minutes before 9 o'clock Sunday morning, July 1. The remainder of the boats met the strength of the northeaster on the way back to the finish, and those of the small fry that were unable to stand the buffeting of the high wind and chopped seas off Watch Hill and Point Judith were forced to run up to leeward and seek a shelter in harbors at Block Island, New London and in Point Judith Breakwater. Moose, a small sloop, sprung her rudder head in the blow off Point Judith at daylight Sunday morning, and besides burst her mainsail. She went to anchor on a lee shore on the northeast side of Point Judith, and was later towed in to Newport.

It was a nasty night for small boats in a race, and showers and tempests were the conditions all night. At the turn near Montauk Point, the worst tempest of the night was experienced, and though there was a moon, the night was pitch dark, only the flashes of lightning revealing to the skippers the positions of the others in the race. An hour before midnight, when the yachts had come up in bunches toward the stakeboat, Earl and Nettie, a Block Island fishing schooner, the rain came down in such force that the lights of the stakeboat could not be discerned by many the yachts, and there was more or less waiting until the showers passed away, when the mark was found, and a number of the racers that lowered their sails in the expectancy of heavy squalls, made sail again and turned.

Ishkoodah was around the mark shortly after 10 at night, and was soon straightened out for the beat back to the finish. This yacht held a long stretch on the starboard tack and fetched out before tacking again to the southward of Point Judith and close in with the land. The Bambino and Petrel carried full sail, and had it out in a fine scrap up the bay from Point Judith, while several of those that finished came in with single and double reefs.

The crews had all they wanted of night racing, claiming that it was the most severe experience any of them ever had, excepting Commodore Tillinghast, of the Little Rhody, who has sailed in quite a number of outside events, winning the Lipton cup from New York to Marblehead two years ago.

The starters in the race were the sloops Ishkoodah, Corneta, Novice, Bambino, Sigma III., Little Rhody, Priscilla, Wanderer, Moose, Ethelka, Cindy, Petrel, Iris, Sachem, White Cap, and Micaboo; the yawl Keto, and the cats Aida and Emmeline.

Out of the number starting, only twelve finished. One craft, Novice, owned by A. L. Sands, of Newport, failed to round the outer turn and was disqualified by the Race Committee, the prize being awarded to Little Rhody instead. The owner, Commodore Tillinghast, of the Bristol Y. C. declined the trophy, and a committee consisting of members of the Rhode Island, Edgewood and Fall River yacht clubs were appointed to award the prize.

The prize in the third class was awarded to Petrel, owned by A. E. Johnson, of Providence. The prizes were three handsome cups, given by James A. Garland, of the Bristol Y. C.

Yachts participating were of the Rhode Island, Edgewood, Newport, New Bedford, and Fall River yacht clubs. The summary of the race follows:

Class No. 1.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Ishkoodah, S. M. Nicholson...	8 47 37	17 29 37	17 26 55
Corneta, G. E. Darling.....	11 49 23	20 29 23	20 29 23
Class No. 2.			
*Novice, A. L. Sands.....	10 45 57	19 25 57	19 01 59
Little Rhody, C. Tillinghast...	11 31 42	20 11 42	19 00 04
Bambino, Lawrence Grinnell..	10 39 58	19 19 58	19 19 58
Priscilla, Wood Bros.....	1 57 35	22 37 35	21 30 14
Sigma III., B. W. Comstock...	1 44 15	22 24 15	21 42 34
Class No. 3.			
Petrel, A. E. Johnson.....	12 59 23	21 39 23	18 25 23
Sachem, F. B. Thurber.....	11 53 23	20 36 23	19 18 30
Emmeline, W. J. Rooks.....	11 28 51	20 08 51	19 44 20
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast.....	12 07 30	20 47 30	19 49 52
Uarda, J. A. Buffinton.....	6 09 48	26 49 48	26 01 29

*Novice disqualified for not rounding outer stake.

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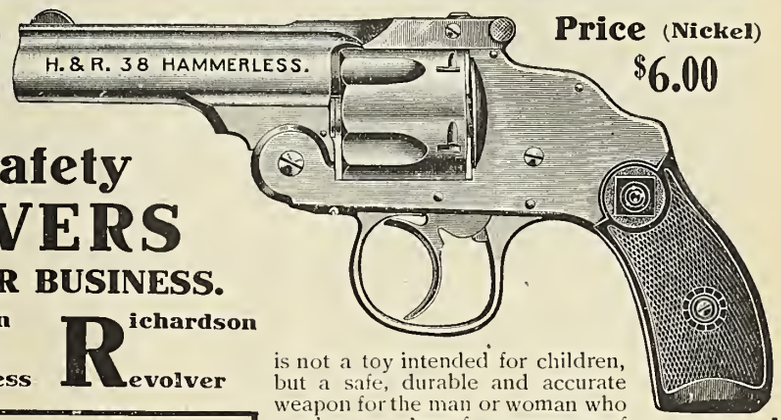

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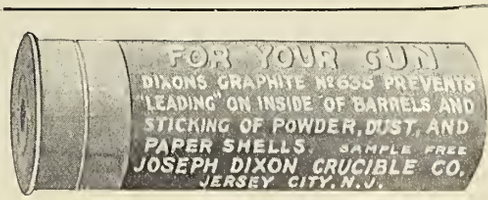
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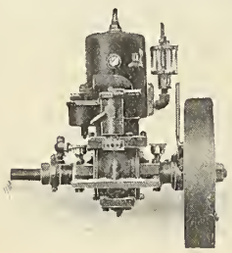

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A Mongol Fable.

Two geese, when about to start southward on their annual autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey successfully, when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device, and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vainglorious frog, opening his mouth to say "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces. Moral: Don't let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.—Gilmour's Among the Mongols.

An Enemy of the Mosquito.

AN article in Chambers's Journal draws attention to a foe which appears to have kept the mosquito in check. In the Barbados many of the waters abound in a small fish known as "millions"—presumably from the great numbers—which feed on the larvæ of the mosquito. It is said that in the parts where the fish abounds there is immunity from mosquitos and that malaria is almost unknown. Experiments are to be tried by introducing the fish into other islands of the West Indies. This plan of introducing a natural enemy has proved successful in a number of cases and the mosquito-eating fish might be introduced into other districts. If this fish really feeds largely on the larvæ of the mosquito, and if the latter have really become extinct in the districts, we have the unusual case of species exterminating its own food supply.

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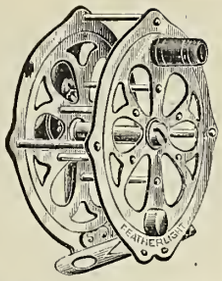

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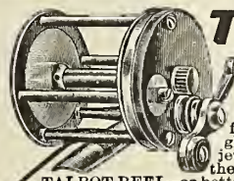

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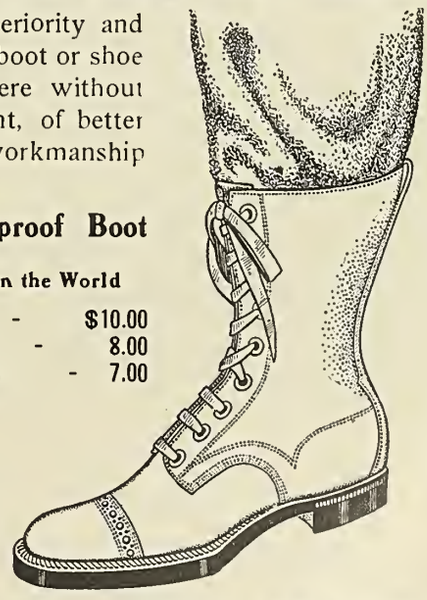

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The purpose of the work is to give such practical instruction as may enable the amateur to build his ponds and breed his trout or other fish after the most approved method and with the best possible promise of success.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Angling Veracity.

NEW YORK, July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a trout fisherman who thoroughly believes in the truthfulness of his brothers with the rod, I must really protest against the article of "W. L. Alden in New York Times" as quoted in your issue of this date. The article if carefully read, shows how a fine, upright, truth-loving lot of men may be maligned by a small mathematical error.

The first paragraph is enough. "A careful statistician recently obtained from three hundred and sixty-two trout fishermen the weight of the fish caught by each one during the year, and also the number of fish caught. He then divided the whole number of fish by the whole number of pounds, and as a result discovered that the average weight of the North American trout is eleven pounds, ten and a quarter ounces. In this case it would not be right to say that the figures lie, but there is ground for suspicion that the truth has in some way suffered; and the public will interpret the statistics as fresh evidence that trout fishermen cannot tell the truth."

Well! Our friend "divided the whole number of fish by the whole number of pounds." Without disrespect, I should say he would have made a bigger success as an acrobat than as a statistician.

The "eleven" in his answer did not represent the number of pounds to the fish, but rather the number of *fish to the pound.*

Try it yourself. Ten fish weigh two pounds. Imitate our friend the "stat." Divide ten by two. Answer is "five." But not *five pounds.* It is five fish to the pound.

So Mr. Alden's 362 friends said their fish weighed about 3 1/5 ounces apiece. Very moderate, I should say.

By the way, talking about fishing, I have just returned from a fishing trip in the Temagami region. One night a severe windstorm carried off our tent. We turned out with our rods, fished a half hour, skinned the fish, sewed the skins together and—no, I can't go on. A vision of "W. L. Alden of the N. Y. Times" and his statistician prevents. They might cast discredit on my story. So no more to-day.

W. J. EHRICH.

WE were out for woodcock, and as we were crossing the open between two covers our dogs surrounded a woodchuck, and encouraged by us, were making considerable noise, which attracted the attention of the old farmer and his son, and they left their work and came over to see the fun. As this was new game to the dogs, they were rather awkward in handling it. Fred, wishing to help them, aimed a vicious kick at the rodent, which missed its object, and striking poor Dan under the chin, fairly lifted him off the ground. When the howls and laughter had subsided, the farmer's boy remarked, "That reminds me of how dad did for old Bose. He was the goll darndest woodchuck dog that you ever see. One day he got a chuck in a stone heap, and dad and I took a crowbar and went to help him. We pried out one or two stones, when the chuck stuck up his head and dad let drive at him with the crowbar full chisel. Just then old Bose spied him and made a dive, and the crowbar struck him between the ears and killed him deader than Julius Cæsar." "Yes," added the old man, "and the funny part of it is old Bose don't know to this day but what the woodchuck killed him."

SHADOW.

ED. F. and John G. went fire-hunting deer on the Yegua. John soon found eyes; and at the crack of "Old-Meat-in-the-Pot", there was scuffling in the bushes. Running in to the spot, John suddenly stopped short, and in a hoarse whisper said, "Ed, a horse!" They made a quick trip to camp, hitched up their team, without delay came home and said "nothing to nobody." The next morning, Mr. L., who was going through the bottom looking for cattle, found, lying near an old horse that had been dead two weeks, a fine seven-prong buck. When Ed and John heard of it—well!

W. A. L.

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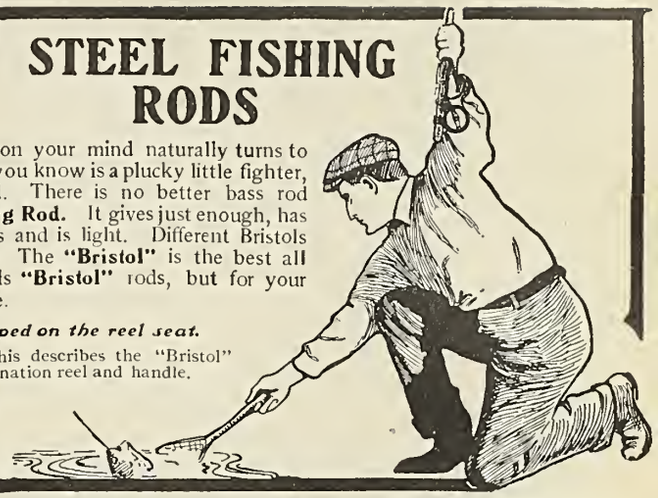

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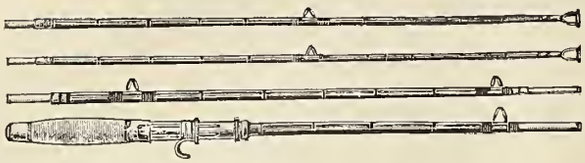

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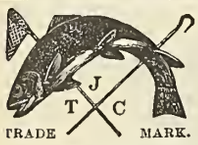

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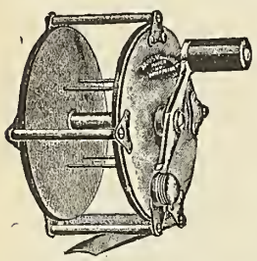

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 3. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

THE BLACKFEET.

We print this week the last chapter of the story "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." The manifest truthfulness of the tale and its simple human nature have made a strong impression. Incidentally, the story has awakened a lively interest in the Piegan Indians, who now occupy a small reservation in northwestern Montana. The Piegans, or, as they are officially known, the Blackfeet Indians, had been buffalo eaters ever since they entered and conquered the lands where the white man found them. Their troubles began when the buffalo were exterminated. The story that we have printed practically ends with the starvation winter which followed the disappearance of the buffalo.

For a few years after that time the Indians subsisted on the rations issued to them by the Government. In 1887 they surrendered to the United States by treaty a great part of their territory in northern Montana, and in 1895 they sold a further tract of their mountains, which was supposed to contain valuable mineral deposits.

From time to time, cattle have been issued to these Indians, and their herds at one time numbered more than 20,000. Through the inefficiency of a number of their agents, their herds became greatly reduced. A little later the Government cut off their rations, and this obliged the Indians to part with their horses and cattle in order to pay the bills that they had run up at the trader's store. The Indian traders have a practical monopoly of store-keeping on the reservation, and they are said to have come together and agreed to charge prices from one-third to one-half higher than are charged for the same goods by traders living off the reservation.

On an Indian reservation, money is a very scarce article. There is little or no opportunity for the Indians to hire out for wages, and they can thus get no cash. Their rations have been cut off; they can live only by purchasing food from the traders; and their sole means of purchasing such food is by selling their horses and their cattle. The consequence is that the herds of the Blackfeet have, in large measure, passed over into the hands of the Indian traders, and when their horses and their cattle shall have all disappeared, the prospect will be dark for them.

On the other hand, the reclamation service is about to build through the Blackfeet Reservation an irrigation ditch, which will give work to a number of Indians, and it is understood that a few men and teams have gone to work on this within the present month. Nevertheless, in that country, it is impossible for any Indian, even if he should have work during the three or four months when work is possible—between July 1 and the winter—to earn enough to support his family through the year. They must depend on their cattle.

At the last session of Congress a bill was passed providing for the allotment of their lands to the Blackfeet, but as the bill made no adequate provision for protecting the water rights of the Indians, it was vetoed by President Roosevelt. It is probable that at the next session of Congress the matter will come up again, and if an allotment bill is passed it should protect the Indians in their water rights, and should give them an acreage of land greatly in excess of that provided for by the general allotment act. The Blackfeet Reservation lies far to the north, and is between four thousand and five thousand feet above the sea level. It is a bleak, arid country, fit for grazing and for nothing else. Snows fall until July; frosts occur every month in the year; oats seldom ripen; potatoes do not give a crop one year in four. Cattle raising must be the sole industry by which these people live, and cattle cannot be raised without land to graze on. The bill providing for the allotment of the Blackfeet Indians should give to each individual not less than three hundred and twenty acres of land.

As for the Blackfoot life of the present, it is much like that of white people. Mr. Anderson's story covers the transition period of the Indians from a wild tribe to a community adapting itself as best it may to the ways of civilization. The lodges of the Blackfeet have disappeared; in their stead are furnished wooden houses. The altered type of dwelling epitomizes the changed conditions, and tells in a word the passing from the old to the new.

MIDSUMMER.

The whitening tops of the chestnut trees tell us that midsummer is here, and indeed this is the first of the signs—which a little later will be many—to tell us that the year is rolling along, and that before we know it, the shooting season will open, frost will come, then snow, and at last winter.

Except for the hoary crown of the chestnut trees, there is little now to suggest cold weather. In many of the meadows the grass still grows rank and tall, though already it is falling before the machines drawn by the patient animals which walk to and fro in the meadows and gradually cut it off, and a few days later we see only the brown close-shaven stubble, over which robins, crows and the red-winged blackbirds search for food. The rye has turned yellow and is being cut, and over much of the broad west the harvests are in progress, or have even ended. Yet the field corn has months more to grow before its tassels bend to the breeze and its silk grows brown beneath the sun.

The birds have reared their brood, and on the lawns and along the woods roads the first flocks of robins have got together. The birds of the earliest hatching have already lost their spots, yet other broods are coming along, and one may still find nests which contain eggs. Long ago the first litters of gray squirrels, rabbits and woodchucks were abroad, and the early hay makers capture not a few young rabbits, while the farm dog, knowing that for him the woodchuck season has opened, spends much of his time about the lots, craftily plotting how he may capture the young woodchucks whose innocence too often renders them his easy prey.

Within a month from this time many species of birds will be gathered into flocks, preparing for the autumnal migration, and a little later, as the heads of the wild rice grow heavier and begin to turn yellow, the rail shooting will begin. Then we shall think that autumn is at hand.

Among the officers selected for the General Staff of the Army, in place of those whose detail has expired, is Col. Geo. S. Anderson of the 6th Cavalry. To the readers of Forest and Stream Col. Anderson's name is familiar, since for seven years he was the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, where he did a wonderful work in building up and protecting the reservation. During the Spanish War, Col. Anderson served in Cuba with great distinction, and subsequently commanded a volunteer regiment in the Philippines, which did great work in pacifying the country. The regiment, largely recruited from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, consisted almost wholly of huge men from the mountains of those States, and it was perhaps quite as much the moral effect of their size as their superb fighting qualities and their endurance which led to the speedy quieting of the district in which the regiment served.

Of old time it was said of the eagle, "It goeth forth to prey about noon, when men are gone home out of the fields." Not less sagacious are the deer of Massachusetts, judging from the observed action of the Haverhill buck, as related by our Boston correspondent. The wise creature hangs around outside a garden, waiting until it sees the owner safely aboard a trolley for Boston; then jumps the fence and makes free with the cabbages.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

XXXIV.—Later Years.

THE very last of the buffalo herds disappeared in 1883. In the spring of 1884 a large flotilla of steamboats was tied up at the Fort Benton levee; among them the Black Hills and Dacotah, boats of great size and carrying capacity. The latter came up but once in a season—when the Missouri was bank full from the melting snow in the mountains—and this was their last trip for all time to come. Not only was it the last trip for them, but for all the smaller boats. The railroad was coming. It had already crossed Dacotah, and was creeping rapidly across the Montana plains. Tying up at night, using enormous quantities of wood fuel in order to overcome the swift current of the Missouri, the steamboats could not compete with the freight carrier of the rails.

When the railroad did finally enter the Rocky Mountain country, a branch running to Fort Benton, Great Falls, Helena and Butte, the main line crossing the divide through the Two Medicine Pass, it brought in its coaches many immigrants from the "States," at whom the old-timers laughed. "What are they coming here for?" they asked. "What are they going to do—these hard-hatted men and delicate looking women?"

They soon found out. The new-comers settled here and there in the valleys, and took up the available water rights; they opened stores in the towns and crossroads places and reduced prices to a five-cent basis; they even gave exact change in pennies. Heretofore a spool of thread, even a lamp-wick, had been sold for two bits. The old storekeepers and traders, with their easy, liberal ways, could not hold their own in this new order of things; they could not change their life-long habits, and one by one they went to the wall.

The men married to Indian women—squawmen as they were contemptuously called—suffered most, and, strange to say, the wives of the new-comers, not the men, were their bitterest enemies. They forbade their children to associate with the half-breed children, and at school the position of the latter was unbearable. The white ones beat them and called them opprobrious names. This hatred of the squawman was even carried into politics. One of them, as clean-minded, genial, fearless and honest a man as I ever knew, was nominated for sheriff of the county upon the party ticket which always carried the day; but at that election he and he alone of all the candidates of his party was not elected. He was actually snowed under. The white women had so badgered their husbands and brothers, had so vehemently protested against the election of a squawman to any office, that they succeeded in accomplishing his defeat. And so, one by one, these men moved to the only place where they could live in peace, where there was not an enemy within a hundred and more miles of them, the Reservation; and there they settled to pass their remaining days. There were forty-two of them at one time; few are left.

Let me correct the general impression of the squawmen, at least as to those I have known, the men who married Blackfeet women. In the days of the Indians' dire extremity, they gave them all they could, and were content so long as there remained a little bacon and flour for their families; and some days there was not even that in the houses of some of them, for they had given their all. With the Indian they starved for a time, perchance. Scattered here and there upon the Reservation, they built for themselves neat homes and corrals, and fenced their hay lands, all of which was an object lesson to the Indian. But they did more than that. They helped to build their red neighbors' cabins and stables; surveyed their irrigating ditches; taught them how to plow, and to manage a mowing machine. All this without thought of pay or profit. If you enter the home of a Blackfoot, you nearly always find the floor clean, the windows spotless, everything about in perfect order, the sewing machine and table covered with pretty cloths; the bed with clean, bright-hued blankets; the cooking utensils and tableware spotless and bright. No Government field matrons have taught them to do this, for they have had none. This they learned by observing the ways of the squawmen's wives. I have seen hundreds of white homes—there are numbers of them in any city—so exceedingly dirty, their inmates so slovenly, that one turns from them in absolute disgust; but I only two steers, and what is that?"

In their opulent days, under a good agent, and when they had numbers of steers to sell, they bought much furniture, even good carpets. There came to me one day at that time a friend, and we smoked together. "You have a book with pictures of furniture," he said, "show me the best bedstead it tells about."

I complied. "There it is," pointing to the crib. "All brass, best of springs; price $80."

"Send for it," he said, "I want it. It costs only two steers, and what is that-"

"There are others," I went on, "just as good looking, part iron, part brass, which cost much less."

"Huh!" he exclaimed. "Old Tail-feathers-coming-over-the-Hill has one that cost fifty dollars. I'm going to have the best."

Without the squawmen, I do not know what the Blackfeet would have done in the making of their treaties with the Government; in getting rid of agents of whom the less said the better—for the squawmen fought their battles and took all the brunt of the trouble. I have known an agent to order his police to kill a certain squawman at sight, because the man had reported to Washington his thievery; and others to order squawmen to leave the Reservation, separating them from their families, because they had spoken too openly regarding their underhand doings. But at intervals there were good, honest, capable men in charge, under whom the Indians regained in a measure the prosperity they had lost. But such men did not last; with a change of administration they were always dismissed by the powers that be.

One thing the squawmen never succeeded in doing—they were never able to rid the Reservation of the great cattle kings' stock. The big men had an "understanding" with some agents, and at other times even with the officials of the Department. So their stock remained and increased and fed down the rich grasses. Most of the Indians and most of the squawmen carefully tended their little herds in some favorable locality as near as possible to their home; but always, once in the spring, once in the fall, the great round-up of the cattle kings swept like wild fire across the Reservation. Thirty or forty swift riders would swoop down on one of these little herds. Some of their cattle would be mixed in with them; but they did not stop to cast them out; there wasn't time; and they drove them all to some distant point or branding corral, and the owner of the little herd lost forever more or less of them. At last, so I am told, the Indians prevailed upon the Department to fence the south and east sides of the Reservation in order to keep the foreign stock out, and their own inside. There was no need of fencing the west and north sides, for the Rocky Mountains form the western boundary, and the Canadian line the northern. It cost $30,000 to build that fence, and then the cattle kings obtained permission to pasture 30,000 head of cattle within it. But perhaps it is as well. It is only hastening the end a bit, for the Blackfeet, as I have said before, are to have their lands allotted. Then will come the sheep men, desolation in their wake, and then the end. It has been nearly the end for them this past winter. The Department decreed that no able-bodied person should receive rations. In that bleak country there is no chance of obtaining work, for the white men's ranches are few and far between. Even if a man obtained three months' work in summer time—something almost impossible—his wages could not by any means support his family for a year. A friend wrote me in January: "I was over on the Reservation to-day and visited many

old friends. In most of the homes there was little, generally no food, and the people were sitting sadly around the stove, drinking wild tea."

In the hegira of the old-timers to the Reservation, Berry and I took part. Fort Conrad had been sold. Berry bought out the Reservation trader, good will and goods, for three hundred dollars.

I got an insane idea in my head that I wanted to be a sheepman, and locating some fine springs and hay ground about twelve miles above Fort Conrad, I built some good sheds, and a house, and put up great stacks of hay. The cattlemen burned me out. I guess they did right, for I had located the only water for miles around. I left the blackened ruins and followed Berry. I am glad that they did burn me out, for I thus can truthfully say that I had no part in the devastation of Montana's once lovely plains.

We built us a home, Nat-ah'-ki and I, in a lovely valley where the grass grew green and tall. We were a long time building it. Up in the mountains where I cut the logs, our camp under the towering pines was so pleasant that we could hardly leave it for a couple of days to haul home a wagon load of material. And there were so many pleasant diversions that the ax leaned up against a stump during long dreamy days, while we went trout fishing, or trailed a deer or bear, or just remained in camp listening to the wind in the pine tops, watching the squirrels steal the remains of our breakfast, or an occasional grouse strutting by.

"How peaceful it all is here," Nat-ah'-ki once said, "How beautiful the pines, how lovely and fragile the things that grow in the damp and shadowy places. And yet, there is something fearsome about these great forests. My people seldom venture into them alone. The hunters always in couples or three or four together, the women in large numbers when they come to cut lodge poles, and their men always with them."

"But why are they afraid?" I asked. "I don't see why they should be."

"There are many reasons," she replied. "Here an enemy can easily lie in wait for one and kill without risk to himself. And then—and then they say that ghosts live in these long, wide dark woods; that they follow a hunter, or steal along by his side or in front of him; that one knows they are about, for they sometimes step on a stick which snaps, or rustle some loose leaves with their feet. Some men, it is said, have even seen these ghosts, peering at them from behind a distant tree. They had terrible, big wide faces, and big wicked eyes. Sometimes I even have thought that I was being followed by them. But, though I was terribly afraid, I have just kept on going, away down there to the spring for water. It is when you are away off there chopping and the blows of your ax cease, that I am most afraid. I stop and listen; if you begin to chop again soon, then all is well, and I go on with my work. But if there is a long silence, then I begin to fear. I know not what; everything; the dim shadowy places away out around; the wind in the tree tops which seems to be saying something I cannot understand. Oh, I become afraid, and I steal out to see if you are still there—if anything has happened to you—"

"Why—how is that?" I interposed, "I never saw you."

"No, you didn't see me. I went very quietly, very cautiously, just like one of those ghosts they talk about; but I always saw you. You would be sitting on a log, or lying on the ground, smoking, always smoking, and then I would be satisfied, and go back as quietly as I came."

"But when you came out that way, why didn't you come further and sit down and talk with me?" I asked.

"Had I done so," she replied, "you would have sat still longer idle, smoked more, and talked of those things you are ever dreaming and thinking about. Don't you know that the summer is nearly gone? And I do so much want to see that house built. I want to have a home of my own."

Thereupon I would for a time wield the ax with more vigor, and then again there would be a reaction—more days of idleness, or of wandering by the stream, or on the grim mountain slopes. But before snow came we had our modest home built and furnished, and were content.

It was the following spring that Nat-ah'-ki's mother died, after a very short illness. After the body had been wrapped with many a blanket and robe and securely bound with rawhide thongs, I was told to prepare a coffin for it. There was no lumber for sale within a hundred and fifty miles, but the good Jesuits, who had built a mission nearby, generously gave me the necessary boards and I made a long wide box more than three feet in height. Then I asked where the grave should be dug. Nat-ah'-ki and the mourning relatives were horrified. "What," the former cried, "burying mother in a hole in the dark, heavy cold ground?

"No! our agent has forbidden burials in trees, but he has said nothing about putting our dead in coffins on the top of the ground. Take the box up on the side of the hill where lie the remain of Red Eagle, of other relatives, and we will follow with all the rest in the other wagon."

I did as I was told, driving up the valley a half mile or so, then turning up on the slope where lay half a dozen rude coffins side by side on a small level place. Removing the box from the wagon, I placed it at some little distance from the others and with pick and spade made an absolutely level place for it. Then came the others, a number of friends and relatives, even three men, also relatives of the good woman. Never before nor since have I known men to attend a funeral. They always remained in their lodge and mourned; so this was even greater proof of the love and esteem in which Nat-ah'-ki's mother had been held.

Nat-ah'-ki, from the moment her mother had died, had neither slept nor partaken of food, crying, crying all the time. And now she insisted that none but she and I should perform the last ceremonies. We carried the tightly wrapped body and laid it in the big box, very carefully and tenderly you may be sure, and then placed at the sides and feet of it various little buckskin sacks, small parfleche pouches, containing needles, awls, thread and all the various implements and trinkets which she had kept and guarded so carefully. I raised and placed in position the two boards forming the cover. Every one was now crying, even the men. I held a nail in position, and drove it partly down. How dreadfully they sounded, the hammer blows hollowly, loudly reverberating from the big, half empty box. I had kept up thus far pretty well, but the cold, harsh, desecrating hammering unnerved me. I tossed the implement away, sat down, and in spite of all my efforts to control myself, I cried with the rest. "I cannot do it," I said, over and over, "I cannot drive those nails."

Nat-ah'-ki came and sat down, leaned on my shoulder and reached out her trembling hands for mine.

"Our mother!" she said, "Our mother! just think; we will never, never see her again. Oh, why must she have died while she had not even begun to grow old."

One of the men stepped forward, "Go you two home," he said. "I will nail the boards."

So, in the gathering dusk, Nat-ah'-ki and I drove home. I unhitched the horses and turned them loose; and then entering the silent house we went to bed. The Crow Woman, always faithful and kind, came later, and I heard her build a fire in the kitchen stove. Presently she brought in a lamp, then some tea and a few slices of bread and meat. Nat-ah'-ki was asleep; bending over me she whispered: "Be more than ever kind to her now, my son. Such a good mother as she had! There was not one quite so good in all the earth; she will miss her so much. You must now be to her both her man and mother."

"I will," I replied, taking her hand. "You know that I will," whereupon she passed as silently out of the room and out of the house as she had come. It was a long, long time though, before Nat-ah'-ki recovered her naturally high spirits, and even years afterward she would awake me in the night, crying, to talk about her mother.

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Since the rails of the great road had crossed the land which White Calf said should never be desecrated by fire wagons, I thought that we might as well ride upon them, but it was some time before I could persuade Nat-ah'-ki to do so. But at last she fell grievously ill, and I prevailed on her to see a famous physician who lived in a not far distant city, a man who had done much for me, and of whose wonderful surgical work I never tired telling. So, one morning, we took seats in the rear Pullman of a train and started Nat-ah'-ki sitting by the open window. Presently we came to a bridge spanning an exceedingly deep cañon, and looking down she gave a little cry of surprise and terror, dropped to the floor and covered her face with her hands. I got her back on the seat, but it was some time before she recovered her composure. "It looked so awfully far down there," she said, "and supposing the bridge had broken, we would all have been killed."

I assured her that the bridges could not break, that the men who built them knew just how much they could hold up, and that was more than could be loaded on a train. Thenceforth she had no fear and loved the swift glide of a train, her favorite place in suitable weather being a seat out on the rear platform of the last Pullman.

We hadn't been on the train fifteen minutes, when I suddenly realized something that I had never thought of before. Glancing at the women seated here and there, all of them dressed in neat and rich fabrics, some of them wearing gorgeous hats, I saw that Nat-ah'-ki was not in their class so far as wearing apparel was concerned. She wore a plain gingham dress, and carried a shawl and a sun bonnet, all of which were considered very "swell" up on the Reservation, and had been so

regarded in the days of the buffalo traders at Fort Benton. To my surprise, some of these ladies in the car came to talk with Nat-ah'-ki, and said many kind things to her. And the little woman was highly pleased, even excited, by their visits. "Why," she said to me in surprise, "I did not think that white women would speak to me. I thought they all hated an Indian woman."

"Many do," I answered, "but they are not women of this class. There are women, and women. My mother is like these you have spoken to. Did you notice their dresses?" I added. "Well, so you must dress. I am glad that we arrive in the city at night. You shall be dressed like them before we go to the hospital."

Our train pulled into the city on time, and I hurried Nat-ah'-ki into a cab, and thence to the side entrance of a hotel, thence upstairs to a room which I had telegraphed for. It was a Saturday night and the stores were still open. I found a saleswoman in a department store to accompany me to the hotel and take Nat-ah'ki's measure. In a little while we had her fitted out with waists and skirts, and a neat traveling coat. How pleased she was with them, and how proud I was of her. There was nothing, I thought, good enough to clothe that true and tried little body, whose candor, and gentleness, and innate refinement of mind were mirrored in her eyes.

We had dinner in our room. I suddenly remembered that I had not thought of one article of costume, a hat, and out I went to get it. In the lobby of the hotel I met an artist friend, and besought his aid in selecting the important gear. We looked at about five hundred, I thought, and at last decided upon a brown velvet thing with a black feather. We took it up to the room and Nat-ah'-ki tried it on. "'Twas too small," we all declared, so back we went after another one. There didn't seem to be any larger ones, and we we discouraged. "They don't fit down," I told the woman, "can't be made to fit like this," raising my hat and jamming it down in place. The woman looked at me in astonishment. "Why, my dear sir!" she exclaimed. "Women do not wear their hats that way. They place them lightly on the top of the head, and secure them there with large pins, hat pins, running through the hair."

"Oh, I see," I said. "That's the way, is it? Well, give us back the hat and some pins, and we'll be fixed this time, sure."

But we weren't. Nat-ah'-ki wore her hair in two long braids, tied together and hanging down her back. There was no way of skewering that hat on, unless she wore her hair pompodour, or whatever you call it, bunched up on top of the head, you know, and of course she wouldn't do that. Nor did I wish her to, I liked to see those great heavy braids falling down, away down below the waist.

"I have it," said my friend, who had ridden some himself, in fact, had been a noted cow puncher, "we'll just get a piece of rubber elastic sewed on, like the string on a sombrero. That will go under the braids, close to the skin, and there you are."

The store was just closing when I finally got the elastic, some thread and needles, and Nat-ah'-ki sewed it on. The hat stayed. One could hardly knock it off. Tired and thirsty, the artist and I withdrew in search of a long fizzing drink, and Nat-ah'-ki went to bed. I found her wide awake when I returned. "Isn't this splendid," she exclaimed, "everything as one could wish it. You merely push a little black thing and some one comes up to wait on you, to bring you your dinner, or water, or whatever you want. You turn faucets, and there is your water. With one turn you make the lightning lamps burn, or go out. It is wonderful, wonderful. I could live here very happily."

"Is it better than the neat lodge we had, when we traveled about, when we camped right here where this city stands and hunted buffalo?"

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "it is not like those dear dead, past times. But they are gone. Since we must travel the white man's road, as the chiefs say, let us take the best we can find along the way, and this is very nice."

In the morning we drove to the hospital, and up the elevator to the floor and room assigned to us. Nat-ah'-ki was put to bed by the Sisters, with whom she immediately became infatuated. Then came the doctor. "It is he," I told her, "the one who saved me."

She rose up in bed and grasped one of his hands in both her own. "Tell him," she said, "that I will be good and patient. That no matter how bad his medicines taste, I will take them, that no matter how much he hurts me, I will not cry out. Tell him I wish to get well quick, so I can walk around, and do my work, and be happy and healthy once more."

"It is nothing organic," said the doctor. "It does not even need the knife. A week in bed, some medicine, and she can go home as well as ever."

This was pleasing news to Nat-ah'-ki, when she came to her senses. The chloroform did not even make her ill, and she was as cheerful as a lark from morning until night. The Sisters and nurses were always coming in to talk and joke with her, and when I was not on hand to interpret, they still seemed to understand one another, Nat-ah'-ki in some way making her thoughts known. One could hear her cheery laughter ringing out of the room and down the hall at almost any hour of day.

"Never in my life," said the Sister Superior, "have I known such another cheerful, innocent, happy woman. You are a lucky man, sir, to have such a wife."

Then came the happy day when we could set out for home again. We went, and for a long time Nat-ah'-ki talked of the wonderful things she had seen. Her faith in the Blackfoot men and women doctors was shattered, and she did not hesitate to say so. She told of the wonderful way in which her doctor had cut patients in the hospital and made them well; of his wonderful lightning lamp, (X-ray) with which one's bones, the whole skeleton, could be seen through the flesh. The whole tribe became interested and came to listen from far and near. After that, many a suffering one went to the great hospital and to her doctor, no matter what their ailment was, in full faith that they would be cured.

On our homeward way, I remember we saw a man and two women loading a hay wagon, the man on top of the load, the woman sturdily pitching up great forkfuls of hay to him regardless of the extreme heat of the day. The little woman was astonished, shocked. "I did not think," she said, that white men would so abuse their women. A Blackfoot would not be so cruel. I begin to think that white women have a much harder time than we do."

"You are right," I told her, "most poor white women are slaves; they have ot get up at three or four o'clock in the morning, cook three meals a day, make, mend and wash their children's clothes, scrub floors, work in the garden, and when night comes they have hardly strength left to crawl to bed. Do you think you could do all that?"

"No," she replied, "I could not. I wonder if that is not why some white women so dislike us, because they have to work so dreadfully hard, while we have so much time to rest, or go visiting, or ride around here and there on the beautiful plains. Surely our life is happier than theirs, and you, Oh, lucky was the day when you chose me to be your little woman."

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The years passed happily for Nat-ah'-ki and me. We had a growing bunch of cattle which were rounded up with the other Reservation stock twice a year. I built two small irrigating ditches and raised some hay. There was little work to do, and we made a trip somewhere every autumn, up into the Rockies with friends, or took a jaunt by rail to some distant point. Sometimes we would take a skiff and idly drift and camp along the Missouri for three or four hundred miles below Fort Benton, returning home by rail. I think that we enjoyed the water trips the best. The shifting, boiling flood, the weird cliffs, the beautifully timbered silent valley had a peculiar fascination for us such as no place in the great mountains possessed. It was one of these river trips that Nat-ah'-ki began to complain of sharp pain in the tips of her right hand fingers. "It is nothing but rheumatism," I said, "and will soon pass away."

But I was wrong. The pain grew worse, and abandoning our boat at the mouth of Milk River, we took to the first train for the city where our doctor lived, and once more found ourselves in the hospital, in the very same room, the same good Sisters and nurses surrounding Nat-ah'-ki and trying to relieve her of the pain, which was now excruciating. The doctor came, felt her pulse, got out his stethoscope and moved it from place to place until, at last, it stopped at a point at the right side of the neck, close to the collar bone. There he listened long, and I began to feel alarmed. "It is not rheumatism, I said to myself. Something is wrong with her heart."

The doctor gave some directions to the nurse; then turning to Nat-ah'-ki he said, "Take courage, little friend, we'll pull you through all right."

Nat-ah-'-ki smiled. Then she grew drowsy under the influence of an opiate; and we left the room.

"Well, old man," said the doctor, "this time I can do little. She may live a year, but I doubt it."

For eleven months we all did what we could, and then one day, my faithful, loving, tender-hearted little woman passed away, and left me. By day I think about her, at night, I dream of her. I wish that I had that faith which teaches us that we will meet again on the other shore. But all looks very dark to me.

WALTER B. ANDERSON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Finding Water with a Twig.

Editor Forest and Stream:

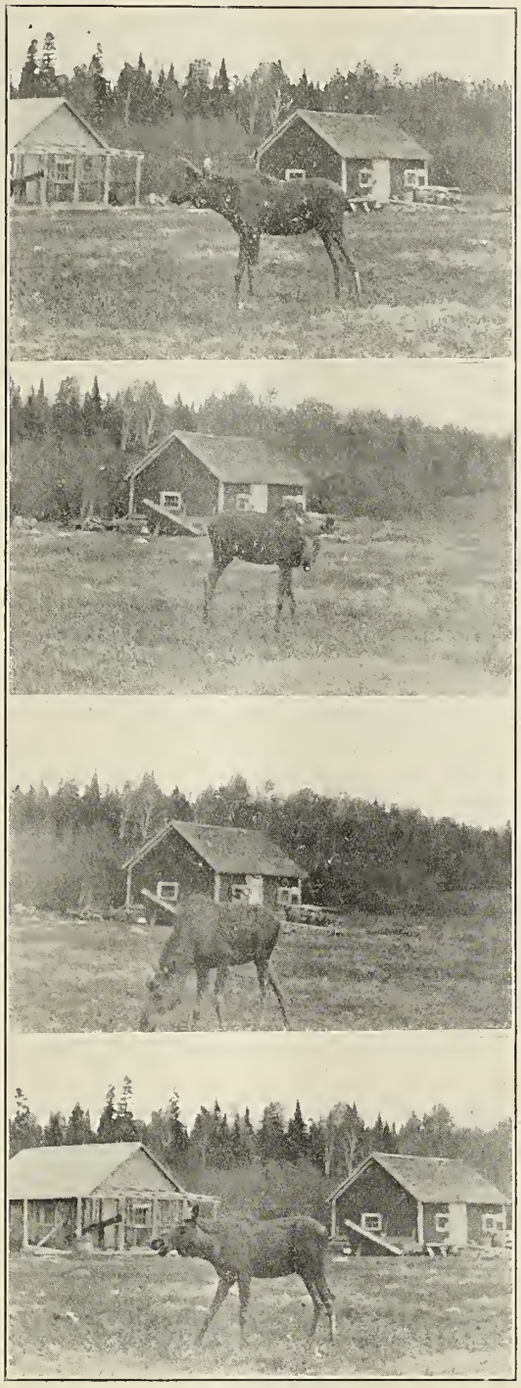
Your paper in its new dress appeals yet more strongly to the love that I have always felt for it, and I distinctly want, here and now, to acknowledge its great help and comfort to me in many years and places, north, south, east and west, where I have joined the fishers and hunters in their rambles, their sailings and their tramps, and have always been there in thought and sympathy, and enjoyed it all. Somehow I always want to smoke a pipe when I read the Forest and Stream. I want to look over to where the old gun reposes, and the ancient rig hangs up. I love to fancy that the old waistcoat is heavy with cartridges; that the old knife is hanging from the belt; that the old coat with its stains, is loaded with the many little things which must be at hand in boat or bush. Well, I have been through it all, and the delight of it thrills me yet, although avoirdupois and other weights of advancing years warn me that the younger ones must take up the burden where I dropped it some years ago. I take out the old gun once in a while and leisurely and lovingly clean it up, and in thought I live over the old life, by camp-fire and in boat, where everything tasted so good, both edible and spiritual, and tobacco was a great delight. Among all the pleasures of a long and active life, I count among the greatest, the outings and the sportings that I have enjoyed with good fellows, lots of game, and the grand life of "out-of-doors," in old and comfortable clothes. It is all better than society, official functions, or any other meetings where one must "behave yourself."

I have seen the Forest and Stream grow from nothing to what it is now, and the credit that is due to the generous labors of "all hands" cannot be expressed by me. Some of the writers have gone to the happy hunting grounds, but they have left with us the records of their kindly hearts, and their generous minds, which had been softened and mellowed by their cleanly, broadened lives in the open. There are others still with us, and their narratives in Forest and Stream being true records of something that modern progress has crowded out, and that we shall see no more, deserve to be preserved as among the most valuable records of the early life of this country. Happily, this seems to be a writing age, and these records are of great interest, as plain tales are far better than the most ornate histories, which somehow seem to be always more or less biased.

I have been much interested from time to time in what we must call the "witch-hazel tales." Let me add a little to them.

Some years ago I was desirous of driving a well near my house; for a water supply, so that the pipe could be carried under the house and into the kitchen sink, where a pump could be attached to it. I therefore sent to an adjoining town for the driver of wells, who came with his tools, arriving about 1 P. M. He asked me where I wished to have the well located, and I indicated the exact spot. A second man who had accompanied the well artist took a forked twig from his pocket and began pacing over the ground, and at the very spot where I desired the well the twig seemed to point directly to the ground. The well was driven in the exact spot indicated, and has never failed to deliver an abundant supply of excellent water. It was ready for use at 5 P. M.

I had often heard of this divining business before, but I had never seen it. I asked the diviner to lend me the twig, and I went off into the fields by myself, and to my surprise it acted perfectly in my hands, and I found that I also was a medium, and the matter puzzled me very greatly. I conversed with the seer and found that he was an intelligent and cultivated man, and was, at that time, principal of the high school in a neighboring town. He could give me no rational explanation of the phenomenon, but said that he was so sensitive to running water and its connection with what he had demonstrated, that in driving over a bridge with a swift running stream beneath, his wrists would twitch perceptibly when holding the reins. Here was material to work on, and so I went to the fountain head of knowledge and sought for light.



A GRAZING MOOSE.
Photos by Charles A. Allen.

In my house at that time as an honored guest was my father. Learned in the sciences and ologies of all the ages, theologian, student, poet, teacher, a traveler in many lands, and familiar with literature in several languages, he knew many things and had a vast experience. To him I submitted this problem in natural science, and this was his exposition. He said that he had known of the so-called divination for water, and said that the power or facility, or whatever it might be called, undoubtedly existed, and had been used with success on many occasions which had come under his observation, and said that he would give me a theory, but could not vouch for its correctness, for want of more exact knowledge. He proceeded as follows:

"All nature is full of a mysterious power or element, which we call electricity. We know very little about it, but we know that it is present in the earth, the air, the sea; in fact, in all water. We have it in our bodies. In some persons it is very strongly shown, in others it is less apparent. The tendency of some electrical currents is to attract each other, and by the shortest lines. In this case we have a strongly electrical man, a stream of running or percolating water, producing or inciting a current of electricity, and a green forked twig, for a dry twig will not act. Now we find that the wood of the twig is not a conductor of electricity, neither is the bark, but the sap between them is a conductor. So the man holds the twig, he walks about until a spot is reached where water is producing electrical action; his electricity is attracted toward that spot, traversing the sap under the bark of the twig, and turning it down toward the reservoir or natural manufactory of electrical action, and producing the phenomena which has puzzled many people. I give you this thing for what it may be worth."

In like manner I pass this explanation along to the Forest and Stream as a contribution to the literature of the art of finding water with a forked twig.

C. H. Rockwell,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Chatham, Mass., July 11.

A Grazing Moose.

Worcester, Mass., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*. I inclose four photographs of a young bull moose; they were taken about the first of June of this year, while I was at Roach River, Maine, putting in two weeks with the trout.

This moose is supposed to be one of a number that yarded near the Roach River house, last winter. His first appearance on the farm was on a rainy Sunday morning, when I succeeded in obtaining the photographs, after that he was around nearly every day. He was absolutely devoid of fear, and if approached quietly would allow one to get within twenty-five feet of him. The photographs were taken at that distance.

The most interesting picture to me is the one in which he is grazing in exactly the same manner that cattle do. I have had many opportunities to observe moose feeding during the past twenty years, but never before saw one eating from the hard ground after the manner of horses and cattle. All the guides and woodsmen around here say it is very unusual.

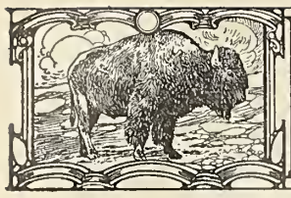
When I left June 13, he was still there, and I hope to see him again after July 20, when I go up for the fly-fishing. Charles A. Allen.

[Mr. Allen's photographs certainly give the lie to the old belief that the moose cannot graze on level ground. It shows, on the other hand, that this animal crops the grass precisely as a horse grazes. We have shared this ancient error, and have seen a calf moose spread its legs wide apart, apparently to get its head down low enough to drink milk out of a bucket standing on the ground; but in the face of the printed photograph, there is nothing to be said. From the pictures, however, we are disposed to think that there is nothing unusual in this method of grazing by the moose; but that it is quite the natural way. We should be more disposed to think the guides and woodsmen had failed to observe closely. Mr. Allen is to be credited with having corrected a very old error.]

Reminiscences of a Sportsman.

We have now just from our press a handsome book on large paper, of 460 pages, entitled "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney, well known as an occasional contributor to our paper. The volume, which is of a most interesting character, is published almost wholly for private distribution by Mr. Whitney. We have but a limited number for sale at the price of $4, or $4.25 including postage. The book treats of fishing and shooting, with many interesting episodes occurring in Mr. Whitney's extensive travels abroad and in this country.

The author is one who, amid very varied and successful business experiences in railroad building, land reclamations, colonizing, mining, manufacturing, etc., extending over half a century, has found occasion to give the greater part of his time to the pursuits of fishing and shooting and out-of-door sports; and he has had many interesting adventures connected with these pursuits. We shall recur to the Reminiscences.



NATURAL HISTORY

The Eagle and Other Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why should any intelligent and thoughtful man wish to shoot an eagle? What has he accomplished by the deed? A momentary triumph perhaps, of doubtful value, in exhibiting his trophy to his neighbors. In a day or two, his triumph, such as it is, has departed, and so has the eagle. This same man, and his neighbors, in pursuing their way through the same locality thereafter, must miss the pleasing anticipation of seeing such an interesting object as a live eagle on the journey, this particular specimen of the noblest bird that graces our natural scenery, having been blotted out of existence, and nothing left to show for it.

The late ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator, James L. Alcorn, lived in this county, in a delightful home on his plantation, called "Eagle Nest." He pointed out to the writer a large eagle's nest in the top of a tall cypress tree in sight of his residence.

He said that for many years a pair of eagles had occupied the nest every season, raising a brood each year, which was a characteristic and attractive feature of his home surroundings, this annual drama in which the two eagles played the title role. "But," he remarked, "a fool came along one day and killed them both, and the nest has been vacant ever since." There the nest remains, a melancholy ruin, and a fitting monument to the "fool" who killed the eagles.

If, like "the ancient mariner," this man and all the other eagle killers, could be made to wear the slain birds about their necks, the "triumph" would take on a different complexion, and the result be most salutary.

The principle ought to be inculcated in the minds of our children, that no living creature should be killed without a distinct and justifiable object in such killing.

It may not be inappropriate to remind even "grown up children," that the most commonplace bird presented to the view, flying through the air, or perched on a twig, is a most marvelous example of a perfect and complex machine, vitalized by a principle that we call "life," of the origin and nature of which we are ignorant. We know that we can destroy it in a moment of time. We know also that the combined wisdom and ingenuity of all the men now living, or who have ever lived, cannot rekindle the spark of life when once extinguished.

Let us contemplate for a little while this bit of animated machinery, the commonplace little bird. Its feathers alone are a marvel of delicate workmanship and exact adaptation to their special functions. Its powers of flight, (what would we not give to possess them) through "the desert and illimitable air," with a boundless horizon of vision, and eyes of such delicate adjustments that they can focus objects ten miles away in telescope fashion, and instantly change to microscopic powers for minute objects a few feet distant; its nervous organism of exceeding delicacy, instantly responsive to demands for guidance of its rapid flight among an intricacy of trees and branches; its palpitating little heart with quick beats sending the flow of hot blood out through the arteries, and back through the labyrinthal veins, generating heat several degrees higher than human blood heat; its vocal organs of such flexibility, and with powers so out of proportion to its diminutive size; and lastly, its little active brain, the repository of a little rudimental mind, ever alert, taking on a myriad of impressions with electrical rapidity. When we pause to analyze and reflect upon this wonderful little creation out of nature's fecund womb, does it not seem strange that we should look with indifference upon its wanton destruction at a single blow, without any object, or purpose gained? or that our warm-hearted and sympathetic women should consent to the adornment of their bonnets with the plumage of such innocents, mudered by ruthless men for sordid dollars?

En passant—just at this moment, there perched near my window a nearly grown young jaybird, who is apparently "practising up" on his voice, with comical effect. He utters the common jaybird call in quick succession and animated style, then immediately, without pause, grades off into a grotesque and uncouth attempt at a little guttural song, repeating the whole performance a number of times.

A brood of these noisy and gaily colored youngsters, chasing after the parent bird with greedy calls, like the "Horse leech's daughters," for "more, more," of grub, or grubs, lends animation to the scene in my office yard, on the bank of the Sunflower River.

Occasionally a rabbit hops about the yard, nibbling the grass, while now and again a pair of Bob Whites form part of the *dramatis personæ* "No dogs are allowed" on the premises.

Early in the spring, a red-headed woodpecker embarked upon the enterprise of excavating a dwelling in a dead hackberry that stood about fifty feet from one of the office windows. He doubtless had formulated in his mind a very commendable scheme of housekeeping and family duties for the present season. He worked industriously at his task of housebuilding, diving into his hole, head first, and presently bobbing up with beak full of chips, which, after a pause he disposed of by a quick flirt of his head, right and left, never dropping them straight down to the base of the tree. After thus disposing of the chips, he did not drop back into the hole, but invariably came outside, turned about and dived in, head foremost again.

He paused in his labors now and then, and endeavored to call the attention of some other woodpecker to his enterprise. He also occasionally flew over to another tree a hundred yards away, where he engaged in some courting passages with a female bird, but apparently without success, for he could never induce his lady love even to come over and have a look at his "cottage."

He continued with languid interest, putting the finishing touches on his prospective dwelling, until a few weeks ago, when the tree was blown down in a storm, and now lies prostrate. An investigation of the ruined house showed that he had furnished it with only a few small green leaves. Another sad example wherein "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley."

The woodpecker disappeared after the "earthquake," and has probably lost his place in the dance for this set.

But to return to my philosophizing vein; whence comes this strong propensity of untutored man to slay every wild creature that falls into his power?

Presumably it is a brutish instinct that survives from the time of man's first emergence from the animal stage of his development, when "the hand of man was against every creature." There still cling about humanity shreds and fragments of the brute integument which in a previous age completely clothed us, and the degree of advancement of each individual to higher planes of moral development is marked by the comparative diminution of such evidence. We meet many human specimens who show scarce a rent in the continuity of the brutish envelopment. What an unenviable reputation man has acquired for himself in the estimation of all of nature's children. Everything distrusts him, and is afraid of his baneful presence. Even the "stray dog," man's humble and subserviant dependent, mistrusts the advances of a strange man, as experience has taught him that he is more likely to get kicks and cuffs than caresses at the hands of any stranger he may chance to meet.

It is amusing to note that dogs belonging to negroes have only to become aware that they have attracted the notice of a white man, when away they scuttle for dear life. If man's instinct of destructiveness shall continue to assert itself without restraining influence, the result must be a more or less complete annihilation of all animated life in nature's domain, leaving only such domestic creatures as are in man's own control and which serve his daily needs.

Fancy a Nature without a single living thing, except the grim invader man. What a forbidding desert this must be. For even those creatures that are regarded as obnoxious to man's interests, if they were all destroyed, a painful void must be left. Even to him who feels the greatest aversion to snakes, if fishing in a millpond, a few snakes seen swimming about, or sunning themselves on logs and chunks, are objects of keen interest, contributing to the complete appropriateness of the scene. When we reflect upon the sum total of the injuries inflicted on man by all the "noxious" creatures, it is very small, and generally the result of man's own fault or heedlessness, for even the wasps and yellow jackets only attack when the sanctity of their homes is invaded. A few days ago, the writer and a companion were exploring a marshy thicket with grass knee high. The companion, some yards in the rear, remarked, "Here is a big moccasin." "Which way is he headed?" "Going towards you." I advanced a couple of steps in his direction and stopped to listen. Presently a rustling was heard in the grass a yard to the right. By the aid of a stick to part the grass, the snake was soon disclosed, a moccasin three and a half feet long and the size of a man's wrist. The snake crawled away and was pursued into more open ground, where repeated efforts were made to stop him by placing a stick on his back. When at last brought to a stand by a heavy pressure on his back, the head was thrown over angrily, the wide open mouth exhibiting the cottony lining and cat claw fangs of the "deadly" cotton mouth. During the whole episode, the snake had made no effort to strike. He was released, and we went our several ways, he to pursue his frogs, and I to pursue mine. So let us all be mindful of "Uncle Toby's forbearance, who opened the casement of the parlor window, and released the "blue bottle" fly that had disturbed his slumbers, with the remark, "Go forth, poor fly—the world is wide enough for thee and me." For myself, I should deprecate the elimination from nature's scenes even of the bugs, spiders and stinging insects (barring mosquitoes and their kind—they "never would be missed," except with a benediction for their absence).

The chance of encountering even those creatures that are to be shunned, lends a zest to one's adventures in woods and fields, and would leave a sense of barrenness behind, if they were not.

COAHOMA.

Rocky Mountain Game Photos.

MR. W. S. BERRY, of Gardiner, Mont., is doing some excellent work in photographing the big game of the region, and so popularizing a knowledge of the species as they appear in their haunts. We print on our cover to-day one of his views of a band of elk. Mr. Berry has yielded so far to the prevailing post-card craze as to reproduce a number of his game photos in color cards.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Some Common Insects.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

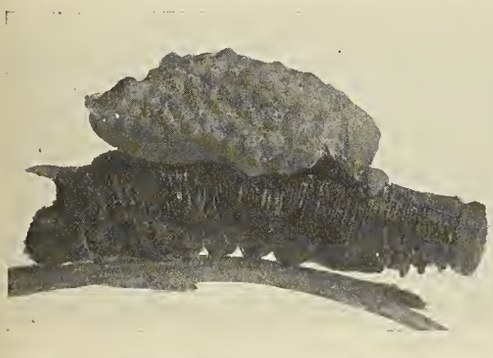
II. - The Ichneumon Parasites.

THERE are numberless ways in which nature keeps that balance of life which renders human existence upon the earth possible. One of the most interesting of these is to be found in the simple method by which the undue increase of plant-feeding insects is prevented through the action of the parasite called ichneumon flies. A large proportion of these ichneumon flies live, in their earlier stages, within or upon the bodies of plant-feeding caterpillars, developing at the expense of the lives of the latter. Were it not for these parasites there is no question that the caterpillars which live upon the foliage of trees and other plants would be vastly more numerous than they are now and would cause untold damage to forests and cultivated crops.

The life history of one of these ichneumon flies may perhaps be made clear with the help of the accompanying picture of a butterfly chrysalis shell and the ichneumon fly that emerged from it. Some weeks before this fly emerged, another fly similar to the one pictured deposited an egg in or upon the body of the caterpillar which was to change to this chrysalis, or possibly in the chrysalis itself. This egg shortly hatched into a minute grub-like larva, which, hidden beneath the skin of the host insect, absorbed its body juices and gradually increased in size. This parasitic grub was of a whitish color with the simplest sort of an organization, living the lazy life of a parasite. As it grew larger it absorbed more and more of the vitals of its host, until at last nothing was left but the outer skin of the chrysalis.

This chrysalis skin now serves as a protection to the parasitic larva, and within it the latter itself changes to the pupa or chrysalis state. It remains in this pupal condition for a week or more, when it again changes to an adult fly, similar in appearance to the one that laid the egg in the first place. It then gnaws a hole through the skin of the outer chrysalis, through which it emerges to fly about in the air, visiting flowers in search of nectar and hunting through the fields and woods for caterpillar victims in order that it may deposit eggs in them and thus continue the cycle of insect existence.

In the case of this ichneumon fly the parasite is a comparatively large insect, approximating in size that of the host insect on which it develops, and in such cases only a single parasite develops in each host. There are many ichneumon flies, however, which are exceedingly minute, and when, as is often the case, these attack good-sized caterpillars, a large number of the parasites commonly develop within the body of the host caterpillar. One may very often find in the summer time the large caterpillars of the Sphinx moth family, which have upon their bodies great numbers of small silken cocoons, which, to the uninitiated, often seem to be insect eggs. A caterpillar carrying this curious load is shown in an accompanying picture from a photograph by Mr. A. H. Verrill.



SPHINX CATERPILLAR WITH COCOONS OF PARASITE.
Photo by A. H. Verrill.

These are by no means the eggs of the caterpillar that carries them. Instead, they are the cocoons of the ichneumon parasites, and their presence is a pretty certain indication that the unfortunate caterpillar which carries them will die before becoming a winged moth. The story of their origin is essentially similar to that of the ichneumon fly already given. Several weeks before the caterpillar was photographed there had lit upon its back a very small ichneumon fly which had deposited through the skin of the caterpillar a great many tiny eggs. These eggs soon hatched into little maggot-like larvæ which absorbed the life juices of the caterpillar, and as the weeks went by gradually increased in size. At last they were full-grown in this larval state, and in a most curious way they all burrowed through the outer skin of the caterpillar at the same time, and each small larva spun around itself a silken cocoon, these cocoons, in the case of the species illustrated, being held so closely together that they formed a single mass. In other species the cocoons are not so closely attached to one another.

ICHNEUMON FLY AND BUTTERFLY CHRYSALIS.
Photo by A. H. Verrill.

After the small larvæ had thus spun cocoons around themselves, each changed into a minute chrysalis, from which, in due time, there would come a small fly like the one that, weeks before, lit upon the back of the caterpillar; and the Sphinx caterpillar itself will linger along in an apparently half-paralyzed condition until it finally dies.

These examples are typical illustrations of the life histories of the ichneumon flies, although these life histories are marvelously varied in their details. Very commonly there are parasites upon the parasites, the parasites of the caterpillar being called primary parasites, and the parasites of the parasites being called secondary parasites. Nor does this hyper-parasitism necessarily stop here, for there are tertiary and even quarternary parasites; so that in the light of our modern knowledge we realize that Dean Swift was no mean entomologist when he wrote, so many years ago, those familiar lines:

> So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed ad infinitum.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Ruffed Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just finished reading Prof. C. F. Hodge's very interesting account of rearing grouse. It is published in the report of the Massachusetts Commissioners on Fisheries and Game, Pub. Document, No. 25.

I have two special reasons for my interest in the article. First, because of my long careful study of the birds in a wild state, and second, because I have contemplated for several years an attempt to rear grouse in captivity. Unfortunately, my financial affairs have prevented the necessary expense from being set aside to make the experiment. I have some idea of how a wired-in inclosure could be made to simulate, in some degree, the wild state.

Prof. Hodge's deductions on the mating of the ruffed grouse led me to write this article. Prof. Hodge will agree with me when I state that the actions of a bird in captivity cannot afford a sure standard by which to judge a bird in the wild state. The attempt of his male grouse to kill its mate led him to make the following statement:

"The above would indicate that the mating occurs but once in a season, that the cocks drive the hens away after mating, and that probably the drumming is for the purpose of attracting unmated hens."

Of course Prof. Hodge puts this idea out as a suggestion, and not as a fact. If he had had my opportunity to study the grouse in a wild state, I think he would find his deduction unwarranted.

So far as I have been able to discover, during twenty-one years of careful observation, there is a drummer for every sitting hen. Two birds visit my cabin dooryard for food, and I know that they have been mated for four seasons. I will give my record the present season, of this pair, up to date, June 18.

April 15, (Sunday) at nine o'clock, I heard the male drumming near the cabin. I found him on a boulder about two hundred feet from the dooryard. From past experience, I knew the hen was near by, and on the nest. The next day I found the nest near a small boulder and not twenty feet from a woodland path. It contained one egg. That day, April 16, the grouse drummed during the noon hour. Later I found the second egg in the nest. April 17, the grouse begun to drum at 3 o'clock. The hen was on the nest and I watched her twenty-two minutes, the male drumming meanwhile. When the hen left the nest, she was joined by the male, and together they wandered down a valley, stopping now and then to dig with their bills in the soft soil. The next day, April 18, the hen did not lay and the male did not drum. April 19, I heard the drumming at 5 o'clock. I visited the nest before going to the city, and found that it contained four eggs. When I returned, several crows flew away from the nesting site. Investigation proved that the black scamps had located the nest.

April 20, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I heard drumming near the cabin. The hen had selected a nesting site near by, and the male had taken his stand on a boulder about one hundred feet from the cabin dooryard. Two eggs were laid in the nest and afforded a dinner for a black snake. I killed the snake, but the birds left the locality. The next attempt was made on a rocky hillside, too far away for a daily record, so I visited the nest from time to time. May 6 it contained eleven eggs and the hen began to sit. Finding the drumming had ceased May 12, I was led to visit the nest, and as I expected, found it looted. This time by crows, doubtless, as they nested in a pine grove near the spot.

I did not hear drumming until May 17. I found the nest and hung a white flag on a bush near by, hoping to keep the crows away. The scamps seemed to respect a flag of truce, so the grouse brought off eight chicks. I came onto the batch yesterday, June 18, and there were six only. As these six are stocky and good flyers, they may pull through.

The question might arise as to how I know that the nests described belong to one pair of grouse; or, how can I be sure of my birds from year to year? I know them because they are the only grouse that visit my cabin dooryard. And too,

I know them because they know me. The cock grouse will drum when he knows that I am looking at him, and the hen will allow me to stroke her head while on the nest. At such times, the hen holds her head down and shuts her eyes, but does not offer to leave the nest.

When the wind is favorable, I can hear two other drummers. One pair nests in a swamp, and these birds usually rear their chicks.

Food is plentiful, and shelter unexcelled, so that if there were no enemies, grouse would increase rapidly in this locality.

It seems to me, from my observations, that the drumming of the grouse follows the same natural law that governs the song of birds. The male drums when his mate is on the nest, and does not drum when she is with him. When the hen is sitting, the cock drums through the day, resting only when his mate is off for food and drink. When the chicks are nearly ready to break shell, the cock drums all night. When the chicks are out, the drumming stops, but the male grouse keeps near the flock. Three times I have seen a male grouse fly to the rescue of a chick caught by a snake, showing that he was not out of hearing. In late summer, before the families are separated, the males drum to give the young males a lesson. I often hear the drumming on moonlight nights. The young make feeble attempts at first, but in the end become expert, just as young roosters learn to crow by practice and precept.

I have made frequent efforts to photograph the cock grouse while drumming, but so far have met with failure, because the background is made up of foliage. I have hung up a background of canvas several times, but my grouse always changes the boulder. Some time I may be lucky enough to find a drumming grouse with a bit of sky for background. Then I shall try for a picture with hopes of success.

Prof. Hodge tells how his grouse slipped off the wall while drumming. I have had the same experience, not with walls, but with boulders. Near my old cabin there is a flat topped boulder which was used by a grouse for five seasons, or until a woods fire destroyed the cover. I bushed a path to this boulder, so had a good chance to observe the drumming. I noticed that the grouse, while drumming, often moved three feet or more, as if the strokes of his wings buoyed him up, and gave him a forward movement.

I find that the hen grouse selects a nesting site near some path through the woods, nine times out of ten. It is good judgment on the part of the grouse, for wild animals pass along a path without doing much hunting.

A new nature book makes the statement that the barberry does not afford food for anything wild. On Cape Ann, the fruit of the barberry affords the grouse and quail the most of their food supply during late fall and early winter. Rabbits, mice and robins also eat the berries.

Snarers use a bunch of barberries to bait grouse, quail and rabbits. HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, June 18.

The Wild Pigeons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The search for the wild pigeon, and the stories of what became of them told in the FOREST AND STREAM these days, are most interesting to those who are in love with wild life and the way of the wild. To the pigeon lore I can add only two things, for my time in the woods came long after these birds ceased to be of the common animals.

Some time in the early '90s, and I suppose about 1890, I was hunting above Northwood, Herkimer county, N. Y., when my untrained eyes discovered a flock of large and beautiful birds. They were only fifteen or twenty yards away and were on low, almost leafless shrubs at the foot of a beech tree in a beech-flat forest. One bird in particular, I remember as being the most beautiful that I had ever seen, his "dark blue and bright red" and slender figure remaining to this day plainly seen in my memory. I saw five or six of the birds. What happened after that, I have forgotten. I see them now as looking at a photograph, but when I describe the birds to my father, who came from the beech mast country of the back woods of Ohio (Van Wert county) he said, "Wild pigeons! I wish I could see another flock of them!"

This longing to see something which has departed is, perhaps, the saddest thing in the life of the nature observer. Think of the tens of thousands of people who, hearing that wild pigeons have been seen lately, step out doors and turn their eyes toward the sky hoping to see the darting forms of a race of birds now well nigh extinct!

One other note on the pigeons came to me on the Holston River below the forks of the Big and Little Holston in Tennessee. Somewhere along the river a man told me that wild pigeons nested there every year—this was in the winter of 1901-02.

I presume that it will be found that the surviving pigeons, few in number and scattered over thousands of square miles, finally found sheltered places in the Appalachian back countries where they have bred without being observed by reporters. There are vast tracts of the land where nature events are never recorded—and here the searchers may find their flocks of pigeons.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Man Eater, A Query.

I SHOULD like to ask Mr. Delmar, or any reader of FOREST AND STREAM, if he ever saw a man bitten by a shark, or actually knows anyone who has been bitten? I plead guilty of never having seen a man bitten, nor ever met a man who had been bitten, nor do I even know any man who knows a man who was bitten. Some years ago, a skeptical Englishman offered a considerable reward for a well authenticated case of shark bite, but I believe the reward was never claimed. Dr. Gill will correct me if wrong. F. A. L.

There is no question that sharks will bite human beings; but it would be perfectly possible to find 4,000,000 persons right here in New York who had never seen a man bitten. Here are two printed reports of sharks biting men; they might be supplemented with others ad infinitum; and it is more credible that at least some of the reports should have been true than that all of them should have been inventions.

From the Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Sept. 6, 1905.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 5.—David Curry is a patient at the Railway Hospital here suffering from a badly lacerated leg caused by a peculiar accident.

He with G. J. Hopkins were fishing at Fort Pierce yesterday afternoon from a small boat near shore, when a large shark was hooked. After playing the monster for some time, they towed it in towards shore. Upon reaching shallow water, Mr. Curry stepped out of the boat and started to haul the prize in shore, when with an effort, it turned and seized him by the right leg, tearing the flesh badly. His companion immediately hurried the injured man away for medical attention, leaving the monster shark on the shore. Mr. Curry was placed aboard the north bound train and brought to this city. He is now at the Railway Hospital and is reported as resting easy to-day.

From the London Lancet.

On Jan. 28, of this year (1886) Mr. R. of this town (Port Elizabeth), engaged in mercantile pursuits, went with a friend to have a dip in the sea at about 7 A. M. Visitors to South Africa may remember that there are two jetties projecting from the shore into deep water, A and B; the jetty B has been only a few months in use, and, being in close proximity to the Malay quarter, offal of fish has been constantly thrown into the sea here, and hence the appearance of sharks, which up to this time have not been common and no cause of fear or hindrance to sea bathers. Mr. R. and his friend having disported themselves in their usual way, Mr. R., who was an expert, came out of the water, and resolved to have one more glorious plunge from the deck of the jetty; on rising to the surface, he felt a sharp pain in the thigh, and before he could cry out, received another horrid crunch, and down he went in the jaws of a huge shark. He struggled for a moment, and felt twisted about and shaken, then free, and with an instinctive effort, as he rose to the surface, made a supreme attempt to reach the landing stairs, which were close by.

There were some lads on the jetty who saw the terrible scene, and one of them stretching out his hand, fortunately grasped that of the unfortunate man, and brought him to the dressing room; those present did what they could to staunch the bleeding by ligatures of towels, and a doctor and a cab were sent for. My friend, Dr. Edwards, was very quickly in attendance, and in the hurry of the moment had snatched up from his table one of, I think, Martin's elastic rubber bandages and a piece of wadding; with this appliance, he quickly and effectually stopped all hemorrhage.

Poor R. was at once conveyed to the Provincial Hospital, and when I arrived, which was in less than an hour, he was on the operating table. Pale, of course, but wonderfully collected, and with a fair pulse, he consented to an immediate amputation, which was performed by the surgeon of the day, Dr. Leslie; Dr. Uppleby, the assistant surgeon, administering the chloroform in a careful and watchful manner. * * *

It is very rarely, I imagine, that a human being who has once been in the terrible jaws of a shark has been saved, and more rarely still saved by surgical aid. * * * On examination of the part removed, there were the distanct marks of the serrated edge of the shark's teeth on the outer condyle of the femur, two-thirds of which had been, as it were, sawn through; the monster must have caught the poor fellow's leg obliquely, crushed through the condyle, and wrenching the leg off, going obliquely across the joint. There were also three wounds of the skin on the same side just below the rim of the pelvis, where the shark first caught him. These healed kindly, being dressed antiseptically at the time of the operation.

March 1.—Met Mr. R. this morning near his house, making his first essay with the crutches; he was looking well, but still troubled with pain in the absent foot. I advised him to try to do without morphia. The brain by and by would cease to remember.

F. ENSOR, M. R. C. S.
Provincial Hospital, Port Elizabeth.

The Sad Penguins.

NEW YORK, July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What I said in your issue of June 30 about Mr. Moonan's views on the Sad Penguins, hardly justifies his remarks in your issue of July 14. I did not intend to take Mr. Moonan to task for having said that the penguins of the Antarctic wear a sad expression, but I did and do criticise his conclusion that they are sad, and the reason that he gives for this sadness. I do not think he knows anything about their feelings. He said, "Can we wonder they are sad, seeing they are doomed to live among such scenes." Those words seem to me to mean that Mr. Moonan believes that the look of profound sadness—as it appears to a human being—is an expression of the real feeling of the birds. I believe nothing could be further from the fact than this.

Of course environment has its effect on man and animals, but a prairie that is "lonesome and wind swept" for Mr. Moonan, may be cheerful and breezy for an Indian, a cow puncher or a hunter. A New England village which for Mr. Moonan may be "humdrum and narrow," for its residents may be picturesque, cosey and cultivated.

As for the Eskimo, the general testimony of travelers is, I believe, that they are a particularly light-hearted and merry people, and my somewhat limited experience among them goes to confirm this. CYNIC.

Beater—"'Ere you are, Mr. Bags, 'ere's another one, but 'e bain't too fresh. I don't think 'e were killed to-day." Keeper (sotto voce)—"'Old your row, stupid! Of course he wasn't. We always puts a few down where the gov'nor's goin' to stand!"—Punch.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Spring Shooting.

From a paper by E. Tinsley, Chief Game Warden of Ontario.

THE folly of continuing the unwise and barbarous practice of killing game birds or animals during the period allotted by nature for propagating their species should be apparent to those who have given the question of perpetuating the game of our respective countries the slightest consideration. The Province of Ontario has the credit of leading the crusade against the foolish, and, I may say, cruel and wicked, practice of shooting migrating game birds en route to their breeding resorts, when unfit for food, and actually engaged in assisting nature's plans for reproduction. I am glad to know that our efforts and self-denial has not been in vain, as many of your States and our Provinces are now taking part in the good work.

I fail to understand how men claiming to be intelligent sportsmen, can be—to put it mildly—so inconsistent as to shoot birds in the spring, en route to their nesting grounds or breeding resorts. To do so, appears to me to be directly opposed to nature, and stamps them as being deficient in common sense. Men who will kill game birds when in the act of propagating their species, or when preparing to do so, must be unthinking men, or otherwise of a low order, and too far down in the intellectual scale to have the remotest claim to the name of sportsmen, or to be in any way responsible for their actions. Farmers killing all their poultry in the spring, and then expecting to have eggs during the summer and poultry to sell in the fall, would be considered proper subjects for Government institutions under medical supervision. Those States and Provinces in which spring shooting prevails, are to a large extent responsible for the difficulties other States and Provinces—where better laws prevail—have in enforcing them.

Intense selfishness is also a factor that actuates those advocates of spring shooting, who reason that if they did not do it others would. The jimmy and dark lantern brigade might with equal justice make use of the same excuse when making off with other peoples' property, without leave, between two days. I affirm, in the most positive manner, that those who indulge in spring shooting of game, and those who advocate it, have not in their composition the smallest attribute of genuine sportsmen. Conventions of sportsmen may be held, and meeting of game protective associations take place, but these will not be effective unless the members put their shoulders to the wheel, one and all become game protectors, and all the words imply. Holding frequent meetings on the lines of a mutual admiration society, and scolding our respective Governments and those whose duty it is to enforce the laws, will do no good. It is work, and the united efforts of all who derive pleasure from frequent—or even isolated—trips to fortsts, fields and streams. I am convinced that there is a sufficient number of right-minded sportsmen in every State of the Union, and in every Province of Canada, if so inclined, to make the protection of game more effective.

Men, who desire to be called sportsmen, put your shoulders to the wheel and make an intelligent effort before it is too late, and thereby prevent the next generation having to visit museums to learn what the fauna of this great continent was. When we consider that migratory game is compelled, as it were, to run the gauntlet from Florida to Hudson's Bay, it is surprising that any reach the nesting grounds.

Private Preserves.

While there is no law to prevent rich men from acquiring large tracts of land from private parties—nor do I think there should be—I am decidedly opposed to wealthy men being allowed to obtain possession of large portions of the public domain for game preserves, to the exclusion of the general public. The hunting and fishing instinct is as strongly inherent in the men who constitute the backbone and sinew of our respective countries as it is in the millionaires. This being an admitted fact, is it right, or is it good policy, that the men who are building up our respective countries, and the men who our countries would have to depend upon for protection and defence from troubles resulting from international complications, should be debarred from indulging their love of field sports, for the sole benefit of the wealthy minority? No doubt game preserves have become an urgent necessity, and they should be established in the most suitable localities in our respective countries, and by our respective Governments, in the interests of all, and not for the benefit of the few. God forbid that old country systems should ever prevail on this free and manhood-making continent. If we desire to increase anarchy and dissatisfaction, allow the rich men to acquire all the best hunting and fishing grounds in our countries, fence them from the roads, and stick up trespass notices, and by so doing we will succeed in building up a dangerous menace to our countries that will have disastrous and lasting results. The great throbbing mass of humanity requires a safety valve, and if we fail to protect the one nature has provided, and keep it in good order, trouble will follow, and, like boilers, the explosion will occur when least expected.

When a boy, in England, in the forties of last century, I have seen gangs of scowling men from the towns on the highways, and have heard their muttered threats when seeing the landowners shooting over the fields that they were not allowed to place a foot on, without endangering their liberty. I have seen miles of forest lands on fire during the nesting season of grouse and partridge, the result of class legislation. The same causes will produce more intensified results in America, owing to its cosmopolitan population, and it will be well for the future of our respective countries if those charged with the administration of public affairs realize—before it is too late—the urgent necessity of setting apart a number of great reserves, available to the general public for all time. It is a safe policy for all governments to legislate for the masses. The classes will look after themselves.

Hunting Licenses.

There has been considerable controversy as to the right or wisdom of the system of non-resident licenses. The license system is the only measure that will enable sportsmen of moderate means to indulge in field sports in the future. The acquisition, by wealthy men, of large tracts of the best game-lands of our respective countries, proves how rapidly and dangerously we are approaching the undesirable system of European countries, in which fish and game are exclusively for the favored few.

The protection of game and fish should be self-sustaining. This can only be accomplished by those doing the hunting and fishing paying the cost of the sport provided for them. This, as a rule, would have the beneficial effect of keeping the public domain for the public, and make the task of buying or leasing large portions of public lands for private preserves more difficult. In justice to those hunting on non-resident licenses, they should certainly be allowed to take home at least a part of the game killed by them. I am more than ever convinced that the general adoption of licenses for shooting game is the only means of insuring even a moderate supply of game in the future.

If the wild lands composing the public domain are to remain open to the public in our respective countries, and the game protected, an equitable system of hunting licenses has become an urgent necessity, and will be found to be the only practicable solution of the problem of game protection. We who have enjoyed for many years the pleasures and healthful recreations in field, forest and stream, should consider it an imperative duty to do all possible to enable posterity to have the benefit of such health-giving and manly recreation. It is the duty of the State to perpetuate all that has a tendency to make manly men of the rising generation, men who will uphold the honor and dignity of our respective countries.

Massachusetts Deer.

BOSTON, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On a recent trip to the Cape, I had the pleasure of meeting Senator Nye of that district and was surprised to learn from him that in the woods covering the ridge of hills above the town of Bourne, where the senator resides, there is a large rookery of herons. Mr. Nye estimates the number at 1,000, and says they hover in the air near his residence, and on occasions render night hideous, thus becoming a source of much annoyance to those residing in the vicinity.

A resident of Sagamore one day in early summer had occasion to go out quite a distance on the Sandwich marshes, where he saw an astonishing number of shore birds, plover, yellow legs, etc., several thousands, he thinks. This gentleman (Mr. Knowlton of Sagamore) declares that in the many years of his residence on the Cape, he never has seen anything like it. Some of our expert ornithologists may be able to explain how it happened, whether it was due entirely, or only in part, to weather conditions.

About Deer.

A friend who lives in the outlying portion of the city of Haverhill, called this week and had this to say about deer: "They are becoming quite an annoyance in my quarter. I saw one this morning near my house which, as I was riding to the station on an electric car, seemed to be watching for a chance to get into my garden. Two of my tenants report seeing them near their homes frequently. The people living on the Whittier homestead have reported the deer destroying all their crops. Crows, woodchucks, skunks, potato bugs and other pests may be killed, but the deer enjoy the fullest immunity. I am not disposed to be fussy; and admit I enjoy the sight of deer; but the question is becoming a serious one."

After hearing him through, I explained that his tenants and others who suffered serious loss from the depredations of deer have recourse to the State for damages, and, after telling him how to proceed to secure the same, he expressed the opinion that the fact that such losses could be made good, would in some degree mollify the feelings of his tenants towards the deer law.

It never rains but it pours. Several other deer stories come "all in a bunch." For several days a herd has been seen about Lake Whitehall in Hopkinton and Westboro. Motor-men on the Boston and Worcester electric lines often are forced to slow down for deer on the tracks. Hon. T. C. Bates, president of the newly organized sportsman's club of North Brookfield, told me yesterday that a wild deer has been seen grazing on the common in the city of Worcester. Farmers near West Boylston report deer feeding on their growing crops. A large buck has been racing over large estates at Chestnut Hill in the city of Newton. They are reported plentiful about South Framingham and neighboring towns. A wild deer was recently seen roaming about the railway tracks near Winthrop Centre.

President Brewster told me this week that a large buck was recently seen on his place in Concord. At the rate reports of deer being seen are coming in, we are forced to conclude the woods of our State are full of them.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Maine Sportsmen's Association.

THE meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association at Kineo proved an event of much interest last week, and the attendance was fully as large as in previous years. The rifle shoot took place in the afternoon of the fourth. In the early evening, there was a fine display of fireworks contributed by the management of the hotel and Mr. J. W. Lassell of Whitinsville, Mass., after which was a dance in the hotel parlors, the occasion being graced by the presence of Governor and Mrs. Wm. T. Cobb. The special event of Thursday was the single canoe race for guides, arranged by the committee of which the leading spirits were Messrs. W. E. Hawkins of New York and V. L. Kerens of St. Louis. The winner was Mr. Charles Nilson.

In the pistol match in the afternoon for novices, Mr. George E. Marens of New York secured the trophy. For the fly-casting tournament on Friday, Mr. George H. Burtis of Worcester contributed the trophies. With a cast of 72 feet, Mr. F. E. Thompson of New York led the field and Mr. J. F. Adams of Milwaukee stood second with a cast of 69 feet.

On Saturday many of the visitors were out on the lake with rod and reel, or went to some distant point to lunch, making the trip by canoe. Among the delegation from Bangor, were Gen. Supt. William Brown of the Bangor & Aroostook and family, Gen. Passenger Agent C. C. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Gen. A. B. Farnham, Editor Kelley of the Commercial, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Blanding and Mr. Herbert W. Rowe and children. The gathering included many men of prominence in political and business circles from all parts of the State, who, together with the recent influx of guests from without the State completely filled the spacious hotel. The doors of the Kineo Club were opened on Tuesday, nearly a month earlier than usual. Mr. W. E. Hawkins and Mr. F. W. Tufts of New York have been particularly successful in taking large catches of trout and salmon. One advantage Moosehead holds for mid-summer anglers, is the deep-water fishing for lakers which is available when the more alluring sport of fly-fishing drops off. Sport of some sort is to be had all summer fram May to October.

The June fishing on the upper lake, Rangeley, is reported to have surpassed that of any previous year, and the records of fish taken, as entered at the hotels, far in excess of average seasons. Dr. C. W. Packard of New York, recently took a 3½ and a 5 pound salmon, J. W. Duncklee of Boston, a 4½ pounder, H. C. Denison of New Bedford, one of 3 and one of 5 pounds, Gen. Kearney of Washington, D. C., one of 5 pounds.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Singing to a Mountain Lion all Night.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent communication addressed to a daily paper gives an account of a woman who was attacked and thrown to the ground by a cougar, being held there a prisoner, while she entertained her captor with her vocal accomplishments and thereby saved her life. The animal appeared so pleased with the performance that she felt compelled to keep it up all night. Attracted by the singing, the husband of the woman directed his course to the spot and shot the beast. It would seem from the above account that some one in the lion—(be careful how you spell it)—business is a howling success. The only instance I can recall of melody excercising any influence over the dumb creatures is the familiar one of the cobra, which is fascinated by the flute of the Indian conjurer. The reptile raises itself half its length, apparently charmed with the music, and sways its neck and body about in accompaniment to the strain.

It seems altogether wanton and unnecessary to slay an animal which had such a fine appreciation of vocal talent as did this mountain lion. Undoubtedly the lady was very much fatigued after singing all night to the cougar, but it is not altogether certain that her captor insisted upon it, and it is possible he might have left after one or two encores had she discontinued the performance. Under the circumstances it seems that the big cat was rather harshly and inconsiderately dealt with. Is it not about time that your correspondent from Saginaw, who criticised me for shooting an eagle, should declare himself on this subject? The wicked and wanton outrage of slaying such a noble beast must stir his soul to righteous indignation.

E. F. RANDOLPH.

An Anti-Toxin for Snake Bite.

DR. CHAS. J. MCCLINTOCK, chief chemist of the Parke Davis Company of Detroit, writes to Mr. C. H. Stokes, of Mohawk, Fla.:

"I note in FOREST AND STREAM your report of Geo. Harding's case of snake bite. Give George my congratulations on his escape. It may interest you to know that we are just getting ready to start to make an antitoxin for snake bite. It may also interest you to know that the first antitoxin ever made was at the University of Michigan, by Prof. Sewall against rattlesnake venom. Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia has worked on the subject a good deal, as well as Fraser, of Great Britain. From Fraser's work, an effective antitoxin was made for the cobra bite.

"In the new Rockefeller Institute in New York, Dr. Flexner and a Japanese assistant have apparently worked out on goats a combined antitoxin, effective against the venom of the rattlesnake, the copperhead and the water-moccasin.

"Dr. Mitchell has asked us to make this, and place it on the market, and while I do not believe that it is of any commercial importance, from a humanitarian standpoint, it seems worth doing. I think we can put it up in a dry form, where it will keep indefinitely. For use, it will have to be dissolved in water and injected hypodermically."

Deer in British Columbia.

VICTORIA, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mike's "Camps of the Buckskin Club" is just set to a time to make my blood tingle again at the approach of it. In just less than a couple of months, we buck hunters will be afoot again among the tall pines looking for the red coat of the white-tail. And his abundance is now assured since the market hunter has had his day and can no more pot for the game dealer. For two seasons deer have had no market in Vanvouver Island and their increase is already well marked.

But tell me, Mike, where did that ".38-40 Winchester hammerless automatic" creation of yours come from? I can quite believe that the red buck took all the medicine you all gave him and a pretty big dose it was, but I hazard a guess that someone's gun in that cannonade was misreported; it probably sounded as though a whole bunch of automatics were at it and big calibers at that.

I know how it is when a whole bunch of fellows round up the same deer—things are done that shouldn't be—and you're forgiven if you tell us that it was a plain every day .38-40 that brother Sam handled, and not one of these latter day "hold up and wipe out" machines.

Would like to hear from Mike, Mr. Editor, so please print this, will you? JAMES TAYLOR.

A Long Island Scare Deer.

THE residents of Oakdale are considerably annoyed by deer invading their grain fields and gardens. The deer eat the young grain and early plants, and what they fail to eat they trample down with their sharp hoofs.

Some time ago, Lucky Rhodes devised a plan for frightening off the deer from his garden, which had been greatly damaged, and his plan proved very effective.

Farmer Rhodes set two poles in the ground in the middle of his garden, to which he suspended a string of milk pans and a bell. From these he led a cord to his house and thence through his bedroom window, looping the end of the line over his bedpost. At intervals during the night, when the deer were on their rampages, farmer Rhodes would pull the cord which would rattle the tin pans and jingle the bell in the garden, causing the deer to flee in terror, and now but few deer venture within farmer Rhodes' garden.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nature's Mysteries.

NATURE has many mysteries, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, that no student of nature or scientist has ever been able to intelligently explain secrets on which the door seems to have been locked and the key hidden.

When I was a boy on the farm, my father bought a pig a few weeks old, bringing it home in a bag from a distance of about two miles. While taking it from the team, it escaped from the bag and at once started in a bee line for the place from which it came. Not by the road over which it had been brought, but across fields over two high hills, through a piece of woodland, across a wide brook that intervened, and in a few hours was back from where it was taken.

What hidden hand guided it where none of the so-called higher animals could have found the way? Many of our migratory birds find their way across the trackless waters to the distant shores of South America and return each season, and the guide that bids them forward go, never fails the way to show.

Some would call that guide instinct, some would call it reason, others would say the sixth sense, direction.

No one knows, it is simply one of nature's mysteries. No scientist can tell you why nature's law is reversed in the case of birds of prey, and the woodcock and snipe families, where the females are larger than the males.

Neither can they tell you why the hop vine climbs around the pole with the sun from east to south, while the bean vine climbs around in the opposite direction. Although scientists have demonstrated beyond a doubt that no animal on the face of the earth was created for its own benefit, from the tiniest insect up to man.

Still they are unable to tell us what mission for good, or for whose benefit some of them were created.

Nature never duplicates, either in man, beast, bird, fruit or flower. Though multiplied by millions, the result will be the same—each will have an individuality of its own.

Such are nature's mysteries which we find all through the animal and vegetable kingdom, and as such they will remain. GEO. L. BROWN.

Wildcat Meat.

IN the July Auk are some letters which passed between J. J. Audubon and S. F. Baird, under date of Feb. 8, 1842.

Baird told Audubon of a wildcat killed in Pennsylvania, and a P. S. adds: "I forgot to say that I had a fine steak of the wildcat broiled, and it tasted like a tender piece of pork. I will certainly eat the whole of the next one obtained. I intend to taste all the quadrupeds inhabiting this part of the country."

Audubon replied, "I am glad that you find wildcat meat pretty good, as it corroborates the sayings of many others who pronounce it equal to young veal."

Vancouver Island.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.—The prospects are excellent for the coming grouse season, as reports of large coveys keep coming in from all districts in this vicinity, and if the recent rains have done no damage, the birds should be very plentiful this fall. F. R.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

On the Bay of Monterey.

Monterey, California, June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send a few lines from this oldest settlement on the California coast, and where the American flag was first hoisted at the commencement of the Mexican war in 1846, which ended by the acquisition of the immense territory which extends from the mouth of the Rio Grande to British Columbia, with its great extent along the Pacific coast, the most extensive and valuable region ever acquired by any nation in satisfaction for any war demand.

Here is the Government military post, under Colonel Mans, from which large and beneficent aid was afforded with soldiers from other military posts for the protection of San Francisco during the calamitous conflagration of last April, and from where all the soldiers have not been entirely removed.

The town of Monterey and its adjacent village of Pacific Grove are growing rapidly as residential sites, and near is the ideal watering place of Del Monte, large and spacious, and surrounded by extensive ornamental grounds where historic oaks and numerous flower beds abound. Equipped with large salt water bathing establishments, and miles of sea shore drives, and with a climate the year around difficult to be equalled elsewhere, it presents in my opinion the most inviting watering place I know of in the world. Most attractive to me is the field it presents in the beautiful bay of Monterey, where fishes of a hundred variety are found. Whales, blackfish, grampus, orcas, sea lions, seals and porpoises can almost daily be evidenced, down to schools of uncountable small fry, and where the king of the *Salmo* family disports himself with numerous retinue, by frequent and long visits, and where in fact some of his class may be found the year around, while the great army of kindred are clambering the fatal falls of distant streams, from which alas! they never return. Not many leagues away, further out from the shores, below twenty or thirty fathoms of depth, are the winter and spring homes of the salmon, from grilsehood to maturity, at feeding grounds where millions upon millions of squid, sardines, anchovies, and small fry abound, as attested by the magnificent condition of the king when he comes frolicing into the Bay of Monterey at this season of the year, in company with masses of small fry, which seek the brackish water of the bay for propagation. But the salmon have not come in heavily yet, nor fully into the bay as they will soon.

I saw some of the fishing boats come in at the wharf to-day, with an aggregate of some two hundred of fat, lusty glistening chaps, most attractive to a fisherman's sight, averaging perhaps fourteen pounds, none over twenty-five, and among them only one grilse of six or seven pounds. They will come larger soon. Most all were males. The schools as they come, indicate a fraternization to a considerable extent in weight as I have frequently observed, showing that this feature may be observed in their hame localities; and at Carmel Bay below Monterey where I have frequently fished in past years, I found them averaging as low as ten pounds, while the average of the chinook or king salmon, as seined on the Sacramento River, runs seventeen and a quarter pounds. To this class belong the salmon of this locality, while the same class at the Columbia River, of which none come into the Monterey waters, average twenty-two pounds.

I observe a great change in the class of market fishermen from that which existed a few years ago; and in vain have looked for some of the old fishermen I knew before. They are all Japanese now, and all of the old ones have been practically displaced by the latter, which is a curious feature, and indicates the peculiar adaptiveness of the brownies. These were fishermen at home, where the fisheries are largely carried on, and where fish and kindred food compose the principal article of diet. It may be considered that those formerly engaged in this line for market wants represented a pretty low class, sifted down from various employments where little success was obtained, accepting employment where results were uncertain and meagre; and those before at it were composed of a motley mixture of Italians, Portuguese, Mexicans, Indians and Chianmen, with very few Americans, and those old seamen and whalers. It was then the custom to go out in pairs, with heavy double-ender boats, while now the nearly 200 Japanese employed go out singly in smaller boats, and everything they catch goes into the pot even what is not marketable, such as sharks, skates and other inferior fishes, which the former fishermen discarded, and these supply the Japanese with the greater part of their food which is fish, and this is eaten entirely raw, cut thin and dipped in their peculiar sauce which they use freely with all their meals. This sauce, so largely an element in their Japan cuisine, is worthy of consideration. It is imported from Japan in fifty pound firkins, and is of two qualities, number one selling at retail at $4 a package, and number two at $3. It is clear fluid, the color of port wine, and is brewed from wheat and a Japanese bean, with a slight salt addition. Its taste is somewhat neutral with a vinous tonic flavôr, and leaves a pleasant abiding taste in the mouth. The Japanese say it gives the raw fish in thin slices a most palatable flavor, extending to fresh whale blubber, which they eat with avidity when opportunity offers; and the Japanese whalers at Carmel were observed to barrel up much fresh blubber which they salted down. It is a feature of notice that a rapid chemical change occurs in fish largely abounding in oil, when exposed to the sun; then the oily nature quickly changes unpleasantly to the taste, while before it was appetizing and easily digested. This is strikingly evident in the so-called anchovies abounding plentifully on the coast, which I have used largely for bait. A fish in size slightly under the average herring, and which is full of oil, quickly softens and drains out in oil if exposed to the sun, but if protected, makes most delicious eating in its delicate flavor when freshly boiled, as I have frequently enjoyed. The flavor of fresh mackerel and many other fish when freshly caught and broiled changes rapidly, but none so quickly as of these anchovies, which are worthless if held over a day.

The squid, which is a miniature octopus and most repulsive looking, is also eaten raw by the Japanese after being dipped in the sauce, and is boneless and very largely composed of oil. It is said to be good eating and nutritious, and I am told is eaten largely by the lower element of Portuguese and Italians, and is served fried at many of the lower class of restaurants in San Francisco. It is certainly more consumed by the salmon in the bay at this season than any other class of food, and is found plentifully in them when dressed. As the squid swim largely on the surface of the water while spawning in the bay, when acres of them in extent are often observable, they afford plentiful feed for the myriads of birds which gorge upon them so that they can scarcely rise from the water for flight, and thousands of fish prey upon them; yet so innumerable are the squid that apparently but small diminution occurs.

The whaling from land stations on the coast formerly pursued, has been practically abandoned, but the Japanese lately established a station at Carmel Bay below Monterey, but after taking two humpbacks, with the aid of the veteran Captain Noon, by bombing, which yielded 800 barrels of oil or twenty-five thousand gallons, which brought only thirty cents per gallon, they threw up the business as unprofitable.

Since whaling has been so generally given up in late years owing to the use of petroleum, the whales have considerably increased, and almost daily the spouting of these huge leviathans can be seen off at sea from the bay.

J. Parker Whitney.

Colorado Fishing.

Michael Hassey, of Leadville, holds the record so far this year for having caught the largest fish in Colorado, while Dr. E. N. Bullock, of Denver, claims the championship for the biggest single day's catch. Hassey landed an 18½ pound landlocked salmon in Twin Lakes with bait, after a game fight. The first was the largest caught in the lakes in many years, a beauty to be proud of. Dr. Bullock fishes along Platte River every Sunday. He apparently knows just where the trout hold forth. Four weeks ago, he returned to the city, after a few hours of whipping that stream, with forty-two ranging in size from nine to eighteen inches. The following Sunday he hooked twenty-nine, and two weeks ago he came home with thirty-nine. Last Sunday he says it was an off day. He filled his creel with twenty. The majority of these trout were caught in the vicinity of Insmont and Crossins.

Allan Yard, the three-year-old son of Dr. E. L. Yard of Florence, is the champion junior fisher-kid of the State. Thursday, while his father was fishing along Beaver Creek, he gave the little lad a fishing line and hook, baited with worms. The boy began angling on his own account and soon landed a nine inch trout without any assistance from his father.

Fishing conditions throughout the State are improving every day. The streams that were running high a week ago, are now receding rapidly, and flies are displacing bait at nearly every point.

At the beginning of the season the Denver Post offered a prize of $50 in gold for the first ten pound trout. So far no one has claimed the reward, but hundreds of anglers are out for the money. Larger fish are being hooked as the season advances, and somebody is bound to land the coin before long. The conditions governing the Post prizes are these:

The trout must be either of the native rainbow or brook variety, and must be caught in a running stream and weigh ten pounds or more when hooked, and at least nine and one half pounds when it reaches the office of the Denver Post, where it must be sent, properly packed, accompanied by a certificate showing how, when, where and by whom it was hooked. Fish caught in lakes or private reserves are barred from this offer, which holds good for Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico.

Mr. B. E. Moritz, one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in Denver, went fishing with a friend several days ago, at Lola, on the Gunnison River, and from 10:30 A. M. until 4 P. M. caught thirty-one trout, the largest weighing 5½ pounds.

Denver, Col., July 1. A Social Tramp.

Vancouver Island Fish.

Cumberland, B. C., July 1.—Trout fishing is practically just commencing, as all the rivers have been aflood up till the last two weeks. Now the water is falling and some big catches have been made in the famous Oyster River, where the fish average from 2 up to 4 or 5 pounds.

One gentleman from here returned last Tuesday with a catch of 62 for two days' fishing.

F. R.

THE CAMPING OUTFIT

of the thoughtful camper invariably includes a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. With this in camp the most important food item is taken care of. Eagle Milk keeps indefinitely in any climate. The original and leading brand since 1857. Always uniform.—*Adv.*

A New Zealand Fish Story.

BY ALLEN KELLY.

If I did not have photographs to offer as proof, I might hesitate to put upon a fairly well-established reputation for veracity the strain of standing for the assertion that the business of catching whales—not baby whales, but big sixty-foot right whales—in nets is carried on in the South Pacific.

The biggest fish stories ever told may be heard by the wanderer in southern seas, and some of the most amazing of them are literally true. This whale-netting yarn is not strictly a fish story, because a whale is not really a fish, and it is not the most startling of the collection in my South Sea note-book; but let it go as a fish story, and after I have compelled belief in it, I may have courage to tell the others.

Maori lore is full of strange legends, in which myth and truth are so interwoven that no man can unravel them, and one of them is curiously suggestive of this most modern development of whale fishery. Many of these Maori legends have to do with a monster called "Taniwha," which is usually described as a gigantic crocodile, although it has been many centuries since any of the Polynesian race can have had direct knowledge of the existence of such an animal. The Taniwha of Maori legend, however, is not a fixed type, but may be any sort of monstrous beast, reptile or marine creature of ferocious disposition and terrifying aspect, superstitiously feared and often half worshipped by the imaginative Polynesian.

This is the tale of two Taniwahs, which were guardian monsters of two Maori tribes, one on the east coast and one on the west coast of the North Island of New Zealand, in ancient times. The Taniwha, living in the Bay of Islands, once went a-roving to see a bit of the world, and swam around the North Cape to the west coast, where he met the other Taniwha and had a fine time. The wandering Taniwha professed to be very grateful for the hospitality and kind attention shown to him, and when the time for him to return home arrived, he pressed the other to accompany him, promising to show him many interesting things and to make his visit a "continuous round of pleasure," or perhaps "one grand sweet song." The guileless and amiable West Coast Taniwha accepted the invitation, and away the two friends swam around the North Cape and down the east coast to the Bay of Islands.

But the wandering Taniwha was a treacherous villain. He lured his unsuspecting guest to a place where the Maoris had spread a great net,

SETTING THE WHALE NET.

WANGAMUMU WHALING STATION.

and the visitor was caught, pulled ashore and killed by the people, who made a great feast of his carcass. The most contemptuous insult a Maori could put upon an enemy was to bake and eat him, and of course the eating of a guardian Taniwha was a monstrous insult to his people. War ensued, and I believe the tribes ate each other up and passed out of history.

Now whether that legend of the Taniwhas is as old as it is said to be, or is of recent origin and based upon some Maori story-teller's observation of the whale fishing at Wangamumu, is matter for speculation. If it is really an ancient tale as it stands, and not a modern evolution of folk lore, it is a strangely prophetic product of Maori imagination, for right where the Taniwha was caught in a net, the white man to-day nets whales on their way around the North Cape during the mating season.

Wangamumu is a little bay on the east coast, a few miles south of a prominent cape, which juts out to the northeast and might easily be mistaken for the northeastern extremity of the North Island. During May and June the Antarctic whale migrates north into warmer waters, and it seems probable that there is some set of currents around the headland of Wangamumu which deceives him into seeking a passage to the Tasman Sea by boring into the shore at that point. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is that schools of whales hug the shore and pass very close to a great jutting rock at Wangamumu.

Straight out into the sea from the point of rocks is stretched the whale net, made of three-quarter inch wire rope in six-foot mesh, each mesh being formed of separate sections of rope attached to iron corner rings, taking the places of knots. The top edge of the net is held close to the surface by barrels serving as buoys. A whale cruising along the shore gets his head through a mesh, and instead of attempting to back out, he rushes forward and entangles himself hopelessly in the net. One of the photographs shows a whale rushing into the net and dragging the shoreward buoy through the water with much commotion. Close to the shore can be seen the disturbance of the surface caused by the dragging under of the shore end of the upper wire rope.

From a lookout station on the top of the headland a watcher signals the approach of whales, and the boats then put off and lie in wait. An entangled whale carries away the net with his rush, but the great weight of the wire rope and the drag of a long line of buoys impede him, and instead of heading out to sea and going away at great speed with the whole outfit, he thrashes about and soon gets fins and flukes entangled, when the boat approaches and the whalers finish the business with harpoon and lance, as in the old days.

For this work the old-style whale boat is used, but besides netting whales close to shore, the men of Wangamumu hunt them in the open sea, and in that branch of their business they use power launches and harpoon guns, although they do not hesitate to put off in open boats, when a school of whales is sighted, attack with hand-harpoons in the old way, and take a tow to sea at the end of a hundred fathoms of line, as did the men of New Bedford and Nantucket in the days that have gone.

The rest of this fish story has to do with the towing ashore of the kill, the cutting up and trying out, and the reduction of bone and refuse to fertilizer and fuel. That is the prosaic part of the Wangamumu whale fishery, and it is ac-

ENTANGLED WHALE DIVING.

companied and characterized by an "awesome stink."

But you see, they do catch whales with nets in New Zealand.

Trout Fishing at Lake Edward.

THE brook trout attains his greatest size and vigor in the cold waters of the far North, Ontario and Quebec, monopolizing the best of the sport. The conditions that confront the votaries of the rod and gun, are somewhat complex and exasperating. The visiting sportsman who proposes to hunt in the Province of Quebec a week or so, is mulcted for a season's license. Clubs are stormily protesting against the alleged invasion of their rights and privileges; meanwhile trappers and other nondescript characters penetrate the preserve in late fall and winter to harry the yarding moose and commit other depredations. The small staff of wardens being incapable of supervising the interminable network of lakes and streams. To invade the wilds of Lake Jacques Cartier will test the physical prowess of the sportsman. This lake and Batiscan, situated in the very heart of the Laurentides, are haunted by great speckled trout, while moose and caribou await the advent of the daring nimrod. Clubs control the headwaters of the Batiscan, Jeanotte and most of the available points in the Province for fly-casting, but have made little impression on that vast system of forests, lakes and rivers, extending far beyond Temagami on the west and north to Labrador. This region has untold charms for those that rejoice in the wild, rough life of the forest. But all this is a vain dream to that class labeled sporting tourists, that throng the line of travel between Quebec and Chicoutimi in the height of the season, comprising men of affairs whose sedentary lives unfit them to wrestle with the elements and privations inseparable from a wilderness jaunt.

Fortunately for the clubless sportsman, there are two resorts along the line that still present a defiant front to the destructive influences that have sapped the resources of that loveliest of trout rivers, the lower Batiscan. Lakes Edward and St. John are respectively the headwaters of trout and ouananiche. Sport with the ouananiche can be enjoyed amid the most luxurious surroundings, but the best angling must be sought for in rivers that head far back in the wilderness. The landlocked is but a puny rival compared to those great trout that throng Lake Edward and the wild sequestered lakes of the Government preserve. Lake Edward is supplemented by a large strip of territory abutting on the Government land, reserved exclusively for the delectation of that numerous class of sportsmen that prefer to keep in touch with civilization while enjoying a modicum of wild life. To all such, a pleasant outing is assured on Rowley's preserve. The proprietor of the Laurentides House furnishes complete camping outfits, including steam launch. Good guides are at a premium in August and September. This tip along with the comfortable camps located near choice trolling, will please the old anglers whose camping days are over. Trolling with chub or minnow is the vogue, the deep waters of the lake precluding fly-fishing. Quebec is the nearest point for angle worms, but chubs are always procurable. Rat River and some of the lesser tributaries, abound with small and medium sized trout. Willing captives to the wiles of the Parmachenee-belle, or most any bright hued conception, but the lake is emphatically the paradise of the troller and still fisher. Strong tackle is obligatory, as giant trout haunt its depths. I know of no public waters that yield such large returns. Considering its accessibility, it fairly rivals the Nepigon. The beauty of Lake Edward is sadly marred by fire blasted woods. Fortunately the greater portion of the preserve was spared this hideous blight.

Many beautiful ponds and lakes are hidden in the depths of the forest, but none can compare with Algonquin Lake, a lovely gem set amid delectable mountain scenery. This charming trout water is linked to Lake Edward by two pretty lakelets, Eugene, Des Boquets, and a tiny pond. There is a camp on Lac Des Bouquets close to a cold brook that augurs well for summer angling.

WHALE RUSHING INTO THE NET.

These lakes seldom produce large *fontinalis,* but the magnetism of their beauty annually draws a host of admirers. A trifling portage connects Algonquin with that charming midget of a lake Stanislaus, that mirrors stately forests unmarred by ax or fire, lacking only the presence of noble game to enthuse the sportsman's heart. A stream barely navigable, leads into Lost Lake, whose suggestive appellation harmonizes with the dreamy beauty of the forest lakelet. A snug camp near the outlet detracts much from its wilderness and solitude. The miniature rapids and falls at the outlet of this handsome lake, are thronged with speckled jumpers that take kindly to feathers. The trout of this forest brook are exquisitely flavored and tinted. Considering the charming environment of these dainty water sprites, a trout creeled amid the rippling music of glancing waters, will cause the angler's heart to thrill with a satisfaction unknown to the wielder of the minnow gang.

The stream below the quick-water, meanders through beautiful woods untouched by fire. Its winding course is frequently enlivened by the dashing refrain of mimic falls and rapids, the blissful abode of crimson spots, eventually commingling its bright waters with Lake Eveline. Some two miles below Lost Lake, a rude trail shuffles off through dense woods to the Lake of the Caribous. I hunted around this lake in September, 1904, but failed to sight a single head of game. The woods and waters appeared deserted. A few stray grouse and ducks made up a discouraging total. The man that comes in on a good tracking snow and hunts on the edge of the Government preserve, is wise. Luck occasionally intervenes. I encountered two sportsmen on their way out, the jubilant possessors of a fine set of antlers. An old bull caribou had blundered into their camp and promptly received a leaden blessing. The meat was abominably tough and stringy and partially avenged his unseemly taking off. The roving bands of anglers and fledgling sportsmen that throng the woods during the height of the fishing season, stampede the larger game and frequently render farcical efforts to secure the coveted shot. A few parties displayed some insignificant trophy, but the majority drew blank. The hunter's chances of securing the coveted prize would be quadrupled on the Government preserve, even in September, as the combination of high license and tough going fends off the crowd. A light rifle helps vary the camp menu, but the premier attraction from June to October is the speckled trout. The wildest portion of Rowley's preserve lies between Caribou Lake and Edward. Beautiful ponds gleam from out the forest depth. The stillness of the woods is supreme, but even in this remote section the hunter's quest is vain. The scenic beauties of this route amply compensate the lover of the wilds for the dearth of large game.

The best of the fly-fishing is controlled by a

PULLING UP TO GIVE THE LANCE THRUST.

AFTER THE DEATH FLURRY.

MAKING FAST TO THE CARCASS.

club whose headquarters are near the falls of the Jeanotte. The immense spawning pool above the first pitch and a long stretch of quick-water below, are closed to the angling public. Fortunately for the angler who disdains not the seductive strip of chub or squirmer, a portion of this pool projects into Rowley's domain. The large trout collect here in September, preparatory to spawning, leaving the streams and outlets of the smaller expanses in possession of the younger set that rise voraciously to the fly and furnish no mean sport on light tackle. It was late September when I drifted in from the caribou country, and pitched my last camp close to a merry tributary of Lake Edward, replete with the speckled trout that furnished a welcome change from the omnipresent bacon. Frosty nights supplemented by freezing gales, had chilled the ardor of the old vets, and sent them scurrying southward. My first attempt to reach the Jeanotte pool about two miles off camp, came near being a fiasco. From start to finish we were immersed in a vortex of snow, appalling in its savagery, propelled by gales of frigidity that pierced to the inmost recesses of the sweater. While this snowy travesty on winter wrapped the canoe and its occupants in its clinging embrace, plugging away in the teeth of the blinding storm, we eventually gained our point and anchored close to the forbidden waters. The trout responded gamely, but the merciless flogging administered by the elements, turned our sport into a rout and consigned us to the warm atmosphere of camp. Net results, three beauties. The catch could have been quadrupled if needed. Before departing, through courtesy of Mr. S. of Chicago, I cast my flies on the prolific club waters and played lusty trout, whose pertinacious efforts caused the reel to discourse delightful music that blended in rapt harmony with the diapason of falling waters.

The fire-scarred woods contiguous to the Quebec & St. John Railway, are eloquent witnesses to the great conflagration that threatened to obliterate the scenic attractions of the Province. The advent of the railway quenched the glory of many a bright trout water, but signally failed to lower the prestige of Lake Edward. It is a veritable oasis, enframed by the Government preserve and club land, and annually attracts a host of visitors, some to ensconce themselves in some cabin convenient to good trolling, others to hie away to the woods and picnic by the shores of lovely lakes, while rejoicing in the care-free life of camp and forest. ARTIST.

"I HOPE my friend Canon Jephson will forgive me," writes Mr. C. Y. Sturge, "for capping his sad tale of accidents caused by motor-'buses by a riddle which reaches me from Oxford. 'What is the difference between the quick and the dead?' The 'quick' are those who are quick at getting out of the way of motor-cars, the dead are those who are *not*."—Westminster Gazette.

Fish and Fishing.

Ouananiche Fishing is at its Best.

I SPENT the 4th and 5th of July fishing for ouananiche at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, which I had not visited for a couple of years, and to say that I was surprised at the quality of the fishing now to be had there is to put it very mildly indeed. I had felt tolerably certain that the sport was going to be a great improvement upon that of some few years past, during which so many nets were tolerated, but I had never expected that the improvement would be anything like so marked as it is, or that it would follow so quickly upon the suppression of the netting. I am now quite satisfied that the majority of the fish were taken by the netters in recent years before they could reach the fishing grounds. It is no exaggeration to say that the ouananiche are now apparently as plentiful in the Grand Discharge as they were ten or more years ago.

THE WHALE BEING TOWED IN.
The balloon-like object is the tongue.

Next to the great improvement in the character of the fishing in the Grand Discharge, its most remarkable feature is the lateness of the season. When I was there in the second week of July it was just about as it formerly was in the third week of June; as well in the level of the water as in the haunts of the fish and the quality of the fishing. It is really a full three weeks later than usual. There was quite an ice blockade at the top of the Discharge for a long time this spring, which was a late one in any case, and this combination of circumstances accounts, no doubt, for the tardy opening of the ouananiche season, so far as the outlet of the lake is concerned; for in the lake itself it was good for a full month before it opened in the Discharge.

For a week before I visited the latter, the fishing, according to Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, who had been there for some time, had been improving every day. The first day on which he fished his catch of ouananiche was but three fish, but the quality of the sport and the number of fish killed increased every day until the glorious fourth brought him a creel of nineteen fish, the largest of which weighed 3¼ pounds. I have not heard what his score has been since, but have no doubt that it has shown a steady increase, for the water had to fall considerably to produce the best fishing of the season, which should be on about the time that this letter appears in print, and ought to continue for at least a month thereafter, or until better fishing can be had in some of the many tributaries of the big lake. What the condition of the water in the Discharge is at present writing, may be judged of by those who know the locality, from the fact that the guides declare it to be impossible to run the rapids to Isle Maligne, where some of the best ouananiche fishing is usually had, until the water has fallen five feet or more.

Some Recent Ouananiche Scores.

While at the Island House, which is now under the management of Mr. A. A. M. Moore, an excellent sportsman, I copied some of the records of recent catches in the Discharge. Mr. Moore himself killed twelve fish on July 1, which weighed 22 pounds, the largest one turning the scales at just 4 pounds. They were all taken on the Jock-Scott fly, while Mr. Hooper had his best success with the silver-doctor.

Mr. D'Arcy Hutton, of London, England, fishing with the black-hackle and the March-brown took ten ouananiche as early as June 15, the largest of which was 3¼ pounds.

Colonel Bayley, of Kingston, Jamaica, killed five of these fish on July 3, weighing 10 pounds, the largest of which was 3½ pounds. He used the silver-doctor.

Mr. Warren Coleman, of New York, killed fourteen fish on June 26, of which the largest weighed 4¼ pounds. He fished with the brown-hackle and silver-doctor.

Mr. H. F. Emery, of Lowell, Mass., caught three good fish the same day in the lake itself, in front of the Island House, trolling a No. 00 spoon. They weighed 8½ pounds in all, the largest being 5¼ pounds.

On June 29 Mr. Martin, of Lynn, Mass., killed a 4½-pound ouananiche in a lot of sixteen, weighing altogether 33 pounds. They were all taken on the silver-doctor and Jock-Scott.

The Hon. John Kaine, of Quebec, who fished with me this week at the Discharge, killed eleven

ouananiche one morning before 10 o'clock, the largest being over 3 pounds in weight.

Another of my companions, the Rev. Canon Chambers, of Lachine, near Montreal, who, like Canon Kingsley, is both a literary and a sporting parson, killed a ouananiche close upon 4 pounds in weight, in very heavy water, without the aid of either guide or net. His fish was fortunately well hooked and gave him a good twenty minutes' sport.

More Big Pike.

On one of the walls of a room in the Island House I saw the skin of a pike which had weighed over 21 pounds, and had been killed by Mr. T. L. Marcoux, the superintendent of the Roberval Hatchery.

A few days before my visit to the Discharge, two large pike were killed near Isle Ronde, opposite the Island House. Dr. Whitehouse, of New York, killed one on a No. 6 spoon. Its weight was 14¼ pounds. Mr. Emery, of Lowell, caught the other which weighed 14¾ pounds.

Salmon Fishermen Doing Well.

Good sport is reported from all the salmon rivers from which I have any information. The Gaspé rivers are proving very productive this season. Mr. Austin, of Quebec, brought to Baker's Hotel, Gaspé Basin, the other day seven salmon which he had caught in part of one day. The Matane, the Metis and the Magdalen rivers are all yielding good sport. On the latter Mr. Ross and party have been having splendid fishing. The largest fish so far this season was killed there by a lady, Miss Burstall. It weighed well over 30 pounds.

Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston, and party arrived at his river—the Grand of Gaspé—on June 27, and the fish there, too, are reported to be very abundant this year.

Mr. J. J. Hill has returned from the St. John on the north shore, after killing a number of very fine fish, but when he made up his mind to leave the river, the fishing was just about at its best. Mr. Hill had other fish to fry, however, elsewhere.

The members of the Natashquan Club write that they were rather early on the ground for the fish, but are now having good sport. As in the case of the Grand Discharge, the season this year is late in most of the rivers of the north shore of the Gulf. In the St. Margaret, however—the tributary of the Saguenay—the fish ran early. The sport is excellent, and now at its best. Mr. Henry Russell, of Detroit, has gone home after killing nearly twenty fish. Mr. Brackett, with whom he fished, and who will remain on the river until the end of the season is also having better sport than for several years past, notwithstanding the curious fact that one of his salmon pools at what is known as the Forks has been much depreciated by the action of the ice during the last winter or spring, which has carved out a new one just below it, thus throwing it into the limits of the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club. The members of this club are having a splendid season. Mr. Mitchell, of New York; Mr. Gardner Lyon, of Oswego, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke have been particularly fortunate so far.

Dr. Van Dyke's Remarkable Experience.

Dr. Van Dyke had an exciting experience a few days ago. He hooked a large salmon just after dark in one of the upper pools, and the fish ran him a race down the rapids, the doctor following, a good second, in his canoe. It was well after dark when his shouts were heard at the Forks, as his canoe pulled up and he found that something had fouled. While the guides rushed to free the line, the doctor remarked that he had lost a fine fish. No sooner was the line freed, however, than he quickly found out that he was still fast to his fish, and away went both salmon and professor again down the next rapids. The fish was ultimately saved and found to be 30 pounds in weight, but it was so dark when the salmon was finally killed that the guides had to prepare torches to be able to see to gaff it. Dr. Van Dyke's experience recalls that of the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, who was once towed so far and so rapidly down the Restigouche by a big foully-hooked salmon that he bid adieu to his friends of the different camps passed by him on the way, declaring that he was off for sea. And for some time it looked like it, too, though the end of it came at length with the end of the fish.

CUTTING UP WHALE AT WANGAMUMU.

Another Big Fight.

The story of another fight with a fish comes from Fredericton, N. B. The scene of the battle was Hartt's Island pool in the St. John River at Springhill, about six miles from Fredericton. Colonel J. J. Tucker, an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, engaged Thomas Phillips as guide and started out to catch a big fish. The Colonel is an experienced angler, who has a number of very large salmon to his credit. Armed with his trusty salmon rod, he whipped the pool without success, and then, toward evening tied on an artificial bait and proceeded to do some trolling. It was not long before he felt a tug at his line and successfully hooked his fish. It proved easier to do this than to land it. Then began the struggle for supremacy with the Colonel at one end of the line and the unknown fish of vast proportions at the other. Time and again he tried to get the fish to the surface, but without success. It towed the boat in all directions, but never once broke water, nor yet even approached the surface. The Colonel became exhausted in the struggle and was compelled to hand his rod over to the guide. After a rest of five minutes he resumed the fight, but with no better success than before. Two hours later, becoming discouraged, he started the fish up stream and ordered the guide to row in the opposite direction. This quickly brought the tug of war to an end. The line gave way under the strain and the fish made off with the troll in its mouth. The guide corroborates the story in every particular, and expresses the belief that the fish hooked was an enormous bar or sea bass, whose weight he estimates at 60 pounds, while the Colonel places it at 150 pounds.

About Some Well-Known Guides.

Not many weeks ago I answered in these columns an inquiry about guides at Lake St. John and mentioned the name of John Lessard as one of the best of those at the Grand Discharge, necessarily unaware at the time of the fact, which I only learned upon the occasion of my recent visit there, that Lessard died last February of some stomach trouble.

I was rather surprised to find my old guide, John Morel, still at his work, and in excellent health, and at once engaged him. He is only just sixty years of age, but he seemed to be suffering from so bad a lung trouble when I last saw him several years ago that I never expected to be able to employ him again. There is probably no better known guide in the whole Lake St. John district than John Morel, thanks not only to the many visiting anglers whom he has served, but also to the fact that he has been immortalized by Dr. Van Dyke in his charming "Little Rivers." The time has not come yet, however, foretold by the doctor, when John would have to yield the stern of his canoe to his son, though the latter, a younger boy than he with whom the doctor descended the rapids, now does the carrying of the canoe over the portages instead of his father. The elder Morel has shaved off the piratical-looking red beard described by Dr. Van Dyke—and in any case it would be no longer red now—but the same clear, kind, blue eyes and honest, friendly face still shine out from under his old slouch hat.

When I was through with the two Morels, I gladly turned them over to Baron Haymerle, secretary of the Austrian Embassy at Washington, who was about to run the rapids of the Discharge to Chicoutimi, and who had asked me to select the guides for the trip. John and another son had accompanied me on this same trip twelve years ago.

What is known as the Lake St. John country is of such vast extent, that it is rare to find any guides who know every part of it equally well, and this fact was brought home to me the other day when I saw how little was known of the best fishing places in the Grand Discharge by guides who could not be beaten for such trips as those to Lake Tschotagama or Lac-a-Jim. Mr. W. H. St. John, of Hartford, Conn., who has just had splendid sport at the Grand Discharge, has left for Lac-a-Jim, with his cousin,

Mr. Willcox, and among their guides is a son of the Jim Raphael, the famous hunter after whom Lac-a-Jim is named, and who was born and brought up in that part of the country. Mr. Marcoux, of the Roberval hatchery, who now has charge of the guides and outfitting department at the Hotel Roberval, is well acquainted with the capabilities of the different guides and is the safest adviser as to the selection to be made of them for any particular trip.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

On the Beaverkill.

THE weather was unusually warm, with great humidity, for many days. The temperature of the water rose until the batch of natural flies ceased almost entirely on the lower reaches of the river. We feared that our fishing hereabouts was nearly over, but several refreshing rains, with cool nights and mornings, have improved the situation considerably. Heavy creels must not be expected; the month of July is not usually very favorable for fly-fishing, but the angler who is really in love with his art, can basket a few good trout by exercising the virtue of patience. It may please him to know that it has been splendid growing weather, and that the crops in this part of the State are now well assured.

I have not heard of any very large trout being killed on the Beaverkill, but they are surely here. I have no doubt that there are fish in some of the big pools, weighing at least 5 pounds. These old stagers are very wary, and feed mostly at night, when the water is low. After a freshet is the best time to try for them, and if one is located, there is a better chance for success.

I have often heard that the time of all others to try for a big trout is between dawn and sunrise, but I have never been energetic enough for this early fishing. A white-miller is said to be great medicine at that hour.

I regret that I arrived here too late for the rise of the grannom, as I had tied some imitations of this fly, which I was anxious to try. We can never be sure of a pattern until it has been passed upon by the trout. The batch of grannom on the Beaverkill is well worth seeing. They sometimes rise in swarms at sunset and after during the month of June. The last season I was here the flies were on the water every day for nearly three weeks.

A native fisherman informed me that this season the grannom came in early and did not last as long as usual.

The wind-fish, fall-fish or silver-chub have been rather a nuisance lately. It is dismally disappointing to find, after hooking a good fish, that you have a leather-mouthed chub in tow, instead of a fine trout. Some people like to eat chub; the meat is white and rather sweet, but full of bones.

The best basket I have had since I came to the Beaverkill was made on Friday afternoon, the 7th inst. It consisted of nine trout and three chub. Nearly all the former were really good fish. I was so tired of dragging heavy waterproofs about (which, by the by, are not waterproof), that I waded without them, and was much more comfortable. There is no loafing about in fly-fishing, and if one keeps moving and changes clothing at once on returning home, there is small chance of catching cold in warm weather.

There is a small lake, or pond, among the hills, about three miles from this place, which was planted with brown trout many years ago. It is now well stocked, but the fish are not easy to catch. All that I have seen, or rather, saw, on one visit, were fish of a pound or more. They are long and slim, as there are no minnows in the pond. I think that they feed largely upon case worms. If trout eat lizards, those creatures are abundant in the water. I took but one trout with the fly, 16 inches long. This was some years since, and I fancy that there must be a few big trout in the little lake now.

For at least a hundred years the Valley of the Beaverkill has been celebrated for its beauty and the river for its trout. This (last) spring the fishing has been as good, probably, as at any time during its history. The majority of the fish caught now are brown trout, and the average size of these is certainly larger than the native trout has ever shown in the same water, even in the times of the early settlers.

We take few undersized fish, and most of those I have returned had been *fontinalis*, not *fario*.. A brown trout of eight ounces to one pound affords good sport to any one using fine tackle, and this is necessary unless one descends to bait-fishing where the water is discolored.

A few large ephemera have been rising in the evenings this week, but the only flies seen in numbers were of the caddis order; small insects with light yellow and pale green bodies. These are common whenever or wherever the water is cold enough for them to rise all through the summer months.

BEAVERKILL, Sullivan County, N. Y., July 13.—The fishing is holding out wonderfully well this year in spite of hot sun and scarcity of natural flies. Whenever we have a shower followed by a cool night, there is a good chance for sport the next morning. Something can nearly always be done after the sun is off the water and on into the evening, until it is too late to see where one's fly drops upon the water. By fishing in the darkness a big trout may be killed, but it is not the very best of sport. Fish rarely put up the best fight of which they are capable at night. They do not see the fisherman and the hook gives them little pain. They are apt to bore steadily, yet there is no dash, no brilliant play. However, if you want a big trout, and know where one has taken up his abode, it is always worth while to try for him after "the darkness has fallen from the wings of night," if you have failed to move the fish earlier in the evening. There is no doubt that the introduction of the brown trout has greatly improved the fishing in the Beaverkill. This fish grows fast and breeds better, I fancy, than our native fish. The fry brought from the New York State hatchery are usually strong and healthy; the percentage of loss is small. There are still a good many *fontinalis* in the river, and one or two fish of this species certainly add quality to the beauty of the catch when laid out in state upon a big dish. I do not believe that there is a lovelier fish in all the world than our native brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

In July there are not many insects upon the water to serve as a guide in selecting one's fly. If the water is not too warm, a good many small yellow caddis will be seen and the trout sometimes take these freely. This fly has cousin of the same order, which has a pale green body, by way of variety. The hatch of ephemera makes little show, yet there are a few about nearly every evening, and my experience seems to indicate that they are taken by the trout in preference to any of the caddis flies. What beautiful creatures the ephemera are in their last, or perfect state. I have several small bottles on my table, as I write, which contain specimens in alcohol. Some of these are fully one inch in length with bright glassy wings and long legs and tails. Unfortunately, these are very fragile, and if the bottles are knocked about a bit, one's pretty specimens are soon sadly mangled, wings break and legs and tails come off in a very provoking way. It is delightful to be so near trout water, be the sport good or bad, no angler of experience expects great things at this season. If we are favored with sufficient rain to keep the streams in order and the temperature of the water down, a few trout are usually caught by the man who can choose his own hour for going a-fishing.

THEODORE GORDON.

Fishing in Ponds Used as Water Supply.

BOSTON, Mass., July 14.—A case that is attracting wide-spread interest was recently brought before Judge Kingsbury in the Court at South Framingham, against Joseph F. Minon of Wayland, charged with illegal boating on Lake Cochituate, one of the sources of the water supply for Boston and in charge of the metropolitan board of commissioners. The regulations promulgated by the board, prohibit boating on the lake, except by those who have secured a license, and the residents of neighboring towns desire that the rights of citizens on public ponds shall be determined. Judge Bumpus for the defendant, informed the court that it was proposed to take the case to the Supreme Court and find out, once for all, if the board has the authority to state to private citizens that their rights on the public ponds are annihilated. A fine of $20 was imposed, and an appeal was entered. Minon has a camp and several boats at the lake.

There are many other communities that are interested in the final outcome of this case.

H. H. KIMBALL.

Striped Bass on the Pacific Coast.

LONDON, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I ask through your widely circulated paper if the introduction of the striped bass to the waters of the Pacific Coast has been followed by the destruction or diminution of any valuable native fish? The striped bass is a fish of prey and I understand it has increased to an enormous extent since it was first turned out on the Pacific side. I ask as I have long been hoping to get some striped bass over from America to see if they will do in our waters round the south coast of England. One of the objections made is that the striped bass multiplies rapidly, grows to a large size, 50 pounds or more, and is a fish which lives on other fish. The common sea bass (*Labrax lupus*) is fairly common on some parts of our coast, but from what I can gather the striped bass is a much superior fish. Our bass is not a first class table fish by any means.

R. B. MARSTON,
Editor Fishing Gazette, London.

Advance on Gut Crop, 1906.

REDDITCH, Eng., July 2.—The crop has been unusually late this year. As regards quantity. it is an average one, the very heavy classes are very scarce. Prices would have been normal, but for the eagerness of some of the buyers, and an enormous drop in the exchange. The price of the raw material itself advanced only from eight to ten per cent., but the lowering of the exchange to nearly par, which is a difference in the cost of 22½ per cent. from that of last year made all the difference, and while there may be various estimates as to the advance in gut itself, there is no getting away from the fact of the exchange, which is known to the whole world, and between the two, we estimate that there is an advance of at least 30 per cent. over last year.

Owing to this advance, the fishing tackle dealers and makers will have to increase the price of gut casts, traces, mounted hooks and raw gut. S. ALLCOCK & Co., Limited.

Both Caught It.

CHICAGO, June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As an authority on the subject, I respectfully request your opinion on the following: Who caught the fish?

On June 1 at Mason Lake, Wis. (Boyd & McCartney's resort), A hooked an eleven-pound muskallonge, but being inexperienced, and feeling incapable of landing the fish, he turns the rod and line over to B at once. B is an experienced angler, and after about thirty minutes' work, tires out the musky and gets him alongside and into the boat. The question arose as to who—from a sportsman's standpoint—caught the fish, A or B. A. H. MULFORD.

[Neither A nor B caught it alone; it was taken by both, and the credit of the capture belongs to both.]

VOL. 22 of the American Kennel Club Stud Book for 1905 contains 1,936 pages, and registrations from 84,964 to 93,239 inclusive. Besides the pedigrees, it contains a list of officers and active and associate members, bench show winnings, champions of record, foxhound and beagle trials, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, etc. It can be obtained of the secretary of the American Kennel Club, A. P. Vredenburgh, 55 Liberty street, New York.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

19. Narragansett Y. R. A., Prudence Island.
19. New York, Glen Cove cups.
20. Narragansett Y. R. A., Fall River.
20. Kennebec, cruise.
20. Seawanhaka-Atlantic-Corinthian, at Newport.
21. Bristol, open, Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.
21. Corinthian, Marblehead.
21. Winthrop, Y. R. A., Nahant.
21. Royal Canadian, first, 20ft. and 16ft. classes.
21. Larchmont, Hartford, Y. R. A.
21. Moriches, Quantuck.
21. Wianno, club.
21. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
21. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
21. Bensonhurst, open.
21. Taunton, power boats.
21. Cohasset, club.
21. Narragansett Y. R. A., Bristol.
21-28. Larchmont race week.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

BIG yacht racing has progressed this season in a very satisfactory way generally, the entries being more considerable in individual size and in numbers than have started in our races for some past seasons. A minute examination of the particular performance of some of the large or small yachts continually racing at this time, will show a remarkable condition of things. It will throw light on certain phases of human nature and will show how much attention and enthusiasm are required to bring a yacht in a winner in the majority of starts.

In large yachts, the owner often has not the time at his disposal to see to everything. He has other occupations that take his time, and he cannot look after the details of his boat. If he tried to do so, the cares of a 75-footer, with a large crew, would place him in a rest cure. A sailing master must therefore be employed, who in many cases proves competent for his post. It must be well understood that his entourage—above and below—have much to do with his success. He is beset by importunities and opportunities, through which, if he is unscrupulous, he may mulct his employer in a continuous and permanent manner. This condition exists in yachting in very much the same manner as it exists in any pursuit for pleasure or gain. Stories are common of spoiled sails, bad rigging, bad work, bad paint, and bad handling. Such incidents have broken many hopes and lost more races. There is a difference between the foregoing and what are known as the dangers of the sea.

A case in point is that of a race lost when it was well in hand, by changes supposed to be for the improvement of the particular yacht's gear—changes from what had been ordered and fitted under specifications by the naval architect who designed and superintended the construction of the vessel. The designer's own language is pathetic: "They lost a splendid opportunity of showing the seaworthy qualities of the yacht, and all by the silly tricks of an ignorant man; but this is done all the time, and when a man has many sailing children knocking about, he sits at home and makes the best of it." This language shows a courage that is one of the fruits of the practice of the profession of designing.

Racing is a serious pursuit, and it is not much of a compliment to your opponent not to keep in good condition, and make the laurels worth winning. Inasmuch as racing is a diversion from vital things which deal with the world's work, why should not racing be serious? To furnish the reaction it must be. Opinions differ, but, as in all other pursuits, anywhere, to those who watch, do hard and thoroughly, belong those things known as prizes. It is then no one man who wins, or causes the winning. Conversely, one man may ruin what care and patience have reared. It is only by harmony and good will among all, by the obliteration of pettishness, by co-operation between designer, builder, captain, crew and owner, and by the real recognition of service, that the sailing and racing of yachts can continue to hold the high esteem the sport has always enjoyed. Thus may be prevented the breakdowns, often due to the false idea that sailing masters are naval architects, and are competent to pass judgment on, and to alter those things which are within their reach.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

BROOKLYN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—On July 11, the sloop yacht Mopsa, owned by Messrs. F. C. and W. Sullivan, was declared the winner of the ocean race under the auspices of the New Rochelle Y. C. for the Brooklyn Y. C. challenge cup. The course was from New Rochelle around Montauk Point to Northeast End Lightship off Cape May, and return to the Brooklyn Y. C. at Gravesend Bay. Lila, who was the unfortunate starter in the Bermuda race recently, came in first, having completed the course in 104h. 10m. 20s. Mopsa's elapsed time was 105h. 22m. 43s., from which must be deducted an allowance of 4h. 26m. 40s., thus making her the winner by 3h. 14m. 20s. Tamerlane came in about three hours after Mopsa. The prize goes to the Harlem Y. C., from which Mopsa was entered. The race was devoid of accidents of any kind, but a good deal of complaint seems to be about as to the bad weather conditions; which favored Mopsa more than Tamerlane or Lila who were on either side of her. There was much fog. Next year it is proposed to run the race in June, when the winds are stronger, and less fog will be encountered. However, in view of the large yacht races around the Cape that crippled the fleet, the little fellows seem to have stood the race very well.

YACHTING ON LAKE ST. LOUIS.—The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has held one race for the Seawanhaka cup class, and the Dorval, designed by Mr. A. G. C. Robertson, is a prospective challenger for the cup which is now held by the Manchester Y. C. On Monday four boats competed First, Aeolus, Mr. Slaughter; second, Alexander, Mr. Shirley Davidson, Thorella and Dorval. The wind was very light and shifty, and the races brought out nothing conclusive. The future races will be entered by most of the now historic boats that have in one capacity or another sailed in the preliminary or the races for the cup, among which are Trident, Alexandra, Thorella, Aeolus, Noorna and Blackbird.

RAINBOW AT HERRESHOFFS.—The sloop yacht Rainbow, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Y. C., is at Bristol being overhauled and will not again be seen racing till the opening of the race week at Larchmont.

VIGILANT AND ELMINA.—Vigilant, Mr. W. E. Iselin, N. Y. Y. C., and Elmina, Mr. F. F. Brewster, N. Y. Y. C, have gotten back from the westward Both boats were hard put to it in the race from New London to Marblehead, and have had extensive repairs made. It is said that Vigilant started her frames forward, and opened her plates, and altogether received a very severe pounding. Elmina fared no better. She split her new mainsail and her boom and lost her jib by the parting of the pennants on the sheet. There is no doubt that long distance racing at sea with a large rig is very expensive, and hard on gear, and is likely to make such contests require bona fide cruising rigs. It would be too bad that all the good that has so far been accomplished toward popularizing these long runs should go for naught, but a restriction to cruising rig would be wise.

MAID OF MEUDON SOLD.—The New York Y. C. 30-footer Maid of Meudon has recently been acquired by Mr. Walter L. Matheson, owner of the steam yacht Laverock.

STORM DAMAGES ON THE SOUND.—The fierce squall that passed over New Rochelle on Monday, July 10, imperilled the lives of many who were sailing about those waters. The steward of the New Rochelle Y. C., Harry Cane, rescued six boats which he towed in, and a number of parties, among them women. Some of the boats were cut adrift in the bad weather. Lightning broke the flag poles of both the Larchmont and New Rochelle Y. C.

Tringa, a new launch 75ft long, recently built by Lawley in Boston, and owned by Mr. William M. Lovering, New York Y. C., was severely damaged at Larchmont.

A. CARY SMITH SAILING ON NEOLA.—Last spring Mr. E. D. King purchased the sloop yacht Neola, and so far this season, Mr. King has had Mr. Smith the veteran yacht designer with him.

Mr. Smith speaking about the races, had the following to say: "It should be generally known by the yachting public that Neola must be sailed by her owner, Mr. E. Dimock King, in all her races, while Weetamoe has been sailed by the same hands for three years, and all her peculiarities are known. The tricks of the Neola must be learned, and proper sails put on before her speed can be ascertained.

"I have been on board in a general advisory way for the reason that she was a beaten boat, and it affords chances to try experiments in rig, sail and trim."

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—The following orders have been issued under date of July 7 by Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Y. C. in respect to the annual cruise. The Astor cups will be sailed for off Newport on Tuesday, Aug. 7, and the King's cup on Wednesday, Aug 8. There will be races at Vineyard Haven on Aug. 10 for the Owl and Gamecock colors in the morning. The order follows:

FLAGSHIP NORTH STAR.
NEW YORK, July 7, 1906.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 2.

The squadron will rendexvous off station No. 10, Glen Cove on Thursday, Aug. 2.

Captains will report on board the flagship at 5 P. M.

Reception on board the flagship at 9 o'clock in the evening.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Friday, Aug. 3,, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.

Saturday, Aug. 4, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.

Sunday, Aug. 5, at New London; the squadron will dress ship at morning colors.

Monday, Aug. 6, squadron run, New London to Newport.

Tuesday, Aug. 7, at Newport, Astor cup races.

Wednesday, Aug. 8, at Newport, race for the King's cup; races in Narragansett Bay for boats too small to compete for the King's cup. In the evening the squadron will illuminate.

Thursday, Aug. 9, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Friday, Aug. 10, at Vineyard Haven. Races for the Owl and Game Cock colors in the morning.

Saturday, Aug. 11, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Newport.

The preparatory signal for squadron runs will be two guns fired in rapid succession by the flagship and the display at the foretopmast head of the code letter P over the signal indicating the next port. The start will be made promptly one hour later from a line previously established by the Regatta Committee, at which time the preparatory signal will be hauled down on board the flagship.

The Regatta Committee will issue instructions for the runs from port to port and for the other racing events.

The flag officers' cups will be sailed for during the cruise.

Captains are requested to supply their vessels with New York Y. C. night signals.

Captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at all times.

Particular attention is invited to the club routine and to the signal code.

The advisability of racing and other events at Vineyard Haven on Friday, Aug. 10, will be determined at the rendezvous, on board the flagship, and be communicated later in a circular to the squadron.

* * *

THE KING'S CUP.—With the race for the cup presented by King Edward VII. less than a month off, the arrival of the trophy is next in importance to the race itself. The cup has been conveyed to the American Ambassador at London, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Reid notified the State Department of the delivery to him, and as the cup comes from the sovereign of a friendly country, and being intended for no purpose of a commercial nature, and as it will promote cordiality and such friendly feelings, it should be subject to no duties of any kind.

The law does not specifically suspend the tariff in these cases. The State Department has however, on similar occasions, granted free admission to such gifts as an act of international courtesy. Indeed, with the gradual development of the preliminaries, much satisfaction has been expressed in all quarters, and the event will assuredly prove to be the greatest of the yachting season.

* * *

NEW DUGGAN BOAT.—There has just been completed at the works of the Sydney Motor Boat Company a yacht for Mr. G. Herrick Duggan, who for so long designed, built and sailed the defenders of the Seawanhaka cup when held by the Royal Canadian Y. C. The yacht is intended for cruising, and is of the following dimensions: Length over all, 40ft.; load waterline, 27ft., on a breadth of 9ft. The sail spread will be 2,000ft. set on a pole mast. The ballast will be of iron and will weigh about three and a quarter tons.

* * *

THE SONDERKLASSE.—The conditions governing the Roosevelt cup races at Marblehead requires that the boats entered for the contest shall be overboard when the entry list is closed, which occurred on July 14. The German trial races, soon to take place at Kiel, will have sixteen competitors, from which three challengers will be selected to be sent over. It is reported that Angela II., belonging to the Crown Prince, will very likely be one of the trio. At home there are seventeen competitors, the last three going overboard within ten days. Vim, designed by Mr. Gardner, built by Lawley, for Mr. Trenor L. Park, American Y. C., is said to be much like the successful sloop Aspirant, designed by Mr. Gardner. Spokane, built by Mr. B. F. Wood, at City Island, from a design by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, for Commodore F. Lewis Clark, Eastern Y. C., is ready to go eastward. The third boat is Alecto, designed by Mr. E. W. Hodgson for himself and Mr. R. L. Pond. The racing of the Sonderklasse boats has so far not included more than five or six boats, but as the trial races draw near, all the competitors will be joining in the racing to try gear and find weak points, that they may be remedied in time.

* * *

LIPTON CUP RACES.—Interest in Chicago has centered in the pending arrangements of the Chicago Athletic Club to enter and sail their boat, Cherry Circle, designd by C. D. Mower, of New York, under the colors of the C. A. C. The Lake Michigan Yachting Association gave no encouragement. The matter was brought out that the club possessed a large fleet of yachts, could make good, and saw no difference between their case and that of the New York A. C., and the affair will very probably turn out to the satisfaction of all, and Cherry Circle will sail as the representative of the C. A. C. The presence of Sir Thomas Lipton, donor of the cup, is still uncertain, but there are still hopes of his arrival in time. The Reception Committee of the Columbia and Milwaukee yacht clubs are to meet in a few days to provide for the entertainment of Sir Thomas in the event of his coming.

* * *

AT this time, when most of the boats that are to compete for the Lipton cup at Chicago are on their way, a decision just rendered about the fitting of double rudders to the contestants is of interest. It is as follows:

"We do not see that the double rudder violates the spirit or intent of the rules governing contests for the Thomas J. Lipton competitive cup; that the double rudder does not attack the type of yacht, which, in our judgment, is the vital essence of the rule. Inasmuch as Bill Poster and New Illinois qualify in all measurements and because their type of hull necessitates double rudders for safety under certain circumstances, we, therefore, rule that double rudders be allowed."

The committee which passed upon this question is composed of Edw. S. Rosing, Chicago Y. C.; Henry R. Davies, Columbia Y. C., and Alex. C. Cuthbert, a member of both clubs. The decision emanated from a protest lodged by Allan Pirie, for H. S. Mills, owner of the Crane-designed Quien Sabe. The boats that were aimed at were Bill Poster and New Illinois, both recently finished and fitted with double rudders. It is regrettable that this decision might not have been rendered somewhat earlier in the game. Double rudders have been generally considered outside of a strict interpretation of the rules.

* * *

NEW OCEAN RACING SCHOONER.—At the conclusion of the Emperor's cup race from New York to the Lizard, the Emperor expressed a desire to offer a second trophy to be raced for from the Lizard to New York. The feeling prevailed at the time that it would be unwise to attempt another race so soon, and till this time very few rumors have been about, which would denote any activity in this direction. However, with the announcement from Bristol that Mr. F. S. Cheesebrough had been commissioned by Mr. Edward R. Coleman, owner of Hildegard, to design a new schooner to meet the conditions of the ocean race, a number of other orders seem imminent. The Hildegard was entered in the ocean race, but did not come in time to win a prize. The new schooner, as reported, will be about 116ft. on the waterline, 160ft. over all, 26ft. breadth, and 16ft. draft, and will be built at Lawleys and will be ready to enter the race next year in the event of its taking place. Rumor has it, that the Herreshoffs of Bristol have under consideration the plans for a large schooner. The name of the owner, however, is withheld, but the news will no doubt be confirmed in a short time. Mr. Robert E. Tod, who was much interested in the ocean race, and who navigated and sailed his own ship, Thistle, will build a larger boat, if his present yacht is sold. That these rumors are persistent, increases the chances of their truth, and with the interest manifested in the last races, perhaps, the limit of their being run off at five year intervals, is a little too long and at the expiration of three years a very successful race could be started with as many at least, and perhaps, more competitors than before.

The Ideal and the Real.

Notes of a Cruise to Acadie.

BY B. H. W.

(*Continued from page* 63.)

At 6:30 a sounding in 23 fathoms showed the drift to be S.E. by E., making our position between the capes reasonably certain. At 8:30 the Cape D'Or whistle was heard a point off our port bow. We drifted on by Cape D'Or and up the Minas Channel to some point well up toward Cape Split, so that if there had been a wind we could have safely run in W.N.W. until we found water shoal enough for anchorage. In a flat calm we could only drift and watch. At about 11 P.M. we were close enough to some big vessel to hear voices, and the long continued rattle of chain that ran out and out until it seemed it would never stop. One of us dropped over the blue pigeon and found 46 fathoms. We did not anchor. The ebb was now sweeping again to the westward, so that the breeze was felt a little, and we let her go off and on until dawn, with the lawyer at the stick.

At 5 A. M. the tide began to run East again, making an apparent easterly breeze. Cape D'Or was somewhere N.E., so we ran that way. At 6:30 the fog lifted for a few minutes and showed Cape D'Or close aboard right ahead, no whistle blowing. Ran E. 50 minutes and then W.N.W. to an anchorage in 8 fathoms. Hoped we were somewhere near Spencer's Island anchorage. Turned in cold and tired and slept until noon, when we were wakened by a thump alongside and the voice of Baxter McClellan saying, "Hello, aboard the yawl."

He was the same old Baxter that we had known the year before, cheerful, jolly and obliging, and very glad to see us again. As we chatted over the happenings since our last visit Baxter proposed a 30-mile drive for the afternoon, and volunteered to be pilot and driver.

A little later you might have seen the whole five of us packed in a light wagon behind a pair of tough Nova Scotia horses. Baxter slapped the lines across their backs and we were off. He drove as a Gloucesterman drives his schooner when the market is waiting. It was mostly a full run. We did walk up some of the long hills, but on every down grade, no matter how steep, across deep gullies and over rickety corduroy bridges, where only Providence and a strong grip kept us from being shot out into space, we bumped and rattled.

The way led through forests of spruce and across barrens covered with young hackmatack and birch until we came out by the tidal harbor of Apple River on the Cumberland Basin. The tide was low. There was no water in sight and no vessels. Outside the Light the fog shut down like a wall. The harbor's shores curved around a wide and melancholy expanse of dull sand that waited for the incoming flood to bring to it a semblance of beauty or life. It made us uncomfortable and seemed gruesome, as if something were radically wrong in its planning.

From Apple River the horses were turned toward Advocate, where there is another eerie harbor guarded by a nightmare breakwater of drift wood and cobbles built by westerly gales. The road now followed the valley between Chignecto and D'Or, and there was more of beauty and grace in the spruce and white birch which overhung the narrow winding way. The impression left by the drive is one of sombre desolation. The land is poor and cold, yet the thinly scattered inhabitants, honest, hardy, good-natured, taciturn, all seemed reasonably happy and contented, and from the door of every cottage peeped the smiling faces of rosy cheeked children, the most im-

portant and most certain yearly crop of the Province.

All slept soundly that night and never woke before 7:30, when the E. wind moaned softly through the shrouds and the rain pattered on the cabin trunk. McClellan came off early and we spun yarns until noon and studied the chart and Coast Pilot to learn the vagaries of the currents and shoals of the Minas Basin.

This sheet of water extends just 50 miles from Cape Split to Truro and varies in width from 16 miles at its lower part to a mile at its head. The most contracted portion is the entrance between Cape Sharp (300ft. high) and the ramparts of Cape Split (200ft.). and through this narrow strait, only 2 2-3 miles wide, the 50ft. of tide rushes impetuously. The speed of the current varies from 8 knots near Cape Split to 3 knots in the wider portions of the basin. The waters are shallow and in many places obstructed by shifting banks of sand. The bottom of the bay is dry at low tide from Truro at its head, some 16 to 18 miles, down toward Economy Point, which is 24 miles from Truro and at the head of safe navigation. The Coast Pilot states that no vessel should be taken above this point unless in charge of a skilled local pilot, as beyond it are many shoals of loose shifting sand, which are constantly changing their position. There are a number of harbors which can be entered only at high water, and where, as a matter of course, everything is high and dry when the tide ebbs. A W.S.W. wind blows directly up the basin, and when at all fresh raises a very ugly, short, steep sea. Several local experts whom we asked to go up with us as pilots to Maitland refused and emphatically advised that we should not try to go above Economy Point. But you remember the proverb, "* * * where angels fear to tread."

Aug. 2.—The barometer had fallen yesterday from 30.18 to 29.74, and was now 29.68, but as the weather gave promise of clearing we were under way at 7 A. M. on the first of the flood, hoping to be able to make the entrance to the Shubenacadie River at Maitland, where we could lie afloat at low water. At 9:30 a wind came in from W.S.W. and soon blew a good breeze. Aided by the swirling 8-knot tide we swept up by Cape Split and the red bastions of Blomidon and on up the Basin of Minas. On the north were the lofty hills of the Cobequid Range, and the high, picturesque, red, fantastically weathered cliffs of the nearer shore; on the south the fertile plains of Arcadie, the foreshore reminding one of parts of our own Long Island.

The freshening wind soon made it necessary to hand the topsail and we staggered along under the four lowers with a fresh gale behind us. Economy Point was passed and Noel Head left some 5 miles astern. We were sailing over what would soon be dry land. The mouth of the Shubenacadie and safety lay only 3½ miles ahead. But it was evident that the tide was ebbing rapidly and had already gone out some 8 or 10ft. In such a turbulent race we dared not risk grounding. We knew there were bars ahead with only 14 or 16ft. over them at high water, and astern it was certain that, even with the help of the swift ebb, we would fetch up and smash in the surf before we could beat back to deep water. The chart showed a spot with 3-fathoms low water outside of where we were. Could we find it? The head, dropped into the thick, yellow flood, startled us by showing only 12ft., and at the same instant a sea broke under us and curled over the stern. Another cast gave 5 fathoms, the next 8½, the next 3½. We came about, found the 8½-fathom spot, and anchored. The strong ebb running out against the heavy wind and sea made the position almost untenable. Istar sheered about violently and it was necessary to keep a man at the tiller to steer her, so that her stern kept straight on to the waves until the tide fell enough for the bars to windward to cut off the sea.

The yellow water ran swiftly out. The beaches showed a wide strip of wet sand and rock that, try as we would, looked only a little more than the 6ft. strip that Long Island Sound shows. It was only when a man or a horse appeared, crawling like an ant across its face, that you could realize the magnitude of the drop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Indian Harbor Y. C. Regatta.

July 14.

ON Saturday, in the Indian Harbor Y. C. regatta, out of 65 entries there were 56 starters, and the racing brought together one of the best aggregations yet seen this year. As the yachts were about to finish, the wind dropped, and the schooners towed home, leaving the little boats to finish at sundown with a fresh westerly breeze. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class A—Start 11:40—Course 12¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Invader, Roy A. Rainey	Withdrew.	

Schooners—Class B—Start, 11:40—Course 12¼ Miles.

Endymion, George Lauder, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Savorona, C. H. Clark	Withdrew.	
Amorita, R. Mansfield	Withdrew.	

Schooners—Class E—Start 11:50—Course 12¼ Miles.

Clarissa, E. K. Price	Withdrew.	
Priscilla, F. Q. Holsington	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class J—Start 11:55—Course 12¼ Miles.

Irolita, E. W. Clarke, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class M—Start 12:00—Course 8¾ Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	2 54 16	2 54 16
Halai, A. J. D. Paul	Withdrew.	

New York Y. C. 30-footers—Start 12:05—Course 8¾ Miles.

Banzai, C. L. & P. R. Mallory	7 20 31	7 15 31
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	6 42 28	6 37 28
Altair, G. C. & T. F. Meyer	7 11 48	7 06 48
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	7 07 22	7 02 22
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	7 15 52	7 10 52
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	Withdrew.	
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Adelaide II., G. H. & P. H. Adee	7 27 11	7 22 11
Nautilus, H. W. & A. G. Hanan	Withdrew.	

Cara Mia wins from Phryne by 24m. 54s., and from Atair by 29m. 20s.

Handicap Class—First Division—Start 12:10—Course 5½ Miles.

Rube, G. P. Granbery	6 55 35	6 45 35
Firefly, M. B. Pendas	Withdrew.	
Thelema, A. E. Black	7 13 29	7 03 29
Huntress, L. H. Lyer	Withdrew.	

Corrected time: Thelema 6.35.07.

Handicap Class—Second Division—Start 12:10—Course 5½ Miles.

Maryola, H. E. Sayre	6 56 19	6 46 19
Scamp, W. Murdock	7 09 48	6 59 48
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	Withdrew.	
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	7 15 24	7 05 24

Corrected time: Maryola 6.36.11; Scamp 6.57.46; Robin Hood 6.57.16.

Raceabouts—Start 12:15—Course 5½ Miles.

Cadeau, W. W. Swan	4 58 26	4 43 26
Tom Boy, A. Iselin, Jr.	6 25 42	6 10 42
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	Withdrew.	
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	Withdrew.	
Tartan, A. H. & G. L. Pirie	Withdrew.	
Chinook, Robert Mallory	6 30 27	6 15 27

Cadeau beat Tom Boy 1h. 27m. 16s., and Chinook 1h. 32m. 1s.

Larchmont 21-footers—Start 12:15—Course 5½ Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	7 00 02	6 45 02
Vaquero, W. Stump	6 51 30	6 36 30
Houri, J. H. Esser	7 02 28	6 47 28

Vaquero beat Dorothy 8m. 32s., and Houri 10m. 58s.

Sloops—Class P—Start 12:20—Course 5½ Miles.

The Kid, O. Harriman	6 38 26	6 18 26
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start 12:20—Course 5½ Miles.

Answer, D. B. Abbott	7 11 47	6 51 47
Okee, J. F. & J. A. Mahlstedt	7 24 23	7 04 23
Royal, J. M. Macdonough	Withdrew.	
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	6 51 47	6 31 47
Kim II., H. J. North	Withdrew.	

Paumonak beat Answer 20m., and Okee 32m. 36s.

Sloops—Class E—Start 12:25—Course 5½ Miles.

Arline, A. E. Rendle	7 23 39	. . . .
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	Withdrew.	
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Indian Harbor Catboats—Start 12:25—Course 5½ Miles.

Ace, A. Gilmore	Withdrew.
Nancy, H. W. Paret	Withdrew.
Osseo, A. G. Cooper	Withdrew.
Joe, C. T. Willis	Withdrew.
Miantee, G. D. Cooper	Withdrew.
Wacouta, N. Truesdale	Withdrew.

Penataquit Y. C.

Bay Shore—July 14.

ON Saturday, the Penataquit Y. C. gave a race for Class Q boats and the special one-design class, this being the second race of the series. The wind unfortunately was very light and fluky. The summary follows:

Special Class—Handicap—Course 12 Miles.

	Elapsed.
Arrow, T. R. Macy	2 24 13
Lillian, S. F. Rothschild	2 37 39
Anita, E. F. Hutton	Not timed.

Class Q—Course 8 Miles.

	Corrected.
Toby, H. O. Havemeyer	1 53 56
Meddler, W. L. Candee	1 56 37
Emla II., G. A. Williams	1 59 07

One-Design Class—Course 8 Miles.

Emla II., G. A. Williams	2 04 42
Let Her Be, F. E. Ballard	2 05 00
Ripple, W. K. Dick	2 05 16
Nat, Ed. T. Hutton	2 07 14
Dart, W. L. Candee	2 07 23
Alice, S. F. Rothschild	2 07 44

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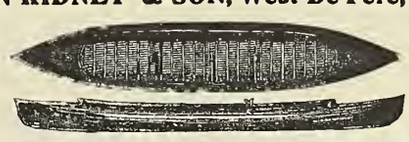

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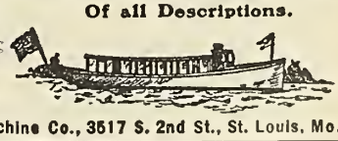

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Beverly Y. C.

383d Regatta—July 7.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 383d regatta from its club house on Saturday. The event was the first Corinthian race of the season, and therefore the first championship race. The wind was from the N.E. and light, averaging perhaps 8 knots per hour.

There were seven entries in the 21-footers, and these boats were sent to Bow Bells and back. Arethusa won by a comfortable margin. Owl was protested by Rosamond, and since it was impossible to get witnesses together at the time, the protest cannot be settled until a full meeting of the Regatta Committee is had.

There were three entries in the 18ft. one-design class, and twelve in the 15ft. one-design class. Both of these one-design classes were sent to Bird Island and back. Wanderer, in the 18s won by 7s., and Peacock in the 15s won by 11s.

384th Regatta—July 14.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 384th regatta from its club house on Saturday. The event was the second Corinthian race of the season. A light N.E. wind, which prevailed during the morning, strengthened as the day wore on, and the race was sailed with a fresh breeze from N.E., which gave some of the boats all they wanted with full sail.

The 21-footers started down the bay for Bow Bells with spinnakers set. The eight boats in the class reached this point close together, and turned on the wind without any great advantage to any. Mr. Crane in his Amanita III. had a short lead. In the fresh breeze, Barnacle at once began to move up through the fleet, and took the lead before Bird Island was reached, and held it to the finish. No other boat bothered Mr. Crane, and he finished in second place 2m. ahead of the third boat, Terrapin. Terrapin was sailed by Mr. F. L. Dabney, who has not been racing very regularly of late, and therefore did not know that the boats were required to keep outside of Bird Island buoy No. 13. He unfortunately went inside, and was ruled out of the race, although his doing so gave him little, if any, advantage.

There were four entries for the first time this year in the 18ft. class, and they were sent to Bird Island and back, and the 15s. to Abiel's Ledge, Mosher's Rock, and return. Wanderer won in the 18s and Miss Codman's Yalu won in the 15s. Seeps was second, only 26s. behind. The times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 14—11¾ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 02 06
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 03 48
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 06 40
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 06 55
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 08 38
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 09 16
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 09 22
*Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 05 59

*Protested and ruled out.

18-footers—Course 18—8⅜ Miles.

Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 30 48
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 31 43
Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 33 58
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons	1 36 11

15-footers—Course 25—5⅜ Miles.

Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 10 08
Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 10 36
Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 11 17
Tinker, Mrs. F. W. Emmons 2d	1 11 48
Flickamaroo, Walter H. Hellier	1 12 54
Bantam, Miss Hilda W. Williams	1 14 33
Whitecap, Wm. Vredenburg & S. Minot	1 14 49
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 15 46
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 16 00
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 17 45
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 18 35

Atlantic Y. C.

Havens Cup—July 11.

THE third race for the Havens cup was sailed off the Atlantic Y. C. on Wednesday, in a light air, over a course, twice around, of 12 miles. The race was for Class M and under, and Jig Step sailed with the Q boats, but could not save her time. Owing to the absence of the Regatta Committee, several ladies—Mrs. Hendon Chubb, Mrs. W. A. Barstow and Mrs. F. C. Havens—managed and started the race, and it was very well done, indeed.

There is a protest on the race sailed on June 27, which, if it is allowed, will give Joy the cup. The committee is expected to render a decision very soon. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 56 20	1 56 20	1 56 20
Joy, W. H. Childs	5 05 28	2 05 28	1 55 01
Spider, H. Chubb	5 07 35	2 07 35	1 57 08
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 09 47	2 09 47	1 59 20
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 15 53	2 15 53	2 05 23

Stamford Y. C.

July 14.

IN the power boat races of the Stamford Y. C. on Saturday, there was a good list of entries, but the breakdowns were so numerous as to spoil any semblance of a contest. The following were the times:

Buddie, W. P. Atkins, Passaic River Y. C., winner; course 22½ miles in 1.21.30. White Fox, Walter Ferguson, Stamford Y. C., second; course 22½ miles in 1.34.10, having a handicap of 12m. 10s.

In the second division—Class J—Mr. J. Torrance's Tornay made 22½ miles in 1.51.20. Den, Mr. J. H. Hoadley, started and broke down.

Brooklyn Y. C.

Gravesend Bay—July 14.

ON Saturday, July 14, took place the forty-ninth annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. For the first time in two years the larger classes could not finish and be timed, as the wind dropped on the ebb tide. The Q Class was in the wind dropped on the ebb tide. The Class Q was interesting and furnished plenty of fight. Joy was the winner. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3:10—Course 8 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 55 07	1 45 07
Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 56 42	1 46 42
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 03 50	1 53 50
Spider, Hendon Chubb	5 04 07	1 54 07
Mary, Max Grundner	5 06 22	1 56 22
More Trouble, R. Childs	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class Q Special—Start 3:15—Course 8 Miles.

Careless, R. Rummell	5 57 43	2 42 43
Truant, G. Alyea	5 58 37	2 43 37

Sloops—Class R—Start 3:20—Course 8 Miles.

Ahoy, J. W. Tornow	6 42 26	3 22 26
Chickeokes, W. J. O'Neil	6 50 50	3 30 50

Sloops—Class S—Start 3:25—Course 8 Miles.

Beta, Snedder & Camp	6 49 28	3 24 28
Delta, J. J. Mahony	6 50 20	3 25 20

Catboats—Mixed Class—Start 3:25—Course 8 Miles.

Martha M., R. D. Moore	6 11 03	2 46 03
Cygnet, W. Billingham	6 48 47	3 23 47
Hester, S. Wick	Withdrew.	

Corrected time on Martha M., 2.29.29, and on Cygnet, 2.09.43.

The following classes did not finish until one-half hour after sunset and so were not timed. Each started at 3 P. M. and sailed a course of 16½ miles:

Sloops, Class M.—Ondana, Col. D. E. Austen; Madie, W. H. Childs.

Sloops, Class P.—Jig Step, F. J. Havens; Guide, Wm. Campbell; Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue.

Yawls, Class P.—Sakana, Haviland Bros.; La Cubana, J. H. Ives.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Interclub.

Thursday, July 12.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. managed the interclub races for the New York 30-footers, and the raceabout classes. The wind was very light, the yachts sailing a 9½-mile course to windward and return. The score was by points, of which Indian Harbor Y. C. got 12. The entries were: Nautilus, Banzai, and Ncola. The Manhasset Bay Y. C. got 9 points; Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., 8 points, and the American Y. C., 7 points. The raceabout class resulted in a tie between Tartan and Chinook, Indian Harbor Y. C., and Busy Bee and The Kid, American Y. C. The race will be re-sailed after the end of the Larchmont race week. The times follow:

Thirty-foot Class—Start 2:55—Course 9½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore, Seawanhaka	6 18 08	3 23 08
Maid of Mendon, W. J. Matheson, Seawanhaka	6 48 58	3 53 58
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker, M. B.	6 22 48	3 27 48
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer, M. B.	6 35 11	3 40 11
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright, American	6 27 42	3 32 42
Miny, H. Willetts, American	6 45 12	3 50 12
Nautilus, Hanan Bros., I. H.	6 14 36	3 19 36
Neola, H., G. M. Pynchon, I. H.	6 27 46	3 32 46
Banzai, C. T. & P. R. Mallory, I. H.	6 25 14	3 30 14

Raceabout Class—Start 3:00—Course 9½ Miles.
Interclub Race for N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers and Raceabouts

Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright, Am.	6 38 36	3 38 36
Chinook, R. Mallory, Indian Harbor	6 34 53	3 34 53
Tartan, A. H. & G. L. Pirie, I. H.	6 36 21	3 36 21
The Kid, O. Harriman, Am.	6 29 50	3 29 50

The winners were Nautilus and The Kid.

American Y. C.

Milton Point—July 15.

THE American Y. C. held two races on Sunday. In the dory class the race was not a series race. The honors were carried off by Skiddoo, Mr. Philip Marquand, with Pug second, Mr. A. J. Cumnock. The summary follows:

Special Race for Dories—Start 11:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Skiddoo, Philip Marquand	12 51 10	1 11 10
Pug, A. J. Cumnock	12 52 50	1 12 50
Martini, Norman Warner	1 54 05	1 14 05
Bumble, H. A. Sherman	12 53 40	1 13 40

In the afternoon the New York Y. C. 30-footers Minx, Mr. Howard Willetts, and Cara Mia, Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright, raced for a special prize. Minx beat Cara Mia by a narrow margin.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Dorval—July 11.

IN the race on Wednesday for the Seawanhaka boats over a 4-mile course at Lake St. Louis, the new boat Dorval, in spite of a bad start, came in second, and much is expected when the crew gets into shape. Dorval is owned by a syndicate composed of Messrs. S. A. Finley, R. J. Mercur and H. D. Bayne. Thorella is owned by Mr. W. C. Finley, and was handled by Mr. Chas. H. Routh, and was an easy winner by 4m. Alexandra was sailed by Mr. Shirley Davidson.

King Edward VII.'s New Racing Yacht.

THIS season has produced no topic of more absorbing interest to the yachting men of Britain—or, indeed, to the yachting men of Europe—than the announcement we were able to make last week that His Majesty the King was negotiating for the building of a successor to his racing cutter Britannia. So great is that interest that, although it is only a few days since the first hint of that proposal was given, there is already some little disappointment expressed that no additional news—news of a more definite character—is as yet forthcoming. The impatience is easy to understand and to excuse. The appearance of a Royal racing cutter in the first class will undoubtedly affect the whole complexion of the coming season. That His Majesty may enjoy the best that our sport has to offer, it is necessary that there should be a class strong enough and good enough to make that keen opposition which is the life and the essence of sport. There need be no possible doubt on the question as to whether such opposition will be forthcoming. While His Majesty the King—as heir to the throne—owned and raced Britannia, there were plenty of racing owners who were quick to realize that the Royal yachtsman desired sport rather than prizes, and the resources of the country, as they stood at that time, were exhausted in providing an abundance of the best opposition that could be made to Britannia's career of triumph. The spirit is as strong to-day as ever it was, and there are no doubt many good yachting men who—with abounding loyalty and a superlative regard for the sport—will do their best to make a Royal cutter race hard for every flag that goes under her burgee.

This ranks as a necessity of the first order, and that it may be duly provided for timely authoritative information of the proposals which are afoot is necessary. The nature of the opposition to be provided depends largely upon the class and rating of the cutter which His Majesty the King proposes to build. This is one of the points upon which early and specific information is earnestly desired. There are, however, reasons for believing that the lines suggested in the preliminary negotiations are such as make it moderately certain that the opposition necessary to make sport will be readily forthcoming. The rating suggested, if not already decided upon, for the royal racer, is very like that of Mr. Young's new cutter Nyria, and therefore very close also to the rating of Mr. Kennedy's White Heather. The new International rule of rating follows the rule which went before it in discouraging, by a graduated scale of rating allowances, the building of racers of excessive size. Up to about the size at which Nyria and White Heather rate the rating penalty imposed as against yachts of smaller size is so adjusted that it is a difficult matter to say whether the advantage lies with the yacht of greater or lesser rating. Above that, however, the higher the rating goes, the heavier does the penalty become, until in the case of yachts of extreme size it is probable that in the course of a season's sport it would be found that the excessive size was rather a handicap than an advantage. Sir James Pender's Kariad would still have to be reckoned with, but it is unlikely that a Royal racer, built now to the best requirements of the class, would fail to secure her fair share of the prizes against the Watson cutter.

Even granting, however, that there is a reasonable amount of opposition for a new Britannia already in sight, there is still good reason for the general anxiety to hear more of this proposal, and in particular to hear an authoritative and particular corroboration of the statements, with some indication of the class of cutter likely to be built to it. In this regard there is unlikely to be any unnecessary delay in making the announcement when any sort of final decision is reached. There can be little doubt that the opportunity of encouraging and developing the sport—a sport which is more truly British in its character than any of the others which have claimed attention—has weighed with His Majesty in the consideration of the project. That this encouragement should have its full effect and value, it is of course necessary that the scheme should be made known to the general body of yachting men, and particularly to those likely to take a personal interest in the matter, as soon as it has been definitely settled. This was done in the building of Britannia, and the fact that no formal intimation regarding the building of a Britannia II. has been given may be accepted as a negative kind of proof that the matter has not yet reached to a stage at which any official notification can be given. There are many considerations to be weighed in the building of a yacht of this class, and it is probable that the first hint of the matter leaked out before the negotiations had quite reached a stage at which any public intimation was desirable. Fortunately, the season is yet early. There is still ample time for anything that may be proposed to meet the altered conditions which would come with the building of a royal racer. Apart from a natural impatience, there is no necessity for rushing the matter, and while waiting, we would only take the opportunity of wishing the negotiations an early and successful termination.—London Yachting World.

Crescent A. C.

New York Harbor—July 17.

THE weekly race for the dory class of the Crescent A.C. took place on Sunday over a 4½-mile course off the club house, and proved to be one of the best races sailed this season. It was won by Mr. G. W. Smith's Sport, by 19s. The summary follows:

Eighth Series Race for Crescent Dories—Start 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sport, G. W. Smith	1 55 20	1 45 20
Mamie, J. W. H. Bergen	1 55 39	1 45 39
New Moon, P. H. Langdon	Withdrew.	

Mamie has three races to her credit, and Sport, Spray, New Moon, Wasp and Zip have one each. Two more races are yet to be sailed in the series. Mamie has a good lead on the total of points scored.

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Trapshooting.

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Fixtures.

*July 25.—Scottdale (Pa.) Gun Club.
July 25.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
July 27-28.—East Lexington, Mass.—Middlesex Gun Club shoot. Robert Smith, Chairman, 163 Washington St., Boston.
Aug. 2-3.—Dalton, O.—Annual tournament of Dalton G. C., Dalton, O. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. second Tri-County League shoot. E. M. Ludwick, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Indian annual powwow and tournament; added money, $1,000. Address Mallory Brothers.
Aug. 8-10.—Hamilton, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association's sixth annual tournament. W. P. Thompson, Sec'y-Treas.
*Aug. 8.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Aug. 22.—Ossining, (N. Y.) G. C. target tournament and clam bake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
Sept. 4-6.—Des Moines, Ia., tournament. Budd & Whitney, Mgrs.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament. Ed. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club has fixed on Sept. 9 and 10 as dates for its fall tournament. The programme will be issued at an early date. Mr. Wm. Armstrong is the Secretary.

The Secretary, A. A. Schoverling, writes us that the shoot of the Palisade Gun Club, fixed to take place on July 26, at Edgewater, N. J., has been abandoned because the club has to change its grounds.

The recent contest for the English Hotel cup, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, July 14, was won by Mr. J. W. Wands. His opponent was Mr. D. C. Morris. The scores were: Wands, 93; Morris, 58.

The third annual merchandise distance handicap of the Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club has been fixed to be held on Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1907. The Secretary is Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York.

Dr. J B. Pardoe writes us as follows: "The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club extends an invitation to shooters to visit Bound Brook, and take part in the regular club shoot, Saturday, July 21, at 2 P. M. Gold medals and sweepstakes."

For a gold watch charm presented by the Peters Cartridge Co., the Cincinnati Gun Club began last week a series of sixteen contests at 60 targets. To qualify, a contestant must have shot in at least ten contests. The ten best scores of a contestant will determine the winner. The sliding handicap will govern. Visitors are welcome. Mr. Arthur Gambell is the Secretary.

The programme of the seventh annual shoot of the Charlottesville and University Gun Club, to be held at Charlottesville, Va., July 26, provides ten merchandise events, each at 20 targets, $1 entrance. There are one or more cash prizes in each event. There is a prize for the longest run and highest average. There also will be a special handicap event at 25 targets for an autoloading Remington shotgun.

Manager Ed. O. Bower writes us as follows: "We should like to announce to the shooting world that the second annual target tournament of the West Virginia Gun Club will be held on their grounds at Paden Park, Sistersville, W. Va., on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12 and 13. Added money and prizes. Programme ready for the mail Aug. 20. For further information address the manager."

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club announces a mid-summer tournament, to be held on July 21. The programme consists of five merchandise events, three silver prizes each, in the forenoon; and three merchandise events, five silver prizes each, in the afternoon. A special event is the 10-man team race between Newton, N. J., and Montclair. A handsome silver prize will be awarded to high gun in this event. Practice will commence at 9:30; competition at 10 o'clock.

From the Shooting Times, we take the following: "Although clay bird shooting does not appear to greatly increase in popularity, there is, we think, a good time coming for this kind of sport. It is a pastime favored by Royalty, and the doings of the King of Spain at the Isle of Wight Club recently created a good deal of public interest. Should the Spurious Sports Bill pass, as does not appear so very improbable, sooner or later, then there will be nothing left for live-bird shooters but to take to firing at inanimate objects, and in that case there will be a great increase in the number of these clubs, and far more life infused into the sport. Those clubs which are now in flourishing existence will be the first to feel the impulse and benefit by the change; so they would do well to keep pegging along, and not relax their efforts to strengthen their ranks."

The programme of the Indians' eighth annual tournament and pow-wow has $1,000 added in cash. The tournament will be held at Parkersburg, W. Va., Aug. 7-10. There will be $20 for each of the ten high guns, and $10 each for the next twenty high guns. Three cups of equal value will be awarded for the three highest averages as follows: 94 per cent. and over, 88 to 94 per cent, under 88 per cent. The cup donated by the Canadian Indians goes to highest average. For each of the first three days the programme consists of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, $20 added. All cups and trophies will be subject to contest on the fourth day unless otherwise decided by the management after the first day's programme. The grounds will be open for practice on Aug. 6. Shooting each day will commence at 9 o'clock. Class shooting. Shells shipped, prepaid, care of Mallory Bros., Parkersburg, will be delivered on the grounds. The Mallory Bros. cup, value $250, is open to competition by all participants of the annual tournament. The programme is illustrated with portraits of the tribal members, and of the members who have passed to the happy hunting grounds. For programmes, address Mallory Brothers.

BERNARD WATERS.

South Framingham Gun Club.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., July 13.—Owing to business, I have not had time to attend to the sporting papers in regard to our July 4 shoot, and as I have been requested by a number of shooters from out of town to have it published in your paper, I have taken it from a paper who had a representative there, to save time.

F. P. HEWINS.

The South Framingham's third annual Fourth of July shoot, though a success in every way, was prevented from being a record-breaking affair by the meanest kind of weather. At the time when shooters from a distance must make their start, the outlook was the worst, with rain by the bucketful and a wind that threatened to uproot trees. Toward noon it brightened up considerably, and interfered but little with the actual festivities. Yet the damage was done, and many stayed at home, who, under ordinary circumstances, would surely have been at the shoot. The officers and members of the club worked indefatigably for the success of the shoot, and must feel that their efforts were rewardedd to the full, that sixty shooters should assemble when the weather was so inauspicious. The spacious club house was tastily decorated in appropriate patriotic manner, and large flags hung to the breeze from each end. Ample space was reserved for serving the lunch, and lady friends of the South Framingham Gun Club served the lunch in that appetizing way that feminine hands alone can do.

The office work was handled by Mr. Grant, who took care of score tables in the usual careful manner that has characterized the previous annuals. Messrs. Raymond, Shillaber, Prouty and others assisted with refereeing, score sheets, etc., while Messrs. Rice and Hevins sprinted here, there and elsewhere, as occasion necessitated, the former being able to sprint a little livelier, as nature has endowed him with a belt line a trifle nearer the ideal sprinter's waist measurement.

Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, with lever pulls, kept things moving, and good-sized platforms at each shooting stand made the footing for shooters dry and stable, no matter how heavy the showers. The programme called for ten events of 15 targets each, and numerous extra events were shot before and after the programme. Fifty dollars was divided into six high average prizes of $10, $8, $6, $4 and $2, and two team prizes of $10 and $5. Buffalo won first high on 131, with Kirkwood with 136 declining. Roy and Gleason divided second on 130. Woodward, 129, won third; Iwerke and Gifford divided fourth. Comer, Buckman and Hebbard fifth. I. E. Isham sixth. The Watertown Gun Club won first team prize, and the two South Framingham teams divided second. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Kirkwood	14	15	14	14	13	14	12	12	15	13	150	136
Buffalo	14	13	13	14	10	13	14	14	12	14	150	131
Roy	14	14	15	13	13	10	12	15	11	13	150	130
Bartlett	14	14	11	14	12	14	13	12	13	13	150	130
Gleason	11	15	14	11	11	14	13	14	13	14	150	130
Woodward	12	11	10	15	13	14	11	14	15	14	156	129
Gifford	14	14	10	10	14	13	11	11	13	14	150	127
Iwerkes	11	11	12	11	13	12	14	14	14	15	150	127
Comer	14	12	14	13	14	10	11	12	12	13	150	125
Buckman	13	12	11	11	13	12	12	12	14	13	150	125
Hebbard	11	12	12	14	12	13	13	14	12	12	150	125
L E Isham	10	12	11	13	14	14	12	13	14	11	150	124
Edwards	11	13	12	12	12	12	13	12	13	13	150	123
Blinn	12	12	11	12	12	12	13	12	14	12	150	122
Starratt	10	13	13	13	14	10	10	13	11	12	150	119
Allen	12	9	10	12	11	12	14	15	12	12	150	119
Brown	11	12	11	13	11	11	14	10	13	13	150	119
Richardson	14	7	13	11	12	12	13	14	12	11	150	118
Staples	12	11	12	14	12	12	12	10	12	11	150	118
Lincoln	9	11	13	11	12	13	13	9	12	12	150	115
Lenoir	9	12	13	12	11	11	10	10	14	13	150	115
Wheeler	13	9	12	12	15	8	10	9	13	13	150	114
Rice	8	12	12	10	11	8	11	12	14	14	150	112
W Bowen	11	10	12	10	11	10	12	12	11	10	150	109
Eaton	12	9	10	7	13	7	12	12	15	11	150	108
Sibley	10	12	11	5	9	12	18	11	14	13	150	107
Fay	14	9	11	10	13	7	12	9	12	10	150	107
Hassam	13	9	13	12	11	10	11	8	11	8	150	106
Hewins	8	11	10	12	11	13	10	11	9	10	150	105
Fessenden	8	11	10	8	11	10	11	11	13	11	150	104
Wilbur	9	8	10	10	9	10	13	10	12	13	150	104
Sanborn	10	8	13	13	12	8	11	10	10	8	150	103
Prouty	8	9	8	12	8	12	10	13	14	9	150	103
Shillaber	9	15	9	10	9	9	10	10	11	7	150	99
Williams	7	10	11	9	8	10	11	10	10	10	150	99
Parker	8	7	9	12	10	13	8	12	10	9	150	98
Raymond	7	8	12	10	9	9	8	9	12	13	150	98
W F Brown	8	4	9	8	12	7	12	10	14	12	150	92
Hatch	9	7	9	10	6	10	11	10	10	10	150	92
Clark	6	6	7	9	13	8	10	11	9	9	150	88
Fenton	9	11	7	11	10	12	7	10	11	8	150	86
Bryant	10	5	10	8	9	5	9	13	10	7	150	85
Wetherbee	6	4	9	6	7	8	10	9	8	12	150	79
Whitcomb	6	7	10	11	8	7	6	8	5	6	150	74
Dickey	..	..	15	10	13	13	13	15	13		120	105
Grauman	8	..	11	10	7	7	7	7	..	6	120	63
Horrigan	9	7	8	8	8	11	6	6	..	4	120	59
Hardy	5	..	7	6	12	9	9	9	..	..	105	59
Packard	9	4	9	10	8	6	..	9	..	..	105	55
Mahard	6	10	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	28
Searles	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	14	15	..	..	75	67
E Cavicchi	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	13	14	12	14	75	65
L A Isham	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	11	12	9	75	58
F Cavicchi	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	12	10	14	75	58
Frost	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	8	4	8	75	37
Muldown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	11	12	60	38
Heuber	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	3	8	..	8	60	26
Hogan	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	6	6	..	..	..	60	19
Greiner	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	7	..	..	..	45	28
Holden	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	11	7	..	..	45	23

Team match, five men, 30 targets per shooter; $10 to first, $5 to second:

Watertown G. C.		Boston G. C.	
Buffalo	28	Blinn	25
Roy	27	Kirkwood	24
Gleason	27	Bryant	22
Woodward	25	Gifford	22
Comer	23—130	Muldown	13—106
So. Framingham, No. 1.		Needham G. C.	
L E Isham	25	Buckman	24
W L Brown	24	Brown	24
Starrett	23	Parker	20
Staples	22	Hassam	19
Lincoln	22—116	Grauman	14—101
So. Framingham No. 2.		All Rounders.	
Iwerke	28	Allen	29
Prouty	23	Searles	29
L A Isham	23	Hibbard	27
Fay	21	E Cavicchi	27
Hewins	21—116	Hatch	21—133
Wellingtons.			
Dickey	26	Lenoir	20
Bartlett	25	Wheeler	19—115
Edwards	25		

Aquehonga Gun Club.

THE scores of the Aquehonga Gun Club, Richmond Valley, S. I., July 14, were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	15	15	15	10
Schofield	4	1	11	10	11	13	8
Wolfgang	6	9	13	10	14	12	9
Ellis	8	10	20	13	15	15	9
Hadkins	7	7	17	12	14	15	7
J A Howard	8	6	23	12	12	11	8
A A Schoverling	6	7	21	14	13	14	10
H P Fessenden	9	7	19	7	7	6	9
M Androvette	7	7	16	10	13	7	..
E Lovett	9	7	24	14	14	14	8
E A Jiline	10	10	25	11	11	11	8
F Joline	4	5	14	3	8	..	..
F Peterson	..	2	5	5	4	..	..

F. L. HADKINS, Sec'y.

Columbus Gun Club.

THE fish, frog and spring chicken dinner given by the Columbus Gun Club, Wednesday evening, July 11, will long be remembered by the sportsmen who participated as a particularly interesting affair, at which every man present did his part to make it a "pleasant meeting." The artists of scatter gun and rifle began to arrive at 1:30 P. M., and all kinds of transportation, except air ships, brought the boys to the grounds. A. Field said he would rather have the "white team" than an "air ship." Fred Shattuck and W. N. Darby were elected captains to choose up teams, and at once began on the 50-bird race, in which W. N. Darby's team came out the winners, scoring 270 points against 259 points made by the opposing team. The race was shot in strings of 10 birds each, A. G. Field breaking the only 10 straight in the race. Mr. Arthur DuBray was a most welcome guest of A. G. Field.

Captain Bogar, H. C. Crumm and F. E. Herbert made some fine scores on the big rifle range. The weather was ideal, and dinner was served at 6:45 P. M., on the big front porch on the second floor, out in the open. The new "disappearing targets" will never be able to get out of sight faster than did the fish, frog and spring chicken.

Below is the list of the gentlemen present, and their scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hall	8	8	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Lindenberg	8	9	8	7	8	7	4	8	7	4
Baker	8	7	9	8	9	7	7	7	9	9
Du Bray	8	9	8	8	7	6	8	6	5	8
Treat	8	8	9	8	7	7	9	6	3	4
Lacey	10	9	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Whisner	8	9	8	7	8	4	2	7	6	7
H Selbach	8	8	7	8	7	5	8	7	6	7
Miller	9	8	8	8	7	6	4	6	6	6
A Selbach	8	7	6	7	6	6	9	7	4	6
Herbert	8	9	8	7	8	8	6	9	5	9
Brown	8	7	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
A G Field	9	8	9	7	8	7	6	6	10	4
C Siebert	8	7	6	7	8	5	6	5	5	5
Holman	8	9	8	9	7	7	8	9	9	8
W N Darby	9	8	7	9	8	8	7	6	8	7
Shattuck	8	9	8	9	8	7	8	6	8	7
Jones	7	8	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	7	8	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Grumm	6	8	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Logan	5	7	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Chase	8	9	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	7	6	7	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Porterfield	7	8	9	8	9	8	6	9	7	5
Jesse Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	8	8

The 50-bird race:

Shattuck	36	Darby	37
Miller	29	Holman	41
Linderberg	30	Baker	39
Porterfield	35	Chase	29
H Selbach	33	Du Bray	33
Jesse Smith	33	A G Field	33
Whisner	26	C Siebert	26
Herbert	37—259	A Selbach	32—270

The Saturday afternoon shoot, July 14, at the Columbus Gun Club brought out a large attendance of shotgun and rifle shooters. The presence of Mr. Rollo Heikes and Mr. John R. Taylor, the experts, added much interest. Mr. Heikes shoots his new shotgun in splendid form, and is a great favorite with the sportsmen everywhere. Mr. Taylor cleverly demonstrates what his ammunition will do.

Mr. Heikes broke 48 out of 50 in the Hunter Arms Co. race, and Mr. Taylor broke 48 out of 50 in the Peters Cartridge Co. race. Geo. B. Buchanan was high for Peters Cartridge Co. shoot, with 46 out of 50. Mr. Baker has been having his stock straightened, and did splendid work with it.

The rifle shooters for long range are to have a meeting at the club house Wednesday evening, July 18, to form a permanent long range rifle team and start on team shooting at once.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	30	20
Heikes	24	23	25	21	..	30	18
Taylor	22	23	24	24	..	28	17
Wood	24	20	21	22	..	28	16
H E Smith	17	17	20	17	..	25	14
Baker	22	22	21	20	22	..	..
Buchanan	23	17	22	24	..	26	11
Treat	20	18	16	19	..	..	..
Weihman	22	21	19	..	..	16	..
Brown	19	20	17	18	..	..	..
E Vaughan	17	18	..	..	..	..	..
J Smith	17	16	..	..	..	18	10
T H Smith	23	..	..	..	..	26	11
A G Field	19	20	18	19	..	19	..
Slater	18	17	17	18	..	..	..
Pember	21	20	..	..	..	..	..
More	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Shattuck	21	23	..	..	..	..	..

Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 30 singles and 10 pairs:

	Brk.	Per Cent.		Brk.	Per Cent.
R O Heikes	48	96	Buchanan	37	74
J R Taylor	45	90	Jesse Smith	28	56
Wood	44	88	J H Smith	37	78
H E Smith	39	78			

Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, 50 singles:

	Brk.	Per Cent.		Brk.	Per Cent.
R O Heikes	46	92	J R Taylor	48	96
Baker	41	82	Wood	43	86
Buchanan	46	92	H E Smith	37	74
Jesse Smith	33	66	Weihman	40	80
Treat	34	68			

FRED SHATTUCK, Sec'y.

Cumberland Gun Club.

BRIDGETON, N. J., July 12.—Herewith please find scores made at the first annual Indian shoot of the Cumberland Gun Club, of this city. The tournament ended at the close of the eighth even, owing to a terrific hailstorm.

The trade was well represented by the following: Annie Oakley, Frank Butler, Harry Overbaugh, Frank Lawrence, J. Mowell Hawkins, J. A. R. Elliott, Luther Squier, H. S. Welles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
J M Hawkins	14	14	15	13	15	15	14	14	120	114
L Zanes	14	13	14	12	14	14	14	12	120	108
H S Welles	12	13	10	14	12	15	15	12	120	103
C Platts	14	12	13	12	13	14	12	12	120	102
L Squier	11	14	12	12	12	13	15	12	120	101
F Wennet	13	11	15	15	13	9	12	13	120	101
J A R Elliott	13	15	15	14	15	14	14	..	105	100
J A Smith	12	14	12	12	13	13	13	10	120	99
J Buckwalter	15	13	15	15	14	14	13	..	105	99
M Sooy	11	13	15	13	11	12	13	10	120	98
Pratt	11	12	14	15	13	10	13	9	120	97
A Sooy	12	12	13	11	11	12	13	12	120	96
A Anmack	14	12	10	12	13	12	12	10	120	95
H Johnson	15	13	14	14	13	12	13	..	105	94
C Brown	10	11	11	13	12	14	10	11	120	91
E Johnson	13	14	13	12	14	13	11	..	105	90
F Butler	14	13	12	13	14	12	12	..	105	90
S Shult	12	9	10	11	11	10	11	9	120	83
Hansler	12	9	8	9	13	8	9	9	120	77
J Tomlinson	12	12	13	11	12	11	..	..	90	71
H Armstrong	..	7	10	14	15	10	12	..	90	68
Peacock	..	..	10	12	11	12	10	..	75	55
S Sharpe	..	13	12	..	7	12	..	..	60	44
Tule	..	..	6	11	7	9	7	..	75	40
S Gage	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
B F Compton	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	30	24
C Earnest	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	30	23
C Mink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	30	20
H Hettinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	30	19
S Kelling	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	30	17

High professional, J. Mowell Hawkins; second H. S. Welles.

High amateur, Louis Zanes, Bridgeton, N. J.; second, Clarence Platts, Bridgeton, N. J. A. H. Sooy, Sec'y.

Eaton Gun Club.

EATON, Colo.—The Eaton Gun Club held its initial shoot on Thursday, July 5. The scores were fair, considering the twenty shooters who faced the traps had celebrated the glorious Fourth in a varied and enthusiastic manner.

Plank was high gun, 117 out of a possible 135. Krouse was second, 92. Waters and Butler tied for third place with 91.

The Eaton Gun Club is a new organization, and boasts of twenty-seven active members, who deserve great credit for pulling off such a successful shoot. Everything was in readiness for a prompt start at 10 A. M., and the entire programme was shot without a hitch. Mr. Scott, who put in the blackbird trap, had never placed one before, but good common sense solved the mystery for him, and while the targets did not rotate as the shooters desired, they managed to break a few.

The club grounds are located in a large field about five minutes' walk from the town, and have a sky background. Some of the members had never attended a shoot before, and were keenly enthusiastic. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	15	10	20	10	Brk.
Plank	9	13	8	18	9	13	12	7	20	8	117
Johnson	5	10	7	12	7	11	11	2	13	5	83
McCreary	8	9	6	14	7	9	11	4	8	7	83
Chambers	7	4	3	6	6	8	7	4	9	3	57
Waters	9	12	6	10	6	9	9	6	17	7	91
Roy	7	5	5	6	2	3	5	3	7	5	52
Scott	3	6	6	11	5	5	8	3	7	6	60
Butler	8	12	8	13	4	8	13	3	15	7	91
Crone	8	4	3	12	7	6	9	3	10	8	70
Ling	7	9	8	6	6	7	5	3	7	4	62
Doolittle	4	6	5	12	7	7	9	3	16	6	75
Ross	6	6	7	16	6	9	11	5	13	5	84
Benscheten	1	3	7	14	4	9	9	2	10	6	65
Krouse	7	11	8	16	5	13	9	6	11	6	92
Brannan	5	4	6	9	5	7	8	4	12	8	68
Platt	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ward	4	2	5	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
McCormick	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hunt	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Miller	2	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 12.—On Wednesday, Aug. 22, the Ossining Gun Club will hold a clam bake in conjunction with a clay bird tournament, to celebrate the opening of its new grounds. A fine site has been leased on the trolley line, only ten minutes' ride from the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.R. station. There is a sky background, and from a trapshooter's viewpoint, the new location is far superior to the old.

Amateur high average moneys, as follows: First, $10; second, $6; third, $4; fourth, a free bake ticket, worth $2. Free bake tickets will be given to those who shoot through the entire programme for the sweeps and do not get back their entrance fee. The programme will consist of five 15-target events and five at 20 targets; entrance $1.30 and $1.40. The total programme calls for 175 targets at a total entrance of $13.50. Shooters may shoot for targets only at 2 cents each, but are not eligible for average moneys. Trade representatives are cordially invited to shoot for targets only. Programme will start promptly at 9:30 A. M., and there will be no shooting up after the second event is started. Shoot and bake will be pulled off rain or clear, and there will be ample shelter. Bake will be opened at 3 o'clock. Shooters who expect to attend will confer a favor by communicating with C. G. Blandford, chairman of the bake committee, as bake will be limited. Class shooting and Interstate rules to govern. Ossining is thirty miles from New York city on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Allow yourself an hour and three quarters from Grand Central Station to the grounds. C. G. B.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament

This great victory for Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and Winchester Repeating Shotguns under most trying weather conditions tells a convincing story of wonderful marksmanship, and stamps Winchester shells and guns as being as near perfect as brains and ingenuity can make them.

The Harder the Conditions
The Surer a Winchester Victory

O. C. S. A. Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Juy 11.—Two visitors of great renown attended the shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association Gun Club shoot on July 9, namely, Mr. Frank Butler and Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank Butler). The latter gave a marvelous display of skill with the rifle and pistol, a list of which was published in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM.

In the Hunter trophy event, John Watts, of Deerfield, won by breaking 24 targets out of a possible 25. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	15
Brunner	8	11	6	12	20	8	12
Mathers	7	12	10	12	21	8	12
Kokesch	7	11	7	11	22	8	11
Teesdale	6	12	10	12	19	..	..
G James	6	10	9	10	20	8	11
Chappin	6	10	7	10	19	7	10
Butler	9	12	8	11	23	7	12
R C Smith	10	11	9	13	..	..	..
Windheim	8	11	7	10	17	6	10
Marks	7	12	7	14	21	9	12
Watts	8	12	7	13	24	..	..
Davidson	..	11	7	14	19	8	13
F Jones	..	10	8	12	21	8	12
C Johnson	..	12	8	12	17	7	11
Jenny	..	..	9	12	21	8	12
Seim	..	..	7	11	18	6	12
Saxon	..	..	..	11	20	7	13
Corfield	..	..	..	12	23	7	14
Barlow	..	..	..	10	22	8	11
Ewing	..	..	..	12	21	8	12
Washburn	..	..	..	11	21	8	12
J Deck	..	..	..	..	17	8	12
Steele	..	..	..	..	22	9	13
Nickelson	..	..	..	..	20	7	12
W Jones	..	..	..	..	20	8	11
Lowery	..	..	..	..	..	7	10
Edy	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Stearns	..	..	..	..	..	7	10
Dexter	..	..	..	..	..	8	11

Cedar Springs Gun Club.

NEW PARIS, O.—The second annual tournament of the club was held at Cedar Springs on July 10-12. The affair was under the management of L. H. Reid and W. R. Clark, both well known to the shooters of this section, and deservedly popular sportsmen. Everything which they could do to make the stay of the shooters enjoyable, they did, and everybody went home well pleased with their trip.

Cedar Springs is on the traction line, a few minutes' ride from New Paris, or Richmond, Ind., and is about thirty-five miles from Dayton. Several of the Gem City shooters came by trolley.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Veitmeyer, R. Trimble, C. O. Le Compte, L. H. Reid, R. O. Heikes, C. A. Young and J. R. Taylor. The office was in charge of B. S. Davis, and he performed the work accurately, speedily and to every one's satisfaction. The referee, L. J. Reid, and scorer, Howard Young, gave no occasion for complaints.

July 10, First Day.

On Tuesday, the first day, thirty shooters were present, most of them shooting through. The day was dark and windy, and the targets were exceptionally hard, as may be judged by the scores of some of the men.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, entrance $2, and one event, No. 11, at 25 targets, entrance 50 cents, being the first half of the shoot for the Ballistite trophy, a handsome, heavy silver vase, to become the property of the winner. This event was not counted in the general average. R. O. Heikes was high gun with 185, 92.5 per cent.; J. R. Taylor, second, with 184. Tryon, of Cleveland, was high amateur, with 180, 90 per cent.; McConnell, of Osborn, second, with 179; Bonser and Reid 178 each. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Veitmeyer	13	19	14	12	11	12	11	17	16	17	200	142
Martin	13	15	18	13	18	13	16	13	..	..	160	119
H M Carr	17	17	14	18	16	18	19	16	17	19	200	171
Tryon	18	14	20	18	18	18	18	19	18	19	200	180
Mitchell	9	15	11	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	100	57
R Trimble	16	17	13	17	16	17	18	15	16	16	200	161
Bowen	17	17	18	16	20	18	18	19	16	19	200	178
Le Compte	17	18	11	12	16	15	18	18	16	19	200	160
Wise	17	16	17	15	16	20	28	14	16	19	200	168
Bonser	17	15	18	14	16	18	17	17	17	15	200	164
Reid	15	16	18	17	18	18	19	18	19	20	200	178
H W. Kahler	17	14	15	16	17	18	19	17	17	17	200	167
W R Clark	17	19	16	17	17	17	16	15	12	20	200	166
J R Taylor	19	17	18	17	20	19	18	20	19	17	200	184
J D McConnell	19	16	19	18	17	19	16	18	18	19	200	179
Swihart	16	15	17	9	12	12	..	..	..	..	120	81
Lindemuth	10	14	15	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	120	77
Brandenberg	14	17	17	14	19	15	15	18	18	17	200	164
Crowe	9	13	15	17	15	15	16	..	..	..	140	100
Baker	14	13	12	15	17	13	16	13	15	11	200	139
C A Young	17	18	18	18	13	14	14	19	19	14	200	164
R O Heikes	17	19	18	20	19	20	17	19	18	18	200	185
Spencer	17	18	18	16	19	12	19	18	17	18	200	172
Smiley	9	13	10	14	17	15	14	12	..	..	160	104
Nelson	..	18	16	16	15	10	.	..	..	..	100	75
Warner	14	13	15	17	14	13	..	..	..	..	120	86
A W Kirby	16	14	14	17	15	15	17	14	16	18	200	156
Southern	12	14	12	14	14	20	..	..	..	..	120	86
Leasure	17	16	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	75
K Shepardson	18	16	12	18	19	17	17	18	16	17	200	168

July 11, Second Day.

The second day was partly cloudy with not much wind, and some of the scores improved. A number of the shooters went home Tuesday evening, but new ones came to-day, and twenty-eight men faced the traps. Among the new arrivals were H. M. Carr and J. Curphey, of Dayton; L. Pfeiffer and C. Fultz, of Cincinnati; Dr. Gould and Jasper, of Bellevue, Ky., and C. W. Matthews, of Euphemia. Many ladies watched the sport, and applauded their favorites when they made a good score, or listened sympathetically to their story of how it happened.

L. H. Reid was high gun for the day, with 188; Tryon and Taylor, second, with 187 each; R. O. Heikes, 185; Shepardson, W. R. Clark and Young, 183 each. Tryon was high amateur, 187; Shepardson and W. R. Clark, 183 each; Bonser, 180.

The Ballistite trophy event was finished to-day, W. R. Clark, of New Paris, winning with a score of 47; Bonser and Tryon, second, with 45. It is doubtful there could have been a more popular win, and Mr. Clark received the congratulations of every one on the grounds. At the close of the half of this contest, Bonser and Clark were tied on 24, but the former went to pieces and lost his chance early in the game. The best sport of the day was a ball game, betweent the hotel waiters and a team of shooters, which took place at the close of the programme. Some of the shooters distinguished themselves in their new role, but the colored boys were too much for them, and won by 10 to 5 in five innings. Bonser paid particular attention to the umpire, and his melodious yell of "robber" drowned all other noise. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
H M Carr	16	18	17	15	16	18	17	16	18	14	200	165
Tryon	17	20	18	20	20	18	9	20	17	18	200	187
R Trimble	13	17	19	19	18	16	17	17	18	19	200	173
Shepardson	19	20	18	18	18	19	17	18	18	18	200	183
Le Compte	18	20	19	19	19	18	18	16	17	16	200	180
Bonser	19	20	19	19	17	18	19	19	16	14	200	180
L H Reid	17	20	20	19	18	19	20	17	19	19	200	188
H Kahler	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	80	66
W R Clark	18	20	20	17	17	19	19	18	19	16	200	183
J R Taylor	17	20	19	19	18	19	17	18	20	20	200	187
McConnell	17	20	16	15	18	17	15	18	19	16	200	171
Baker	16	19	15	16	17	13	17	14	18	14	200	159
C A Young	18	20	17	19	17	20	20	18	18	16	200	183
R O Heikes	17	19	18	17	17	18	20	20	19	20	200	185
A W Kirby	17	15	13	18	17	15	20	19	16	17	200	167
Southern	10	19	16	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	100	76
Fultz,	12	19	17	16	18	17	16	18	18	18	200	169
Wenger	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9
Foster	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
C W Matthews	..	16	14	17	14	13	12	13	15	..	160	114
Curphey	..	..	12	12	15	..	17	8	11	13	140	88
Lewis	..	..	18	16	14	14	18	15	16	19	180	130
Gould	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	11	15	15	14	120	80
Jasper	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	18	16	15	18	120	97
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	15	60	46
Lyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	20	16
Cole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	20	8
Pfeiffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	8	60	21

Ballistite trophy, 50 targets, being event No. 11 on the first and second days, 25 targets each; open to amateurs only; handicap, 16 to 19yds.; entrance $1; optional sweep; $5 divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; winner to own trophy; ties on trophy shot off; money divided; contestants to use Ballistite powder:

	Hdc.	Ttl.		Hdc.	Ttl.
W R Clark	19	47	*Le Compte	20	22
Bonser	19	45	*Taylor	20	22
Tryon	19	45	*Reid	20	20
Shepardson	19	44	Bowen	19	19
Kahler	19	40	Gould	16	18
Carr	17	37	Jasper	16	18
Kirby	18	36	Pfeiffer	16	14
Lewis	16	24	*Young	20	20
*Heikes	20	23			

*Did not compete.

July 12, Third Day.

Thursday, the last day, was extremely hot, with little wind. The programme consisted of nine 20-target events, Nos. 5 and 6 being the last 40 targets in the Navahoe cup contest, of 100 targets. The attendance dropped to only nineteen shooters, and the programme was finished about 3 o'clock, over an hour's intermission being taken for dinner. R. O. Heikes was high gun with 173; L. H. Reid, 170; W. R. Clark and J. R. Taylor, 169 each. High amateurs in order were L. H. Reid 170, W. R. Clark 169, Tryon 164.

The contest for the Navahoe cup was concluded, and resulted in a tie between L. H. Reid and J. R. Taylor, on 96, the latter making a straight run of over 60. The shoot-off, at 25 targets, was won by Taylor, who immediately received a challenge from W. R. Clark.

Tryon was high amateur for the three days, with 531 out of 580. R. O. Heikes was high profesional, with 543, J. R. Taylor crowding him hard and finishing only 3 targets behind.

Then came a return ball match, the shooters' team showing up better than on Wednesday and winning by a score of 7 to 5 in six innings. Kahler did good work in the box, and Trimble distinguished himself by catching a high fly in centerfield. This closed a very enjoyable three-days' sport, the only regret being that the attendance had not been larger. The scores:

Events: Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20	8 20	9 20	Shot at.	Brk.
Heikes	20	19	20	19	19	19	19	18	20	180	173
L H Reid	19	19	19	18	20	18	18	19	20	180	170
W R Clark	20	20	18	18	18	17	20	18	20	180	169
J R Taylor	18	17	20	17	20	19	18	20	20	180	169
C A Young	18	19	20	18	19	17	20	17	18	180	166
Tryon	19	18	19	18	19	19	18	17	18	180	164
Le Compte	17	14	18	19	19	20	18	16	20	180	161
Bonser	20	17	15	18	19	19	14	18	19	180	159
Shepardson	19	19	18	16	20	16	16	17	16	180	157
Baker	18	17	17	19	18	16	15	18	16	180	154
McConnell	18	17	17	16	16	15	19	16	18	17	180	153
Jasper	18	17	17	17	17	17	16	18	15	18	180	153
Trimble	14	12	18	14	18	16	19	20	20	180	151
M J Schwind	16	18	15	15	14	15	15	17	14	180	139
Hickman	17	16	17	17	17	..	..	..	..	100	84
Leasure	18	16	14	17	17	..	..	..	..	100	82
Lewis	15	12	13	17	16	..	..	..	..	100	73
Kahler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17	..	40	37
Deskin	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	20	14

The average money, consisting of ¾ of a cent for each target thrown, was divided 25, 22, 20, 17 and 15 per cent. First money, $22.50; second, $19.80; third, $18; fourth, $15.30; fifth, $13.50.

Navahoe challenge cup, 100 targets, 16yds. rise. Winner to hold the cup subject to challenge, and in case of failure to accept challenge within ten days from date of notice, shall deliver cup to challenger, who shall hold it under same conditions. It shall be placed in open competition at each tournament given by the Cedar Springs Gun Club. All contests to be shot on these grounds. No shooter can become the owner of this cup.

Events: Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	Brk.
Veitmeyer	17	..	..	..	..	...
H M Carr	19	18	14	..	..	...
Tryon	19	17	18	19	18	91
R Trimble	16	18	19	18	16	87
Bowen	19	..	..	..	..	...
C O Le Compte	19	17	16	19	20	91
Wise	19	..	..	..	..	...
Bonser	15	16	14	19	19	83
Reid	20	19	19	20	18	96
W H Kahler	17	17	19	..	..	...
W R Clark	20	19	16	18	17	90
J R Taylor	17	20	20	20	19	96
McConnell	19	19	19	15	19	91
Brandenberg	17	..	..	..	..	...
Baker	11	18	14	18	16	77
C A Young	14	18	16	19	17	84
R O Heikes	18	19	20	19	19	95
Spencer	18	..	..	..	..	...
A W Kirby	18	16	17	..	..	...
Shepardson	17	18	18	20	16	89
Fultz	..	18	18	..	..	...
C W Matthews	..	15	..	..	..	...
Curphey	..	11	13	..	..	...
Lewis	..	16	19	16	..	...
Gould	..	15	14	..	..	...
Jasper	..	15	18	17	16	...
Nelson	..	17	15	..	..	...
Pfeiffer	..	9	8	..	..	...

Shoot-off at 25 targets: J. R. Taylor, 22; Reid, 19.

Amateur high average:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day	Shot at.	Total.	Per Cent.
Tryon	180	187	164	580	531	91.55
W R Clark	166	183	169	580	518	89.31
Shepardson	168	183	157	580	508	87.58
Bonser	164	180	159	580	503	86.72
McConnell	179	171	153	580	503	86.72

Professional high average:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day	Shot at.	Total.	Per Cent.
R O Heikes	185	185	173	580	543	93.62
J R Taylor	184	187	169	580	540	93.10
L H Reid	178	188	170	580	536	92.41
C A Young	164	183	166	580	513	88.45
C Le Compte	160	180	161	580	501	86.38
R Trimble	161	173	151	580	485	83.62

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy event of the second series.

In the club trophy event, McDonald won in Class A on 24. George and T. L. Smedes tied for Class B on 19, and Herr won Class C on 17.

In the Dupont cup shoot, McDonald again won in Class A on 14. T. L. Smedes in Class B on 13 and Herr, in Class C on 12.

The day was not a good one for target shooting, owing to a peculiar hazy condition of the atmosphere, which made it difficult to see the targets clearly. Owing to a heavy rain and threatening general conditions, a small crowd came out. Scores:

Events: Targets:	1 25	2 15	3 10	4 10	5 10	6 10	7 10
Eaton	19	12	9	6	7	9	8
McDonald	14	14	10	10	..	9	9
Meek	17	12	7	8	..	6	6
T L Smedes	19	13	6	8	7	8	9
A L Smedes	17	13	7	8	5	6	8
George	19	11	8	9	..	..	..
Lanigan	16	10	9	6	..	4	..
Herr	17	12	5	4	..	..	..
Hartshorn	14	10	5	5	5	5	9
Dr Huff	16	11	8	7	5	..	..
Dr Reynolds	21	11	8	7	..	..	..

No. 1, trophy contest. No. 2, Dupont cup. No. 5 was at 5 pairs.

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, L. I., July 10.—The weather was bad. There was a strong, variable wind, and a terrific thunder storm. Events Nos. 8 and 9 were shot after the storm. The scores follow:

Events: Targets:	1 15	2 15	3 15	4 15	5 15	6 15	7 15	8 15	9 25
Schorty	13	11	13	14	12	13	9	14	23
W Hopkins	12	12	11	10	9	14	12	15	..
Hilton	11	9	13	11	9	9	..	..	..
H Bergen	12	12	14	14	12	12	10	14	..
Dreyer	12	9	14	12	6	10	6	..	16
Scott	..	14	10	8	10	9	10	..	16
Kelly	..	..	10	11	11	9	11	13	24
Snyder	..	..	13	14	12	12	12	..	20
A Schoverling	..	..	9	10	12	11	9	..	19
Wynne	..	..	13	13	9	12	11	..	..
McGill	..	..	11	12	13	9	9	..	..
Franklin	..	..	5	6	4	8	3	..	..
Tom Short	..	..	10	11	10	8	8	..	..
Sim Glover	..	..	13	12	14	15	14	..	17
J Martin	..	..	..	13	11	15	15	..	..
Montanus	..	..	..	12	11	14	13	..	..
Weiskotten	..	..	..	9	5	9	11	..	..
Pfaender	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..
Dannefelser	..	..	..	5	7	5	4	..	..
H Von Lengerke	..	..	..	10	9	11	13	..	..
Van Valer	..	..	..	..	13	7	13	..	..
Crater, Jr.	..	..	..	10	8	10	10	12	22
Goubeaud	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	..	..
J Fanning	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	18	..
C Dondera	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	..	8

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 14.—The scores made at the club shoot to-day were as follows:

Events: Targets:	1 20	2 20	3 20	4 20	5 20	6 20	7 20
Geo Brown	17	19	18	18	16	18	18
Anderson	17	19	16	15	12	10	..
Scott	14	16	16	16	13	18	14
Parry	17	18	18	19	18	17	16
Comstock	16	18	13	18	16	..	..
D C Morris	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam Hice	15	9	16	13	..	..	..
Ensmenger	13	17	18	14	12	..	..
Daggett	11	15	11	14	13	11	..
Craig	14	14	16	16	17	..	..
B H Moore	15	16	19	18	18	..	..
Leib	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
C H Trotter	..	..	17	18	14	15	13
Ran Wilson	..	..	11	10	15	14	13
Neighbors	..	..	9	14	13	13	10
Colon	..	..	11	19	11	9	14
Moller	..	..	16	14	13	16	16
Wands	..	..	20	16	..	..	..
Southern	..	..	16	16	17	..	..

J. W. Wands defeated D. C. Morris in the contest for the English Hotel cup: Wands, 93; Morris, 58.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

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M. and K. L. of T.

CARTHAGE, Mo.—The eighth tournament of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters, held at the Carthage Gun Club grounds July 10 and 11, was one of the most successful of the organization. The Carthage Gun Club had just finished improving the grounds, and completed one of the finest club houses in this section of the country. Everything was in readiness for a successful shoot. Never were targets thrown better. To. Hon J. P. Leggett, Mayor of Carthage and President of the League, the credit is due for bringing the shoot to a successful issue, and every one joined in singing his praises.

The two-days' programme consisted of 400 targets, 200 per day. Money divided by the Jack Rabbit Rose System, 5, 4, 3, 2. There was $225 added money, and money paid to the five highest amateur averages for the two days. Profesionals were allowed to shoot for targets only.

About forty-five shoters shot the programme through, and they did not let many get away.

Outside of a heavy shower that lasted about two hours on the first day, the weather and conditions could not have been better.

A great many spectators attended the shoot, including quite a number of the fair sex. An elegant lunch was served on the grounds, and every shooter in attendance was loud in his praises of management.

The different powder and arms companies had representatives there, and all vied with each other in their efforts to assist the management. The management desires to thank Chris. Gottlieb, Ed. O'Brien, Dave Elliott, L. R. Barkley, C. S. Bahney, F. Reihl and W. Gillespie for the assistance rendered. F. C. Wernecke, W. C. Boon and Gillespie attended to the sheet, and there was no waiting, as the money was ready for the shooters when the programme was completed.

At the end of the two-days' shoot, a team match between ten shooters each from Missouri and Kansas, 50 birds to a man, was shot off, Missouri winning by a total of 455 to 431. This match created quite a lot of interest. Following are the scores of the different shooters:

July 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	20	20	Brk.
Dr G W Gentry..	13	13	12	14	19	17	15	13	15	14	19	18	182
C Dixon	14	12	12	13	19	16	14	13	14	14	17	17	175
H Dixon	15	14	13	14	20	19	14	15	15	14	20	20	193
J S Thomas	13	15	13	14	18	12	12	11	13	13	19	16	169
A Dixon	15	11	10	14	19	18	15	14	13	10	17	18	174
G K Markie	15	14	14	15	18	16	15	15	13	14	19	17	185
L R Barclay.....	15	15	13	15	20	19	15	14	15	14	20	19	194
Chris Gottleib	14	13	14	15	20	17	13	14	14	13	19	19	185
Ed O'Brien	15	15	14	14	18	20	14	15	14	15	19	20	193
Pete Hood	14	15	14	14	19	18	15	15	13	14	20	18	189
O N Ford	14	15	14	15	20	18	13	14	15	14	20	15	187
W Clayton	15	13	14	13	11	18	12	12	15	13	20	20	182
J K McLaughlin..	13	14	13	13	17	16	13	13	14	13	19	19	177
F Reihl	11	15	12	12	15	19	14	14	13	15	17	18	175
C S Bahney	13	12	14	15	18	18	13	15	13	13	18	18	180
J M McDonald...	12	13	10	14	14	12	11	12	13	11	20	18	170
Fred Bell	15	14	15	13	18	20	13	14	15	12	20	19	188
W A Smith	13	14	14	14	14	16	12	12	14	14	18	18	173
Dr Strohneker ...	12	11	14	15	14	16	12	12	13	11	16	19	167
J Slusher	11	14	12	13	16	18	9	10	14	12	16	19	164
J H Elson	14	14	15	14	12	16	11	10	12	11	16	18	163
F E Miller	14	14	12	15	18	15	11	13	13	12	19	19	175
J D Sherman	13	13	13	13	15	17	11	11	15	14	19	16	170
B W Brown	14	14	15	14	17	20	13	13	12	12	19	17	180
A Folger	12	13	12	15	10	16	15	13	11	13	18	19	167
Dave Elliott	15	15	15	13	14	19	10	13	14	14	20	16	178
C H Ziler.....	11	13	13	13	16	18	11	15	11	14	18	17	170
Alex Mermod	14	12	15	15	18	19	15	15	12	13	17	19	184
Bob Lester	11	13	13	13	16	18	11	15	11	14	18	17	170
A McCrea	14	15	14	14	18	19	15	14	15	14	17	20	189
Chas Drake	10	10	13	13	16	15	9	11	8	13	17	18	157
I S Bahney	10	11	10	9	14	14	13	13	12	13	17	18	154
T Norton	11	12	13	14	19	19	15	13	15	15	20	20	186
J Roessler	9	13	8	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
F A Hornaday....	9	14	9	10	16	10	11	12	10	9	14	17	146
Dr Ramsay	10	11	11	9	..	..	11	12	..	..	16	..	81
J P Leggett	9	12	9	10	17	17	10	12	11	12	14	13	146
A C Kimheloe....	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	14	12	11	19	17	95
H Marchbank.....	11	10	9	10	11	19	13	12	12	15	18	15	155
L G Scranton....	13	15	11	15	19	20	13	11	14	13	19	16	179
J W Farrell.....	10	11	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	83
A B Cook.....	9	12	10	8	14	17	13	13	13	11	17	16	153
Geo Leggett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	14	17	16	86
J A McMillan ...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	9	12	..	..	43
R Blankenship....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	13	11	16	18	86

Profession high guns, first day: Barkley 194, O'Brien 193, Gottlieb 185, C. S. Bahney 180, Dave Elliott 178, F. Reihl 177.

Amateur high guns, first day: H. Dixon 193, P. Hood 189, A. McCrea 189, Fred Bell 188, O. N. Ford 187, G. Mackie 185, Tom Norton 186.

A heavy shower interfered with the shooters about noon, otherwise the day was perfect.

July 11, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	20	20	Brk.
Dr W H Gentry..	15	12	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	14	19	17	192
C Dixon	10	14	14	15	19	19	14	13	12	13	18	13	179
H Dixon	14	14	15	13	20	19	15	15	15	14	20	20	194
J S Thomas	13	10	12	14	19	20	12	11	14	15	18	14	177
A Dixon	11	15	14	15	19	19	13	15	11	14	18	19	182
Geo Mackie	14	14	15	15	19	20	15	15	15	15	20	19	196
L R Barkley.....	15	15	15	14	19	20	15	14	15	15	20	19	196
Chris Gottlieb	12	13	13	14	18	19	15	15	12	14	20	17	182
Ed O'Brien	14	14	15	15	20	20	15	12	14	15	20	20	193
Pete Hood	13	13	14	10	20	18	15	15	15	14	19	19	185
C N Ford.....	13	15	15	15	19	20	15	15	13	14	19	20	193
W Clayton	14	13	13	15	19	18	14	11	12	15	19	19	182
J R McLaughlin..	14	14	15	12	17	14	15	12	13	11	18	18	173
F C Riehl	14	15	14	14	19	19	14	13	14	13	17	18	184
C S Bahney	14	13	14	15	18	19	13	14	15	13	19	20	187
F E Miller.....	14	13	14	14	19	17	13	14	10	15	15	16	174
Fred Bell	12	15	15	13	20	19	14	12	14	15	19	20	188
W A Smith	14	13	12	15	16	20	14	13	13	14	17	17	178
Dr Strohecker....	13	13	14	13	15	17	12	14	11	11	14	..	148
J D Slusher	14	7	11	10	17	16	11	13	15	10	17	16	157
J H Elsen	12	14	11	13	13	17	13	13	11	12	14	16	159
C Drake	11	9	10	9	13	20	14	8	11	13	17	15	150
I F Bahney.....	10	7	9	13	16	14	11	14	12	13	14	14	147
J S Sherman	12	15	15	12	16	20	15	15	14	12	19	14	179
B W Brown	13	14	13	13	17	17	12	14	12	11	13	16	165
D Elliott	11	12	14	14	18	17	15	10	12	14	18	19	169
C Ziler	11	7	13	11	18	14	12	10	13	12	11	15	143
A Mermod	15	11	15	14	19	20	14	15	13	15	20	20	191
Bob Lister	12	9	13	13	15	18	10	14	14	12	14	17	161
L G Scranton	14	11	15	11	17	17	15	14	15	14	19	19	181
A M MCrea	13	15	14	14	18	19	14	13	14	13	19	20	186
H Marchbank ...	11	14	14	13	19	18	11	11	14	15	16	16	172
Geo Leggett	11	10	13	10	15	17	12	13	9	11	18	19	158
J P Leggett	..	16	13	14	19	18	10	14	13	11	18	18	158
J M McMillan....	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	23
A E Taggart	..	10	10	12	16	16	11	11	12	11	16	15	140
A Class	15	14	13	13	19	19	14	14	12	14	18	18	183
C R Quarter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	12	11	14	16	79
J Morton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	10	14	15	82
D F Matthews....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	11	6	9	14	64

Team shoot, 50 targets per man:

Kansas Team:		Missouri Team:	
Mackie	47	Bahney	48
Brown	37	H Dixon	50
O'Brien	45	Gentry	43
Hood	45	Thomas	40
Miller	48	Elliott	47
Bell	49	Folger	45
Morton	35	Gottlieb	48
Sherman	40	Mermod	43
Quarton	40	Clayton	44
Scranton	45—431	McCrea	46—455

Geo. Mackie won Peters cup event with 47 out of 50; O. N. Ford won Dickey bird trophy with 35, miss-and-out; H. Dixon won Ballistite trophy with 75, miss-and out.

The second Tri-County League shoot, under the auspices of the Christiana-Atglen Gun Club, to be held at Atglen, Pa., on Aug. 7, has a programme of twelve events, at 15 and 25 targets, $1.30 and $1.50 entrance. The two 25-target events constitute the fifteen-man team competition. The totals are 200 targets, $16 entrance. The counties which will be represented are Chester, Lebanon and Lancaster. Class shooting. High gun, $5; low gun, $2. Ship shells, prepaid, care L. R. Lewis, Atglen, Pa. Mr. E. M. Ludwick, is the Secretary.

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2nd Average " " H. N. Hall.
3rd Average " " J. W. Hightower.

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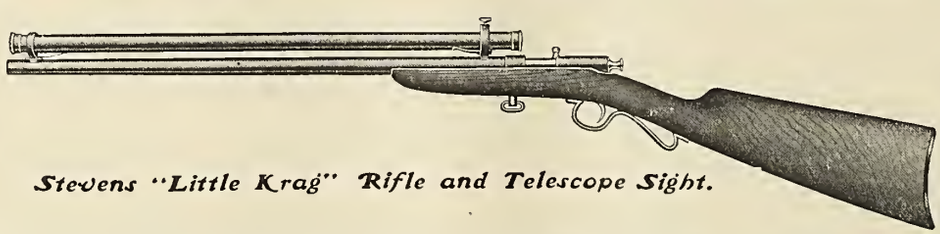

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

THE attendance on July 14 was fairly good. The day was calm and cloudy. A light rain fell most of the afternoon. In the first of the series for the Peters gold charm, Ahlers was high gun with 57. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., stopped in the city on his way to the Eastern Handicap, and took part in this race, scoring 60 straight. W. W. Kahler, of Iowa, did some good shooting. He starts for Philadelphia with Bonser, Falk and Le Compte on July 15.

In a 100-target race between Le Compte and Kahler, the former won with 100 straight to Kahler's 93.

Le Compte broke 108 targets straight this afternoon, failing to equal the ground record of 119, held by R. Trimble, by 11 targets. During the afternoon Le Compte broke 137 out of 140. Fultz and Ahlers shot a 100-target race, tying on 94, which is going some. Fultz broke 54 straight in this race. Koch, one of the old-time shooters, tried a few to-day. Maynard's gun is still in the shop, and his score shows that he can't shoot a strange gun. Tuttle did good work in some of the practice events.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., held the biggest shoot in its history at the grounds, above Dayton, on July 8. Twenty-three shooters took part in the sport. Several of the Cincinnati Gun Club members were present, among them Gambell, Bonser, Miss F. Altherr (Frances), Pfeiffer, Pohlar, Ahlers and Dick, C. O. Le Compte, one of the most popular of the trade representatives, was present and made the best score of the day, 95 out of 100. Ralph Trimble another well-known professional, was second with 93. Bonsor got 120 out of 150. Stuart 108 out of 125. Shooters at 100 targets each, Ahlers scored 89, Gambell 83, Pfeiffer 66, Pohlar 86, E. Trimble 81, Frances 66, Dick 70, Schreck 72, Jasper 69, Hill 75 and Gould 87. The others shot at 25 to 75 targets each.

The Cleveland Gun Clubb held its regular shoot on July 7. In the 15-target practice events, Green was high with 86 out of 90. The silver trophy offered by the club was won by Forrester with 43 out of 50.

At the shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on July 5, E. D. Conrad finished high gun with 92 per cent.

The Greenville Gun Club had a enjoyable time at their shoot on July 9. They entertained a number of the Trenton Gun Club members at dinner and in the afternoon, shot a team match in addition to the regular prize contest.

In the club handicap shoot at 50 targets, Eidson was high with 55 including his handicap of 12. Edison, Wolf and Limbert were high men in actual breaks with 43 each. The team match, seven men on a side, 50 targets per man, was won by Greenville with 29 to 273. Clark of Trenton, was high man in the match.

The Superior Fishing Club opened up their camp on the Little Miami River at Camp Dennison, on July 10. There was a big crowd present, and all had a fine time. Besides other sports, there was a shoot for the silver cup offered by the club, 50 targets per man, added target handicap. D. Pohlar, scratch man, was high with 44.

In the 25-target match for the Peter's cup of the Lewisburg Gun Club, July 9, C. W. Matthews won with a score of 20.

In Other Places.

At the last shoot of the Cleveland, Ohio, Gun Club, there were forty-eight good shooters present. The reason being that there were twenty-five prizes offered.

Cass Lake, Minn., is rather far north for a tournament, but then there is many good clubs in reach, so the members of the local club expected a large attendance at their shoot held Friday and Saturday.

Five expert traps were put up by the Great Falls, Mont., Gun Club last week. Practice shoots will be held during the remainder of the season.

Marion, Ind., marksmen will soon be heard from, as an up to date gun club has been formed. Harry McClelland, one of the right sort of enthusiasts, needed in every town, has succeeded in interesting about fifty of those most able to handle the shotgun, and the shooting will soon begin. A new Leggett trap has been set up and soon there will be something doing at the grounds south of the town.

The members of the Marshall, Minn., Gun Club are warming up, and if from now on until September permits making feathers fly, there will be many targets thrown.

It was the intention of the good fellows at Duluth, Minn., to have all the good shooters within reach of the head of the Lakes to be present at their shoot, July 16 and 17.

The gale that blew across the range of the Cleveland, Ohio, Gun Club, Thursday last, played sad havoc with the usual high grade of marksmanships of the members of that organization.

There is plenty of shooting in Milwaukee, Wis., this year, and the best tournaments of the year are held there, if they are on the Sabbath day. It should interest other clubs to know that the money is divided into four equal parts, 25, 25, 25 and 25 per cent.

There is every indication that during the remainder of the summer months there will be plenty of shooting at the grounds of the Muncie, Ind., Gun Club.

It is announced that at the Tacomah, Wash., shoot the handicap was arranged thus: 90 per cent. or better, 20yds.; 85 to 90 per cent., 19yds.; 80 to 85 per cent., 18yds.; under 80 per cent., 16yds.

The Panhandle and the Bridge City Gun Club, Logansport, Ind., will hereafter use the same grounds.

Fifty members are reported to have united with the Awatonna Gun Club. All are enthusiastic over the new grounds that have been secured near Mineral Springs.

Danville, Ill., Gun Club is coming on fast. Weekly shoots are held at Wonderland Park. A two-days' tournament will be held Aug. 8 and 9.

J. S. Williams was the leader at the regular meeting of the Daniel Boone Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., Saturday last, as he outwinged E. J. Harmon on what proved to be an ideal day for target shooting.

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AT THE

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First, Second and Third Moneys in the Grand American Handicap.
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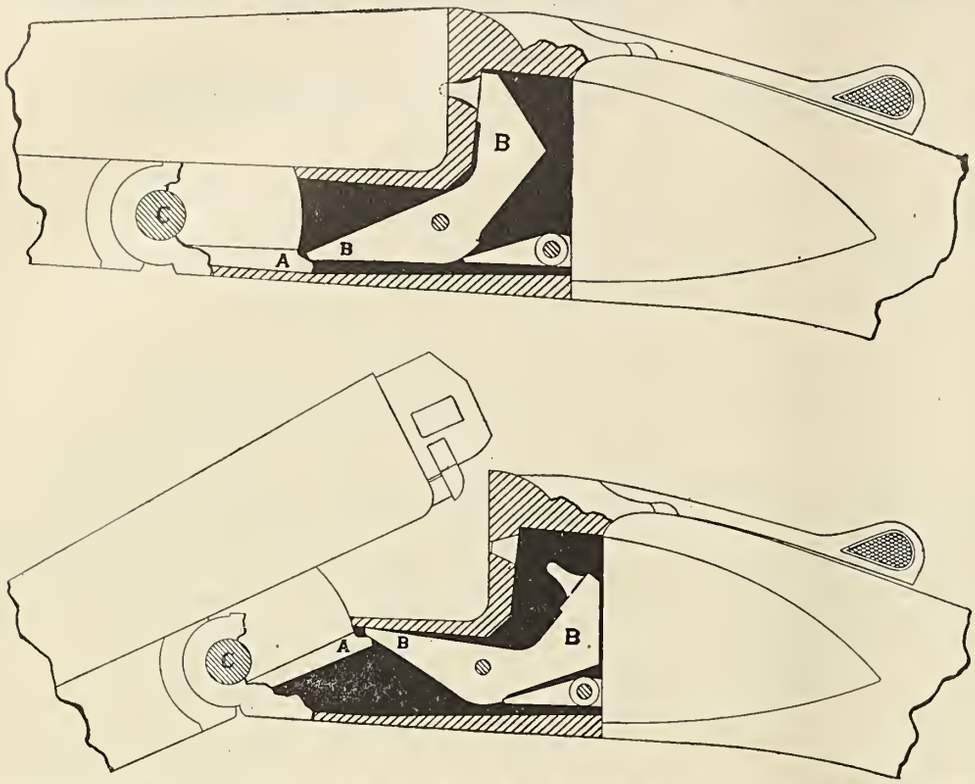

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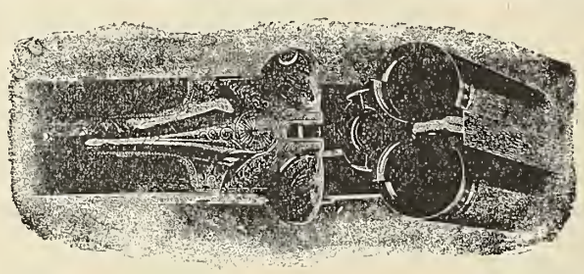

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E. H. Starr won the $5 in gold donated by Frank Anthony for high average at the Richmond, Va., shoot held last week.

A "Kremple" shoot was the programme at the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., for the last holiday shoot. This means that each shooter draws a prize. G. Immekus was the high man. He broke 43 out of 50. The best part of this meet was the presence of the families of the participants, and all were happy in the good German way.

A ladies' gun club has been organized at Port Huron, Mich. It will be known as the North End Bright Lights, and will hold weekly shoots at the Lighthouse grounds. Officers have been elected, and the first shoot held, scores: Mrs. Kimball 3 out of 10; Mrs. Edward Reynolds 3, Mrs. William Pilky 2, Miss Kibbetts 4. Miss Kibbetts won a gold ring, Mrs. Reynolds a hat pin, Mrs. Kimball a parasol and Mrs. Pilky a pair of shoes.

Horace Bonsor, champion shot of Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, won high average lately with 142 out of 150.

H. J. Borden was high professional at the tournament at Spring Hill, Tenn., with 140 out of 150.

The Ames, Ia., Gun Club held a shoot for practice last Thursday. The secretary reports a large attendance and good scores.

The gun club at Vncennes, Ind., reports that regular shoots are held, but that so long as their ball team is in the lead, ball is the talk of the town.

There is now a rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis in the shooting line. Each team has won once, and the rubber will come at the next meet. O'Brien was high man over all, with 96 out of 100; Parker, Seymour and Wilkie, 91.

The newly organized Rock Island Gun Club is now on the progressive order. About 400 persons witnessed the contest here on July 12. In the prize shoot, Mr. Kranor won out, with W. Lang a close second. A. D. Sperry was in good form, and at the 21yds. line he made 23, which was a good showing.

The Fourth of July is not celebrated in the south same as the north, yet it being a holiday, is better suited and much better attended than those held in the north.

This year the Eswell Gun Club, of Spring Hill, Tenn., held a shoot that was a good one. Shooters were present from Nashville, Columbia, Franklin and other towns. A feature of the shoot was the team race, which was won by the Cumberland team, with a small majority over Eswell. H. J. Borden was high professional, and R. B. Campbell high amateur, with 140 out of 150.

Pequea Gun Club.

LANCASTER, Pa.—The opening shoot of the Tri-County League, was held on July 12, on the grounds of the Pequea Gun Club, Lancaster, Pa., and proved that matches of this kind are needed to instil the interest of trapshooting. A better day could not be expected; no wind to bother the flight of the targets; but, strange to say, the targets thrown from No. 2 trap seemed to be a puzzler, as the scores will show. No one was able to reach 90 per cent. at this trap; but this was made up on No. 2 set of traps, and very good scores were made.

The office was in care of our worthy president, Dr. A. E. Leaman, ably assisted by Bernard Elairson. They performed their duty very satisfactorily. At the end of the last event a contestant could step up and get his money.

The trade was well represented by Messrs. J. Mowell Hawkins, Luther Squier, Neaf Apgar, Sim Glover and Lloyd Lewis Le Noir.

The Lebanon boys, headed by Sammy Trafford, were first to arrive on the grounds. Looking them over, Sam said he wanted to turn his colts in pasture in plenty of time; but they could not stand the pace set by the other two teams, and had to go back to the mines with third place packed in their cases.

Chester county won the first match, breaking 436 out of 500; Lancaster county second, 406; Lebanon third, 398. Each county shot fifteen men, ten high scores to count; 50 targets per man.

In the programme, J. M. Hawkins was high gun, and won the general average. Nat Ressler was high amateur, but was pressed hard by Jebb, Andrews and Bennett.

Everything worked like clock-work, as there were no hold-ups or arguments of any kind. Plenty of time was taken for a splendid dinner prepared by Lord Hanser, and all felt very well pleased with the day's outing, especially Capt. E. M. Ludwick, when the results of the team scores showed his team a winner. But Capt. Trafford, of Lebanon, claims his bunch will make some noise on Aug. 7, at the next meet at Atglen, Chester county. The programme was finished early, leaving a margin in time to rehearse some past memories and arranging squads for the Eastern Handicap at Philadelphia. The programme totaled 200 targets. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Nat Ressler	13	15	14	14	11	14	18	25	12	15	13	15	179
F Lenoir	13	13	11	14	15	14	22	23	9	12	12	13	171
Sim Glover	15	15	13	12	13	12	21	23	10	11	11	14	170
J M Hawkins	12	15	14	15	14	14	24	25	12	15	12	14	186
S G Trafford	10	13	12	12	14	13	22	20	12	13	13	12	166
F C Ehrhorn	5	9	10	10	10	13	20	20	10	15	11	12	145
J K Andrews	12	15	12	13	12	15	20	24	13	15	9	13	173
H Millard	6	10	11	10	11	13	21	20	12	14	9	9	146
W T Krick	11	10	12	10	8	6	14	21	9	10	9	9	129
F Kissinger	12	10	14	15	12	14	19	23	10	14	11	15	169
Adams	10	13	14	14	15	12	19	24	11	13	10	11	165
M Shanaman	12	13	11	13	12	12	22	24	15	13	10	13	170
E M Ludwick	13	11	9	13	13	15	21	18	10	11	14	12	160
H Bonham	8	11	11	10	10	12	19	19	11	14	12	7	144
Bennett	13	13	11	14	13	15	23	24	11	14	10	13	174
F Jebb	15	14	11	12	11	11	23	22	14	15	13	14	176
J Mattson	13	13	14	11	12	12	21	23	12	15	13	14	173
Corfrod	7	6	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	36
L R Lewis	8	9	7	8	9	13	13	19	7	9	6	13	170
Diffenbaugh	11	9	13	14	12	13	19	23	..	..	..	..	174
W K Benner	10	12	12	14	13	14	16	21	13	15	11	13	164
H Wilsen	13	12	10	11	14	15	20	19	10	13	12	12	161
Hapensat	11	8	11	11	13	9	22	20	14	12	10	10	161

Confer	12	13	14	14	14	12	22	19	13	10	11	12		166
S Hoffman	11	11	9	13	9	14	17	23	11	14	12	14		158
Al Kreuger	9	12	12	11	12	15	22	22	11	13	13	14		166
I Williams	9	..	12	..	..	14	19	24	..	..	..	..		78
Leaman	13	12	..	..	..	..	17	19	..	..	..	..		61
N Apgar	12	14	12	13	13	14	20	22	13	14	15	15		177
R Coble	13	15	13	12	12	14	20	20	13	14	14	13		173
H Ban	12	12	12	13	10	14	20	22	11	12	11	15		164
Garber	11	13	15	12	11	11	19	23	..	..	..	..		115
L J Squier	11	14	10	13	12	15	22	24	13	15	15	14		178
V Williams	12	13	12	11	10	11	18	24	13	..	..	..		124
Templin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	23	..	..	..		35
Miss Reiker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	8	10	10	14	76
F L Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	22	..	..	..	..	37
Hoggarth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	21	..	..	..	..	36
Erwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	23	..	..	..	..	43
Schmell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	..	..	..	..	35
Witters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	..	..	27
Glass	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	21	..	..	..	..	38
McDaniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	17	..	..	..	..	38
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	19	..	..	..	..	34
Hartsock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	..	..	..	..	39
Minker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	23	..	..	..	..	42
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	23	..	..	..	..	45
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	18
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	16
Groff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	17

Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League.

SISTERSVILE, W. Va., July 13.—The third monthly shoot of the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League was held on the grounds of the West Virginia Gun Club, Paden City Park, a few minutes' ride by trolley from this city, and proved quite a success, although the attendance was hardly up to expectations. From out of town were Messrs. J. M. Speary, P. Schlicher, Jr., J. K. Nelson and F. M. Jones, Marietta, Ohio; T. S. Bibbee, Elba, Ohio; E. R. Smith, St. Marys; Ed. H. Taylor and Jim Jones, Fairmont; Dr. B. Keefer, F. E. Brown and John Craig, Jacksonburg; F. E. Kinney and R. L. Hibbs, McMechen; S. R. Wells and T. McIntyre, New Martinsville, and T. Buchanan, Manningtown. The trade was represented by the ever-popular Ed. H. Taylor, who rendered valuable assistance in the management of the affair, and for whose services we feel grateful. The highest score was made by Mr. John M. Speary, of Marietta, followed closely for second place by Mr. J. K. Nelson, of the same city. Mr. Ed. O. Bower, of the locals was third, while Mr. Ed. H. Taylor was but one target behind for fourth average. Scores in detail follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	
J M Speary	15	15	15	14	13	15	15	14	14	14	11	13	16	
J K Nelson	15	15	14	13	13	13	12	10	11	13	10	13	19	
Ed O Bower	14	14	13	14	9	11	12	11	13	15	12	13	17	
Ed H Taylor	14	15	14	13	11	11	12	11	14	13	12	11	16	
P Schlicher, Jr.	15	11	12	10	13	14	12	12	13	12	11	13	16	
Jim Jones	12	13	14	10	11	13	12	13	12	10	12	12	17	
Dr B Keefer	12	11	11	9	14	11	9	14	14	11	14	13	15	
E R Smith	10	13	13	11	12	12	10	12	12	12	10	12	16	
T S Bibbee	14	14	13	11	13	11	13	12	10	11	11	11	15	
C P Kinney	13	11	15	11	13	13	11	7	11	9	14	9	19	
R L Hibbs	8	10	15	11	11	13	14	14	12	10	11	8	17	
F M Jones	10	12	12	11	5	10	9	11	10	10	9	11	17	
T Buchanan	13	11	12	10	9	9	11	8	9	11	9	7	13	
John Craig	13	10	9	15	11	13	9	13	13	12	10	13	13	
F E Brown	..	..	..	11	10	9	12	13	12	11	14	12	13	15
S R Wells	11	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T McIntyre	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	12	16

Event No. 14 was to have been a five-man team race, but as Marietta had the only team present, they had but little trouble in carrying off the DuPont cup. Mr. J. K. Nelson, of Marietta, captured the individual championship by the very creditable score of 23 out of 25, thereby assisting the delegation from across the river in carrying off everything that we had that wasn't nailed down. Mr. Nelson is deserving of all the more credit because of the fact that the greater part of his work was done with a strange gun, some sort of a premature explosion putting his old "blunderbus" out of commission early in the game.

The office was in charge of Mr. W. B. Woodruff, which means that each contestant was paid his earnings within twenty minutes after the last gun was fired. Messrs. Geo. N. Fraser and Frank Dunlap rendered valuable assistance to the management, which was appreciated.

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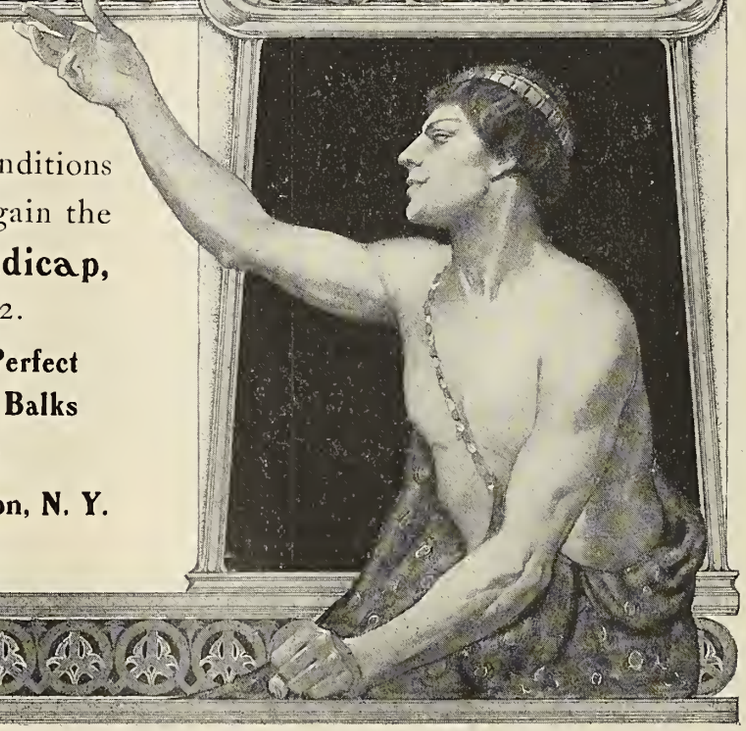

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

For the past six weeks we have been doomed to disappointment at every Saturday shoot because of stormy weather. At first we grinned, because we have a new extension, which allows of 20yd. pistol and 25yd. rifle practice indoors; but the storms being for the most thunder and lightning combinations of unusual proportions, the members have become a little weary of the natural competition with noise which comes from smokeless powder. Argus tried to drown it out one night by using his big .45 and full charge of black powder, (40-grain) cartridges inside. It was a question which was the most terrifying, the echo of the thunder from the nearby ledge or the ear-splitting racket of the "cannon."

For the Fourth we planned a fitting celebration, with matches at all ranges, and for the novelty, a trapshoot.

The inevitable storm came, however, yet we managed to work in some scores between drops, and a few hardy ones stood in the open and broke some clays.

Not all the scores shot were obtainable, but the following were secured by hard work on the part of the shooters and secretary:

Revolver, 75yds., Standard target: Argus 74, 67.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard: Argus 86, 77; Willard 79, 81, 82, 80; Parkhurst 74, 72, 79, 81, 79, 85; Hurlburt 77, 77; Holmberg 71; Eddy 71, 74, 82, 87.

Pistol, 50yds., Standard target, 100 consecutive shots: Wm. Almy 91, 90, 90, 90, 90, 90, 91, 88, 94, 92—906.

Krag rifle, 25yds., reduced load and Creedmoor target: Coulters 44, 34, 46, 40, 40, 40 42, 44; Mayo 42, 43, 45, 44, 44, 44, 45, 44; Hurlburt 39, 36, 36, 38, 37, 40, 44, 40; Holmberg 35.

Rifle, 22cal., 50yds., Standard target: H. Powell 78, 77, 74, 78, 77.

Revolver, 75yds., Military: Argus 45, 43, Eddy 43, 43.

Revolver, 50yds., Creedmoor: Argus 48, 46; Parkhurst 45, 45, 47, 43; Willard 46, 46, 46, 46, 47; Hurlburt 46, 46; Eddy 45, 44, 48, 48.

Revolver, 20yds., Standard: Hurlburt 78, 84; Parkhurst 79, 71, 68.

Rifle, 25yds., Standard target: Luther 86.

Rifle, 25yds., ring target: Gardiner 236, 240, *240, 238, 239, 240, 237, 240, 238, 242, 238, 238, 239; Luther 238, 239, 240, 141, 244; Mayo (Krag military rifle) 226, 231, 230, 227.

*Medal entry.

We have found a great deal of amusement shooting the .22cal. rifles, such as used for fine target work at 25yds., indoors, on the reduced Standard American target, with 2in. black, on the 50yd. revolver range, and believe it one of the most difficult combinations on which to make good scores. Our Mr. Luther holds the club record with a 92 for ten consecutive shots.

We believe some of the other clubs would find this target and distance a good one for the .22s. It doesn't strain the gun, but there is considerable "strain," we find on the shooter to keep in the 2in. black.

Several of our members have taken up the military Krag, and although we have but a 200yd. range, some very good scores have been made. We have tried this arm on the 25yd. indoor range, and find considerable enjoyment and good practice using a reduced load.

Chief Yeoman Mayo, U.S.N., one of our most enthusiastic members, is naturally a Krag fiend, and at our last shoot used the ¼in. ring target such as common for 25yd. work with the .22s, and put up some scores with the military weapon, which compare very favorably with the target rifles for that class of shooting.

There was but a slight attendance at the last practice shoot, many of the boys being away, some leaving town for over Sunday during the hot spell, and others forsaking the revolver and rifle for boating, fishing and the auto.

A few old regulars were on deck, however. Chief Yeoman Mayo, N.S.N., challenged Secretary Hurlburt to a 40-shot match at the gallery, 25yds., Krag rifle, on Creedmoor target, with 1in. bull. Scores were as follows:

Mayo	45	43	41	43	172
Hurlburt	40	41	41	44	166

Change of light, even at short range, is accountable for low scores sometimes. While Hurlburt was shooting one string the lights on the next target were turned out. The result was three low shots at 6 o'clock. When the lights were again turned on, he secured three bulls, but too late to make the total in the match any closer.

Other scores were as follows:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard: Eddy 82, 78, 77, 88, 84.

Rifle, .22cal., 50yds., Standard: Luther 79, 79, 83, 84.

Rifle, 25yds., ¼in. ring target Mayo (with Krag) 233, 229, 223, 221, 238.

Rifle, 25yds., Creedmoor: Mayo (Krag) 46, Jeffords (Winchester) 40, 40. Mayo ties gallery record.

Rifle Notes.

Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, assisted by Mr. Gilbert W. Wheeler, is giving exhibitions of his marvelous skill in Maine towns, in the interest of the Peters Cartridge Co.

Jack.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that Jack was not, strictly speaking, a blue blood dog. On the maternal side his lineage was pure, but his father was only just dog.

Jack knew as well as any one when I was preparing to go shooting. He made no demonstrations of delight when I would don business coat and hat, but let me draw on gum boots and canvas coat, and his delight knew no bounds. He would spring and leap as he whined, "sung," and fairly howled in his delight.

I taught him, when a very small pup, to retrieve. To carry a ball of yarn he was obliged to hold his head very high, and to this I attribute his habit of carrying his head well up when he retrieved a bird. His legs were very short, his chest broad and powerful; and with head held high as he brought in a duck, and his extremely long silky ears reaching over his shoulders, he made a beautiful picture.

Jack proved to me that a spaniel will learn by observation as well as by training. Often when I was out for a day my game bag would become heavy, and to relieve myself of the weight, I would hide a few birds in tufts of meadow grass, to be taken up on my way back to camp, but at no time did I tell Jack to hide game.

One night, as I was returning to camp, I shot a duck. Giving it to Jack I told him to take it "home," and he ran on ahead. Suddenly I remembered that I had left my coat in some brush on a tiny hill, and turned back to get it. Hidden by the brush, and from the elevation, I watched Jack. After trotting proudly along for a while, he looked back to see if I was coming. Not seeing me, he dropped the duck, sniffed and watched the deserted trail. No signs of me. Picking up the duck he trotted off quite a distance from the path, hid the duck in a tuft of grass, and came back in search of me. Soon he found me, and we started on together, I taking no notice of the fact that he was without the game. We walked on rapidly till suddenly, when opposite his game, he rushed off, pawed away the grass, and secured the duck, trotting on as before, till he took it into camp. I was proud of Jack then.

The poor fellow was the victim of a joke one day. I shot a duck on a tiny pond close to the house. It floated apparently dead, and Jack

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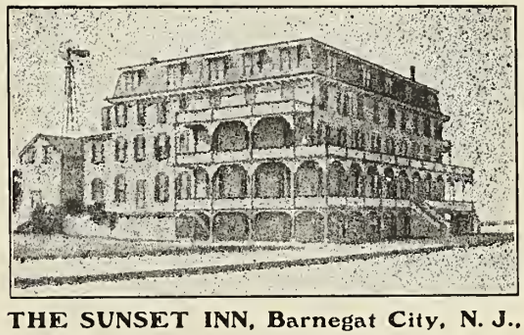

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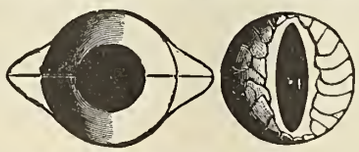
PRACTICAL GLASS BLOWER



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retrieved it, while I started back to the house. As he neared the gate he laid the duck down a moment to get a better hold of it, when, like a flash, it was off. Astonished at his lively game, Jack stood for one brief moment, and watched its flight; then, like a streak, he tore round the fence, and off through the bushes, determined on heading off and capturing the duck. In vain I whistled and called; Jack was deaf. Looking up I saw my wife on the veranda with tears of laughter rolling down her face, "over expression on Jack's countenance," she said.

Two or three hours later Jack returned, pant-

Kennel Special.

Ads under this head 2 cents a word a time (or 3 cents in capitals). Cash must accompany order.

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Write for Catalogue, "Dog Culture," with practical chapters on the feeding, kenneling and management of dogs; also chapters on cats.

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Trained COON, FOX and DEER HOUNDS For Sale. Reasonable Prices

Here in Arkansaw we have millions of Coons, Foxes and Deer at our door to train our hounds with, and we train them too. They "Deliver the Goods." A few trained Rabbit and Squirrel Dogs. Also untrained Pups. For particulars address
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IMPROVED SPIKE COLLAR

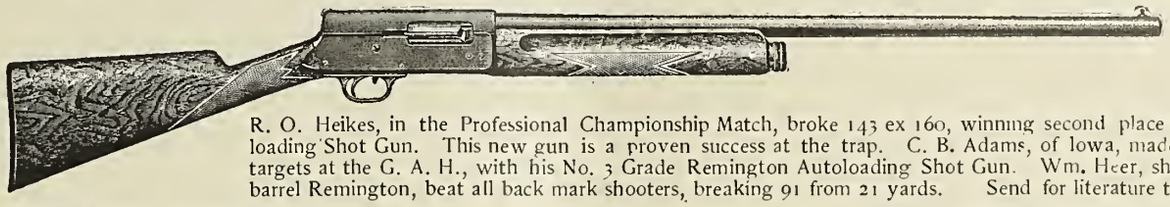
For use in dog training. Price, $2.00 By mail, $2.10. Send for circular.

B. WATERS,
346 Broadway, New York.

Remington Autoloading Shot Gun

AT THE

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP



R. O. Heikes, in the Professional Championship Match, broke 143 ex 160, winning second place with his Autoloading Shot Gun. This new gun is a proven success at the trap. C. B. Adams, of Iowa, made a run of 105 targets at the G. A. H., with his No. 3 Grade Remington Autoloading Shot Gun. Wm. Heer, shooting a double barrel Remington, beat all back mark shooters, breaking 91 from 21 yards. Send for literature to N. Y. office.

THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y. **Agency; 315 Broadway, New York City.**

ing, tired and disgusted. I suspect he blamed me; he looked reproachful, I fancied.

A more ambitious dog never hunted. One day in winter, he retrieved ducks from the water to the side of the boat, where two of us were shooting, till he had brought in thirteen without leaving the water. Then I pulled him into the boat, and wrapped him in a great coat, for he was chilled and stiff. As another duck fell, he struggled to get into the water, but I held him back.

Never shall I forget my last day's sport with my favorite. He had retrieved a number of pigeons and a grouse or two. Finally I shot a grouse, which fell and fluttered away. Jack followed, and feeling sure that he would soon catch it, I sat on a log to rest; for I was tired after a long tramp through the bush. Suddenly I heard a close shot and soon a young half-breed boy appeared on the trail.

"What did you shoot?" I asked.

"Dunno; seen a animal runnin', an' fired; guess I didn't hit 'im." And he passed on.

A few minutes later, Jack emerged from the bush, weak and tottering from pain and loss of blood. Springing forward, I bent over him as he laid the captured grouse at my feet. "Jack, old boy, did the brute shoot you?" I exclaimed, and for answer, Jack looked up into my face, whined, licked my hand, and turned over, dead.

KENMARE.

AMONG the cherished recollections of my early days are the many choice and wonderful tales that I used to hear while sitting by the old box stove in the country store. What a mirth-loving crowd gathered each evening around the generous fire, and what incredible stories they used to tell. Old Henry Caldwell or "Cud" as everyone called him, was by far the best raconteur that resorted there. His fame had extended far and wide, and although other villages had sent their best men to vanquish him with "well told tales," he was never defeated. There was a freshness and piquancy in his manner of relating a story that carried all before it. No one could relate an incident, no matter how startling its character, but he was reminded of something similar, even more wonderful in detail, which, related in his inimitable manner, never failed to overwhelm his adversary with crushing defeat. Well do I remember an incident that illustrates the power that this ruling passion had over him. We were as usual enjoying a social time at the store when a boy came in flushed with pride in the capture of his first rabbit, and after an animated description of the chase and final capture of his victim by digging him out, he wound up with, "You oughter have heard him squeal when I got hold of him." True to his instincts "Cud" remarked: "That reminds me that when I jerked the hook into that big pickerel the other day he squealed just like a rabbit."

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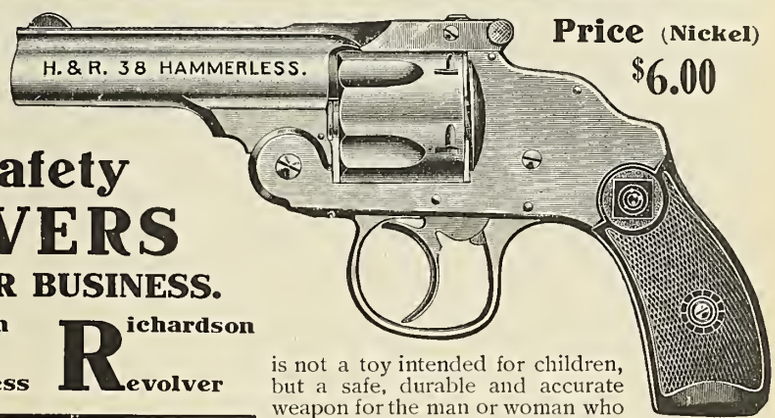
ARE BUILT FOR BUSINESS.

The Harrington & Hammerless Richardson Revolver



Price (Nickel) $6.00

is not a toy intended for children, but a safe, durable and accurate weapon for the man or woman who needs a revolver for purposes of offense or defense, or for the huntsman, army officer or policeman.

In the H. & R. Hammerless Revolver there is no hammer to catch in the clothing and cause accidental discharge in drawing it from the pocket. The only way possible to discharge it, is to pull the trigger.

All H. & R. Revolvers are made of the very best obtainable materials in a factory equipped with the most improved machinery operated by skilled mechanics. It is a marvel. Small and light in proportion to its effectiveness. Perfect in balance and finish, and extremely durable. The automatic device for ejecting the empty shells, makes reloading easy. The handle is so shaped as to insure a sure grip.

Every revolver bearing our name passes the most rigid inspection and is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. We could not afford to risk our reputation by permitting an H. & R. Revolver to be sold unless it is without a single flaw. Our guarantee goes with every one.

H. & R. Revolvers are made in many styles and sizes. Blue and nickel finish. Prices from **$2.50** to **$8.00**. The Hammerless illustrated in this ad., finest nickel finish, is **$6.00**. Our catalogue gives full particulars.

A postal card will bring it. H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.
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Makers of H. & R. Single Gun.

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FOR RIFLES.

25 Yards, price, 15c. per dozen.
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The Lyman Targets received. They are the best I ever saw. CHARLES KING, Gunsmith.

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A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers. By "Seneca." Cloth, 96 pages. Price, $1.

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The Best Shotgun Smokeless Powder on Earth, but barred out of the Interstate Association because it is foreign.

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Shot by **Guy Ward**, 20 years old, of Walnut Log, Tenn., Score 144 ex 150. Only one behind High Professional, same event.

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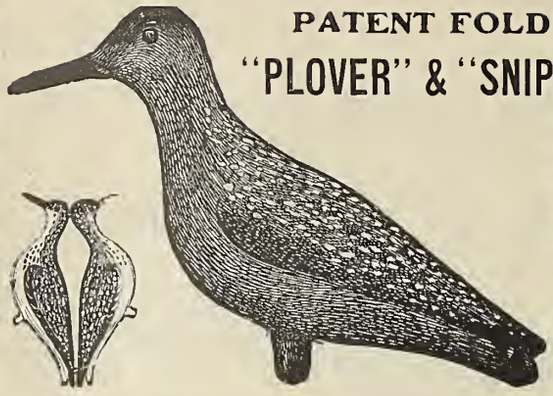

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Golden and Green Plover.

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The following unsolicited testimonial well illustrates this wonderful wearing quality, and we have had other testimonials describing Greener guns that have been in constant and effective service for fifty years.

"W. W. Greener, Birmingham, England.

"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

"My brother bought a 12-gauge W. W. Greener at the same time, and up to his death, seven years ago, she stood the test. I bought a 12-gauge Greener about 1875 for a present to a friend. It also proved to be all right, although I lost track of it twenty years ago.

"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

Very sincerely your friend,

"C. A. Laughton."

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UNCLE SHAW AND SOME OTHERS

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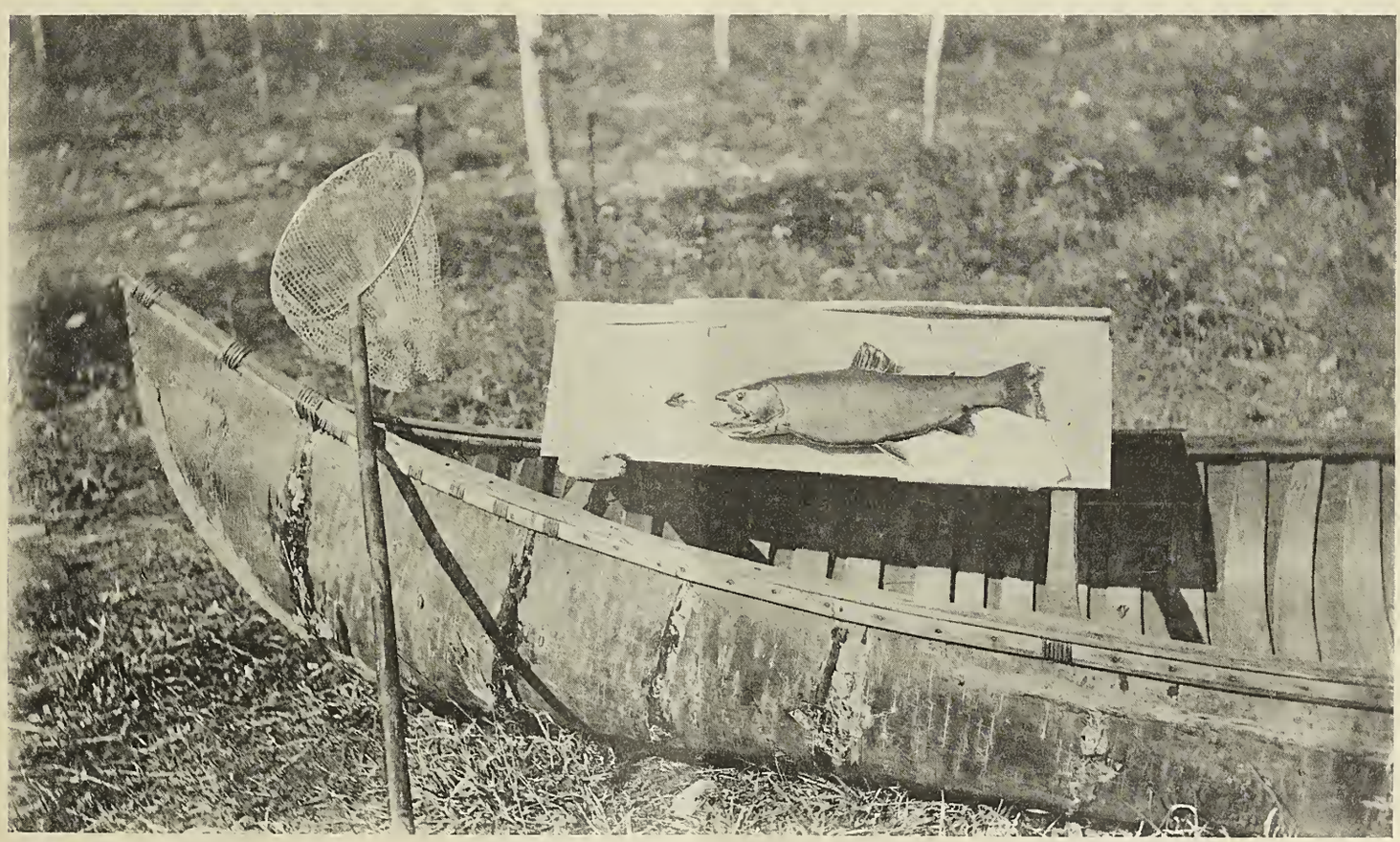

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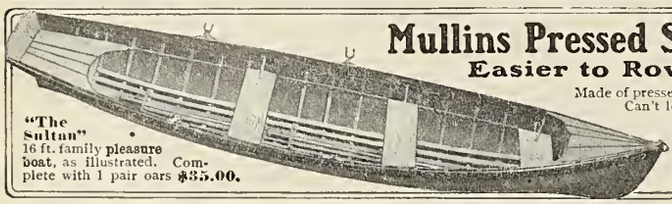
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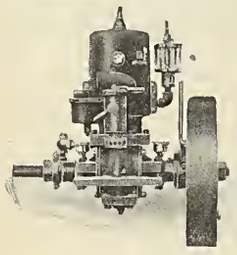
The W. H. Mullins Co., 126 Franklin St., Salem, O.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KNOCK DOWN BOATS
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A volume devoted to a new outdoor field which has for its purpose three objects:
First—To make known the opportunities American waters afford for enjoyment of houseboating life.
Second—To properly present the development which houseboating has attained in this country.
Third—To set forth the advantages and pleasures of houseboating in so truthful a manner that others may become interested in the pastime.
The book contains forty specially prepared articles by owners and designers of well-known houseboats, and is beautifully illustrated with nearly 200 line and half-tone reproductions of plans and exteriors and interiors. A most interesting chapter is devoted to houseboating in England.
The book has been carefully prepared by Mr. Albert Bradlee Hunt.
The work is printed on extra heavy coated paper, and is bound in olive green buckram. The price is $3 net. Postage 34 cents.
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A complete manual of practical Boat and Small Yacht Building. With two complete designs and numerous diagrams and details. By Linton Hope. 177 pages. Cloth. Price, $3.
The author has taken two designs for practical demonstration, one of a centerboard boat 19ft. waterline and the other a cruising cutter of 23ft. waterline. Both designs show fine little boats, which are fully adapted to American requirements. Full instructions, even to the minutest detail, are given for the building of both these boats. The information is not confined to these yachts alone; they are merely taken as examples; but what is said applies to all wooden yacht building according to the best and most approved methods.
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A Story of Lincoln.

THE following anecdote by Lincoln is recounted by General Horace Porter in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century. It was told during Lincoln's visit to the front at City Point:

In the course of the conversation that evening he spoke of the improvement in arms and ammunition, and of the new powder prepared for the fifteen-inch guns. He said he had never seen the latter article, but he understood it differed very much from any other powder that had ever been used. I told him that I happened to have in my tent a specimen which had been sent to headquarters as a curiosity, and that I would bring it to him. When I returned with a grain of the powder about the size of a walnut, he took it, turned it over in his hand, and after examining it carefully, said: "Well, it's rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. It reminds me of what occurred once in a country meeting-house in Sangamon county. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country storekeepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer meeting of an evening, the shopkeepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up and said: 'Brethren, let me take occasion to say, while we're a-waitin', that I have jest received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the naked eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jest like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the crossroads and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When we had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, jumped up and cried out: 'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word Brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal pile; and any one of you brethren, ef you was in your future state, could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurious flames surroundin' you without the least danger of an explosion.'"

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An attractive booklet giving names of clubs, officers, races, entries, winners and owners, of yachting season 1905
EDWARD SMITH & COMPANY,
Varnish Makers and Color Grinders,
59 Market Street, Chicago, Ill. 45 Broadway, New York.

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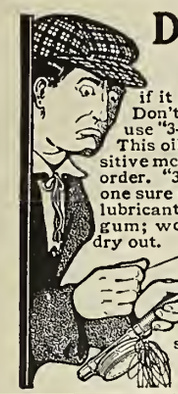

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if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out. Contains no acid. It absolutely *prevents* rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod,—it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., Washington Life Building, New York City.

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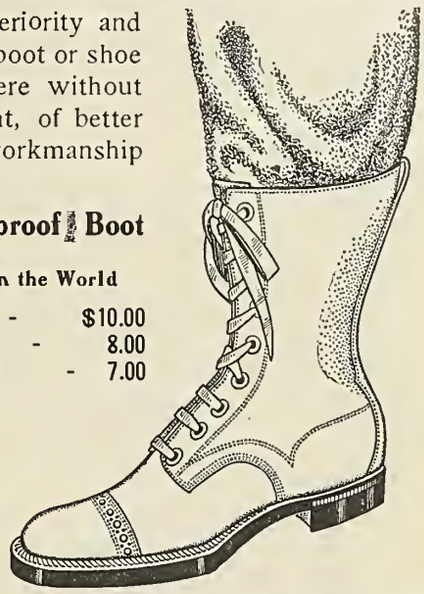

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IN his lecture before the Hufeland Medico-Surgical Society, of Berlin, Doctor Dunbar, the director of the hygienic institute at Hamburg, stated that although hay fever is not a dangerous disease, it is an extremely annoying one, from which thousands suffer during the summer. By painstaking and thorough investigation, Doctor Dunbar has established the fact that hay fever is caused by the poison contained in the pollen of many plants, grasses, and cereals. By a process similar to that of producing the diphtheria serum, he has succeeded in obtaining a hay fever preventive by means of a continued vaccination of animals with the poison of pollen. An antitoxin is thus formed in the blood serum of the animal which possesses the property of neutralizing the poisonous effect of pollen in the nose and eyes of the patient. It is noteworthy that this serum, known in commerce as pollantine, unlike other serums, is not injected hypodermically, but simply applied to the nose and eyes. Voluminous and very favorable statistics have been collected as to the efficacy of the remedy.—Consul-General Guenther, Frankfort, Germany.

MART loved to hunt; but ducks seemed to bear a charmed life before him, he never got any. One day one of the patrolmen on the marsh picked up three wounded ducks, "killed with a paddle." These he gave to Mart, telling him one was a buffle-head, another a pintail and the third a bluebill. That evening, when we were all sitting around, some one asked Mart how many ducks he got. He replied, with some pride, "Three." "What are they?" "Oh, I've got a button-head, a pinback and a bluetail." Did we smile? C.

WE have all heard of the maiden lady who, when praying for a husband, answered the owls, "Who! who!" with the words, "Anybody, oh Lord, anybody!" One would hardly expect a cool-headed man of mature years to be so rattled at the idea of being lost as to so answer the broad-faced bird, but such is a fact. Mr. B. was bewildered in a slough where he and a friend had been duck shooting. As it began to grow dark an old owl sang out, "Who! who! w-h-o! who!"

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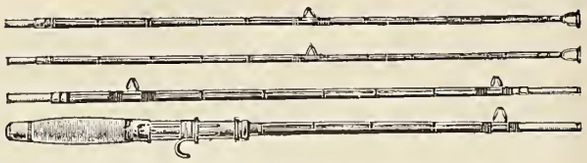

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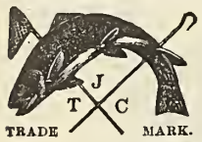

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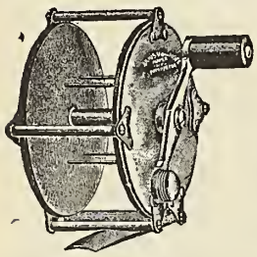

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 4. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.

To their patrons, field trials offer many varied and exclusive features of diversion, mental and physical. It is strange, indeed, that, in a matter of such guild importance, their full merits have never been adequately set forth. Much has been proclaimed concerning their worth in the uplifting of man's best friend, the dog; but their refining and ennobling influences on man's other best friend, man himself, have been overlooked.

While in the matter of mere size, field trials are far inferior when compared with other forms of sport, they nevertheless transcend all others in the comprehensive manner in which they cater to the pugnacity and weird vagaries of the individual, or of groups of individuals.

To the man possessing a choleric or spirited temperament, the brawling features of the field trials open up a field of perpetual pleasure. He, according to tradition, is accorded immunity from all responsibility. It is a dull season, indeed, when there is not a cross-fire of bickerings, malicious janglings and babblings, with betimes some good, earnest brawlings, in which the participants vilify each other with refreshing candor and spirited effort in promoting good sportsmanship and enlarging field trial interests. When the infinity of squabbles, wrangles and quarrels are all summed up, they present an almost unbroken series throughout the years since field trials were inaugurated, much to the enrichment of the purest and most wholesome of all gentlemanly sports.

The dogs, at field trials, have a brief flurry called a competition, but the actual competition consists afterward in sneering at the awards, reviewing the performances each in manner to please himself, libeling the club managers, vilifying the judges, and airing the methods of the handlers. This edifying and instructive feature occupies pages of space and weeks of time.

The dominant field trial theme at the present time, as set forth in the columns of the journals specially devoted to the interests of doggy matters, has to do with the partialities, prejudices, prejudgments and incompetencies of the field trial judges. One writer alleges, with caustic directness, that he knows of a judge who cannot refrain from favoring dogs of his own breeding, or dogs possessing similar blood lines. Another alleges that he knows of a judge who, having placed a dog at a trial, favors such dog in any subsequent competition regardless of the flagrant inefficiency displayed by said dog. The allegations include incompetency, favoritism, lack of integrity; in short, almost anything that can be charged impersonally or by innuendo, so that when the charges are collected into a whole, there is very little left of the judges' good characters or judicial abilities. It is one of the strangest of anomalies that, in a discussion after field trial methods, wherein the reputations of reputable men are besmirched in the alleged upbuilding of the sport, the ill-tempered vaporings of the chronic kicker or the poltroon who vilifies from the concealment afforded by a nom de plume, are treated seriously and with dignified consideration. No one seemingly cares to ask whether the critic is disinterested, or competent, or properly informed or informed at all. A brief investigation into the critic's antecedents as a rule would develop a chronic kicker, a chronic fault finder, or a man whose opinion was not worth the paper it was written upon.

As a matter of well known fact, the field trial judges of America are an exceptionally sterling class of gentlemen. Most of them hold high places in the business and social world, and are accomplished in the refinements of life. Most of them serve because of a liking for the sport. The pittance given for their services is insignificant when compared with what they could make by attending to their business instead of judging, and none too much when the fatigues, hardships, knowledge and concentration of mind incident to the tasks of judging are considered.

Betimes, when there is a lull between bickerings, as aired in the canine journals, it is proclaimed that field trials are the noblest, purest and manliest of sports. They draw the participants nearer to nature. They are a means to afford delightful recreation, but, alas, they are neglected by the desirable class, the men of wealth, refinement and fondness for dogs. With the perpetual brawlings associated with field trials, is it not strange that gentlemen of delicate sensibilities deny themselves field trial blessings?

VACATIONS.

Russell Sage never squandered any of his precious time in such frivolities as shooting or fishing or woods loafing. "During the eighty-eight years of my career," he once wrote in the Independent, "I have not once taken a vacation." He had to work. He had no time to fool away. "If I had a thousand tongues," he said, "I'd preach, 'Save time' with them all." He stuck to the office. He was chained to business. For him the highest happiness was found in everlastingly boning down to it. If in a fatuous moment he had started on an outing for pleasure, the anticipated joys of the trip would very surely and very quickly have turned into an overmastering impulse to turn about and hurry back to the office and the work. An office dig who digs voluntarily, is as uneasy and as unhappy on a holiday as were those Pennsylvania mine mules which on the occasion of the coal strike were for the first time in many years lifted to the surface and turned out into the green fields in the sunlight. The poor creatures were in actual pain until they got back again into the darkness and the close atmosphere of the mine. The trouble with them was, that their whole nature as surface dwellers had been supplanted by the attributes common to moles and the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave; and they could not stand the open air and the light. So with a human being under the obsession of inordinate money getting. The loss of time is only one component of the restlessness which attacks him after he gets away from the rut. His nature has become so moulded and restricted to the ruling passion that he has lost capacity for finding enjoyment in other things, least of all in vacation surroundings and vacation ways.

Everyone to his taste; and happy is he who is free to do what pleases him most, whether it be the making of another hundred on a call loan forward the accumulating of eighty millions, or the hooking of another big fellow where the foam swirls at the foot of the rapids.

DEER FORESTS.

The news dispatches tell us that Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg, has rented the famous Glen Quoich deer forest in Scotland. The estate comprises fifty thousand acres, or something more than seventy-eight square miles. The papers put the "total rent expenses" at $500,000 a season; but this is a patent exaggeration, although the finances of deer forests are expressed in large figures. At the time of a recent computation there were in Scotland one hundred and ten deer forests, covering a total area of two million acres, and bringing an annual rental, if let, of one million five hundred thousand dollars.

A deer forest, by the way, does not of necessity mean a wooded tract; it is any territory set apart for a deer range, and may be wooded or open. A large proportion of the lands devoted now to deer was formerly used for sheep; and the change to deer forest has been made not out of sentiment, but because the hunting ground is much more profitable than the sheep pasture. The conversion of grazing and agricultural lands to such purposes of sport has been in times past a political question, and the world has heard much about the eviction of the crofters from their Highland homes by the deer preservers; but there are not wanting, apparently, convincing arrays of figures to prove the assertion that Scotland cannot make better use of its mountain lands than to farm them out as hunting grounds for the deer stalkers, native and foreign.

Of late years, as the demand for deer forests has increased, their values have appreciated enormously, and the rentals of the best forests have grown to such sums that only the very wealthy may enjoy the sport.

In the British press there has been some carping that the American millionaire was crowding out the British deer stalker; but the landed proprietors, who after all are the ones chiefly to be pleased, welcome the Pittsburg dollars at current rates of exchange.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Uncle Shaw and Some Others.

Incidents of Life in a Vermont Village.

IT was in a country village away off in the northern part of Vermont, where the Connecticut River winds among the hills, that just as the sun was setting after a warm, muggy day in June, Uncle Shaw, as everybody called him, espied a man coming along the country road that led down from the hills. It was not a strange thing for a man to come along that way; but this man had something in his hand that was a puzzle to Uncle Shaw, and it was strictly against his principles to let anything go by that he did not know all about. So as the man came near to the store, on the piazza of which Uncle Shaw, who was the village storekeeper, was seated on an inverted nail keg, he was hailed with the remark, "Hullo, Joe, what you been doin' to-day?"

Thus saluted, Joe turned his steps toward the store door, and stopping with one foot on the step, said:

"Wall, bah gosh! I been know it that you was a old man, but I ain't t'ink you was so bad dat you ain't know what a man's been doing when he have it a big string of fish like I got."

"Fish!" growled the storekeeper, "you call them little bits of trout, fish? I should be 'shamed of myself going around hooking out trout so small that their tails grow nigh onto their gills."

This belittling of the fish did not please Joe, who, holding the string of trout before him, burst out: "Wall, sah, I more rudder been have it two t'ree dozen dem little trouts dan de bigges' codfish you got on your store. Dem little trouts was good for eat and make a man's feel glad he could eat something; but dose codfishes you sole my ole woman was so hard and salt a man can't eat him 'less he run it trou a coffee mill and boil him more as six hour."

This retort was too much for the storekeeper, who was a little sensitive on such points, and no doubt he would have answered the Frenchman rather sharply had not the conversation been interrupted just then by the arrival of two young men, whose dress told that they were strangers. They were stopping at the hotel just across the common from the store, and seeing the string of fish, had come over to get a close view of them.

One of them said to Joe: "Well, my friend, you seem to have had good luck to-day."

Joe glanced around at the speaker, and the look of pride that was on his face as he was talking to the storekeeper gave place to one of scorn, and with a look of contempt at the string of trout, he said, "No, sah; a good many mans would t'ink dem fish was big enough, but I was jus' tole Mister Shaw dem fish was some I dip up when I was get water for drinkin'."

"By George! Harry," said the other young man, "I would like to dip up a few of those myself."

"Where did you get them?" asked Harry.

"Out on Cow Mountain road by the stone dam. I was out fixin' fence, and, bah gosh! sah, dem trout was so thick, dat when I try to drink in the brook I can't keep them out of my mouth, so I take it off my hat and dip up de water and jes' have to drink trou de hole in it."

The boys looked at the storekeeper and then at Joe; but not a smile was on either face, and although they might not have believed it, they looked at the hole in the hat and said nothing.

Just at this moment a cow with a large copper bell attached to her neck came running down the road enveloped in a cloud of dust and followed by a small boy, bare-headed and barefooted, but wielding a big club with which he now and again was able to remove some of the dust that had settled on the cow's sides. Joe recognized the sound of the bell, and turning around, shouted, "Here you, Edwar, what for you run dat cow? Ain't I told you more as a t'ousand time better? Bah gosh! you'll make him hold his milk so high I can't get more as two pails full." And Joe, too, disappeared in the cloud of dust toward a little house back from the road in the corner of a pasture.

The boys sat down on some boxes that were arranged along on the piazza of the store, and watched Joe as he emerged from the cloud of dust and with the string of fish in one hand and the boy in the other slowly followed the path toward the house, while the now quieted cow walked along ahead, catching a bite of grass first on one side and then on the other. The old storekeeper returned from the store, which was also the post office, where he had gone to attend to a little girl, who, after he had got around the counter, asked if there "was any mail for our folks?" and received a very polite but decided reply in the negative.

He resumed his seat on the nail keg and, looking at the boys, said, "Hain't never been in these parts before, have ye?"

"No," said Harry, who was the older. "I never was; but Will was when he was a little fellow. He came with mother when Gran'pa King died."

"You don't say? So Uncle Jim King was your grand-sir. Wall, I thought you looked like the Kings. And you've come up to spend the summer, have ye?"

"No, sir, not to spend the summer; but we have heard father tell so much about the fishing up here that we wanted to come up to try it."

"I want to know. Want to go trout fishing, do ye? Wall, I don't wonder. I 'spose you take after your father; he used to be a master hand to go fishing. I used to think he had a good deal rather go fishing than hoe corn."

"Father said there used to be good fishing in all of the brooks around here. How is it now?"

"There is putty good fishing now back at the head of the brooks, and it would be better if it wa'n't for that dum Canuck; he is fishing all of the time, and gets most of them about as soon as they air hatched."

"We thought we would like to go up to the head of Mill Brook and be gone two or three days. Do you think we could get many fish?"

"Wall, I dunno. They say the fishing out there is not very good. Jock Poole went there this spring and didn't get but one basket full, and there wa'n't many of them that would go over a half pound; but the land sake! you two boys would get lost up there all alone. If you are going inter the woods, you orter have a man along who can find his way out."

"Father said we must take some one. Whom can we get? We will pay them," said Harry.

"Wall, the best man for you is that Frenchman, Joe; but I dunno as you can get him; he is awful busy just now; p'r'aps you might if you was to offer him a big pay, say a dollar and a half a day and eat him, he might go. But then I dunno as he would go for you. He is so busy; but p'r'aps if I should have a talk with him, I might induce him to go, specially as we have had some dicker together."

Uncle Shaw did not explain that Joe was owing him quite a bill, and that here was a chance to get some money on it.

Just then a young man came along and took a seat on a flour barrel. He had a big straw hat on the back of his head, while his arms and shoulders were covered with a blue flannel shirt that was tucked into a pair of trousers that came nearly to his arms, and were in turn tucked into a pair of cowhide boots that, for size, were beyond comparison. After very slowly and carefully filling his pipe and lighting it, he turned to the storekeeper and said, "Say, Shaw, did you hear about Green Marshel's folks killing a bear?"

"No; you don't say so. They ha'n't killed another bear out there, have they, George?"

"That's what they say," said George. "There's been one out there on Cow Mountain all the spring, and all the folks been trying to kill it. It killed two pigs for old Steve Pelham, and tipped Deacon Bowles' hives of bees over, and they say it's killed more than a dozen sheep."

"How did Green Marshel come to kill it?" asked the storekeeper.

"Wall," said George, "Green didn't kill it himself. You know that boy Teddy of his, the one they don't let nobody see?"

"What! the 'non-compus' one?"

"Yes, he's been putty ugly of late, and Green's folks don't let him out much; he struck one of the oxen with his fist this spring and 'most killed it; so they have to keep him shut up. Well, he heard about there being a bear around, and he begged so hard that they used to let him out evenings when the men-folks were around to watch him. So night before last he was up on the hillside behind the house, sitting on a stump and making that kind of whining, singing noise he does when he is happy, and whittling with a big knife he made out of a pair of broken sheep shears. The folks had forgot all about him, till all at once there was the awfullest yelling and growling noise out there. Green rushed into the house after his gun and Miss Marshel rushed to find Teddy. Bill Berry—he has hired out there for all summer for thirteen dollars a month and a ticket to Montpelier to the circus, if one comes there—he hollered for everybody to run into the house, for the critter was a sidehill dingwaul.

"Wall, Green had to stop to load his gun—for he'd shot it to a hawk the day that Deacon Bowlses hos run away—and while he was hunting for a bullet to put in it, Miss Marshel had found Teddy wasn't in the house, and mistrusting that the noise had something to do with him, she grabbed the hook that they have to let things down into the spring with—you know her cellar ain't good—and started out. She says it was so dark that she couldn't see much, but she run up putty near to the noise and saw a mess rolling round on the ground; and at last made out that it was Teddy and a big black animal. What it was she didn't know, but thought by the size and growls that it was a bear.

"She stood round a while trying to get a chance to whack it with the hook; but Teddy was on top part of the time, so she didn't dare to. But when the bear got on top, she would take the hook and turn him over.

"She thinks they were there a long while, but I don't s'pose it was more than a few minutes before Teddy got on top and the bear groaned once or twice and laid still. Green got there by that time and wanted to shoot, but she wouldn't

let him; and after a while they got Teddy off and down to the house. He had the knife in his hand then, and they had to let him keep it. He was so ugly they had to give him more than a quart of hard cider and let him sleep off his mad. They couldn't find as he was hurt much, but he was all covered with dirt and blood. Wall, Green, he got Bill Berry down from upstairs, and they went up and dragged the bear down to the house; it was an old one and awful fat; but they said that its hide was so full of holes that it wouldn't be worth much."

"Was Teddy hurt much?" asked Harry.

"Wall, the next morning he was a little lame, and Miss Marshel had to fix up his clothes; but as near as they can find out, he ain't hurt much."

"Wall, that beats all water," said Uncle Shaw. "Miss Marshel's plucky; but then she comes from a fightin' family. All the Leroys were fighters. Her grandfather was the greatest wolf-hunter that was ever in these parts. I've heard my father tell of how they used to kill wolves. They didn't have as good guns then as they do now, and so they had to kill them with whatever they had. Once the old man and his son, Loren, was goin' home from the back lot where they had been fixin' fence, and they found a holler log that the old man said was a wolf's den, and that there were young ones in it. He had on a long frock with a belt around it, and he concluded he'd have the little wolves, as their scalps would bring nine shillin' apiece bounty; so he gives the ax to Loren and told him to stand by the end of the log, and if the old she-wolf came to hit her with the ax and not let her go in. Loren said he would do it. So the old man got down on all fours and crawled into the log. He found the whelps and put them into his frock and started back. But they cried so loud that the old wolf heard them and came running for the log. When she saw Loren, she gave a snarl and a spring at his throat, and he stepped back and she dodged into the log. The old man was backing out and had got 'most to the end, when she saw him and stopped, with her tail sticking out of the log. Loren saw his chance, and dropping the ax, he grabbed hold of the tail with both hands and hung on.

"The old man saw that something was the matter and sung out, 'What darkens the hole, Loren?'

" Gosh! all hemlocks, you'll find out what darkens the hole if this tail comes off.' But the tail didn't come off, and the old man backed out and kicked the wolf to death; and they went home with the old wolf and three little ones."

As Uncle Shaw concluded, he rose from his seat and went into the store to wait upon those of the people who wanted anything; and George went in to ask if there was "any mail for anybody out our way."

The boys sat on their rude seats and watched the stars come out one by one, and the nighthawks whirl around in the semi-darkness, and at last realizing that the night had come and it was time in the country to go to bed. They slowly started toward the hotel.

The next morning after breakfast, in which flapjacks and maple syrup played an important part, the boys strolled over to the store. They heard some one sweeping, and going to the door that led to the "back store," they saw a young man. He paid no attention to them, but continued his work, although from his movements it was evident that he was in no hurry.

"Is Mr. Shaw here?" asked Harry.

"Hur?" said the party addressed.

Harry repeated the question.

"I dunno; he was here a spell ago, but he went aout, and I hain't seen nothin' of him since."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Oh! quite a spell. He went aout jest as Doctor Cumings was goin' up to git his hoss shod. Mebe he's gone up there; but he won't be gone a gre't while."

Seeing that they could find out but little here, the boys went out and sat down on the piazza to await the return of the storekeeper, as they very much wished to make arrangements to go fishing.

It was a beautiful morning. A cool west wind had sprung up in the night, driving away the dampness of the day before and clearing the sky of all haze and smoke. Hardly a cloud was to be seen. All around there were forest-clad hills, while away up the valley, through which came the river on its way to Long Island Sound, could be seen mountain behind mountains till they faded into an indistinct blue.

The little village was nearly deserted. Now and then could be heard the bleating of a calf, as, confined in its pen, it called for its mother to return, or the cackle of a hen as she flew from her nest. From the blacksmith shop came the only sign of life, and the clang of the hammer and ring of the anvil told that the smith and his man were busy at work.

The very quiet of the scene made the boys all the more anxious to do something, and they looked in every direction for something to take up their attention. Soon they saw a small barefooted boy coming down the road, proudly carrying a fish pole on his shoulder.

"Hello! sonny," said Will, "where are you going?"

"Fishin'!" said the boy.

"Yes, I thought so; but where?"

"Oh! down to the river back of the sawmill, there's lots of perch there, and yesterday I caught a pickerel,"

"Won't you let me go with you? I never caught a pickerel in my life," said Will.

"Come on!" said his new-made friend. "I know where there's a pole; but you'll have to get some bait, 'cause I hain't got mor'n a little." And Will, under the leadership of his little friend, was soon busily engaged in digging angleworms.

Harry sat there a few moments, when a man rode up on horseback, holding a horseshoe in one hand and a jug in the other. "Frank!" he called.

"Hur?" came the reply, and Frank came to the door.

"Say, Frank, put me up a gallon of them best molasses and half a pound of best black tea, and have 'em ready when I come back. I got ter go up and git this shoe sot." And handing the jug to Frank, off he rode.

Frank took the jug and went back into the store and Harry followed him.

"Trade don't seem to be very brisk this morning," he said.

"Hur?"

"Trade don't seem to be very lively just now."

"Wall, no; we don't do no great daytimes this time o' year; folks are too busy to come to the store."

"Do you tend store all of the time?"

"No, not all of the time. Uncle Shaw, he's Tax Collector, and has ter be away a good deal, and so I have to stay here 'most all the time."

"He must be a busy man?"

"Wall, he is, kinder. This year he is Overseer of the Poor, and that takes him away some. He's got ter go aout on the hill to-day to see about Dickerman; he is boarding him out to Pelham's; and he's kickin' all the time 'cause he don't use him right, he says."

Harry wondered who it was that didn't use whom right, but asked no question in regard to it.

"You don't suppose he has gone there now, do you?" said Harry.

"No, I know he hain't, 'cause there's his buckboard out there. He never goes out there 'thout he takes that; the roads are so rough."

Just then Uncle Shaw came in. He was in his shirt sleeves, had a big straw hat, and looked warm and excited.

"Been up to the back paster to see the sheep. Couldn't count but twenty-three. I looked all over the paster, and just as I was coming home, I found one on 'em down in that swamp in the corner; some critter had killed it and eat part of it up; t'other I didn't see."

"You don't say," said Frank; "do ye s'pose it's a bear?"

"No; don't look like bear's work. It had been dead as much as three or four days, and I couldn't see the tracks plain enough to tell what it was."

"What yer going to do about it?" said Frank.

"I dunno. Just as soon as I can git time, I'm goin' to find the other one, and if it's killed, I'll set a trap for the critter that done it." And turning to Harry, he said, "Wall, young man, wouldn't you be afraid to go out in the woods where sich animals air?"

"No, sir! I don't think they would trouble me, and besides, I should take a gun."

"Yes, you could take a gun out there; but you couldn't take it when you was fishin', it would be in the way."

"I will risk it," said Harry. "All I want is a chance to go. Do you think you can get Joe to start to-day."

"Bless ye, no; it's too late now, besides, you would have to get a lot of grub cooked up to take with you; but we'll go up and see him, and see if he will go." And he turned around and walked out of the store, followed by Harry.

Soon they were at the door of the "shankey," as Joe called his house, and Uncle Shaw rapped. Before he had finished there came around the corner a little black dog; he was so old that he could hardly crawl along, but he barked as if he was responsible for the safety of the whole world. Behind him came two hounds. As soon as they saw who it was at the door, the little dog turned around and returned proudly conscious of having done his duty. Soon the door opened, and a small, black-eyed woman, with one child in her arms and many more clinging to her dress, stood before them.

"Good morning, Mrs Lablanc. Is Joe at home?" asked Uncle Shaw.

"Good mornin' sah. I t'ink he is. He step on top de garden little time ago. Been try to fix de fence so de hen ain't git in—won't you step in de house?"

"Wall, no; I guess not just now. I want to see Joe a minute."

"How is your womans, Miester Shaw?"

"She ain't very smart. She's been working so hard on a rag carpet long back, that it kinder keeps her down. She was saying this morning she was a good mind to git you to let one of your girls come down and keep her till she got caught up with her work."

"She can have Marie; she ain't make very good cookings, but she can do 'most all oder things."

"I'll tell her; probably she'll send for her." And with these words Uncle Shaw, followed by Harry, went around the corner of the house toward the garden. As they came up Joe greeted them: "How you do, Uncle Shaw?" And to Harry he took off his hat and made a bow, saying, "Good mornin', sah."

"This young man is one of William King's sons. They're come up fur a little fishin', and wanted to know if I could get somebody to go with them, and I told them I didn't know of anybody 'less 'twas you, and I didn't know as you could go."

"Wall, sah," said Joe, "I don't see how I can go. I have promised to go and work on de road—I hain't pay my tax yet; and den I must take 'tention to my farming. I plant a piece out on de Morss lot, an' my boy, he tell me de bug-potatoes been eat him all up."

"Can't you go for a day or two? I'll pay you well for it," said Uncle Shaw.

"I don't see how I can. I would like to fus-rate, but dere is so many t'ings I mus do dat I can't do nothin'; but las' night when I was comin' home, I met Fred Kelly, and he said he'd been want to go fishin' and be gone over night, but he ain't find somebody to go wid him."

"Well," said Harry, "if you can't go now, perhaps sometime you can go."

"Oh! yes, sah, I am goin' to take one good fishin' before hayin' comes. I do every summer, and if you want to go then, we'll go out to de Unknown Pond. I know where dat is. Las' winter I was dere and cut a hole t'rough de ice. De trout wouldn't bite, but I could see down in dere, and dey was so t'ick dat dey can't move 'less dey turn over, and some of dem was more bigger dan my arm."

"All right, Joe. When you get time, let me know, and we will go out there and see if we can get some." And Harry started to catch up with Uncle Shaw, who had gone back toward the house.

"Too bad Joe can't go. I didn't much expect he could though just now; but if Fred Kelly will go, I dunno but it would be all right; he ought to know his way in the woods; he's always lived here."

"How old is Fred?" asked Harry.

"About twenty-one; his father give him his time when he was twenty, and he went down to Boston. He's been there a year or so. I'm goin' out there this arternoon, and if yer want to ride out and see him, yer can."

As the team stopped before the Kellys' house, a young man came out and spoke to Uncle Shaw—a fairly built young fellow with a world of fun in his dark eyes.

"Fred," said Uncle Shaw, "here are two boys that have come up here from York to git a little fishin'. Their name is King. Uncle Jim King was their grand-sir. I was talking with Joe Lablanc, and he said you wanted to go fishin' and didn't have nobody to go with ye, and I didn't know but you would go with them."

Thus introduced, the boys shook hands with Fred, and Harry said, "My name is Harry and my brother's is Will. We have heard father tell so much about the fishing around here, that we wanted to try it."

"Now, boys," said Uncle Shaw, "I'm going up here a piece; you can get out and have a talk with Fred, and I'll stop for ye when I come back." And at Fred's invitation, they went to the piazza and sat down.

During the conversation that followed there was much said that was not relative to the proposed fishing trip, and the boys soon got quite well acquainted.

Fred told them that he had heard from some lumbermen, who had been at work there during the winter and spring, that on the headwaters of Johns Stream there was most excellent fishing, and as the stream had been improved to enable the logs to be drawn out, the best fishing was easily gotten at. There were camps there where they could sleep, and even cook if they wished to, and he thought it would be the very best place they could go. They could go up the river to the mouth of the stream and follow it up; but it was a long way, and they would have to walk as much as fifteen miles. But they could go right up over the mountain back of their house, and by walking five or six miles, could strike the head of the stream, where there was a big dam and a camp nearby. They could leave his house early in the morning and get to fishing by 10 o'clock.

This was very inviting to Harry and Will, and they decided at once that they would like very much to go. As to the walk, why that was nothing; they could do that and even carry quite a load if they took time enough.

Fred said he was ready to go at once, providing his father and mother were willing and he would go and ask them. While he was gone to see his father, Mrs. Kelly came out and, at the request of the boys, told them of the view before them.

They were up on the side of a high mountain looking toward the southeast. At their feet lay the Connecticut valley, dotted here and there with farm buildings, while around and among them wound and twisted the silvery river, looking in its great bends and curves like some great serpent.

Beyond the valley rolling foothills began, here and there striped with roads along which a few houses or small villages could be seen, and back of and above them towered in its grandeur the majestic Presidential Range, with Mount Washington in the middle, standing like some gigantic sentinels to guard the land.

Far to the right the Franconia Range could be seen dimly outlined in the distance, while to the extreme left Mount Starr King rose, seemingly a link to connect its more lofty neighbors to the Pilot Range, which extended far to the north till they were hiden from view. Although they had been to the White Mountains several times, they had never seen their grandeur as well as they saw it now, and they thought, as many had before them, that it was the finest view they had ever had.

Soon Fred came back and said that his father was willing he should go, but they must not be out over Sunday, and so, as it was then near the last of the week, they decided to get ready and go early Monday morning. Mrs. Kelly said she would cook up a lot of provisions, and Fred was to get ready an ax and such things as might be needed. Harry said he would take his gun; but Mrs. Kelly put her foot down there. If they couldn't go without a gun, then Fred couldn't go. So, much to Harry's regret, it was decided that no gun should go.

Just as the arrangements had been completed, Uncle Shaw drove into the yard. Fred told them to be ready Sunday afternoon, and he would come out and get them and take them to his house, where they would be ready to start early Monday morning. With a hearty shake of the hand and a jolly "good-bye," they were off.

"Wall, I dunno," said Uncle Shaw on the way home, "seems to me as though that was a putty bad place to go. There's been lots of chopping going on there, and the woods are full of roads and 'most any one might get lost there; but if Hi Kelly says it's all right, why I s'pose 'tis."

When Sunday came they were all ready to go with Fred when he came for them. During the evening they looked over the things they were to take, and put them in shape and, at Mrs. Kelly's suggestion, they went to bed early that they might be awake by daylight and get an early start.

It was not quite light when the hired man called them, but they quickly got up, and after eating a lunch Mrs. Kelly had left for them, they hitched up a team to an old buckboard and, packing on their dunnage, started. After a ride of several miles through the woods over a very rough road, they emerged in a clearing and saw a small house before them.

"There is Henry Ireland's place," said Jim Early, the hired man. "He knows where the path is that goes over to the stream, and if he is home, you'll be all right."

The boys got off, found Mr. Ireland at home, and he told them how to go over there. He then took them to the edge of the woods and put them on the path. Just as the sun came up over the hill, the boys stepped into the woods, leaving behind a scene that two of them would not see again.

C. D. Chase.

[to be continued.]

The Chase in Decoration.

The ancients thought representations of the chase decoration befitting the palaces of kings and the temples of their gods. Mankind had emerged from the savage state, and the conflict with the lower animals merely in self-defense or for food had ceased in Assyria four thousand years ago, in the time of "Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord," whose worldly ambition as the founder of a great kingdom was equalled by his ardor for his favorite occupation.

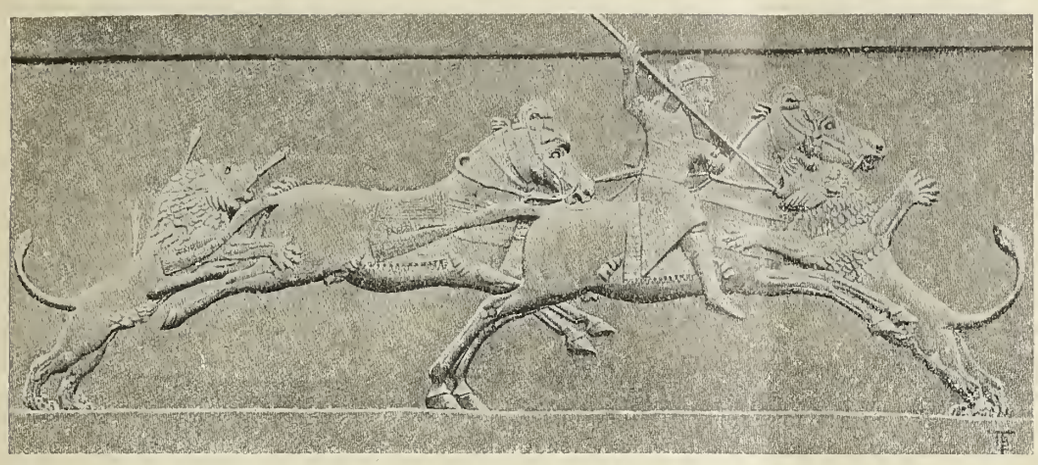
A thousand years had passed when Tiglath Pileser I. ascended the throne of his fathers. His character resembled that of his nearly mythical predecessor, for when he died, about B. C. 1100, after a reign of twenty years, he had not only made and left his country the most important monarchy in the world, but, the temple of Anu and Vul having fallen into decay during an existence of seven hundred and one years, he rebuilt it with great splendor, and in one of two pyramidal towers, called ziggurrats, have been found three engraved cylinders, recording his exploits. From those we learn that he "was passionately fond of hunting. He chased wild bulls on the Lebanon, he slaughtered 120 lions, besides numerous other wild animals; and he kept for his pleasure at his capital Assur, a park of animals of the chase. The king of Egypt, knowing his taste, sent an embassy to him, and presented him with a crocodile." (George Smith's "History of Assyria.")

Another king with similar tastes was Assur-nazir-pal, whose rule lasted from B. C. 885 to 860; and when he rebuilt the city of Calah he erected two temples and a palace, of which nothing remains except the palace mound of Nimrod, and the walls of these he adorned with carvings in relief of his military exploits and scenes of the chase, now in the British Museum. Among these are a bull hunt and two lion hunts.

The most important building of the reign of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus, B. C. 668-626) was the north palace of Nineveh on the platform of Koyunjik, decorated with bas-reliefs of varying dimensions, the subjects being mostly hunting scenes. The favorite animals were lions, which were pursued in chariots, on horseback, and on foot; gazelles or wild goats, wild horses, which were followed on horseback with hounds, and slain with spears and arrows (No. 6), or caught with a noose; deer, hares and birds. Nor had the king to go far afield, since most of the objects of his sport were kept in a park on the eastern side of Nineveh, and before the hunts were opened attendants inclosed the stags in a portion of the wood with nets (No. 3). Captive lions were frequently let loose out of cages, and the royal party drove or rode to the meet and dismounted or not, as seemed convenient.

A great change is noticeable in the style of the Nineveh sculptures, which, with the exception of most of the lion hunts, are on a smaller scale than those from Nimrod, though possibly the difference is due less to the lapse of two hundred years than to the idiosyncrasy of the sculptor. The later work is stiffer as regards the treatment of the manes of lions and horses, and even the movements of the men seem more strictly to adhere to an established conventional standard, but it has gained immensely in grace of outline and beauty of grouping. Some of the slabs are divided into three by plain bands upon which small portions of the subjects occasionally encroach. In the topmost division lions are hunted on foot with bow and arrows; below it the central group consists of a noble on horseback spearing a lion in the mouth, while holding in his left hand the bridle of a spare horse which is attacked behind by a lion pierced with three arrows (No. 1). A beardless attendant lashes his horse to the rescue and a bearded rider with a spear follows, extending his right arm with excitement. Broken hoofs below the tail of the last horse indicate that part of the group has been destroyed. Part of the lowest division is occupied by a chase of wild goats. The archer, having dismounted, kneels in the act of drawing his bow, and a boy with a quiver kneels behind him stretching out two arrows (No. 5). It should be observed, however, that the two human figures which are sculptured on a broken slab of Assyrian aragonite are not correct in their present position in the Musuem, the end of a rope proving that this slab never immediately joined the one next to which it is placed. To the right of the herd of goats an attendant stands with a richly caparisoned horse. Crossing the tail of the latter is that of another horse led by a mounted attendant, who, with another man with a quiver on his back, bow and bridle held in his left hand, and two arrows ready in his right, follows some

NO. 2. MAN AND HOUND. FROM AN ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF FROM NINEVEH.



NO. 1. PART OF A LION HUNT. FROM A BAS-RELIEF FROM NINEVEH.

grandee who is in the act of shooting an arrow at a great drove of horses or ponies. This subject is one of the most effective in design and excellent in execution, but portions are destroyed. There remain a remarkable smoke-blackened fragment of a pack of hounds tearing their prey to pieces, and a little group, which is among our illustrations (No. 4), showing the capture of one of the animals in a noose, proving that mere slaughter was not the only object of the chase.

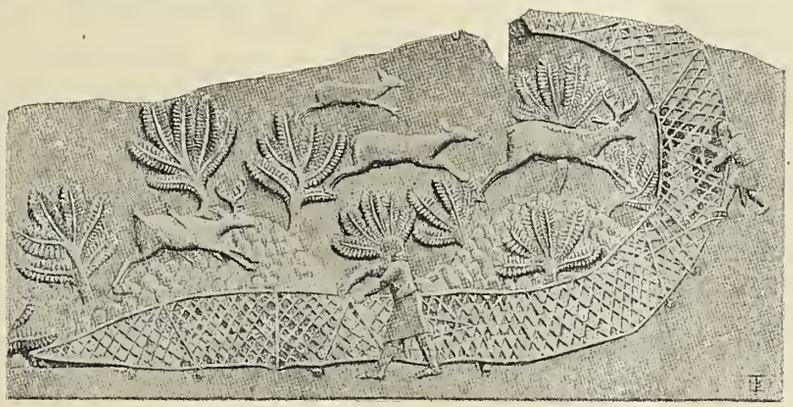
The Egyptians of all times, ranks, and castes, from motives of duty or amusement, were devoted to all forms of sport, in which they used weapons similar to those of the Assyrians, but apparently had a greater variety of means of attaining their prey. Besides the use of nets for inclosing extensive spaces of ground, the noose, snares, traps, throw-sticks, throwing spears, bows and arrows, and several breeds of dogs, they hunted also with tamed lions, which pursued the larger or swifter animals, such as deer, ibex, and antelope, being trained for hunting like the Indian cheetah. On fowling expeditions among the marshes, a decoy duck with nest and eggs was placed in the bows of the papyrus punt, which glided noiselessly among the rushes and tall water plants, or a cat took its place there to act as a retriever. The range of animals also seems to have been greater, for in addition to the lion, which was snared upon the mountains, the crocodile and hippopotamus which were peculiar to certain localities, they hunted the ostrich for the sake of its plumes, the gazelle, wild goat or ibex, oryx, wild ox, stag, kebsh or wild sheep, hare and porcupine for the table, and the fox, jackal, wolf, hyæna, and leopard for amusement.

The noble craft of hunting doubtless appealed as much to the Greeks as to most European nations. That it was frequently practiced as a simple amusement is suggested by an Athenian lekythos (oil-bottle, D. 60) of the fifth or fourth century, B. C., in the Third Vase Room at the British Museum, which is decorated with two youths hunting a hare with a sharp-nosed dog near a sepulchral stelè; and at least two hunting scenes formed part of the sculptured frieze of the order of the Nereid Monument at Xanthos, in Lycia. One is frightfully mutilated; the other, also much broken, is a bear hunt (No. 8), an unusual subject in art. The bear is at bay, standing on its hind legs before a dog. Four huntsmen on horseback arrive with two other dogs and a couple of attendants on foot, one carrying a slain stag thrown over his shoulder.

But judging by the mythic traditions, care for the public welfare was a higher motive to the Greeks in their pursuit of wild beasts than that of mere pleasure. Though the giver of the command or commission which sent heroes like Theseus and Herakles to rid the land of ravening beasts and monsters might be a cowardly, despicable tyrant, yet the deed that was done tended to the preservation of the lives and property of many of their fellow-countrymen, and it is not unnatural to find a record of such tales preponderate over ordinary hunting scenes in the art of ancient Greece.

Greek art of the best period gave an air of majestic repose to sculpture, relegating a certain idea of generally deliberate movement to bas-reliefs; but this is far from being the case with the paintings on the terra-cotta vases, where we see tragedies and comedies, battles, wrestling matches, races, hunts, scenes from private life and from mythology, and even from farces, in which the grotesque actors resemble drawings of the Japanese Popular School.

A favorite subject was the "Hunt of the Kalydonian Boar," which the goddess Artemis had sent to devastate the fields of the Ætolians, because Æneus, the king of Kalydon, had neglected to offer sacrifice to her. But the days passed till one came when Meleager, the king's son, had arrived at manhood, and he sent messengers to invite every valiant prince whose fame had spread beyond his own land to join him in the hunt. Theseus of Athens, Admetos of Pheræ, Ankeos, and the beautiful, swift-footed Atalanta of Arcadia, Kastor and Polydeukes of Lakedæmon, Jason of Iolkos, Peleus of Thessaly, and many other heroes came, and after feasting for nine days, set out on the dangerous expedition. Atalanta was the first to wound the boar, so when Meleager finally slew it, he presented her with the head, keeping the skin as a trophy for himself. In the British Museum there is a fine crater, or mixing-bowl, from the Pourtalès Collection, one side of which is decorated with the final scene of the hunt. Meleager, armed with shield and helmet, with his right knee on the ground, prepares to give the death thrust in the mouth to the boar as it rushes towards him, while a little white dog bites its left side. A few trees, which have been recently lopped and are sprouting, indicate the nature of the district. In the centre of the composition, behind the boar, is a youth wearing buskins and a short cloak, running, and about to hurl a mass of rock, three others being more distant with shields, spear and daggers; all the figures appearing graceful and spirited.—L. Beatrice Thompson in the Art Journal.



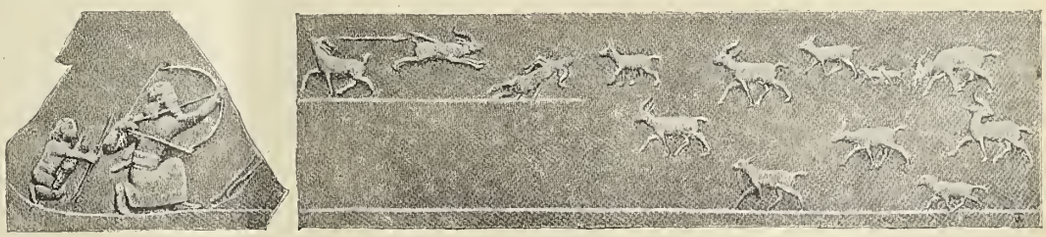
NO. 3. STAG HUNT. FROM A BAS-RELIEF FROM NINEVEH.

Ring in a Nest.

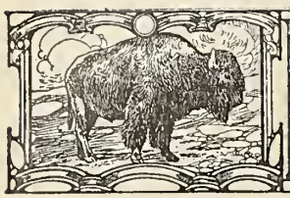
A LOST diamond ring came to light at the Manhattan Beach Hotel last night in a remarkable manner. George H. Primrose, the minstrel, had just finished a song and a dance in the theater on the boardwalk when a swallow's nest loosened from the rafters and fell into the box occupied by Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. West, and Peter F. Daily, the comedian. Something bright sparkled. It was a ring set with three white diamonds and a colored stone. "Ethel" was engraved inside the gold band.

The owners of the nest are supposed to have found the ring, and, attracted by its glitter, carried it to their home. The ring was left with Mr. Silleck, proprietor of the hotel. The owner can obtain it by applying to him.—New York Times.

NO. 4. PART OF HUNTING SCENE. FROM ASSURBANI-PAL'S PALACE AT NINEVEH.



NO. 5. CHASE OF WILD GOATS. FROM A BAS-RELIEF FROM NINEVEH.



NATURAL HISTORY

Blue Fox Farming in Alaska.

From time to time the newspapers of the country publish what purports to be news about the blue fox islands of Alaska, but many of the articles only show how little is known about the blue fox industry, the conditions in Alaska and the subject generally. Too often they contain hardly a word of truth, and are usually from interviews of reporters with some one who has seen a fox island from a steamship deck. The people along the Pacific Coast are not much better informed about Alaska than those on the Atlantic or in the interior. In fact, no one can understand conditions there who has not paid a visit to that country. Very little is known about the fox islands except by those interested. The fox islands are not accessible to the traveling public. Some of the mail steamers visit the islands to land passengers and supplies, but usually only those islands in Prince William's Sound and Cook Inlet are so visited.

The business of propagating the blue fox originated with Messrs. Thomas F. Morgan, of Groton, Conn.; W. B. Taylor, of Omaha, Neb., and Wardner, of Pittsburg, Pa., about the year 1884. These gentlemen were located on the Seal Islands, where the blue fox was originally found and on Attu. They placed a few foxes on North Semidi Island. Later a stock company was formed called the Semidi Propagating Company, with Mr. M. L. Washburn as general manager, Mr. Washburn being located at Kadiak. As the foxes did well and increased rapidly under partial domestication, other islands were leased from the U. S. Government at a yearly rental of $100 each. The Semidi Propagating Company leased four or five islands, stocking them from North Semidi. Others saw the new industry growing up and leased unoccupied islands, purchasing their breeding stock from the Semidi Company. These islands sold stock to others, until now there are about forty islands occupied by the blue fox ranches in Alaskan waters, a few in Canadian waters and one on the coast of Maine.

The islands were leased from the Government through the Treasury Department. Application to lease an island is made, and the first year's rent ($100) paid to an officer of the revenue cutter that visits those waters annually to collect rent from fox islands, canneries and for other purposes. For the past few years the Government has not attempted to collect this rental, the Attorney-General, I believe, having decided that the Government has no right under any law to do so. I understand, too, that they decided not to rent or lease any more islands, but to continue those already leased for ten years longer.

Several islands have been stocked since, by persons taking them as homes, but not filing on them, expecting no trouble, as the islands are valueless except for fox breeding. Some islands have been stocked with martens, but the time has been too short for any results.

That the blue fox industry and the domestication and propagation of as many different fur bearing animals as possible should be encouraged by the Government is self-evident, as well as that the many unproductive unoccupied islands along the Alaskan coast suitable for such purposes ought to be leased to those who are willing to spend time and money in the effort to prevent the extermination of those most beautiful and valuable animals, now fast disappearing. To-day the buffalo would be exterminated were it not for the domesticated herds. The sea otters are very scarce. At one time it was thought they were about exterminated. In restricted localities there is still some profit in hunting them. The fur seal is going fast, marten, fisher, sable, land otter, ermine, beaver and all other valuable furs are getting scarcer every year. The country that once produced annually millions of dollars' worth of fur has been settled. The settlements—ranchers, cattle and sheep men, miners and all kinds of farmers are pushing north. Even the Arctic is invaded by the miners.

Some of the great fur companies have gone out of business. Those now doing business in the North do not derive all their revenue from the fur trade. They are interested in canneries, steamboats, and merchandise, and a few in mines. One company, The North American Commercial Company, have an interest in the islands where the blue fox originated. That many fur-bearing animals can be successfully raised on the Alaskan islands is an assured fact.

The Semidi Propagating Company were the first to attempt to breed the blue fox. The Russian Fur Company, long before Alaska was purchased by the United States Government, stocked some islands with the black or silver gray fox, and, I believe, one island with bears, but their attempt to breed the silver gray fox was unsuccessful. They appear never to have attempted to stock any of the islands with the blue fox.

Some of the islands now occupied as fox islands were taken up by natives. As they had not much money, they could purchase but a few pairs of foxes. Some only had two or three pair for a start. One island—Pearl—was started with, as I am informed, twelve pairs. This island has produced many hundred skins and has a fine stock of foxes. Some of the parties who started with but a few pairs have become discouraged, more by the lonely life than anything else, and wish to get out of the business. Some of the islands first stocked were found to be unsuitable for the business. Some were too small; others so close to other islands or to the mainland that the foxes swam off. Against others ice drifted, so that foxes were carried away. Most of the islands have been very successful, but it is just the same as with any business. There are always some failures. The failures were not the fault of the foxes or the industry, but of bad location or management, or neglect, or all combined. That the business is a success is proved by the fact that an island once stocked with blue foxes has not been abandoned except where the location was unsuitable. The foxes require close attention and careful feeding and protection.

I do not pretend to know how the blue fox originated. It is supposed by many naturalists to be the Arctic fox. The Arctic fox turns blue in summer and white in winter, while freaks will remain blue all winter or white all summer in the Arctic. The blue fox is supposed to have reached the Pribilof Islands and the island of Attu on ice floes from the North. The Arctic fox is a great wanderer and has been found at sea on ice sometimes alive and sometimes dead. In such a way they could easily have reached the islands mentioned, and landing there in a warmer climate than that of the frozen North, nature, finding no use for their snow-white coat, they remained blue, although even now there occur instances of a tendency to revert or throw back to their old coloration. Pups are born white, or with white markings, some with only a large white patch, usually on the rump. These are killed off before old enough to breed. The object is to keep them one solid color; the darker the more valuable.

After several years' experience, I have come to the conclusion that there is a tendency in the animals to become gray, or rather silver blue. Such skins are very beautiful but, are not as valuable as the very dark ones. Some are quite light and are called "pale." Others have only a few of the long guard hairs white.

The Semidi Propagating Company had everything to learn about the fox business. They had to learn what kind of food was best and cheapest. How to preserve it and how to prepare it for the foxes. They had to learn as much as possible about their habits in a very short time, as communication with the first few islands stocked could be had only twice a year. Later they purchased Long Island, only about four miles from their headquarters—Kadiak—and so very accessible. A very intelligent and observing man was placed in charge, and his observations have been very valuable to the company and to other breeders. It has been learned, after many mistakes and costly experiments, that the blue fox is monogamous—living in pairs—the male taking care of the female during the breeding season and assisting in the care of the young. He carries food to her, caching it about the burrow when not wanted for immediate use, and protecting her and her young from disturbance, as far as his power goes.

But one litter is born each year and that in May. The number of cubs ranges from four to as high as eleven. The average number that reach maturity is about two or three to the female. The fox lives and brings forth its young in a burrow or den about like that of a red fox, except that the blue fox is very fond of digging under the buildings on the islands. If there is a floor they are sure to have one or two dens under it if permitted to do so. They will also den under suitable piles of old lumber, logs or trash of any kind that will keep the water off. They are very suspicious of any person or thing coming near their burrows. If they are at all disturbed while their pups are young, they are said to move their young to another burrow. This is one reason why it is a bad plan to keep cattle on the same island with, or on that part of the island frequented by, the foxes and used for burrows. They are not quarrelsome or vicious like other foxes. In close confinement they will kill and eat one of their own kind that is injured or weak, and I suppose if starved to it would eat each other. I have found a bit of a fox skull in the stomach of a fox, and once found what we were sure was blue fox hair. It is difficult to learn very much about their habits where they are running loose on an island. They now and then have "scraps." Let a fox go where he does not belong and you will soon hear a great racket. You would think a fox was being killed, and if in sight will soon see one getting away as fast as possible, yelping like a whipped dog.

During the time just before, and for a while after the cubs are born, their food should be in such a shape as to be carried to the burrows, and it should be as conveniently placed as possible, for this is the most important season to the blue fox rancher. At any other season the food can be given to them only at the feed houses and feeding-traps. Even if they travel three or four miles for their food, it won't hurt them, only give them exercise, but when the cubs are young the mother should not have to leave her young for any great distance to seek food, except the food the male has cached is the right kind. Many fox breeders make the mistake of feeding soft food, thin mush, at this season, and all the time for that matter. Their food is usually fish, cooked with corn meal, sea lion meat, whale meat, porpoise, seal, and refuse from canneries, scrap-cracklings, a coarse corn meal, oat meal middlings, tallow, whale and seal oil, and oil-cake meal. Usually these are cooked in the form of a mush. Again, they are given dried salmon and fresh fish. The islands all have cooking and feed houses. The food is prepared for the fox in large cauldrons, holding from eighty to one hundred gallons and carried to the near by feeding places.

NO. 6. WILD HORSES FLEEING BEFORE AN ASSYRIAN ARCHER. FROM A BAS-RELIEF FROM NINEVEH.

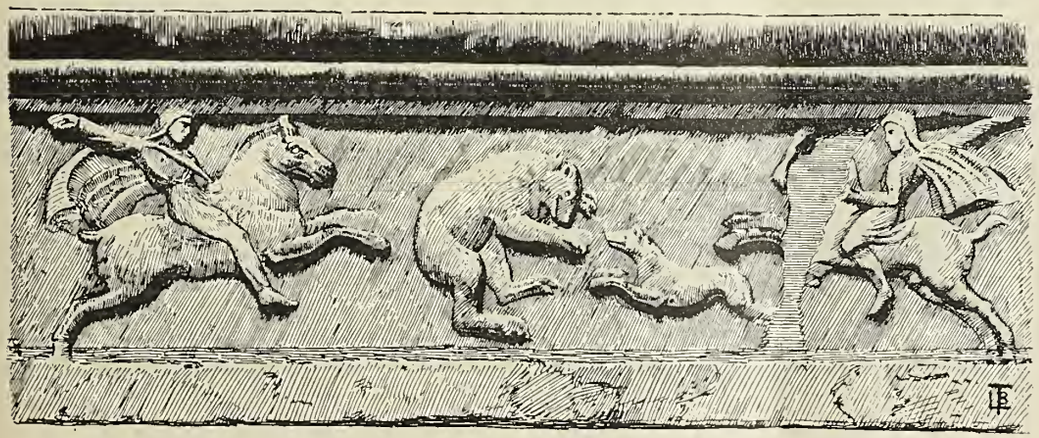
In the feed houses are troughs similar to those used for feeding pigs. There are enough of them to hold one hundred gallons of feed. The house used for feeding has a number of entrances around the sides for the fox to pass in and out freely; usually they are about three feet apart and arranged to that they can all be closed at once, if desired. The food is placed in the troughs during the day, at which time very few foxes are about, and then only the younger ones. During the night the food disappears or nearly so. At dusk the foxes can be seen coming from all directions, and their barking and calling can be heard a long way.

On one island not far from Dutch Harbor a Mr. Applegate has been successful with blue foxes, and never feeds them, there being sufficient food on the beach for the foxes.

The amount of food they take at the feed houses depends largely on the quantity of natural food they find on the island and beaches. They are great wanderers and rustling hunters. During the "big tides," when they run out very low, the foxes take very little cooked food, finding something more to their liking on the beaches and off the rocks. They eat a kind of kelp, sea-eggs (sea urchins), clams, mussels, and all sorts of small crustaceans, an animal that clings to the rocks, which the natives call bidarkies or gum boots (limpets)—they are about as tender as a gum boot. They pick up some dead fish and birds, besides stealing birds' eggs in season, gulls and sea parrots. They find mice and small birds, and in summer get considerable fruit—salmon berries and raspberries, of which they are very fond. They eat several kinds of kelp. During the height of the berry season the older foxes will hardly visit the feed houses at all. The blue fox is as omnivorous as a bear, and what they can't eat they will carry away if they can lift it, caching things about their burrows, even stealing from each other. This is the cause of some of their quarrels when the thieves get caught. The keepers on the islands have to keep everything under lock and key, and well fastened up in the buildings. I found even the food in the dwellings not safe unless the door was fastened. They have even opened doors that were only fastened with a latch and opening inward. I had taken some fresh beef to an island and hung it up in an outer room. Not one of the foxes on this island had ever tasted fresh beef, yet they slipped in one day soon after my arrival, when I had carelessly left a door ajar, and were at work on the meat in a moment. I had seen no foxes about, and they were out of sight when I started for the door. I only discovered their presence by their tooth marks on the meat. There are no dogs or cats on the island. They had to reach quite high to get hold of the meat. The meat probably saved my shoes, for I was cautioned never to leave anything where a fox could get at it, either shoes or clothing or anything else. A pair of gloves will disappear in a moment.

There was one fox which used to claim all the refuse from the kitchen. This was the fellow who had slipped in for the beef. When I first arrived I gave him a little piece of the fresh meat. At first he didn't notice it, then picked it up and dropped it as though he had no use for it, went on looking for something else to carry away. He took some orange peel; not liking that found a fish head and carried that to his cache. I was very much surprised to see he did not eat the fresh meat. Soon he returned, picked up the meat, took another taste and dropped it and appeared to be making up his mind about the strange stuff. Then he picked it up and carried it off a few feet, caching it in the moss, as a dog would. An hour after this he dug it up and carried it home. If another fox came around the door he would drive him away. Although not a large fox, he was yet able to whip any intruders on his claim. His burrow was underneath the warehouse on the east side of the island. The dwelling house I speak of was close by a little fresh water lake. I have watched the foxes venturing to get in a little skiff tied to the shore. They would put their paws on the edge of the skiff to look in for plunder; as the boat would float away they would be stretched out over the water, but recovered themselves and got back to the shore without a wetting. Had they seen anything worth having they would soon have been in the boat. When the keepers return from fishing they have to be careful to remove all bait from hooks for fear of catching a fox, if left out for a few moments. The foxes would jump six feet from the side hill to the top of the cabin, and try to reach over the gable ends for the fish we used to hang up for food for ourselves. They would also jump from the ground trying to reach them.

NO. 7. SCRIBE OF THE ROYAL GRANARIES FOWLING. FROM AN EGYPTIAN WALL-PAINTING IN A TOMB AT THEBES (XVIIITH AND XIXTH DYNASTIES).



NO. 8. PART OF BEAR HUNT. FROM FRIEZE OF THE ORDER OF NEREID MONUMENT, XANTHOS.

In summer blue foxes are fed on some islands by simply drawing a seine, leaving the fish on the beach. The small fish are carried away and nothing left but the heads and back bones of the large ones. At times, after one of these hauls, from ten to sixty or more foxes can be seen on the beach at once, if no stranger is around. They are quite shy of any newcomers, and seem to know the moment they land. They usually travel at a lope, and follow regular "trails" in going to their feeding places, the beaches, and returning to their burrows. Even up a steep hill side they follow their trails, and these can be seen for long distances in the dry grass in the spring. They rather frequent the warm southern exposures for their burrows,

and seem to enjoy the sunshine. The pups will come out as soon as old enough, and play about the entrance to the burrow, much like dogs.

As to diseases, they have none as yet. Islands that have been stocked the longest are free from any sign of disease. Neither has disease appeared on the islands of St. George, St. Paul, or Attu. They are troubled some with intestinal parasites, but proper feeding will keep them pretty free from the worms, and a little medicine mixed with the food helps, too.

They have few enemies on the islands. About the only one is the eagle. On some islands these are quite troublesome. The keepers are armed and receive a reward or bounty of half a dollar for every eagle they kill, turning the head in for proof. The eagles have a fondness for young foxes. I have never learned of their taking a grown fox.

I believe that the eagle is the most serious enemy that the blue fox rancher has to contend with, but the ravens destroy some. While an eagle will only drop down on the fox, and very likely go away if he misses, the ravens will sit around on the rocks and bushes and watch for a chance to pick up a young fox. I have seen a Kadiak raven carry off a young duck weighing from one-half to three-quarters of a pound. A neighbor of mine tells me that the natives on his island have seen gulls picking at young foxes, and the foxes fighting them off with their paws. The natives said that the gulls were trying to pick out the foxes' eyes so that they could kill them.

Some islands have to be watched for poachers during the time the fur is prime and valuable, but only those that are rather close to settlements. Most of the islands are so exposed that during the season the fur is prime it is so stormy that no one would attempt to land or venture near them. During the summer the foxes look rather poorly, especially while shedding their winter coat. Then they are very ragged and untidy looking. When killing for market, the foxes are trapped in feed houses and pens and taken out in hand-traps or boxes, and on the best conducted islands are taken to a room or small house to be killed. Care is taken not to kill around the feeding places, or where other foxes could see. Care is taken also to kill off all the inferior and off-colored ones. The finest foxes are kept for breeding purposes, and great care is now taken to keep the sexes about even. Some breeders go so far as to say that if one of a pair of blue foxes is killed or taken away from its mate, they will never mate again. This is going almost too far. Still there seems to be some foundation for the supposition, for in the National Zoological Park and some other places where experiments have been tried, only now and then will a female have young. Four females and one male have been put in enclosures, and never but one female has had young so far, and often where one pair were together they would not breed. This may be because they were in captivity. On the islands they run at large. There have been cases reported to me where "widows" have had a fine litter of pups and reared them, apparently without the help of a male.

In killing and the care of the pelts all the natives of Alaska are experts. The skins are carefully handled and looked after until shipped. The pelts collected by the larger companies and well stocked islands are shipped direct to London, where they are graded and sold at auction during the quarterly fur sales.

In the 1900 March sales in London, the blue fox brought very high prices, and until the war between the Japs and Russians began the price was increasing every year. The spring of 1903 they reached the highest prices for a long time; some No. 1 pelts bringing $70 each. At the March sales of 1904, after the war started, there was a drop in the price of fine fur—blue fox, silver fox and sea otter—of 40 per cent. Even with this depreciation in prices they averaged in one lot almost $16 after all expenses were paid. At the 1905 March sales the price of blue fox increased 70 per cent. over the March 1904 sales, and at the 1906 March sales there was another advance of 20 per cent. Blue fox skins from Cape Elizabeth Island, the one I

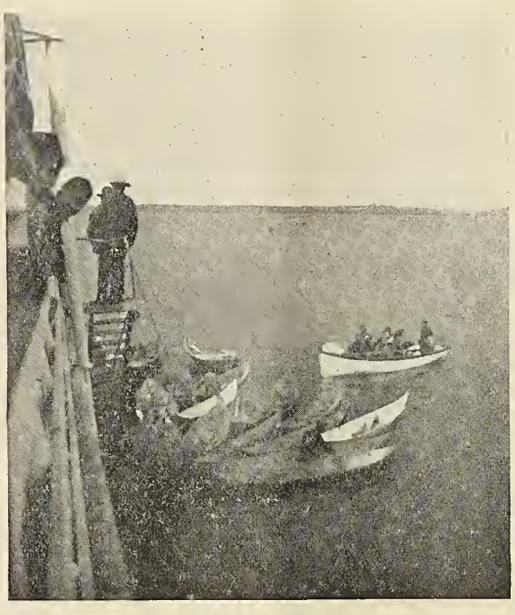
COOK AND FOOD HOUSES, CAPE ELIZABETH ISLAND.

am most familiar with, sold remarkably well; one lot of 75 skins averaged a trifle over $38, and at the June sales (when very few fine furs are usually sold) a lot of 45 were sold at an average of $41 each.

Few are sold in this country, and those only from the understocked islands, where the natives sell a few skins to the local dealers for provisions and other supplies. Then the local traders purchase all the pelts from small islands. In the end, however, these pelts usually reach London, England. The proper season for killing is December 15 to February 15, according to conditions of climate. They should not be killed till the fur is prime.

To properly stock an island with blue foxes and equip it with everything necessary, costs about $15,000. Such an island can be made to pay at the end of the second season—or two years and a half—because the young foxes eight and nine months old are often as valuable for fur as older ones. That they breed at one year old is well known. Islands can only be stocked safely in August and September, and should be stocked only with young foxes in even pairs.

While on an island one spring—Cape Elizabeth Island—I noticed many interesting things about the foxes. One is about their defense of their burrows and their effort to keep intruders



NATIVE CANOES.

away. Having occasion to climb to the top of a mountain, I started up a very steep grassy hill side along a fox trail. I had seen a fox come down and saw him stop under a spruce tree to watch me. When I had gotten about two hundred yards from him and he was sure of where I was going, he commenced to bark and whine and yelp as though in distress, and soon started toward me. I kept on climbing the steep hill, using a long cane or staff to assist me. Soon the fox overtook me, got in front and tried to drive me back, coming so close I had to poke the stick at him to keep him away. He would bark and show his teeth, then whine and appear to beg me not to go further. Then he tried two or three times to nip my heels, but the mountain side was so steep he could not dodge in quick enough. He stayed in front of me until I reached some scrubby spruces, where he disappeared, but not until I had seen several other foxes dodging among the trees. This was not the only fox who tried to head me off on my trip around the island. There is no danger from them, but it shows they have much more courage than other kinds of foxes.

The keeper's little boy (three years old) would play with the foxes that came about the house, but when too many gathered around he would get frightened and run into the house. If he threatened them with a stick, or halloed at them they would come very close and bark at him. I thought there was some danger to him, but the father said the foxes were only playing.

In the autumn the pups, as soon as they learn to shift for themselves, follow the keeper about the island, and they are the ones seen mostly during the day, the older ones keeping out of sight and not coming to the feed houses until dusk. Toward spring they all keep out of sight.

Once years ago, when some of the volcanoes of Alaska were a bit active, covering the island with dust, there was now and then an earthquake shock. The keeper said that he could hear it coming, and that all the foxes started up the valley trying to run away from the sound. When the disturbance had passed under them, they turned and ran back down the valley.

They do not do much barking during the day, but at dusk and all night they are very noisy. Their bark is short, sharp and quickly repeated, getting a little longer drawn toward the end, the last drawn out like a red fox's bark. They are bright, active little animals, and, of course, cunning as a fox, and when in prime coat very pretty. They can be seen, but not to as good advantage as in a wild state, in the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C. There are twelve grown ones. The New York Zoological Society got twelve. Two of these went to the Cincinnati Zoological Company. There are a few at Randolph Center, Vt., and some on an island on the Maine coast.

The climate of the Alaskan coast islands is very stormy, but not very cold, compared with the interior. The climate is just right for most of the furs. The constant culling and careful selection of breeding animals is keeping the stock on the blue fox islands up to a high standard. What is more to the point, blue fox raising has ceased to be an experiment.

THOMAS ELWOOD HOFER.

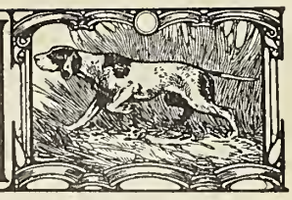
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, May 25.

Reeve's Pheasants in Central Park.

ONE of the most beautiful, and until very recently one of the rarest, of pheasants known in domestication or in preserves is the splendid Reeve's pheasant concerning which we have had several notes in FOREST AND STREAM within the past few months.

It is interesting to learn that in the Zoological collections of New York city, which are under the charge of Director John W. Smith, and located at the Arsenal in Central Park, five Reeve's pheasants were hatched not long ago by a bantam hen, and have now attained considerable size and are doing well. An illustration of this species was printed in our issue of March 17, 1906, p. 421, and a spirited drawing of the bird in flight and making a sharp turn in our issue of March 31, p. 505.

GAME BAG AND GUN



A Woman's Moose Hunt.

HAVING made arrangements with Daniel I. Munn, of Boiestown, N. B., to take us on a moose hunt, we left Pittsburg on the evening of Sept. 9, going by way of Montreal and Quebec, via the Grank Trunk. On the morning of the 12th we changed cars at Chatham Junction, taking a branch road south to Boiestown. Imagine our dismay when we found our trunk had not been put off, but was speeding away to Halifax. Our guide met us at the station, and after procuring our licenses, we had a delightful drive of eight miles over a beautiful road to the Holt Farm. This farm is on a ridge just on the edge of the forest, and has a magnificent outlook. From the ridge back of the house you can look over miles and miles of forest; ridge rising beyond ridge until they are lost in the blue distance, with no line to show where the forest ends and the sky begins; but they meet and blend and reach on and on into infinite space.

It was raining hard the next morning, and as I watched two other hunting parties pack up and start off in the rain, I leaned back in a rocking chair with a deep feeling of gratitude that our trunk had not come. The rain continued all day, but the morning of the 14th dawned bright, clear and bracing—just the kind of morning to "hit the trail."

Our head guide had procured Archy Munn as helper and Thomas Munn as cook. We found them very capable and efficient men. Dan is a fine caller; Archy calls some and is a very alert and efficient guide.

Our trunk had come the day before, and all our duffle and provisions were loaded on a wagon, along with a sled, which was to be used when the road got too rough for the wagon. Not knowing what we had to face, we had not ordered horses to ride in to the hunting grounds. When the Doctor spoke to Dan about getting a horse for me, I objected, saying I could ride on the sled when I got tired walking. Dan said I ought to have a horse, for it made too heavy a load on the sled. He could have told me that everything that went on the sled had to be tied on.

We left Holt's, followed the road about half a mile, let down a pair of bars and began our journey into the forest. The rain had filled to overflowing every hole, swamp and creek, till the log bridges and corduroy roads were floating. I had always had an abnormal fear of a horse, and never learned to ride, and knew almost nothing about managing one. I followed along behind the sled, almost paralyzed with fear. The sled would go bumping over a perfect net-work of roots, then one runner would climb up over a stump or big rock and the driver would jump on that side to keep the sled from upsetting. It upset occasionally in spite of his efforts, but as everything was roped on, it was soon righted and we continued as though nothing had happened. There were miniature lakes in the middle of the trail, where the water would come almost up to the bed of the sled. Sometimes the corduroy bottom of these lakes was floating and would pile up in front of the sled till at last the sled would climb the log pile and teeter down the other side. I watched the sled, fascinated, in an ecstasy of terror, knowing that I must follow on the horse. I did not lament or scream. I was speechless, paralyzed with fear. Two or three times I asked to be taken off the horse and allowed to walk around the holes. I clung to the reins in such a frenzy of fear that I drew the horse's head back till she could not see to pick her steps. Then she became frightened, and in spite of anything I could do, when we came to a swamp, she would turn and go back to Dan. She knew that when Dan took hold of the bridle, I would loose my hold on the reins. Dan owned her, and she was quite a pet. She would follow him wherever he went.

We had just crossed an especially hard place when the guides stopped to get a drink at a spring. I wondered how they could feel thirsty, and when they passed the cup to me I could only shake my head. I felt as though a drink of water would choke me. The guides did not know I was afraid of a horse, and the Doctor was so busy getting over the trail that he thought everything was all right, as I was not raising a disturbance. The truth of the matter is there was not one bit of danger, and they all knew it but me. The whole performance seemed such a foolish risk that I said to Tom, "'Isn't it foolish to go through this just to kill a moose?"

It finally dawned on me that I was holding the reins too tight, and I made an effort to control my fear and not hold on the reins. The second day I got along better, but was still afraid.

Coming home, the ride out was easy, and I really enjoyed it. Getting on the horse was quite a feat, and I suppose it amused Dan a good deal. I would hunt up a good big stump and climb on it. Dan would lead up the horse and I would make a desperate lurch and finally land on the saddle.

We traveled about fourteen miles the first day, and spent the night in a vacant lumber camp. The next morning was frosty, but breakfast was soon over, and we were again on the way. About a mile from the camp we crossed the Little Dungarvon River and went up a very steep hill. We then wound gradually up to the top of the ridge and down the other side. All day long we kept on crossing ridge after ridge, until about 5 o'clock we came down a long, steep one, and saw our hunting cabin in a clearing on the shore of the Dungarvon River. A tent was put up for us and everything made ready for light housekeeping.

It was raining in the morning, but Will started back to the settlement with the team, the saddle horse following. Dan and Archy went down the river for their dugout, and we put our rifles in order for work, then went up the river to the dam. The dugout was pulled over the dam into the deadwater, and getting aboard, we were poled up the river. The river was full of trout; we could see them on the bottom, and many of them were big fellows. This was the second day of the close season, and trout fishing was not in order, but moose hunting was, and the way the shores were cut up by the moose was encouraging. At the head of navigation we went ashore, and followed a trail to an old logging camp. Our molasses had been spilled on the way in, and we got about a gallon out of a barrel in this camp. It was still raining when we returned to camp for dinner. In the afternoon we picked blueberries, and I made blueberry pies. Dan and Archy made a foot bridge across the river, and gathered cranberries.

The next morning dawned clear and bright, and we started for Peaked Mt. Lake, feeling that we must hunt in earnest. The Doctor still carried his .35 Winchester, but he had disposed of mine, and I now carried a .303 Savage, with a 22-inch barrel. It is a beautiful gun, and so light I can easily carry it, and I am not afraid of the recoil.

Peaked Mt. Lake is between two and three miles from camp and mostly up hill. Neither Dan nor Archy were conscious of that; but we had to rest a number of times before we reached the top of the ridge. The lake lies in a depression on the ridge, and we spent some pleasant hours on its shores watching the shafts of colored light lengthen and grow on its calm surface, as it mirrored the trees in their autumn dress. Two cow moose came out and fed on the coarse grass in the lake, and the Doctor got within close range of a young bull on the barren; but the head was small—had only two points.

In the afternoon a cow, a calf and a bull came down to the lake to drink. We had agreed that the Doctor was to shoot the first moose, as no one had any confidence in my ability to hit one. The moose was at least a hundred and fifty yards away, and the first shot struck the top of his shoulder. He fell, but got up and was slowly moving off. The Doctor fired four more shots, the first three were clean misses, but the last one struck him and he just wilted down. The first shot had shattered the top of the shoulder and broken the top of a vertebra, but the spinal cord was not injured. The last shot struck his head just back of the antler and glanced off, cutting the scalp from one antler to the other. The bone was not broken, but we found a large clot of blood when removing the brain. We were a good deal disappointed in the size of the head. The antlers looked enormous across the lake, but the spread was only 29 inches.

The guides skinned the moose and hung up the head and one hindquarter, for it was getting late. Archy took one quater on his shoulder and carried it to camp. Dan took the heart, tenderloins, the cooking outfit and I suppose he carried my gun—he usually did. We had seen six moose in six hours, and the Doctor had shot one; but he was out of work for the remainder of the trip. It was raining in the morning, and we stayed in camp. Dan and Archy went to set a bear trap and bring in the hide and some more of the meat. They came back to camp about 4 o'clock, each carrying a heavy load. They had been out in the rain, which was still falling, since early morning. The Doctor, who had been in the cabin, came out and sat down on the porch where I was. After a while he looked up from his whittling and said, "No difference what happens on this trip, I am not going to complain; Dan is sitting in there by the stove singing." Dan's being cheerful under discouraging circumstances was making an impression.

The next morning we went to Harris Lake and watched a cow and calf feeding in the lake for an hour or more. The cow was very large. Dan called her a "big brute." That was his name for a cow, while a bull was a "big old one." The calf was a beauty; he was so big and saucy looking. When we went to get lunch we saw a cow coming down the path toward the lake, but she saw us, and took to the woods. The shores of this lake were trampled up by the moose till they looked like a barnyard. Some of the tracks were very large. One we measured in the soft mud was 7 inches across the widest part, and 11 from the tip of the toe to the dew-claw. In the afternoon there were two cows, a calf and a spike-horn feeding in the lake at one time. One cow went in so deep that when she had her head down feeding, from where we were, she appeared to be completely under water. When she raised her head we could see the top of her shoulders. The cow with the calf was quite close, and we saw her take two or three steps and turn half way around with her head under water. We timed her and found she kept her head under water from thirty-five to fifty-six seconds. The calf followed the cow out into deep water, where it had to swim, but it grew tired swimming,

went ashore and must have been out of sight. The calf had been away for half an hour or more when the cow became uneasy and called it. The calf answered, and came out into the shallow water. The cow, satisfied that her calf was safe, went on feeding and paid no further attention to it. The calf continued to call, and tried to coax the cow to come out and then went in to her. After swimming around her once or twice it went back to the shallow water and waited for her to come out. When the cow came out, as Dan said, she "mosied" up over the hill, the calf following her till she got our scent, then we heard a snort and the crash of brush as she plunged into the woods. The spike-horn was still feeding when we left the lake to go back to camp. The next day we went to the deadwater, and saw a cow and a calf moose.

To reach the hunting grounds from our camp, unless we went to the deadwater, meant a walk of from two to three miles each morning and back in the evening after dark. The heavy frosts had filled the forest with wonderful colors. When the trail led down a long steep ridge, and we stood at the top and looked down that forest aisle, which led down, down, down, I felt that I must dance down that enchanted colonnade, so full of color and light and beauty. The colonnades were beautiful and enchanting to the eye, but to the feet they were full of snares, and I did more falling on them than dancing. Even by the light of the lantern it was hard work getting over the trail after dark, and I got a good many falls. Dan had never taken a woman on a moose hunt before, and I did not want to discourage him, so I got up quick, hoping he would never know I had fallen.

When we reached Harris Lake the next morning, there were a doe and a fawn standing on the shore. The Doctor took a shot at the doe, which was watching us, but the ball went clean over its head. A pine needle had caught in the rear sight. A spike-horn came out on the opposite shore and was still feeding when we left to get our lunch. All afternoon we did not see a moose, but toward evening they commenced to come into the lake. We counted five feeding in the lake at one time, and Dan said if we did not leave they would have us surrounded.

Dan and Archy heard a bull down at the lower end of the lake, and we crouched down in the bushes, hoping he would come out. We must have waited half an hour or more, when we saw him coming across a point directly toward us. I could see his big antlers as he came through the bushes, and my heart was beating at an astonishing rate. I wondered what I would do if he did come out. Did I really want him to come out or would I rather he would not give me a chance to shoot, for fear I might miss? He was coming right on, his antlers striking the bushes, and occasionally he would grunt. Breathlessly I watched him, every nerve strung to the highest tension. The seconds seemed like hours. Could I hit him? What would I do when he came out? Would I lose my nerve and not be able to shoot, or would I make a clean miss? Could I hold my gun steady? I tried. Yes, steady as an old hunter. That settled my nerves, and the moose walked out on the shore in plain view about one hundred yards away. He stood facing us, just on the edge of the bushes, and I had a chance for only one shot. If I missed or only slightly wounded him he would be gone. If he came out to the water, as it seemed almost certain he would, I could scarcely miss him. My! but he looked big! He was quite black; his antlers stood high and were very brown. He raised his head and looked in our direction, then turned and walked off. A man would never have missed such an opportunity, but I was so anxious to succeed that I did not want to take any chances. After he had gone we looked at each other, then started around the point after him as fast as we could go. We made good time over a bad trail, but did not get sight of him again.

Taking two shelter tents, our blankets and provisions for two days, we went to Harris Lake the next day. We saw no moose all day, but in the evening a cow and a young bull came to feed on the opposite shore. Dan had gone to look over the lower end of the lake and Archy went for a bucket of water. At the upper end of the lake a road had been cleared down to the shore, and in the dusk it looked like a black hole in the forest. I had looked at that hole a good many times, but as I looked at it now there appeared to be two branches of brown autumn leaves in it that I had never noticed before. I called the Doctor's attention to it, and while we were looking at them the two branches of leaves walked out on the shore. The moose was a mile or more away, and it would be dark long before we could get near enough to shoot. Hoping to get him to come to us, Dan called, but the moose paid no attention. When Dan gave a grunt, the moose would give an answering grunt, but he would not come any closer.

That night we sat around a tiny little campfire till quite late telling stores. Dan told one about a man fishing through a hole in the ice. The man said the trout were so hungry that when he held his bait over the hole the trout jumped up through the hole faster than he could kick them to one side. When asked if he did not get a "heap of trout," the man replied, "No, a mink carried them off faster than I could kick them aside."

That was my first night in a shelter tent, and how delightful it was to lie there wrapped in blankets and watch the stars through the treetops. We were awakened once by what we thought was a fox, but the guides said it was a deer. I awoke in the night, and thinking it was getting daylight, put on my shoes, then wakened the Doctor. He suggested looking at the watch before waking other people. I took the hint, and found it was only 3 o'clock, and the moon—not the sun—was coming up. I took off my shoes and went to sleep again. There was only one old cow feeding in the lake that morning, and we went to a burnt ridge, where we had a magnificent view of ridges and peaks, rising one above another, clad in their wonderful colors. In the evening we saw three moose, but no "big old one."

Tom said a bull had made a good deal of noise across the river from our camp the night before. That was the second time we had heard them over there.

It always seemed a waste of words to tell Tom how much we enjoyed the meals he prepared for us, the stacks of empty dishes spoke so eloquently. Dan said we always came back to the old feeding ground, and had eaten an acre of ginger bread. He must have been close to the truth, for the Doctor told me we started on a new "slab" of gingerbread each morning, and I knew he was never far away when the ginger bread was being cut. Tom's ginger bread left nothing to be desired, especially when there were raisins in it.

Archy was very sick the next morning, and the Doctor gave him some medicine, and we went with Dan to Peaked Mt. Lake. From there we went to a barren that was full of moose trails, but no moose. Then to another lake about a mile away. We heard two moose, but saw only one. Dan would start out in the morning at a pretty rapid gait, and he seemed able to keep it up all day—up hill and down, over good trails and bad ones. He seldom or never made a misstep, and never seemed to make a noise, while we, following behind him, were so tired climbing those steep ridges we would have to rest. I was always stumbling and tramping on dead branches, and Dan would look around, as much as to say, "Don't you know you ought to be quiet?" When Dan left the trail to look over some out-of-the-way place, he would glance back over his shoulder. Sometimes that look meant follow me, and again it meant stay where you are and keep perfectly quiet—I never knew which, and had to get Archy to interpret. The walk to camp after dark, even with the lantern, was hard, but at that time in the evening, how we did enjoy the fragrance of the pine and the fallen leaves, and the clean, earthy smell that comes only from the leaf mould in the woods. The perfume from the sweet ferns was like incense. I would locate myself on the trail by a net-work of roots or a bit of corduroy road, or by the fragrance from a bed of ferns.

Archy was all right in the morning, but it was raining and very disagreeable, and we thought it best to have an easier day, and went up to the deadwater. The Doctor shot three partridges that morning, the first we had gotten, as they were very scarce.

One end of the dugout had been pulled up on a log and the other end was in the water. The numerous showers had pretty well filled the lower end of the canoe, and a three-pound grilse was swimming around in it. This was the close season, but that fish had caught itself. We killed it, took it to camp and Tom baked it for our breakfast. In the pool below the dam we saw some nice salmon and dozens of trout. Many of them would certainly weigh four or five pounds.

In the afternoon we went to what had once been a large lumber camp, but had not been used for a number of years. In one of the rooms Dan picked up an old lantern, but when he lit it the globe commenced to crack. He put it out with the remark, that it was not used to being lit in the daytime.

We poled to the head of the deadwater in the evening, and Dan went into the woods and called. He soon got an answer, and the moose came quite close; but getting our scent turned and went off over the ridge. The first calls made the woods ring, but they grew fainter and fainter until lost in the distance.

Our beds were getting lumpy, and the Doctor and the two guides went for balsam boughs, leaving Tom and me in camp. When going from our tent to the cabin I happened to look up the river, and there was a big bull moose walking across the river, scarcely a hundred yards away. I called Tom and rushed into the cabin for the gun. I gave Tom mine, but waited to put four shells in the Doctor's. Tom and I crossed the little creek and ran along the trail up the river, but the moose was gone. We heard him up on the ridge, but it was useless to follow. If I had only had a gun when first I saw him I could scarcely have failed to get him, it was such a clear open shot. That was the biggest moose I saw on our trip. His antlers were very large. Tom said it was the biggest moose he ever saw. A. W. C.

[to be concluded.]

Wild Deer Visits Holyoke.

Holyoke was treated to a sensation yesterday morning about 6:45, when a full-grown buck deer with spreading antlers, came across the vacant lot adjoining the South Holyoke engine-house and entered Main street. As his appearance caused an admiring crowd to take notice and follow him, he threw his head back and began to put on speed. Small boys and dogs began to follow him and, becoming badly frightened, he dashed up the street and, turning at the north end of Depot square, he crossed the Boston and Maine railroad tracks and ran up the steep embankment to the east of the tracks without diminishing his speed.

On reaching the top of Depot hill he turned into East Dwight street, and after following the street for a short distance, he turned suddenly and dashed head first through the plate-glass window and into the vacant store in Fitzsimmon's new building. Workmen on a nearby building ran to the scene and surrounded the deer so that he could not escape. It was found that on his dash into the building he had broken his right fore leg besides receiving some bad cuts on his neck by the broken glass from the window. The deer's legs were tied and Dr. J. J. Moynahan was notified, who, after examination, found it necessary to shoot the deer to end its sufferings. Where the animal came from no one knows, but it is probable that it was one of a number seen recently in the woods in the vicinity. Two were seen on upper Northampton street yesterday morning, and this one had probably come from the same company.—Republican. Springfield, Mass., July 27.

Duck Hunting Minus the Gun.

"See the lake, no rice," said Hawk in his deep, guttural tones. I followed the index finger of the Mississauga guide. There lay the calm waters of Rice Lake, showing on its surface no sign of the great wild crop lying dormant below. When last we had seen this huge bay of the lake, it was one waving mass of green and golden wild rice; over it the ducks winged their way in great flocks, and the air was eloquent of the sport of the hunters, and regular fusilades greeted the incoming birds. In this fine sport we had our share; then one November day we woke up to find ourselves "frozen in." The lake had "taken" in the night and was coated with a glimmering sheet of "rubber ice"—so called from its bending qualitites ere it breaks. I remember two of us leaving the camp and, gun in hand, skating all over this treacherous surface. It was intersected with air holes, in which swam many a wounded bird that had eluded us. It was odd to see them dive and come up under the ice directly beneath our feet; then back to the air-hole they would go and come up right into a charge of number six; it was merciful to kill them, as having first knocked many of them down, we felt regret to think of the painful struggle ahead, of the long hours of the nipping nights when they would have to swim rapidly—alas! in ever-narrowing circles—to keep the tiny hole open. Next morning the story of their hard work would be told by the struggle-tossed body of the bird in the churned-up center of the sealed air-hole. It is well to be seated on a dry firm bench in the little shanty writing of this—when I recall how we shot these birds in the air-holes, waited for the light wind to drift them to one side—then lying on our breast, we wriggled as near the hole as possible and raked the dead birds out with the muzzle of our guns, with a slowly sinking inch of ice beneath. No more for mine, thank you.

While the Indian built the lunch fire, I watched the migratory flocks of ducks amid-lake. Then as we were on one of the best duck shooting points in Rice Lake, I decided to eat our snack in an old "bough-house" on the point. Here I rapidly improvised a window among the stones—for "bough-houses" are not built of boughs, but of boulders and rocks; inserted the camera, and bulb on one side and note-book on the other, and with lunch spread in front, I was all ready for food and pictures. Now, did you ever sit this way, an object lesson in divided attention? Far out in the lake immense hosts of ducks swam and flew, dived and fed, or sat calling in their various rich spring notes. At last a pair of widgeon whirred past with that silky rustle of theirs, heard Hawk's low "gabble," turned and fell into the water twenty-feet from us. The bulb was in my hand, the lunch spread on my knees on a bit of slab; up flew the slab, away slid the lunch, of course butter side down into the sand, and I actually raised the bulb in the air as I would my gun, so strong in the force of habit, pressed it, and here is the picture of that now distant pair.

WILD RICE BAY IN SPRING.

I asked Hawk how the rice came here, his answering legend may interest you. "Na-na-boo-zoo gave it to his people. You never heard of Na-na-boo-zoo; you call him Hiawatha. Same to us as your Christ"—he uttered the sacred name with all the low, strong, natural reverence of the Indian—"born long time ago, before the Tower [I learned later he alluded to the Tower of Babel], let me tell you story. When the great flood was here, no man was left but Na-na-boo-zoo. In his canoe he took three animals to see if the water was going back. First he put the beaver over; it came up dead. Then he put the otter over; it came up dead. Then he took the wahzhusk (muskrat) and sent it down to see if the waters were going back: it came up dead, too. But Na-na-boo-zoo opened its little paw and in it was some earth, so he saw that the waters were going back."

The intense earnestness with which the guide told it impressed me. I kept silent, hoping for more; and his low, deep tones took up the legend again.

"One time an Indian woman went to the forest and built a wigwam all alone. She was a good woman, and young. She slept there alone. Then the Great Spirit sent a white feather; she saw it falling and floating in the air; she lay and watched it; it fell and just touched her on the breast, so Na-na-boo-zoo was born."

The swishing of many wings brought us back from these grand old themes. A dusky hand grasped my arm. Instinctively I followed his glance. Swimming along the shore, within five feet of it, was a splendid pair of bluebills, the male a glory in green and bronze and canvas white; she a modest duck in brown and gray. They swam along, often nipping up a stray insect, or dipping down for gravel. At last they were right in front of the bough-house; and just as they both raisel their heads and swallowed a nice cold drink, I pressed the bulb; the machine clanged out its record; and the way those two web-footed ones got out of that was a caution. We watched them as they winged away off to the big flock, she leading and he closely following, a sure sign that they had only just mated, as usually she follows his every air line movement after she has finally chosen him for her mate.

I saw a strange sight through the big glass. A duck hawk (*Falco peregrinus anatum*—to be scientific) fell like an arrow from the clouds straight down into that feeding, splashing, diving host of ducks. Like magic every duck disappeared beneath the water, all save one poor sickly chap. (The red men say these birds are "consumptive" bluebills. I have found their interior department in a very bad way.) Over the water the duck spattered, unable to dive, unable to more than lift himself from the surface by aid of wings and tail and feet. The falling hawk described a sharp, clear circle, leaving the angle of its fall within a foot of the water, the noise sounding like the ripping of an immense sail, or a mighty rush of flame, and speeding

"I offer you the picture as proof."

"Just as they raised their heads."

over the surface like a reddish-gray line. I saw the falcon near the now calling duck. It, poor thing, was splashing up the water in a long line of mimic waves, literally walking along on the tip of its wings, feet and tail. The trailing talon of the falcon settled into the tender flesh of the duck; the impact was so great that the bird of prey had to exert its utmost powers to save himself from dipping into the water. With a few heavy flaps of its great wings, it rose from the lake bearing the poor duck in its merciless talons. Better perhaps this quick painless death than the lingering for full two months ere the other fatal hold of disease finished this handsome drake.

In these spring days all the southern Ontario lakes have their visiting flocks of migrating ducks. This seems to be the chosen route for the bluebills, the redheads having almost completely deserted it. Very few canvasback fly up this route. The white-feathered, fish-feeding ducks seem to prefer it to any, as I meet hosts of these in all the lakes of this latitude in Ontario, pure migrants all of them. The nearest nesting birds of the mergansers and whistlers—always excepting the hooded merganser, a local duck breeding all over this province—are to be found in Haliburton and Nippissing. There the goosander, or American merganser, breeds in limited numbers. Moose River, the Albany and the Equan, all emptying into Hudson Bay, are the regular breeding grounds of these white-feathered ducks. A friend of mine writing from there remarks: "The most wonderful thing I note in all the great flocks of whistlers and buffleheads is the habit of standing on the ice; how these thin webbed feet can stand on the cold ice without freezing puzzles me. True, they often tuck both feet into the feathers and squat down; but I have watched a golden-eye drake for two hours. At long intervals he shifted from one foot to the other, tucking the unused one into his deep white coat. The day was pitifully cold, with a northwest wind; but this plump drake slept on as if he were in warm Muskeg Pond."

Note-books were pocketed, cameras boxed, the canoe launched, and Hawk and I sped away to see if the summer ducks were returning. Black ducks, the dusky mallard, jumped from every pond hole; hooded mergansers were found in many a creek as the silent canoe stole in; great green-headed drakes and yellow-mottled duck mallards rose quacking from the bogs; blue-winged teal were here in fair numbers. We found a few bunches of pintails; but as they kept their flock formation, and did not seem to be mated, we judged they were only migrants. Only one solitary pair of wood-ducks were found; the glorious painted drake flashed like a miniature rainbow out of the marsh, making us regret the passing of this beautiful breed.

Twenty miles were covered, miles of changing creek and bay and marsh. All over the wide waters of the lake great flocks of migrating ducks industriously fed, rising in huge masses as we returned to the point that held our lunch basket; on its closed cover as we approached could be seen a dark object. "Unke-kookosh"—groundhog—laughed the Mississauga. He was right, and the plump animal jumped off the uninjured basket just as our bow grated on the pebbles.

It was now 5 o'clock, and the blue lake was rippled by the evening breeze and dotted by the dark bodies of the ducks. So while Hawk kindled a fire of fat pine knots, I lay behind the bough-house and pointed my camera lakeward, calling, calling, calling to the circling, rustling host that swept by overhead and close in front. Oh, for a flock of decoys! Just as the wish was uttered, down settled four handsome bluebills. Almost at once—no wonder, the air was full of birds—two more plumped in on the left. Three more birds, whistlers this time, alighted with wings spread to the southwest breeze within twenty-five feet of the shore. I could see Hawk through the corner of my eye. He had shielded the fire with some dead cedars and crouched near it motionless. One drake eyed the bough-house suspiciously. "Cling! clang!" rang out the camera.

"Did you hit them?" asked the guide.

"I did," I called back, and I offer you the picture as proof.

BONNYCASTLE DALE.

"The lake was dotted by the dark bodies of the ducks."

English Pheasants in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your subscribers may be interested in a few facts relating to a recent consignment of 5,500 English pheasant eggs imported by the Game Department of the State of Illinois from a preserve in England, and which were hatched at the State game propagating farm located twenty-three miles south of Springfield. The eggs were in transit from England to the game farm ten days. The following table shows the result of the consignment:

Number broken in shipping from preserve in England to game farm	8
Number broken in unpacking, setting, and by hens	100
Number not fertile	809
Number of rotten eggs	1,000
Number crushed and killed by hens, one hen destroying twenty-two chicks that were placed with her	583
Number live, healthy chicks placed in runs with hens	3,000
Total	5,500

We have also imported, this season, 135 English ring neck pheasants from a large preserve in England, the birds arriving at the game farm about two weeks after leaving the preserve. Five birds were lost out of this entire consignment.

We have at present on the game farm about 8,000 young English ring neck and Chinese pheasants, beside a number of Mexican blue quail, a few wild turkeys and prairie chickens. Our native Bob White quail and those bought in Alabama, did not lay well in confinement, although we have a few settings under bantam hens at the present time. The Mexican blue quail laid fairly well in confinement, and we have a number of bevies hatched out by bantam hens.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand resident and 500 non-resident hunters' licenses were issued during the year ending June 1, 1906, in this State.

J. A. WHEELER,
State Game Commissioner.

Chat About Birds and Fish.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish you would mail to me one extra copy of your edition of July 14. I want to cut out what John Burroughs says about the passenger pigeon, to use it in the book on the passenger pigeon I intend to have published. I have held my MS. for some time, investigating the various reports that keep cropping out; I have not hurried, for I wanted to be sure I had everything about the wild pigeon before I did anything with it. Last year Michigan was full of reports, a good deal like those Mr. Burroughs has gotten together, and I investigated them as well as I could, as also did Mr. Adams, Curator of the University of Michigan, and we came to the conclusion they were mistakes, as far as the large flocks reported were concerned, but probably not mistakes as far as one or two reports of half a dozen or a pair of birds having been seen, and I am well convinced that there are no large flocks of pigeons left, but in all probability there are a few scattering birds still frequenting our northern woodlands each year.

There is also another point that my investigation has shown, and that is that the common impression that the wild pigeon disappeared in a day, or between one season and the next, is erroneous. After the last great nesting in Michigan, in 1878, wild pigeons still existed for twenty years or more, and they were trapped and sent to the market as late as 1893.

There are certain kinds of plover and curlew that, at a distance, in flock flight are easily mistaken for the wild pigeon. In Michigan my investigation shows that nearly all the reported pigeons have turned out to be the Carolina dove, which has become a frequenter of the northern part of the lower Peninsula of Michigan in comparatively recent years.

Since I have started to talk to you by mail, I may as well tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM two or three little things that came to my notice while recently fishing for salmon on the Grand Cascapedia River, Quebec. One day, in fishing the Pool-in-the-Woods, I noticed a wood duck circling, and finally she disappeared into the main trunk of a large elm tree standing on the bank. Then I saw there was a hole about thirty feet from the ground, about as big as the crown of one's hat. It was nesting time, about the middle of June. I called it my wood duck's nest and was watching it with interest in hopes I could catch her, bringing her brood to the water. A few days passed, and fishing the Ice House Pool just next below the Pool-in-the-Woods on a perfectly still day, we heard a crash, and soon pieces of branches and parts of an elm tree began floating by. From the great mass, we knew a large tree had fallen. On investigation, I found it was my wood duck's nest that had met disaster. The gradual undermining of the bank had at last over-balanced the tree, and notwithstanding the day before had been very windy, it had waited for this still day to enact the tragedy. The tree had fallen across a jam of logs and was badly broken, and the hole where the nest was, as luck would have it, of course, was down and in the water. Whether any of the little ones were hatched I do not know, but a few days afterwards a female duck with one lone duckling was noticed some way down stream, and on the following day, my son, fishing fully a mile down stream from where the nest was, took a trout that weighed 1½ pounds. It was so puffed out, that he opened it, and lo and behold, there was a little duck in it. It was not fully gorged, but some of the downy feathers were noticed in the trout's mouth before beginning dissection.

I was not contented to let this duck episode pass in this way, so I took the next day to hunt up another, and going to a little creek or rather a channel that runs through the Island, we discovered a wood duck that began circling around us. Keeping our boat still, in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes it had made forty or fifty circles, always with a certain clump of trees in the center. At last it pitched into an old birch, was out again in an instant and down into the tall grass of the meadow. It was raining, and the grass was wet, but I hunted the best I could to find her, firmly convinced she had taken her brood from the tree down into the meadow, and had them securely hidden, and was keeping so quiet, that although I possibly may have walked very close to her, there was no commotion to indicate the presence of the mother and her offspring. The next day I went to the bogan again and found a wood duck mother with seven or eight little ones swimming around her.

Nearly every evening I saw numbers of dusky ducks or black mallards coming in from the mouth of the river, where evidently they spend the day on the salt marsh. They were coming to the little creeks and the bogans that are so frequent along the Grand Cascapedia, back into the mucky spring holes on the farms and fields, evidently coming there to spend the night.

The wood ducks have a hard time to rear their young on this river, for not only do the mink and trout and other wild things prey upon them, but I understand it is the custom of the guardians of the club waters up the river to shoot all the ducks they see on the pretense that they destroy the young salmon. I hope this report is not true, for certainly dusky ducks and wood ducks are not fish eaters and do no harm. There are, however, a number of sheldrakes on the river and there may be cause for exterminating them. The salmon fishing was good this year, not only on the Grand Cascapedia, but other Quebec streams, so I hear. My friend, Mr. C. H. Davis of this city, who leases the Little Pabos, accompanied by G. B. Morley of this city, spent a very successful week on that river, taking fifty-four salmon for the two rods. They could have taken many more, but Mr. Davis sets a limit to the number he will take out of his stream each year, consequently they took that number and quit. These fish are not large, however; rarely is one of 20 pounds taken, and this year, I believe, their average was somewhere between seven and eight pounds, for it is a stream for fishing mainly from the bank, and without a canoe, and they take many of their fish on a trout rod, so one's imagination does not have to be stretched much to picture this as royal sport.

On the Grand Cascapedia the largest fish I heard of this year, was taken by C. H. Barnes, of Boston, weighing 49 pounds. Mr. R. W. Paterson of Lenox, Mass., took one 37-pound fish on a seven ounce trout rod and was an hour and ten minutes killing it.

I had rather an odd experience one night. After fishing my pool for salmon without result, I told my guide I had been exasperated enough by what I took to be a large trout rising on the smooth water quite to one side of where the salmon would ordinarily have been expected. It was unquestionably feeding, for it would not jump clear out of the water, but would come to the top and make a swirl, for that motion we know so well indicates the feeding of a big trout. It was early in the evening, just after sundown, and myriads of flies were on the water. At the second cast I had a rise but he missed it. The next cast he came with a rush, and I hooked him, and in about twenty minutes in a run down stream three-quarters of a mile through rapid water, and after three or four leaps higher than a man's head, I had the fish safely in an ordinary seized trout landing net.

It was a bright salmon weighing 8 pounds. I took this on a rod weighing about 6½ ounces, a trout reel and trout leader, and the queer freak of it all was, that it was on a No. 8 sproat, Professor fly, with quite a delicate snell. Cutting the salmon open the next day, I found six flies or water bugs of some kind in him. I put them in alcohol and they were to be turned over to E. M. Davis for further investigation.

To my mind this salmon wes surely feeding. It also took the small trout fly eagerly.

I have made this letter long, and given you stories on a wide range of subjects, but one has a lot of things to talk about after coming back from a fishing trip on the Grand Cascapedia.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 21.—Several days ago, I wrote you in relation to the finding of flies and water bugs in the stomach of a salmon I was certain I saw feeding. At the time the dissection was made, my son was certain that these insects were not in the stomach of the salmon, but in the alimentary canal and intestines. At any rate, the specimens were sent to Dr. Weir Mitchell who was then fishing on the river, and to-day I have the following report from him through my friend Mr. Harvey:

"For Billy, Junior's information I want to say that his theory regarding salmon food is correct. Dr. Weir Mitchell was consulted regarding the specimens taken from the 8-pound salmon's intestines, and he says that food is often found in salmon, which they probably bring in from the sea or possibly take after reaching fresh water, but it is never digested after the fish reaches fresh water. There is no question about a salmon's digestive apparatus becoming useless after coming into fresh water." Peter Barter says that salmon taken in the nets in salt water are sometimes full of small fish, but he never has seen such a thing in fresh water. I have given the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the facts in the case and they can take the information for what it is worth. I think the 8-pound salmon was catching flies all right, but whether he was spitting them out or just swallowing them for fun and not to eat, is another question.

W. B. MERSHON.

He Saved the Pickerel.

THERESA, N. Y., July 10.—While trolling for black bass and pickerel (lake pike) on Red Lake yesterday, Stanley Cheesman, a well-known and popular young man of the village, hooked on to a good sized "pickerel." At first the fish came in with the usual meek gameness of its specie, then there was a sudden change and Stanley "got busy," and for a few minutes had his hands full of a good strong trolling line. Then suddenly there appeared on the surface of the water what Stanley and his companion thought was the annual summer sea serpent. Finally Stanley succeeded in getting the monster near enough to the boat to see that it was a maskinongé with a tail a foot wide, that was making all the trouble. Then it disappeared under the boat and the line caught on some roughness on the bottom, and Stanley and companion both worked hard to prevent capsizing; then there was a sudden let-up of the commotion, and when the line was freed, Stanley took in a three and a half pound pickerel badly torn from gills to tail. The fish was brought to the village with eleven others of the same kind and two black bass, the catch of the day.

Evidently there are a few larger maskinongé in Red Lake yet, although no small ones are taken of late, (and it is all owing to the introduction of the lake pike twenty-two years ago). A year ago I wrote you of Guide Dave Tyler's one hour and twenty minutes experience with a five foot maskinongé.

Mr. Wm. Sharp, whose picture you published years ago with a 42½ pound fish on his back, has been down to-day, but without success as to large fish.

J. L. DAVISON.

Shad in the Hudson.

After carefully reading your article of July 7 on the "Failure of Our Shad Fisheries," it seems to me that you can very properly supplement it by publishing that portion of the forthcoming report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, which deals with the New York State end of the subject. Personally, I have watched the steady decline of the Hudson River fisheries for nearly twenty years, and have given considerable time to the study of the reasons therefor. It seems to me that the same evil of overfishing that is fast depleting the Great Lakes is in the main to blame, but in the river we have also to deal with the evil of very great pollution, which does not enter into the lake problem at all. The over-fishing stopped with the failure of the fish to run, but the pollution of the water increases steadily. Some day the people of our State may wake up and by law compel the sanitary disposal of waste by cities and factories that now and for years have used the Hudson as a sewer. Then after slow years of waiting the water may regain sufficient purity, and the natural spawning beds become sufficiently cleansed to attract the fish as of old. And then finally one may again see shad, herring and sturgeon sold cheaply as a popular food in the streets of Albany and other cities along the river, as they once were.

Under the caption "The Shad," the Hon. J. D. Lawrence, Deputy Commissioner of Fish and Game, says in his report to Hon. James S. Whipple, Forest, Fish and Game Commission:

"By far the most serious problem confronting the Commission is presented by the failure of the shad fisheries of the Hudson River. For years this body of water was one of the most important in the country on account of its prolific run of shad and herring. But within the past ten years at least neither of these species of fish have appeared in anywhere near the usual numbers. It would seem that year after year the run of fish was retarded by an invisible line which annually was stretched further and further down the river, and beyond which the fish would not pass. Formerly, shad were caught up to the Troy Dam. Then the fish were sold for a very small price in the streets of Troy and Albany. Later they became scarcer and scarcer, until at present the fish do not seem to run very much above Hudson. There has been no lack of stocking this water both by the State Commission and by the U. S. Commission, but the results have failed to meet the anticipation of fishculturists.

"It is a notable fact in this connection that during recent years the Hudson River has become little more than an open sewer, and each year finds the conditions in this respect worse than the year before. It is the judgment of those who have considered this matter seriously that the fish will not run up beyond a certain limit of contamination in the water. Several years ago the fishermen themselves figured out the situation and reported it to the Commission. Very recently the author of a book devoted entirely to the Hudson River says, with reference to this body of water, 'There can be little doubt that fish are poisoned by the fouling of the elements in which they live.' And another writer says, 'Everywhere, the country over streams once yielding a bounteous supply of fish have long since been utterly and permanently ruined by having been converted into sewers for refuse which destroys all life.'

"I have given particular attention to this problem because of the importance of the shad as a food fish, and when my attention was directed to the reports of the Connecticut Commission by our Secretary, I instructed him to examine into the conditions prevailing in the Connecticut River, and the methods adopted by the Connecticut Commission to meet the situation. His report advises me that their shad fisheries gradually failed year after year, until, in 1892, they amounted practically to nothing. The outcry of the fishermen was such that the Commission of that State made a careful study of the situation and determined that the pollution of the water was such that the eggs deposied naturally were smothered and the fry which did hatch were unable to withstand the condition of the water. After considerable experiment, the Connecticut Commission decided to try to raise the fry to the fingerling stage in the hope that the larger and stronger fish would be able to withstand the condition of he water. In 1895 the Connecticut Commission secured an old water privilege on Ram's Horn Creek, at Joshuatown, and spent $4,500 in building a dam and repairing two dams that already existed on the stream. Three ponds were thus created—the upper one containing seven acres, the middle one containing three acres and the lower one containing five acres. Each pond was cleaned out and the bottom sloped toward the creek, which naturally ran through them to the river, and at the outlet of the lower pond screens were put in so as to prevent the fish from passing out until, in the judgment of the Commission, it was best for them to do so. The outlet of the lower pond is but a few hundred feet from the river itself, and the ponds are located about ten miles from the mouth of the river. An average of 3,000,000 fry are annually placed in the three ponds, and are fed with crushed crackers. The fry are held until the latter part of October, when they would naturally run down the river to the sea, and the gates are then raised, and the contents of the three ponds are released. By this time the shad are from two and one-half to four inches long, and are strong and active fish. Good results were obtained from this experiment within three years after the ponds were first drawn off, and in 1904 the fishermen caught 172,000 large shad as compared with a catch of but 18,000 a few years before.

"In correspondence with our Secretary, Mr. E. Hart Geer, secretary of the Connecticut Commission, says, relative to this experiment: 'Prior to the establishment of the retaining ponds, the run of shad in the Connecticut River decreased each year, notwithstanding the millions of fry planted at various points. We have found in our experience that the fry are very susceptible to the slightest contamination of the water, and that when they have to pass through the water filled with sewage on their way to the sea, the result is fatal to them. By raising the fry to fingerlings, which at six or eight months old have grown to be two and one-half to six inches long, we find that they are abundantly able to stand the pollution of the water and to take care of themselves against their common enemies. We are confident that a supply of shad in the Connecticut River can be maintained only by placing the fry in ponds where they can be held until they are at least six months old. Every fisherman on our river recognizes this fact and appreciates the benefits which have followed the adoption of the plan.'

"It is my judgment, in view of this letter and the report made to me by our secretary, that we ought to try the experiment of rearing shad to the fingerling stage, and I very sincerely hope that the next Legislature will appreciate the situation and aid us by an adequate appropriation.

"Possibly in addition to the general contamination of the river, we will have to consider the inordinate use of nets at its mouth and the very great pollution which there exists. Nevertheless, if it is possible to overcome the factor of pollution, which in my judgment seems to be the most serious obstacle, we may be able by adopting the Connecticut method to restore to the Hudson River the valuable shad fisheries which of late years have entirely failed. Following is a table showing how extensively the State Commission and the U. S. Commission have stocked the Hudson River with shad fry during the past ten years.

	Fry from State Hatchery.	Fry from U.S. Commission.
1896	4,095,000	4,595,000
1897	3,018,000	7,125,000
1898	6,579,400	5,500,000
1899	2,113,800	11,470,000
1900	2,870,200	10,280,000
1901	4,806,600	13,156,000
1902	3,911,150	2,123,000
1903	3,119,900	.....
1904	1,518,500	3,000,000
1905	2,361,900	.....
	34,412,450	57,249,000

"These figures show a total plant during the ten years of 91,661,450 fry in good cindition. The records for twenty years prior to 1896 show that both the State and the United States Commission have given the Hudson River continuous attention and have planted millions upon millions of shad fry in its waters. But in spite of all this stocking the fisheries have each year become less and less in value, until at present they are a failure and show no signs of recovering."

This is a plain statement of facts, and the figures speak for themselves as to the constant attention which the Hudson River has had at the hands of the Commission. It remains to be said that the last Legislature did appropriate $5,000 to provide for shad rearing ponds and that, acting under instructions from Commissioner Whipple, an inspection of desirable sites was recently made by Deputy Commissioner Lawrence and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the State Fishculturist. A site has been selected and the work will be begun on the ponds very soon, if the property owners do not endeavor to get too high a price for the land that is needed, of which there is some danger.

John D. Whish, Secretary.

From the Beaverkill.

Beaverkill, N. Y., July 21.—Fishing is hard work these hot summer days, and the reward of labor is not usually great. Probably the wisest course to pursue is not to start out until after tea; the air is cooler and the dew soon begins to fall. A feeding trout may be seen here and there, and if the fly is put to them just right, it will probably be accepted. The casting line does not show up like a cable, as it does earlier in the afternoon, and the artificial fly is really like a natural insect on the surface of the stream.

On Thursday afternoon I caught first a good ducking in a heavy shower, then seven good trout (besides two 7-inchers, returned), and two fallfish. This I consider very good for the season, time and place.

Another thing, one's trout are appreciated when caught. Many people are extremely fond of them when well cooked, and we feel that we have offered some one a real treat when we bring home good fish. How different it is in the wilds of Maine and Canada! In those regions the only thing to do is to return one's trout to the water, except, perhaps, a few for camp use. When I arrived at Tim Pond, in Maine, red hot for a little fly-fishing, the camp keeper was disgusted with me for killing a dozen trout. He said, "Oh! why did you kill those fish? I had to bury seventy-five pounds this morning." After that I dragged a wooden box behind my boat, and after catching thirty or forty trout, I looked at them and returned them to the lake. Things were rather better at Big Island Pond. There the trout were larger and not so numerous, and I devoted my attention to catching specimen fish. These were kept alive, and if any one going out of the woods wished to take good trout home with him, he was usually glad to accept a few from me. When I left the lake I carried a very few trout with me, iced in a small box. What a nuisance those fish were, until at last they were confided to the steward of the Fall River Line boat and safely stowed away in cold storage.

A 2-pound trout here on the Beaverkill gives one more satisfaction, more real pleasure, than a 5-pounder would if taken in the Maine lakes. Surrounding conditions have much to do with one's sport. A big fish in one section of the country is small in another. Personally, I much prefer a large stream, with its still pools and rough waters, to any lake fishing, no matter how large the fish may be in the latter. I imagine that there are few streams in America more beautiful than the Beaverkill and Neversink. Both flow through fine valleys and afford the greatest variety of mountain scenery. The lover of small stream fishing can find his place on the upper waters, while lower they attain

to the size of small rivers and justify their names. They were never known os "creeks."

I am sorry for the man or woman who finds difficulty in killing time in the country in summer. With me the days fly by all too rapidly. A week is nothing, and we accomplish nothing of importance. The most important event is the occasional capture of an unusually large trout. There are big ones here. Be sure of that. I have reliable information of one which has its habitat not far away, which is said to be full two feet long. If so, it will weigh 5 pounds. Thank of that, my boy! Drop that everlasting business, and come and catch him (or her). Even if you kill nothing, you will be happy, and you will be sure to catch chubs. At least, I always do, and must say that it is somewhat disappointing to find that one has a big leather-mouth instead of a large, golden trout. Yet the so-called chub is something of a game fish. He rises at the fly and can put up a good fight. The largest I ever killed was 18 inches long; but I have heard of them up to 22 inches, and weighing 3 pounds. When I cannot take trout, I will catch chubs. THEODORE GORDON.

The Record Black Sea Bass.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a clipping copied from the New Orleans Picayune, which makes the claim that Captain J. T. McDonald, of Pass Christian, holds the world's record for "the largest black sea bass ever caught with a rod and line of which there is any record in the United States waters." The item reads:

"Pass Christian, Miss.—The accompanying illustration gives a correct idea of the size of the black bass caught at this place last Wednesday by Captain J. T. McDonald, of Pass Christian. In this illustration it will be seen that the fish towers above its captor, and when it is stated that Captain McDonald measures 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 200 pounds, the magnitude of the gamester hanging alongside him becomes apparent. This fish measured 8 feet 2½ inches in length and weighed 440 pounds. The rod, reel and line in the captain's hand is the tackle on which it was caught. It required over two hours of skillful and hard work to land the monster, because owing to the smallness of the line the greatest care had to be exercised, as only expert anglers are capable of doing. This is not only the first of its kind ever caught here, but is also the largest black sea bass ever caught with a rod and line of which there is any record in the United States waters."

I beg to call your attention to the fact that some three or four years ago I sent to your paper the measurements of a jewfish (black sea bass) larger than this caught by me about the middle of November at Tarpon, Tex. (Aransas Pass). The length of the fish was only 7 feet 3 inches; but its maximum girth was 5 feet 9 inches. Three days after it was caught it weighed 450 pounds. What it weighed when it was caught, I cannot say, for we had to send it some fifteen miles by sloop to Rockport to have it weighed. It is likely that its weight when caught was about 500 pounds. If the standard formula applies to jewfish, this is so; but perhaps it does not. I would like to hear about this from some of your readers who have both measured and weighed the jewfish. The length of mine was measured when the fish was in a horizontal position, and not after it was hung up (as such measurements are often erroneously made). J. A. L. WADDELL.

Fishing in the Mohawk.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last letter to you I was boasting that there had not been a case of song bird shooting this summer. But I thought it too good to last long. The turn came the other day when three Italians were arrested with robins and meadowlarks in their possession. They were fined $25 each and paid their fines. There have been some nice catches of pike in the river this summer. One was caught below the city last week that measured two feet from head to tail. Many black bass are taken but do not run very large. Quite a lot of sport is had below the State dam on the rifts catching chub; they rise to a fly as good as a trout, and put up a good fight. They run from three-quarters to one and a half pounds, and are very pretty to look at, but are too full of bones to make good eating. DORP.

SPECKLED TROUT OF LEMABIN RIVER.
Photo by A. St. J. Newberry.

Sea Lion Hunting in New York Bay.

WHILE Richard O'Toole, an orderly in the hospital at Ellis Island, was at work yesterday afternoon on the roof of the hospital building, his eye lighted on an object on the mud flats on the New Jersey shore, just west of the island. A second and more careful observation brought him to the conclusion that it was a live sea lion. O'Toole hastened to impart his discovery to Dr. Long, the house surgeon.

"We'll get that fellow," said the doctor, "for I'll bet it is the first one ever captured, dead or alive, in New York Harbor."

Organizing an emergency expedition, Dr. Long, accompanied by O'Toole and another orderly, "Bill" Bryan, set forth in a boat after a spear had been manufactured. A scalpel was bound to the end of a long pole used by O'Toole in cleaning windows. The boat grounded a few feet from the sea lion, still flopping violently, and apparently unaware of the approach of the adventurous hunters.

"Bill" Bryan, whose father had been a boat steerer in the old whaling days, was selected to do the killing. Grasping the improvised harpoon firmly, Bryan threw it with all his strength. It went straight as an arrow, and imbedded itself firmly in the middle of the target, but the expected furious death struggle was not seen. Then came the discovery. The supposed sea lion was a block of wood. The flippers that had deceived the hunters were pieces of planking held to the log by bolts. Seaweed and moss had made the deception complete, and even at a distance of a few feet appearances were deceptive.—New York Evening Post.

A Laurentian Trout.

OUR cover illustration is from a photo by Mr. E. N. Lawrence, of a speckled trout taken in the waters of the Laurentian Club's preserves in Canada. The fish weighed 3 pounds 4 ounces.

BREAKFAST IN CAMP
is nothing without coffee, and coffee is nothing without Cream. Ordinary cream is out of the question nine times out of ten, but Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream takes its place perfectly and keeps indefinitely until opened. It is unsweetened and has the natural cream flavor and color.—*Adv.*

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

26. Quincy, Y. R. A., Hull Bay.
26. Wollaston-Quincy, inter-club.
27. Quantuck, women's race.
27. Hingham, Y. R. A., Hull Bay.
28. Larchmont Y. R. A.
28. Boston, midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
28. Royal Canadian, 30, 25, 14ft. and dinghy classes.
28. Westhampton, Association race.
28. Wianno, club.
28. Hingham, O. D. C.
28. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
28. Wollaston, ladies'.
28. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
28. Hartford, open.
28. Cape May, power boats.
28. Cohasset.
28. Lynn, sail and power.
28. Winthrop, handicap.
28. American, Newburyport, dories.
28. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
28. Indian Harbor.
28. Rhode Island, rendezvous Newport.
28-Aug. 4. Edgewood, cruise.
28-Aug. 4. Rhode Island, cruise.
28-Aug. 4. Keystone, annual cruise.
29. American, Newburyport, cruise.
30. Boston, Y. R. A., Marblehead.
30. Newport.
31. Eastern, Marblehead.
31. East Gloucester, championship.

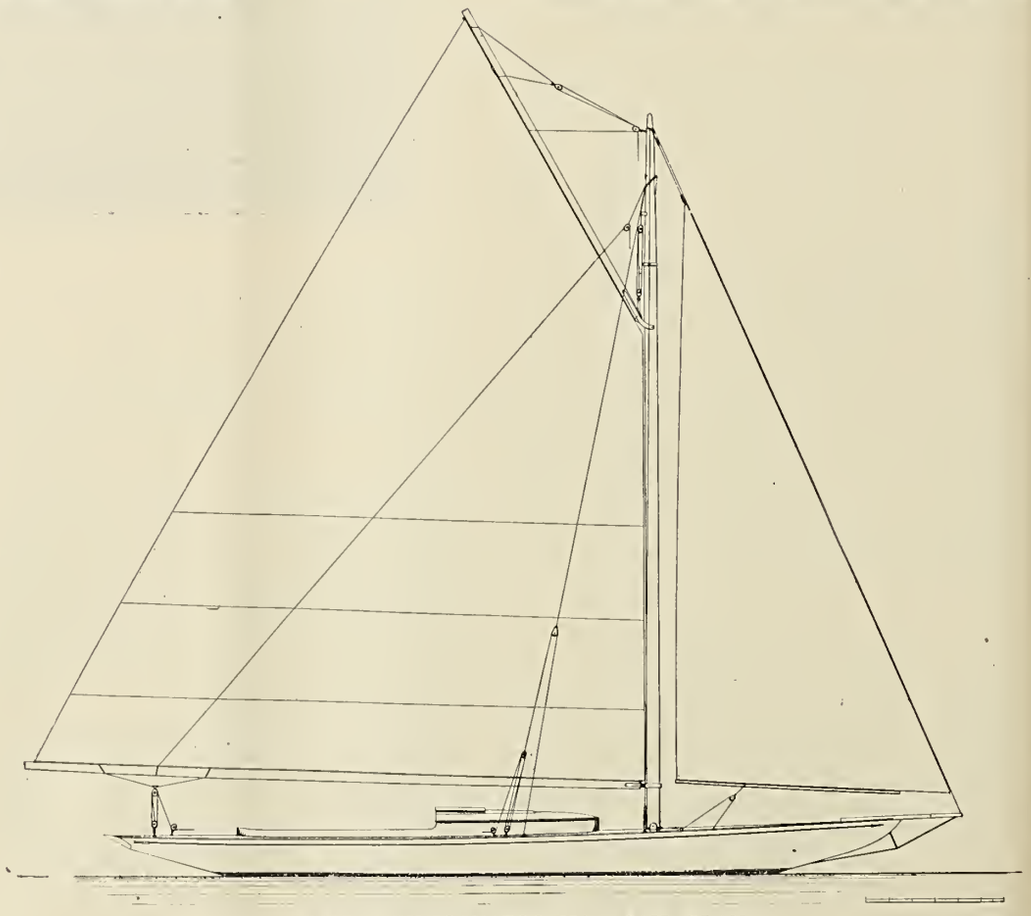
AUGUST.

1. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
1-2-3-4. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
2-3-4. Bay City, annual regatta.
2. New York, cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
3. Shinnecock, women's race.
3. New York, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
4. Marine and Field Club, championship race.
4. Quantuck, Association race.
4. Horseshoe Harbor, Corinthian of Stamford.
4. Royal Canadian.
4. Knickerbocker, annual cruise.
4. Wianno, club.
4. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
4. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Rochester, Brig's cup, A. P. B. A.
4. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
4. Stamford Corinthian, power boats.
4. Corinthian, Winthrop 18-footers.
4. Taunton, club run.
4. Cohasset, club.
4. New York, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
4. Indian Harbor, annual regatta.
4-5. Huguenot, club cruise.
5. Erie Basin, ladies' day.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., West Manchester.
6. New York, squadron run, New London to Newport.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., open.
6. Newport.
6-7-8-9. Tawas Beach (Mich.), annual regatta.
7. Manchester, open, Crowhurst cup.
7. New York, Astor cup, Newport.
7. Narragansett Y. R. A., rendezvous Newport.
7. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
8. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
8. East Gloucester, Y. R. A.
8. Newport, annual regatta.
8. New York, King's cup, Newport.
8. Newport, Carnival week, N. B. Y. R. A.
8-9.—East Gloucester Y. R. A., Gloucester.
8-19. Brooklyn, cruise, rendezvous Echo Bay, New Rochelle and Norwalk combined.
9. East Gloucester, open, Y. R. A.
9. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
9. New York, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard.
9-10-11. Shinnecock, Association races.
10. American, Newburyport, cruise to Annisquam.
10. New York fleet at Vineyard Haven.
10-11. Annisquam, Y. R. A., Annisquam.
11. Bensonhurst, championship race.
11. Huguenot, annual regatta.
11. Harlem, long distance race.
11. Huguenot, Bridgeport Y. R. A.
11. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
11. Keystone, special.
11. Wianno, club.
11. Hingham, Club.
11. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Wollaston, inter-club.
11. Cape May, power boats.
11. Lynn, sail and power boats.
11. Taunton, dories and power boats.
11. Cohasset, club.
11. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup
11. American, Newburyport, cruise.
11. New York, Vineyard to Newport and disband.
11. Rochester, N. Y., Fisher cup.
13. American, Newburyport, open.
13. Newport.
13-18. Eastern, German-American trials, Marblehead.
14. East Gloucester, championship.
15-18. Atlantic, race week.
17. Westhampton, women's race.
18. Pan-Quogue, Association race.
18. Stamford-Hartford, Manhasset Bay, cruising race.
18. Indian Harbor, handicap.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
18. Wianno, club.
18. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
18. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Cape May, power boats.
18. Corinthian, Stamford power boats.
18. Boston, Marblehead.
18. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
18. Cohasset, club.
19. Corinthian Union, union regatta.
19. Columbia, Mass., ladies' day.
19. Lynn, club run.
19. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
19. Newport.
20. Atlantic, open.
21. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
22. Moriches, women's race.
21-22-23. Gold challenge cup power boat races, Chippewa Bay.
23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.
25. Wianno, club.
25. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Wollaston, club championship.
25. Moriches, association race.
25. Cohasset, club.
25. Lynn, sail and power boats.
25. Hingham, club, Bayside.
25. Rhode Island, regatta, Potter's Cove.
25. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
25. American, Newburyport, dories.
26. South Boston, ladies' day.
27. Newport.
27-28-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., Provincetown.
28. East Gloucester, championship.
29. Quantuck, women's race.
29. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
30. New Bedford, Ricketson cups, South Dartmouth.
31 and Sept. 1. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
31. Pan-Quogue, women's race.
31. Beverly, open, off Mattapoisett.

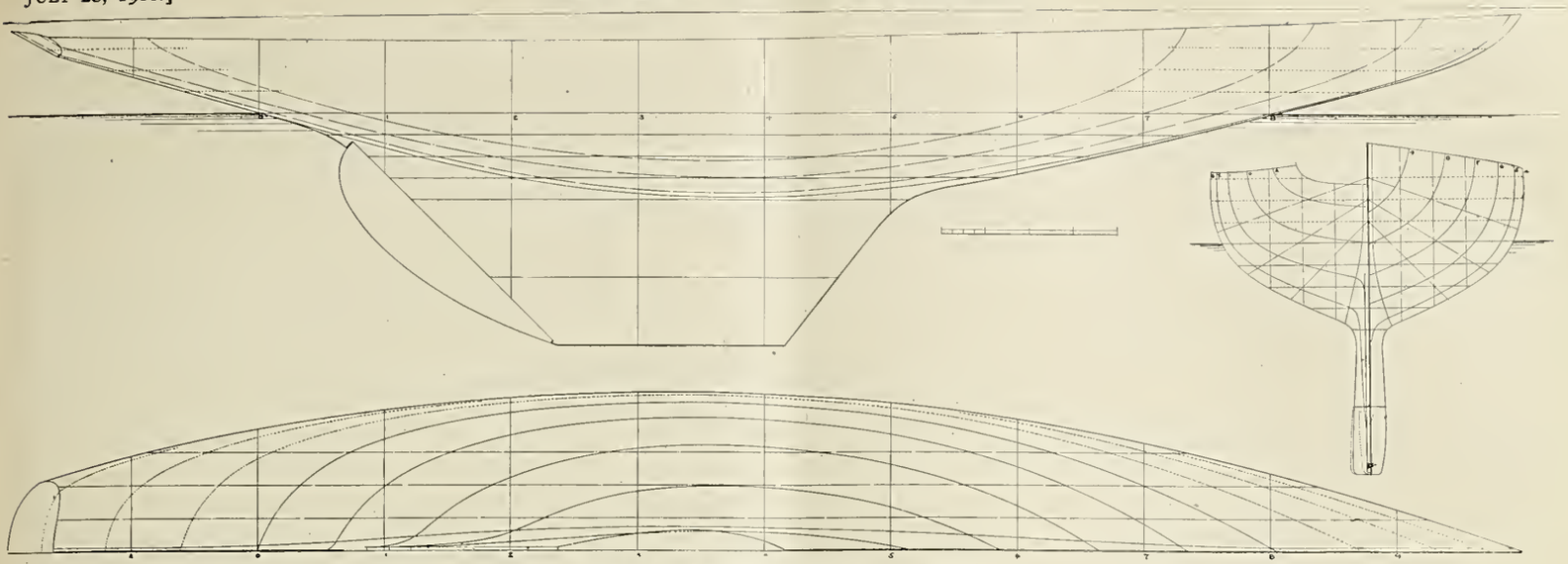
Mary, Ex-Cockatoo II.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Clinton H. Crane of the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, we publish the drawings of one of last years Q class boats for Gravesend Bay, designed for Mr. Hendon Chubb, Atlantic Y. C. The boat under Mr. Chubb's ownership was named Cockatoo II. and was built by the Marine Construction Co. at Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, who did good work on the hull. The Cockatoo's success was not very marked, but her standing was such that in a number of handicap races she was scratch boat, showing that she was less lucky than successful. Throughout the season her form improved and she was most satisfactory to her owner as an easily handled sailing boat that would work well in any weather. Last winter Mr. Max Grunder, Atlantic Y. C., purchased Cockatoo, changing her name to Mary, the name that all Mr. Grunder's boats have borne.

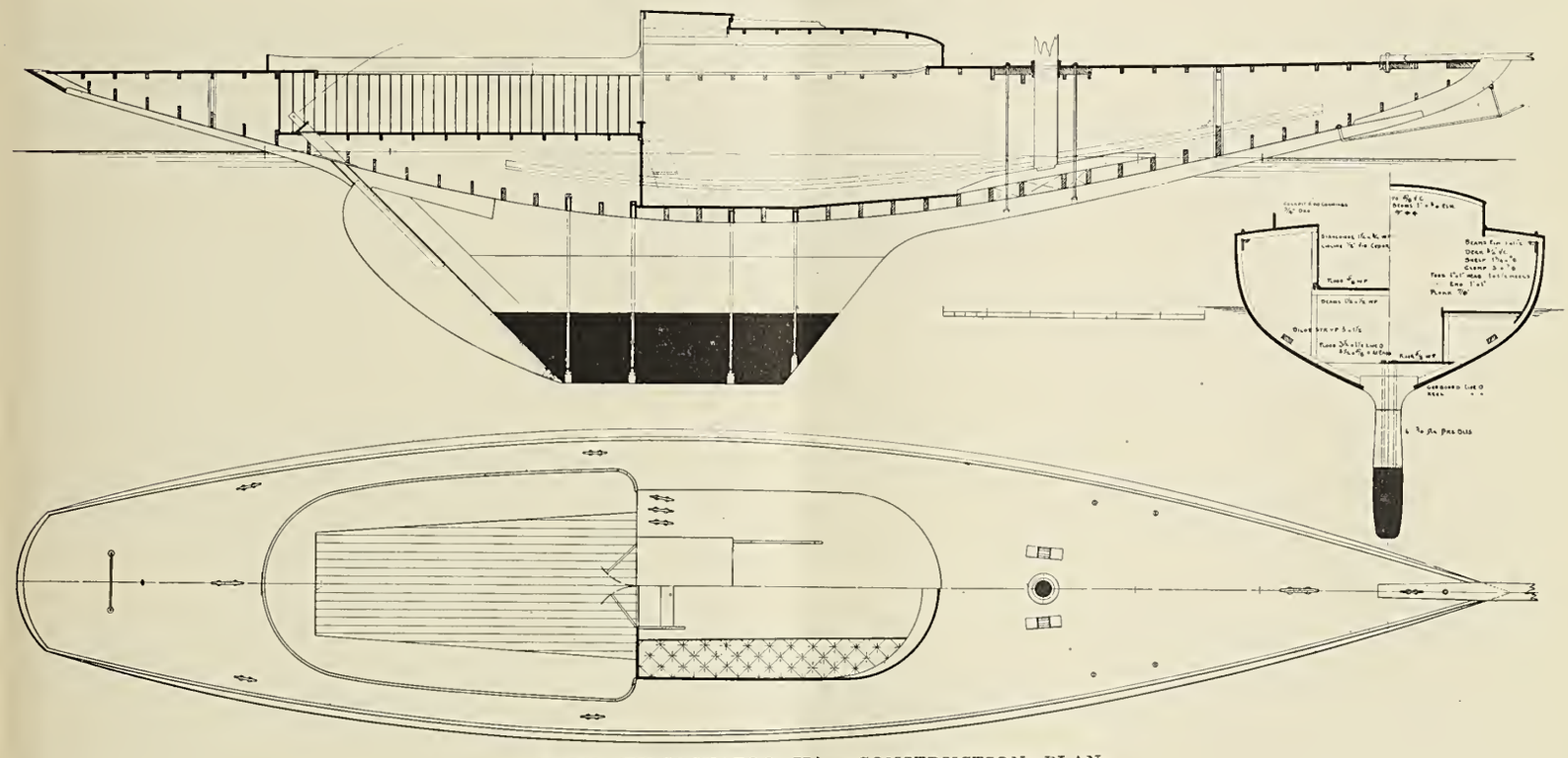
The plans of Cockatoo formed a very good basis on which to develop the two new boats Mr. Crane turned out this year for the same class: Soya, for Mr. Wm. A. Barstow, and Spider for Mr. Hendon Chubb. At this time when the Q class in Massachusetts Bay is being encouraged and for which Sir Thomas Lipton has presented a cup to be awarded to the owner winning it three times. The Q class of Gravesend Bay is most interesting, and it would be to the good of the sport and promote much good feeling, could the champions of the racing here and Massachusetts Bay have a sail off in the fall, in fact such has been rumored, and the least uncertain thing is an offer



MARY (EX-COCKATOO II.)—SAIL PLAN



MARY (EX-COCKATOO II.)—LINES.



MARY (EX-COCKATOO II.)—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

of a $500 cup to the winner irrespective of Sir Thomas's gift. This places the odds in favor of the Easterners, but that should not interfere with bringing off a contest among boats that are furnishing some of the finest racing.

The plans of Cockatoo show a very neat and well turned hull and one closely resembling in general form the famous Sound 21-footer Tartan that for so long has held her own. The fore body in the new Soya and Spider differ from Cockatoo, but the after body is the same. In a sea, Cockatoo has tendency to pound, which in rough waters certainly impedes somewhat her progress. The deck is laid out very much in the fashion popular in this size of boat. The construction is very simple, but amply strong to prevent leaking in the vicinity of the heel of the mast. The boat is very easy on her helm and handles well under all conditions. The scantlings called for single planking of cedar 7/8 finished over frames, 1in. by 1in. at the head by 1in. by 1½in. at the heels, spaced about 9in. cc. The keel is of live oak in order to help out the displacement on a limited weight of ballast of about 4,800 pounds. Cockatoo, and in fact, Soya and Spider are well adapted to their purpose and well turned boats, and can accommodate two or three men in the cabin for short cruises. The application of the new measurement rule produces a good small boat as exemplified in Mary, and one whose internal space may be adapted to such accommodations as the length of the boat will permit.

Mackinac Yacht Race.

Chicago, Ill., July 21.—The third annual race of the Chicago Y. C., from this harbor to Mackinac Island, and the first for the magnificent new $1,500 challenge cup offered as a permanent trophy for this, the sportiest event of the western yachting calendar, was won by the yawl Vanadis, owned by Rear-Com. George R. Steere, of the Chicago Y. C., and was sailed by his son L. R. Steere.

The race proved one of the most remarkable long distance events ever brought off in these waters, eight contestants out of the twelve that finished crossing the line within the space of less than one hour, while the smallest boat in the fleet, the yawl Naiad, finished within 4m. and 37s. of the time allowance. In other words, if she had finished 4m. 38s. sooner, she would have won the race on time allowance by a margin of 1s. Her time allowance for the 331 miles of the course allowed her by Vanadis, the winner, being 5:57:10.

The schooner class was won by Alice, on time allowance, Hawthorne, which made the actual fastest sailing time of any boat in the race, finishing ahead of her. Vencedor won the prize for sloops, which would have gone to Vanenna, together with the Mackinac cup, but for the hard luck that piled the big Cameron fin keel on Skilligalee reef when victory was well in hand.

Cameron has had the champion record of hard luck in this race. He had the first race won by miles, when, in jibing her, carried away his topmast, and the speedy Vencedor, his rival in the 52ft. class, passed him with all kites set in a hard southwester and won by 4m. This year he had a lead of 10 miles on the next boat, when he piled up on a reef in the same channel where he lost his topmast.

Dwight Lawrence's beautiful schooner Mistral, winner of last year's race, was in a commanding position to win when, in jibing to avoid running down Hawthorne in the narrow channel of Waubaschang Light, she carried away her spinnaker pole and wrecked all her running gear aloft. In spite of all this, she sailed the most exciting race with the Toledo yawl, Hussar II., owned by Commodore Affleck, of Toledo.

Thirteen boats started from here on the race Saturday, July 14. The five yawls went over first with Vanadis first over the line. So closely did they get away, that scarcely 50s. elapsed between the first and last boat. The schooners went next, and Dwight Lawrence got Mistral over in record time. Then the five sloops. The wind was light from the E., and the boats laid a course direct for the island passage.

Sunday light and fluky winds scattered the fleet, but a squall rounded them up again, and when they were off North Manitou, Monday afternoon, seven of them were becalmed in the lee of the island. Squalls and a good stiff southwester followed them in, and they finished in a rain storm.

Vanadis, the winner, is an auxiliary yawl, built six years ago by William J. Starr, of Eau Claire, Wis. She is 61ft. over all and 46ft. waterline. She was built off Mr. Starr's own designs and under his personal supervision. She is a model cruising yacht, and has never been raced before, as Mr. Starr has always been opposed to racing his own boats. At that time she was named Rosamond, after the owner's daughter, but it was one of the purchase conditions that Mr. Steere should change her name after purchase.

Vanadis was sailed by L. R. Steere, a son of Rear-Com. Steere, and a group of young college friends of the skipper. Mr. Steere, Jr., by the way, holds one of the few pilots' certificates issued to yachtsmen on the Great Lakes.

He gives much credit for the success of his boat to Mr. W. L. Aldrich, of his crew, whose long residence in the districts around Mackinac has given a good knowledge of the currents and air shift that prevail there.

Vanenna had the hardest luck of any craft in the fleet. After leading the entire bunch from North Manitou Island, the big sloop went aground off Skilligalee Light at 7:25 o'clock yesterday evening, with a 4h. lead on her nearest rival, and only 28 miles more to go. Vanenna stuck fast to the bar until after midnight, and when the crew finally succeeded in kedging the sloop off the reef, they had been left astern by eight of the contesting boats.

Skilligalee shoal is a "hoodoo" for Captain Cameron. It was off this point in 1904 that Vanenna, with victory in sight in the first of the classic Mackinac races, broke her topmast and thereby lost the race.

Vanenna came in ninth under double reefs, towing her dinghy. Skipper Price, of the big yawl Juanita, spoiled any chance he might have had of taking a prize, by making his mooring at the finish under power. The judges had sealed the auxiliary engines of all the boats before the start, and the ruling was that any craft finishing with the seals broken, would be disqualified.

The prettiest finish of the race, from a spectacular point of view, was that between Hussar II., Toledo, Commodore Affleck's fine big yawl, and Dwight Lawrence's schooner Mistral. These craft raced beam to beam up the straits from Skilligalee Light to the finish, crossing the line 9s. apart, Hussar II. getting the first gun. The Toledo yawl showed that, as a heavy weather boat, there is nothing on Lake Michigan that can afford to give it time. Three times during the long run from Chicago, Commodore Affleck's craft, perfectly handled by his son "Ed," overhauled the fleet of racers, only to be dropped astern when the breeze fell away.

At one o'clock this morning, while rounding Wangeshank Light, 24 miles from here, Hussar II. was caught by a fierce squall from the northwest. The craft had her spinnaker and balloon jib flying at the time, and barely got the former in, without carrying away something. Skipper Affleck held to his balloon, and the big yawl ripped up the straits like a scared rabbit. When dawn broke, it was seen that the yawl had again overhauled the fleet, and it was then that the nip and tuck fight with Mistral began. Both Mistral and Hussar II. crawled up on the rest of the fleet under the impetus of the fine fresh breeze, but there was not time enough left to overhaul the leaders.

The turning point of the race came Monday forenoon. Vanenna, Juanita and Alice were southeast of Manitou Island, running close to shore. Here they became becalmed, with Vanenna in the lead by several miles. In the drifting match which followed, Alice, Juanita, Hawthorne, Mistral, Naiad and others came up almost abreast of Vanenna. Meanwhile Vanadis, close to the mainland, was taking advantage of a wind from the north, and by the best kind of handling, beat her way into the lead.

By noon, Vanenna had drifted into a breeze, and before the others got out of the doldrums, she had walked away, and was so far in the lead by 4 P. M., that even Vanadis, running second, could not pick her up with the aid of glasses. At this time, it looked as if nothing could stop Vanenna, but the others continued to struggle gamely, each figuring on second place. It was an hour after Vanenna had caught the wind that the others got out of the pocket.

There was now a fair breeze from the west, and Naniwa, Vencedor and Juanita assumed a closely contested lead over the fleet, with the exception of Vanenna, which was still lost to view in advance.

Meanwhile, the race judges were huddled under a tent on the sandy beach here. Rain came down in torrents. Shortly before 4 o'clock this morning, as the sun was struggling to surmount the mist and clouds, a signal flash went up a few miles out in the straits. A few minutes later, a second flash was seen, and the judges, to show the course, answered by firing a salute of one gun. Presently the yawl Vanadis was made out. The crowd on shore sent up a cheer, which was answered from the yawl.

"Good," remarked Skipper Steere. "We get second money," and he swept his glasses round, looking for the supposed winner, Vanenna, which had met her fate on Skilligalee shoal.

Hawthorne, with Skipper "Tommy" Atkin at the stick, made the best elapsed time of the race, negotiating the course in 62:04:01.

This evening, the yachtsmen were the guests of the Chicago Y. C. at a smoker, when the prizes were awarded. Several of the boats remain here for a few days, while others will return home after being overhauled. Summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vanadis	62 07 06	60 04 10
Naiad	68 09 33	60 08 47
Alice	62 25 06	61 09 26
Hawthorne	62 04 38	61 32 47
Vencedor	62 41 01	61 38 13
Mistral	62 35 19	61 51 22
Hussar II.	62 45 10	61 59 38
Naniwa	67 28 02	62 12 30
Juanita	62 35 39½	62 29 24½
Acadia	67 58 16	62 32 37
Neva	62 46 31½	62 46 03½
Vanenna	64 18 05	65 46 13
Widsith	Withdrew at Grand Haven	

Order of finish by classes:
Yawls—Vanadis, Naiad, Hussar II., Acadia.
Schooners—Alice, Hawthorne, Mistral.
Sloops—Vencedor, Naniwa, Neva, Vanenna.

J. M. HANDLEY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

HOLLIS BURGESS has sold the sloop yacht Sagamore, owned by Eugene N. Foss, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to Howard D. Briggs and Alfred K. Potter of Providence, R. I. Sagamore is a very handsome Lawley built cruising sloop, originally built for Thomas W. Lawson of Boston.

He has sold the sloop Setsu, owned by Samuel W. Levis and Fritz B. Talbot, of Brookline, Mass., to W. A. Green of Cambridge, Mass. Setsu will be used at Northeast Harbor, Maine, and will be raced against Opitsah V., which has recently gone to Isleboro, Maine.

He has also sold the sloop Moslem, owned by John Tyler, of Brookline, Mass., to Joseph DeF. Junkin, of Philadelphia, and the sloop Nibelung, owned by Augustus P. Loring, of Boston, to R. D. Weston-Smith, of Boston.

He has also chartered the steam yacht Wild Goose, owned by Herbert H. White, of Brookline, Mass., to the Boston Y. C., to be used as the judges' boat during the annual cruise of the club to Five Islands, Maine.

THE MARINE CONSTRUCTION CO.—The Marine Construction Co. for some months has been under successful operation under the management of Mr. Ralph Derr, lessee of the plant. The yard for this time of the year is busy, and a number of jobs are being finished. The sloop Syce, designed by William Gardner in 1902, for Mr. Cyrus Field Judson, is at the yard. Syce is now owned by Mr. E. S. Riess, who has chartered the boat to Mr. R. E. Smith. The lead keel has been removed, and a new one of iron fitted, and other repairs are being effected to put the boat in good condition.

The launch from the designs of Swazey, Raymond & Page, of Boston, for Mr. William C. Redfield, of New York, is launched and will be delivered in a few days. This boat has been named Elmer, and is fitted with two 18 horsepower Standard engines. The launch will on completion proceed to Northport, Me., where Mr. Redfield spends the summer. The firm is building two 30ft. open launches for Government inspection at Charlestown, South Carolina. Both these boats are to be fitted with 12 horse-power Standard engines. A launch 20ft. long is nearly finished for Mr. Chas. S. Whiting. The boat will be fitted with a 15 horse-power Rathbun Lacey engine. A number of boats are also undergoing repairs and alterations.

Mr. Frank L. St. John, of New York Y. C., has purchased the Seawanhaka one design knockabout Mayita, from Mr. W. E. Douglass, for use on his houseboat Marjorie ex-Rancocas, through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city.

Com. F. H. Waldorf, of the New Rochelle Y. C., has purchased the auxiliary yawl Bohemian from Mr. E. A. Doyle, of Lynn, Mass., through the same agency.

Mr. Seaman also reports the sale of the auxiliary yawl Yonondio for Mr. A. A. Spadone, of New York city, to Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Philadelphia, Pa.

NORMONA CHARTERED.—Mr. Paul C. Thebaud, New York Y. C., has chartered his auxiliary ketch Normona to Mr. Henry C. Ward, also of the New York Y. C. Mr. Thebaud and family are going to Europe. Normona was designed by Mr. R. M. Munroe and built by A. C. Brown & Son, Tottenville, N. Y., in 1903. She is over all 83ft., waterline 71ft. 10in., breadth 22ft. 3in., on a draft of 3ft. 10in. The yacht is fitted with 30 horse-power Standard motor.

LAUNCH FOR MR. HAVENS.—A few days ago the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., launched from their works a twin-screw gasolene launch, which was named La Mascotte III., to the order of Mr. F. C. Havens, New York Y. C. The yacht was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, who has turned out many very successful launches of this type. The dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 84ft.; waterline, 75ft. 9in.; breadth, 13ft., and draft, 3ft. 6in. The engines consist of two 80 horse-power motors, which will give the boat a speed of over 15 miles per hour. The interior arrangement consists of a pilot house forward, with a large dining saloon aft. Next to the saloon on either side are located two staterooms, with bathrooms. Still further aft, connected with a central passage to the saloon, is the engine room, galley and crew space. Mr. Havens will use the boat on the Sound at his summer home, located at Sag Harbor, Long Island.

YEAR BOOK NEW YORK Y. C.—We have received from the secretary of the New York Y. C., Mr. Geo. A. Cormack, the year book of the club for 1906. The book is very similar to last year's, which was so well made, but contents have been revised and brought up to date. The membership shows in the neighborhood of 2,400 names. Of the yachts there are 620 vessels in the fleet—66 schooners, 160 single-masted vessels and yawls, and 392 steamers and power vessels.

LARCHMONT RACE WEEK.—Last Saturday, the first day's racing of Larchmont race week, brought

out a fine fleet of yachts in all classes. The day was very disappointing, as early in the morning a fierce squall passed over, breaking the club flag pole a second time this summer. In the afternoon the wind was very light and fluky, and not very satisfactory for racing. The summary of the races for the week will be printed in full in our next issue.

Tarantula Breaks one of her Shafts.—The Tarantula, owned by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, New York Y. C., while proceeding from New York to Newport, at the eastern end of the Sound, broke her central propeller shaft. The yacht continued to Newport, where docking and repairs will be carried out.

Dixie Arrives at Galveston.—We reported sometime since the departure from New York of the power yacht Dixie, owned by Mr. R. Waverly Smith, for her home port. Dixie proceeded via the Hudson, canals, Great Lakes and down the Mississippi River, and on the 17th of July brought her long trip to an end at Galveston. The yacht was built by the Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne.

The Ideal and the Real.

Notes of a Cruise to Acadie.

BY B. H. W.

(*Continued from page* 105.)

Before we had gotten the sails tied up and everything snug a dirty yellow sandbar had appeared ahead, sticking up its back some 5 or 6ft. This grew and grew until it was, at low tide, a 40ft. mound, and only one in a maze of others that towered above us on all sides. The tide dropped until 8 o'clock, when there was only a foot to spare under our keel, and the banks of the swift running sluice in which we lay had dried out to within a couple of hundred feet on either side. Aside from the sluiceway, which could be traced a little distance, there was no water in sight from the mast head. Then a breaking ripple came swiftly up the channel, and the flood was coming in. As the water rose over the bars to the west of us the sea again made up.

The gigantic shifting bars over which we would have to sail to reach the basin behind Salter's Point on the Shubenacadie had a chastening effect on the skipper's ambition, and when, to the difficulties of navigation was added a black, cloudy night with low barometer (29.64) and a stiff westerly gale, sleep and Maitland both seemed out of the question. Then the light at Salter's Point, the guide to Maitland, a red lantern on a pole, after flickering for a time disappeared, apparently blown out by the heavy wind and was not relighted.

At slackwater at 2:15 A. M. we did not dare to attempt Maitland, and not wishing to be caught where we were for another tide, got our anchor with much difficulty, and with close-reefed mainsail, which was all we could stagger under, beat out through the blackness by compass and watch until we could see the Burncoat Light, and at dawn were past Economy Point and in the deeper water of the lower bay.

After a most exhilarating sail over a steep, vicious sea, practically one big rip, we reached the mouth of the Avon an hour after low water and made our way in to the anchorage at Hanceport. Barometer 29.96.

The next time the skipper tries this beautiful but vicious little bit of water it will be in a steamer. The bay is most beautiful. The coloring in many delicate shades of brilliant green and red, the ever-changing cloud and mist effects, the wonderful "atmosphere," the unusual slopes of island and cliff, and the swift-rushing yellow waters are charming, but, because of the enormous tides and tidal currents which have to be most closely observed, and the absence of any but high-tide harbors, life in a small boat becomes at times just a bit too strenuous for pleasure.

The range for Hanceport Channel anchorage, as given on the chart, is no longer correct, and if followed will have you high and dry at low water. The correct range at the present time is

ACADIA, THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

a white steeple bearing about S. by E. ¼ E., in line with, or a little clear of, a wooded point on the west bank of the river, with Hanceport wharf bearing W. to S.W. This will give you 2 fathoms at low water, but after you have anchored, go ashore and make sure of your position. The red tides of the river, rising here some 48ft., run in and out at the anchorage with a 4 to 5-knot speed, but the holding ground is good and the waters are sheltered.

Hanceport was formerly a shipbuilding center, but now this glory has departed. At its single wharf big schooners and barges lie aground at low water and load with lumber. Run upon a rude platform at high tide they are left high and dry, ready for coppering or painting, so that no dry dock or railway is needed for repairs.

The village is a snug little town of two score or so of houses which seem to be peopled mostly by ancient and retired ship captains. There is considerable wealth for a Nova Scotia town, the Churchills, large ship owners, being one of the wealthiest families of Nova Scotia. But all lead the simple life.

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dykes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides, * * *
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose * * *" —Evangeline.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

The coloring of the country about the Avon is beautifully clear and brilliant. The roses and poppies seem redder and the violets more blue than in our own more favored climate.

From Hanceport westward, a road winds some 10 miles between, well kept and cleanly tilled farms with fertile meadows and oat fields and thriving apple orchards to Grand Pré, the home of Evangeline.

Save the few decrepit willows left at the edge of the reclaimed meadows and an occasional old poplar, standing prim and aloof from its neighbors, there is little trace left of the Acadians. The street and houses of the French village have long been obliterated. The site of what may have been the forge of Basil is marked, and from it you look out over the meadows of the dyked land to the distant yellow shallows off the mouth of the Gaspereau and beyond to the softened purple outlines of Blomidon.

There is no doubt of the beauty of the land or of the fertility of the soil. The contrast—like that of an oasis in a desert—is heightened by the poverty of the barren, spruce-sprinkled ledges of the fog-soaked coast of Fundy and the granite and underbrush of the interior.

To picture the old conditions, now so thoroughly effaced, you must look back along the years and then, if your vision is keen, you may see the villagers, the winding street and the houses straggling along toward the river mouth. You can easily realize how the Acadians must have prized their home and how and why they so stubbornly kept up their hopeless fight against the English. On the Avon, 7 miles above Hanceport, is the town of Windsor and across the land, less than two hours by rail, is Halifax.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tri-Club Cruise.

LAST Friday the cruise of the combined fleets of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the Atlantic Y. C. came to an end at Newport. The yachts had gathered at Oyster Bay over Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday, July 16, the fleet took its departure for Morris Cove. The attendance of yachts was very gratifying, and the boats entering on port-to-port runs was of chief interest by the presence of the meetings of this year's new boats. The second day's run was from Morris Cove to New London. Queen withdrew and left the cruise for an overhaul prior to Larchmont race week. Effort reversed the previous day's performance by beating Irolita.

The third day the run was made from New London to Shelter Island. The race was very interesting, and it was the only day on which the yachts had any windward work, and they had 12 miles of it, beating up Gardiner's Bay. Irolita and Effort had a close fight, Effort ultimately winning by a small margin. Sue, Mr. Luckenbach's 30-footer, beat the actual time of Invader, in covering the course.

The fourth day of the cruise was passed at Shelter Island, where arrangements had been made to stay over. Water sports were held during the day and a clambake. The evening was devoted to dinners and balls.

The fifth day, and the last one of the cruise, the course was from Shelter Island to Newport. The day brought fog and mist from S.W., with a light breeze. Irolita was again defeated by Effort, which had outsailed every yacht in the fleet. Effort started in tow at once for Larchmont.

The success of the cruise was most agreeable to its promoters, the weather having been good, with good breezes. The fleets disbanded on Friday night, and the cruise came to an end. The summaries of the races are appended:

FIRST DAY, JULY 16—OYSTER BAY TO MORRIS COVE.

Schooners—Class A—Start 10:00—Course 29 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Invader, Roy A. Radney	2 30 09	4 30 09

Schooners—Class B—Start, 10:00—Course 29 Miles.

Queen, J. Rogers Maxwell	2 23 32	4 23 32
Lasca, E. P. Doremus	2 30 11	4 30 11
Savarona, C. H. Clark	2 36 10	4 36 10

Corrected times: Lasca 4.21.29; Queen 4.23.32; Savarona 4.26.16. Lasca wins by 2m. 2s. from Queen.

Schooners—Class E—Start 10:00—Course 29 Miles.

Loyal, Gibson Putzel	2 45 41	5 05 41
Quickstep, E. B. Havens	2 46 21	5 06 21
Andromeda, C. W. Nason	2 47 58	5 07 58
Clarissa, E. K. Price	2 50 06	5 10 06
Vigil, A. H. Chandler	2 55 15	5 15 15
Priscilla, F. R. Holsington	3 20 42	5 40 42
Fenella, J. G. Meehan	3 25 04	5 45 04

Corrected times: Quickstep 5.06.21; Andromeda 5.03.02; Vigil 4.59.11; Priscilla, Clarissa, Fenella and Loyal, not rated. Vigil wins by 3m. 51s. from Andromeda and 7m. 10s. from Fanella.

Sloops—Class J—Start 9:50—Course 29 Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	2 31 29	4 41 59
Irolita, E. W. Clarke. Jr.	2 32 48	4 42 48

Corrected times: Effort 4.41.59; Irolita 4.38.52. Irolita defeats Effort 3m. 6s.

Sloops—Class I—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Athlon, J. B. Probst	2 56 00	5 26 09
Cleona, G. Bullock	3 01 37	5 31 37

Sloops—Class M—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Mirth II., G. and J. W. Beekman	2 55 45	5 25 45
Rondinella, F. H. Davol	3 00 48	5 30 48
Pellegrina, R. Toland	3 03 58	5 33 58

Sloops—Class N—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	3 08 15	5 38 15
Gypsy, A. A. Fowler	3 15 38	5 45 38

Corrected time on Vivian II., 5.38.15, and Gypsy not rated.

Sloops—Class P—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	3 06 11	5 36 11
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 12 31	5 42 31
Tabasco, W. H. Henry	3 12 41	5 42 41
Regina, F. G. Stewart	3 13 25	5 43 25

Sue wins by 6m. 20s., as corrected time is the same as elapsed time.

Sloops—Class B—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert	Not timed.

American Dory Class—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Tantoz, G. G. Fry	Not timed.
Faraway, A. R. Fry	Not timed.

Yawls—Start 9:30—Course 29 Miles.

Selnada, J. Fred Ackerman	2 53 34	5 18 34
Lotowana, E. E. Malcolm	3 08 15	5 33 15
Melody	3 16 40	5 41 40
Zenobia, C. K. Eaton	3 26 41	5 51 41
Onana, C. H. Eagle	3 28 18	5 53 18
Flying Cloud, G. Loughlin	3 36 50	6 01 50
Kraken, M. Hathaway	Did not finish.	

Corrected time: Selnada 5.18.34; Lotowana 4.46.26. Onana, Kraken, Flying Cloud, Melody, not rated. Lotowana defeats Selnada 32m. 8s.

SECOND DAY—MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Class A—Schooners—Start 8:30—Course 40 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Invader, R. A. Rainey	1 22 15	4 52 15

Class B—Schooners—Start 8:30—Course 40 Miles.

Lasca, R. P. Doremus	1 36 26	5 06 26
Savarona, C. H. Clark, Jr.	1 45 55	5 15 55

Class E—Schooners—Start 8:10—Course 40 Miles.

Quickstep, E. B. Havens	1 46 03	5 36 03
Andromeda, C. W. Nason	1 24 45	5 15 45
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	1 41 34	5 31 34
Clarissa, E. K. Price	1 36 47	5 26 47
Loyal, Gibson Putzel	1 39 47	5 29 47
Fanella, J. G. Meehan	2 35 36	6 25 36

Class D—Schooners—Start 8:10—Course 40 Miles.

Vigil, A. N. Chandler	1 48 27	5 38 27

Class J—Sloops—Start 8:20—Course 40 Miles.

Irolita, E. W. Clark	1 50 43	5 30 43
Effort, F. M. Smith	1 43 38	5 23 38

Sloops—48ft. Class—Start 8:00—Course 40 Miles.

Athlon, J. D. Probsy	1 26 36	5 26 36
Cleona, George Bullock	1 35 21	5 35 21

Yawls—Start 8:05—Course 40 Miles.

Paladin	2 12 25	6 07 25
Selnada, J. F. Ackerman	1 57 10	5 52 10
Lotowana, E. E. Malcolm	2 40 34	6 35 34
Circe	2 14 32	6 09 32
Tern, John Hyslop	2 30 07	6 25 07
Flying Cloud, James Loughlin	2 36 24	6 31 24
Narkeeta, Dr. Hare	2 02 32	5 57 32

Sloops—40ft. Class—Start 8:00—Course 40 Miles.

Mirth II., J. W. Beekman	1 50 06	5 50 06
Pellegrina, R. Toland	1 48 27	5 48 27

Sloops—40ft. Class—Start 8:00—Course 40 Miles.

Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	2 20 57	6 20 57
Gypsy, A. A. Fowler	2 30 27	6 30 27

Sloops—27ft. Class—Start 8:00—Course 40 Miles.

Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	2 24 46	6 24 46
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 10 13	6 10 13
Tabasco, W. B. Henry	2 32 27	6 32 27
Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 33 00	6 33 09

THIRD DAY—NEW LONDON TO SHELTER ISLAND.

Schooners—Class A—Start 10:30—Course 16 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Invader, Roy S. Rainey	3 12 02	4 42 02

Schooners—ClassB—Start 10:30—Course 16 Miles.

Lasca, R. P. Doremus	3 19 10	4 49 10
Savarona, C. H. Clark, Jr.	3 50 29	5 20 29
Crusader II., S. L. Husted, Jr.	3 16 21	4 46 21

Corrected time: Savarona 5.19.40. Crusader II. beats Lasca 2m. 40s.

Schooners—Class E—Start 10:10—Course 16 Miles.

Andromeda, C. W. Nason	4 01 10	5 51 10
Loyal, G. Putzel	3 07 03	4 57 03
Fenella, J. G. Meehan	Not timed.	
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	Not timed.	

Corrected time: Loyal 4.55.06. Loyal beats Andromeda, Fenella and Eclipse.

Schooners—Class D—Start 10:10—Course 16 Miles.

Vigil, A. N. Chandler	3 25 12	5 15 12

Sloops—Class J—Start 10:20—Course 16 Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	1 27 32	3 07 32
Irolita, E. W. Clarke	1 27 32	3 07 32

Corrected time: Irolita 3.11.07. Effort beats Irolita 3m. 35s.

Sloops—Class L—Start 10:00—Course 16 Miles.

Cleona, G. Bullock	2 48 06	4 48 06
Athlon, J. B. Probst	3 34 52	5 34 52

Cleona beats Athlon 46m. 46s.

Sloops—Class M—Start 10:00—Course 16 Miles.

Pellegrina, R. Toland	3 43 02	5 43 02

Sloops—Class N—Start 10:00—Course 16 Miles.

Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	2 32 58	4 32 58
Gypsy, O. O. Fowler	3 33 43	5 33 43

Vivian II. beats Gypsy 1h. 45s. elapsed time.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 10:00—Course 16 Miles.

Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 47 13	5 47 13
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	2 21 58	4 21 58
Tabasco, W. R. Henry	2 23 19	4 23 19
Regina, F. G. Stewart	3 56 11	5 56 11

Sue beats Tabasco 1m. 21s., Phryne 1h. 25m. 15s., and Regina 1h. 34m. 13s.

Yawls—Start 10:05—Course 16 Miles.

Lotowana, E. E. Malcolm	3 28 52	5 23 52
Selnada, J. F. Ackerman	3 26 11	5 21 11
Paladin	3 06 15	5 01 15
Flying Cloud, J. Loughlin	Did not finish.	
Tern, John Hyslop	Did not finish.	

Corrected time: Lotowana 4.58.02. Lotowana beats Paladin and Selnada.

SQUADRON RUN.

	Allowance.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Invader	Allows	4 42 02	4 42 02
Loyal	28 56	4 57 03	4 28 07
Effort	10 33	3 07 32	2 56 59
Lotowana	48 13	5 23 52	4 35 39
Sue	53 11	4 21 58	3 28 47

FOURTH DAY—AT SHELTER ISLAND.

Double gigs, with coxswain: Won by Savarona; dead heat between Crusader II. and Roy A. Rainey's Invader for second.

Single dinghies: Won by Lasca; C. Howard Clarke's Savarona second; Crusader II. third.

Large power launches: Won by Lasca; C. Howard Clarke's Savarona second; Loyal third.

Small power launches: Won by Walter Clark's Irolita; Thomas G. Paron's Hazel second; F. W. Tunnell's Ariel third; Dr. Hobart A. Hare's Narkeeta fourth.

FIFTH DAY—SHELTER ISLAND TO NEWPORT.

Schooners—Class A—Start, 9:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Invader, R. A. Rainey	4 44 31	7 44 31

Schooners—Class B—Start 9:00.

Lasca, R. P. Doremus	4 35 25	7 35 25
Savarona, C. H. Clark	4 33 10	7 33 10

Corrected time: Savarona 7.31.16; Savarona beats Lasca 4m. 9s.

Schooners—Class E—Start, 8:40.

Andromeda, C. W. Nason	4 51 09	8 11 09
Loyal, Gibson Putzel	4 56 23	8 16 23

Corrected time: Loyal 8.10.45. Loyal beats Andromeda 24s.

Schooners—Class EE—Start 8:40.

Vigil, A. N. Chandler	5 01 29	8 21 29

Sloops—Class J—Start 8:50.

Effort, F. M. Smith	4 24 17	7 34 17
Irolita, E. W. Clark	4 37 56	7 47 56

Corrected time: Irolita 7.41.42. Effort beats Irolita 7m. 25s.

Yawls—Start 8:35.

Selnada, J. F. Ackerman	5 34 13	8 09 13
Flying Cloud, J. Loughlin, Jr.	4 40 19	8 05 19
Circe, Charles Longstreth	4 44 20	8 09 20

The winner will depend on the measurements.

Sloops—Class N—Start 8:30.

Pellegrina, R. Toland	5 09 22	8 39 22
Gypsy, A. O. Fowler	5 29 57	8 59 57

Corrected time: Gypsy 8.58.00 Pellegrina beats Gypsy 20m. 3s.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 8:30.

Tabasco, W. E. Henery	5 25 50	8 55 50

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Saturday, July 21.

THE midsummer race of the Bensonhurst Y. C. at Gravesend Bay was not much of a racing event. Most of the boats had been taken up the Sound for the racing at Larchmont. The wind was southerly and very light. The times follow:

Yawls—Class P—Start 3:05—Course 12 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	5 54 50	2 49 50
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	6 28 10	3 23 10

Corrected time on La Cabana 3.18.10.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10—Course 8 Miles.

Quest, F. J. Havens	5 03 40	1 53 40
Mary, Max Grundner	5 19 05	2 09 05
Careless, R. Rummell	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class S—Start 3:50—Course 4 Miles.

Gamma, T. Platt	5 29 40	1 39 40
Beta, Snediker & Camp	5 30 48	1 40 48

Catboats—Start 3:53—Course 4 Miles.

Martha M., R. Moore	4 58 40	1 05 40
Cygnus, Dillingham & Goodman	5 29 47	1 36 47

Corrected time on Martha M., 1.04.27.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

July 14, No. 72 (A. 5123) Charles E. Annett, Bayonne, N. J.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—John L. McGuinness, Ridgewood, N. J., by U. M. Van Varick; George R. Stark, Kingsbridge, N. Y. City, by W. Stark, Jr.

Central Division.—Floyd F. Brown, Rochester, N. Y., by H. M. Stewart; E. A. Phillips, F. J. Lyons and V. G. Newall, all of Warren, Pa., and all by H. R. Ford; Edwin Yawger, Edgewood Park, Pa., by Alton Brown; E. R. Gibson and L. E. Ernst, both of Rochester, N. Y., and both by C. F. Wolters.

Eastern Division.—J. S. Gibson, Boston, Mass., by H. M. S. Aiken; F. T. Colby, Boston, Mass., by F. W. Nichols; G. O. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y., by H. L. Quick. Also the following by W. J. Ladd: J. T. Blany, Everett, Mass.; D. A. Bayne, Melrose, Mass.; W. J. E. Sander, Boston; C. H. Way, Malden, Mass.

Western Division.—C. N Smith, St. Louis, Mo., by P. D. Frazer.

IN MEMORIAM.

Atlantic Division: 3757, Charles E. Losee, July 8, 1906. F. G. MATHER, Treasurer.

U.M.C.

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July 27-28.—East Lexington, Mass.—Middlesex Gun Club shoot. Robert Smith, Chairman, 163 Washington St., Boston.
Aug. 2-3.—Dalton, O.—Annual tournament of Dalton G. C., Dalton, O. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 4.—Manchester, N. H.—Derryfield G. C. third match of interstate series for championship of New England. A. J. Reed, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. second Tri-County League shoot. E. M. Ludwick, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Indian annual pow-wow and tournament; added money, $1,000. Address Mallory Brothers.
Aug. 8-10.—Hamilton, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association's sixth annual tournament. W. P. Thompson, Sec'y-Treas.
*Aug. 8.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 18.—New Bedford, Mass.—Paskamansett G. C. shoot. E. G. Bullard, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Aug. 22.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. midsummer shoot and clambake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Aug. 10-11.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. Chas. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P. St. Bernard, O.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club has fixed upon Sept. 10 and 11 as dates for its fall tournament.

The programme of the West Virginia Gun Club second annual target tournament will have $100 added money.

The Paskamansett Gun Club, of New Bedford, Mass., has fixed upon Aug. 18 as the date for its midsummer tournament.

Secretary E. J. Burns announces an all-day tournament for the Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club, on Labor Day, Sept. 3.

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., claims Aug. 10 and 11 as dates for a tournament. The programmes will be ready for distribution in the near future. The Secretary is Chas. M. Hughes.

The contest for the English Hotel cup, July 21, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, was won by J. W. Wands, with a score of 89, to 83 by B. H. Moore. J. C. Dixon will contest for the cup on July 28.

The Seaside Gun Club, of Atlantic City, N. J., has fixed upon Sept. 7, and 8 for a target tournament, the profits of which are to go to the shooters. Information concerning it can be obtained of Mr. E. S. Johnson, Atlantic City; Mr. Luther J. Squier, Wilmington, Del., and Mr. Frank Lawrence, 312 Broadway, New York.

The Ossining, N. Y. Gun Club, midsummer shoot and clambake is provided with a programme of ten events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.30 and $1.40 entrance, class shooting. Competition will begin at 9:30 o'clock. High amateur averages, $10, $6 and $4. Bake ticket, $2, and those who enter for all the sweeps and fail to win their entrance will be presented with free bake tickets. Bake opens at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Arthur Gambell writes us as follows: "Will you please insert in your trapshooting fixtures the dates for our tournament, Sept. 25, 26 and 27. For information address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O. Our shoot will be given on the same lines as last year. All profits will be given to the shooters. There was enough last year to pay all the losses of those who shot through, even giving them their targets free."

The Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., has announced a programme of ten events for its second annual Labor Day tournament, Sept. 3. The events are at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 75 cents, $1, $1.50 and $2. Totals, 200 targets, $12 entrance, $50 added money. Three highest amateurs, $5, $3 and $2. Class shooting. Ship ammunition, prepaid, to Wm. H. Raub, Henderson street. For further information address E. F. Markley.

The third match of the Interstate series for the championship of New England is fixed to be held on the grounds of the Derryfield Gun Club, Manchester, N. H., Aug. 4. There are nine events on the programme, of which events 4 to 8 inclusive, 20 targets each, constitute the Interstate team match. To the five high guns, $25 will be divided. Shooting will begin at 9:30. Ship ammunition prepaid to A. J. Reed, Secretary, care Daniels Cornell Co.

The programme of Capt. James R. Malone's twelfth midsummer tournament, to be held at Betterton, Md., Aug. 27-30, is now ready for distribution. His address is 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore. Aug. 27 is practice day. Alternately 10 and 15 targets are provided, 50 cents and 75 cents entrance. Aug. 28 has a programme of twelve events, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, $1.30 and $1.40 entrance. Aug. 29, five events at 20 targets, $1.40; one at 25 targets, $1.50, and a four-man team race, 50 targets per man; first, $15; second, $10; third, $5; entrance price of targets. Aug. 30, six 20-target events, $1.40 entrance, and a special event at 100 targets, "for antiques, or those who have been shooting at the traps twenty years or more; entrance price of targets; purse divided among six highest scores; gold medal to highest individual score; lowest, a leather medal. Class shooting." Ship guns prepaid to John S. Owens, Betterton, Md. Entire profits of the shoot go to the amateurs who do not win their entrance. Sliding handicap.

The programme of the Interstate Association's first Western Handicap is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of the Secretary-Treasurer, Elmer E. Shaner, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, and A. E. McKenzie, President Denver Trap Club. It provides ten 20-target events on the first day, Aug. 21, $2 entrance; $50 added to each event. The second day has five 20-target events, same conditions as above, and the Preliminary Handicap, 100 targets, $7.50 entrance, $200 added, open to all. The third day has five 20-target events and the Western Handicap, 100 targets, $10 entrance, $400 added; open to all. The winner of first in each of the handicaps will receive a trophy in addition to first money. High guns will govern the handicap moneys. Ship guns, etc., prepaid, to the George Tritch Hardware Co., Denver. Reduced railroad rates have been arranged, the particulars of which are fully set forth in the programme. There is much other valuable information also therein concerning which every contestant should thoroughly post himself.

BERNARD WATERS.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

SATURDAY afternoon's shoot at the Columbus Gun Club, July 21, was the termination of a very good week of sport, with a number of interesting matches that were quite lively.

Mr. W. V. Baker has started out to scalp them all. He challenged Holman for a 25-bird race, and came out winner, 23 to 21. Then Shattuck came out and challenged the before-mentioned Baker for a 25-bird set-to, and Baker, not wishing to take any chances, very modestly busted 25 straight, and Shattuck could only find 22.

In the Peters trophy race, J. H. Smith and H. E. Smith tied with 44 out of 50. J. H. Smith and Shattuck each made one string of 25 each.

The Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 30 singles and 10 pairs, was won by Mr. Jacob Evans, who breaks a few bluerocks with a Winchester .22 rifle occasionally, to keep his eye good. Evans broke 43 out of 50 in the Hunter Arms Co. shoot.

A one-day tournament will be on at the Columbus Gun Club for Wednesday, Aug. 8, with $20 added average money. The programme will consist of eight 15 and four 20-target events. Four moneys, divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Chillicothe and Circleville clubs will be present, and a good time is expected; open to everybody, and all shoot from 16yds. Trade representatives shoot for targets only. A turtle dinner will be served at 12:30 P. M. Targets 45yds. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	30	20
Rhoads	19	20	18	20	..	..	25	17
Kirby	24	25	19	20	..	..	..	..
H E Smith	18	20	21	23	..	..	26	10
J Evans	19	20	..	..	..	..	27	16
J T Wells	20	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Al G Field	18	19	17	20	21	22	..	..
G Siebert	20	18	19	17	..	..	..	..
J H Smith	19	25	..	..	..	..	26	..
Buchanan	17	21	..	..	..	..	26	16
Shattuck	18	25	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kinderman	17	18	20	20	..	..	21	16
Weinman	24	..	..	..	..	..	24	8
Woodcock	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	10
Baker	25	23	21	22	..	..	..	..
Whisner	20	21	19	20	..	..	..	..
Helwig	18	19	19	21	..	..	..	..
Boyd	17	16	18	17	..	..	..	..
Eugene	21	20	19	22	..	..	..	..
Bell	19	21	20	19	..	..	..	..

The Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, 50 singles:

	Broke.	Per Cent.		Broke.	Per Cent.
Rhoads	38	76	Buchanan	38	76
Kirby	39	78	Shattuck	43	86
H E Smith	44	88	Field	31	62
J H Smith	44	88	Kinderman	24	48
J T Wells	42	84			

The Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 30 singles and 10 pairs:

Rhoads	42	84	Weinman	32	64
H E Smith	36	72	Buchanan	42	84
J H Smith	36	72	Kinderman	31	62
J Evans	43	86	Woodcock	34	68

FRED SHATTUCK, Sec'y.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 21.—Twenty-one members were in attendance at the shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club to-day. The badge and cup contests were the main events. Mr. Hopper won AA Class badge with 24, C. Barger won A Class with 24, Dr. McLeod won B Class with 21, and Dr. Burke won C Class with the elegant score of 23.

The cup shoot resulted in a tie between E. Reynolds and Mr. Hopper with 24 each. Mr. Reynolds won the shoot-off.

The members are all shooting well, and it takes pretty nearly a straight score to win. Reinecke was ineligible on account of having won two cups previously this year. He scored 25. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	15	25	10	25	15	25		
Hopper, 26	6	13	24	7	24	10	18	125	102
Eaton, 30	5	13	19	6	23	5	..	100	71
Wilson, 26	8	12	21	20	21	11	..	100	83
Suckow, 27	7	14	23	6	22	10	..	100	82
Reynolds, 21	..	10	20	..	24	..	19	90	72
McArthur, 27	8	12	20	7	20	13	..	125	100
Wootton, 26	..	14	23	..	23	..	..	90	80
McLeod, 27	7	12	21	7	19	..	..	85	65
Reinecke, 25	8	12	21	7	25	12	..	100	85
C Barger, 27	7	12	24	..	..	..	..	50	45
Y Barger	5	9	16	7	..	..	..	60	39
Long	5	8	14	..	15	..	..	65	42
Hohn, 30	6	12	..	6	22	..	..	60	46
Cummings, 25	7	4	9	8	19	10	16	125	73
Burke, 31	6	9	23	6	16	13	..	100	73
Sinclair, 31	..	9	19	6	..	..	..	50	34
Garrett, 30	..	12	20	..	10	..	..	65	42
Hauck	..	7	15	7	..	9	..	65	38
Burgwaldt	..	..	19	..	17	..	..	50	36
Anderson	..	..	14	4	20	..	18	85	56
R E R's	..	..	..	9	21	11	..	50	41

Event 3 was the badge event. Event 5 was the cup event.

Paskamansett Gun Club.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., July 20.—Herewith find scores of shoot of July 19. We are going to hold our midsummer tournament Aug. 18. Shooting to start at 10:30 A. M.

The weather conditions were suitable, and some good scores were made. The summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Total.
Powel	10	14	10	15	10	14	9	13	95
Dring	6	11	7	13	10	12	5	13	77
Derby	8	14	10	13	8	14	9	15	91
Eggers	8	12	9	14	10	11	9	15	88
Dowd	6	8	7	13	4	12	6	10	66
Wyman	5	7	9	12	6	11	8	14	72
Henery	9	4	6	9	7	..	..	..	35
Phil Letendre	8	12	10	13	8	13	9	13	86
Chas Letendre	9	11	9	10	7	12	7	13	78
Knowles	..	..	..	4	10	4	12	5	10	45

Mr. Powel, of Newport, won a lap for the Hunter Arms Co. gold medal, breaking 52 out of 60; also a lap on the Laflin & Rand cup, breaking 49 out of 50. Philip Letendre won a lap on the Eggers cup, breaking 86 out of 100. George A. Eggers won a lap on the Bryant cup, breaking 88 out of 100.

The next shoot of the club will be held Aug. 2.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

There was a good attendance at the grounds on July 21. Aside from the oppressive heat, the conditions were good. In the Peters trophy contest sixteen men took part. Bonser and Ahlers tied for first on 55, and Fultz a close second with 53. In the practice events Fultz missed only one out of his last 50, and only three targets out of the last 100. On July 15 the following members shot their scores in the Peters contest: Gambell 55, Strauss 47, Pfeiffer 44, Tarbill 43. Shooting at 12 pairs of doubles on July 20, H. W. Kahler broke 19, Gambell 18, and Bonser 21. Ahlers and Pohlar shot a 100-target match on the 20th, for the price of the targets, the former winning by 97 to 88. Gambell, Pohlar, Ahlers and Bonser will attend the tournament at Wilmington on the 25th and 26th. Harry W. Kahler, of Davenport, Ia., who won high amateur average at the Ohio State shoot, is no longer an amateur. He joined the ranks of the professionals to-day, and will hereafter make his big scores with the Peters Cartridge Co.'s ammunition. Every one who has ever met him will wish him good luck in his new venture. Tuttle is doing good work since he started shooting again. To-day he broke 109 out of 125. The miner started to work on the grounds on the 20th, and expects to dig out a good many tons of lead. It is the same man who cleaned up the Indianapolis Gun Club's grounds.

Ohio Trap Notes.

The Here He Goes Gun Club team of nine men won the match with the Glen Airy Gun Club, shot on the former's grounds at Price Hill, Cincinnati, by a score of 500 to 253, each man shooting at 50 targets.

There was a large attendance at the shoot of the Columbus Gun Club on July 14, among the visitors being R. O. Heikes and J. R. Taylor. In the practice shooting two 25-target events, Heikes got 47, Taylor 45, Wood 44, Baker 44, Shattuck 44, Weinman 43, Morrell 42. Heikes was high man in the Hunter trophy contest at 30 singles and 10 pairs, with Taylor 45, Wood 44, H. E. Smith 39, Buchanan and J. H. Smith 37 each, Jesse Smith 28. Taylor led in the Peters trophy shoot with 48 out of 50. Heikes and Buchanan 46 each, the latter being high man of the club members.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on their grounds, above Dayton, Ky., on July 15, fifteen men taking part. There were four events at 15, two at 20 and two at 25 targets. Gould was high man with 104 out of 150, Stuart 91 out of 115, Hill 90 out of 150. Dea and Riley shot at 125 each and scored 85 and 68 respectively. The others shot at less than 100 targets.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the second series. McDonald won Class A on 23; Dr. Huff won Class B on 21; Herr won Class C on 8.

In the Dupont cup event, Thomas won Class A on 15; T. L. Smedes won Class B on 15; Herr won Class C on 10.

Mr. McDonald and Dr. Huff then chose up sides and shot two team matches. McDonald's team won both.

The day was quite hot, and the light bad; otherwise a good day for target shooting, there being but little wind. Attendance not so good as it should have been on such a day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	25	10	10	10	10
Stone	13	18	9	7	..	..
McDonald	14	23	9	10	10	7
Dr Meek	9	21	5	4	..	..
Thomas	15	16	7	7	..	..
A Smedes	11	15	9	7	9	9
T L Smedes	15	19	9	9	7	8
Eaton	11	20	7	7	..	..
Dr Huff	11	21	8	8	..	..
Dr Reynolds	10	19	8	10	..	..
Geotter	10	15	7	7	..	..
Herr	10	8	..	..	..	..
Swain	..	16	5	6	..	..

No. 1, Dupont cup. No. 2, trophy. Team race:

McDonald	10	Huff	7
Thomas	10	T Smedes	7
Herr	6	Dr Reynolds	8
Eaton	4	Dr Meek	6
A Smedes	9—39	Geotter	6—34

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

The new club at Danville, Ill., is progressing finely. There are weekly shoots and semi-monthly tournaments, and altogether the old and young are taking part with a vim that insures the long life of the club. At the last shoot there were present gentlemen from Homer, Ogden, Ridge Farm, Westville, Ill., and Attica, Ind. The close match for the day went to Rigles, first money, tied with Carson; second, McKinley and Fisher, while Kinningham took third.

Last Sunday, at the Great Western Park, Manning, Ia., John Feram won the powder trophy for the second time with 23 out of 25 from the 17yds. line. He shot at 100 for the day, scoring 93. G. A. Rober came close up with 92.4. Scores of the cup shoot at 25 targets: G. A. Rober 22, H. Hoffman 20, Breckenridge 20, Geo. Hessling 19, John Feram 23, H. Hansen 19, C. H. Reinholdt 10, P. Ohrt 22, Her. Hoffman 4, John Alberts 21, August Reimers 11, Jacob Ohde 13, Herman Vogt 13.

The second shoot in the series for the cups held by the Lake City Gun Club, at Madison, Wis., resulted in Dr. S. H. Chase winning first; Johnson second. In the powder cups C. H. Mayer broke 29 out of 30 and Mr. Ford was second. These shoots are so arranged as

to take up the season. The third shoot will take place July 26.

There was a fair attendance at the gun club grounds Sunday week at Sauk Rapids, Mich. New members are coming in and arrangements are being made to publish the scores, which will boost the game.

Mrs. Tautlinger, a lady formerly hailing from Pinestone, Minn., is now styled champion lady trapshot. She was a teacher at her home school, with tastes and inclinations toward the literary, but fate carved out her career, and to-day as Mrs. Tautlinger, she is giving rifle exhibitions. Her husband, since his boyhood, has been a fine shot, and when he captured the "school marm," he, like Topperwein, set about teaching her to manipulate the trigger of the little .22. This lady is a Sioux Indian princess, having had bestowed upon her the beautiful name "Chan-Ku-Ta-Win," meaning little shooting girl.

News comes that the members of the Palestine, Tex., Gun Club, at a meeting, perfected their plans for a shoot to be held next month. The purses will be large, and that means the crowd will also be large.

Lovers of trapshooting at the city of Quincy, Ill., are elated over the report that they are to be treated to a high class tournament in the near future, at which many of the crack guns of the country are to compete.

Mr. Grise, of Quincy, Ill., is authority for the statement that Messrs. Zimmerman, Walker and others will attend the big shoot to be held by Budd and Whitney at Arnold's Park, Iowa. There they expect to meet John Burmeister and a lot of the Indians.

At the meeting held Tuesday at Marion, Ind., the officers of the new gun club were elected, as follows: W. V. Turpen, President; Harry Sheldon, Vice-President; H. C. McClellen, Secretary, and Tony George, Captain.

Under the most auspicious conditions, the eighth tournament of the Missouri and Kansas Trapshooters' League was held at Carthage, Mo., July 10. Harvey Dixon, of Oronoco, took first honors in the amateur class, and Ed. O'Brien in the professional ranks.

Mr. Robert H. Connerly, of Austin, Tex., won the high average at the Shreveport, Tex., shoot recently, beating the cracks from Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Mississippi. He carried away a gold cup, a Marlin rifle, a handsome pipe, and the best of the cash prizes.

A local writer says Fred C. Whitney and Charles G. Spencer gave an exhibition shoot at Ames, Ia., before a large crowd of sportsmen and enthusiasts. We all know about Charles Spencer, but who ever saw Whit at the traps?

George Lode won the trophy at the shoot held by the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., recently, by scoring 48 out of 50. F. Sander and L. Schneider scored 46 each.

Fred Bills was high man at the Parker Gun Club shoot, Milwaukee, recently, with 98 out of 100. Hammersmith was going some too, 96 was his portion. The Milwaukee clubs keep up practice regularly.

The secretary of the Duluth, Minn., Gun Club reports that there was a big crowd present at their shoot July 16, and many cracks were present who much enthused the onlookers by the way they smashed the targets into dust.

The Broadway Gun Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., held its first shoot recently. About six hundred people gave the boys a send-off. The best score was made by L. Baker, with Theodore Clark second.

Younger shooters are to have more chance to win prizes at the tournaments to be held at Walla Walla, Wash., under a rule adopted by the Sportsmen's Association at the last meeting. Young men who have figured themselves clean out of the money will now see their way clear to do something when the best men are handicapped, as they will be by distance. Others in all sections should no doubt find food for reflection in the rule that shooters making 90 per cent. and over shoot at 20yds.; 87 per cent., 19yds.; 84, 18yds.; 80, 17yds, and less at 16yds.

A fine exhibition of shooting was that of W. R. Crosby while at the city of Plainview, Wis., where he scored 144 out of 150. R. Mills was high amateur with 126, and won the medal. The tri-county badge, open to teams from Goodhue, Wabash and Dakota counties was won by Plainview.

In a shoot at Greenville, O., Secretary McCaughey led by breaking 73 out of 80 targets, and made 57 straight. Scores: McCaughey shot at 80, broke 73; Harpwell 75, 67; Limbert 50, 40; Baker, 50, 40; Lockwood 50, 29. The club holds regular shoots weekly.

The success that ladies meet with when they take up the art of shooting at the trap should encourage others. The exhibitions by Mrs. Topperwein are phenomenal.

The Chanute, Kans., Gun Club held their shoot as usual last week, with Dave Elliott, the well-known Kansas City man, as a visitor. Arrangements are now completed whereby the club will go to Neodesha for a shoot with that club. The scores: Mrs. Butler shot at 65, broke 59; F. Alexander 65, 59; Mr. Butler 60, 52; Dave Elliott, 60, 30; Winchester 50, 33; Graham 50, 37; W. Smith 50, 37; W. Smith 25, 15; Miller 25, 15.

Mr. Kirk made the best score Friday at the Iola, Kans., shoot with 84 out of 100. Other scores were: Brigham 59 out of 75; Allison 75 out of 100; Byron Burns 48 out of 75; Klein 64 out of 100; Sawdy 40 out of 50.

At the Vernal, Utah, shoot last week there were eight members present. Stanley Ashton won the medal with 20 out of 25 targets. This was his first win. Lyman Ashton won the second prize on a score of 18. Dr. Brownfield and Hirth 16; Hugh Colthrap and N. J. Meagher 15; Chas. Carter 13, and Hillman 10.

Sportsmen in Kansas have been able, under the law, to enjoy plover shooting since July 15; but they are asked to be careful about dove shooting, as that bird is protected until Aug. 1.

Doings at the weekly shoot of the Winona Gun Club on the banks of the Mississippi on Wednesday last were as follows: Dr. F. M. Norris made 92 out of 100; J. A. Gunderson 90, Dr. F. S. James 86, G. B. Stager 86.

The weekly shoot of the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club was well attended, considering that some of the members were away. Several new members faced the trap for the first time, and did well. Messrs. Johnson and Parker are shooting well, and they tied on 92 out of 100.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament And In All But One Event at Philadelphia.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP: Won by Dr. Gleason, G. Hansell second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE: Won by Lester German, W. M. Foord second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE: Won by W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

Winchester Victories Like Winchester Shells Are Up to Date

Mrs. Johnson came in for the Rietz Bros.' cup. Shepardson won Class C trophy. Callender, the cup. Tamechon won senior. Mr. Johnson the junior, and Shepardson the amateur medals. Scores, 100 targets: Johnson 92, Parker 92, Famachon 90, Mitchell 86, Kennedy 85, Shepardson 82, Johnson 82, Redgis 81, French 79, Schutz 78, Callender 77, Blythen 74, Campbell 70, Dickenson 48, Charles 58, Scherer 42, Crothy 42, Sander 24.

The gun clubs at Charles City, Ia., and the neighboring towns of Nova Springs, held a shooting contest last Thursday.

Charles G. Spencer, the shotgun expert, was in Le Mars, Ia., last week, and gave an exhibition at the traps which caused the visitors to be amazed at the manner in which he reduced the bluerocks to dust.

At the late shoot at Colfax, Ill., the home team won from Bloomington. Mr. James Prott broke the record with 37 straight. Shooting at 25 targets for the home practice, Harry Arnold broke 23, W. Blumenshine 21, J. Woods 20, J. Pratt 20, J. Carter 20.

The Cannons Falls, Minn., Gun Club held its shoot last Thursday. There will be a business meeting July 26.

Information comes that at a tournament held last week in Ohio, the targets were thrown so hard that many of the amateurs quit. So on the last day there were just seven professionals and seven amateurs shot through.

The Jefferson City, Mo., Gun Club is fast forging to the front. At the last meeting, Governor Falk and Secretary of State Swanger were elected members. Others were Fred Heintz, Ed. Rassen, A. N. Scaber, W. F. Rassen and James M. Houchin. The club has a medal, and every two weeks the shoot will be held. There was a time, though many years ago, when Jefferson City could muster enough shooters to hold the State tournament. That was in the good old days of the live bird. Missouri and the Western shooters may expect to be invited to a tournament there this fall.

The Havelock, Neb., Gun Club holds regular weekly shoots.

The Mishawaka Gun Club, South Bend, Ind., will hold regular shoot Sunday, and then a business meeting on Thursday.

In the ten-man team contest between Montclair and Newton, at Montclair, N. J., July 21, the Montclair team was victorious by a score of 207 to 201 out of a possible 250. A return match will be shot in September. Thirty-six contestants took part in the regular events of the tournament, and it was a gratifying success.

Interstate Association Eastern Handicap.

THE first Eastern Handicap of the Interstate Association, held under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa., July 17-19, was a success in every particular.

Four sets of traps afforded ample facilities for throwing the targets. They were under the expert supervision of Mr. Charles North and worked to perfection. On Monday, practice day, 8,850 targets were thrown. On Tuesday, 22,440. On Wednesday, 24,460. On Thursday, 20,855. A total of 76,605 targets for the four days.

Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, was cashier, and compiler of scores, and Mr. B. Elsessor, of York, Pa., was assistant. Both are experts in tournament office work. The clerks were Messrs. S. O. Granley and C. H. Holt, of Philadelphia. Bulletin board, W. B. Clemence, of Philadelphia. Ground manager, Tom Dailey, of Baltimore.

The trap competition and work was under the following:

Trap No. 1.—Referee, F. C. Schneider, Hokoben, N. J.; scorer, Sam Carey, Philadelphia, Pa.; hustler, R. C. McArdle, Wilmington, Del.

Trap No. 4.—Referee, D. N. Elwell; scorer, H. M. Leicht; hustler, C. H. Hardt, all of Philadelphia.

Trap No. 3.—Referee, John Hack; scorer, W. Van Sane; hustler, Harry Reed; all of Philadelphia.

Trap No. 2.—Referee, Lewis Jorey, Baltimore; scorer, J. Hoffman, Baltimore; hustler, Gus Obrecht, Baltimore. Messenger, George Gobel III., Philadelphia.

The Handicap Committee members were Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Chairman; Dr. Geo. Goebel, of Philadelphia, and Mr. B. Waters, of New York. The handicapping was received with modest approval in general, and some distinct disapproval in particular, which is sufficient reward for the members' trouble, and quite as much as any reasonable committee should expect. The most glaring error of the committee, according to the critics, was in the matter of the handicap, 16yds., allotted Mr. Geo. Hansell, of Lebanon, Pa., in the Preliminary Handicap. It was maintained by many that he was a 19yd. shooter in such competition. The absurdity of the irresponsible reviewers in this connection is evident on a brief analysis. First of all, he broke 94, a score which, in such a number and class of shooters, could reasonably be expected to be beaten by several contestants. In the second place, he was tied by a contestant, who shot from the 18yd. mark, and a tie is considered good handicapping. If there is anything in handicapping, then if Hansell had been put back one yard, he would not have tied; therefore, he could not possibly have made a winning score. Finally, he did not win the handicap, so that the multitude of irresponsible handicappers who foment discontent and achieve sage results by squinting edgewise, came to nothing. In the Eastern Handicap the handicappers considered that 20yds. was far enough back under the existing conditions, and as a consequence many shooters were given a yard nearer. Mr. Hansell, notwithstanding his good showing, was not placed at 19yds. The committee considered that 18yds. was plenty for him. However, it would be an interesting innovation to make all the handicaps precisely as the populace declares they should be made.

The grounds were all that could be desired. They are nearly level. The broad Delaware River forms the eastern boundary, thus the contestants face an open stretch of narrow field and broad water, with a sky background. While all the conditions appeared exceptionally favorable for good scores, the contestants found much difficulty in making them. The misses may have been due to the glare from the water, and consequent unevenness of light, or it may have been that the guns now and then were not pointed precisely right. The latter theory has served occasionally to explain misses which otherwise would ever remain inexplicable.

On Thursday, after the conclusion of the Eastern Handicap, the president of the Association, J. A. Haskell, presented the beautiful trophies to Dr. E. F. Gleason and Mr. Harvey McMurchy, respectively, winners of the Preliminary and Eastern handicaps. A large number of spectators, ladies and gentlemen, witnessed the presentation. Dr. Gleason was absent, and Mr. Brown, in his behalf graciously accepted it for him. The cheers which greeted Mr. McMurchy's brief speech of acceptance were an index of his great popularity. Cheers also were heartily given for Mr. Shaner.

The tournament ran smoothly without a hitch from start to finish. It ran so smoothly, indeed, that it seemed as if no supervision was necessary; but when it is considered that Mr. Starr, the compiler of scores, worked, with his assistant, Mr. Elsessor, nearly all night, every night of the tournament, squadding the contestants, figuring out the moneys, etc.; and that Mr. Shaner, also, in the general and particular supervision of the tournament affairs, had time to snatch only a wink of sleep in the early morning hours, it is self-evident that when a tournament is working smoothly, sone one has lost sleep in its preparation.

An excellent lunch at a reasonable price, was served on the grounds each day.

Two ladies participated in the sweepstakes, Mrs. M. Park, of Philadelphia, and Miss A. Ricker, of Lancaster.

July 17, First Day.

The programme consisted of twelve 15-target events, entrance $1.50. Manufacturers' agents shot for targets only. Every one stood at 16yds. Mr. W. R. Crosby was high for the day with a total of 170 out of 180. Mr. Luther J. Squier was second with 159.

A severe storm stopped the shooting from about 1:30 to 3 o'clock. The entire programme was completed nevertheless. Totals follow:

F M Eames	141	H R Bonser	152
W R Huttenlock	137	C Williams	163
G S McCarty	165	G Hansell	144
C E Mink	155	F W Moffett	148
H L David	153	C O Le Compte	158
F Le Noir	142	Ed Johnson	161
N Apgar	157	H Johnson	150
B F Smith	149	G Goebel	124
R Hudsdon	151	L Zanes	134
J M Hawkins	166	C B Platt	147
G L Lyon	163	C R Anderson	141
A M Hatcher	161	H W Kahler	162
C B Smith	157	J R Taylor	168
W H Reed	148	J H Noel	155
J A McKelvey	152	C A Young	155
Dr F M Edwards	162	J A R Elliott	158
T H Keller, Jr	127	R O Heikes	166
H H Stevens	160	H L Edgarton	149
H B Barr	133	D Y C Moore	139
S C Jocum	154	R H Gosman	139
H S Welles	158	E Stumm	152
A W Fulton	140	Dr Marcy	153
R C Derk	141	J A Smith	146
W Torpey	152	G Anderson	153
F A Godcharles	154	J Chalmers	149
W P Pfeifer	136	W Edmanson	146
P F Pflegar	152	N L Clarke	146
C H Newcomb	163	H O Garber	137
A Ballantine	155	E Ford	135
W C Bower	153	F Coleman	150
Ed Hickey	164	R Hendricks	147
H E Brown	151	John Brewer	159
J F Pratt	144	J Hunter	142
L Z Laurence	160	W R Crosby	170
Ed Banks	160	W A Hammond	140
L J Squier	169	M P Pealing	152
L S German	167	G H Hamlin	125
W M Foord	165	J S Speer	135
A B Richardson	155	H C Stackpole	144
J Martin	166	M Ballou	148
G H Piercy	168	G Fitzsimmons	134
W Hopkins	160	W Simon	128
G K Kouwenhoven	150	T D Hackett	158
J Hoffman	160	S L Spaulding	137
W R Winfree	163	A E Conley	160
C W Scott	139	E Hatfield	160
J B McHugh	151	G M Hillpot	114
W Huff	164	H McMurchy	163
E F Markley	152	A L Aumack	134
Nat Ressler	143	A W Money	120
V Williams	164	C B John	151
E M Ludwig	141	P Gallagher	147
S Trafford	151	D Upson	155
F Jebb	146	D W Hallam	90
J W Todd	153	W L Shaw	131
J E Crayton	156	J A Depew	138
W Walls	157	A E Sibbey	117
E H Storr	155	W Allison	135
J S Fanning	148		

	Shot at.	Brk.
A Smith	150	103
Miss A Ricker	120	76
P F duPont	120	72
J W Evans	120	88
P McAfee	120	89
J H Dwyster	120	77
J E Kirk	75	48
F Schilling	60	39
W Sterling	60	43
T Keller	60	46
I K Clark	60	42
P Archer	60	48
Bartlemaier	60	32
E B Garrigues	60	44
W W Page	30	21

July 18, Second Day.

The weather was clear, calm and uncomfortably warm. There was no perceptible breeze, hence it was a day which reasonably favored the expectation of high scores. Yet, considering the proved skill of many of the contestants, the scores were not high.

The programme consisted of six 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, and the Preliminary Handicap. In the sweeps, in which trade representatives were barred, 140 shooters participated. Out of the possible total of 90, Messrs. D. A. Upson and L. Z. Laurence broke 89 each. Mr. W. R. Crosby and L. S. German broke 88 each. Messrs. Walter Huff, J. A. R. Elliott, L. J. Squier, E. Johnson and G. S. McCarty broke 86 each.

The conditions of the Preliminary Handicap were: Open to all; 100 targets, unknown angles; $7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns; $100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy presented by the Interstate Association.

The Preliminary Handicap was won by Dr. E. F. Gleason, of the Boston, Mass., Athletic Association. He tied with Mr. G. Hansell, of Lebanon, Pa., on 94. Two shoot-offs at 20 targets were required to determine the winner. The handicaps were: Dr. Gleason 18yds., Hansell 16yds. The shoot-off took place on July 19, and was finished about noon.

Before the shoot-off Mr. Shaner announced that a bet made between the principals had been withdrawn. Mr. Shaner refereed the shoot-offs. In their first shoot-off each broke 17. In the second shoot-off the scores were: Gleason 20, Hansell 18. Each shot in excellent time.

The purse in the Preliminary Handicap was as follows: One hundred regular entries, at $5, or $550; eleven post entries at $8 each, $88; added money $100, making a total of $738. There were thirty-one moneys.

The winners were: First, E. F. Gleason, 94, $81.15; second, Geo. Hanscll, 94, $73.80.

The 92s received $62.70, and were A. B. Richardson, L. S. German.

The 91s received $47.95 each, and were J. A. R. Elliott and J. H. Noel.

The 90s received $29.50 each, and were L. Z. Laurence, R. Hadsdon and L. S. Eman.

The 89s received $20.50, and were J. R. Taylor, G. H. Piercy, Dr. Marcy and C. R. Anderson.

The 88s received $14.75, and were H. W. Kahler, W. M. Foord, E. H. Storr, C. H. Newcomb, J. E. Crayton, F. Le Noir, and G. S. McCarty.

The 87s received $8.00, and were, R. O. Heikes, C. O. Le Compte, D. Upson, Ed. Hickey, N. Apgar, A. E. Conley, W. H. Reed, W. Hopkins, J. A. Smith, L. Zanes and C. E. Mink.

	Hdp.	T'l.
J R Taylor	21	89
W R Crosby	21	84
W Huff	21	81
J A R Elliott	20	91
J M Hawkins	20	85
C Young	20	85
P F Pflegar	17	79
A Ballantine	17	80
C Meinert	17	67
H E Brown	17	80
F W Moffett	17	81
E B Smith	17	86

L J Squier	20	84	
R O Heikes	20	87	
C O Le Compte	20	87	
G S Lyon	20	85	
H W Kahler	20	88	
S Glover	19	75	
A B Richardson	19	92	
L S German	19	92	
D Upson	19	87	
Ed Hickley	19	87	
W M Foord	19	88	
A M Hatcher	19	83	
N Apgar	19	87	
G Piercy	19	89	
J Martin	19	85	
H McMurchy	19	81	
E H Storr	18	88	
J R Malone	18	68	
J H Moxley	18	83	
H S Welles	18	78	
F M Edwards	18	85	
W C Bower	18	85	
L Z Laurence	18	90	
A E Conley	18	87	
Ed Banks	18	86	
H R Bonser	18	84	
C H Newcomb	18	88	
H H Stevens	18	78	
F Coleman	18	85	
W R Winfree	18	86	
E F Gleason	18	94	
J E Crayton	18	88	
W Walls	18	86	
J S Fanning	18	80	
J Hoffman	18	81	
E O Hatfield	18	84	
E Johnson	18	83	
C Williams	18	77	
J McArdle	18	80	
W Torpey	18	75	
J L Brewer	18	79	
J L Skelly	18	32	
J Chalmers	17	79	
C France	17	63	
J Hunter	17	82	
T D Hackett	17	83	
W H Reed	17	87	
H L David	17	84	
S C Yocum	17	80	
R C Derk	17	86	
H L Edgarton	17	81	
F A Godcharles	17	71	
W T Spicer	17	86	
W A Wilnoski	17	81	
R Hodsdon	17	90	
A W Money	17	62	
J W Todd	17	86	
E F Markley	17	85	
Dr C J Moore	17	75	
J H Noel	17	91	
F Le Noir	17	88	
C B John	17	81	
G Kouw'nhouven	17	77	
W Hopkins	17	87	
C Stumm	17	83	
M Ballou	16	75	
Dr Marcey	16	89	
J A McKelvey	16	81	
T Keller, Jr	16	65	
J F Pratt	16	76	
W AHammond	16	82	
H A Stackpole	16	78	
J S Speer	16	86	
H B Barr	16	69	
A W Fulton	16	72	
A E Sibley	16	73	
G Hanscl	16	94	
F M Eames	16	76	
B F Smith	16	86	
F Powdrell	16	76	
E M Ludwick	16	84	
C R Anderson	16	89	
H Johnson	16	72	
C W Scott	16	83	
W Simon	16	78	
P Gallagher	16	76	
J A Depew	16	80	
W Allison	16	79	
J A Smith	16	87	
A S duPont	16	83	
H George	16	73	
J B McHugh	16	80	
C B Platt	16	74	
L Zanes	14	87	
E C Griffith	19	81	
W G Hearne	18	80	
C E Mink	18	87	
L S Eman	17	90	
G S McCarty	17	88	
R E Shearer	17	83	
H Ball	17	78	
W Huttenlock	16	84	
P F duPont	16	53	
A F Porter	16	71	
F L Spaulding	16	81	

Those who withdrew were as follows:

	Shot at.	Brk.
V Williams	60	44
L Smith	60	45
E A W Everett	30	18
J Speer	30	19

July 19, Third Day.

The forenoon was occupied in shooting off the six 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, which preceded the Handicap. In the sweeps Messrs. D. A. Upson and C. H. Newcomb broke 88 out of the possible 90.

The Eastern Handicap had the following conditions: Open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles; $10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns; $200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy presented by the Interstate Association.

The popular trade representative Mr. Harvey McMurchy won the Eastern Handicap with the score of 93. The numerous hearty handshakes and friendly congratulations bestowed on the victor afforded visible evidence that a favorite shooter had won. Messrs. H. R. Bonsor and C. A. Young were close seconds with 92.

The contest was keen, and of the twenty-three winners, the variation in scores was only from 88 to 93, as shown by the following list of winners:

Ninety-six regular entries at $8, or $768; five post entries, at $13, or $65; added money, $200; total $1,033.

The winners were: First, H. McMurchy, broke 93, received $134.25.

H. R. Bonser and C. A. Young broke 92, received $103.25 each.

C. H. Newcomb an ETAOIN SHRDLU bje0..;;NUN

G. Hansell and C. H. Newcomb broke 91, received $77.45 each.

J. M. Hawkins, D. A. Upson, L. Z. Laurence, E. H. Storr, H. E. Brown, Dr. Marcy and C. Williams broke 90 and received $45.70 each.

H. Johnson, G. L. Lyon and E. C. Griffith broke 89, and received $24.05 each.

J. A. R. Elliott, J. R. Taylor, W. R. Crosby, R. O. Heikes, L. S. German, W. G. Hearne, P. B. Pflegar and J. Chalmers broke 88, and received $18.05 each.

Events: / Targets:	Handi-cap.	1 15	2 15	3 15	4 15	5 20	6 20	Total.
J A R Elliott	20	14	15	10	13	19	17	88
J R Taylor	20	12	13	14	13	17	19	88
W R Crosby	20	14	12	15	12	18	17	88
R O Heikes	20	13	15	13	13	17	17	88
C O Le Compte	19	10	14	12	13	14	19	82
Dr Gleason	19	12	15	15	10	18	16	86
G L Lyon	19	12	15	15	14	16	17	89
L S German	19	12	14	10	13	20	19	88
A B Richardson	19	13	10	14	15	17	19	86
C A Young	19	14	15	14	12	20	17	92
W Huff	19	14	14	12	12	16	19	87
J M Hawkins	19	14	14	13	12	18	19	90
D A Upson	19	14	15	15	11	17	18	90
N Apgar	19	15	14	13	14	15	16	87
L J Squier	19	13	14	15	12	14	19	87
G H Piercy	19	12	13	13	11	19	17	85
E C Griffith	19	15	14	11	12	18	19	89
E H Storr	18	13	12	15	14	19	17	90
C E Mink	18	14	12	13	13	17	17	86
J E Crayton	18	12	13	15	11	15	13	79
F M Edwards	18	12	13	14	11	15	20	85
C H Newcomb	18	15	15	15	11	16	19	91
W R Winfree	18	12	13	13	14	15	19	86
J H Moxley	18	14	12	13	10	13	13	75

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: **497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.**

A M Hatcher	18	13	14	12	11	18	18	86
R C Derk	18	12	13	14	14	14	20	87
L Z Laurence	18	15	13	15	13	16	18	90
H McMurchy	18	15	15	14	14	16	19	93
L Hodsdon	18	13	13	12	12	15	15	80
W M Foord	18	12	15	13	12	16	18	86
Ed Hickey	18	14	9	12	15	16	17	83
Ed Banks	18	14	13	12	11	16	17	83
J Martin	18	11	12	13	13	15	18	82
G Hansell	18	13	12	15	14	17	20	91
H R Bonser	18	12	13	15	14	19	19	92
F Coleman	18	15	12	11	13	18	18	87
H S Welles	18	12	13	14	13	15	16	83
W C Bower	18	13	13	14	15	15	16	86
W Walls	18	14	12	12	12	14	16	80
H L David	17	13	14	12	10	18	19	86
H H Stevens	17	11	11	14	13	16	16	81
G S McCarty	17	14	15	15	13	11	16	84
E B Smith	17	12	12	13	12	15	13	77
W G Hearne	17	13	13	13	15	17	17	88
G E Greiff	17	11	11	15	14	16	14	81
J T Skelly	17	14	13	11	12	13	8	71
J H Noel	17	14	15	13	12	16	15	85
F B Stephenson	17	13	12	12	13	15	17	82
J S Fanning	17	12	12	14	9	18	15	80
H W Kahler	19	14	14	13	11	16	18	86
F Le Noir	17	12	13	13	11	15	16	80
J W Hoffman	17	14	13	9	10	17	16	79
F Muldoon	17	14	12	10	14	19	14	83
J L Brewer	17	11	11	15	13	17	16	83
Ed Johnson	17	14	15	10	12	17	15	83
W Hopkins	17	13	13	14	13	14	18	85
E F Markley	17	14	14	14	12	14	16	84
C R Anderson	17	12	12	13	13	13	18	81
L Zanes	17	11	13	14	9	16	18	81
J W Todd	17	14	14	12	12	16	17	85
A H Fox	17	12	13	15	14	13	17	84
J A Depew	16	10	14	12	9	13	10	68
G E Sibley	16	12	12	14	12	18	15	83
J A McKelvey	16	13	13	13	12	15	13	79
F A Godcharles	16	12	12	12	11	18	14	79
F M Eames	16	13	14	12	13	15	12	79
W Huttenlock	16	13	11	14	8	14	18	78
E Ford	16	14	12	13	9	16	17	81
H E Brown	16	15	12	14	14	17	18	90
J F Pratt	16	13	13	7	10	14	15	72
M Ballou	16	11	13	10	8	16	17	73
J S Speer	16	14	13	13	12	17	15	84
W A Hammond	16	12	14	13	14	18	16	87
D W Hallam	16	9	10	12	8	11	6	56
A Allison	16	12	14	14	12	17	17	86
B F Smith	16	12	12	10	11	15	17	86
O C Grinnell	16	13	15	12	14	17	16	87
A J duPont	16	10	13	11	8	17	18	77
P B Pflegar	16	12	15	11	12	18	20	88
F Powdrell	16	9	9	11	9	14	12	64
Harry Bell	16	13	13	15	13	14	16	84
S C Yocum	16	12	14	11	12	18	15	82
F W Moffett	16	12	11	11	11	16	16	77
J Chalmers	16	10	14	13	15	18	18	88
Dr Marcey	16	13	15	15	14	16	17	90
V Oliver	16	13	14	13	12	20	15	87
J D Hackett	16	13	13	12	10	20	19	87
H L Edgarton	16	10	15	11	12	16	17	81
D J C Moore	16	12	14	12	13	17	14	82
G K Kouwenhoven	16	10	14	11	13	16	19	83
W Simons	16	10	13	10	11	13	10	67
C Williams	16	14	14	14	15	15	18	90
A W Money	16	9	8	12	12	14	13	68
H Johnson	16	14	11	14	12	19	19	89
A W Fulton	16	7	13	11	10	15	17	73
H C Stackpole	16	13	14	14	12	16	15	84
J Bryan	16	10	10	7	8	15	17	65
J A Smith	16	12	15	14	10	14	18	83
J McArdle	17	9	14	15	9	16	16	79
A E Conley	18	14	12	12	14	16	17	85

Highest general averages were as follows: Amateurs:

W M Foord	335	C H Newcomb	335
L S German	340	G S McCarty	334

Professionals:

W R Crosby	344	L J Squier	340
L Z Laurence	341		

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 21.—The midsummer tournament of the Montclair Gun Club, which took place today, was very successful, some thirty-six marksmen being in attendance, besides a large number of visitors. Ten events, including a ten-man team race between the Newton and Montclair teams, were run off during the day.

The rain of the early forenoon delayed the programme somewhat, but when things were well underway, those present made up for the delay, and event after event was run off, so that by 4 o'clock the programme as originally scheduled, was completed.

Besides the ten or more visitors from Newton, most of whom came all the way from home by automobile, the Morristown and Orange clubs were represented by good-sized delegations. The trade was represented by Messrs. Fanning, Glover, Young, and Fessenden, who shot along for targets.

Event 1 was for practice only. Events 2 to 9 were all prize events, some thirty handsome silver prizes being distributed among Messrs. Bush, Colquitt, Von Lengerke, Allan, Woodward, Brown, Moffett, Wakely, Pierson, Cockefair, Brickner, Mosler and Trowbridge.

Of course, the team race was the cause of the greatest interest, the Newton team being the only one that had beaten Montclair on its own grounds during the league shoots of last year.

The scores, 207 to 201, while not high, were fairly good, the size of the team and time of year being considered.

A. R. Allan made the highest individual score in the event, he breaking 24 out of 25. He therefore was awarded the prize donated by the Montclair club for highest score in this event.

At the close of the shoot, Montclair was declared the winner and was awarded the handsome silver cup, the prize for this event.

The Montclair team will shoot a return match at Newton in September.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gardiner	..	13	13	15	12	..	..	..	..
Brown	5	11	11	12	15	11	..	..	..
Nott	7	14	12	12	11	11	14	13	..
Myer	7	9	7	11	11	..	..	..	..
Allan	9	13	13	15	14	14	14	..	..
Woodward	7	12	11	14	14	..	..	..	..
Cahrs	8	14	11	13	12	..	..	..	..
J Von Lengerke	10	12	12	13	13	14	..	..	..
Morford	8	11	9	9	9	..	..	..	..
Winslow	4	13	10	11	11	11	..	..	..
Babcock	..	11	11	12	11	..	..	..	..
Bush	7	14	14	13	10	14	14	14	..
Wood	7	11	10	13	12	..	..	..	..
Crow	4	10	10	13	10	..	..	..	..
Brickner	7	14	12	8	10	12	11	..	..
Colquitt	13	14	15	14	14	13	12	14	14
Fessenden	..	14	14	12	12	10	11	..	..
E Von Lengerke	7	13	13	13	11	12	..	..	..
Glover	..	8	14	12	9	12	..	..	13
Fanning	..	14	12	13	12	12	..	..	13
Young	..	13	12	14	14	13	13	14	15
Cornine	..	..	10	9	8	13	..	..	..
Kinney	..	..	10	14	11	14	..	..	..
Batten	..	..	11	12	12	..	..	..	..
Perley	..	9	15	14	12	..	..	..	..
Boxall	..	..	..	15	14	13	13	13	9
Howell	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..
Mosler	..	..	..	10	13	10	10	9	10
Parke	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..
Wakely	..	..	..	14	12	12	13	13	11
Moffett	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	..
Pierson	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	13	..
Trowbridge	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	11	7
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	14
S Cockefair	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13

Event 10, team race. ten men a side, 25 targets per man:

Montclair Gun Club.		Newton Gun Club.	
Colquitt	21	J Von Lengerke	22
Bush	21	Cahrs	18
Boxall	18	Brickner	23
Allan	24	Crow	19
Perley	22	Howell	19
Babcock	21	E Von Lengerke	17
Nott	22	Morford	22
Batten	17	Kinney	21
Moffett	23	Wood	18
Crane	18—207	Woodward	22—201

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

THE FIRST EASTERN HANDICAP

At the Inter-State Association Tournament, Philadelphia, July 17-19, was won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., score 93, and second honors were shared by Mr. Chas. A. Young, of Springfield, O., score 92, both using

Peters Factory Loaded Shells

Messrs. McMurchy and Young shot the "Ideal," loaded with Bulk Smokeless powder, a load which is so near perfection that it is simply beyond criticism. The "Premier," loaded with Dense Smokeless, is just as good—as are also the "Target" and "High Gun" medium grade shells for Bulk and Dense smokeless.

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CINCINNATI, O.

Camp Life in the Woods.

And the Tricks of Trapping and Trap Making. Containing hints on camp shelter, all the tricks and bait receipts of the trapper, the use of the traps, with instructions for the capture of all fur-bearing animals. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. Cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.00.

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The Story of a Prairie People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.75.

Mr. Grinnell has for years been on terms of intimacy with two of the three tribes which made up the great confederation known as the Blackfoot Nation, and having the confidence of the braves and wisest of the old men, he has penetrated deep into the secret history of the tribe.

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New York Office, 98 Chambers Street.

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS
"NEW SCHULTZE" and
"NEW E. C. Improved"

Won All The Honors At The Eastern Handicap Tournament

Philadelphia, Pa., July 17-19, 1906.

THE EASTERN HANDICAP, won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., shooting "NEW SCHULTZE."

THE PRELIMINARY HANDICAP, won by Dr. E. F. Gleason, of Boston, shooting "NEW SCHULTZE."

FIRST, SECOND and THIRD GENERAL AVERAGES.

THE LONG RUN of the Tournament—100 STRAIGHT—made by Mr. L. Z. Lawrence, shooting "INFALLIBLE."

FIVE out of SIX HIGH GUNS in the EASTERN HANDICAP used

LAFLIN & RAND BRANDS

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., July 19.—The club shoot was event 7 Messrs. Bergen and Schortemeier did not compete. Event 5 was at 21yds. Events 6 and 10 were at 5 pairs. Event 11, at 12 pair. Schorty shot a new 7lb. 4oz. gun. McKane shot a 16-gauge. Allowances were: Montanus 5, Williamson 6, Voorhies 5, McKane 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	10	15	25	15	10	24
Voorhies	11	13	19	17	5	7	18	20	11	6	13
McKane	12	7	19	14	..	5	18	..	..	..	..
Williamson	13	11	19	19	8	..	17	..	..	..	..
Montanus	8	9	17	20	7	8	14	21	5	6	13
Schorty	..	..	19	21	10	8	18	18	11	7	..
H Bergen	..	11	24	21	10	5	19	20	13	..	..
Pfaender	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..

Event 12, team race at 25 targets:

Voorhies	21	Bergen	24
McKane	20	Schorty	19
Montanus	17— 58	Williamson	16— 59

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 21.—In the qualifying contest for the English Hotel cup, J. W. Wands defeated P. H. Moore. Scores were as follows: Wands 89, Moore 83.

On Saturday, July 28, Dixon and Moore will contest.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	15	20	16	18	19	18
Michaelis	16	14	18	15	18	..
Wands	18	19	..	..	..	..
Comstock	16	18	18	15	16	16
Tripp	17	18	18	17	15	14
Griffith	17	14	14	17	15	14
Stanley	15	11	11	4	..	..
Gregory	18	15	17	18	..	..
Southern	15	18	18	16	15	..
Sandford	11	13	13	17	15	..
Partington	18	18	18	15	18	..
S H Moore	13	20	17	17	17	15
Miller	5	17	10	16	13	..
B H Moore	15	16	..	..	..	..
Daggett	15	13	14	17	13	..
Wildhack	16	15	17	17	20	..
Pfafflin	14	15	17	16	14	..
Dickman	18	18	15	16	16	..
Sam Hice	8	..	..	..	..	..
D C Morris	15	15	16	..	..	..
Nick Colon	11	15	16	12	12	..
D B Hill	19	17	9	12	10	..
J C Dixon	17	17	19	18	15	..
R Wilson	16	12	17	..	..	..
Churchman	4	..	..	..	..	..
Craig	16	12	..	..	..	..

For **85 STRAIGHT**

Years we have loaned money on Guns, Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.

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91 Park Row, - - - - New York City

One block above Brooklyn Bridge

Marlin

There is no more handy and satisfactory gun to have about the house than a *Marlin* .22 repeater. This rifle chambers all the different forms of .22 cartridges and can thus be cheaply used for the pleasure of target or small game shooting, and is at the same time quickly made serviceable as a long range rifle for such game as the fox, coon, badger, woodchuck, hawk, wild goose, etc.

The *Marlin* .22 has many superior features of construction which, with the chambering of different kinds of .22s, places it high in the estimation of small bore rifle users. No rifle but a *Marlin* has *Marlin* accuracy. That's good to think about when you order.

You will enjoy the real hunting stories in our "Experience Book." Free, for 3 stamps, with our 130-page Catalogue.

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"THE FINEST GUN IN THE WORLD"

Guaranteed to shoot all smokeless powders and **never shoot loose.**

Spiral top-lever and main-springs **guaranteed never to break.**

Fewer parts in its mechanism and these parts bigger and stronger than any other. The only double gun made in America that ever equalled the best imported makes in workmanship, balance, finish and all the fine points of gun-making that go to make up a strictly fine gun. See one before you buy. Made only by

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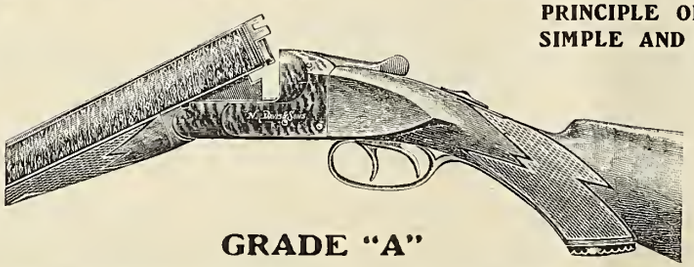
HIGH-GRADE MATERIAL

PRINCIPLE OF OPERATION SIMPLE AND RELIABLE

1853



1906

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THE KENTUCKY CHAMPION

Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, of Lexington,

WON THE GOLD MEDAL

at Olympian Springs, Ky., July 4, using

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO., 170 Broadway, New York.

DuPont Smokeless Wins

AT THE

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

OF 1906.

First, Second and Third Moneys in the Grand American Handicap.

The Preliminary Handicap.

The Professional Championship.

High Average for the entire programme.

High Amateur Average.

High Individual Score in the State Team Race.

The Long Run of the Tournament—139 straight.

USE DUPONT SMOKELESS

Sheets	10	11	..	..	..
Brown	19	19	..	..	..
Clark	16	12	..	..	..
Armstrong	15	12	13	..	..

SECRETARY.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

FOLLOWING Mr. Almy's fine pistol work of last week, Major Eddy warmed up his Colt military revolver with some good scores on his trip to Bristol Sunday, losing the bull but four times in thirty shots. Hot weather, storms and a general getting out of town for over Sunday gives us a light attendance at the Saturday shoots just now.

Plans are being made for the competitive shoot for the National Rifle Association medal on Labor Day, and in order to get the required distance of 200, 300 and 500 yards, some of the cranks will lay off a range at the country place of Mr. Norman, who is an enthusiastic member of the club and has an ideal site. The marking will of course be slow and crude, but as the number of entries will probable be limited to a little more than a half dozen, and the number of shots is but 21 per man, those interested anticipate a very pleasant shoot.

It will be for blood, for the medal is a handsome one, and the test will be a good showing of the ability of our boys with the military rifle. The 300 and 500 yard stages will be new to most of us, and the probable winner of the medal is already rumored.

Holmberg is putting in his time on the militia range at Attleboro, and endeavoring to qualify for the Wakefield team; Mayo is gathering together his data of practice shooting, while on the navy team; Gardiner has the slickest Krag in the outfit, but has had little or no practice. Almy is saying nothing, but sawing wood. Coulters and Hurlburt have found where to hold at 200 yards, and have an idea they will find the target occasionally at 500. The others are as yet uncertain on entries.

Messrs. Norman, Powell and Tibbetts will undoubtedly be in the run, and we believe the match will be one of the best we have had.

Quite a few of the members' wives and sisters have become interested in the sport of rifle and target revolver shooting, and have done more or less outside practice, it would appear from the way in which a few of them handled firearms at the special ladies' shoot last Wednesday evening. There was no stopping of ears or hysterics, but instead a look of grim determination on the faces of those who lined up at the firing points, and the results surprising to some of the members.

With the rifle Mrs. Mayo was high gun in the ladies' shoot, scoring 79 (10 shots, possible 100 points), with Mrs. Hurlburt runner up on 73, and Mrs. Munroe third with 72. This was close work, as the highest score for the evening was an 81, shot by Mr. Mayo.

In the revolver event, 5 shots, possible 50 points, Mrs. Mayo again took first honors, scoring 41, and as this was her first experience with a heavy army six-shooters, it looks as though the household could rest in safety from burglars. Secretary Hurlburt's score of 48 was high for the members' side, with Mr. Mayo second at 43.

These special ladies' shoots will be one of the club features from now on, and will add great interest to the liveliness of the local organization.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target: Wm. F. Eddy 90, 91, 86.

Saturday we had the usual storm, and but few of the men turned out. Scores ran very low, as follows:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target: E. C. Parkhurst 70, 75, 71, 72, 81, 78; A. C. Hurlburt 75; Wm. F. Eddy 75, 72 74, 74.

Military revolver, possible 50, 50yds.: Eddy 49, 50, 47, 44, 45, 46, 45.

Rifle, .22cal., Standard target, 50yds.: Sterry K. Luther 88, 80, 83, 77.

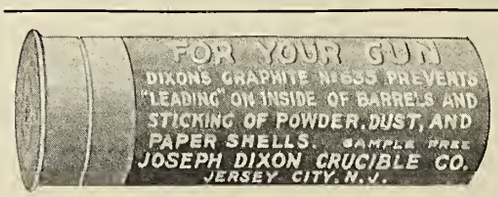
Rifle, ¼in. ring target, 25yds.: Fred S. Mayo, 238.

Military, Creedmoor target, 25yds.: C. H. Jeffords, Jr., 37, 35.

Revolver, Standard target, 20yds.: A. C. Hurlburt 84.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE Dayton Sharpshooters held their regular monthly cup contest on July 19, having ideal weather conditions and making scores well up to this year's average. There were fourteen entries in the cup race, 200yds., muzzle rest, 4 shots, possible 48, ring target, ½in. rings. For members only, five money prizes, beside the cup, Adolph Schwind and John Rappold tied for first on 107. In the first shoot-off they tied again on 20 out of a possible 24. In the second shoot-off Schwind won with 20 to 17. His score of 107 was 7 better than the score he won by last month. Other prize winners were: C. W. Sander 102, D. D. Bergk 101, Gus H. Sander 100. The free-for-all, 3 shots, possible 72, same distance and target, ten prizes, was won by Gus H. Sander, 65. Rappold and A. Schwind tied for second on 64, the former winning the shoot-off, 24 to 19. J. C. Hahne, J. Weinstein and J. Boehner tied on 62, the shoot-off resulting 22, 18, 14 respectively, and they took fourth, fifth and sixth prizes in order. C. W. Sander seventh, 60. D. D. Bergk and G. R. Decker tied on 59. In the shoot-off Bergk won eighth with 22, Decker taking ninth on 15, B. Mescher 58.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DIXONS GRAPHITE NO 635 PREVENTS
"LEADING" ON INSIDE OF BARRELS AND
STICKING OF POWDER, DUST, AND
PAPER SHELLS. SAMPLE FREE
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

The winners in the off-hand match, 200yds., 3 shots, possible 75, on ring target, with ¾in. rings, five prizes, were: G. R. Decker 66, J. C. Hahne 58, C. W. Sander 54, H. M. Carr 47, G. H. Sander 45. John Dohse has acted as cashier for many years, he and Andy Rist having filled the place for the past forty-three years. Rist died several years ago, and Dohse has made a faithful successor. The society has had but three cashiers since organization in 1863. Louis Heinz held the place a few months in that year.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot of this Association took place on July 15, when the following scores were made at 200yds., offhand, on German ring target. Nestler was champion of the day:

						Honor.
Nestler	221	218	217	215	211	66
Roberts	220	220	211	207	205	64
Hasenzahl	211	210	201	198	193	65
Freitag	210	205	199	195	193	60
Hofer	205	201	197	193	185	60
Trounstine	199	199	197	...	...	56
Allen	169	160	...	...	...	..
Le Comte	121	102	...	...	...	48

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Persons who wish to spend their vacations in the open air, and at the same time to see something of the ranch life of the West, will do well to consider what is offered by the famous 101 Ranch advertised by Miller Bros., Station P, Bliss, Okla. Here may be seen cattle, buffalo, Indians, and many of the things that pertain to the life of the old West now gone and largely forgotten. The Miller Bros. furnish horses, vehicles and good accommodations to their guests. They will be glad to answer any inquiries for particulars at the address given above.

The abundance of moose in the New Brunswick woods, which is well known to many of our big-game hunting readers, is pointed out again in the advertisement of the Tourist Association of St. John, N. B., Canada, which appears in another column. There are deer and caribou in New Brunswick, too; and of late years black bear hunting has become a recognized recreation. The Tourist Association is prepared to furnish persons who contemplate a trip to New Brunswick with full information about the country, together with the names of guides.

SUPERFLUOUS.

Sittin' underneath the sky, out in the summer air,
Didn't get a nibble, and I somehow didn't care.
Satisfied to get my share of weather that's so fine;
Didn't want to bother to be haulin' up a line.
Saw the sunbeams playin' on the water by the boat,
Heard the waves a-splashin' with a soft and lazy note;
Sort o' felt contented like I'd had my every wish,
'Cause when you go a-fishin'—why you don't need any fish.

Dozin' while you're driftin' and dreamin' through the day,
Listenin' to the callin' of the birds so far away;
Waitin' for the shadows to grow longer by the shore,
Givin' notice that there isn't time to fish much more.
Jes' a little hungry—a reminder now an' then,
That when the blessing's asked you'll be all ready for "Amen."
What I bring home won't feed us. But that ain't my favorite dish,
It's great to go a-fishin'—but you don't need any fish.
—Washington Star.

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

GRAND { American Handicap—score 99-100
Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

and is already well started on its

VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN OF 1906

AMATEURS SHOOTING LEFEVER
Won Kansas State Championship
Won Pennsylvania State Championship
Won Montana State Championship

Improve Your Score by Shooting Lefever Arms Co. Gun.

Send for catalogue.

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY, - Syracuse, N. Y.

DOLLAR for DOLLAR The PARKER GUN

Contains MORE VALUE and is HEAD and SHOULDERS

above all competitors. It costs more to make the **"Old Reliable,"** and it is a good investment for any man's money. Only and **Absolutely** the **Best** material and workmanship enter into its construction. We will be glad to give you any Gun Information you wish—good, every-day, common sense reasons why the best is cheapest and none too good for you.

PARKER BROTHERS, No. 31 Cherry Street, Meriden, Conn. New York Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.

395 out of a possible 400
Long, continuous Run Breaking without a miss (winning high average) **213**

195 out of a possible 200
Tulsa, I. T., May 7, 1906.
MR. ED. O'BRIEN made above scores.

MR. E. C. GRIFFITH, at Boston Shooting Association, April 21, 1906, broke (30 being at 20 yards)

147 out of a possible 150

At Watertown, Mass., May 5, 1906, in a team match, he

Broke all his birds, 100 straight

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER

AT THE SEA SHORE
Mennen's will give immediate relief from **prickly heat, chafing, sun-burn** and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.

Both Chose to Shoot

DEAD SHOT SMOKELESS

A New Bulk Powder for Shot Guns Only

Clean shooting, makes a perfect pattern, high velocity, safe, is unaffected by climate.

Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt, write to us. Write to us anyway, for booklet.

AMERICAN POWDER MILLS, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
ST. LOUIS, MO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Nebraska State Tournament, held at Lincoln, Neb., June 5, 6, 7, MR. ED. O'BRIEN won high average,

470 out of a possible 500

GEO. MACKIE, Scammon, Kan., won 2d high amateur average with

466 out of a possible 500

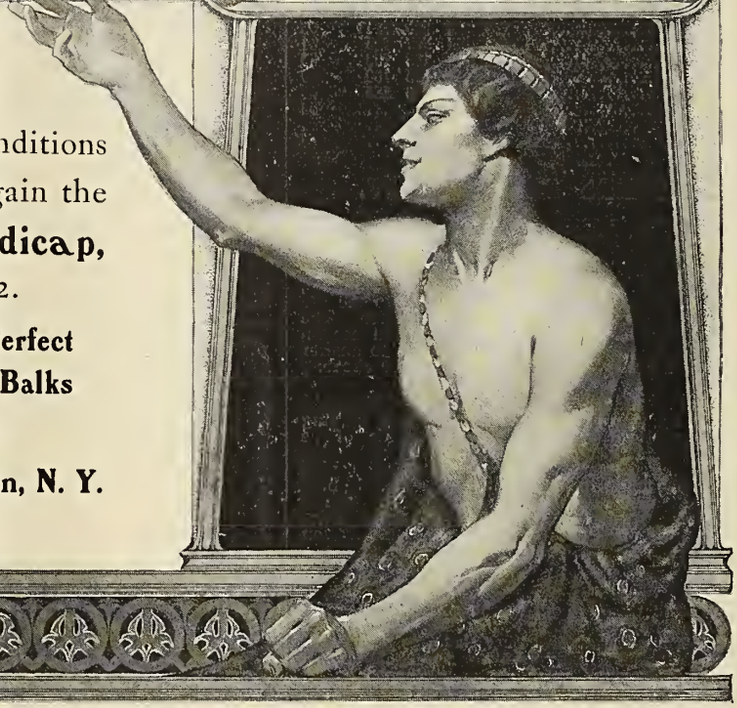
Both Chose to Shoot DEAD SHOT—Why not you?

VICTORY

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

1906

1902



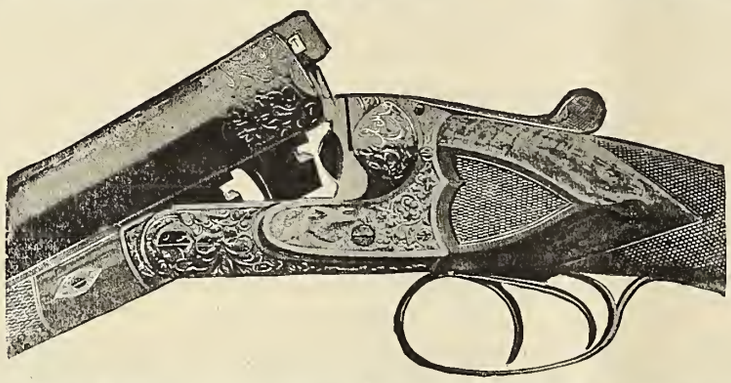
Under the most difficult conditions the **Smith Gun** won again the **Grand American Handicap,** at Indianapolis, June 19-22.

The Hunter One-Trigger is Perfect
Never Doubles Never Balks

Send for art catalogue

HUNTER ARMS CO., - Fulton, N. Y.

CHARLES DALY



The Leading High Grade Hand Made Guns sold in this country.
$125.00 to $750.00 Each. Send for catalogue.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
302-304 BROADWAY, - NEW YORK.

WE HAD TO HAVE MORE ROOM

This space was not large enough for us to tell you about what we did at

THE EASTERN HANDICAP

Philadelphia, Pa., July 17-19, 1906.

Kindly refer to our half-page advertisement appearing elsewhere.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO., 170 Broadway, New York.

A HARD BARGAIN.

ABDUL KAREEM, the Fadeli sheikh,
Brought to the Pasha a clean-bred mare
All radiant bay with a snow white flake;
Never a drop but of pure blood there;
"See her fearless step and her broad eyes gleam,
She's fit for the Kaliph," said Abdul Kareem.

Long was the chaffering, loud the discourse,
To settle the price was a hard day's work;
But the man of the desert could stay like his horse,
And he wearied the soul of the Stamboul Turk,
Who sent for his treasurer, counted the gold—
"Two thousand, I have her, the mare is sold;

"But the sum is extortionate, double your due;
I am ransomed and robbed by a Bedouin thief;
Should a Mussulman trade like a miserly Jew?
Should gold be the god of an Arab chief?
You can take off your booty, my cash with a curse."
The Arab said nought as he tied up the purse,

But—"One last farewell to the beast I've bred,
To the pride of my house ere I leave her there"—
So he kissed the star on her stately head—
Then he leapt on the back of the bright bay mare.
He shot through the gateway, and rode down the street;
The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of feet.

Two score troopers in harness stood;
"Mount," cried the Pasha, "and ride with a will,
Bring me the mare back, take his blood;
The money is yours if the man you kill!"
Down the steep stony causeway they closed on him fast;
But he gained the town gate and the desert at last.

Mile after mile he canters in front;
They may gallop in vain, though he's always near;
Is he riding a race, is he leading a hunt?
Ten lances' length between dogs and deer—
Till he touched the mare's quarter, and lowering his hand,
Sailed far out of sight o'er the level sand.

Sadly the Pasha rose next day,
Who is it calls from the court without?
'Tis the Arab chief on his clean-bred bay
With the calm wide eye and her unstained coat,
And he said, as he lighted and loosened her girth,
"O! Pasha, the gold, is it double her worth?

"She has shown you her paces and proved her blood;
You have lamed ten horses her mettle to try;
You have sworn more oaths than a Mussulman should—
Will you choose your cash, or the beast to buy?—
Or one more heat o'er the desert course?"
"Begone," said the Pasha, "and leave me the horse."

A. C. LYALL.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

THE wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat declined.

A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.

The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf.

Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolves away. Dog, why do you keep your tail between your legs? I am afraid of the wolf.

Love, fire, and a cough cannot be hid.

Make friends with a bear but keep hold of the ax.

Everything is better to him who has gall in his mouth.

A full stomach is deaf to instruction.

If you hunt two hares you will catch neither.

God is not in haste, but His aim is sure.

Praise not the crop until it is stacked.

Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire.

IN a city not far from New York lives a minister as much celebrated for his love of the angle as for his profession. While speaking to his Sunday school one afternoon on the text, "Depart from evil and do good," he drew for illustration the simile of a wayward child leaving home and all good influences, he rushed into the broad paths of sin, but through the intercession of parents and friends is reclaimed, only to repeat his folly again and again. Finally, after almost superhuman effort, he is at last brought back to the fold, and his redemption from vice made a certainty for the balance of his life. To further simplify the illustration to the younger members of the school, the pastor said: "A few months ago I was fishing in the Maine woods. At the break of a fish on the waters of the stream I cast out my flies. A noble trout arose, seized the bait and away he plunged, carrying almost all the line I had on my reel. Again and again I drew the fish near the canoe and attempted to land him, but away he would go, only to repeat the struggle. Finally, tired out and weary with his efforts to escape, I at last drew him in, and, slipping my landing net under the fish, threw him into my boat safe beyond all escape." Gazing about on his audience to see the effect of the moral of his story, the silence was suddenly interrupted by a small boy in the front seat, who astonished the school by exclaiming: "But, Mister ——, how much did he weigh?" T. S. S.

THE RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY

GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

"If you are wise"

A Digest of the Statutes of the United States and Canada governing the taking of game and fish. Compiled from original and official sources for the practical guidance of sportsmen and anglers. The *Brief* is complete; it covers all the States and Provinces, and gives all provisions as to seasons for fish and game, the imitations as to size or number, transportation, export, non-resident licenses, and other restrictions, for the practical guidance of sportsmen and anglers.

It is revised to date, and is correct and reliable.

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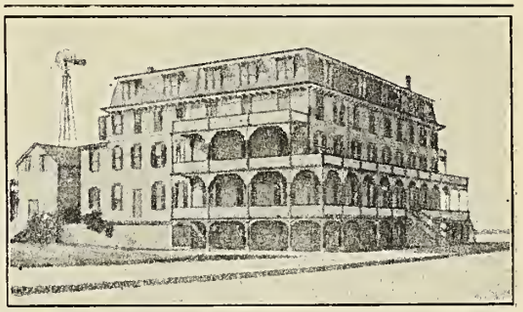

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I am on the line of the National Park.

If you wish a good hunt, write me. I guarantee shots at big game or no pay. GEO. W. DOWNING, Rocky Mountain Guide, Ishawood, Wyo.

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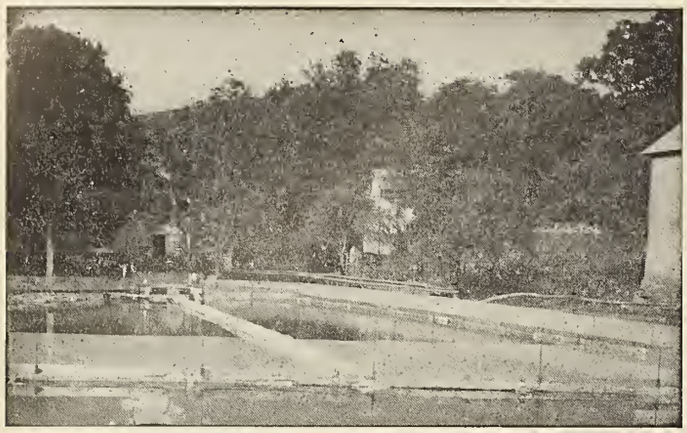

During recent years discouraging results have followed repeated attempts to propagate the small-mouthed black bass.

We have demonstrated that these fish can be **produced** and **delivered** with a remarkable degree of success. We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the U. S. A. We offer to those who desire it this rare opportunity to procure vigorous young bass in various sizes ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4 inch fingerlings for stocking purposes. Also yellow perch, white perch, sunfish and roach.

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Eggs, fry, yearlings and two-year-olds, for stocking brooks and lakes. Address NEW ENGLAND TROUT FARM, Plympton, Mass.

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It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

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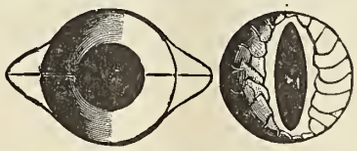

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"GOOD weather for crops, eh?" chirped the traveler, one of your superficial optimists.

The farmer shook his head sadly.

"On the contrary," he replied, for he was an educated farmer.

"No?"

"As a matter of fact the crops are suffering."

"On account of the weather?"

"On account of the weather."

"Bright sunshine, following copious showers, do crops suffer in such weather?"

"Naturally, crops are bound to suffer in any weather which makes fish bite. If these conditions continue, we shan't raise much this year."

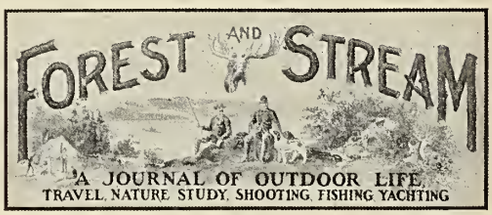
And the farmer shook his head again and sighed.—Puck.

A GREAT KILLING.

From the Auburn, Ind., Courier, Dec. 9, 1872.

A DISPATCH from Arizona says: "Thousands upon thousands of buaffo hides are being brought in here by hunters. In some places, whole acres of ground are covered with hides spread out, with the fleshy side up to dry. It is estimated that there are south of Arkansas and west of Wichita, from 1,000 to 2,000 men shooting buffalo for the hide alone. Is it any wonder that the red man sometimes protests against this wanton destruction of his cattle."

"I shall miss you while you are on your hunting trip, dear," murmured the young wife affectionately, "and I shall pray that the men you are going with will do the same!"—Cleveland Leader.



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AT THE

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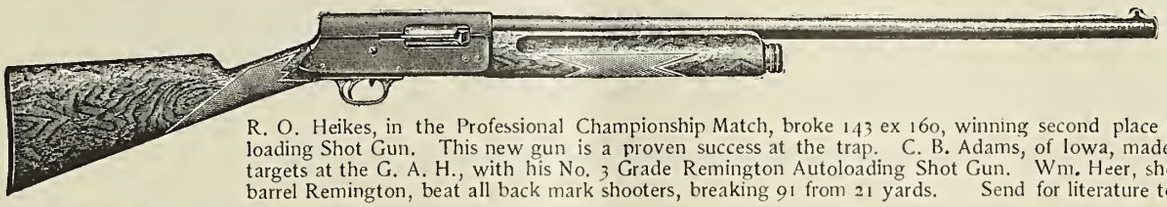

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THE RHYME OF THE HILDA.

When darkness fell on the stormy sea one wild November day,
With anchor down off Gosport town, the good ship Hilda lay;
She hailed from where the palm trees grow and the golden sands roll fast.
And the warm wind roves through the bamboo groves when the burning day is past.

Her Captain stood on the slippery deck and peered through the mist and rain
To where a light through the darkening night across the water came;
For the Hilda was a slaveship bold and she was laden fair,
And 'twould ill-betide the trade she plied if they found her anchored there.

But the Captain knew that a ship was near and he cursed the storm on the deep;
For he dared not sail in the driving gale to rock in the tempest's sweep;
And he swore by the fiends that ride the storm and shriek on the sounding blast,
That he would not stow his load below if he swung from his own topmast.

So he bade his sailors nail down the door and fill the hatches tight,
While the Angel of Death with his flaming breath sweeps low in his downward flight;
But the ship that sailed from the port that night held her course on the storm-tossed tide;
Her sheet was wet with the gray foam fleck as she passed the Hilda wide.

And the Captain laughed a bitter laugh as he tore up the narrow door;
For a hundred men in the choking pen lay stiff on the slimy floor;
And they dropped them into the rocking dark beneath the sweeping sky;
And the birds that soar above ocean's roar saw the souls of the dead go by.

That night when the loud winds held their peace and the stars shone dim and pale,
With prow toward home, as she rose on the foam, the Hilda lifted sail;
Her Captain stood on her deck again and looked back o'er the cold black waves;
And the dead men all, at an unheard call, arose from their watery graves.

And the Captain saw in the Hilda's wake, as she made toward the open sea,
A long black line, on the ruffled brine, of dead men swimming free;
Not a sound they made the livelong night, as with even stroke they swam;
And no one knows the Hilda's woes nor knows the course she ran.

But now, at close of a stormy day off sea by Gosport town,
When the shadows sweep across the deep and the darkened sun goes down,
When a gray mist hangs on the heavy waves and the dull winds moan and sigh,
Across the chill and dreary waste a phantom ship goes by.

Her hull is green with the slimy moss that spawns in the Southern seas,
Her spars are old and rough with mold, her torn sails float in the breeze;
But a shadowy figure walks her deck and looks back o'er the rolling main,
And behind her come, swimming, one by one, a silent, ghastly train.

—M. B. Whiting in Boston Transcript.

Trap Shooting Supplies of all Descriptions. Blue Rock Targets and Traps. Special attention given to the securing of special guns, loads and equipments.

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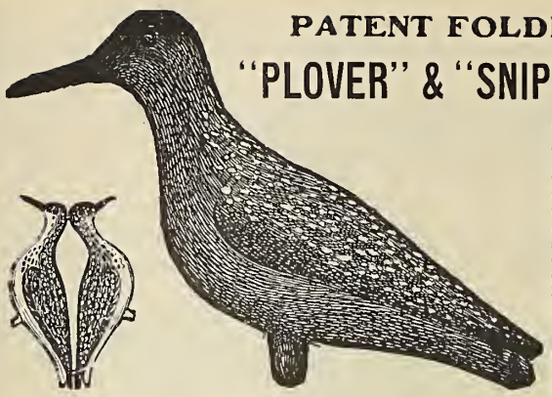

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"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

"My brother bought a 12-gauge W. W. Greener at the same time, and up to his death, seven years ago, she stood the test. I bought a 12-gauge Greener about 1875 for a present to a friend. It also proved to be all right, although I lost track of it twenty years ago.

"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

Very sincerely your friend,

"C. A. Laughton."

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FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE, TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY, SHOOTING, FISHING, YACHTING.

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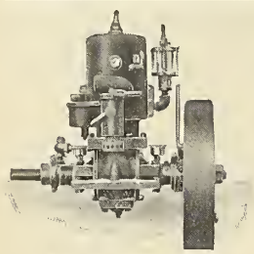

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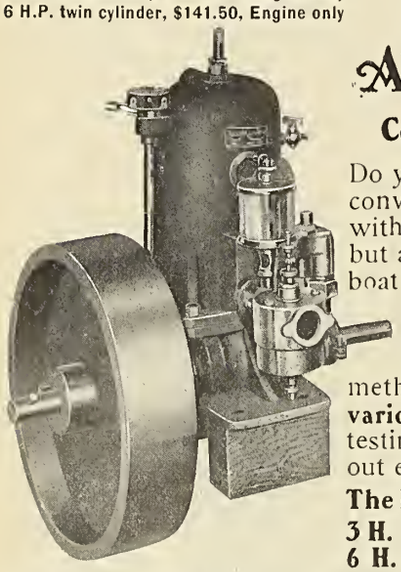

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A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

No bones are broken by a mother's fist.

Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praises I sing.

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A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE.
TRAVEL. NATURE STUDY. SHOOTING. FISHING. YACHTING

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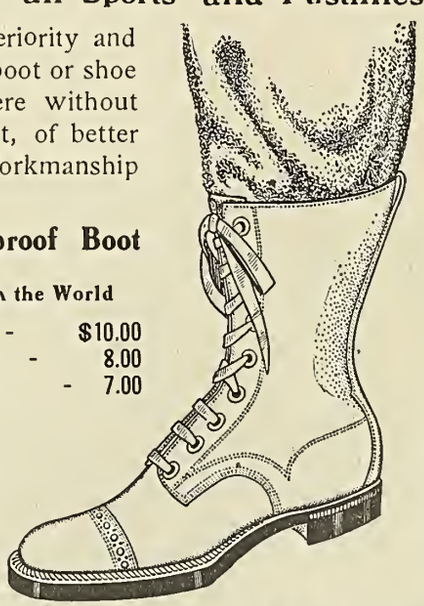

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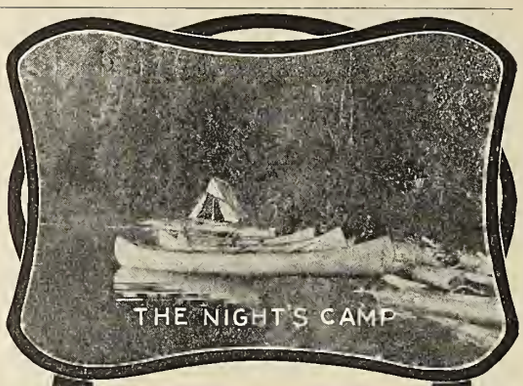

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Jack is a good sort of a fellow, but is "given" to telling fish and snake stories sometimes. We were down at Smith's grocery one evening roosting around on the barrels and boxes. The wind was blowing and the snow drifting outside at a fearful rate, and Jack was drawing on his imagination and telling us about how many charges of shot he used in trying to kill a cat, when Bill Y., an old frontiersman and miner, extricated himself from the cracker barrel, sliced off a piece of cheese and exclaimed:

"Talk about tenacity of life and hard critters to kill, you oughter seen some shootin' that I did once!"

Jack opened his eyes and invited Bill to go ahead and give us the benefit of his experience. Expecting a story about a grizzly or some other "varmint" we hitched around and were all attention.

"Well," said Bill, "It was out in the Black Hills. I had been down to Cheyenne and bought a new Winchester. I wanted to try it on something to see how she would carry, so I went out back of the camp, and the first thing I set eyes on was old Ike Irving's horse. I thought that would be a good thing to practice on, so I drew a bead right square between its eyes and pulled. I saw the critter kinder jump a little as the bullet struck, but it did not tumble, so I unhitched again. I saw where the second bullet struck—right between the eyes—but the eyes kept staring at me just the same as before, so (helping himself to a handful of loose muscatels) I fired again and again, until I had emptied the magazine, and every bullet struck between its eyes, and that air horse stood there just as well as ever."

"Now Bill!" exclaimed Jack, "that's too thin altogether. How far away were you from that horse?"

"About forty yards."

"And you—you fired seventeen .44 caliber bullets in between his eyes and didn't knock him off his feet?"

"Yes," responded Bill, sidling toward the door, "you see old Ike was a carpenter, the two I's were capitals (old Ike's initials), the horse was a sawhorse, and—"

Bill had just time to get outside the door when a starch box crashed against it and flew into kindling wood. But Jack called him back again, and in a few minutes the store was blue with the smoke of Smith's best Havanas.

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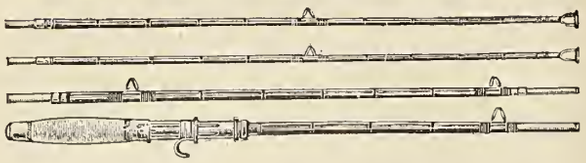

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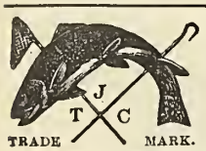

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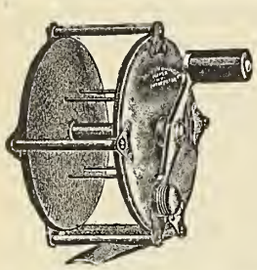

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Forest and Stream

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FISHING IN CITY RESERVOIRS.

The anglers of Middletown, N. Y., are in a muddle as to fishing rights and privileges in the reservoirs which supply the city water. The dispute is of long standing, and the knotty point just now involved is one of jurisdiction, whether it lies with the Board of Water Commissioners, the Common Council, or the State Board of Health. The three reservoirs, Monhagan, Highland and Shawangunk, are so well stocked with fish originally planted by the State that the Water Commissioners deem it necessary to diminish the number, and numerous citizens are willing to volunteer to do the diminishing. The hindrance is the attitude of State Health Commissioner Eugene H. Porter, who refuses to sanction fishing. Dr. Porter having ruled adversely to the fishermen, and refusing to reconsider his prohibition, the Board of Water Commissioners at a meeting held July 17, resolved to open the waters in spite of the State authorities. They were supported in this action by a legal opinion to the effect that, "Unless it can be fairly said that the mere act of fishing, in itself, may tend to contaminate the water or be otherwise injurious to the public health, the State Board of Health is without jurisdiction."

The permission thus granted was made operative only when it should be confirmed by the Common Council.

An elaborate set of rules was adopted for the regulation of fishing in the reservoirs; certain days and hours were prescribed; it was provided that permits must be taken out (none would be given to intoxicated persons); boats must be numbered with numbers corresponding to permits; every boat must have a pail, sponge and cuspidor; and all dirt, dirty water and other substances must be removed from the boats and deposited in a designated place on land. For the shore fisherman it was prescribed, "Only a pole and line shall be used by a person having the privilege of fishing from the shore, and no person so fishing from the shore shall stand or sit within three feet of the edge of the water."

These rules clearly point to the one consideration which lies at the root of the Middletown dispute; this is the protection of the city drinking water from pollution.

When the Common Council met, June 23, Assistant Attorney General Pierce was present to explain the attitude of the State. The question of fishing in the reservoirs had been considered by the State Health Commissioner and his predecessor, and both had decided adversely to it. The reservoirs were large; had been visited by both administrations of the Health Department and they had decided that it was practically impossible to enforce the rules and regulations which had been submitted for their approval. If the rules were approved, the people would go on fishing and do as they wanted, as it would be impossible properly to patrol the lakes. The reservoirs being in an adjoining town, the Albany authorities held that they were outside the jurisdiction of the Middletown Common Council and of the local health board. "It was to meet just such conditions and to have a central and supreme head that the office of State Health Commissioner was created." If the Council should persist in permitting fishing in the reservoirs, Mr. Pierce said, the courts would be appealed to for a determination as to the jurisdiction of the Health Commission. The effect of these representations was that the Council deferred action until a subsequent meeting, and the Middletown fishing question is still undecided.

The case had wide interest because the principles involved apply to numerous other waters; and as time goes on and more and more streams and lakes are appropriated to purposes of municipal water supply, the questions involved are becoming more acute. To maintain the purity of the water is the first consideration. Whether a body of water may be fished without danger of pollution must be determined in each case by the circumstances surrounding it, and whether it is the province of the local authorities or of the State Health Commission to make this determination is purely a point of law.

THE PINNATED GROUSE TO-DAY.

If we look back over the thirty odd years that have elapsed since the Forest and Stream first began to urge on the American public the importance of game protection, it certainly seems that some things have been accomplished. It is true that within that time some species of mammals and some of birds have been almost wiped out of existence, and the general public has known nothing about it until the extermination was nearly complete, but all the talk that has been made has had its effect, and to-day the executive, the legislative and the judicial branches of the Government are substantially at one in the view that natural things ought to be preserved.

As is so often the case in matters of public interest, many years of exhortation and argument went by without producing any apparent effect, and then suddenly, almost without warning, a change in public sentiment took place. Precisely the same change of front occurred only a few years ago with regard to forestry in this country.

It is not a long time since nine men out of every ten who wrote to this office urging the protection of deer in the Adirondacks, prophesied that within ten or fifteen years the last deer in the North Woods would have been killed. There was similar talk about the moose and deer of Maine. Yet to-day there are probably more deer in the Adirondacks and more moose and deer in Maine than for many years. It is only a very few years since it was honestly believed by a great many people, that the prairie chicken, or pinnated grouse, in Indiana and Illinois was on the verge of extinction. Yet within a few years the legislators of a number of these States of the Middle West, where the pinnated grouse was formerly abundant, have made good laws, and the Governors have appointed efficient men to enforce these laws, with the result that, as the reports published to-day indicate, the pinnated grouse is increasing in all these States, and is likely to increase still further.

This does not mean that we may relax our efforts, but it does mean that those of us who have borne the heat and burden of a long conflict, have not labored altogether in vain.

In countries that are thickly settled, the whole matter of game preservation turns on one point. If the number of birds killed each season can be kept down to the number reared each season, you have efficient game protection; but if more birds are killed each year than are reared, then the breeding stock is constantly being reduced and your species must ultimately disappear. Birds must be protected from the elements, from starvation, from their natural enemies and from man. They must be assisted to reproduce their kind.

It is a pleasure to be able to give such an excellent portrait of Rowland E. Robinson as is the picture printed to-day. In addition to its value as a likeness, it has an interesting theme. Mr. Robinson has in hand a fungus from the Vermont woods, on the face of which he is engraving a woodland scene. In this artistic handiwork he was highly accomplished, and the products of his skill were very pleasing. Two fungi on which were sketched by him studies from nature are among the valued possessions of this office. One of them is shown in the illustration on another page, though the black and white engraving fails to hint of the rich coloring of the original material and the artistic delicacy of the engraving.

The picture of a startled doe is another one of the successes of Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d in his flashlight photography of wild game. This was taken at Howe's Lake, Mich. The ears set either way and the tail laid close, indicating the anxious attention of the deer as the light approaches, add to that impression of absolute fidelity to nature which is so characteristic of all Mr. Shiras's photographic work.

"The Story of a Man" by George Kennedy is all the more effective because of the simplicity and directness of its telling. John Schaller's deed is one which will undoubtedly have the cognizance of the trustees of the Carnegie fund for the recognition of heroism.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Uncle Shaw and Some Others.—II.

Incidents of Life in a Vermont Village.

(*Continued from page* 130.)

SATURDAY morning when the sun rose it disappeared into a bank of clouds that lay heavy over the eastern hills. A strong wind sprung up from the south, which changed to east and soon great masses of clouds were rolling along the mountain sides, now hiding them half way to their bases, then blowing away again, revealing their tops, which looked as if they were suspended in the air. The air was filled with dampness, which soon became rain and all day long there was a steady fall.

One after another the farmers, clad in rubber coats and high boots, came to the store to do their trading for the coming week, and to get the mail. The store was the congregating place of the people of the entire neighborhood. Here the gossip of each locality was related and embellished as it passed from mouth to mouth.

That evening as a number were sitting around waiting for Uncle Shaw to put up their orders, the young man, whom he had called George, came in. Walking over to the end of the counter, he took a drink out of the old cracked pitcher that stood there, and sitting down on a box of shoes, said, "Say, Shaw, I was up ter Hi Kelly's this morning to borror his cultivater, and he was jest getting ready to go out to John's Stream after them boys. He said Fred promised to come home Friday sure, if he didn't before; 'cause Saturday he and Fred were going over to Johnsburg on some law business."

"What! hain't them boys got back yet?" said Uncle Shaw, in astonishment."

"No, they hain't been seen nor heard nothin' on since they left, and Miss Kelly is sure they've got lost. Hi, he don't think they've got lost, but he says he's afraid something is the matter that they can't git back—p'raps got hurt or something."

"Wall, I hope nothin' hain't happened to them; but it seemed ter me when they told me where they was goin' that it was a little resky for them boys to go out there."

"Fred Kelly ought to know how to get 'round in the woods, he's allus lived here and worked in the woods two winters," said some one.

"I know he has," said Uncle Shaw, "but you see there's been a master lot of choppin' up around there, and the roads run every which way, and most anybody could get lost in them."

"That's so," said another, "did you hear 'bout that Frenchman that got lost up in the Higan Woods? He went in with some others under Fred Gay to peel bark. They got to the place where they were going to camp late in the afternoon, and commenced to build a camp at once. Fred, he set some at work splitting out cedar shingles, and this fellow was to carry them to the camping place. He was a big fellow and took big armfuls and soon caught up with them. He stood 'round a minute and then went to his grub-box and took out something to eat and started to find the spring; and that was the last they saw of him. When they came to eat supper, they missed him, and went all around calling for him. The next morning they all hunted for him, but the only thing they found was the place where he had staid all night.

"They had to stop and build the camp, and as soon as they got it done so they could sleep in it, they looked for him again. One of the men claimed he saw him running through the woods; said he knew him by his big red beard. But they all laughed at him, 'cause they said they guessed he wouldn't run away."

"And they hain't never heard nothing of him no more?" asked a small boy, who had been listening with eyes and mouth wide open.

"No; Fred Gay said he had skipped for Canada most likely, and so they gave up looking for him. But you can't make some of them fellows believe that he ain't 'round there somewhere."

Just then Frank came in, and with him was a young man about his own age. As they sat down on such seats as they could find, the young man said, "Say, Uncle Shaw, Frank is getting to be quite a sportin' man."

"Is that so; what's he been doing now?"

"Wall, to-night I saw him running all over the village after that stripe-faced heifer of yourn, and I thought I would help him. I went into the barn to git some salt to call her with, and jest then she came running in. She went right to her tie-up and Frank came along behind and he didn't see me. He picked up the milking-stool and hit her a whack, and said, "There, gol blast ye! I'll bet yer two dollars and a half, if you will take it out of a five-dollar bill, that I won't run all over town after you another night.'"

Everybody laughed but Frank, who looked sheepish, and said, "Wall, I don't see why 'tis that a cow allus wants ter lay aout the very worst nights there is."

As some were preparing to go out in the storm, the door was thrown open, and some one called, "Say, bring a lantern out here, will ye?"

Some one who recognized the voice, said, "Hello, Doctor, what's the matter; broke anything?"

"Yes," said he called Doctor, "jest as I was coming down that little hill up by the head of Uncle Shaw's back paster, a great big animal jumped out into the road jest behind me and let the worst yell out of him I ever heard in my life. My hoss jumped and broke one of the traces; but that didn't matter, as she has pulled the wagon clear down here by the lines. She's a good un."

By the help of Frank and some cord the harness was fixed, and the Doctor got in.

"Ain't ye goin' to stop, Doctor?" said Frank.

"No, I can't now; there's a man up to the depot that's got a sick cow, and he's sent for me to come up there as quick as I can."

"What do yer s'pose that critter was?"

"I dunno; it wasn't much bigger than a good, big dog, but its yell was as big as a hundred cats;" and the doctor disappeared in the darkness.

"The doctor must be putty well known to be sent for so far," said some one.

"I guess he is," said one old man. "When I was down to Ryegate, I heard them talking about him."

"Somebody sent up for him?"

"No, he was down there on a hoss trade, and was stopping at the tavern; and putty late that night the stable-boy came in and told the tavern keeper that his hoss had got hurt. They started to go out and the tavern keeper knew that the doctor was there, so he asked him to go out. When they got there, they found that the hoss had got in front of the cattle and one had hooked it in the side putty bad. It was laying down in the manger and seemed to be in a good deal of pain. They knocked off some boards and got it out on the barn floor. The tavern keeper said, 'This is my best hoss, Doctor, and I want you to do the best you can for him.'

"'Wall,' said Doctor 'he's putty bad off now; that's a fact. He's laid here too long 'thout attention; but now I'm here, and I'll fix him up and you'll see a big change in him.'

"They found that the hoss had got hooked in the side right back of the foreleg. He had laid in the hay and chaff and was in a good deal of pain. The doctor asked for a pan of warm milk and water. They got it for him, and he washed the place all out clean. Then the doctor washed it with some stuff he took out of that little box he lugs 'round with him, and made somebody hold the hoss's head down so he would keep still.

"Then he took a needle and some silk out of his box and drawed the gash up together an' sewed it. After he got it all fixed up, he put on some salve out of a box he had, and told the tavern keeper jest how to take care of it, and not to give the hoss any grain till it was all well.

"The hoss began to get a little bit oneasy by this time, and the doctor said they had better get him up on his feet. So they lifted his head and he rose on to his forelegs, and died in a minit."

After the laugh had subsided, some one asked what it was that had frightened the doctor's horse. Various guesses were given, Uncle Shaw said, "I dunno what 'twas; but I hain't the least doubt but it was the critter that killed my sheep, and the first thing I do next week will be to set a trap for it."

The conversation turned to the price of lambs and wool, and other things that farmers are interested in, and one by one they picked up their various bundles and went out into the storm toward home.

Just as Frank was preparing to shut up, the door opened and in came Fred's father.

"Good evening, Mr. Kelly," said Uncle Shaw, "somebody was saying to-night that the boys hadn't got home, and you had gone over there arter um. Did ye find um?"

"No, I went over and got Henry Ireland, and we went over to the camp at the dam. They had been there, but had gone. We looked all around, but could not find any of them. It was raining so hard that we couldn't find any tracks if they had made any."

"They had been at the camp, had they?"

"Yes, they must have staid there all the time they were out there, and left only this morning. The stove was hardly cold when we got there."

"What are you going to do?" asked Frank.

"I don't know what to do. Henry thought I had better come out here and see if you had heard anything. I went over to the hotel, but they didn't know anything about them there."

"I was a little bit afraid to have them go out there, but it wa'n't none of my business, so I didn't say anything," said Uncle Shaw. "There must be lots of roads all 'round there, and they have got all mixed up and Fred can't find the way out. But then, there's lots of other camps 'round there and they can't help finding them."

"That's so," said Mr. Kelly; "but you see they didn't have very much food with them. They were only going to be gone two or three night, and you know a boy is always hungry."

"What are you goin' to do?" said Uncle Shaw.

"I have been thinking that I would get Joe Lablanc to take his dogs and see if he can't find them. If they were lost in the woods, the dogs would hunt them up. But this storm has come up, and I don't think the dogs could track them. I am going home, and to-morrow Henry and I are going out there again."

"Wall, if you want any help, send right out here, and we'll all turn out and help ye hunt. I ain't so suple as I was once, but I can get 'round in the woods a little now, I guess. Tell Miss Kelly not to fret; they are good strong boys and can take care of themselves."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Shaw. If we don't find them soon, we all will have to hunt; but I shouldn't be surprised to see them coming home most any time," and the tired and anxious father got into his wagon and drove off.

Sunday passed, and no word was heard from the boys. Their condition was the general topic of conversation among the people at church, and many were the guesses and surmises as to why they had not returned.

When evening came, Jim Early was seen riding up the street toward the hotel, and many were the questions as to what had been heard of the boys. He reported that early that morning he and Mr. Kelly had gone over to the camp again. When they arrived there they found that the boys had been back to the camp the night before and had spent the night there, but had been gone some time.

As they were looking around, Jim saw a piece of birch bark stuck on the side of the camp, on it was written with coal that the boys were lost, couldn't find their way out, and had started again for home. Their food was all gone and they should not return to the camp again.

It was encouraging at least to learn anything from them. So after looking all around for some sign of the way they had gone, they started on their way back. Mr. Kelly thought best to come to the village, get some help ready, and early the next morning go out to find them, as the boys were out of food and must be found soon, if at all.

Many of the men, both young and old, volunteered to go, and it was decided that they should all be at the hotel at daybreak the next morning to get an early start.

Just then Joe Lablanc came to the hotel. Jim asked him if he would go and help find the boys and take his dogs. "Go where?" said Joe.

"Why go out and help us hunt for Fred Kelly and the two King boys."

"What, sah! dem boys ain't lost, is it?" said Joe.

"Yes, Joe, they went out to John's Stream last Monday, and hain't been seen since."

"Bah gosh! you ain't tell me dat. I ain't hear of it before. I been workin' on de road last week, and jes' got back home dis mornin'."

"Well, Joe, we want you to be here on hand at daylight and bring your dogs with you. We'll see if they are as good as you tell for."

Joe was very much interested, and asked a great many questions. "Dat make me t'ink 'bout de time I live in Quebec," said he. "My fader been jes' move up dare in de fall, and all winter he ain't got no work. We have some pork and some potat from de farm we been live on, but putty soon by-me-by dat all eat up an' we ain't know what we goin' do.

"But in de spring we find little work sometime, an' dat manage to buy some flour to eat, an' we all live; but I never want see any more such hard time like dat was. My poor ole moder, she never ain't been putty well since.

"Wall, one day, 'long 'bout dis time year, I was down by de river watchin' de steamer dat come over from Point Levis, to get a job totin' some man's carpet-scratchel, when a young Yankee-man come up an' say, 'Lookin' for a job, Johnny?'

"I tole him I was. Den he say, 'Can you cook?' I say, 'Yes, sah, if I have somethin' to cook wid.' He laugh and tole me to step on de hotel. So I walk up to de St. Louis Hotel wid him, an' he take me in a big room and dare was two ole mans, an' he say, 'Here is a young Frenchmans dat say he can cook if he have somethin' to cook wid.'

"De ole mans laugh, an' one of dem ask me all 'bout it myself, an' 'fore I was know it, I been tole him all 'bout it. How we been near starve all winter, an' 'bout my poore ole moder ain't have no shoe on his foot, and how hongry all de children was.

"Wall, dey tole me dey was goin' down de river fishin' for de salmon, and had got a steamer all pick out; but de boy on it, he ain't know how to cook, an' if I can cook good, dey would take me and pay me two dollar a day.

"I tole dem I been cookee on de boat dat ran from Dalhousie to Gaspé, an' I t'ink I could make enough good plain cookin's, an' so dey hire me, an' want me to go down to de boat putty quick right off.

"When I was goin' out of de room one of de ole mans, he whisper to de young mans, an' he say he will goin' on my home wid me. I feel shame to have him go, 'cause I ain't like putty well for have him see my ole moder in his bare foots, an' my sister in his ragged dress so bad; but I can't tole him I ain't like him for to go, so I walk along, an' he go, too. He go in de house an' I present my moder to him, an' my sisters, an' he very polite and ain't see my moder's bare foots nor de ragged dress, an' den he go 'way.

"Jes' de time I get ready to leave de house, a wagon come to de door and de mans rap, an' he say, 'Mr. Perin Lablanc live here?' I say, 'Yes.' He say, 'All right.' An' he begin unload de biggest lot of t'ings you never can't find out. I tole him, 'Hole on, dere,' but he say it all right; a mans told him to do it an' give me dat letter."

"My sister, he read dat letter, an' it say it was a present from Mr. Dexter to de moder. Wall, sah, you been ought to see my moder. She cry, and hug de children and look at de sugar an' de pork, an' de potat, an' den she see a bundle and put up to his nose, an' she give one big snuff and say, 'It's tea, Joe, it's de tea.' An' den dey sit on de floor and cry some, an' laugh some, 'cause she ain't been have some tea for a long time.

"Wall, I call my little dog an' I go to de boat an I t'ink, 'Bah gosh! if I don't make dat mans feel glad he hire dis boy den I ain't never see my moder again.'

"When I get to de boat, I fine all de mans ready to go. Dey was put lots of t'ing to eat an' drink in de hole, an' putty soon we get all on an' she start.

"We sail all de night and de day and dat night, an' de next day we stop at Tadousac. Den I fine out dat dey goin' to a place where no mans live, an' de wolves an' de bear an' de Indian-devil was all over, an' I feel lots 'fraid; but I t'ink de mans know what dey do, an' if dey no 'fraid den I ain't. So I keep right on cook de grub, an' de mans dey praise me an' say it was good.

"One time I make some cocktail like I use to make when I was cookee, an' dey praise dat, an' I make some more. De nex' day we find de river where we goin' fishin' in, an' we go 'way up it jus' so far as we can, an' we make de boat fas' to a big rock.

"Dey fish an' fish, but de water is so high dey can't get some salmon hardly; but dey catch more trout dan any mans ever see in all his life. But dey no like it, 'cause dey no catch de salmon, an' soon dey stop fishin' and keep me busy makin' de cocktail up and cook de grub.

"Every night we hear de wolves and de odder t'ing howl, an' we feel putty frighten, but we know dey ain get out to de rock where we was. Mr. Jack Dexter, he want to go down a mile or two to anoder river, but his fader say 'No!' an' dat make de young mans mad; an' he say he no care for his fader, an' he go anyway.

"De nex' mornin' when I call for breakfas', de young mans he no come; an' his fader was more madder, an' he go find him, an' he was gone. Dare was de boat on de shore where he left it, an' de ole mans know dat Jack, he go to de odder river.

"You never see a man so mad as de ole Mr. Dexter was. He swan he would go back to Quebec an' leave de young mans dare; but de odder mans, he make de ole mans laugh an' he forget 'bout it.

"Dinner came, an' de young mans not show up, an' den de supper an' he no show up some more. De mans was drinkin' some, but not so many, an' now it was mose dark; an' Mr. Jack had no come back an' dey was scare. De ole Mr. Dexter, he cry an' say he ain't know how he can go back to his wife widout de boy.

"Soon I t'ink, 'Joe Lablanc, what for you stay 'roun' here? Why for you no hunt up dat young mans what give your ole moder de tea?' But I was 'fraid, cause de wolves howl; but I t'ink not of de wolves, an' I call Petite an' step on de shore. I tell Petite to find de track, an' he start off jus' same he know where he's goin'; an' I follow him. By-me-by he find de track an' he go off like he shot. I run jes' so fas as I can to keep him up wid me, but he get a long way off, an' I no see him; so I sit down an' call him an' he come back an' den I go on. I fall down on de stone an' 'most break my legs, but Petite, he go fas' an' I have to follow. Putty soon I hear Mr. Jack holler, an' I run up an' den I find him. He was laying under a big rock where he had fall off an' sprain his ankle. He know when Petite run up dat I was somewhere putty quick, an' he holler. Bah gosh! sah, he was glad for see dat little Petite. He pat him an' call him a good dog, an' den he try to get up an' he fall into de faint. I try to lif' him up, but he was more bigger dan I was, an' I can't do it 'thout I hurt his leg some more. Petite, he lick his face and putty soon he come to.

"Den I make a big fire, 'cause I 'fraid de wolves hear Mr. Jack when he holler, an' would come an' find us if I don't. An' den I fix a bed for him to lay on, an' den I sit down to t'ink what I'll do. I know he ain't ought to stay dare all de night. All at one time I t'ink I'll send for some help. So I find a piece of birch bark an' I get Mr. Jack to make a letter on dat to his fader an' den I call Petite an' put it on his neck an' tole him to go to de boat. He look in my face an' his tail wag an' off he go.

"De time was putty long, an' I 'fraid Petite been all eat up by somet'ing, but 'fore long back he come, an' behind him was some mans wid de lantern. When dey come up, it was de capen an' his man, wid a bed for to put Mr. Jack on. Putty quick we was goin' to de boat, an' after a long time, we got dere. You never see a mans so tickle as dose mans was when dey find dat Mr. Jack was only have his leg sprain. Dey praise Petite till I t'ink dey spoil him, an' Mr. Jack, he make him lay by his bed all de time.

We start for Quebec dat nex' mornin', an' soon we got dare, an' Mr. Jack was carry to de hotel, where he have it a doctor. Mr. Dexter, he go see my fader an' my moder, an' one day he take dem out to a farm an' he tell dem he give it to dem 'cause dere boy have such a smart dog.

"When Mr. Jack start for home, he ask me for give him Petite. I was awfully hate to do dat; but he was t'ink so much of him, dat I do it. Den he shook my hand, an' when he let go, dare was somet'ing in my hand. I took it off my hat an' make a bow to him, jes' so nice as I can. An' den I look at dat t'ing in my hand, an', bah gosh! sah, I can't b'lieve my own eyes, for dat was a five-hundred dollar bill.

"Wall, dat fall I marry Ellen, an' we move down here, an' de nex' spring dere was a box come by de express office, an' it was a little puppy an' he look jes' like Petite, an' I got dat little dog yet."

As Joe finished his story and rose to go, a wagon drove up to the door of the hotel and out of it got three ragged, dirty, limping boys. A crowd formed around them as soon as it was found that they were the lost fishermen, and many questions were asked them, but they could not stop to talk, and soon disappeared into the hotel.

When the landlord came out, he was asked about them. He could tell nothing, but said, "Oh! they will be all right in the morning, as soon as they get some food and rest. Here, Bill, you go all around and tell the folks not to come out in the morning, the fishermen have come back."

C. D. CHASE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of a Man.

A crowded excursion steamer on Lake Maxinkuckee was coming up to the pier at Culver, Indiana, at about 6:30 P. M., on Sunday, July 9, 1906, four days ago. The passengers crowded to the gangway, and when about 100 yards from the pierhead an eight-year-old boy was crowded off the boat and sank in twenty feet of water. As sometimes happens, there were no swimmers at hand, and, as I say, the boy sank. His mother was on the boat.

Now there was a certain man living at Culver who worked in the Lake View Hotel as a dishwasher. Part of his work consisted in going to the spring at the Culver cottage for the drinking water used at the hotel, and thus he became known to the ladies of the Culver family summering at the cottage, one of whom said o her husband one day, "Do you know, Harry, I think that is a good man. He told me he has three languages, and that he received a good education in Germany. He said, 'I ought to be ashamed to be washing dishes, but it was the best thing I could get to do. I will not be doing it long.'"

And he was not.

When the outcry began at the lake shore, this man was in the act of carrying a heavily loaded tray of dishes in the kitchen, and the chef, who knew that he had been a swimming instructor in Germany, said: "John, there's something doing down at the lake. If I were you, I'd hurry down there." Crash! He dropped the dishes and was out of the house almost before they landed on the floor. The distance from the hotel to the lake is 400 yards. The three or four hundred people gathered and gathering there were waiting, for what they hardly knew; but it was for this man, and all at once they began to make room for his flying figure. He had started from the kitchen in slippers, perhaps, and trousers and shirt, but as he approached he had literally torn his clothing off him. The men and women opened a pathway for him on the pier through which he ran and leaped head first into the water. No one thought of him as a naked man, but only as a sort of disembodied, lion-like spirit cleaving its way to its work. He swam a few strokes after coming to the surface, then lay on the water gasping for breath. He was "all out," as athletes say. He had run 400 yards in record time and swam perhaps twenty. In ten seconds or so the people pointed out the spot where the boy had gone down, and he then swam to it, guided by the shouts of those on shore. Then he went down. He was gone so long that the people thought he was lost. Then he came up for air. As he afterward explained, he was under water one minute. He had not found the boy. He went down again, and that time he thought he saw far off on the bottom something white. He barely managed to reach it and to touch some article of the boy's clothing, when he realized that he had to go up again for air. It seemed a long way to the surface, and he thought he would never win his way to the air again, but he did. He now fought his way downward through the twenty feet of water once more, and when he came up he had the body of the boy, and swam to the shore with it, 150 yards.

The boy had been under water seven minutes, and apparently was dead; but willing hands went to work the instant the swimmer and his burden could be reached to try to bring him to. It was twenty minutes before physicians could be procured. When they arrived, Dr. Parker and Dr. Rea, they felt the boy's pulse, examined his heart and exclaimed, "There are no signs of life remaining. He seems to be dead; but we must keep on trying to bring him back."

The treatment was continued just as the others had begun it, excepting that under the direction of the physicians it was made much more severe. It consisted in having placed the body head downward, at an angle of 45 degrees, then bringing the arms outward and up over the top of his head (or, rather, below the head, the head being down), and then bringing them back to the sides and pressing them violently against the chest, and all hands pressing inward the ribs and stomach, literally squeezing the water out of the body through the nose and mouth, and keeping this up at regular intervals. They also applied hot water bottles to the body and wrapped it in thick blankets. At the end of an hour of such treatment the boy was still, to all appearances, dead. "And, in fact," as Mr. Culver expressed it, "he was dead." He was down in the mud and water holding his head, and then, at the end of that time, he thought he detected a faint gasp. It was hardly perceptible, and hardly credible, but it sufficed to encourage the sweating, panting men in their efforts. After a while there was another gasp, and then others at intervals, until once he began to breathe, when the men stopped working his arms. So he stopped breathing again.. "Start up those arms!" the Doctor cried, and the work was resumed. He was given stimulants, whiskey and water, at intervals, and soon became able to moan and cry a little when they squeezed him. In an hour and a half after being taken from the water the boy was back to life and out of danger, was in bed by 11 o'clock, and the next morning was able to get up and go home with his mother to Chicago.

Culver, as many of us know, is not only a summer resort, but the seat of the Culver Military Academy and Summer Naval School, so named in honor of its founder, Mr. H. H. Culver, Sr., and since his death enlarged and carried on, still in his honor, by his sons, one of whom, the one who held the boy's head, said to the man when it was over:

"You are through washing dishes. We need you over at the school."

Hats off.

The man is named John Schaller. He is five feet and ten inches, weighs 165 pounds, and is the very beau ideal of an athlete, as indeed, he had to be to have thus performed what I am sure no man will dispute was one of the greatest feats of human endurance and human courage ever known.

George Kennedy.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John James Ingalls.

S. Frank Dexter.

Oakland, Cal., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. S. Frank Dexter, who died in Los Angeles on July 11, was one of the few remaining ones whose connection as a reader and occasional contributor to the Forest and Stream anti-dated my own; indeed it was through his instrumentality that I was introduced into its circle of writers. A grandson of the founder of the well-known Dexter cotton yarn manufactory, he was its manager for several years and was the last of his name connected with that industry. Retiring he settled in Oakland, but his active life had unfitted him for lotos eating, and he was soon engaged in real estate and mining, being at the time of his death president of a large group of mines in the Searchlight district. An ardent sportsman and lover of nature in its primeval beauty, a man of stainless character, of a genial and magnetic temperament, he was for forty years my warmest personal friend, and his companionship during my first visit to the southern Sierras four years ago, made it one of the most cherished memories of my later years. One by one they go to join Nessmuk, Robinson, Mather and other bright spirits who gathered around the Forest and Stream table in its infancy and stayed with it until their death.

Forked Deer.

The Adirondack Forest Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most of us have to stand for many things we do not like without making much noise. This is partly because we cannot make graceful statements of our creeds, and partly, because we know how little ice our words cut. Yet once in a while talk comes easier than silence.

The question now up, is the recurring one of the last days of the Adirondack forest remnant. Recent comments on the subject, looked for in Forest and Stream, did not get there this time, so I venture a few.

Perhaps one of the latest moves should give us a faint whiff of encouragement along with the added promise of evil. Two months ago, there appeared press notice to the effect that a measure had passed the Legislature, practically without opposition, preliminary to a change in the constitution that will permit flooding of State lands. This is doubtless true. It was also stated that no one objected to having this done, except a few millionaires, and this is not quite as true. Very definite objections have been announced, though perhaps not in the Legislature, by several who are not so very far from ten hundred thousand short of reaching that influential class. My attention was first called to the views by one of them, a working engineer.

The possible whiff of encouragement comes from the fact that someone thinks it necessary, or perhaps more convenient, to get lawful permission to destroy. This regard for others' property, especially for that part of the North Woods belonging to all the people, has not been always very evident.

Not quite ten years ago, there was a try for permission to manipulate the State forests. Although the amendment was quietly brought up while the many good people were temporarily insane in their haste to get the proper tag on the White House (these things always seem to be offered at a Presidental election) there was a vote of three to one against it. For this result, some plain and very timely editorials in Forest and Stream were largely responsible. Commenting on the result of the vote, Forest and Stream said, "We should think that even the president of the Forest Commission himself might now have some slight inkling of how the people regard their forest possessions, and how they mean to defend these possessions. * * * The question of who is to own, occupy, control and enjoy the Forest Preserve, may now be considered settled for this generation at least."

About four years afterward, a dam was built at State expense on the outlet of Sixth Lake of the Fultain Chain, or rather a dam of earlier date was repaired and built several feet higher. Again a year or two ago, this dam was partly or mostly reconstructed. The water held by this dam did much injury. The shores of Sixth and Seventh Lakes were flooded as well as considerable low land between the lakes and a large area of public land at the head of Seventh Lake. Most of the killing of the forest came a year or so afterward, chiefly in 1902 and 1903. For the flooding of private lands, several camp owners and others entered damage claims, though compensation is more than likely. But for the destruction on the public lands, the hopelessness of any possible compensation has become absolute. There has not been even the satisfaction that a costly lesson would teach the people to protect what was left. The destruction is known to hundreds, but it has not awakened the interest of anyone of influence. It was said that this dam was enlarged for the benefit of men who wanted more water for power without the expense of storing it. This is only hearsay, though the common report was never questioned. But of the destruction caused, there are many eye witnesses. Five or six years ago, there was a stretch of level land in dense forest extending practically across the head of Seventh Lake, fronting for three-fourths of a mile or more on a sand beach. Near the edge of the forest were many small open spots large enough for tents. Superior opportunities for bathing made it a favorite camping ground. There was then room for a hundred tents. (Before the dam was first built a regiment could have camped along shore with room to spare, but the one-time

ETCHING ON FUNGUS, BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

dry sand beach is now under ten feet of water). Last summer with two companions, I spent a good part of a half day looking for a dry place large enough to temporarily pitch a small tent. But there was not a spot left. All is a black stained water-soaked swamp, covered with a tangle of decaying skeletons of the forest. Big white pines, red pines, spruces and other trees are all dead. An expanse of mosquito breeding swamp is what we now have where was the old forest with its front of white sand. If it contained a camping ground, one would avoid it.

To many this may seem of small consequence in view of the greater damage constantly done by lumbering, but it is a sample of what can be done with impunity. We are told that in some places prompt punishment follows small damage. It is probable, of course, that extreme applications of the letter, rather than the spirit, in trivial cases are matters of local spite. But we do not learn that anyone has been called to account for this flooding. Perhaps it was classed as destruction by the "elements" and came outside the law, as possibly did the fires of 1903. Although over 100,000 acres of State forest were then burned out of a total of over 630,000 acres, with direct damage to the extent of $3,500,000, and indirect damage incalculable; although more than one-half of these fires were known to have been caused by sparks from locomotives upon not one of which had anyone bothered to put a spark arrester as provided by law, we do not hear of the railroad directors having trouble to get out of jail.

It may be extremely important that trivial offenses should not go unpunished (and it may be safest for deputies to have their attention occupied by them), but can we get the most permanent respect for the law if we soak the poor man who steals a dead tree and forget the man who killed it, and a million others?

Published interviews are to the effect that State officials favor the project of building dams to secure power and to "alleviate the flood conditions." Probably there are many places where reservoirs of reasonable size could be built without serious damage to the forest, but they will not be built, in such places nor of small size, if engineers interested only in obtaining abundant and accessible power are to choose the sites. If it were not for that poor old constitution which representatives (?) of the people are always so willing to change to a more businesslike arrangement, how many sites for power dams or sites desirable for anything else would the people now possess? Until we can be sure that only men whose fixed and first purpose is forest preservation are to select what must be sacrificed, there can be no safety except in forbidding destruction. This alone has been often insufficient.

So far as floods are concerned, what has elsewhere been found the better economy, to build dams about denuded mountains or to grow forests? Which is cheaper, to reforest mountain slopes or to perpetuate what has been for thousands of years getting a foothold? The prompt purchase of the land about the headwaters of the streams, before the rapid and destructive modes of cutting now being rushed, and the always subsequent fires, have left only bare rock, would save more from future floods than would many times the cost spent in dams. Get the forest first; then in later years when reservoirs are needed, we can get spring water to fill them. Otherwise they will collect only muddy torrents even if strong enough and big enough to hold them back.

That speech of the forest commissioner, reported in a recent number of Forest and Stream, is more encouraging. It sounds as if there may be one man in authority whose vision does not stop at the log pile, who can understand that it is saving money to keep for the tired man "A beautiful resting place," as the Indians called some of that country, that there is material value in the existence of a fresh air playground for the worker, that the thousands who on weary days look ahead to the annual two weeks in the woods, bring back productive energy of more value than that developed by a hundred dams, that we must save the forest on the mountain tops now, if we will later fill the reservoirs below. Perhaps an official of this sort might be trusted to locate a dam, but after we have voted to permit the sacrifice, there will be another commissioner, one not selected by the common people.

We have had reports of Forest Superintendents which carried the same argument that would lie in a report of Park Commissioners, recommending the substitution of apple trees for all others in city parks, because they would give shade and beauty enough and more revenue than could be derived from useless diversity; the turning of lawns into fields of buckwheat, equally pretty, if you think so, and more remunerative; and by all means the leasing of the best sites to amusement concerns for the big revenue in sight, a very satisfactory and business-like showing of increased income with no loss worth mentioning. The chief concern of these superintendents seemed to be that the people might wait too long before converting their property into cash.

Every week, for years, within the marked out "Adirondack Park," four thousand acres of its trees have disappeared. Get a map and pencil; it doesn't take a prophet to figure out the end. Every year legislative committees wend their way through that region, and every day sees seven hundred acres less of forest. Recommndations by these committees for completing possession of the "Park" do not seem to be considerd seriously. There are even suspicions that visiting committees are only "law's delays," that the land will be purchased only after the trees are gone. We know what the common people think and what they will do if they get a chance to vote squarely on the question. They, however, have only few and slow means of getting direct consideration. But how long will the people wait? Will they stand by until this heritage disappears, as they have watched the destruction of others?

David Carl.

A Lost Dog.

Perth Amboy, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend sends me a copy of a Quebec newspaper wherein appears the following advertisement: "Lost.—At No. 19, South Famille Street, black cocker pup. If found after this notice in anyone's possession, will be prosecuted. Return to J. B. Renaud & Co., Paul Street."

Friend asks, marginally, "Can you beat that?" Well, no. But I have heard of a village ordinance running thus: "All owners of hogs found running at large, shall be fined five dollars and put in the pound."

I am inclined to regard this as genuine for the reason that one of the ordinances of my own beloved city sternly provides that "no horse or vehicle shall be permitted to stop on any street crossing, nor tie any animal to a tree, under penalty of ten dollars for each offense." J. L. K.

NATURAL HISTORY

Louisiana Bird Islands.

Some months ago we called attention to the leasing from the State of Louisiana by the Louisiana Audubon Society of a number of islands just off the coast of the State in the Gulf of Mexico. The transaction gives to the State of Louisiana lands which, by proper protection, may become again—as they once were—sea fowl rookeries of enormous size and importance.

Low sand dunes, grass-covered and rising but a few feet above the surface of the gulf, these islands are to the average eye dreary, barren wastes, utterly desolate; yet to them resort annually many thousands of birds—or perhaps they should be counted rather by hundreds of thousands.

But the setting aside of these great breeding grounds for the State of Louisiana goes further back than the leasing of these islands by the Audubon Society, and was brought about chiefly through the enthusiasm and energy of Mr. Frank M. Miller, the president of the Louisiana Audubon Society, to whose kindness we owe the illustrations shown here.

It was in 1903 that Mr. Miller first visited these islands in the gulf, which are situated, roughly, about 100 miles south of Pass Christian, Miss. In August, 1903, he started from that point in a sailboat, and spent his first night on Martin's Island Key, the second on Southwest Harbor Island and the third on Brenton Island. On his journey he saw the islands, saw the birds, heard many stories of bird slaughter and saw it going on. The cold-blooded, businesslike destruction of these wild creatures aroused his indignation, and he promptly went to Washington and consulted the authorities in the Department of Agriculture, and from there to New York, where he talked with Mr. Dutcher, the president of the National Association of Audubon Societies. Mr. Dutcher wrote to the President, who, interested as always in nature and in the protection of birds, at once set aside the Breton Islands—which belong to the Government—as a preserve and breeding ground for the native birds. This reservation was put in charge of the Department of Agriculture, and the Secretary issued orders that people were not to shoot on the islands or their waters, not to collect eggs or shells therefrom, not to disturb the birds in any manner and not to land on the islands of the reservation without a permit from the Department of Agriculture.

Later, through Mr. Miller's effort, a chain of islands, owned by the Lake Borgne Levee Board, and extending along the coast, was leased for a period of ten years. There are seventeen of these islands with an area of about 3,000 acres. Another island—Battledore Island—belonging to the State of Louisiana and containing about 1,000 acres has also been leased.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has agreed to furnish two wardens with a naphtha launch to patrol the waters in which these various islands are situated, and protect the birds. A number of the islands are infested with raccoons, which, because there are no trees there, burrow in the sand. Efforts are to be made to exterminate these animals, and the privilege is to be granted to a number of expert professional trappers to take the raccoons in winter and to bring their numbers down to as near the point of extermination as may be.

Each spring at the appointed time President Miller makes excursion to Breton Island for the purpose of witnessing there the immense flight of golden plover on their northward migration, and this is what he says about it in an interview printed in the New Orleans Picayune: "On the morning of April 28—or possibly the 29th, if a severe storm was encountered—will land thousands and thousands of the golden plover. They stay for just one day, rest and feed and drink from the small pools of fresh water on the islands. They are the greatest travelers in the world. They will light on Breton Island by the thousands that morning—it is the same day every year; the birds never vary a single day, unless delayed by storms. From Breton Island they fly up the Mississippi Valley to Alaska, through British America, reaching their breeding places by June 1. About Aug. 15 they pick up and fly to Labrador, where they feast and fatten on the curlew berry, until they are so stuffed they almost burst. On Oct. 1 they launch out for an 1,800-mile flight to the coast of South America, landing there exhausted and thin as rails from the long flight; then to Argentina, where four months are spent, although in the dead of summer. Then they start for home in the far northwest arctic regions, flying up the western part of South America, through Central America to Honduras, then 700 miles across the gulf to Breton Island in one night. You will see the golden plover light on Breton Island next April by tens of thousands."

New York Zoological Society.

The tenth annual report of the N. Y. Zoological Society has been distributed to the members. Soon after the annual meeting at the beginning of the year, the substance of the report of the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers was printed in the Forest and Stream, but the present report contains many other details of interest.

During the year 1905, the attendance at the park increased nearly 129,000, making the total attendance for the year over a million and a quarter. The collections continue to increase, and among the notable accessions of the year were a West African elephant, the gift of Mr. Chas. T. Barney; a female eland from Mr. C. Ledyard Blair; a Tashkent wapiti from the Duke of Bedford; three Burmese Thameng deer from Mr. Wm. Rockefeller; five white Rocky Mountain goats, a Persian wild ass, a pair of Chapman zebras, a tapir, a great ant eater, two capybaras, two clouded leopards, a wolverine and a grizzly bear. There were some births during the year of monkeys, lions, a tiger, wolves and some ungulates. An Altai wapiti was born, but did not live long. The total number of mammals on hand at the end of 1905 was 625. The health of the collection on the whole has been good.

The bird collections have largely increased and are in conditions of very satisfactory vigor. The collection of pheasants presented by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff is large and interesting. The total number of bird specimens on hand is 1,555.

The reptiles are also doing well, and number 687. Among the interesting facts reported is the very rapid growth of some young alligators, hatched from eggs collected in South Carolina four years ago. From a length of 8 inches and a weight of 1⅜ ounces, the reptiles have grown to a length of 5 feet and an average weight of 50 pounds. There is here an opportunity for valuable observation on the greater growth of the North American alligators.

The Zoological Society continues to erect buildings, which are filled as soon as completed. The collections now on view are extraordinarily complete and interesting.

Under the direction of Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, the aquarium continues to attract the public, averaging more than 4,700 visitors each day, or a total for the year of 1,726,170. New heating, ventilating and water supply systems are in process of installation, and when completed will admit of the enlargement of the collections and their better display. The fish hatching operations inaugurated a year or two ago by Mr. Townsend continue, and the tanks for the aquarium now contain food and game fishes hatched in the building from artificially fertilized eggs, the specimens running from one to three years of age. The total output of the aquarium hatcheries deposited in State waters during the year is not far from 2,000,000.

The aquarium's laboratory and library have been placed at the disposal of investigators, and many persons have availed themselves of the privilege. Similarly the aquarium has furnished sea shore animals for aquaria for teachers, and is fulfilling well its mission as an educational institution.

Among the interesting articles by persons connected with the collections is one on the Ungulates in the Zoological Park, by Director W. T. Hornaday; A Deadly Fungus on the American Chestnut, by H. W. Merkel; Radiographs, by Director Chas. H. Townsend; Our Collection of Amphibians, by Curator Raymond L. Ditmars; The Swans, by C. Wm. Beebe; The Wichita Buffalo Range, by J. Alden Loring; The Idaho Moose, by Harlow Brooks, M.D., and Mountain Goat Hunting with a Camera, by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn.

As is always the case, the report is very beautifully illustrated.

The Pinnated Grouse To-day.

Among the North American birds that a little while ago seemed to be following the road which the great auk, the Labrador duck and the passenger pigeon have traveled, is one of the finest of our game birds—the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken.

One hundred years ago its range extended, interruptedly perhaps, from the Atlantic coast to Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas on the north, and to western Texas on the southwest. The bird was abundant in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; probably also in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. But throughout the whole of its eastern range, except for one little colony, it has long been exterminated.

Giraud, writing about 1840, says that even then the bird was practically extinct on Long Island, but that it had been abundant thirty years before. Nuttall (1840) records it as found in Connecticut a few years before, though Linsley (1843) speaks of it as extinct.

It is generally known that a few still exist on Martha's Vineyard, about which we shall have more to say further on. The species has been extinct for nearly forty years in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and Mr. Witmer Stone, as recently quoted in Forest and Stream, says that up to 1868, and probably later, a few were said to occur on the barren plains which cover portions of Ocean and Burlington counties in New Jersey. This is a part of the pine barren region, an elevated dry tract covered with dwarf pines, which average not more than a foot and a half in height. Turnbull, in his "Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania," states that in 1869 a few survived in Monroe and Northampton counties, in that State.

When the Middle West was settled, prairie chickens were extraordinarily abundant in portions of Ohio and in all of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and to the westward. Their range then extended probably about as far as it does at present. About 100 years ago Audubon spoke of their very great abundance in the barrens of Kentucky, where it may be assumed no prairie

chickens have been seen for many a long year.

There are three well marked forms of the pinnated grouse or prairie hen. The bird which is most familiar to sportsmen, however, is the ordinary prairie chicken of the Middle West, ranging from southwestern Ontario and southern Manitoba, in the British possessions, south through the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, west through eastern North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, the Indian Territory, Louisiana and Texas. Southwest of this its place is taken by the lesser prairie hen, a slightly smaller, paler form, which is found in southwestern Kansas, western Indian Territory and western and southern Texas. The two western forms are essentially similar in habit, being birds of the open land; literally, prairie hens, while the eastern form inhabits, to some extent at least, wooded country, and was formerly found among the scrub oaks and pines of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Just when this eastern form was finally exterminated throughout much of its range is not now known. We knew of two birds, possibly introduced stock, having been killed on Long Island about 1870. It will probably never be known when the bird finally disappeared over most of its former range.

While the prairie chicken, like most other grouse, is commonly regarded as a non-migratory bird, and does not migrate in the sense of performing long journeys to the south, either to avoid the winter cold or to secure a more abundant food supply, yet there is with this species, as in our opinion with many other grouse, a considerable shifting of locality in the autumn, and again in the spring. In other words, these birds seem to have a winter range which is not always the same as that of summer; and just as the deer and antelope of certain sections of the Rocky Mountains perform migrations of greater or less length in autumn and spring, so the prairie chickens of the Mississippi Valley shift their ground at the approach of winter, and make a return journey in early spring. It is said that the females alone migrate; an interesting fact, if it is true.

The pinnated grouse begin to mate early in the month of March, and it is then that their booming and their dancing take place. This was well described years ago in Forest and Stream by Judge John Dean Caton, as follows:

"The spring of the year is the season of courtship with them, and it does not last all the year round as it does with humans, and they do it in rather a loud way, too; and instead of taking the evening, as many people are inclined to do, they choose the early morning. Early in the morning you may see them assemble in parties, from a dozen to fifty together, on some high, dry knolls, where the grass is short, and their goings on would make you laugh. The cock birds have a loose patch of naked yellow skin on each side of their neck just below the head, and above these on either side, just where the head joins the neck, are a few long black feathers, which ordinarily lay back on the neck, but which, when excited, they can pitch straight forward. These yellow naked patches on either side of the neck cover sacs which they can blow up like a bladder whenever they choose. These are their ornaments, which they display to the best advantage before the gentler sex at these love feasts. This they do by blowing up these air sacs till they look like two ripe oranges, on each side of the neck, projecting their long, black ears right forward, ruffling up all the feathers of the body till they stand out straight, and dropping their wings to the ground like a turkey cock. Now they look just lovely, as the coy, timid maidens seem to say, as they cast side glances at them, full of admiration and love.

"Then it is that the proud cock, in order to complete his triumph, will rush forward at his best speed for two or three rods through the midst of the lovesick damsels, pouring out as he goes a booming noise, almost a hoarse roar, only more subdued, which may be heard for at least two miles in the still morning air. This heavy booming sound is by no means harsh or unpleasant; on the contrary, it is soft and even harmonious. When standing in the open prairie at early dawn listening to hundreds of different voices, pitched on different keys, coming from every direction and from various distances, the listener is rather soothed than excited. If this sound is heavier than the deep key notes of a large organ, it is much softer, though vastly more powerful, and may be heard at a much greater distance. One who has heard such a concert can never after mistake or forget it.

"Every few minutes this display is repeated. I have seen not only one, but more than twenty cocks going through this funny operation at once, but then they seem careful not to run against each other, for they have not yet got to the fighting point. After a little while the lady birds begin to show an interest in the proceedings by moving about quickly a few yards at a time, and then standing still a short time. When these actions are continued by a large number of birds at a time, it presents a funny sight, and you can easily think they are moving to the measure of music.

"The party breaks up when the sun is half an hour high, to be repeated the next morning and every morning for a week or two before all make satisfactory matches. It is toward the latter part of the love season that the fighting takes place among the cocks, probably by two who have fallen in love with the same sweetheart, whose modesty prevents her from selecting between them."

The nest is built among thick grass, if such a situation can be chosen, and this often means the border of a slough or of a marsh, where there is danger that high water may destroy the eggs. The burning over of the prairie often destroys many nests, and again the spring plowing breaks up a good many. The nest is simply made, and is usually unlined, though often a few feathers from the bird are found in it.

Captain Bendire gives the number of eggs as from eleven to fourteen, but sets of twenty or more have often been found. The eggs are incubated for three weeks, or a little longer, and the young, as soon as hatched, leave the nest and follow the mother. They are rather hardy little birds, and after the first few days are exposed to few dangers except those of predatory birds and mammals. They are well grown by the month of August, and are then very gentle, and as they lie well to a dog, are easily killed. Somewhat later, however, the broods begin to get together, and with the approach of cold weather the packs grow larger and larger, until sometimes they number several hundreds. The eggs of the prairis chicken vary from cream color to light brown, and are often finely spotted with minute dots of reddish-brown. Sometimes the markings are larger. Often they are entirely unspotted.

The heath hen, as the eastern form of the pinnated grouse is called, is now found only on the island of Martha's Vineyard, in Massachusetts. These birds are strictly protected by law, and yet each season some are killed. Sportsmen who visit Martha's Vineyard for the summer, and who often go out in search of other game, sometimes find it difficult to resist the temptation to kill these birds if they get up before them. Each man is wholly of the opinion that this small remnant of an ancient race should be preserved, but reasons that no harm will come to the race if he kills a single one; but the sum of these units must, in the course of a season, amount to a considerable number.

Mr. William Brewster, the ornithologist, has devoted considerable time to the study of this bird on Martha's Vineyard, and in 1885 published an account of it in "Auk," from which the following paragraphs are taken:

"They were formerly found at various points in eastern Massachusetts, southern Connecticut, Long Island, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; perhaps also southern New England, and the Middle States generally. A woodland species, inhabiting scrubby tracts of oak and pine. * * * The general differences between this bird and its western representative, *T. americanus*, are difficult of adequate definition, for the reason that they consist largely in shades of color rather than in markings. Its small size, short tarsus, acutely lance-pointed feathers of the neck-tufts, white-tipped scapulars, general reddish coloration above and restricted light markings beneath, are, however, readily appreciable and apparently constant characters. * * *

"The heath hen (I use the vernacular name by which it was known to our forefathers) is still common on Martha's Vineyard, where it is mainly, if not exclusively, confined to the woods, haunting oak scrub by preference and feeding largely on acorns. Being strictly protected by law, but few are probably killed. I am told by one of the Boston marketmen, however, that he has had as many as twenty from the Vineyard in a single season. He also says that they average nearly a pound less in weight than western specimens, and on this account do not sell as readily.

"The bird is not found on the neighboring island of Naushon, despite statements by recent writers to that effect, nor is there any good evidence that it ever occurred there. There is also no reason to believe that the stock on Martha's Vineyard has been vitiated by the introduction of western birds. It is simply the last remnant of a once more or less widely distributed race, preserved in this limited area partly by accident, partly by care. According to the best testimony available the colony is in no present danger of extinction."

In July, 1890, Mr. Brewster made another visit to Martha's Vineyard, and subsequently published in Forest and Stream a description of the range of this bird, and an account of what he learned about it, as follows:

"Throughout Martha's Vineyard the heath hen (locally pronounced hêth'n, as this grouse is universally called) is well known to almost every one. Even in such seaport towns as Cottage City and Edgarstown, most of the people have at least heard of it, and in the thinly settled interior it is frequently seen in the roads, or along the edges of the cover by the farmers, or started in the depths of the woods by the hounds of the rabbit and fox hunters.

"Its range extends, practically, over the entire wooded portion of the island, but the bird is not found regularly or at all numerously outside an area of about forty square miles. This area comprises most of the elevated central portions of the island, although it also touches the sea at not a few points on the north and south shores. In places it rolls into great rounded hills and long, irregular ridges, over which are scattered stretches of second-growth woods, often miles in extent, and composed chiefly of scarlet, black, white and post oaks from fifteen to forty feet in height. Here and there, where the valleys spread out broad and level, are fields which were cleared by the early settlers more than a hundred years ago, and which still retain sufficient fertility to yield very good crops of English hay, corn, potatoes, and other vegetables. Again, this undulating surface gives way to wide, level, sandy plains, covered with a growth of bear, chinquapin, and post-oak scrub, from knee to waist high, so stiff and matted as to be almost impenetrable; or to rocky pastures, dotted with thickets of sweet fern, bayberry, huckleberry, dwarf sumac, and other low-growing shrubs.

"Clear, rapid trout brooks wind their way to the sea through open meadows, or long narrow swamps wooded with red maples, black alders, high huckleberry bushes, andromeda, and poison dogwood, and overrun with tangled skeins of green briars.

"At all seasons the heath hens live almost exclusively in the oak woods, where the acorns furnish them abundant food, although, like our ruffed grouse, they occasionally at early morning and just after sunset venture out a little way in the open to pick up scattered grains of corn or to pluck a few clover leaves, of which they are extremely fond. They also wander to some extent over the scrub-oak plains, especially when blueberries are ripe and abundant. In winter, during long-continued snows, they sometimes approach buildings, to feed upon the grain which the farmers throw out to them. A man living near West Tisbury told me that last winter a flock visited his barn at about the same hour each day. One cold, snowy morn-

ing he counted sixteen perched in a row on the top rail of a fence near the barnyard. It is unusual to see so many together now, the number in a covey rarely exceeding six or eight, but in former times packs containing from one to two hundred birds each were occasionally met with late in the autumn.

"Only one person of the many whom I questioned on the subject had ever seen a heath hen's nest. It was in oak woods, among sprouts at the base of a large stump, and contained either twelve or thirteen eggs. The date, he thought, was about June 10. This seemed late, but I have a set of six eggs taken on the Vineyard July 24, 1885, and on July 19, 1890, I met a blueberry picker who only the day before had started a brood of six young, less than half grown. These facts prove that this bird is habitually a late breeder.

"The farmers about Tisbury say that in spring the male heath hen makes a booming or tooting noise. This, according to their descriptions, must resemble the love notes of the western pinnated grouse. About sunrise, on warm, still mornings in May, several birds may be sometimes heard at once, apparently answering one another.

"During my stay at Martha's Vineyard, I obtained as many estimates as possible of the number of heath hens which are believed to exist there at the present time. My most trustworthy informants were, creditably, averse to what was apparently mere idle guessing; but when I questioned them, first as to the extent of the region over which the birds ranged, and next as to how many on the average could be found in a square mile within this region, they answered readily enough, and even with some positiveness. As already stated, the total present range of the heath hen covers about forty square miles. The estimates of the average number of birds per mile varied from three to five, giving from 120 to 200 birds for the total number. These estimates, it should be stated, relate to the number of birds believed to have been left over from last winter. If these breed freely and at all successfully, there should be a total of fully 500, young and old together, at the beginning of the present autumn. When one considers the limited area to which these birds are confined, it is evident that within this area they must be reasonably abundant. I was assured that with the aid of a good dog it was not at all difficult to start twenty-five or thirty in a day, and on one occasion eight were killed by two guns. This, however, can be done only by those familiar with the country and the habits of the birds."

A recent inquiry made among game commissioners of States where prairie chickens were formerly very abundant, has brought out a number of replies of great interest. But it is to be regretted that the game commissioners of Ohio and of Kentucky have not replied to the questions asked them about this bird. Mr. E. E. Earle, Chief Deputy Warden of the State of Indiana, writes us as follows:

"Our supply of pinnated grouse decreased rapidly from year to year until 1901. Prior to that time the open season had run from September 1 of any year to February 1 of the succeeding year. Under this law large numbers of these birds were slaughtered every year, they being young, not gun shy, and easily found.

"In 1901 a law was passed prohibiting the killing of pinnated grouse, or possession of same, at any time between January 1 and November 10, and prohibiting export of such birds. Under the provisions of this act, which was rigorously enforced, pinnated grouse have increased in numbers, and may be found in great droves on our prairies and marshes.

"I was in Porter county last March, and one duck hunter told me of having seen in one flock what he estimated to have been one hundred prairie chickens, and such scenes are by no means rare. Wise laws and strict enforcement of same will increase them in any country that is suitable for their habitation."

Illinois, in the youth of men who are now elderly, was the great chicken ground of what used to be called the West, but the birds were so persecuted that a few years ago it was supposed that this grouse was nearly extinct there. Within the last two or three years, however, a great change has taken place, for State Game Commissioner, John A. Wheeler writes us as follows:

"My deputy game wardens throughout the State report prairie chickens, pinnated grouse, rapidly increasing. Our deputy wardens in Wayne county report 3,000 birds in that county by actual count. In Sangamon county, from personal observation and reports from the deputy wardens, I am convinced that we have nearly that many birds. From all over the State, we are receiving encouraging reports of the increase of prairie chickens. I will be able later to probably give you a fair estimate of the number of birds in Illinois, but the report will only be an approximate estimate."

Almost the northwestern limit of the pinnated grouse's range is western Minnesota, and of this country Mr. S. F. Fullerton, the Executive Agent of Minnesota's Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, writes us interestingly. It is obvious that unless the cultivation of the land is such as to provide food for the pinnated grouse they will not do well there, and the character of Minnesota farming, which is largely dairying on small farms, is such as not to encourage occupation by the pinnated grouse. We quote parts of two letters from Mr. Fullerton:

"The pinnated grouse or prairie chicken is disappearing from a large section of our State. It cannot stand civilization, but it is very odd that in new portions of the State that have been opened up they are very plentiful, and we have sections in Minnesota where the pinnated grouse are just as thick as they ever were.

"I just had a talk with the State Game Warden of Manitoba, and he stated that their prairie chickens are not disappearing at all; in fact, they are increasing under rigid protection and stopping the sale. That is only across an imaginary line of Minnesota and Dakota, where these birds are plentiful, but in the southern part of our State, where dairying has taken the place of grain raising, there are hardly any of the birds left. The sharptail grouse, however, are different, as they are found in the brush country in great numbers where farms are opened up. They don't shy at civilization the same as the pinnated does, but they are a bird that we don't think as much of, as they don't lay as good to a dog, and don't afford as good sport to the man with a gun.

"A very pleasing thing happened to me last March. I was up in the northern part of the State, and in a drive of three hours I came across a stretch of land that had been cleared of jack pine. The clearing was several miles in extent, but it was surrounded by jack pine. The snow at the time was over two feet deep. The land last year was cultivated, some corn grown on it and some wheat and other coarse grain. In that clearing, the man I had with me and myself counted over two hundred pinnated grouse. They appeared to have wintered finely and seemed in good condition. It was very pleasing to me because I am satisfied now we will have a good lot of old birds to begin the nesting season with in that part of the State."

When we reach Nebraska, we come to the limit of the pinnated grouse and enter the region of the sharptail just as we do in Minnesota. Both species were formerly abundant in Nebraska, but were so overshot by thoughtless gunners and by market shooters that they became rare. Mr. G. L. Carter, Chief Warden of Nebraska's Game and Fish Commission, writes us fully about birds in Nebraska, and we take pleasure in printing his letter almost in full.

"We have both the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, and we are so proud of them, that it is a pleasure for me to tell you about them. To make myself more clearly understood, I have drawn an outline of our State, which I herewith inclose, in which I have marked off the sections inhabited by these splendid birds.

"You will note by this diagram, that the pinnated grouse are found more abundantly in the central and eastern parts of the State, while the sharptail grouse are found in the northwest portion.

"A peculiar thing is, that we seldom find a sharp-tailed grouse south of the Platte River; when we do, it is late in the season. The breeding and rearing grounds are principally in the northern and western sections, but a few are raised in other parts of the State.

"During the winter months, on account of scarcity of food in the north part of the State, which is principally grazing country, the birds are driven further south, usually along the Platte River valley, sometimes going as far south as the northern counties of Kansas.

"A few days ago, while going from this city to Omaha, I saw a bunch of perhaps 100 pinnated grouse within eight miles of the Omaha city limits. It is only through our effective game laws, passed during the winter of 1901, that we have these birds to any extent. Prior to that time, they were being slaughtered by the market hunters from everywhere, and shipped to the market. We were able to convince the Legislature of 1901, that there had been shipped out of this State 235,000 of these birds, during the year of 1900. We have had this shipping stopped, and as a result, ranchmen and farmers throughout the State report birds more plentiful than any time during the past fifteen years.

"If we take care of these birds, we will have them for a great many years to come, as we have boundless acres of territory which will never be cultivated, and which afford splendid breeding grounds for them.

"Any thorough sportsman is welcome to Nebraska. All we ask of him, is to pay his non-resident license fee and obey our law strictly while here, but market hunters, will find an unpleasant berth. During 1905, we issued 145 non-resident licenses in this State, of which forty-six were from Iowa, thirty-one from Illinois, seventeen from Colorado, six from Ohio, and the balance were scattered from Louisiana and Georgia on the south, to Michigan on the north, and Massachusetts and Connecticut on the east."

Missouri is also a State where there have in the past been many pinnated grouse, and from this State also we have a good report as to an abundant stock of birds which might easily enough be increased by proper care. State Game Warden J. H. Rodes' account of things will be read with interest by all game protectors.

"In twenty-five, if not more, of the 114 counties in this State, we have prairie chickens remaining in greater or less quantities. Originally, as you know, throughout the prairie districts of this State, these birds abounded in very liberal supplies, but having had absolutely no protection up to and prior to the enactment of the present game and fish laws which went into effect on June 15, 1905, they were industriously hunted almost to the point of extermination, and were wholly killed off in many counties where they had formerly been found abundant.

"It was a common practice, notwithstanding we had a statute prohibiting it, to begin shooting these birds after July 1, clear on and through the hunting season, when and whenever they could be found. Now that they are protected during the entire year, except from November 15 to December 15, we hope they will multiply and re-establish themselves in considerable number. To illustrate: This county, Pettis county, which is little larger, perhaps, than the average size county and fairly densely populated—Sedalia alone, the county seat, having a population of something over 15,000 inhabitants, and many more average sized towns—has yet remaining in it, I would say, five or six hundred birds.

"Of course it is difficult to estimate even approximately the number of birds remaining, yet it is no uncommon sight to see flocks of ten to twenty-five of these birds in the larger pastures and corn fields. A party who is a very reliable person, told me the other day that he saw in the western part of our county a drove of about forty birds. Doubtless this was an accumulation of several flocks that were feeding together.

"While, as stated, this county is thickly populated, there yet remain many large pastures on which the virgin sod has never been broken, being used as pasture lands and perhaps some as large as a thousand acres or more. They breed in these pastures and meadows and feed in adjacent oat and corn fields during the summer season. They were seen in unusually large

quantities this winter, which I can but attribute to the fact that special effort was made to protect these birds during their breeding season last year.

"We were fortunate enough to secure one or two early convictions for hunting them out of season, and the gunners took alarm and very few were killed. What is true in this county, is true in many other counties where like conditions exist. We intend to make these birds the object of special care and supervision in the hope that they may multiply and yet be seen in large quantities in this State. They should be protected during every month of the year for a period of five or six years, but the truth is that very few of the birds can be killed during the thirty days of the open season, as they are then full grown and are very strong, and will not lie before a dog and are very shy."

Kansas is another State where the prairie grouse was formerly abundant, but here the pinnated grouse is always the common bird, and the sharptail the exception. Mr. D. W. Travis, State Fish and Game Warden, gives us in brief but very telling form the history of the wholesale destruction and rapid decrease of prairie chickens until about six years ago, and then of the change of sentiment and an increase of the birds during the year 1905. It is to be hoped that this good work will go on. Mr. Travis says:

"Up to the year 1885 pinnated grouse were very plentiful in Kansas and especially so in the western part. From that time they decreased very rapidly, until about 1900. Between the above dates a grouse was seldom seen in the eastern half of the State, and but very few in the western half. The decrease was caused by the late burning of the prairies all over the western half of the State. Settlers were filling this section rapidly, and it seemed to be the general opinion that all dead grass should be burned, which destroyed all food and insects, starving the birds out and leaving no nesting grounds. Again meat was scarce and high, and the settlers killed grouse the year round in order to supply their tables, and also killed thousands and sent them to eastern markets. This, with the hundreds of eastern market hunters, caused the almost complete extermination of the grouse in Kansas.

"About 1900, the people began to realize that the grouse were nearly exterminated, and a crusade for their protection started. More stringent laws were passed in 1903, and still more in 1905, and I am pleased to state that in the fall of 1905 in a number of the central counties the birds have increased to numbers beyond expectations, and to-day grouse can be found in many of the eastern counties.

"With proper protection, pinnated grouse will be abundant in all parts of the State within five years. The day of the game butcher, the pot and market hunter is past.

"You may tell the readers of Forest and Stream that Kansas is all right. It not only is the greatest agricultural State in the Union, but has more true sportsmen than any other State, and within a very few years will be the game-bird paradise of the world."

Texas is now and always has been a State where pinnated grouse were abundant, and it is so large that there are still great numbers of birds there. The growth of the game protective sentiment, which has been so marked within the last year or two, promises to protect these birds.

There are other States, as Michigan and Wisconsin, that have a few pinnated grouse, and the bird occurs rarely in the Province of Ontario. In his "Birds of Manitoba," Mr. E. Thompson Seton gives an account of the introduction of this bird in Manitoba, and shows that the first record of its appearance was in 1881, when a specimen was gotten near Winnipeg.

It would seem perfectly practicable to reintroduce this bird in eastern localities where once it was abundant, but this of course could only be done in situations where the bird would be sure to be protected, in other words, in large preserves. It is conceivable that the birds might live and do well on some of the large estates of Long Island, and even on the Shinnecock Hills, but it is hardly to be hoped that they could ever be brought back as a game bird. They would have to be regarded merely beautiful natural objects.

That the bird can be domesticated we established to our own satisfaction many years ago, when we purchased ten or a dozen birds one autumn. Their wings were clipped and they were turned out in a garden which was tightly fenced, where they became so tame that the next spring they were accustomed to scratch about the feet of the man who was spading the garden. Unfortunately, dogs got among them and destroyed a number, and the others were scattered and lost.

The Divining Rod.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time-worn question of the efficacy of the "divining rod" to find underground water, has been recently revived in the columns of Forest and Stream by various contributors.

In the most recent contribution on the subject, Rear Admiral Rockwell gives a theory advanced by his father which attempts to explain the phenomenon on rational grounds, involving natural physical laws.

The suggestion is that the water that is in the sap of the hazel or peach tree twig, used in the performance, sets up electrical relations with running "veins" of underground water, and so discloses their presence.

This seems a very inadequate explanation.

There is very little water present in even a freshly cut switch, and in a few hours of warm weather after the switch has been cut, this is largely dissipated. But if water is the active agent in the process, then surely a much more effective implement could be contrived with special provision of water for the purpose. Any such contrivance would, however, be likely to eliminate the element of faith in the mysterious, which is the most important ingredient in the make-up.

There is another feature connected with the whole subject, which believers in this kind of magic seem to have lost sight of or failed to apprehend. It is this; underground water that is sought for, and reached by digging or boring, generally is not running water, but reposes in more or less extensive basins, or widely distributed strata of sand or gravel, or both. When such a reservoir of water is reached by sinking a well into it, the same water can be found in any number of wells distributed over a wide radius, and located indiscriminately.

The existence of running underground streams or "veins" is exceptional, and generally they occur only in countries with elevated topography and rocky substrata, which afford opportunities for water to percolate through the fissures of the rock in a down grade; and in limestone formations this movement is much facilitated by the disintegration of the inclosing limestone by the acids contained in the water, by which process underground channels are developed. But as before remarked, these conditions are exceptional, and generally all of the subterranean water is in a state of repose, as water cannot run, except in open channels and "down hill."

The truth is that this belief in the "magic wand" for discovering water, is simply the last survival of a whole brood of very ancient myths, whose parentage dates back to the dawn of human history; and this survival affords additional evidence of the proneness of the human mind to cherish and cling to ancient hallucinations which carry a strong element of the supernatural.

The following example occurred in the writer's experience. In company with a former member of one of the United States scientific bodies, an elderly professor, we were looking at the moon, when the professor remarked, "That is a wet moon with us, is it so in your country?" To which reply was made, "Well, professor, I don't take much stock in the moon theory as having influence on the weather." The only reply from the professor was a long drawn "A-h-h." Having a curiosity to know whether a man of scientific attainments and habits of thought had any rational grounds for such a belief, the subject was returned to later with the question, "Professor, do you really believe that the moon exerts an influence on terrestrial weather?" "O-h-h y-e-s. We have neap tides and spring tides, from the moon's influence; there is no reason why it should not influence the weather also." To which reply was made, "But the moon exerts the same influence upon all parts of the earth's surface every twenty-four hours. It would seem that if it causes rain in one place, it should cause rain all over the world." This ended the discussion. Evidently this learned professor had never thought of analyzing the question, but simply clung to a belief probably imbibed in the nursery.

The late John Fiske, in "Myths and Myth Makers," traces the "divining rod" in its various forms to an origin in the great sun myth of Aryan times. In ancient mythology the rays of the sun were the "invincible spear" of the God Phoebus, and other mythological deities, from whence have sprung the "William Tell myth" of the "unerring arrow"; the sprig of mistletoe that pierced the heel of the Norse god—his only vulnerable spot—of which the arrow that pierced the heel of Achilles is another form. Likewise the sprig of sesame that opened the cave containing gold and precious stones; the hazel or birch wand that disclosed hidden treasures in the middle ages, as well as "veins" of underground water—all of these and many kindred myths that are still cherished in different parts of the world, are variants of the sun myth of ancient mythology. No doubt plenty of specific evidence of unquestioned authenticity can be adduced to support such beliefs—as the same is true concerning cures by patent nostrums, etc., but when any one offers to me such evidence of impossible occurrences, I generally ask, "Do you believe in stinging snakes?" Oh yes, he has seen them repeatedly—has seen their stings with his own eyes! there can be no question about the fact. Then when confronted with a veritable stinging snake without any sting, and as "harmless as a dove," a doubt begins to pervade his mind as to the truth of an impression that had been long cherished as absolutely true, and based as he supposed on ocular evidence.

The credulousness of the human mind concerning all matters involving mystery and spiced with superstition, is among its most curious phenomena, and is evidently a survival from primitive ages when all men's minds were under the dominion of such beliefs. It is upon this credulous propensity that so many quacks, prophets, fortunetellers, and almanac makers, rely for a living.

Coahoma.

Spread of the Houseboat.

The wide distribution of the interest felt in houseboating in this country, is shown by the very widely scattered localities from which come orders for Mr. Hunt's new book, "Houseboats and Houseboating," the only volume that has ever been published on this interesting subject, and particularly useful on account of its illustrations and its plans for construction. Orders come from the Pacific Coast, from the Gulf of Mexico, from the great rivers of the West and from many points on the Great Lakes, the Middle States and New England.

It is curious to notice how slowly the interest in this delightful form of summer life has grown. There have been houseboats in America for a dozen or fifteen years, yet very few people have comprehended how comfortable and convenient they were. Since the publication of Mr. Hunt's book, however, people seem to be waking up. The N. Y. Sunday Sun recently devoted half a page to the subject with illustrations taken from this book, and only two or three weeks ago the New York Sunday Herald gave a full colored page to the subject, also with illustrations from the Houseboat book.

For the benefit of persons who have only heard of the book, and not seen it advertised, we may say that its price is $3 net, postage, 34 cents.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

GAME BAG AND GUN

A Woman's Moose Hunt.

(*Concluded from page* 136.)

I was beginning to realize the uncertainty of moose hunting; for, while we had seen a great many, I had only had a chance to shoot one, and could only have had one shot at it. The weather was bad. We had a great deal of rain, with cold variable winds, that carried our scent in every direction. When they finished remodeling the beds, we went to Peaked Mt. Lake, but came back to camp early in the evening. The rain had turned to snow, and the weather was very cold. It froze hard that night, and our tent was frozen stiff in the morning. It was a good deal like sleeping in cold storage.

We went to a barren about two miles beyond Harris Lake the next morning. It was a long walk, but the woods were beautiful and we enjoyed it. The barren was perhaps two miles long, with a shallow lake in the center. Near one end is a spring of ice-cold water in a basin about a yard square. The bottom of the basin is covered with white sand, and the water coming up in the center keeps the sand constantly boiling up over an area of about two inches. The basin was full of tiny little trout. We went entirely around the barren, and in one end of the lake, which is not much but a mud hole, we could see the trails of moose through the mud in the bottom. It seemed impossible for so large an animal to go through such a bog and not get mired. But the trails we saw and the dried mud on the trees and bushes around this end of the lake was evidence that they went through frequently.

We found the birds very interesting. One afternoon we watched a fight between a hawk and some bluejays. The jays finally won the battle. One morning we were watching the Canada jays and the crossbills pick up scraps around the cabin. The woods across the river appeared to be full of birds, when a hawk came flying down over the trees. The jays gave the alarm, and in less than a minute there was scarcely a bird to be seen. The hawk perched on a dead tree and waited. The curiosity of the jays would soon bring one out, when the hawk would dart for it, and the jays would scream and fly for cover. Both the jays and crossbills would come on the porch for scraps, but when any one went to the door they would fly to the roof, and it was amusing to see the crows come to the edge of the porch roof and stretch their necks to see if any one was below. We often went to the edge of the porch and looked up at them; they seemed so surprised and their little crossed bills looked so funny.

One evening at Harris Lake a flock of robins lit on the shore just in front of us. There were perhaps forty or fifty of them. They played there for a long time, darting back and forth very much as swallows do. I had never seen a flock of robins before, and thought they were swallows. Another interesting bird was one that commenced his low, plaintive call about sundown. He always seemed to be interrupted, and his song never seemed to be finished; but there was a weird plaintiveness about it that never failed to interest yet half annoy us.

In the evening we saw three moose on the other side of Harris Lake. Knowing one of them was a bull, we made what I called a record run around the lake, but by the time we got there the moose had started across to the other side. We turned back and reached the end of the lake about the time they did, but the bull was small.

I would be so tired when we reached camp at night that it did not seem possible for me to be rested enough to go hunting the next day. But in the morning I was perfectly rested and ready for anything.

The morning of Sept. 28 dawned clear and bright, and as we followed the trail up the ridge to Peaked Mt. Lake through the sweet ferns and fallen leaves, life could hold no greater pleasure. September had thrown off her sullen mood and was all smiles of welcome. The sun filtered down through the yellow leaves, the air was soft and balmy, there was no wind and we could see a patch of blue sky where the trail appeared to end, at the top of the ridge. The morning was perfect, life was worth living, we were happy, and had forgotten that we were not children.

Our lunch of broiled moose steak, toasted cheese, bread, butter, tea and ginger bread was eaten near the lake. As no moose had been seen, Dan proposed going to another lake about three miles away.

In a grove of tall maple trees was a pine tree about twelve feet high. The bright red and yellow maple leaves were strewn thickly

DANIEL MUNN'S HUNTING CABIN.

over the pine tree. The sun shining on them brought out their beautiful colors, and made a gorgeous Christmas tree, for exceeding those of civilization. The forest was beautiful, the colors splendid.

"The maples are golden again, translucently yellow and clear;
The sumac is crimson as blood, and tremulous tintings appear;
Rare bronzes and purples and greens that blend with the deep of the shade,
For now in their robes of farewell, the forests are fully arrayed."

Before we had gone a mile a few drops of rain fell, which soon increased, and it rained hard all afternoon. We stopped to watch a porcupine cross the trail and climb a tree, thinking of course we would turn back. Dan got up, reached for the rifle with one hand and the moose call with the other, saying, "A little wet this afternoon." He made the remark in the same cheerful tone he would have used if he had said, "A fine day." He started on, and we meekly followed, knowing it was our moose we were after. A deserted lumber camp near the lake was lined with tar paper, and Dan said he would make us each a waterproof coat. He tore off a piece of the paper and cut a round hole in the middle of it, through which he put his head. Dan had his on when we started home, and insisted on Archy wearing one. Archy said he did not need one, for his coat would not get wet through. "Of course, we don't need them," Dan said, "but think of the novelty." Dan wore his to camp, which we reached very tired and very, very wet. I thought my heavy woolen skirt weighed a ton. We heard a moose call, but it was a long way off and would not answer. We had more fun and laughed more that afternoon than on any other two days of our hunt. Hunting was hard work. Every faculty was on the alert, every nerve was strung to a high tension. Night found us tired mentally as well as physically, but soon after we crept in among the blankets all was oblivion till awakened either by the cold or Tom commencing to get breakfast.

On the way to Harris Lake in the morning I asked Dan what he would give me for my chance of getting a moose. He studied a moment and said, "Well, I would not give very much." That about settled it for me; it was the first time he had discouraged me. In the afternoon we went to the edge of a barren, and Archy and I sat down to watch, while the Doctor and Dan went to a spring for a drink. They stayed so long we were thinking of going after them with a long pole to fish them out of the spring, when they returned with a porcupine hide. The Doctor wanted the hide then, but has changed his mind since. When watching a lake or a runway, I thought every noise I heard was a moose, and this afternoon I heard about a dozen. When I heard a noise I would look at Archy, but he either had not heard it or it was no moose, for he was perfectly indifferent. Then I would settle down to listen for another one. Twice I mustered up courage to tell him I heard a moose. The first time it was a squirrel dropping pine cones, and the next time it was the wind swaying a limb, against which a dead tree had fallen. On the lakes I could see a moose in almost any direction I looked. Fortunately, I did not often mention it to the guides; and when they did not see them I waited for my moose to move, which it seldom did.

Toward evening we would get so cold, it was hard to crouch down among the bushes and keep still. I suspect it was much harder for the Doctor than for me, as it was my moose we were hunting. One evening the Doctor could stand it no longer, and thinking he heard a moose in the lake, he got up and, keeping well back in the bushes, went around the point to the lower end of the lake. When he saw there was no moose there, he very leisurely walked along the shore in plain view till he came back to where I was. Dan, who had been watching from another point, on seeing the Doctor walking along the shore, came to hold a conference with Archy. Seeing the guides engaged in earnest conversation, the Doctor stopped and asked what was the matter. I suggested that Dan would probably let him know when he got him to camp. He laughed and sat down.

About sunset that evening we saw a deer away at the upper end of the lake, and while we were watching it a bull moose put its head out through the bushes, but did not come out on the shore. We went back into the woods and started for the upper end of the lake as fast as we could; but when we got there the deer and the bull moose were gone. There was nothing left but an old cow.

On our way to Peaked Mt. Lake the next morning, we heard a moose call. Dan called and the moose answered him. When the moose answered the next call we could tell he was coming toward us. Dan said, "He's com-

ing. Down on your knees everybody!" We all crouched down and waited. He was coming very fast. We could hear his antlers strike the branches. He would grunt as he came along, and occasionally he would call; then he would stop and paw the ground. When he got quite close, Dan stopped calling, and soon I saw the top of his antlers back of a log as he crossed the hollow below us. I do not know whether I was afraid or not, but I wanted that moose to come out. He came up almost to the trail, but stopped behind a clump of small pine trees about thirty yards from where I was. I could just see the top of his antlers, but could not see any of his body, and fired one shot at a guess. I then ran forward on the trail, threw another shell in the chamber and came upon him in the open just as he was turning to run. I fired, hitting him just back of the left shoulder. He stumbled and pitched forward, but did not go down. I saw a puff of steam come from his side, but did not know what it meant. I threw another shell in the chamber, but I never thought to shoot again. I called, "He's hit! He's hit!" and just stood there waiting for him to fall. It never occurred to me to shoot again, till he had disappeared in the woods. Then I started after him as fast as I could, but he seemed so entirely lost, and I could get through the woods so slowly, that I handed my gun to Archy and told him to kill the moose, for it was hurt. The moose had gone about seventy-five yards when he fell, and the Doctor ran up to within a few feet of him. The moose got up and turned on the Doctor, and he raised his rifle and fired, striking the lower edge of an antler. With head lowered, the moose was trying to come on, and the Doctor fired again, hitting him in the side. I came up just then and gave him another shell. Great puffs of steam were coming out of his side, and it looked so dreadful, I could not bear to see it. I turned away, put my hands over my face, sat down behind a tree, and told the Doctor to kill him quickly. I was so sorry he was dead I could scarcely keep back the tears. He was such a big animal. He seemed so harmless and we had fooled him. When he quick kicking, I went over and patted him saying, "Poor old fellow;" then the Doctor and the guides laughed at me.

We went back to where I had stood when I fired the second shot at the moose. Dan stepped off the distance, and found I had been only eleven yards away. I had fired three shots at the moose from my .303 Savage, only two of which had taken effect. The antlers were very brown, with sixteen points and a spread of forty-one inches. The moose was very black, and had what the guides called a muffle bell. It could not have been more than fifteen minutes from the time we first heard him till he was lying dead. It was early in the morning, and we were not more than a mile from camp. The color and shape of the antlers, and the color of the moose was so much like the one I might have shot on Harris Lake, we thought it must certainly be the same moose. While the guides were skinning it, a bull with a fair head came to within fifty yards of where we were, then hurried off. Long before the moose was skinned my feelings underwent a complete change. I was so glad I had gotten my moose.

The weather was very cold that night, but the next day was beautiful. The guides brought in the hide and put things in shape, as we were to start out in the morning. The team and two riding horses came in that afternoon.

A supply of wood was brought in and a fire was built in front of our tent. Dan and Archy took turns in replenishing the fire through the night, keeping our tent nice and warm. In the morning, after breakfast, we packed up and hit the home trail.

The weather was fine. The forests were in holiday attire. It was color, color, color everywhere. The floor of the forest was covered with a low growth of maple and moose wood, which was gorgeous in red, yellow and green, while the maple, birch and beech trees formed an equally gorgeous canopy overhead. As we rode slowly along, above the low bushes, we

MY FIRST MOOSE.

seemed to move through a sea of color. I was getting over some of my fear of a horse, and enjoyed the ride out very much.

We reached Holt's early on the afternoon of Oct. 3. We had been in the woods twenty days—four of them were spent on the trail—leaving us sixteen days to hunt. We had seen thirty-four moose, eight of which were bulls over two years old. The Doctor got his moose the second day we hunted, and I got mine on the fifteenth day. We had had a delightful time. Our guides could not have done better or been more considerate. There had not been one cross word or look, and I had not hoodooed Dan's camp.

We went to the top of the hill above Holt's house for a last look at that wonderful forest which had been so green when we went in.

"But lo, up the reach of the hills, where the trees bid the zephyrs to hush,
A picture is painted anew by a marvelous, mystical brush.
And the glory of summer is gone—the blossoms and birds and the glow—
But the forests are tinted again in hues that the master minds know;
The hills that are dimmned in the mist, change softly to blue and to brown,
And leaves that are shimmering gems, float silently, silently down.
The aisles of the forest are wide, the walls of the forest are high—
The temple is garnished anew with the glory of earth and of sky."

A. W. C.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alligator Hides.

THE Shoe and Leather Reporter says that the consumption of alligator leather is greater now than ever before, the output of tanneries in America being approximately 280,000 hides annually, worth about $450,000. There are several distinct varieties of the alligator hides on the market, the most important being the Floridian, Louisianian, and Mexican, which differ from the others in certain well-defined characteristics of scales, and owing to the differences each variety has its special use. Fifty-six per cent. of the hides used in the United States are furnished by Mexico and Central America, twenty-two per cent. by Florida, twenty per cent. by Louisiana, and three per cent. by the other Gulf States. There are practically no South American alligator hides exported to this country. The quantity of alligators has greatly decreased in all of the Southern States, and it seems only a question of a few years when it will be impossible to obtain the hides at a price that will warrant their employment in the manufacture of leather. Thousands of the reptiles have been slaughtered merely for sport, no use whatever having been made of them. It is estimated that the number of alligators in Louisiana at present is at least thirty per cent. less than twenty years ago.

The Automatic Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent's letter concerning the automatic shotgun, in the issue of July 7, is certainly very sensible and fair in spirit. May I call attention, however, to what appears to me to be erroneous in his argument?

He says that the fact that game has increased rapidly in some districts coincidently with the introduction of improved weapons is not conclusive (that game protection can be effective when more deadly weapons are used). Anyone who is familiar with the facts, knows that as to those particular districts and weapons, the results are conclusive. Of course they could not be conclusive as to other districts and other weapons, but assuredly they should have great weight in the consideration of the question of legislating against the automatic shotgun.

Those who are opposing the use of this gun seem to assume that when they have proved what no one should deny—that the automatic is more deadly than present weapons—they have made their case. In reality, this is of very minor importance. Every advancement in firearms has been and must be in ease and rapidity of operation, making the weapons more deadly. The real question is the effective protection of game under the law.

I cannot agree that "no principle is violated by prohibiting the use of the automatic gun." Can anyone point to a single instance where the use of an improved weapon has been prohibited? To compare the more perfect and more convenient arm (which sportsmen are always seeking and which adds largely to the pleasure of hunting) to the swivel gun or other gun of excessive caliber, is to shut our eyes to the clearest distinctions. I predict that these distinctions will not be ignored by the legislatures of the various States, even though they may be by sentimentalists, and that the legitimate use of a superior gun, shooting standard hunting ammunition, will not be prohibited.

* * *

Editor Forest and Stream:

I believe this gun is here to stay, not because it is a deadlier gun to the game, but because of the many advantages over the old double-barrel guns in the ease of handling, the reduced recoil and the shells kept in reserve for wounded birds.

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of July 14, Mr. Geo. Kennedy says, "It is not that the slaughter gun gets so many more birds, but that it kills so many more that are not gotten."

I disagree with Mr. Kennedy there. I have myself personally seen wounded ducks escape, when I was shooting from a blind, because of the empty double guns of the shooters. This is where a repeater and the reserve shells come into use.

Any true sportsman can use the automatic the same as a double gun, and there is the pleasure of having a superior gun which loads itself and has so many advantages.

How many of you hunters have had your sport spoiled by a severe headache caused by the recoil of the old gun? I will admit the double-barrel was all right in its time, but its time is over, the same as the muzzleloader.

A MODERN SPORTSMAN.

American Guns Popular in India.

CONSUL-GENERAL William H. Michael, of Calcutta, writes: American manufactured arms and rifles are preferred in India to those manufactured anywhere else. Even the British soldier who by good behavior has won a "shooting pass"—that is, the privilege of going into the jungles to hunt—invariably uses a .45 or .50 caliber American made rifle. Only recently a crack company of a noted British regiment was transferred from Calcutta to another post where good hunting abounds. Before leaving, they purchased every American rifle of suitable caliber for large game to be had in Calcutta.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Notes on Salmon in British Columbia.

The principal varieties of salmon in our waters, from a rod fisherman's point of view, are the cohoe and so-called spring salmon. The latter fish is known by a number of names according to the locality in which it is caught; for instance, at Campbell River it is always called the tyee, at other places it goes by the name of silver and king salmon. The sockeye salmon is the great cannery fish and seldom takes a bait freely.

The time at which the fish run varies a great deal, according to the locality, but with the exception of a month or two in the year, there is always some place on the coast where the spring salmon can be caught with a rod. The best fish are caught when the herring run is on. This is from December to April. At this time of year you must troll with a small herring fitted upon a flight of hooks, so that it will spin well; you require to use a lead according to the depth of water and length of line you have out, so that you can fish as near the bottom as possible, as the biggest fish always lie deep. For spring salmon fishing the neighborhood of Port Simpson cannot be beaten; there the fish are very plentiful and run to a great size. As this is too far away for the average man, I would suggest going to Pender Harbor, some fifty miles up the coast from Vancouver, or Barclay Sound on Vancouver Island. Even in Vancouver Harbor itself a few fish can nearly always be got by a man who will persevere. This spring, though the run has been extremely small and the number of people who have fished has been likewise, I can account for at least fifty good fish that have been taken in the last mentioned place.

While, in my opinion, the spring fishing is the most sporting, there is no doubt that the greatest number of fish are taken in the summer and fall months. About the beginning of July the cohoes begin to run at Campbell River and all other points north of this place. The cohoe is a small fish, seldom going above 10 pounds; he is, however, a very game little fish and, if you use a light rod and tackle to match, will give any amount of sport. This fish will also, under favorable conditions of water, tide and weather, take the fly. A very ordinary bag of these fish at Campbell River would be twenty fish a day, and bags of over a hundred are frequently taken. At the beginning of August the tyee salmon come and then is the time you want your strong tackle and long line. The record fish at Campbell River, taken with a rod, is 72 pounds; the average weight would be 45 pounds. As many as nine fish have been caught in a day, and as it generally takes from twenty minutes to an hour and a half to land an average sized fish, the man who did this could not have lost much time. I know of a 50-pound fish that was hooked foul that took close on to five hours to kill.

From Campbell River the run of fish gets later all the way down to Vancouver, where the cohoes do not begin to run till the end of August, and the second run of spring salmon well on toward October.

Apart from the spring fishing and the small amount of fly-fishing done for cohoes, the principal bait used is the spoon. As far as I know, nobody ever tried the spring salmon with a fly, though I believe it is well worth attempting at Campbell River.

It would be impossible to give the names of the various places for fishing, as nearly every part of the coast is good at some season of the year, with the exception of the months of April, May and June, when there is splendid trout fishing to be had instead.

A. B. W.

Fishing in Colorado.

Mr. C. E. Yonkman, one of Denver's star fishermen, Ed. Warren and Jas. Bradley, went to Hartsel on the south fork of the Platte River, this week fishing, and caught eighteen fish, all rainbow trout but two, which were eastern brook and weighed more than a pound a piece. The fish dressed, pulled the scales down to 27 pounds, and were from eight to twenty-one inches long. They were a pretty sight, strung out on a long block of ice in Brown and Beck's window, and many men, weary with the cares of office and the tiresome details of business stopped to look at the frozen trout—mementoes of a day's sport with rod and reel, and gave a sigh of regret for what "might have been." Mr. Yonkman's fame is not confined to angling; he is one of the most noted trapshooters in the West.

The Elks went fishing in carloads last Friday, with rod and reel, and other paraphernalia. Some went up the Platte, others took the iron trails that are longer and lead to the far away Gunnison and other public streams. All had good luck and pronounced the scenery in Colorado the most beautiful in the world. S. E. Land, superintendent of the Gunnison fish hatchery, who was in Denver this week, states that there are more trout in the Gunnison River and its tributaries than ever before, and that thousands of them are being caught every day by anglers. The sport is pronounced excellent in the Gunnison section as well as along the Eagle and Frying Pan, and also the Platte in Platte cañon. Supt. Land has just returned from Emerald Lakes near Durango, where he has been taking native trout spawn. In nine days he collected 4,500,000 eggs. This enormous number is sufficient to stock the State hatcheries at Denver, Durango, Gunnison and Emerald Lakes. The cost to the State of collecting this amount of eggs was only $225, which is remarkably low. The actual market value of these eggs is $2,271. The loss from the time of taking until placed in the hatcheries, in transporting, etc., was only one per cent. Of the 4,500,000 eggs, Denver gets 1,350,000, Gunnison 640,000, Durango 2,000,000 and Emerald Lakes 500,000. There were taken from the Gunnison River this season, 1,250,000 rainbow trout eggs, half of which will go to the Denver hatchery and the other half to Gunnison.

A Social Tramp.

Denver, Colo., July 25.

Montana Fishing Licenses.

Montana requires a license for fishing, the resident paying $1 and the non-resident $10 for permission to fish and to shoot birds, or $25 to fish and to kill birds and big game. Dr. James A. Henshall sends this account (from the Butte Miner of July 19) of how the law works:

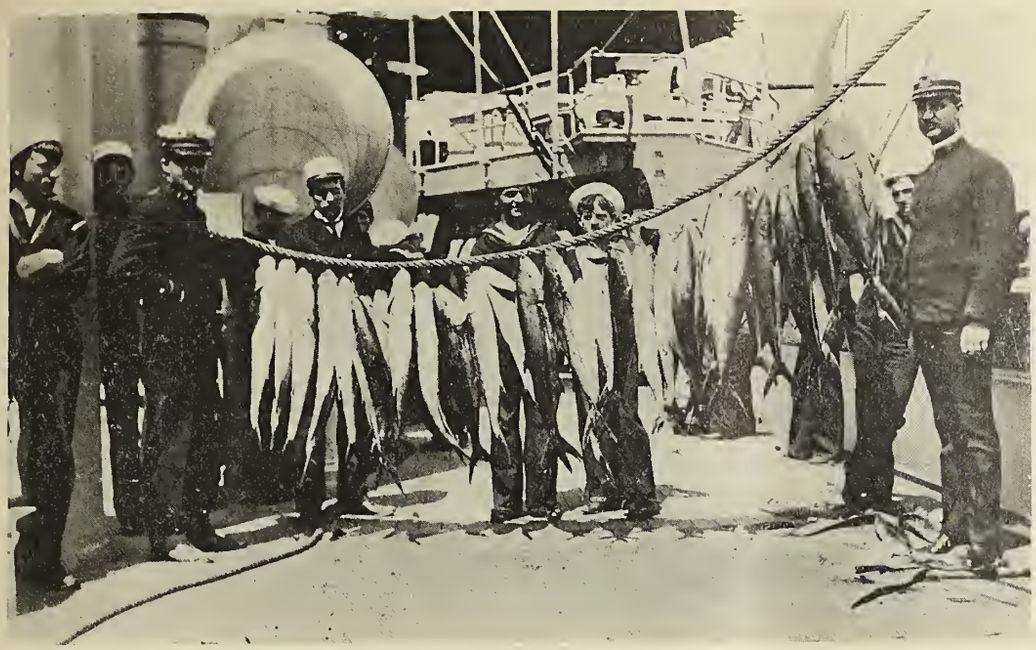
"Fishermen must show their licenses, and any one failing to produce the necessary permit from the State entitling him to whip the swiftly swirling pools for the festive fish is in danger of arrest.

"Such is the ultimatum of Deputy Game Warden Henry Avarre, of this city. Warden Avarre is a zealous officer, and he proposes to see that the statutes governing the game of Montana are carried out to the letter. Every Sunday morning Warden Avarre can be seen boarding some train bound for the fishing grounds in the vicinity of Butte. He can also be seen aboard the train on its return trip. Beginning at one end of the train the officer carefully makes his way through the coaches, requiring each fisherman or fisherwoman to produce the license.

"Those who fail to show the license, declaring they forgot to bring it with them, are required to give their names and addresses to the officer, and he then ascertains whether or not he has been told the truth. From the records on file with the State game warden, Mr. Avarre stated that arrest would probably follow in the event of his having been imposed upon.

Warden Avarre's strict attention to the proper observance of the game laws by sportsmen in this city as well as elsewhere, is calling forth much commendatory attention. Heretofore there has been a disposition generally to slight the game laws, and there has been but little at-

COLORADO RAINBOW TROUT TAKEN BY MR. C. E. YONKMAN.



YELLOWTAILS CAUGHT AT MAGDALENA BAY BY OFFICERS OF THE U. S. S. CHICAGO.

tention given to the fishing license feature of the statute. This the officers propose to correct without delay, and it is their purpose to prosecute without fear or favor any one violating the game laws.

"The sale of fishing licenses this season has outstripped last year's record by several hundred, and the season has hardly begun as yet.

"It is a novel sight to witness the Sunday morning fish train of the Oregon Short Line. Six or eight coaches are loaded to the guards with fishermen in all varieties of garbs and tackle. The atmosphere of the cars reeks with smoke through which float hundreds of stories of previous catches, and 'the fly with which I had the best luck Sunday.' It's a study for the student of human nature, without a doubt. There are ladies, too, but you have to get close to them to know it, as a rule. They are generally smothered under a straw canopy of fantastic shape of enough area to exclude a dozen suns. Many of the fair ones wear hunting jackets of the hue and design of their brothers or husbands, together with hip boots and trousers, sometimes.

"To add to the general comedy of the situation there is a horde of enterprising young Americans who almost jaw you to death, hawking the sale of 'fat maggots' for bait, together with chewing gum. A squirming, highly odoriferous, excited and plump maggot is considered candy for Mr. Fish, and the little creature of the dumping grounds of the slaughter houses on the flats below town is eagerly sought until their sale by boys has become an unique industry of the fishing season in this city.

"Its extent can better be appreciated when it is stated that the maggot vendors have organized themselves into a union known as the Maggot Sellers and Fish Bait Furnishers' Union No. 1, of Butte. Each can of maggots sells for twenty-five cents, and you would waste your breath trying to induce a member of the union to cut the price. He will not do it even for your catch for the day."

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IN THE WOODS

or in the mountains, no matter how far from civilization, fresh milk can always be had if foresight is used in packing the outfit. Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream in cans keeps indefinitely until opened, and answers every purpose. It is pure, rich milk, condensed to the consistency of cream, put up without sugar and preserved by sterilization only.—*Adv.*

Sport at Magdalena Bay, Mexico.

If you run your finger down the map of Lower California to a point about 200 miles from the tip end, you will come to this bay which is on the Pacific side. It is not much of a place, viewed from a residential or commercial standpoint. As a matter of fact, there are but twenty houses that constitute the settlement. Mexico seems not to take much interest in its welfare, for there is no semblance of authority about the spot, and the Mexican flag is not flown from any building or pole.

The neighboring hills are as dry and treeless as they well can be. The popular yarn is that no rain has fallen, insignificant showers excepted, in a dozen years, and certainly the aspect of nature substantiates the story of the natives.

The climate is magnificent in the month of March, so far as one can see, after a stay of three weeks. Every day the sun shines from morning to sunset, with scarcely a cloud to obscure its rays. Nor is it by any means too warm. Magdalena is just north of the tropical latitude, on almost the same isotherm as Havana and Hongkong, yet its climate is far superior to these sports. One might style it semi-tropical during the day, blankets being needed at night.

The bay forms a beautiful sheet of water, well protected, deep, and teeming with fish and marine life. Mullet, or a kind of mullet, are plentiful in a neighboring brackish lagoon, and a number have been taken with live bait. Spanish mackerel are abundant, averaging in weight 3 to 8 pounds; they have been captured on a bright spoon trolling from a sail boat. The accompanying photo, which exhibits a catch suspended from a line, are nearly all what are called "yellow tails" and averaging about 10 pounds each. They were taken on a jig hook, also by trolling. Their flesh is coarse and not particularly palatable. Much to my surprise, no tarpon have been caught either by hook and line or in our seines.

In the way of feathered game there are doves, godwits and a few ducks, and shore birds. The flesh of the godwit is dark, the taste fishy and by no means good eating. Of non-game birds, various species of the natatores, as tern, cormorant or grebe, and an enormous pelican are found. The spread of wings of this pelagic fisherman is 6 feet, the measurement being taken from a bird recently killed. The elastic pouch under the lower mandible would apparently hold a 3-pound trout, so capacious is it. I have come across almost none of the perching tribe, probably because the country is treeless. Of insects there are but few, and save butterflies, practically none have been met with. It is worthy of note that mosquitoes are entirely absent, though there are abundant paludal spots where they might breed, and where one would expect to find them.

Animal life is very sparsely represented, nothing in the way of fauna having been come across, except the coyote and a small lizard; the latter is quite abundant and lives in holes burrowed in the hillsides. The reptiles are further represented by the sea turtle. The accompanying photograph depicts a number just brought in. They are taken alive with a small sharp harpoon that wounds, but the stab is not severe enough to kill. I could not determine whether they are of the hawk's bill species or not. The largest weighed about 80 pounds.

It is worthy of note that no snakes at all have been seen either in the cañons, arroyos secos, or hillsides. One would expect to meet with them here.

From this cursory account it will be seen that the piscatorial opportunities at Magdalena Bay are much better than those with the feathered game. The latter are by no means so good as I had anticipated.

The accompanying photographs were taken by H. C. Kellers, M.D., U. S. N.

CLEMENT BIDDLE, U. S. Navy.

TURTLES TAKEN BY HARPOONING.

Brook Trout Weight Record.

Worcester, Mass., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen a speckled trout that had been caught in a pond in Maine that weighed 14¼ pounds. This trout, which was a regular red-spotted, square-tail, brook trout, was mounted here in this city by C. K. Read, about six years ago. It was caught by a man named Eaton. I made a claim at the time that it was a world beater. The Maine papers got hold of the piece I had written: then the State Department at Augusta sent here and bought it; and I am informed that it is in the Maine State House now. I believed then, as I do now, that it is the largest brook trout ever taken in American waters. It was just as perfect in form as any pound trout I ever saw.

This man Eaton, who caught it, sent it to his brother here to have it set up. His brother knowing I was "fishy," sent for me to come and see it. It had an affidavit of the sheriff of the town, and several others who had seen it, attached, date caught, weight, etc.

A. B. F. Kinney.

Massachusetts Trout Hatcheries.

Boston, July 25.—The State has four stations for trout hatching. Of those at Winchester and Adams, the late Captain Collins in his report for 1903, says they are only what may be called "developing stations," where fish eggs may be taken in the eyed stage, hatched and reared for distribution as fry. No trout can be reared to the fingerling stage at either of these stations.

Of the one at South Hadley, in the same report, the Captain says, in substance, it is impossible to accomplish anything beyond hatching fry and maintaining a brood-stock of fish under difficulties. In his report for 1904, he pronounces the temperature of the water between April and September at Hadley too high for the rearing of young fish, and says the work of rearing fingerlings (for 1904) was thrown entirely upon the Sutton hatchery.

"The most certain results," says his report, "follow stocking with fingerlings," and "the demand for them exceeds many times the capacity of our rearing ponds."

In order to meet the "reasonable demands" which come from all sections of the State, he says, increased facilities for rearing them must be provided. The condition to-day remains the same, no additional facilities have been provided. The output for October planting this year is not likely to exceed that of 1903 or 1904. The supply for distribution will be less than one-half the number applied for. It is this condition that has led the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association to close a contract for a large number of fingerlings to be distributed to clubs and individuals at a nominal price the coming fall. The fact that the State commission is thus handicapped in this important line of work is greatly to be regretted, and there seems to be no remedy but for the sportsmen to step into the breach by "going down into their pockets."

The late Captain Collins was a recognized authority on matters of fishculture, but if it were needed his opinion could be re-enforced by that of many others. Hon. H. O. Stanley, for many years in charge of the fishculture work which has done so much to keep up the fishing in the lakes and streams of Maine, bent all his energies the last few years of his term in office to raising as many as possible of the fish for planting to the fingerling stage, and declared that he would give more for one fish of some size than for fifty fry. While no one would take the ground that fry are in all cases, however and wherever planted, absolutely worthless, it is not believed that five per cent. of them, as ordinarily planted, escape destruction by the larger trout and other fish-eating denizens of the streams.

Year by year, the demand for trout of some size has gone on increasing, while the facilities for raising them at the State hatcheries has remained *in statu quo.*

Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.
By H. H. Kimball, Secretary.

In view of the fact that the Massachusetts Commissioners on Fisheries and Game have been able for several years to supply only a small part of the fingerling trout applied for, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association offers to furnish them for October planting in brooks wholly or in part open to public fishing, in lots of 1,000 or more, for the nominal price of $10 per thousand. No orders for less than 1,000 will be accepted. Orders should be sent to the Secretary of the Association as early as August 12.

Little Brooks.

One day some two or three years ago the Doctor and the writer determined to hunt up a brook laid down on the map, and find out whether there were trout in it or not, and if so, whether they might be caught. After a drive of several miles we turned down a side road, a stony, overgrown track, with bushes on either side that nearly met in the middle, and after following this about half a mile, came out in a little valley. Here was the place, and we began to look for the brook. At last we crossed a small bridge, a mere hole under the road, and concluding that it must be the stream, got out and tied the horse to the fence. Rods in hand we plunged into the bushes, and after struggling through an alder swamp for a quarter of a mile came out into the meadow. Here we found the brook, a mere trickle of ice-cold water from a mass of woodland springs forming a swamp above. It was scarcely a foot wide on the average, and almost entirely covered over with the tall grass. Flies being of no use, we put on good, lively worms, and wherever we could find an opening dropped them in. In this way we fished down the meadow and took sixteen trout, nine inches, just the size for the pan, and much to our surprise, too, for it was a bright, hot afternoon in July. After we had worked down through the meadow, we found that the brook, receiving more water from an open swamp, became larger and formed some fine pools. The first one we came to in the edge of the woods was an ideal trout pool. A little cascade tumbled into it and sent a swirl of water along a huge hemlock log, that for thirty feet formed a mossy embankment along the side.

There were fine lurking places all along under this log. The Doctor, standing well back, dropped his bait into the fall, and let the water roll it along the bottom in front of the log. I waited eagerly. We had had such unexpected luck in the little stream above that I anticipated rare sport in the pool. I saw the Doctor's line tighten. He struck and the next instant was lifting carefully ashore, a large, well-fed—dace. Noticing the expression on his face, I said nothing, but leaving him struggling with the fish, which had snarled his line in a bush, I took his place and cast. I had a bite, struck, and lifted ashore—another dace. Well, we stood there ten or twelve minutes and lifted out dace alternately. I put on a cast of flies and caught—dace. We worked down stream to experiment, but it was all dace and no trout, and as the afternoon grew late we retraced our steps, and drove home in time to see our trout smoking on the supper table.

This incident illustrates well some points I wish to make in regard to little brooks. It is, alas! an undeniable fact that the trout in our brooks and streams in the New England and Middle States are every year decreasing in numbers, and deteriorating in size and quality. The cause of this is not difficult to find. It is not so much the illegal taking of the fish by spearing, snaring, netting, and poisoning the pools with lime, though this is bad enough, for trout have stood all this and have not been entirely exterminated; it is not so much the dumping of sawdust, filth and chemicals into the brook, for there are thousands of small streams throughout the country where this has never been done, and yet where trout once swarmed now they are not, but it is by reckless and injudicious cutting down the woods. I am not now speaking of the wholesale destruction of vast forests, such as is now agitating the public at large; it is a much more simple and everyday matter.

Our trout is not a true trout, in one sense of the word, but a char, and like all of the chars, icy cold water is his very life. In the Thames, where the congener, *Salmo fario*, is every year caught of enormous size, our trout could not, probably, thrive at all. Now, that which gives the water of our streams this quality, so necessary to *Salvelinus fontinalis* (does not his very name bespeak it), is spring water. Every year the farmers, in cutting down woods, lay bare some spring. This may not always be an open one, but there are always indications that it is there. Thus uncovered to the sun, the spring either dries up or its waters become warm and bad. In this manner the brooks, and of necessity the larger streams, gradually become tepid in temperature, and in summer diminished in volume, killing the trout in time, and causing them to decrease in size and quality in the process. At the same time, it favors the spread and growth of coarse, soft-fleshed, inferior fish, which take the food from the trout and devour their spawn. In the incident I have related, the tiny beck which issued from a swampy piece of ground, filled with springs, was alive with trout, because its water, being sheltered at its very source from the fierce July sun, was cold and clear. But as we went lower down, another stream of larger volume joined the little brook. The water of this latter stream came from an open swamp exposed to the midsummer heat, and as a natural sequence we found no trout below its mouth, but dace. Now, had this swamp been covered with a heavy growth of timber, I venture to assert its waters would have been much improved in quality and temperature, and the trout would not have been obliged to leave the main stream and crowd up into the little brook in order not to stifle.

I think that twenty acres of woodland, rightly distributed in protecting the springs and marshy, springy spots, which form the headwaters of the little brooks and their confluents, would be of more value on a farm than fifty acres in one patch left at random, and could this be realized generally we would have less of the shrinkage of water and water power in summer time. Unfortunately, most farmers seem to have no idea of the value of a piece of woods beyond that of some day being able to cut it all down to sell, or use the timber. They think that a patch of woods is waste ground till it is down, and never realize that it is really, if rightly placed, a vast sponge to store up water which will make their land more fertile and help them out in time of drought. This is well illustrated by one of the correspondents of this paper, who told of the increased fertility and value of his land from having formed a trout pond. The thirsty land by capillary force drew the water many rods inland, and thus improved the crops. There are many little watercourses which run dry in summer, which, if their sources were properly protected, would be little trickles of water even in the hottest weather. These are of untold value to the farmer and the streams. It is, of course, well nigh impossible to get the farmers in the settled parts of the country to do anything radical to improve this matter, but show them it will pay, and the right spirit once aroused, much will be done. In parts still unsettled an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

As I write, an instance of this thing rises before me, and I feel impelled to give it. I know a stream that once, from its source to its mouth, was a fine trout brook. It is formed by two main branches, and on the map looks like a little Y. Both branches rose in woodland fields, their waters were clear and cold. A number of years ago the woods which covered the source of the right-hand branch were cut down. Now a miserable bog occupies the site. No trout are to be found any more in this stream, but it is filled with dace, etc. It is a torrent in winter, a mud hole in summer. The land along its course has suffered with it. The other branch has not been injured in this way. It flows with a more even volume, and is filled with trout. It cools the main stream, so that trout are plenty to its mouth, and not a dace is to be found below the fork.

I did not intend to write so much of an agricultural treatise when I started, but as agri-

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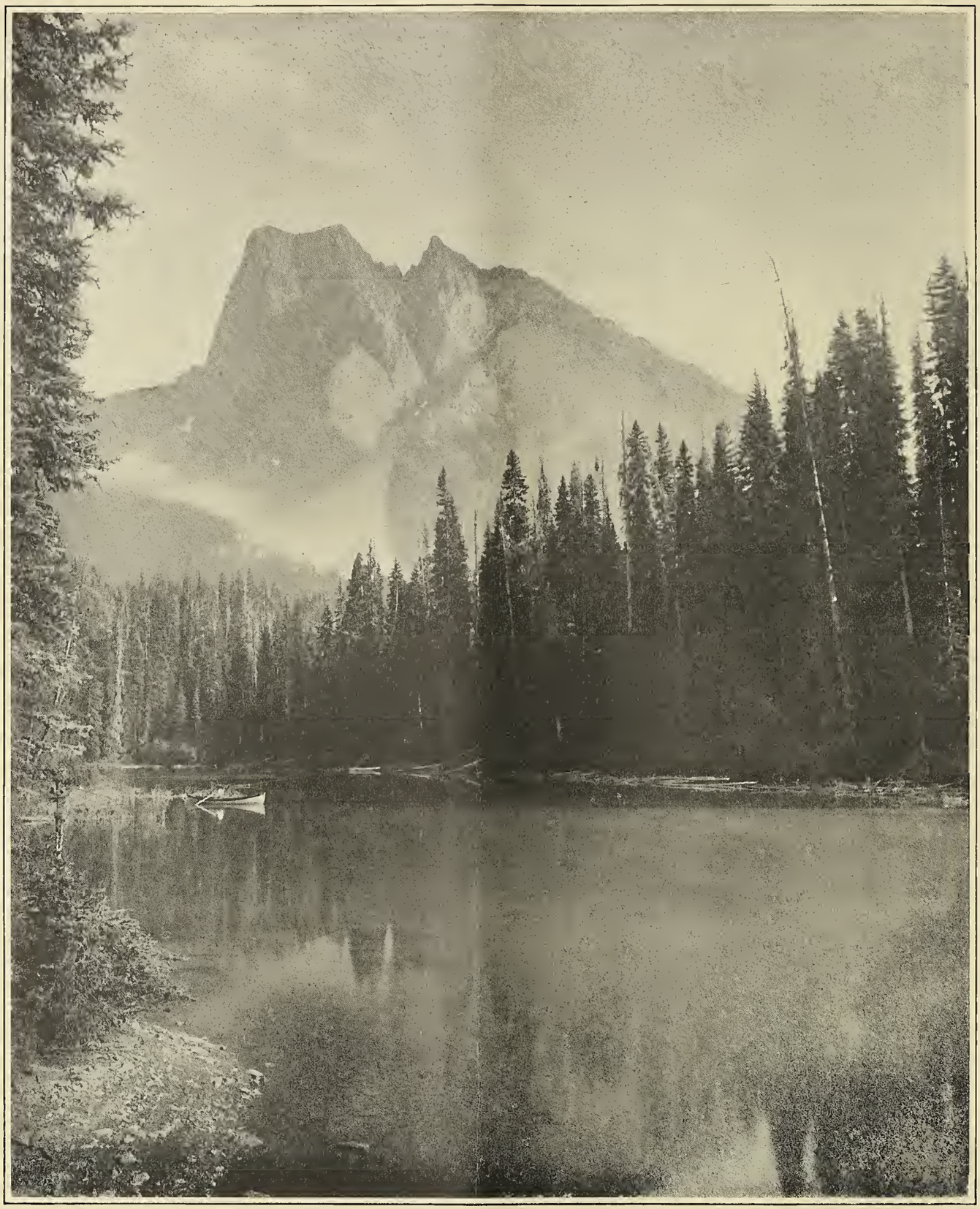
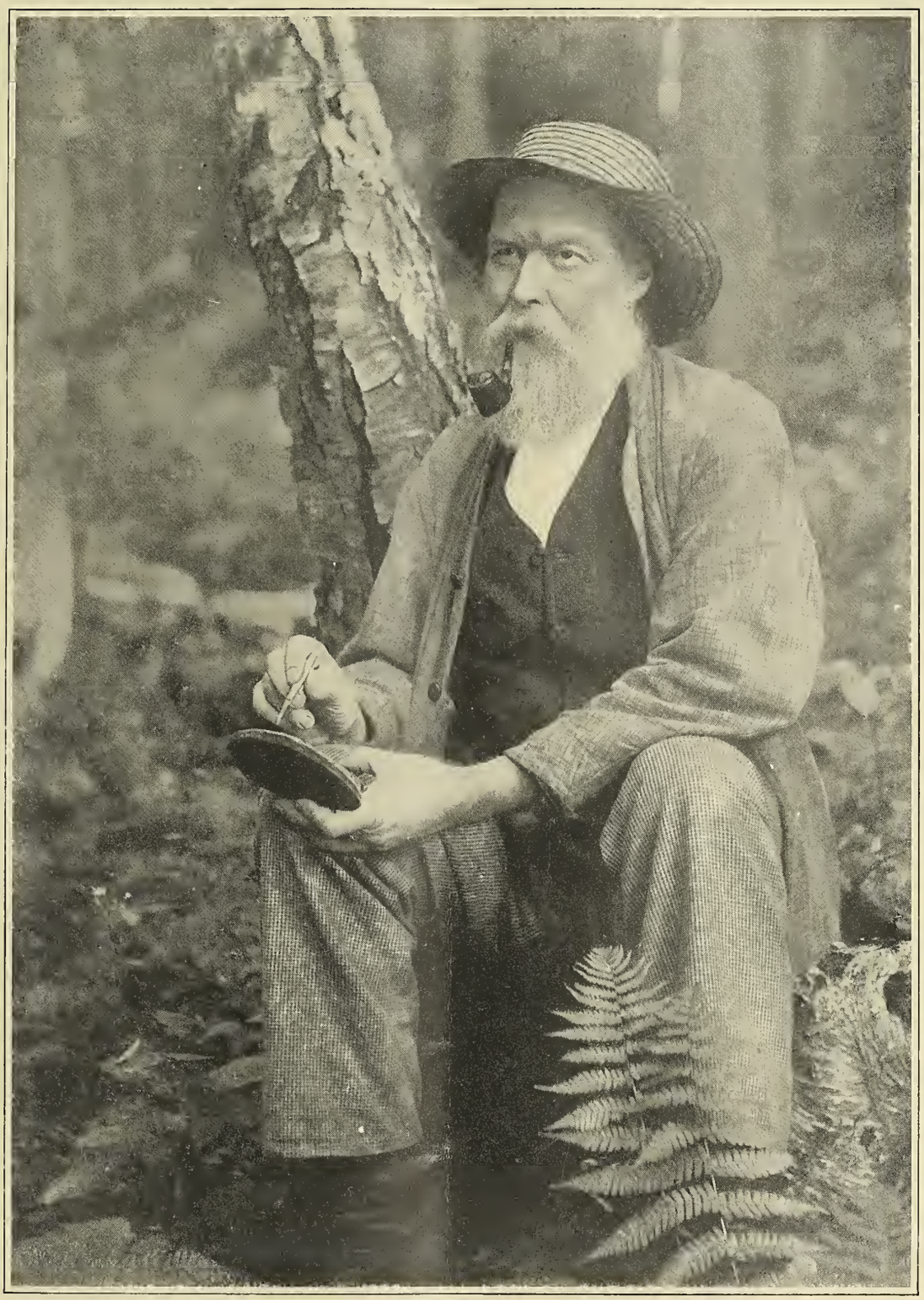
Flashlight by Hon. George Shiras, 3rd



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Emerald Lake and Burgess Mountain

Photo by courtesy of Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, C. P. A., Canadian Pacific Railway.



ROWLAND E. ROBINSON

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING WITH *A* CAMERA

Photo by Mr. C. W. Virgin, Sauk Centre, Minn.

WILSON'S TERNS

Southwest Harbor Key, Louisiana

Photo by Mr. F. M. Miller

ROYAL TERNS

Southwest Harbor Key, Louisiana

Photo by Mr. F. M. Miller

culture is more important than sport, let us sportsmen cry commerce and agriculture with all our might. We will be listened to with an infinitely greater amount of attention, and will gain our own ends at the same time. In conclusion I would only say, take care of the little brooks and the streams will take of themselves.

PERCYVAL.

Tarpon in New York City.

A LIVING tarpon has never before been seen in New York city, but now there are two at the New York Aquarium in Battery Park, which may be seen by any enthusiastic angler who cares to inspect them. They will be found in the large tank immediately facing the door on entering the building. With them are two large sturgeons, some small sharks and a few other fish.

The tarpon is a resident of the tropics, and only occasionally straggles so far north as our latitude. Nevertheless almost every year two or three are taken off the coast of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, one or two in the pound nets outside of Long Island, near Montauk Point, and one or two off the Jersey coast. Inside of Sandy Hook, however, they are practically never seen. A specimen is said to have been washed ashore about forty years ago on Staten Island in the lower bay. The fish was then unknown to anglers, and was not identified till about thirty years later, when Mr. Vom Hofe saw and recognized a number of the scales, which had been saved and tacked up on the walls of the Excelsior Fishing Club house at Huguenot, S. I.

The tarpon hitherto taken on our coast have been captured in pound nets, and were usually dead when found or were killed before they reached the city. On Friday and Saturday last, however, fishermen tending pound nets inside of Sandy Hook captured two of these fish alive. Each was put in a long box, which was filled with water and brought to the city in a launch. The fish were hard to handle, for they never stopped resisting, thrashing about and trying to escape. That they should have reached the aquarium alive is regarded as very fortunate, and that they should have lived now for two or three days is still more so. Whether they will survive the rough handling that they necessarily received is still a question. They have not yet —on Monday—reached a point where they will take food. One of them, the larger, though swimming strongly enough, nevertheless lies so close to the water's surface that a part of the dorsal fin and of the caudal fin is above the water. The other smaller fish seemed rather feeble on Sunday last, but has recovered, and now appears to be quite strong and hearty.

Although it has been impossible to measure the fish accurately, they are estimated as being 5 and 4½ feet long and as weighing about 75 pounds. All tarpon fishermen and a great multitude of other anglers who have never had an opportunity to fish for the Silver King, will be anxious to see the specimens at the Aquarium. It is hoped that they may live long and prosper.

Some Wild Adirondacks Left.

From the Whitehall Chronicle.

IT is not generally known that there are approximately 250 square miles of Adirondack mountain region possessing surpassing grandeur of mountain and valley scenery, including lakes and lakelets and tributary mountain streams that are seldom visited by persons in search of the pleasures and benefits these conditions confer. But such is the fact, and that fact has been recently impressively brought to mind by a visit last week to this place of a gentleman who is known as an ardent devotee of the rod and gun and the pleasure and benefits of outings where such conditions prevail.

The territory alluded to, is the north part of Washington county, including parts of the towns of Putnam, Dresden, Whitehall and Fort Ann, lying between Lake Champlain on the east, Lake George on the west and north, and the Champlain Hudson valley on the south. By visitors from the south it can best be reached by way of the Delaware & Hudson Railway and its station at Fort Ann, which is the fourth northeast of Saratoga—a rail ride of a little less than six hours from the Grand Central station in the City of New York.

Amateur photo by J. T. C. BROOK TROUT FISHING ON PINE RIVER.

The trip revealed to him that partridges, rabbits, squirrels, and of late years, deer are plentiful, and that occasionally bears have been encountered and taken by hunters in pursuit of them. That the mountain streams and lakes abound in trout, perch, bass, pickerel and other desirable fish; that scattered local residents, competent to act as guides, are sufficiently numerous to be readily obtained as such, and that hunters' and fishers' rustic-lodges could be readily erected at convenient points for the accommodation of parties of visitors who should desire to use them unmolested by persons seeking similar diversion, as is the case in many other parts of the interior Adirondack region.

Probably no part of the Adirondack wilds has greater attractions for the summer visitor than this region with Lake Champlain in sight in the east, Lake George in the west, Glens Falls, Saratoga and other beautiful villages nearby at the south, with scores of small lakes and lakelets scattered about around the local mountains on which camping, boating and fishing afford pleasures not surpassed even if they are equalled in pleasure given by those parts of the Adirondack region further north and west.

The elevation is high enough to afford as invigorating health promoting air as exists in any other part of the Adirondack region, while its nearness to the cities at the south makes the difficulties in visiting it less than are encountered in a sojourn in the central portion of what the D. &. H. guide books call a "summer paradise."

Anglers' Club of New York.

THE secretary requests FOREST AND STREAM to state for the benefit of members of the above-named club, that there will be no business meeting during August, for the reason that many of the members will be away on fishing excursions; but the next business meeting will be held at Burns', Sixth avenue and Forty-fourth street, the second Tuesday in September, at 8 o'clock P. M., preceded by an informal dinner at 6:30 sharp.

Permission has been granted the club to erect casting platforms on the pool in Central Park, near West One Hundredth street, and on the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. These are soon to be ready for practice casting, and the first club practice will be announced in due time and members will also be notified by mail.

The membership has reached the fifty mark, and so far two prizes have been offered for competition during the coming autumn months. One of these is a Gorham silver loving cup, on exhibit in the window of Thomas J. Conroy's fishing tackle shop, 28 John street; the other, a handsome trophy presented by Dr. R. J. Held, a member. The conditions under which these will be competed for have not as yet been formulated.

Snapping Turtle and Big Boy.

A MIDDLETOWN, N. Y. dispatch to the New York Times says that a turtle nearly drowned John Torrey, 12 years old, of Mechanicsville, while he was fishing in a pond near his home. He sat on the bank with his feet in the water, and a large snapping turtle seized him by his great toe. The boy was so frightened that he fell into the water. His screams attracted the attention of several laborers. They ran to the pond and succeeded in pulling the boy out. The turtle was still clinging to the boy's toe, and its head had to be cut off and the jaws pried open before the boy could be released from its grip. The turtle was one of the largest ever caught in this section. It weighed thirty-nine pounds.

Kalamazoo Tournament.

THE international casting tournament, given by the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly-Casting Club, at Kalamozoo, Mich., Aug. 3 and 4, has a large number of entries and promises to bring out some interesting competitions.

Vermont Bass.

SHELDON, Vt., July 18.—Some fine catches of bass and pike perch (doré) have been taken out from Franklin Pond, within a few days.

STANSTEAD.

Catch-as-Catch-Can.

"Howard got awfully thin this summer running to catch the 7:30 every morning."

"Yes; he looks trained down."—Harper's Weekly.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

2. New York, cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
3. Shinnecock, women's race.
3. New York, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
4. Marine and Field Club, championship race.
4. Quantuck, Association race.
4. Horseshoe Harbor, Corinthian of Stamford.
4. Royal Canadian.
4. Knickerbocker, annual cruise.
4. Wianno, club.
4. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
4. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Rochester, Brig's cup, A. P. B. A.
4. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
4. Stamford Corinthian, power boats.
4. Corinthian, Winthrop 18-footers.
4. Taunton, club run.
4. Cohasset, club.
4. New York, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
4. Indian Harbor, annual regatta.
4-5. Huguenot, club cruise.
5. Erie Basin, ladies' day.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., West Manchester.
6. New York, squadron run, New London to Newport.
6. Manchester, Y. R. A., open.
6. Newport.
6-7-8-9. Tawas Beach (Mich.), annual regatta.
7. Manchester, open, Crowhurst cup.
7. New York, Astor cup, Newport.
7. Narragansett Y. R. A., rendezvous Newport.
7. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
8. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
8. East Gloucester, Y. R. A.
8. Newport, annual regatta.
8. New York, King's cup, Newport.
8. Newport, Carnival week, N. B. Y. R. A.
8-9.—East Gloucester Y. R. A., Gloucester.
8-19. Brooklyn, cruise, rendezvous Echo Bay, New Rochelle and Norwalk combined.
9. East Gloucester, open, Y. R. A.
9. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup.
9. New York, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard.
9-10-11. Shinnecock, Association races.
10. American, Newburyport, cruise to Annisquam.
10. New York fleet at Vineyard Haven.
10-11. Annisquam, Y. R. A., Annisquam.
11. Bensonhurst, championship race.
11. Huguenot, annual regatta.
11. Harlem, long distance race.
11. Huguenot, Bridgeport Y. R. A.
11. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
11. Keystone, special.
11. Wianno, club.
11. Hingham, Club.
11. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Wollaston, inter-club.
11. Cape May, power boats.
11. Lynn, sail and power boats.
11. Taunton, dories and power boats.
11. Cohasset, club.
11. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup
11. American, Newburyport, cruise.
11. New York, Vineyard to Newport and disband.
11. Rochester, N. Y., Fisher cup.
13. American, Newburyport, open.
13. Newport.
13-18. Eastern, German-American trials, Marblehead.
14. East Gloucester, championship.
15-18. Atlantic, race week.
17. Westhampton, women's race.
18. Pan-Quogue, Association race.
18. Stamford-Hartford, Manhasset Bay, cruising race.
18. Indian Harbor, handicap.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
18. Wianno, club.
18. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
18. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Cape May, power boats.
18. Corinthian, Stamford power boats.
18. Boston, Marblehead.
18. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
18. Cohasset, club.
19. Corinthian Union, union regatta.
19. Columbia, Mass., ladies' day.
19. Lynn, club run..
19. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
19. Newport.
20. Atlantic, open.
21. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
22. Moriches, women's race.
21-22-23. Gold challenge cup power boat races, Chippewa Bay.
23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.
25. Wianno, club.
25. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Wollaston, club championship.
25. Moriches, association race.
25. Cohasset, club.
25. Lynn, sail and power boats.
25. Hingham, club, Bayside.
25. Rhode Island, regatta, Potter's Cove.
25. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
25. American, Newburyport, dories.
26. South Boston, ladies' day.
27. Newport.
27-28-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., Provincetown.
28. East Gloucester, championship.
29. Quantuck, women's race.
29. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
30. New Bedford, Ricketson cups, South Dartmouth.
31 and Sept. 1. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
31. Pan-Quogue, women's race.
31. Beverly, open, off Mattapoisett.

THE SITUATION.

From the great gathering at the cruise of the Atlantic, Philadelphia Corinthian and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs, which ended the day before the beginning of Larchmont Race Week, it might have been imagined that less interest would have been shown at Larchmont. This was not the case, and Race Week was not merely a topic of interested conversation in local circles, but its success astonished those clubs more remote, whose members, either from lack of time or distant location, found it impossible to attend. Continuous good weather and a phenomenal entry list gave racing which left nothing to be desired. The presence of some of the big boats such as Vigilant, Sybarita, Corona and Invader would have added much to the interest had they been started. The handling of the races was perfect, from the point of view of racing man and spectator alike.

Our yachting is now in a most satisfactory state, and a very casual observer would recognize that interest in the sport is stronger than ever before, and that conditions are more wholesome than if a contest for the America's Cup were at hand. It is a matter of common knowledge, among designers, builders and those interested in the construction of yachts, that in Cup years all the usual conditions are upset, and no great activity maintains outside of Bristol. Our material history shows that our progress has been due to attention to those issues that were within our country. So also must it be in yachting. Yachting within the confines of our hemisphere, is the yachting that counts, and though foreign intercourse and competition are good as aiding in the broadening process so necessary in any sport, yet these must not be allowed to smother our work at home.

It will be some time before foreign competition as a yearly event can exist without putting our sport in the same awkward position as occurred in Great Britain when the Continental fixtures flourished to the detriment of those at home.

Cup From Sir John Nutting.—The cup presented to the Chicago Y. C. by Sir John Nutting, of Dublin, Ireland, has arrived at its destination and is a challenge trophy of most exquisite design. There will be races at Chicago from Sept. 14-18 and these will be open to all recognized yacht clubs on the Great Lakes.

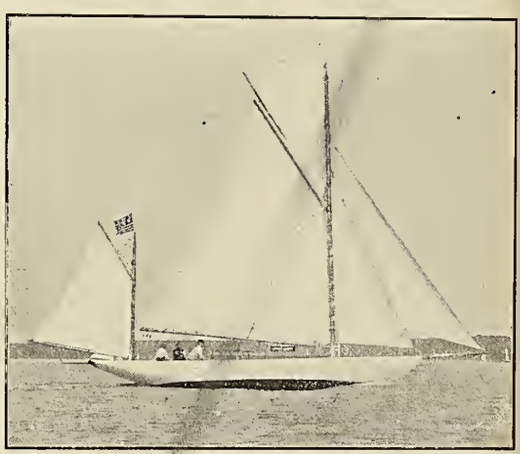
The Ideal and the Real.

Notes of a Cruise to Acadie.

BY B. H. W.

(*Continued from page* 146.)

Aug. 5.—At dawn the anchor was raised, and with wings spread to catch any stray breath of air Istar drifted with the swiftly running ebb down the Avon, out over the shallows at its mouth, by the red cliffs of Blomidon to Cape Split. Here a little breeze came in from the E. and held us under its 200ft. of sheer cliff just long enough for a good view of the Cape and the turbulent race at its knife-like tip. Here at first the water was as quiet and peaceful as an old mill pond. Then from the edge of rock a little line of ripples began to rise and break, growing visibly from minute to minute, and soon a fierce rush of foamy tide was shooting out from Scotsman's Bay, tearing with a mighty rip into



ISTAR.

the still water on the channel side. The flood was beginning to flow. We kept Istar in the eddy by the Split Rock at the tip of the Cape as long as we could or dared, and then let her go into the rip. Instantly we were driving up stream at the rate of 8 knots an hour, and in place of almost a calm had apparently a good breeze.

Great circling eddies and boils twisted us round and round and we could feel her settle down as the deep whirlpools passed under her. The dinghy several times stood almost on end as its stern was sucked down, but although at times it seemed to disappear for half its length, it took but little water aboard. In three or four minutes we were in the straight current and, heading to the west of north, were swept back eastward 5 miles to behind Cape Sharp by the time we had crossed the 2 2-3 miles of channel.

Behind Cape Sharp is an oval basin, West Bay, with good anchorage. Bold yellow and red bluffs stretch up from a shelving beach and look from a distance smooth and even. Close to, on the western side, however, it can be seen that the strata, running almost vertically and perpendicular to the face, have weathered into a series of slides separated by high walls of crumbling rock only a foot or so in thickness. The photograph showing this had to be taken by pointing the camera at a considerable angle and so loses the effect of great steepness.

After a ramble along the beach and over the cliffs to Cape Sharp in a vain search for amethysts, which it is said are found here, we left for Spencer's Island at 4 P. M. with the first of the ebb, and just as a fog from the westward blotted out the fair picture we should probably not see

CAPE SPLIT, 200 FEET HIGH.

again. The wind failed as we got out into the current, and we swirled along in the grayness trying all the time to make the north shore before being swept by the anchorage. Finally, the lead showed 7 fathoms, soft bottom, and a drift to the S.W. The tinkle of a sheep bell and voices came faintly from shoreward. A hail brought the answer that we were 2 miles above the anchorage. So we let her drift for 20 minutes, then anchored in about 3 fathoms, low water, and turned in.

The next morning opened clear and at 6 o'clock McClellan appeared on the wharf with a big bunch of letters, the larger number of which, one for each day since we had left Winter Harbor, were eagerly waited for by the midshipman, who forthwith disappeared below and was no more seen for several hours, when he appeared with a fat letter and wanted to be put ashore at once to post it. Fog and calm all day.

Aug. 7.—Blew fresh from E. all night until 3:30, when the wind suddenly shifted to W.N.W. and then went around to S.W. About this time a consciousness that something was wrong woke the skipper. He went on deck and found that Istar, evidently in a hurry to get home, had taken matters into her own hands and was walking off with her anchor, flukes first. She had gone uncomfortably close to the cliffs of Cape Spencer, so sail was hurriedly made and she was worked off into the channelway and the fog.

The Nova Scotia coast from Scotsman's Bay to Digby Gut takes a general trend of W. by S. For about 35 miles the shore line is mostly perpendicular cliffs about 100ft. high, the land reaching an elevation of 400 to 600ft. 2 or 3 miles from the sea. There is no harbor along the whole distance, though at several points piers have been built to facilitate the shipping of cord wood. Small vessels can run in to the eastern side of these piers at high water, be protected from the sea, and lie on the rocks at low tide. In ealm weather anchorage can be made anywhere close to shore, though there is apt to be a disagreeable roll.

We drifted along this coast in fog and calm, having to anchor each time the tide made against us, and after two days and half of the second night felt our way through Digby Gut and up to

POINT PRIM.

an anchorage off Digby pier. The fog cleared at 10:30 the next morning, so that we could make a berth inside the pier in 1½ fathoms. Thick fog outside all day.

Digby Gut, the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, is a narrow opening half a mile in breadth with deep water and shores steep-to. The tidal currents sweep through at a 5-mile rate, causing various whirlpools and boils. The high precipitous hills on either hand are soberly picturesque in their trimming of twisted and bent white birch and fir. The Annapolis Basin is a fair stretch of water with swift tides and many treacherous bars and shallows. Digby is a town of some 1,200 inhabitants and mainly remarkable for its hotels and tourists.

At 6 A. M. Aug. 11 there was a fresh S.S.W. wind and we got under way for the run of 50 miles across the bay to Quoddy. We soon found that we could not get out through the Gut until after the beginning of the ebb, for the high hills at the entrance shut off all the wind. When the tide turned at about 9 we got out and soon found the wind again off Point Prim. Wind fresh W.S.W. Thick fog. Moderate rolling sea. Tide running to the S. of W. 2 miles an hour. Set log and made a course for the north end of Grand Manan Island, making allowance for tide and plotting position on the chart at the end of each hour.

At 3 P. M. were in the clear streak usually found off the north end of Grand Manan; tide beginning to run flood with a heavy swell in Quoddy Channel, and Quoddy Head only 5 miles away. We were not destined to make it that day, however, for in a few minutes we had run into a marvellously thick fog like condensed steam, so that we could hardly see Istar's length. The skipper did not at once appreciate its significance, but Seabury did and said: "We'll have a stiff squall, sir." We had it. By the time sail was shortened to a close-reefed mainsail we didn't know exactly where we were, and Quoddy was out of the question. So we ran off N.N.W., hoping to make the eastern end of Campobello. Picked up first a black precipitous rock rising from a smother of surf, came about and ran out a bit, then went in N.N.W. again and soon after ran sharply out of the fog into a clear beautiful air a mile from Head Harbor. Shook out reefs and made De Lute Harbor at 7 P. M.

The next few days were spent in Passamaquoddy Bay and on the Magaguadavic River, which we explored from its mouth at Midjik Bluff to Lake Utopia. The river is a lovely stream with a fine gorge about half way up around which it is necessary to portage. This gorge was a surprise to us, as there is nothing on the chart to indicate that the river is not navigable to the lake.

On Aug. 14 Quoddy Head was passed. We were again in the waters of the United States, and a month later were entering the basin at Greenport, brown and happy and sorry that summer could not last always.

Great South Bay Y. R. A.

Westhampton, L. I.—July 28.

Under good weather conditions the boats of the Great South Bay Y. R. A., composed of the following yacht clubs: Westhampton, Shinnecock, Quantuck, Moriches and Ponquoge, sailed a very interesting race. The winners were as follows:

Class AA.

	Elapsed.
Memory, Mr. Growtage	1 31 09
Orange, C. D. Brower	1 32 52
Rainbow, E. Reynolds	1 32 56

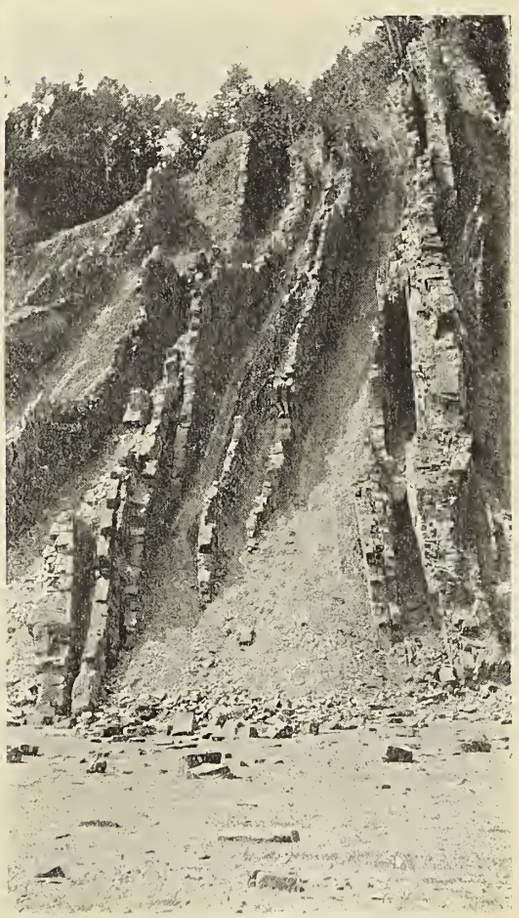
Class BB.

Tiger Lily, E. Flynn	1 34 31
Scalpen	1 34 44
Adelaide, T. Conlin	1 36 35

In the special class Miss Marchwald's Betsy was first, H. Foreman's Gus B. second and P. Benjamin's Risk third.

In Class B, W. C. Atwater, Jr.'s, Sunbeam, A. Muller's Eugenia and E. Spink's Esperance were first, second and third, the corrected times being 1:42:10, 1:42:59 and 1:43:16, respectively.

BLUFF AT WEST BAY—SIDE VIEW.



BLUFF AT WEST BAY—FRONT VIEW.

"The strata, seeming almost vertically and perpendicular to the face, have weathered into a series of slides, separated by high walls of crumbling rock." Note the midshipman trying to climb up.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

SATURDAY, JULY 21.

Schooners, 90ft. Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 15¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. Rogers Maxwell	5 37 45	3 57 45
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	5 40 59	4 00 59

Actual starts—Queen, 1:42:37; Elmina, 1:48:45.

Sloops, Class J—Start, 1:50—Course, 15¼ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	5 44 56	3 54 56
Effort, F. M. Smith	6 16 53	4 26 53
Neola, E. D. King	5 55 54	4 05 54

Sloops, Classes L. and M.—Start, 1:55—Course, 11½ Miles.

Eleanora, George W. Darr	5 26 29	3 31 29
Irondequoit, H. M. Raborg	5 23 26	3 28 26

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 15¼ Miles.

Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	7 43 06	5 43 06
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	7 39 14	5 39 14
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	7 10 11	5 10 11
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	Did not finish.	
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	7 11 07	5 11 07
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Minx, Howard Willetts	7 41 52	5 41 52
Atair, G. E. and G. C. Meyer	7 21 59	5 41 29
Banzai, Clifford D. Mallory	7 26 13	5 26 13
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	7 15 43	5 15 43

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 11½ Miles.

Chinook, Robert Mallory, Jr.	4 53 31	2 48 31
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	5 19 24	3 14 24
Tartan, A. L. Pirie	4 53 52	2 48 52
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	4 51 20	2 46 20
Tomboy, A. Iselin, Jr.	4 52 21	2 47 21
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	4 53 29	2 48 29
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	5 19 42	3 14 42
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4 54 50	2 49 50
Indian, W. Gardner	5 04 08	2 59 08

Handicap Class—Start, 2:10—Course, 5½ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	5 02 04	2 52 04
Rube, G. P. Granbery	4 52 30	2 42 30
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	4 58 19	2 48 19
Maryola, Howell Sayre	4 57 41	2 47 41
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	4 56 31	2 46 31
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	4 56 28	2 46 28
Marguerite, W. P. Clarke	4 57 40	2 47 40
Grasshopper, Harold Pryer	5 09 21	2 59 21
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	5 32 44	3 22 44
Fire Fly, M. B. Pendas	5 17 46	3 07 46
Scamp, George Murdock	5 05 52	2 45 52

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 11 35	2 56 35
Houri, J. H. Esser	5 03 42	2 48 42
Vaquero, William Stump	5 20 01	3 05 01
Follette, L. J. Garcey	5 18 45	3 03 45

Sloops, Class P Start, 2:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 50 19	2 35 19
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	4 47 45	2 32 45
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 49 23	2 34 23

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:20—Course, 11½ Miles.

Saetta, G. H. Church	4 56 30	2 36 30
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 52 31	2 32 31
Spider, Hendon Chubb	4 54 03	2 34 03
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	5 04 50	2 44 50
Okee, J. A. Mahlstedt	5 21 27	3 01 27
Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 55 09	2 35 09
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	4 57 41	2 37 41
Kim, H. I. North	5 43 25	2 23 25
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	5 19 46	2 59 46
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley	5 20 12	3 00 12

Sloops, Class R—Start, 2:25—Course, 5½ Miles.

Mist, R. P. Clarke	5 42 43	2 17 43
Vivyen, D. J. Levett	5 22 22	2 57 22

Manhasset Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 2:25—Course, 5½ Miles.

Arizona, G. Kear	5 36 59	3 11 59
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	5 47 11	3 22 11
Ahoy, Max Tornow	5 56 19	3 20 19
Foggy Dew, H. C. Ward	6 05 37	3 40 37
Pup, C. Ratsey	5 30 38	3 05 38

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 2:35—Course, 5½ Miles.

Grilse, J. N. Champion	5 04 09	2 29 09
Dipper, H. H. Van Rensselaer	5 11 06	2 36 06
Gloria, H. P. Brown	5 17 33	2 42 33

Manhasset Y. C. Bugs—Start, 2:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Big Bug, C. A. Corry	5 51 46	3 21 46
Lady Bug, W. P. Trench	6 25 42	3 55 42

American Y. C. One-Design Dories—Start, 2:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Tautog, G. G. Fry	5 50 17	3 20 17
Skidoo, P. Marquand	5 34 45	3 04 45
Faraway, A. B. Fry	6 00 44	3 30 44

Catboats—Special Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Arline, A. E. Rendle	5 50 44	3 20 44
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	6 02 53	3 32 53
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	5 37 07	3 07 07
Nancy, H. W. Paret	5 45 38	3 15 38

Riverside Y. C. One-Design Class—Ctart, 2:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

18 and 5, John Tyson	5 59 09	3 29 09
Dooley, J. C. Porter	Did not finish.	
Nilo, C. M. Starr	5 57 07	3 27 07

Indian Harbor Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Kenoshi, W. I. Diaz	4 08 15	3 38 15

The winners were: Queen, Weetamoe, Irondequoit, Nautilus, Cadeau, Naiad, Maryola, Houri, Sue, Joy, Vivyen, Pup, Grilse, Big Bug, Skidoo, Louie Belle, Nilo and Kenoshi.

MONDAY, JULY 23.

Schooners, 90ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 30½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	3 00 10	3 20 10
Elmina, F. F Brewster	3 12 30	3 32 30

Sloops, 70ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 30 Miles.

Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 10 06	3 15 06
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	Disabled	

Sloops, Class J—Start, 11:50—Course, 30½ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	3 24 19	3 34 19
Neola, E. D. King	3 31 10	3 41 10
Effort, F. M. Smith	Withdrew.	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	3 42 21	3 52 21

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 15½ Miles.

Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 29 21	2 29 21
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	2 29 31	2 29 31
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	2 28 02	2 28 02
Banzai, Clifford D. Mallory	2 33 28	2 33 28
Alera, A. H. and J. Walker	2 32 54	2 32 54
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 26 54	2 26 54
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	2 28 39	2 28 39
Minx, Howard Willetts	2 30 50	2 30 50
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 26 42	2 26 42
Atair, J. E. and G. C. Meyer	2 37 45	2 37 45

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11½ Miles.

Chinook, Robert Mallory	2 21 26	2 16 26
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	2 23 26	2 18 26
Tartan, A. L. Pirie	2 17 57	2 12 57
Tomboy, A. Iselin, Jr.	2 21 47	2 16 47
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 24 50	2 19 50
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 25 02	2 20 02
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 25 29	2 20 29
Indian, W. Gardner	2 30 01	2 25 01

Handicap Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11½ Miles.

Naiad, J. B. Palmer	2 28 44	2 18 44
Maryola, Howell Sayre	2 32 44	2 22 44
Thelema, A. E. Black	2 27 42	2 17 42
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	2 33 45	2 23 45
Rube, G. P. Granbery	2 17 14	2 07 14
Marguerite, W. P. Clarke	2 24 14	2 14 14
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	2 26 15	2 16 15

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 37 27	2 22 27
Dorothy, L. B. Spence	2 33 46	2 18 46
Vaquero, William Stump	2 43 29	2 28 29
Follette, L. J. Garcey	2 43 58	2 28 58

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:15—Course, 11½ Miles.

Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	2 19 27	2 04 27
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	2 25 15	2 10 15
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	2 21 05	2 06 05
Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 21 56	2 06 56

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:20—Course, 11½ Miles.

More Trouble, R. S. Childs	2 33 37	2 13 37
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley	2 43 48	2 23 48
Gloria, H. P. Brown	Did not finish.	
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 39 42	2 19 42
Saetta, G. H. Church	2 35 08	2 15 08
Spider, Hendon Chubb	2 33 21	2 13 21
Soya, W. A. Barstow	2 31 22	2 11 22
Joy, W. H. Childs	2 36 19	2 16 19
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 47 46	2 27 46

Sloops, Class R—Start, 12:35—Course, 11½ Miles.

Mist, R. P. Clarke	3 13 02	2 48 02
Virginia, J. A. Mahlstedt	3 15 07	2 50 07

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Ahoy, Max Tornow	3 09 11	2 44 11
Arizona, G. Kear	3 17 55	2 52 55
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	3 10 01	2 45 01

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11½ Miles.

Wa Wa, George Robinson	3 01 14	2 36 14
Kenoshi, W. L. Diaz	3 08 01	2 43 01

Riverside Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

18 and 5, John Tyson	4 13 59	3 43 59
Nilo, G. M. Starr	4 08 28	3 38 28

Manhasset Y. C. Bug Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Big Bug, G. A. Corry	2 10 36	1 40 36
Lady Bug, W. P. Trench	2 14 16	1 44 16
Dragon Fly, Clarkson Cowl	2 16 16	1 46 16
Skeeter, Thornton N. Smith	2 09 06	1 39 06

The winners were: Queen, Rainbow, Weetamoe, Cara Mia, Tartan, Rube, Dorothy, Crescent, Soya, Mist, Ahoy, Wa Wa, Nilo and Skeeter.

TUESDAY, JULY 24—LADIES' DAY—WATER SPORTS.

Swimming race, 75yds., scratch: Won by E. Knevals; D. F. Kernan, second. Time, 1m. 12 2-5s.

Swimming race, 75yds., handicap: Won by T. E. Webb; L. B. Goodwin, second. Time, 1m. 3 4-5s.

Tub race: Won by F. Whitney; W. W. Swann, second. Time, 2m. 11 4-5s.

Swimming on back, 75yds.: Won by C. Beecroft; W. C. Miller, second. Time 1m. 23 1-5s.

Obstacle canoe race: Won by W. W. Swann and J. A. Mahlstedt; E. G. Reynolds and D. Jackson, second. Time, 2m. 37 4-5s.

Swimming race, 300yds.: Won by L. B. Goodwin; R. L. Mulvey, second. Time, 5m. 34 1-5s.

Tilting contest: Won by G. H. King; J. L. Kane, second. Time 31 1-5s.

Water polo: Won by team captained by L. B. Goodwin by 2 goals to 0. V. de B. Goodwin was captain of the losing team.

The results of the boat races follow:

Gasolene Launches Under 21ft.—Course 3 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ladona, E. J. Graecen	3 27 16	4 00 46	0 33 30
Flora Bell, H. W. Eaton	3 27 15	4 00 58	0 33 43
Irolita, E. W. Clark	3 27 19	4 05 13	0 37 54
Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright	3 27 55	4 06 02	0 38 07
Scimitar, E. L. Hopkins	3 27 18	4 06 09	0 38 51
Genevieve, C. S. Starr	3 27 14	4 06 16	0 42 02
Cara II., George E. Ide	3 27 17	4 11 33	0 44 16
Paladin, W. C. Hubbard	3 29 00	4 12 40	0 43 40

Corrected time: Flora Bell (20½ft., 3 H.P.), 0.33.24; Landona (20ft., 4 H.P.), $.33.30; Irolita (18ft., 2 H.P.), 0.37.11; Cachalot (16½ft., 3 H.P.), 0.37.36; Scimitar (14ft., 2 H.P.), 0.37.56; Genevieve (12ft., 2 H.P.), 0.41.01; Paladin (14ft., 1 H.P.), 0.42.30; Cara II. (14ft., 1½ H.P.), 0.43.13.

Naphtha Launches Under 21ft.—Course 3 Miles.

Atlantic, Wilson Marshall	3 27 35	4 03 41	0 36 06
Crusader, Seymour Husted	3 27 53	4 06 39	0 38 46

Corrected time: Atlantic (21ft., 4 H.P.), 0.36.06; Crusader (18ft., 2 H.P.), 0.38.07.

Hen and Chickens Colors—Four-oared Gigs—Course 2 Miles.

Elmina, F. F. Brewster	4 15 15	4 42 34	0 27 19
Crusader, S. L. Husted	4 15 15	4 43 23	0 28 08

Elmina wins by 39s.

Dauntless Colors—Two-oared Gigs—Course 1 Mile.

Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	4 47 00	5 04 45	0 17 45
Crusader, S. L. Husted	4 47 00	5 05 34	0 18 34
The Kid, O. Harriman	4 47 00	5 06 39	0 19 39
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	4 47 00	5 06 58	0 19 58
Zara, G. W. Scott	4 47 00	5 07 43	0 20 43

Isolde wins by 49s.

Executive Colors, for dinghies, course ½ mile: Won by George E. Ide's Cara II., 10m. 58s.; H. F. Lippitt's Weetamoe, second, 11m. 22s.; F. F. Brewster's Elmina, third, 11m. 40s.; R. T. Wainwright's Cachalot, fourth, 11m. 50s. The others finished in this order: E. W. Clark's Irolita; Commodore Vanderbilt's Rainbow; E. J. Graecen's Ladona; C. S. Starr's Genevieve; W. C. Hubbard's Paladin; E. L. Hopkins's Scimitar; Stuyvesant Wainwright's Cara Mia; H. L. Maxwell's Yankee; C. E. Proctor's Cactus II.; Trenor L. Park's Alibi; S. E. Vernon's Vivian II.; Howard Willet's Telka; Ralph Davis's Rajah.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25.

Schooners, 90-footers—Start, 11:55—Course, 29½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 07 44	3 12 44
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	3 15 57	3 20 57

Corrected time—Queen, 3:11:33; Elmina, 3:20:57. Queen wins by 9m. 24s.

Sloops, 70-footers—Start, 12:00—Course, 29¼ Miles.

Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	3 32 09	3 32 09
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 32 23	3 32 23

Corrected time—Yankee, 3:31:58; Rainbow, 3:32:23. Yankee wins by 25s.

Sloops, 68-footers—Start, 12:05—Course, 29¼ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	3 54 07	3 49 07
Neola, E. D. King	4 00 21	3 55 21
Effort, F. M. Smith	4 00 48	3 55 48
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	Withdrew.	

Corrected time—Weetamoe, 3:49:07; Neola, 3:55:21; Effort, 3:53:28. Effort protested for fouling Isolde. Weetamoe wins by 4m. 21s.

Sloops, 48-footers—Start, 12:10—Course, 19¼ Miles.

Eleanora, T. W. Darr	3 00 42	2 50 42
Irondequoit, H. M. Raborg	3 03 14	2 53 14
Rosalie, F. M. Parmalee	3 13 20	3 03 20

Corrected time—Eleanora, 2:50:42; Irondequoit, 2:44:45; Rosalie, 2:58:54. Irondequoit wins by 5m. 57s.

Sloops, 33-footers—Start, 12:10—Course, 19½ Miles.

Diana, O. H. Jennings	Did not finish.	

Sloops, New York 30-footers—Start, 12:15—Course, 19½ Miles.

Atair, Cord Meyer	3 23 41	3 08 41
Nautilus, A. G. and H. W. Hanan	3 27 16	3 12 16
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 27 21	3 12 21
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 28 44	3 13 44
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	3 29 30	3 14 30
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 31 39	3 16 39
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 31 48	3 16 48
Minx, Howard Willetts	3 32 54	3 17 54
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 37 59	3 22 59
Adelaide, Adee Brothers	3 38 31	3 23 31

No time allowance. Atair wins by 4m. 7s. from Nautilus.

Raceabouts, Start—12:20—Course, 10½ Miles.

Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 03 18	1 34 18
Tomboy, Adrian Iselin II.	2 06 39	1 46 39
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 07 13	1 47 13
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 07 54	1 47 54
Cadeau, F. F. Swan	2 08 39	1 48 39
Chinook, Robert Mallory	2 09 40	1 49 40
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 10 43	1 50 43

No time allowance. Rascal III. wins by 3m. 21s. from Tomboy.

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 21 17	1 51 17
Vaquero, Dr. Wm. Stump	2 22 56	1 52 56
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 24 59	1 54 59
Follette, L. J. Garcey	2 34 55	2 04 55

No time allowance. Houri wins by 39s. from Vaquero.

Sloops, 27-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 10½ Miles.

Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	2 07 45	1 37 45
Crescent, J. B. Donohue	2 12 29	1 42 29
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	2 12 43	1 42 43
Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 15 48	1 45 48

No time allowance. Sue wins by 21m. 44s.

Sloops, 22-footers—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	2 19 05	1 44 05
Saetta, G. H. Church	2 21 07	1 46 07
More Trouble, R. H. Childs	2 25 06	1 50 06
Spider, Hendon Chubb	2 25 08	1 50 08
Soya, W. A. Barstow	2 25 33	1 50 33
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 29 01	1 59 04
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 31 50	1 56 50

Corrected time—Joy, 1:44:05; Saetta, 1:46:07; More Trouble, 1:50:06; Spider, 1:50:08; Soya, 1:50:33; Paumonak, 1:47:29; Ogeemah, 1:46:55. Joy wins by 2m. 2s. from Saetta.

Handicap Class, First Division—Start, 12:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

Rube, G. P. Granberry	2 06 55	1 41 55
Marguerite, W. P. Clark	2 08 39	1 43 39
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	2 17 40	1 52 40
Thelema, Dr. A. E. Black	2 17 51	1 52 51
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	2 18 57	1 53 57
Montauk, W. P. Sheldon	2 28 23	2 03 23

Corrected time—Rube, 1:41:55; Marguerite, 1:43:39; Anona, 1:50:38; Thelema, 1:46:44; Naiad, 1:47:50; Montauk, 2:00.20; Rube wins by 2m. 44s. from Marguerite.

Handicap Class, Second Division—Start, 12:25—Course 10½ Miles.

Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	2 17 52	1 52 52
Maryola, H. P. Sayre	2 18 20	1 53 20
Scamp, George Murdock	2 20 17	1 55 17

Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	2 24 03	1 59 03
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	2 26 31	2 01 31

Corrected time—Howdy, 1:51:36; Maryola, 1:51:07; Scamp, 1:54:44; Grashopper, 1:59:03; Monsoon, 1:54:52. Maryola wins by 29s. from Howdy.

The elapsed times of the other boats over the 10½ miles were: Seawanhaka knockabouts—Gloria, H. P. Brown, 2:20:14; Dipper, H. H. Van Rensscaler, 2:20:22.

THURSDAY, JULY 26.

Schooners, 90ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 30½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	3 21 18	3 41 18
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	3 31 31	3 51 31

Corrected time—Queen, 3:40:00. Queen beat Elmina 11m. 31s.

Sloops, Class J—Start, 11:50—Course, 30½ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	3 55 37	4 05 37
Neola, E. D. King	4 12 09	4 22 09
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 51 42	4 01 42
Irolita, E. W. Clark	4 03 44	4 13 44

Corrected time—Effort, 3:59:17; Irolita, 4:07:11; Neola, 4:22:09. Effort beat Weetamoe 6m. 20s.; Irolita, 7m. 54s.; Neola, 22m. 52s.

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 15¼ Miles.

Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 44 22	2 44 22
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 46 10	2 46 10
Minx, Howard Willetts	2 59 37	2 59 37
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	2 44 12	2 44 12
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 43 47	2 43 47
Nautilus, Hanan Bros.	2 47 32	2 47 32
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	2 55 23	2 55 23
Adelaide, Adee Bros	3 12 12	3 12 12
Banzai, Clifford Mallory	2 46 27	2 46 27
Atair, J. E. and G. C. Meyer	2 46 51	2 46 51

Cara Mia beat Neola II. 25s.; Phryne, 35s.; Dahinda, 2m. 23s.

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

Tomboy, A. Iselin, 2d	2 56 59	2 51 59
Chinook, Robert Mallory, Jr.	3 00 23	2 55 23
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 58 08	2 53 08
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	2 58 51	2 53 51
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 55 46	2 50 46
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	2 58 06	2 53 06
Tartan, A. L. Pirie	2 52 24	2 47 24
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 57 10	2 52 10

Tartan beat Rascal III., 3m. 22s.; Tomboy, 4m. 35s.; Busy Bee, 4m. 46s.

Handicap Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Maryola, Howell Sayre	2 59 58	2 49 58
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	Did not finish.	
Thelema, A. E. Black	3 08 17	2 58 17
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	3 06 16	2 56 16
Grasshopper, Harold Pryer	3 05 11	2 55 11
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	3 07 35	2 57 35
Rube, G. P. Granbery	2 53 28	2 43 28
Scamp, George Murdock	3 07 08	2 57 08
Marguerite, W. P. Clarke	2 55 13	2 45 13
Firefly, M. B. Pendas	2 06 15	2 56 15
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	3 18 55	3 08 55

Corrected time: First division—Rube, 2:43:26; Marguerite,, 2:41:57; Firefly, 2:50:32; Anona, 2:47:47; Thelema, 2:46:02.

Marguerite beat Rube 1m. 31s; Thelema 4m. 4s.

Second division—Maryola, 2:49:58; Grasshopper, 2:50:56; Howdy, 2:55:21; Scamp, 2:52:53; Montauk, 3:00:10.

Maryola beat Grasshopper 58s.; Scamp 2m. 55s.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.

Houri, J. H. Esser	3 10 30	2 50 30
Vaquero, William Stump	3 27 46	3 12 46
Follette, L. J. Garcey	3 13 36	2 58 36
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	Disabled.	

Houri beat Follette, 8m. 6s.; Vaquero, 22m. 16s.

Sloops, Class P—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.

Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	2 56 07	2 41 07
Sue, E. P. Luckenbach	2 55 58	2 40 58
Jigstep, E. J. Havens	2 56 26	2 41 26
Regina, F. G. Stewart	3 05 00	2 50 00

Sue beat Crescent, 9 s.; Jigstep, 28s.. Crescent protested Sue.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 12:20—Course, 11 Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	3 00 50	2 40 50
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	3 10 25	2 50 25
Spider, Hendon Chubb	3 02 22	2 42 22
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	3 26 16	3 06 16
Soya, W. A. Barstow	3 00 58	2 40 58
Saetta, G. H. Church	3 03 56	2 43 56
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	3 23 42	3 03 42

Corrected time: Ogeemah, 2:49:52; Paumonak, 2:56:18. Joy beat Soya 8s.; Spider 1m. 32s.

Sloops, Class R—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Mist, R. P. Clarke	4 05 35	3 40 35
Vivyen, D. J. Levett	4 14 59	3 49 59

Mist beat Vivyen 9m. 24s.

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Ahoy, Max Tornow	4 08 45	3 43 45
Arizona, G. W. Kear	4 20 48	4 01 48
Virginia, J. A. Mahlstedt	4 15 57	3 50 57
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	4 27 21	4 02 21

Ahoy beat Virginia 7m. 12s.; Arizona, 17m. 3s.

Indian Harbor Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Kenoshi, W. L. Diaz	Did not finish.	
Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson, Jr.	4 04 58	3 39 58

Manhasset Bay Y. C. Bug Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 5½ Miles.

Big Bug, George A. Corry	2 35 13	2 15 23
Dragon Fly, Clarkson Cowl	2 46 01	2 16 11
Skeeter, Thornton M. Smith	2 52 43	2 22 43
Lady Bug, W. P. Trench	2 41 37	2 11 37
S. 5	2 54 36.	2 24 36

Lady Bug beat Big Bug 3m. 46s.; Dragon Fly, 4m. 24s.

Catboats, special Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	4 24 43	3 54 43

Indian Harbor Y. C. Catboats—Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

Osseo, A. G. Cooper	4 19 23	3 49 23
Miantee, G. D. Cooper	4 27 24	3 57 24
Wacoutah, N. Truesdale	4 43 11	4 13 11

Osseo beat Miantee 8m. 1s.; Wacoutah, 23m. 48s.

Riverside Y. C. One-Design Class— Start, 12:30—Course, 5½ Miles.

18 and 5, John Tyson	2 50 19	2 20 19

FRIDAY, JULY 27.

Schooners—90ft. Class—Start, 1:40—Course 19½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	4 14 37	2 34 37
Elmina. F. F. Brewster	4 13 34	2 33 34

Corrected time: Queen 2.33.46. Elmina beat Queen 12s.

Sloops, 70ft. Class—Start, 1:45—Course, 19½ Miles.

Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	4 23 16	2 38 16
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	4 25 26	2 40 26

Corrected time: Yankee 2.40.19. Rainbow beat Yankee 2m. 3s.

Sloops, 60ft. Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 19½ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 44 03	2 54 03
Effort, F. M. Smith	4 51 55	3 01 55
Neola, E. D. King	5 21 06	3 31 06
Irolita, E. W. Clark	5 38 22	3 48 22

Corrected time: Effort 3.00.22; Irolita 3.42.14. Weetamoe beat Effort 6m. 19s.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 2:00—Course, 19½ Miles.

Minx, Howard Willets	6 03 24	4 03 24
Banzai, Clifford Mallory	6 00 30	4 00 30
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	5 57 24	3 57 24
Adelaide, Adee Bros	6 04 29	4 04 29
Atair, J. E. and G. C. Myer	5 58 41	3 38 41
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	5 59 15	3 59 15
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	6 12 17	4 12 17
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	6 12 51	4 12 51
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	6 07 25	4 07 25

Atair beat Cara Mia 18m. 43s., Neola II. 20m. 34s.

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:05—Course 10½ Miles.

Tartan, A. L. Pirie	4 01 31	1 56 31
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4 05 47	2 00 47
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	4 02 30	1 57 30
Tomboy, A. Iselin	4 03 50	1 58 50
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	4 06 43	2 01 43
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	4 08 51	2 03 51
Chinook, Robert Mallory	4 07 08	2 02 08
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 11 13	2 06 13

Tartan beat Rascal III., 59s., Tomboy 2m. 19s.

Handicap Class—Start, 2:10—Course, 10½ Miles.

Answer, Donald Abbott	4 25 10	2 15 10
Marguerite, W. P. Clark	4 03 30	1 53 30
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	4 13 08	2 03 08
Maryola, Howell Sayre	4 22 18	2 12 18
Firefly, M. B. Pendas	Did not finish.	
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	Did not finish.	
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	4 15 22	2 05 22
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	4 27 36	2 17 36
Rube, G. P. Granberry	4 05 01	1 55 01
Thelema, A. E. Black	4 17 35	2 07 35

Corrected time: First division—Marguerite 1.51.14; Naiad 1.57.31; Thelema 1.59.04.

Second Division—Howdy 2.02.41; Answer 2.07.47; Montauk 2.10.59.

Marguerite beat Rube 3m. 47s., Naiad 6m. 17s. Howdy beat Answer 5m. 6s., Montauk 8m. 9s.

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course 10½ Miles.

Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 04 02	1 49 02
Jigstep, E. J. Havens	4 08 58	1 59 58
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	4 09 31	1 54 31
Regina, F. G. Stewart	4 09 51	1 54 51
The Kid, O. Harriman	4 19 39	2 04 39

Crescent beat Jigstep 4m. 56s., Sue 5m. 29s.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course 10½ Miles.

Vaquero, W. Stump	4 26 39	2 11 39
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 21 15	2 06 15
Follette, L. J. Garcey	4 26 40	2 11 40
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 24 45	2 09 45

Dorothy beat Houri 3m. 30s., Vaquero 5m. 24s.

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 2:20—Course 10½ Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	4 16 25	1 56 25
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	4 27 46	2 07 46
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	4 26 02	2 06 02
Sactta, G. H. Church	4 20 26	2 00 26
Spider, Hendon Chubb	4 15 35	1 55 35
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	4 36 06	2 16 06
Soya, W. A. Barstow	Disabled.	
Vivien, D. J. Levett	5 04 36	2 44 36

Spider beat Joy 4m. 51s.

Sloops, Class E—Start, 2:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

Arizona, G. W. Kear	5 35 32	3 10 32
Ahoy, Max Tornow	5 14 24	2 49 24
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	5 36 42	3 11 42

Ahoy beat Arizona 21m. 8s., Chickioker 22m. 18s.

Sloops, Special Class R—Start, 2:25—Course, 10½ Miles.

Mist, R. P. Clarke	5 24 52	2 59 52
Virginia, J. H. Mahlstedt	5 33 11	3 08 11
Ace, R. N. Bavier	5 06 08	2 41 08

Ace beat Mist 18m. 44s.

Manhasset Bay Y. C. Bug Class—Start, 2:30—Course 5¼ Miles.

Big Bug, G. A. Corry	3 46 54	1 16 54
Lady Bug, W. P. Trench	3 50 57	1 20 57
Skeeter, T. M. Smith	3 49 33	1 19 33
Dragon Fly, Clarkson Cowl	3 52 17	1 22 17

Big Bug beat Skeeter 2m. 39s., Lady Bug 4m. 3s.

Indian Harbor Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 2:30—Course 5¼ Miles.

Miantee, G. D. Cooper	5 36 49	3 06 49
Osseo, A. G. Cooper	5 36 30	3 06 30
Wacoutah, W. H. Truesdale	Did not finish.	

Osseo beat Miantee 19s.

Catboats, Special Class—Start, 2:30—Course 5¼ Miles.

Frolic, C. P. Pearson	5 49 48	3 19 48
Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	5 29 15	2 59 15

Fannie beat Frolic 20m. 33s.

Riverside Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 2:30—Course 5¼ Miles.

18 and 5, John Tyson	3 47 51	1 17 51
Nilo, C. M. Starr	3 52 18	1 22 18

18 and 5 beat Nilo 4m. 27s.

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Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 5¼ Miles.
Lobster, R. P. Brush.....Did not finish.

SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Schooners, 90ft. Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 30½ Miles.

Queen, J. R. Maxwell	3 27 44	3 47 44
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	3 40 09	4 00 09

Corrected time—Queen, 3:46:25. Queen beat Elmina 13m. 44s.

Sloops, 68ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 30½ Miles.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 01 43	4 11 43
Effort, F. M. Smith	4 01 59	4 11 59
Irolita, E. W. Clark	Withdrew.	

Corrected time—Effort, 4:09:34. Effort beat Weetamoe 2m. 9s.

Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 23 Miles.

Eleanora, G. W. Darr	3 44 20	3 49 20
Irondequoit, H. M. Raborg	3 51 40	3 56 40
Pellegrina, Robert Toland	4 05 41	4 10 41

Corected time—Irondequoit, 3:46:40; Pellegrina, 4:00:41. Irondequoit beat Eleanora 2m. 40s.; Pellegrina, 4m. 1s.

Sloops, 40ft. Class—Start, 11:35—Course, 23 Miles.

Irondequoit, H. M. Raborg	3 51 40	3 56 40
Pellegrina, Robert Toland	4 05 41	4 10 41

Corrected time—Pellegrina, 4:03:41. Irondequoit beat Pellegrina 7m. 1s.

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 23 Miles.

Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 04 11	4 09 11
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	Disabled.	

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start 12:00—Course, 15¼ Miles.

Atair, G. C. and J. E. Meyer	2 51 39	2 51 39
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	2 53 23	2 53 23
Banzai, Clifford D. Mallory	2 55 55	2 55 55
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	2 53 31	2 53 31
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 51 55	2 51 55
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 56 02	2 56 02
Minx, Howard Willets	2 55 41	2 55 41
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 02 00	3 02 00

Atair beat Cara Mia 16s.; Neola II., 1m. 44s.

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.

Chinook, Robert Mallory	2 23 40	2 18 40
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	2 31 30	2 26 30
Cadeau, W. W. Swann	2 32 35	2 27 35
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	Disabled.	
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 27 17	2 22 17
Tartan, A. L. Pirie	2 30 01	2 25 01
Tomboy, A. Iselin, Jr.	2 32 25	2 27 35
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 27 01	2 22 01

Chinook beat Pretty Quick 3 m. 21s.; Rascal III., 3m. 37s.

Handicap Class, First Division—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Rube, G. P. Granbery	2 25 41	2 15 41
Naiad, Dr. Palmer	2 30 03	2 20 03
Thelema, Dr. A. E. Black	2 33 28	2 23 08
Firefly, M. B. Pendas	2 35 14	2 25 14

Corrected time—Thelema, 2:13:17; Naiad, 2:10:33; Firefly, 2:20:29. Naiad beat Thelema 2m. 44s.; Rube, 5m. 8s.

Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 12:10—Course, 11 Miles.

Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	2 42 20	2 32 26
Scamp, W. Murdock	2 37 15	2 27 15
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	2 47 59	2 37 59
Maryola, H. E. Sayre	2 40 13	2 30 15
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	2 53 21	2 43 21
Answer, F. P. Currier	2 27 04	2 17 04
Grasshopper, H. Pryer	2 27 04	2 17 04

Corrected time—Grasshopper, 2:13:38; Scamp, 2:23:49; Answer, 2:27:11; Maryola, 2:30:13; Monsoon, 2:31:08; Howdy, 2:31:45; Montauk, 2:35:49. Grasshopper beat Scamp 10m. 11s.; Answer, 13m. 33s.

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.

Regina, F. C. Stewart	2 25 45	2 10 45
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	2 26 10	2 11 19
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	2 23 30	2 08 30
Sue, E. F. Luckenback	2 25 50	2 10 50

Jigstep beat Regina 2m, 15s.; Sue 2m. 20s.

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.

Vaquero, W. Stump	2 44 36	2 19 36
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 45 45	2 30 45
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 43 33	2 28 33
Follette, L. J. Garcey	2 48 51	2 33 51

Vaquero beat Houri, 8m. 57s.; Follette, 14m. 18s.

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 11 Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	2 34 45	2 14 45
Spider, Hendon Chubb	2 36 28	2 16 28
Soya, W. A. Barstow	2 34 23	2 14 23
Saetta, C. H. Church	2 37 54	2 17 54
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	2 43 54	2 23 54
Ogeemah, A. H. Clements	2 58 41	2 38 41
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	2 51 02	2 36 02
Opossum, G. P. Pelham	Withdrew.	

Soya beat Joy 22s.; Spider, 2m. 5s.

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:20—Course 11 Miles.

Gloria, H. P. Brown	2 59 54	2 39 54
Dipper, H. Van Rensselaer	3 02 05	2 42 05
Orion, M. Hill	3 02 04	2 42 04

Gloria beat Orion 2m. 10s., Dipper 2m. 11s.

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course 11 Miles.

Vivyen, D. J. Lovett	Disabled.	
Mist, R. P. Clark	3 15 50	2 50 50
Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 16 56	2 51 56

Mist beas Ace 1m. 6s.

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Arizona, G. W. Kear	3 31 49	3 06 49
Foggy Dew, H. C. Ward	Withdrew.	
Chickioker, W. J. O'Neill	3 26 42	3 01 52
Ahoy, Max Tornow	3 27 34	3 02 34

Chickioker beat Ahoy 42s., Arizona 4m. 15s.

Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 12:35—Course 11 Miles.

Wa Wa, G. B. Robinson, Jr.	3 15 09	2 50 09

Catboats, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course 11 Miles.

Arline, A. E. Rendle	Withdrew.	
Grace, C. Pearson	3 14 14	2 49 14

Riverside Catboats—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.

18 and 5, John Tyson	2 10 46	1 40 46
Nilo, C. M. Starr	Withdrew.	

Indian Harbor Catbcats—Start, 12:30—Course 11 Miles.

Wacoutah, W. H. Truesdale	3 38 21	3 08 21
Miantee, E. D. Cooper	3 29 02	2 59 02
Osseo, A. G. Cooper	3 30 58	3 00 58

Miantee beat Osseo 1m. 56s., Wacoutah 9m. 19s.

Mannasset Bay Bugs—Start, 12:30—Course 5½ Miles.

Dragon Fly, Clarkson Cowl	2 08 58	1 38 58
Skeeter, T. Smith	Withdrew.	
Lady Bug, W. T. Trench	Withdrew.	
Big Bug, G. A. Corry	2 06 28	1 36 28
Humbug, J. F. O'Rourke	2 10 46	1 40 46

Big Bug beat Dragon Fly 2m. 30s., Humbug 4m. 18s.

American Y. C. Dories—Start, 12:30—Course 4 Miles.

Tautog, G. G. Fry	1 42 10	1 12 10
Faraway, A. B. Fry	1 35 20	1 05 20
Martini, N. Warner	Withdrew.	
Skiddoo, P. Marquand	1 42 19	1 12 19
Bobo, H. M. Cowperthwaite	1 40 05	1 10 05
Bug, A. J. Cumnock	1 38 00	1 38 00

Faraway beat Bobo 4m. 45s., Tautog 6m. 50s.

Bayside Torpedoes—Start, 12:30—Course 5½ Miles.

Bedalia II., C. H. Roberts	3 14 46	2 44 46
Madcap, A. A. Nesbit	Not timed.	
Runaway, J. C. Hill	Not timed.	
Skidoo, A. C. Andrews	3 56 48	3 26 48

Skidoo beat Bedalia II. 17m. 58s.

Catboats, Special Class—Start, 12:30—Course 11 Miles.

Fannie, C. O. Iselin, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Louis Bell, J. F. Williams	3 41 33	3 11 33

Special Class, Cutters—Start, 12:35—Course 23 Miles.

Clara, D. E. Dealey	4 05 28	3 30 28
Io, C. A. Marsland	4 24 23	3 49 23

Corrected time: Io 3.28.41. Io beat Clara 1m. 47s.

Fall River Y. C.

Regatta—Mount Hope Bay—July 20.

Most interesting racing developed at Mount Hope Bay in the regatta of the Fall River Y. C. The finishes were very close—only a matter of seconds between the boats. There were a number of protests filed after the race for infraction of rules, such as setting spinnaker boom against the shrouds, extra men in crew changed the day prior to the race, which shows a greater desire to win than is necessary. But this lends somewhat to the earnestness and excitement. The times follow:

Sloops, 30ft. Class—Start, 2:13.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanderer IV., Flint Bros.	4 19 30	2 06 30	2 06 30
Novice, A. L. Sands	4 20 29	2 07 29	2 07 29
Priscilla, W. S. Wood	Disabled.		

Sloops, 25ft. Class—Start, 2:16.

Sachem, Fred Thurber	4 34 55	2 18 55	2 15 27
Gunfire, W. S. Baxter	4 35 10	2 19 10	2 16 27
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	4 35 20	2 19 20	2 19 20
Pinafore, W. L. Frost	4 45 30	2 38 30	2 33 36
Flash, T. J. H. Pierce	4 55 22	2 39 22	2 36 27

Sloops, 21ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Moslem, D. Junkins	4 35 27	2 16 27	2 10 47
Oriance, F. Pardee	4 42 50	2 23 50	2 21 08
Bohemian, D. Woodward	4 41 30	2 22 30	2 22 30
Kildee, F. Herreshoff	4 49 05	Not measured.	
Columbia, Wood Bros.	Withdrew.		

One-Design Class—Start, 2:10.

Vanlsen	4 26 31	2 16 31	2 16 31
Woyanni	4 29 35	2 19 35	2 19 35
Coyote	4 31 39	2 21 39	2 21 39

30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

Emeline, W. J. Rools	4 38 16	2 08 16	2 08 16
Elizabeth, Possner Bros.	4 42 36	2 12 36	2 10 20
Scatt, E. Scattergood	4 43 05	2 13 05	2 10 49

21ft. Class—Start, 2:36.

Incomar, A. E. Goodby	5 06 15	2 30 15	2 24 48
Marguerite, J. D. Peck	5 05 54	2 29 15	2 29 50
Sally, F. X. Drapeau	5 11 35	2 35 35	2 30 08
Bother, Gilbert Brown	5 12 22	2 36 22	2 36 22
Eugenia, J. A. Pierson	Withdrew.		

15ft. Knockabouts—Start, 2:22.

Wenonah, H. Wetherell	4 48 49	2 26 49	2 26 49
Snipe, J. Whitall	4 49 55	2 22 55	2 27 55
Hope, R. Colt	5 00 03	2 38 03	2 38 03
Wawaloam, Metcalf Bros.	5 11 05	2 49 05	2 49 05

Edgewood and Washington Park Y. C.

The combined fleets of the Edgewood and Washington Park yacht clubs left on July 28 for their first day's run of the cruise to Greenwich Bay. There were 15 sailing boats and many launches to start from the Edgewood Y. C. The next run will be to Wickford, on Narragansett Bay. The times of the first run follow:

Class 1—30ft. Cats.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Scat, H. Scattergood	1 15 08	3 50 27	2 35 19
Clara, W. J. Bens	1 16 55	4 13 30	2 56 35
Wenandar, W. Gammons	1 16 58	4 29 02	3 12 04

Class 2—25ft. Cats.

Tartar, C. Fuller	1 16 08	4 03 27	2 47 20
Inez L., F. Riley	1 16 10	4 07 10	2 57 00
Ina, E. Kettlety	1 17 08	4 19 50	3 02 42
Marie	1 16 12	4 44 40	3 28 28

Class 3—21ft. Cats.

Shadow, E. R. Johnson	1 17 05	4 35 31	3 18 26
Spree, Kenneth	1 16 54	4 52 12	3 35 18

Class 4—Sloops and Yawls.

Flash, T. J. Peirce	1 16 35	4 08 08	3 51 33
Pinaforc, W. S. Frost	1 15 45	4 12 31	3 56 46
Osprey, E. P. Gleason	1 18 50	.... ..	.... ..
Lundina, E. Lundin	1 19 22	.... ..	.... ..

Fisher Cup Trials.

The Canadian challengers for the Fisher cup sailed races on July 25 and 26, off Toronto, in which Temeraire and Zoraya competed. Temeraire was sailed by Mr. Wedd, and Zoraya by Mr. James Worts. The times follow:

First Race—Triangular—6 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.
Zoraya	2 21 02	3 19 36
Temeraire	2 21 36	3 27 03

Second Race.

Zoraya	3 37 06	4 44 10
Temeraire	3 37 22	4 52 19

The selection committee is composed of Commodore Macdonald, W. H. Pearson and F. A. Ralph.

On the second day the wind was stronger—12 miles—and the yachts were sent over a windward and leeward course. The times follow:

	Start.	Finish.
Zoraya	3 21 00	4 19 38
Temeraire	3 21 03	4 20 32

Owing to one of the crew of the boats falling overboard the second race was called off.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

Dorval—July 22.

The races offered by the Royal Canadian Y. C. were not much of a success, owing to a very light wind. The times follow:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:20.

	Finish.
Zoraya	4 53 53
Temeraire	4 59 12
Beaver	5 15 00

10ft. Ballasted Class—Start, 2:50.

Little Nell	5 56 05
Leonora	5 57 42

20ft. Class—Start, 2:40.

Vesta	6 13 07
Whirl	6 14 50
Enid	6 27 07

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Stratford Shoal cruising race, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Saturday, Aug. 18, 1906, open to cabin yachts not over 45ft. over all length, enrolled in any recognized yacht club.

The race will be started off the club house, Manhasset Bay. The finishing line will be same as starting line, leaving committee boat on starboard hand.

The start will be over a line between the committee boat and a mark boat flying the club burgee.

Warning signal at 3 P. M., red ball.

Preparatory signal at 3:05 P. M., white ball.

Starting signal at 3:10 P. M., blue ball.

From starting line, in Manhasset Bay, to and around Stratford Shoal Light, leaving the light on the starboard hand; thence to finishing line, leaving the committee boat at finish on starboard hand. Distance 70 nautical miles. All Government marks to be left on channel side except buoys on Stratford shoal, which may be disregarded.

The committee boat will anchor near buoy S 2, to the southward of Stratford Shoal Light, and will display, by night, a red and a white light at the masthead, and by day the committee flag. Yachts in rounding must report to the committee boat, before returning to the finish line.

Yachts shall be in cruising trim, as specified in Rule VII. of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, excepting that any yacht may carry one paid hand.

Time allowance will be figured according to racing measurement, under the universal rule, with allowance for yawls and schooners.

Excepting as above specified, the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound will govern the race.

It will be high water at Manhasset Bay on day of race at 9:31 A. M.

The first prize will be a trophy valued at $100, offered by Mr. Howard Gould.

The second prize will be a trophy valued at $50, offered by Vice-Commodore Ashton C. Clarkson.

The third prize will be a trophy valued at $35, offered by Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr.

Entries accompanied by racing measurement, must be received by the committee not later than Friday, Aug. 17, and should be mailed to the club house, Port Washington, N. Y.

Race Committee: Frederick A. Hill, Chairman, P. O. Box 13, Norwalk, Conn.; Charles W. Lee, Wm. H. Williams, Jr.

Mate of the Vesta Dead.—Charles Olbon, who for many years resided in Paterson, N. J., passed away on July 28 at his home, as a result of apoplectic convulsions. At the time of his death, Mr. Olbon was seventy-one years of age. During the Civil War he had enlisted in the Eighth New Jersey, and being disabled after two years, by the loss of two fingers, he was honorably discharged. Mr. Olbon then went into the service of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who owned in 1866 the schooner Vesta, entered for the trans-Atlantic race with the Fleetwing and Henrietta. Mr. Olbon served on the yacht as first mate and continued his service for many years on the yachts owned by Mr. Lorillard.

Yachting continued on page 198.

U.M.C.

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP WINS

In addition to the following Grand American Handicaps,

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

was won in 1906 with U. M. C. Shot Shells.

1893, R. A. Welch,	U. M. C. Shells.
1894, T. W. Morfey,	U. M. C. Shells.
1895, J. G. Messner,	U. M. C. Shells.
1897, T. A. Marshall,	U. M. C. Shells.
1898, E. D. Fulford,	U. M. C. Shells.
1899, T. A. Marshall,	U. M. C. Shells.
1900, H. D. Bates,	U. M. C. Shells.
1900, R. O. Heikes,	U. M. C. Shells.
1903, M. Diefenderfer,	U. M. C. Shells.
1904, R. D. Guptill,	U. M. C. Shells.

Out of the 17 Grand American Handicaps held, U. M. C. Shells have been used 10 times exclusively by the winners. This is twice as large as the number of wins by any other company.

Shoot Arrow and Nitro Club Shells and do justice to your ability.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 4.—Manchester, N. H.—Derryfield G. C. third match of interstate series for championship of New England. A. J. Reed, Sec'y.
Aug. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. second Tri-County League shoot. E. M. Ludwick, Sec'y.
Aug. 7-10.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Indian annual powwow and tournament; added money, $1,000. Address Mallory Brothers.
Aug. 8-10.—Hamilton, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association's sixth annual tournament. W. P. Thompson, Sec'y-Treas.
Aug. 10-11.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. Chas. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
*Aug. 11.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 18.—New Bedford, Mass.—Paskamansett G. C. shoot. E. G. Bullard, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Aug. 22-24.—Chicago (Ill.) Trapshooters' Association.
Aug. 23.—North Branch (N. J.) G. C.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Aug. 22.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. midsummer shoot and clambake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Aug. 28-29.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Mountaineers' G. C.
Aug. 27-30.—Betterton, Md.—Jas. Malone's tournament.
Aug. 28-30.—Middletown, N. Y.—Orange County G. C.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.
Sept. 3.—Springfield (Mass.) G. C. Labor Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. annual tournament.
Sept. 3-4.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club will hold one of those delectable events, a clambake and shoot. The date will be some time in August.

Secretary E. G. Wallace writes us that the Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club will hold a two-day amateur shoot, Sept. 12-13; added money.

The clambake and tournament of the Ossining Gun Club has forecasts of great success. With birds and clams, a fine day's diversion is assured.

Dr. C. L. Kites, Secretary, writes us that the Springfield, Mass., Gun Club will hold a Labor Day tournament on Sept. 3, and that there will be $25 and valuable prizes added.

The next shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League will be held on Aug. 11, instead of Aug. 8, as previously published. The grounds of the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., will be the scene of the contest.

The carnival week tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club, Newport, R. I., Aug. 10-11, has a programme of twelve events, at 15 and 20 targets; a total of 200 targets each day. Ship guns, etc., prepaid, to C. M. Hughes, secretary, 8 Ayrault street. There are five averages of $5 for the full programme each day. First high amateur averages full programme each day, $8 and $4. There will be a five-man team event, 50 targets, $2.50 per team, $10 added.

The one-day tournament of the Columbus, O., Gun Club, has been postponed from Aug. 8 to Aug. 15.

The weather was extremely windy at the shoot of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, July 28. For the English Hotel cup J. C. Dixon defeated B. H. Moore by a score of 79 to 68. Aug. 4, S. C. Griffith and T. J. Southern will contest for this cup.

At the shoot of the Magic City Gun Club, July 19, Johnson won the Stevens rifle race with 22. Williamson was high in the Ithaca gun race with 23, and was also high in the Ballistite cup race with 44. This club hold their annual fall tournament Sept. 3 and 4.

At the club contest of the Trapshooters' League of Lancaster County, Lancaster, Pa., July 28, four five-man teams were entered, namely, Elizabethtown, Columbia, Pequea and Bob White. Elizabethtown with a score of 105 out of a possible 125, was first. Columbia was second with 94. Kreuger, of Columbia made 24, high individual score.

The Amesbury, Mass., Gun Club announces a tournament to be held on Aug. 8, at Hampton Beach. Prizes amounting to $75 will be divided into nine parts for amateurs, as follows: $17, $12, $10, $8, $7, $6, and three $5 prizes. The programme will consist of nine 20-target events. Competition will commence at 9:30. High guns. Sergeant system. Walter Hatch is the Secretary.

The programme of the Lock Haven, Pa., Gun Club tournament, Aug. 13-14, provides ten events each day, totals, 175 targets, entrance $16.75 on the first day; and 175 targets, entrance $15.25 on the second day. Event 8 on the first day will be the team shoot for the cup. Two high amateur averages for both days, $10 each. Special purse—that is, the profits of the tournament—for amateur losses. Merchandise prizes number thirty-nine, and are valued at $200. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Ship guns, etc., to Lock Haven Gun Club.

Secretary-Manager Elmer E. Shaner writes us: "Please announce to the readers of Forest and Stream that the special purse at the Interstate Association's Eastern Handicap, at Philadelphia, was sufficient to pay back the losses of all amateurs who shot in the regular events of the three days and failed to win the amount of their entrance, and there was also a surplus of $393.10, which was divided among the high gun amateurs. The foregoing may be of interest to those who contemplate attending the Western Handicap, at Denver, Aug. 21-23, where the same system will be in force."

"The Daddy of 'Em All," Mr. R. O. Heikes, is not addicted to the somewhat prevalent accomplishment of "blowing his own horn," but in a calm, insistent way, he is addicted to the breaking of targets. At the tournament of the Wilmington, O., Gun Club last week, he ran 50 straight in the Ballistite trophy event, broke 39 out of 40 (20 singles and 10 pairs) in the Hunter medal contest, made a run of 150 on the second day, broke 99 out of 100 in the two 50-target handicap events from the 20-yd. mark, was high man each day, and high average for the two days with a total of 394 out of a possible 400. And yet he does these great feats with the serenity of a May morning and the modesty of a rosebud. Messrs. C. O. Le Compte and R. R. Barber were second high average for the two days with 383.

At the tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club, held at East Lexington, Mass., July 27, the first day was specially interesting on account of the phenomenal shooting of Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank E. Butler) with revolver, rifle and shotgun. Commenting on Miss Oakley's performance, the Boston Globe has the following: "The exhibition was given as only she can give it, and her ability to handle the gun and shoot makes some of the man shooters look like novices. Coins were tossed in the air, and she easily punctured them with rifle bullets. She also shot at small bullseyes, shooting 15 times in rapid succession. Not one of the bullets was outside the mark. Another feat was splitting a card target. A revolver was used, and the bullet cut the card in two. The back performance, using a common table knife to reflect the sights, was wonderful. With a shotgun she easily broke 5 targets thrown in the air at one time. Double targets were then thrown in the air while the gun rested on the ground. At the time Miss Oakley was sitting back to the traps. To do the feat she had to get off the chair and pick up the gun. This seemed easy to her, and both targets were always broken. Other feats equally as wonderful as those mentioned above were performed." Bernard Waters.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

Twelve scores were shot in the third contest of the series for the Peters trophy on July 28. The weather was favorable for good scores, though a trifle hazy. Bonser, shooting from 18, 19 and 20 yards, was high, with 58. R. Trimble second with 55. In the team match Trimble was high gun with 49 out of 50; Bonser second with 47. Trimble's team was victorious over Gambell's with 242 to 227. In the last 100 targets shot Bonser scored 95 and Fultz 90. The scores:

	Yards.	Scores.	
Bonser	18 19 20	19 20 19	58
Trimble	18 16 16	16 19 20	55
Fultz	18 17 16	17 14 19	50
Ahlers	20 16 16	16 15 18	49
Herman	16 18 16	18 15 15	48
Maynard	17 17 16	17 16 13	46
Tuttle	17 16 16	14 13 18	45
Miles	16 16 17	12 17 16	45
Johnson	18 16 16	12 15 15	42
Bullerdick	17 16 16	13 14 12	39
Jones	16 16 16	10 11 11	32
Martin	16 16 16	8 8 14	30

Team race, 50 targets:

Bonser	47	Maynard	25
Keplinger	39	Miles	44
Herman	35	Fultz	43
Johnson	41	Trimble	49
Gambell	41	Bullerdick	42
Myers	24—227	Tuttle	39—242

Ohio Trap Notes.

Thirteen members took part in the regular shoot of the Pleasant Valley Gun Club, of De Graff, on July 23. Hough was high man with 87 out of 125; Lockhart 72 out of 110; Long 68 out of 75; Runyon 64 out of 75; Martin 59 out of 75; Adams 52 out of 100; Notestine 40 out of 50. The others shot at 25 or less. Long did the best work of the day, breaking 90.6 per cent., Runyon 85.3 per cent., Notestine 80 per cent., and Martin 78.6 per cent.

At the regular weekly handicap shoot of the Greenville Gun Club recently, Warner headed the list with 54, which included his handicap of 15 added targets. Hartzell was second with 50, his handicap being 12. Kirby (1) and Huddle (15) 48 each; McCaughey (4) and Limbert (7) 6 each; Baker (4) 42; Smith (5) 40; Fouts (15) 36, Eidson (5) 33; Brooks (0) 32.

Owing to the heavy rain there was a small attendance at the shoot of the Northern Kentucky Gun Club on July 22. H. W. Kahler was high man with 92 out of 100, Stuard 86, Stacey 82, Laverne 80. Shooting at 50, Fee broke 42 and Cunningham 28. Out of 25, Miss Altherr broke 18, Sparks 16, and Lee 11. The initial shoot for the Guild trophy was postponed one week.

Doolittle carried off the honors in the first of two interesting events shot on the Cleveland Gun Club's grounds, July 21, and Tamblyn did the same trick in the second event. The winning score in each event was 47 out of 50, with second man breaking 45. The first contest of the afternoon was the twelfth and last in the series for the championship cup of Northern Ohio. Doolittle won with 47, Tamblyn 45, Burns 43, McMeans 42, Wallace 38, Lincoln 37, Hopkins 35, Ong 28, Parrott 26. Of the twelve contests, Doolittle has won seven and was awarded the cup. The second event was for the Hunter gold charm. In this, McMeans headed the list with 49 out of 50, but he was making up for an attended shoot, and Tamblyn with 47 won the contest. Doolittle 45, Wallace 42, Hopkins 40, Burns 38, Crocker 34, Chapel 24, Nolan 12. To settle a question of individual superiority, Doolittle and Hopkins shot a match at 50 targets from 21yds., the former winning, 40 to 38. McMeans made a run of 54 straight in the two events to-day, beginning with the 43d target in the cup event, and missing his 47th target in the Hunter contest. The club will hold a tournament on Labor Day, and all sportsmen are invited to attend.

The Ideal Gun Club, of Circleville, gave a pleasant tournament on July 27. The programme was at 200 targets, with entrance of $21. E. M. Stout, C. O. Smith and P. S. Ritt were in charge.

Snyder and Geo. Moore tied on 20 out of 25 in the contest for the Peters trophy on the grounds of the Tuscaroras Gun Club, Canal Dover, July 21.

There was a small attendance at the last weekly shoot of the Glen Airy Gun Club. Out of 75 targets, Wall broke 56, Rock 50, Yeatman 48, Gehring 45. La Boiteaux 28 out of 50. Dr. McGuire 20 out of 25.

A match was shot July 22, on the Here He Goes Gun Club's grounds at Price Hill, Cincinnati, between six-man teams of that club and the Glen Airy Gun Club, 50 targets per man. The conditions were not good, and the scores suffered. Glen Airy won with a margin of 30 targets. Glen Airy—Rack 35, Yeatman 32, Wall 28, Gehring 19, McGuire 19, Albrecht 17; total 150. Here He Goes—J. Osterfeld 26, Boeh 25, G. Osterfeld 23, Storey 18, Lowry 15, Bullerdick 13; total 120.

In Other Places.

Notice has been received that a new organization has been formed at Clear Lake, Minn., for the purpose of shooting clay targets.

Some of the best shots of the town of Fergus Falls, Minn.—among them the Mayor—cannot agree as to who is the best able to make the highest scores at the traps, so there will be a decision rendered by an actual contest. Messrs. Ed. Stark and Fred Gast will shoot a match, as will also Mayor Townly and Thos. Agern. There will be some coin up on the result.

Albert Rohrer, of Everett, Minn., was in attendance at the Duluth tournament.

Wednesday afternoon last John B. Hodges won the medal of the Hubbell Rod and Gun Club, of Calumet, Mich., with a score of 14 out of 25.

At Manning, Ia., there were some very good scores made during the tournament, as at 400 targets, Heer broke 392, Spencer 391, Barber 381, Budd 371, Taylor 386, Huntley 384, Hoon 377, Wallace 373.

In the competition on the home grounds for the first time this season, at Olathe, Kans., Wm. Lemon made 45 out of 50, and F. H. Hodges 44. This is good for the two old-timers. The old and the young blood should get warmed up a bit, at this once-famous shooting town.

A local scribe sends in the following: "The Danville Rod and Gun Club held its shoot to-day. Among the noted shots present was W. Tramp Irwin, one of the best in the country. Irwin took second place in the recent National tournament. What you given him, Tramp?"

Wednesday last the shooters at Webster City, Ia., were honored by the presence of R. R. Barber, Charles Spencer and F. S. Whitney. An impromptu shoot was arranged. Shooting at 100 targets, Barber scored 95, A. S. Hoon 92, Chas. Spencer 78, Claud Richeson 70. At 75, Ed. Robinson 67, M. K. Newton 45, Nick O'Connor 41. At 50, Harry Hodgkiss 29, Roy Peterson 28, Vern Bates 24, Dr. C. A. Berg 26. At 25, J. B. Hughes 13, Arthur Wilson 11.

At the late Winona, Minn., tournament, the home team won the Chronicle cup from the Tomah, Wis., Club.

Reports do not say how hot it was, but the news comes direct that last Saturday it was too hot for most of the members of the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club to take part in the shooting. Of those who did not fear the heat, Monk shot at 105 and broke 41, Murray 74, Hamilton 59, Schulstad 56. At 85, Slocum broke 60. At 60, Nelson scored 50.

Central and West Duluth, Minn., Gun Club held an interesting shoot last Sunday. The trophy shoot did not take place, but A. B. Clark scored 43 out of 50, and J. S. Budd 41. The trophy shoot will be held at the next meeting.

The Springfield and the Morgan club, of Minnesota, are having a "hot time" shooting races. The first match Morgan club won, with 14; Springfield won the second by 21; and now comes the tie match.

Of the St. Paul, Minn., shooters who went to Shakopee for a shoot, Fischer got second with 114 out of 125; Wilkinson third, 112; Wirland, 111; Perry, 108. Huntley was first with 121. He travels from Omaha.

H. C. Hirschy and B. O. Seymour, of Minneapolis, had charge of the office and general management of the shoot at Duluth, and the officers of the club gave all to understand that their word was law.

In the cup shoot at Duluth, Minn., A. H. Beyer and Dr. Williams, of Superior, tied on first place with 23, and then Byers won on the shoot-off.

Wisconsin State Champion Hammersmith was high man at the Parker Gun Club shoot at Milwaukee, Sunday, with 108 out of 125; Lake was second with 102. J. M. Hughes was out for a little practice, and made 45 out of 50.

Chas. Snapp took the medal at the shoot Thursday last at Marshall, Minn., with 21 out of 25.

The Council Grove, Kans., Gun Club has been organized two years, and is now conceded to be one of the best in the State. It is composed of cool-headed gentlemen. When on their grounds no careless handling of guns, no abusive language. There is a move on hand to make a bid for the next State shoot. With such men as Ed. Keenor for president, and R. C. Durland secretary, the members can see no such thing as failure or defeat.

Ed. O'Brien, John Gillespie and Chris. Gottlieb, all Kansas men, were present at Ellinwood, Kans., and entertained the shooting men with an exhibition on Saturday last.

E. P. Brigham and Kirk Allen made the best scores at Iola, Kans., Gun Club practice shoot, each getting 45 out of 50 targets.

There is much jubilation among the members of the Cass Lake, Minn., Gun Club over the shooting done by William McKinnon, at the Duluth, Minn., shoot, where he beat two of the best shots in the State—Guptill and Story—and won the State championship event; score 48 out of 50, to 47 for the other two. McKinnon is employed in the forest service, and is said to be a very good shot with gun, rifle or revolver.

A team race was the attraction at the shoot held at Whiting, Wis., recently. Three teams entered, and Wisconsin River team won with 371; Grand Rapids club, 365; and the Junction City, 321. A very interesting part of the afternoon sport was the exhibition shooting of Mrs. F. E. Culver, who broke six out of ten targets.

At Rice Lake, Wis., there is a flourishing gun club.

At the weekly shoot at Aitken, Minn., there has been a spirited contest. Luse and Krelwitz have shot up their allotment of 225, and when others shoot up, then there will be a shoot-off at 50 targets.

At the weekly shoot of the Grand Marias, Mich., Gun Club, Tuesday, C. E. Miller was high, and Dr. Anderson second. The club is prosperous, and the only thing worrying the members is how to beat Miller out of first place.

The Las Vegas, N. M., Gun Club is to be reorganized, and a meeting has been called to elect the new officers, and transact other business.

Mr. Adams won the powder cup for the first time, up at Fargo, N. D., Wednesday last, with 21 out of 25. Others were: Nelson 16, Rusk 15, C. Sidam 13, G. Back 15, H. Sidam 13, L. Bocker 16, Mr. Vider 13.

Prattville Gun Club.

Prattville, Ala., July 26.—Appended are the scores of our annual live-bird shoot, an amateur event:

J W Hagler	1111111111111111111111110011	—24
Moss Smith	1111110101101111111101010111	—21
C W Jones	1111110101101101111111100	—20
W T Robinson	1001111110000111010101011	—16
J R Livingston	11111011111	—10
W D Smith	01110	— 3
Carter	0111011100001000	— 7
J Wingart	11101	— 4
J Cook	11011	— 4
R S Thompson	10111	— 4
A C Huston	11110	— 4

W. P. T. S. L. Tournament.

The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League held a very successful tournament on the grounds of the Scottdale Gun Club on Thursday, July 26. Twenty-three shooters took part, twenty-one of whom shot through the programme.

Some creditable scores were made, and it was a pretty race for high honors, which was not decided until the last man had shot at his last target. Deniker, Calhoun and Matthews tied with 167 out of 180, while the rest of the shooters were well bunched, there being eight out of the twenty-one with 160 or better.

A Record Made.

During the course of the tournament Squad No. 1, composed of H. H. Stevens, Baker, Anderson, Fleming and Clifford, got busy in the eleventh event and smashed 75 out of 75 targets. The writer is pleased to say that none of the targets were even dusted, but were broken into a thousand or more pieces, which shows that, when the gun is pointed right, the load will do the rest of the work.

The next League tournament will be held on the grounds of the Enterprise Gun Club, at McKeesport, on Saturday, Aug. 11, instead of Thursday, the 8th, as before announced, and a hearty welcome is extended to all trapshooters.

Through the season the League has been run on the paying back entrance fee (less targets) system, and we are pleased to say that we have in every tournament held been able to pay back all members of the League and still have a surplus left, which, if still left at the end of the season will be divided among the low guns shooting throughout the entire season.

The trade was represented by Chas. G. Grubb and H. H. Stevens.

Each event was at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Brk.
Deniker	12	14	14	14	14	15	15	14	14	13	13	15	167
Matthews	12	13	15	14	15	13	15	15	15	12	13	15	167
Calhoun	13	15	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	14	14	14	167
West	13	13	11	13	14	15	16	14	15	15	13	15	166
Fleming	15	12	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	15	14	165
Baker	15	14	15	13	14	12	15	13	14	10	15	13	163
Anderson	12	13	14	14	15	14	15	13	12	15	15	14	163
Chain	13	13	11	15	13	15	15	13	14	15	14	12	163
Kelly	12	14	13	13	11	12	15	13	14	15	14	13	159
Metz	11	13	14	13	14	14	13	15	14	12	13	12	158
Clifford	14	11	12	15	13	11	11	11	14	13	15	15	155
Yahner	15	14	14	11	13	14	11	12	12	14	12	13	155
C S C	12	13	13	14	12	14	13	12	14	11	14	13	155
Moore	15	14	13	14	12	13	10	13	13	13	9	9	148
Lowe	9	12	11	10	15	9	11	12	12	14	13	9	147
Penron	11	13	14	13	11	14	11	12	9	13	13	12	146
Wampler	12	12	14	12	15	12	12	8	12	9	13	14	145
Andrews	11	8	5	14	12	14	12	11	14	13	10	10	134
F B T	10	11	9	11	10	11	10	11	13	13	12	12	132
Gumbert	10	14	11	10	7	9	11	11	14	13	8	13	131
Stamm	7	10	9	7	7	4	7	9	12	9	12	9	102
Cochran	14	13	13	12	12	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	89
Nocl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	22

At Monte Ne.

Monte Ne, Ark., July 28.—There will be a fishing and trapshooting tournament here Sept. 3-7 next. The fishing tournament will be Sept. 3-5, and the trapshooting on Sept. 6 and 7. At the trapshooting tournament here in May the boys fell in love with Monte Ne, the fishing and the trapshooting grounds, and after the shoot was over they held a meeting and fixed the time and programme for both fishing and trapshooting at the dates above named.

Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, will be boss fisherman, and Dr. P. Y. Stohecker, Wichita; Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kans.; H. C. Hood, Columbus; George H. Mackie, Scammon, Kans.; John Gillespie, Kansas City; Wm. McBlair, St. Louis, and Harvey Dixon, of Joplin, will be lord high executioners to the Craw Dads.

Jack Rabbit and Rose systems. Four moneys. Shooting on both days will begin at 9 A. M. Handicaps 15 to 18yds. Trade representatives will shoot for targets only. There will be twelve events, 200 targets, in each day's shooting. For a 20-target event, the entrance will be $2; 15-target event, $1.50.

There will be a gold medal awarded to the best fisherman, and a gold medal to the best trapshooter. There will be a banquet and festivities, compliments of the Club House, Hotel and Cottage Company, of this place.

There is a mountain lake and lagoon here, and a mountain stream fed wholly by springs, making 20,000 gallons of water per minute. The springs are stocked with rainbow trout. White river is a mile and a half away, and affords splendid bass fishing. There is a float of six miles on White River that affords fine sport for fishermen by using boats and floating down this distance. From the end of the float back to Monte Ne is only three miles. The boys are anticipating a big time, and the attendance promises to be good. Coin Harvey.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., July 27.—There was a small practice shoot held on the new grounds to-day. The Leggett trap was working fine, and some fair scores were made. The returns for Aug. 22 clambake and clay pigeon shoot show already that there will be a big turnout, and this is no guesswork.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	15		
W H Colcman	10	13	15	6	9	..	65	53
J T Hyland	11	13	9	..	8	10	70	51
C G Blandford	14	11	14	..	9	13	70	61
Le G Wygant	8	9	13	..	8	8	70	46
W S Smith	12	12	..	7	..	..	40	31
E Brewerton	5	6	..	5	..	..	40	16
O Wynant	..	..	..	3	8	..	20	11

C. G. B.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament And In All But One Event at Philadelphia.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP: Won by Dr. Gleason, G. Hansell second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE: Won by Lester German, W. M. Foord second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE: Won by W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

Winchester Victories Like Winchester Shells Are Up to Date

The Trap Shooters' League of Lancaster County.

Lancaster, Pa., July 28.—The Trapshooters' League of Lancaster County held its fourth meeting to-day on the grounds of the Elizabethtown Gun Club. A programme of 235 targets was called for, including the 25-target League event. Two hundred and ten targets made up the sweepstake events, shot prior to the team race. Luther J. Squier, of Wilmington, Del., the crack shot, carried off first honors, with 176; Nat Ressler, H. Hoffman and R. A. Cable tied for high amateur with 187 and divided the added money for high gun. A. C. Kreuger was runner-up. Neaf Apgar looked after his firm's business. The office was in charge of the genial Doc Keenard, the club's active secretary, and he did his work very satisfactorily, and was extremely prompt.

The field was not so large as some of the other meets, but it was a very pleasant gathering, and the programme was finished in remarkably good time, in order to allow the participants to take in a game of baseball, to add to the day's outing.

The next shoot will be held at Lancaster on Aug. 25, at Rocky Spring Park. Elizabethtown won first, with Columbia second.

Four teams, 5 men each, 25 targets each man:

Elizabethtown.	
White	23
Cable	22
Rutherford	21
Kersey	20
Mickley	19—105
Pequea.	
Ressler	23
Anderson	22
Andrews	21
Leaman	14
Miss Rieker	14— 94

	Shot at.	Brk.
Ressler	235	210
Hoffman	235	210
Cable	235	209
Kreuger	235	207
Apgar	235	206
Andrews	235	201
Barr	235	200
Bonham	235	179
Krick	235	170
Leaman	235	167
Squier	210	196
White	190	174
Pyle	130	106

Columbia.	
Kreuger	24
Hoffman	23
Matthews	18
Kline	17
Grifen	15— 97
Bob White.	
Reese	23
Bonham	21
Barr	20
Phillips	15
Krick	13— 92

	Shot at.	Brk.
Meckley	130	108
Stevens	120	93
Rutherford	115	96
Miss Rieker	105	49
Witmer	80	37
Riese	73	62
Phillips	70	48
Wright	40	19
Kersey	55	36
Kline	55	33
Singer	20	17
Anderson	55	46

Nat. Ressler, Sec'y.

Wilmington (O.) Tournament.

The annual midsummer tournament of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club was held on July 25 and 26. The club has good grounds, a short ride from the center of town, and has a Blackbird trap and set of expert traps installed. At the Blackbird trap there is a splendid sky background, but at No. 2, the experts, rising ground and a number of large trees make it rather difficult to see the targets unless they are thrown very high, and this was done when it became necessary to use these traps. The right angle targets there were thrown very low and down hill, and more than one shooter spoiled a good score when he got any of these.

The tournament committee consisted of N. J. Lewis, T. M. Burnett and J. E. Gaston, and the latter was particularly active in his endeavors to keep things moving, and to see that the visitors received proper attention.

The attendance was not up to expectations, many shooters who had signified their intention of being present failing to materialize. Among the out-of-town shooters present were Messrs. H. R. Bonser, L. F. Ahlers, D. Pohlar and A. Gambell, of Cincinnati; J. H. Noel, of Nashville, Tenn.; H. M. Carr, Ed. Rike, M. Schwind, of Dayton; F. D. Alkire, of Woodlyn; E. M. Stout, of Circleville; Kellenberger, Roach, P. F. Dixon, Dr. Mills and D. P. Tatman, of Chillicothe.

The trade was represented by Messrs. R. O. Heikes, R. L. Trimble, R. R. Barber, C. A. Young, C. O. Le Compte, and D. R. Jones. In the office were Secretary T. E. Burnett, compiler of scores, and Miss S. E. Gray cashier, and they are deserving of special commendation for the way they handled the work. This was Miss Gray's first appearance in the capacity of cashier, and she turned off the work like a veteran, and had the money figured out and ready for the winners within two or three minutes of the close of each event.

Refcree Morris James and scorer Geo. Hayworth were all right, and kicks were not in evidence.

A large tent, open at the sides, provided plenty of room for all hands to get in out of the sun. The office was in a small tent far enough removed from the firing line to insure the clerks from very much interruption while at work.

The weather on Wednesday, the first day, was ideal, cool, except for two or three hours in middle of the day; very little wind. The targets were not hard ones, and the shooters left few "pick-ups" for the club.

Thirty-three shooters took part, shooting beginning about 10 o'clock and lasting until 6:30. The entry list was kept open until 11 o'clock to accommodate those arriving on the morning trains. The programme consisted of ten events; three at 15, two at 20, one at 25 and one at 50 targets. This last was the Ballistite trophy handicap, and was shot in two 25-target strings. Event 3, at 20-targets, 18yds, rise, use of both barrels allowed, and event 4, at 10 pairs of doubles, constituted the contest for the Hunter medal. These events did not figure in the total amateur high average, which was based on 110 targets to-day.

H. R. Bonser and R. Harness tied for high amateur on 106, J. H. Noel 105, H. M. Carr 104, L. Ahlers 103. For the day at 200 targets, R. O. Heikes was high with 197. H. R. Bonser second with 191, Le Compte and Barber 188 each, R. Harness 186.

The Hunter medal was won by H. R. Bonser with 39. He and Rolla Heikes (who went straight) were the only ones to get all their doubles.

The Ballistite trophy was won by R. Harness with 49, standing at 18yds. Heikes made a straight score in this event. The handicapping was done by F. D. Alkire and Arthur Gambell, and was based on the scores made in the previous events of the day at 150 targets.

In the evening the shooters were entertained at the Elks' club room, Dr. J. E. Gaston being master of ceremonies, and as a host he cannot be excelled.

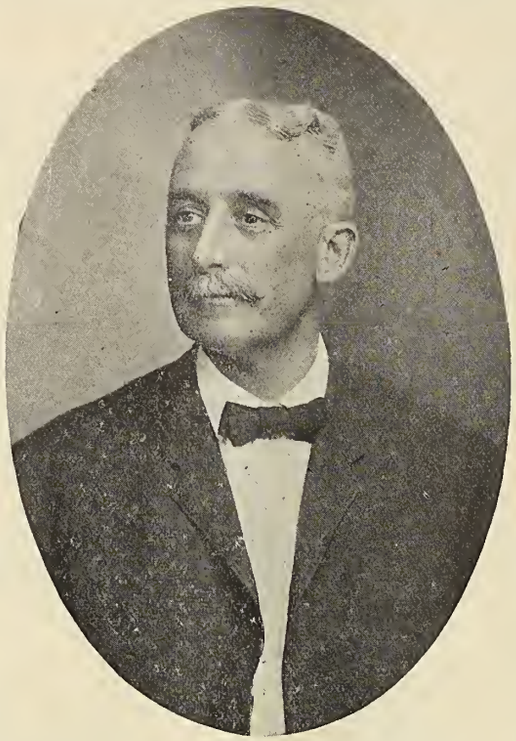
Regular events were open to amateurs. The scores:

July 25, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	10	10	15	25	at.	Brk.
R R Barber	15	15	19	10	10	15	24	110	108
R O Heikes	13	15	20	10	9	15	25	110	107
C O Le Compte	15	14	20	10	10	13	25	110	107
H R Bonser	15	15	20	9	9	14	24	110	106
R H Harness	14	13	20	9	10	15	25	110	106
J H Noel	15	15	10	10	9	15	22	110	105
H M Carr	15	14	19	8	10	14	24	110	104
L F Ahlers	14	14	17	10	10	14	24	110	103
Lewis Anderson	11	14	20	10	8	14	25	110	102
Dr Mills	14	14	18	8	9	14	25	110	102
E M Stout	15	14	18	10	10	13	22	110	102
A Gambell	13	13	19	10	9	15	22	110	101
R L Trimble	12	14	15	10	10	15	24	110	100
L Morrison	15	15	15	7	8	15	25	110	100
Dr J E Gaston	14	13	18	10	10	12	21	110	98
C A Young	11	14	16	9	9	14	25	110	98
P F Dixon	14	11	15	7	10	14	23	110	94
D Pohlar	10	12	19	9	9	13	22	110	94
Roach	12	13	16	7	10	13	22	110	93
Tatman	14	11	15	9	9	14	20	110	92
F D Alkire	12	14	10	6	10	13	20	110	91
Kellenberger	13	11	14	8	5	19	15	110	85
D Smith	..	..	17	8	8	10	22	80	65
Ed Rice	14	13	17	8	10	..	..	70	62
S W Morgan	10	9	14	7	9	9	..	85	58
A Haines	13	11	18	10	..	..	..	60	52
T G Porter	11	13	16	7	..	..	..	60	47
W Waddell	9	12	14	7	..	..	..	60	42
W H Bailey	13	12	15	..	..	..	..	50	40
M Schwind	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	30	26
W P	..	..	19	7	..	..	..	30	26
Wm Wright	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	20	16
W Bulla	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6

Hunter medal, 50 targets—20 singles at 18yds. and 10 pairs at 16yds. Open to amatcurs only; entrance $2:

Targets:	20	10		Targets:	20	10	
*R O Heikes	20	20	—40	D Pohlar	19	13	—32
H R Bonser	19	20	—39	R Harness	18	13	—31
*R L Trimble	19	17	—36	L Morrison	19	12	—31
M Schwind	20	15	—35	A Gambell	20	10	—30
E M Stout	19	16	—35	D Smith	15	15	—30
*C A Young	19	16	—35	J E Gaston	18	11	—29
*R R Barber	20	14	—34	A Haines	20	9	—29
L Anderson	20	14	—34	W H Bailey	17	11	—28
H M Carr	16	18	—34	O P Tatman	15	11	—26
F D Alkire	20	14	—34	W Waddell	12	12	—24
Dr Mills	17	16	—33	P F Dixon	18	..	
J H Noel	19	13	—32	Kellenberger	17	..	
*C O Le Compte	20	12	—32	Roach	17	..	
L F Ahlers	19	13	—32	J G Porter	12		
Ed Rike	18	14	—32	S W Morgan	11	..	



MR. HARVEY M'MURCHY.
Representative of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

MR. HARVEY M'MURCHY, FULTON, N. Y.
Winner of Eastern Handicap, Philadelphia, July 19, 1906.

*Not in competition.

Ballistite trophy, 50 targets, open to amateurs only; handicaps 16 to 20yds.; contestants to use Ballistite powder; entrance $1:

*R O Heikes	25	25—50	
R Harness, 18	25	24—49	
*C Le Compte, 18	24	25—49	
J H Noel, 20	22	24—46	
H R Bonser, 20	22	24—46	
*R R Barber, 20	24	22—46	
Dr Mills, 16	23	23—46	
L F Ahlers, 16	23	21—44	
Roach, 16	21	23—44	
*R L Trimble, 18	20	24—44	
L Morrison, 16	22	21—43	
O P Tatman, 16	22	21—43	
J E Gaston, 20	21	21—42	
F D Alkire, 16	19	22—41	
*C A Young, 18	21	20—41	
H M Carr, 18	16	24—40	
P F Dixon, 16	21	18—39	
Kellenberg, 16	21	14—35	
D Pohlar, 16	21	..	
A Gambell, 16	21	..	
D Smith, 16	18	..	

*Did not compete.

July 26, Second Day.

The second day was slightly cloudy—no wind, and quite hot. Very many of the shooters left the evening before, and only fifteen men took part in the programme, which consisted of five events at 20, one at 10, one at 15, and one at 25 targets; open to amateurs; and the Dead Shot handicap at 50 targets. A portion of these events were shot over the set of expert traps, while some necessary repairs were being made to the other trap. The targets were a little faster to-day than on Wednesday, but they were not hard, and good scores were the rule. J. H. Noel was high amateur with 142, Bonser and Carr second with 141 each, Heikes and Barber missed only 2 targets each out of the first 150. After missing his last bird in the second event, Heikes made a run of 150 straight, missing his 16th target in the second 25 of the Dead Shot handicap. He broke 99 out of 100 in the two 50-target handicap events from 20yds., going straight in the first one and breaking 49 in the second, with 40 straight. For the day, at 200 targets, Heikes was again high man with 197. Le Compte and Barber 195 each, Bonser 191, Noel 183. For the two days, at 400 targets, Heikes was high gun with 394, Le Compte and Barber second with 383 each.

The Ithaca gun, given to the amateur shooting the entire programme of 400 targets and making the highest score, was won by H. R. Bonser, with 382. J. H. Noel second, 371. Winner of the gun was not eligible for high gun moneys. High amateurs in the regular events were Bonser and Noel, 247 each out of 260; H. M. Carr 245; L. F. Ahlers 233; D. Pohlar 230. The scores, regular events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	10	15	25	at.	Brk.
R O Heikes	19	19	20	20	20	10	15	25	150	148
R R Barber	19	20	20	20	20	10	14	25	150	148
C O Le Compte	19	20	18	20	20	10	15	24	150	146
R L Trimble	19	19	18	20	20	9	14	25	150	144
J H Noel	18	20	18	20	18	8	15	25	150	142
H R Bonser	16	20	19	18	20	10	14	24	150	141
H M Carr	18	20	18	19	18	10	15	23	150	141
D Pohlar	17	19	18	18	18	9	14	23	150	136
L Ahlers	18	16	18	19	17	7	11	24	150	130
P F Dixon	13	14	19	15	19	9	10	23	150	122
A Gambell	14	18	15	13	20	8	12	21	150	121
J E Gaston	16	14	17	12	16	8	10	13	150	106
G R Spahr	..	..	..	14	18	18	9	14	20	130	93
B E Strong	..	..	..	16	12	18	8	13	24	130	91
H D Kilgore	11	17	12	..	15	5	9	..	105	64

Dead Shot handicap, 50 targets, $1 entrance; open to amateurs; all contestants to use Dead Shot powder; prize, case of shells loaded with Dead Shot powder:

H R Bonser, 20	25	25—50	
*R O Heikes, 20	25	24—49	
*C Le Compte, 20	24	25—49	
D Pohlar, 18	24	25—49	
*R R Barber, 20	24	23—47	
J H Noel, 20	23	23—46	
A Gambell, 16	22	23—45	
L Ahlers, 16	23	22—45	
*R L Trimble, 20	22	19—41	
H Carr, 20	21	22—43	
J E Gaston, 16	23	..	
P F Dixon, 16	19		

*Did not compete for the prize.

Scores made by those shooting entire programme of one or both days:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Brk.	Shot at.	Brk.	Shot at.	Brk.
R O Heikes	200	197	200	197	400	394
C O Le Compte	200	188	200	195	400	383
R R Barber	200	188	200	195	400	383
H R Bonser	200	191	200	191	400	382
J H Noel	200	183	200	188	400	371
R L Trimble	200	180	200	185	400	365
H M Carr	200	178	200	184	400	362
L F Ahlers	200	179	200	175	400	354
D Pohlar	175	147	200	186	375	333
A Gambell	175	152	200	166	375	318
J E Gaston	200	169	175	129	375	298
P F Dixon	180	151	175	141	355	292
R Harness	200	186	...	...	200	186
Dr Mills	200	181	...	...	200	181
C A Young	200	174	...	...	200	174
L Anderson	200	168	...	...	200	168
F D Alkire	200	166	...	...	200	166
O P Tatman	200	161	...	...	200	161
Roach	200	151	...	...	200	151
E M Stout	150	137	...	...	150	137
Kellenberger	180	127	...	...	180	127
L Morrison	200	124	...	...	200	124
D Smith	145	103	...	...	145	103
Ed Rike	110	94	...	...	110	94

Amesbury Gun Club.

The Amesbury Gun Club will hold a tournament at Hampton Beach, N. H., Wednesday, Aug. 8; $75 to be divided into nine cash prizes, will be given. First, $17; second, $12; third, $10; fourth, $8; fifth, $7; sixth, $6, and three $5 prizes. Prizes open to amateurs only. High guns to win. Nine events of 20 targets each. Shoot commences at 9:30 A. M. sharp. Targets 1½ cent each. Sergeant system. Loaded shells for sale. Professionals shoot for targets only. The officers are: G. H. Bowen, manager; W. L. Allen, treasurer; Walter Hatch, secretary.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1.000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Grand Crescent Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill.—There was a mixture of things to-day at the park, when the Chicago club, with all their visitors and men connected with their tournament, ran in on Manager Teeple without a bit of warning. The grounds were ready for a club shoot. The Chicago club's tournament was finished on two traps, and then there was a good club shoot held, and all their regular events were run off before nightfall, and that with twenty-five shooters.

Mr. Lem Willard won first event with a 20 straight. Mr. Hess, the second with 15. Dr. Carson and George Roll tied on the handicap event with 23—and it was a handicap, too, with Joe Barto on 23yds., and Willard 22, Young 21, and so on down to 16. The last was a practice event, in which Frank Riehl was the best with 24 out of 25.

The miss-and-out event was long-drawn-out. Billy Stannard made a run of 49, and Dr. Carson 48. Lee Barkley came up as far as the 32d round before he fell by the wayside. Quade ran 25, Lem Willard 24; Hess, Hanagan and Chamberlain ran 11. This "miss-out" put some life and variety into the game. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	15	25	25	Targets:	20	15	25	25
Galusha	18	13	18	23	McKinon	14	14	20	22
Dr Carson	18	14	23	..	Cracker	14	9	18	17
Mrs Carson	15	13	22	..	Sam	14	11	20	22
Bowman	12	8	9	17	Riehl	19	15	..	24
S Young	18	12	20	20	Hyde	9	7	12	9
Barto	19	14	18	21	Hoffman	..	..	20	16
J Young	18	13	16	23	Quade	..	..	21	19
Roll	16	14	23	22	Kepple	..	..	17	17
Willard	20	13	22	23	Thomas	16	9	21	19
Myrick	18	12	17	..	Hanagan	14	12	23	25
Hess	17	15	20	..	Horn	..	..	20	..
Shogren	12	4	20	18	Shrigley	..	..	19	21

July 22.—Tournaments come fast at the Chicago Trapshooters' Association Park. This day was set apart by the Grand Crescent club for tournament purposes and a regular programme was issued with 200 targets.

This proved a good thing for the traveling men, and a few of those from a distance who remained over from the previous days.

The weather was extremely hot and sultry, very little air astir and the sun came straight down on the shooters' heads, making them long for the new park, which is soon to take the place of the old one used for lo, these many years.

In view of holding the next Illinois State shoot, and the prospects for securing the G. A. H., a permanent ground has been secured.

The shooting of Barkley, Riehl and Barber was the feature of the day. Stannard came fourth, Vietmeyer fifth and Clancey sixth. The money was Jack Rabbit, 5 cents for each target, and the balance divided 50, 30, 20, per cent.

Barkley passed the best part of the afternoon without a skip, and never stopped until the 164th target. During the balance of the events he lost two more, and finished with 197. Riehl and Barber had a pretty race, and Riehl came off with 192 to R. R.'s 190. In the amateur class there were four above the 90 mark—Jesse Young 188, Barto 182, Einfeldt 181, Chamberlain 181. Some of the usual top-notchers did not show up well to-day, too much sweat in the eye.

Why of course the shoot was well managed, with two traps, and Teeple on the outside and Shogren in the office, all things moved along in strictly apple-pie order.

At all club gatherings there is a good hot dinner, presided over by Mrs. Teeple, which is much enjoyed by shooters and visitors. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	20	20	Brk.
Vietmeyer	13	9	15	12	15	19	13	14	13	13	15	16	167
Winesberg	12	13	12	14	14	17	10	11	7	10	17	16	153
Barkley	15	15	15	15	20	20	15	15	14	14	18	20	197
Einfeldt	15	14	12	14	17	18	15	14	14	13	17	19	182
Skinner	12	12	11	15	17	17	13	12	13	14	16	16	168
Stannard	12	15	14	14	19	19	13	13	14	15	18	20	186
Dr Carson	12	15	13	15	18	17	14	15	12	11	18	18	180
Mrs Carson	11	11	11	12	18	17	10	12	10	10	15	14	151
Galusha	12	14	10	14	15	20	14	13	13	14	18	19	176
Johnson	14	14	13	14	15	18	11	12	14	12	19	15	171
J Young	15	15	14	14	19	19	14	13	14	14	18	19	188
Barto	14	14	14	14	20	18	14	15	15	13	15	16	182
Riehl	15	15	15	14	19	20	12	14	15	14	19	20	192
Willard	14	11	15	15	18	17	14	15	12	13	16	19	179
Vance	15	13	14	15	18	16	13	12	11	14	17	16	174
Hughes	13	15	13	15	17	18	10	14	13	14	18	16	176
Chamberlain	12	15	14	15	18	16	12	15	14	14	17	19	181
Thomas	9	12	10	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Flewelling	13	14	14	12	17	18	11	15	12	13	17	15	173
Barber	14	14	14	14	17	18	15	13	14	15	20	17	190
Clancey	9	7	10	14	18	17	15	13	11	12	15	18	159
Humpfer	7	12	8	13	15	15	9	11	8	6	19	12	135
Williams	15	13	14	14	16	20	15	13	13	12	16	16	167
Max Knucssell	..	..	..	14	13	18	18	11	10	13	12	16	16	...
Crandler	..	..	..	10	14	14	16	11	10	..	..	..	..	...
Tracey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	12	15	18	19	...
F P Stannard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	14	13	15	18	...
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	..	..	..	...
S Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	12	10	12	12	...
John Eick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	16	14	...
Renther	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	11	...

Chicago Gun Club Tournament.

CHICAGO, July 21.—Instead of their regular Saturday afternoon shoot, the Chicago Gun Club held a regular tournament, open to all amateurs. It was well patronized. This club has some excellent members, who assist the officers; and all took part and helped out.

The day was fine, though rather warm, and many good scores were made by both professionals and amateurs. Lec Barkley came through with the loss of but 7. Frand Riehl was second with 13, and Stannard 15.

The high amateurs were Willard 188, Hughes 184, Roll 182.

The shooters present were Alex. Vance, Capron, Ill.; Dr. Herbert, Poplar Grove; John Hughes, Milwaukee, Wis.; A. Anderson, Lemont; W. R. Chamberlain, Rockford; Frank Riehl, Alton, Ill.; J. Quade, Blue Island. The Chicago men were F. Myrick, J. Barto, Lem Willard, C. A. Hanagan, George Franklin, Robt. R. Skinner, C. W. Clifford, Lec Barkley, W. D. Stannard, E. C. Morton, J. Young, Chas. Tracey, H. W. Vietmeyer, J. M. Wilcockson, M. J. Webber and W. R. Clancey.

It was a pleasure to meet Mr. Robert Skinner, who formerly held forth at Lexington, Ky. Then another young man not lately seen at a shoot was Max Hensler, who had just returned from Colorado, and he was wearing a sweater that was much seen at Indianapolis during the G. A. H.; and shooters will remember the Ask Me $3,000!" Max is yet a little thin in flesh, but "brown as a berry," and reports having spent two weeks on horseback rounding up cattle. Totals:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Herbert	200	166	Young	200	181
Zacker	200	163	Webber	200	167
Stannard	200	185	Tracey	200	166
Hughes	200	184	Quade	200	148
Myrick	200	169	Patton	200	120
Barto	200	177	Clifford	200	127
Roll	200	182	Skinner	200	166
Willard	200	188	Anderson	80	51
Hanagan	200	174	Wilcockson	100	79
Franklin	200	151	Clancey	150	94
Chamberlain	200	176	Shogren	80	52
Skinner	200	177	Johnson	100	92
Barkley	200	193	Hensler	50	43
Riehl	200	187	McKinnon	100	89
E Morton	150	117	Hess	70	56

Mr Alsop's Important High Score.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 24.—Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. W. T. Alsop scored 85 in the Preliminary Handicap at the Grand American Handicap tournament, not 75, as appeared in FOREST AND STREAM and other papers.

Mr. Alsop's scores in this event appear as 16, 17, 20, 15 and 17 on the sheets given out to the press, but the footing is made 75. While it is clearly a clerical error upon the part of one of our transcribing clerks, Mr. Alsop seems to think that it was done intentionally by some one connected with the office work at Indianapolis. It is unnecessary for me to say that such statement is ridiculous.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

[We feel convinced that an anxious public will rest tranquilly, now that it knows how near to excellence was Mr. Alsop's performance.]

The First Eastern Handicap

At the Inter-State Association Tournament, Philadelphia, July 17-19, was won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., score 93, at 19 yards, and second honors were shared by Mr. Chas. A. Young, of Springfield, O., score 92, both using

Peters Factory Loaded Shells

Messrs. McMurchy and Young shot the "Ideal," loaded with Bulk Smokeless powder, a load which is so near perfection that it is simply beyond criticism. The "Premier," loaded with Dense Smokeless, is just as good—and the "Target" and "High Gun" medium grade shells for Bulk and Dense smokeless are unequaled by any other make.

The Championship of Minnesota

Was won July 17th, 1906, at Duluth, Minn., by Mr. William McKinnon, of Cass Lake, Minn., score 48 ex 50, using the best ammunition in the world.

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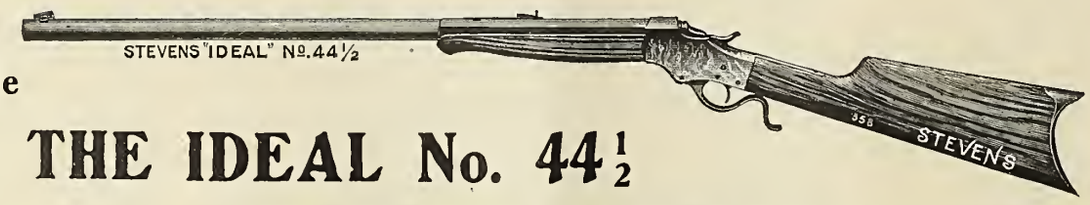

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Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 28.—J. C. Dixon defeated B. H. Moore in the qualifying contests for the English Hotel cup. Scores:

Dixon .....19 21 19 20—79 Moore .....13 14 21 20—68

Very windy. Scores very good.

Saturday, Aug. 4, S. C. Griffith and T. J. Southern will contest for the English Hotel cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	16	17	14	15	18	16	..
Wildhack	13	17	13	15	17	15	17
Dixon	17	11	17	..	16	15	..
Hunter	14	15	15	17	17	..	..
Steward	10	17	15	15	17	..	..
Southern	13	14	16	17	13	12	..
Partington	14	17	17	17	19	19	..
Scott	10	12	12	13	..	..	..
Moore	15	12	..	..	15	17	..
Daggett	13	13	9	15	15	..	..
Griffith	14	18	12	15	15	..	.
Sandford	14	12	10	13	17	..	..
Abe Martin	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nash	13	20	15	14	15	16	..
Dickman	14	19	18	18	17	17	15
Medico	16	16	12	13	18	..	..
Cunningham	..	9	14	15	14	..	..
Tutters	..	14	14	16	15	..	..
Colon	..	14	14	12	10	..	..
Craig	..	13	13	13	19	..	..
Smoke	..	16	15	14	17	14	18
Peck	..	14	14	14	13	..	..
Hann	..	10	13	12	13	..	..
Dougherty	..	9	13	12	11	..	..
Moller	..	12	19	11	15	..	..
R Wilson	..	..	11	12	13	..	..
Montgomery	..	..	16	15	..	..	..
Neighbors	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Glickert	..	..	..	10	..	..	..

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 25.—Events 7 and 8, 30 targets, handicaps 16 to 20yds., for Dupont cup, were won by E. Cavicchi, 1 point with 29 breaks.

Special, 100-target match: Gleason 98, Mayor 94, Buffalo, 92, Frank 89.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Frank	8	14	8	10	9	11	15	11	13	11	13
Mayor	10	13	10	14	10	12	14	14	14	15	14
Cook	7	14	8	12	8	12	13	11	12	14	14
Franklin	5	14	8	13	7	12	14	12	13	14	13
Blinn	7	11	9	13	10	11	13	13	9	12	11
Cavicchi	10	14	10	14	10	14	14	15	14	14	13
Keeler	9	15	7	12	10	14	13	14	13	14	13
Gleason	9	13	8	13	9	14	14	13	15	13	14
Powdrell	9	15	9	11	9	11	13	14	15	14	12
Buffalo	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	13	14	13
Sibley	..	13	..	10	..	13	12	12	10	8	12
Freeman	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	14	11	10
S Wood	7	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	..

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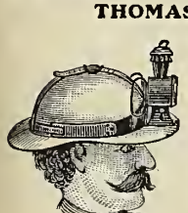

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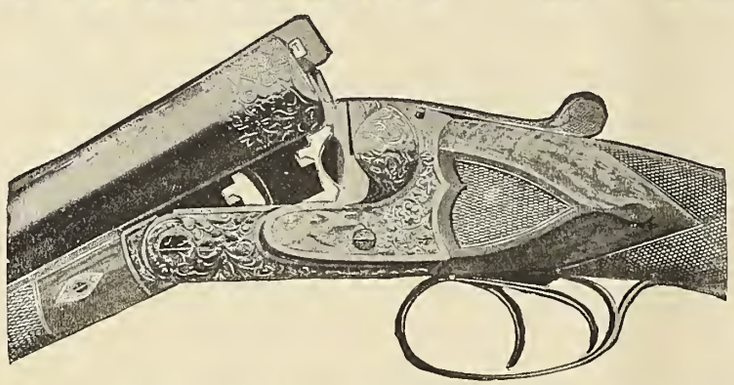

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Columbus, O., Gun Club.

Columbus, O.—The one-day tournament set for Aug. 8 has been postponed until Aug. 15 (Wednesday), at which time Circleville and Chillicothe teams will be present and a 50-bird team race shot between Circleville, Chillicothe and Columbus. This tournament will consist of eight 15 and four 20-bird events; $20 average money added; $10 to high guns; $4 to first; $3 to second and $3 to third. To first low gun, $4; second, $3; third, $2; fourth, $1.

There will be at least twenty-five to thirty entries. Money divided on percentage system, 35, 30, 20 and 15. All shoot from 16yds. Dinner at 12:30. Ammunition, all loads. Take Arlington car.

Nineteen shooters faced the traps on July 25, and a finer day could not have been made to order for this practice shoot.

Two teams were chosen. Mr. W. V. Baker was captain of Team No. 1, with Baker, Smith, Shattuck, Harry Selbach and W. H. Sharp. Team No. 2 was composed of Mr. Will Fishinger, captain, with Fishinger, J. T. Wells, Al. Field, Al. Selbach and Chas. Siebert. Twenty-five birds each man.

Mr. Baker's team won with 93 points, to Mr. Fishinger's 90. It was a close race, and very hotly contested.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Baker	21	21	21	21	20	19	19
J T Wells	19	22	20	18	24	..	..
Miller	21	21	20	24	..	..	..
H Selbach	15	19	19	17	..	..	..
Al Selbach	17	17	13	..	..	..	..
D T Hamilton	18	19	20	21	..	..	..
Kinderman	21	20	18	17	..	..	..
Chas Siebert	13	15	..	..	..	..	..
Al. Field	19	13	19	21	..	..	..
T Davis	21	19	..	..	..	..	..
Fishinger	24	21	24	24	..	..	..
W H Sharp	17	11	..	..	..	..	..
D D Gross	20	21	22	22	..	..	..
Shattuck	24	22	..	..	..	..	..
H E Smith	23	23	..	..	..	..	..
Peters	19	20	18	17	..	..	..
Stewart	16	17	18	16	..	..	..
Gibson	19	20	21	20	..	..	..

July 28.—The heavy wind and rainstorm cut down the attendance at the Saturday afternoon shoot. After the storm the appended scores were made:

We had with us, Mr. R. R. Barber, of Iowa, who was the winner of the Grand American Handicap in 1905 at Indianapolis, and Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky.

Peters trophy shoot, 25 targets:

	Broke.	Per Cent.		Broke.	Per Cent.
Buchanan	45	90	J H Smith	43	86
Baker	44	88			

Each event of the following was at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
R R Barber	23	23	24	24	18	23	..
C O Le Compte	22	24	24	24	23	22	..
Buchanan	19	22	23	24	21	24	24
Baker	18	21	22	22	22	..	..
Kirby	20	22	22	19	20	..	..
R S Condit	19	21	..	..	..	..	..
W R Condit	21	18	..	..	..	..	..
Field	20	19	18	21	..	..	..
Kinderman	20	18	19	20	..	..	..
J H Smith	19	18	22	21	..	..	..
Miller	18	17	16	15	..	..	..
Wise	17	18	18	16	..	..	..

Charlottesville Tournament.

Charlottesville, Va., July 26.—Thirty-nine contestants participated in the seventh annual tournament of the Charlottesville and University Gun Club, held to-day. Visitors from Washington, Richmond, Lynchburg, Clifton Forge, Basic City and Waynesboro were present. The professionals were Messrs. Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., and T. Haze Keller, of Baltimore.

The programme consisted of seven 25-target events, six prizes to each event.

George Bruffey, of the local club, broke 162 out of 175 and made the best average (amateur) for the day. W. S. MacLelland, of the Richmond Club, carried off second with 161 out of 175, and the prize for the best long run, 51.

Of the professionals, Huff lost only 9 out of a possible 200; he made the phenomenal run of 129 straight.

In the special handicap for the Browning automatic shotgun, valued at $50, Miles Taylor, of Washington, and R. S. Terry, of Lynchburg, tied, each breaking 23 out of a possible 25 at a distance of 18yds. This event did not count in the averages.

Members of the Lynchburg Gun Club in attendance were Dr. W. W. Dennis, Louis Jenkins, H. L. Winfree, R. S. Terry, T. F. Nelson and Dr. D. F. Dunsmore.

J. A. Anderson and W. S. MacLelland represented the Richmond Gun Club. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Brk.
Dennis	21	23	21	22	19	21	22	17	149
Jenkins	20	23	22	22	20	17	22	20	146
Terry	20	20	23	21	21	19	23	23	147
Winfree	23	23	22	21	22	22	19	19	152
Dinsmore	17	20	20	19	20	19	20	19	135
Snow	17	22	25	24	23	21	24	21	156
Taylor	22	21	21	20	24	22	22	23	152
Bruffey	22	22	25	22	23	24	24	19	162
George	23	17	23	20	20	23	22	22	118
Anthony	21	21	24	23	24	22	23	..	158
Gaw	16	17	18	16	20	19	20	..	126
Sparks	18	14	16	19	16	18	16	18	117
Tompkins	11	7	12	17	14	12	9	..	82
Carroll	21	17	24	20	19	20	21	..	139
Loyd	21	23	21	21	23	21	23	20	153
McLelland	23	24	25	23	24	22	20	22	161
Anderson	21	21	20	21	24	21	20	19	148
Keller	17	18	19	19	20	18	22	..	133
T F Nelson	19	15	19	17	15	19	21	..	125

Moore	23	19	21	21	22	23	23	..		152
Huff	25	25	25	25	25	20	23	..		168
Harrison	21	16	22	20	18	19	19	..		135
Wright	14	14	21	18	19	22	21	21		129
Burgess	21	17	18	21	..	..	..	..		77
Hawthorne	..	13	18	15	..	..	..	..		46
Dr Poineaux	..	11	15	..	..	..	..	..		...
C C Carter	..	10	10	14	..	..	..	..		...
Dr Nelson	..	14	14	..	..	..	..	..		...
White	..	13	17	16	..	..	..	..		...
Link	..	19	15	15	18	13	..	..		...
Bibb	..	..	0	16	17	..	..	..		...
Scott	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..		...
McMurdo	..	..	19	11	12	10	13	..		...

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y.—The Warwick Gun Club held its monthly shoot on Friday, July 27. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15				
Hendrickson	6	8	12	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	..
Markley	7	12	11	11	12	14	13	4	2	4	..
J N Williams	5	12	12	12	12	12	9	..	..	..	..
Tuthill	9	11	12	10	10	12	13	6	6	..	7
Wright	6	9	9	10	7	4	6	..	..	..	..
Kendig	8	13	8	12	12	9	12	..	0	..	..
Lines	9	12	11	13	12	12	9	..	..	..	8
Dunning	..	8	7	12	10	11	12	3	0	5	..
Edsall	..	..	..	12	13	11	12	5	5	..	..

On July 6 the annual meeting of the club was held and the following were elected officers: John B. Rogers, President; Howard G. Pierson, Vice-President; Dr. A. W. Edsall, Secretary; Thos. Welling, Treasurer, and W. S. Lines, Captain. The prospects are very bright for this season's sport. In August the annual clambake will be held, also the monthly shoot. Shoots will be held each month as long as weather will permit.

JOHN B. ROGERS, Pres.

The Amateur Clay Bird Shooter.

WHILE the conditions existing in the States and England are not quite parallel, it is safe to say the raison d'être of the sport or pastime—as you will—was the same in both countries. There can be no doubt as to the serious bar to the popularizing of clay-bird shooting the handicapping system in vogue here is. Why in the world the Clay-Bird Shooting Association, which is the power in this country, will persist in insisting upon the continuation of a system which has so thoroughly demonstrated its futility, is well nigh beyond human comprehension. More than likely the explanation is found in the fact that the practical shooting element in its functionaries are conspicuous by their absence. There are many factors contributing toward the difficulties handicapping committees have to face. Among these I may mention the men who rig their scores prior to a big event, men who select the competitions in which they will shoot, committee men who will not hesitate to give themselves the benefit of the doubt in a decision as to their points, and last, but not least, the alleged sportsman—that chef d'œuvre of clay-bird shooting—the chronic grumbler, who no sooner reaches the grounds than he worries the scorer or secretary as to his number of points, or absence of them, as the case may be, and finds fault with every one he fancies has been treated more generously than he. To the latter class I would say, "Gentlemen, shoot more and talk less." You will then find your scores improve, and you will command more respect among your shooting friends, and you will the sooner get on scratch, where you will not have to bother about your points. I have noticed, too, that those who send up such a plaintive wail as to failure to win not infrequently romp home with a real good trophy, which they rarely equalize by a substantial return in the way of a prize to the club's frequently meagre list. This is not as it should be. There are too many who are on the make, and they are not by any means confined to pigeon shots. The majority of pigeon shots do shoot for what there is in it; a different spirit should pervade the environment of clay-bird shooting clubs. Who in the world takes a shoot in the country to make money out of it? No one but the exploiter we hear of occasionally. So let it be with us, and it is possible, if the clubs would but take up the matter seriously, for I do not believe that the matter cannot be contended with. Mr. Harry Newton advanced a good idea as to the establishing of two classes, called, say, A and B class, A-class to consist of scratch and one-point men, B-class two or more points—thus two classes of competitions could be held at the weekly meetings. It would be advisable to eliminate the present absurd system of scaling the handicaps. It must be patent to every one that a man doing 60 per cent., another doing 69 per cent., and both having the same points, is a gross injustice to the man doing 60 per cent. One way out of the difficulty would be to count each miss or kill as ten points either for or against the shooter; a finer discrimination can thus be made and a closer handicap framed than is at present possible. This, of course, does not, and cannot, take into consideration the personal equation, resulting in off-days or rigging of handicaps already spoken of. The system of monthly adjustments of handicaps as at present in vogue is bad, as it may be based on much or little shooting, and not infrequently works an injustice to the regular shooter. Not infrequently a man only appears once or twice a month, shoots in selected events, shoots, we will say, badly, secures a long start for the next month, turns up regularly, selects his events, shoots well, outclasses for the time regular attendants, yet does not seriously affect his handicap points, as a few judiciously distributed losses will soon neutralize his previous winnings. Watch the scores; you will soon see what I mean. The very best handicapping I have ever known is that done by Mr. J. Back at the Gun Club of England events. He frames the handicaps on the day of the meetings, and it is a common thing to find four or five in the ties, and I have yet to hear any one who has been dissatisfied with his handicapping. The Clay Bird Shooting Association would

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

GRAND { American Handicap—score 99-100
Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

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Won Montana State Championship

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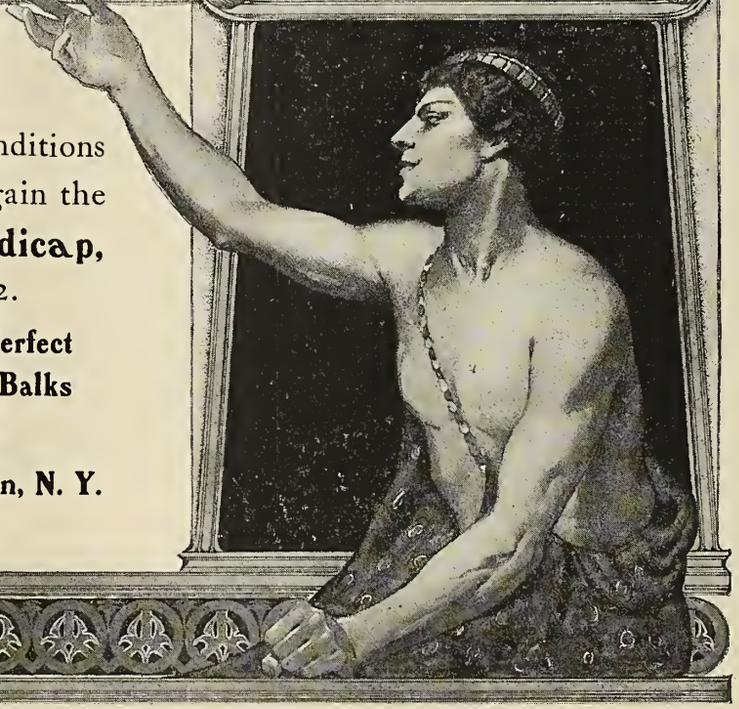
VICTORY

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

1906

1902



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Never Doubles Never Balks

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The "Pocket Kennel Record" is, as its name implies, a handy book for the immediate record of all events and transactions which take place away from home, intended to relieve the owner from the risk of trusting any important matter to his memory.

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be well advised to confer with Mr. Back with the view of helping it out of its present difficulty in this matter, a solution of which would go far toward putting clay-bird shooting on the basis its merits entitle it.—W. Mitchell in the Shooting Times.

[The foregoing shows that, in England, concerning handicapping, history is repeating itself. The ubiquitous gentleman who makes averages to suit the circumstances, apparently has arrived, and probably to stay.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

At the monthly medal contest of the Outing Rifle Club, W. Milton, held on July 25, D. W. Jones won the off-hand medal with 36 out of a possible 50. J. C. Anderson 31, I. A. Vore 30, J. Cuss 24. The shooting was at 20yds., 5 shots, possible 50, on Standard American target. I. A. Vore won the second medal in this event. In the rest match, 5 shots, center 12, possible 60, Anderson was high man with 52, I. A. Vore 48, J. Cress 43, D. W. Jones 27. The March medal was won by W. F. Jay on 53, and the February medal by I. A. Vore on 51. Practice matches will be shot on Aug. 8.

The feature of the monthly medal shoot of the Englewood Rifle Club on July 21 was the winning of the medal by Kenneth Kerr, the nine-year-old son of W. H. Kerr. He has defeated the Stillwater riflemen before, but never shot for a club medal among the old veterans. He used a .32cal. rifle, and was allowed a muzzle rest, while the others shot offhand. He tied with M. T. Hampton on 43, and won the shoot-off. Other scores were W. H. Kerr 40, H. M. Mast and C. Kline 33 each, J. Manges 16. The match was off-hand, 4 shots, possible 48, 100yds., Standard American target. Three 4-shot events, offhand, followed, possible total of 144: M. T. Hampton 131, H. M. Mast 111, W. H. Kerr 110, Kenneth Kerr 106. The practice shoot of the club will take place on Aug. 4, for cash prizes. All riflemen are invited to be present.

Geo. W. Izor, of Germantown, one of the crack rifle shots of the Miami valley, injured his right arm a few days ago, so badly that he will be unable to use a rifle for some time. He fell while climbing a fence.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting information: "July 8, at Loosduinen, near the Hague, Holland, the revolver championship of Holland was won by Walter Winans, with a score of 52 cartons and 8 inner ring of the bullseye for his 60 shots at 35 meters."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Joe Jefferson's "Kentucky" Reel.

The late lamented Joseph Jefferson and ex-President Grover Cleveland were lifelong friends. One particular bond of sympathy betwcen the two was a tireless devotion to the art piscatorial. Probably no two men ever owned a finer assortment of tackle, and none certainly maintained a more active but generous rivalry in proclaiming the especial superiority of some article for which he developed a decided preference. On one point, however, they were unanimous, both agreeing that the Milan "Kentucky" reel was the most perfect of its kind.

When the will of Mr. Jefferson was read, it was discovered that, from among many other things of greater intrinsic value, it was his "Kentucky" reel, a favorite of many years' standing, that he bequeathed to Mr. Cleveland—a touching tribute surely to the unbroken friendship of a lifetime.—*Adv.*

With the growth in the United States of the game preserve idea, grows also the demand for animals to stock these preserves, and since native game is becoming hard to obtain, it is natural that we should turn to Europe for our supply. Among those who furnish such stock is Julius Mohr, Jr., Ulm a. D., Germany, whose agent for the United States is Mr. R. A. Wenz, Yardley, Pa. There is hardly anything that Mr. Mohr cannot furnish, from game birds and animals for the stocking of parks to wild and dangerous animals for the use of zoological gardens and menagerics. He has all sorts of water fowl and pheasants, live capercailzie, black game and Hungarian partridges. Persons contemplating stocking their preserves will do well to consult Mr. Mohr.

Messrs. Eroom & Co., of Calcutta, India, dealers in polo sticks and balls, have established a high reputation for their goods. They also deal largely in bamboo, and not only polo players, but all rod makers, amateur and professional, should communicate with them and find out what arrangements can be made for getting their goods into this country. Most bamboo which comes to this country passes through many hands. It will be worth while to consider the question of going to headquarters for one's supply.

Few things are more important than the headgear that one wears in the woods. Within a few years many people have adopted the practice of wearing in the woods clothing unlike anything in nature, in the hope that by this means they will protect themselves from the rifles of the deer hunter. This idea has been adopted by the Western Hat and Mfg. Co., Department B., Milwaukee, Wis., for the reversed cap shows staring red, and only a man who is color blind could think it part of a deer.

Canada is the great hunting ground for caribou and moose, and each year more people go to that northern region in search of great game. The advertisement of Sr. Laurent guarantees successful sport, and the hunter who purposes this year to go after the big game of the North, will do well to inquire further of the advertiser.

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A Digest of the Statutes of the United States and Canada governing the taking of game and fish. Compiled from original and official sources for the practical guidance of sportsmen and anglers.

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GAME AND FISH PRESERVE.—Forty-three thousand acres in Florida, fenced; keeper's house; roads and trails; on river; railroad three miles; no hunting three years; bear, panther, deer, turkey, quail; salt and fresh-water fish. $40,000. Terms. H. L. ANDERSON, Owner, Ocala, Fla.

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Practical Dog Training; or, Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. To which is added a chapter on training pet dogs, by an amateur. Cloth, 165 pages. Price, $1.
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I purpose making an expedition into Abyssinia, the Soudan and Somaliland the coming winter for big game hunting and the collection of zoological specimens. There will be one or two vacancies in my party for companionable gentlemen of good health and physique. This trip will afford unparalleled opportunities for all kinds of hunting and exciting experiences. Further particulars and estimate of cost upon application. DR. CECIL FRENCH, Naturalist, Washington, D. C. 8

Caribou and Moose.

Fall hunting trips to best Canadian districts. Successful sport guaranteed. Fee covers transportation, license, guides and all other charges. Correspondence invited. Sr. LAURENT, care Forest and Stream.

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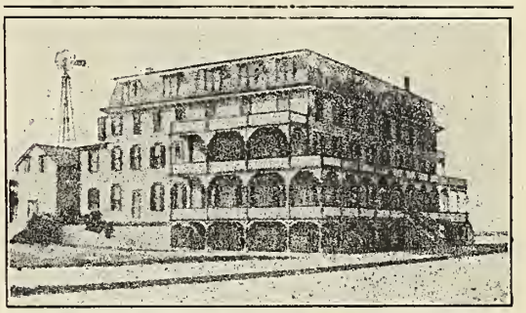

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The H. & R. Hammerless Revolver shown in the illustration is not only absolutely safe, but it is quick in action and effective. There is no hammer to catch in the pocket; it can be fired only by pulling the trigger and cannot be accidentally discharged. Five shots may be fired as rapidly as the finger can be moved. Automatic ejector makes reloading easy. No other revolver sold for the same price is as good; no revolver at any price is more effective. 32 or 38 caliber, nickel plated, 5 shots, price $6 00. Send for free illustrated catalogue of H. & R. Revolvers and H. & R. Single Guns.

H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods, or will be sent express-age paid on receipt of price.

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Huguenot Y. C.

Not for many years has the Huguenot Y. C. been in better condition of prosperity, and this is due to the untiring effort of its officers during the present season. The membership roll has reached high water mark and the fleet consists of fifty-seven yachts and power boats.

The 1906 year book, compiled by George F. Lewis, contains much data of interest to yachtsmen; has just come from the Knickerbocker press. The work is well up to the high standard of excellence for which G. P. Putnam's Sons are renowned.

A club cruise has been planned for August 4 and 5 which promises to be very successful. The Indian Harbor Y. C. is to be the goal in an informal race down where the yachtsmen of Greenwich have promised to make everything pleasant for the Huguenots. Dinner will be served on the broad piazzas of the club house. That all may enjoy the pleasures of the occasion the officers have chartered a large launch for the use of non-boat owning members. Starting on Sunday morning at Cormorant Reef, the fleet will race back to the black buoy, N.E. of David's Island for a cup offered by Commodore Van Rensselaer.

Geo. F. Lewis, Secretary.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Gananoque Y. C.—The Gananoque Y. C., located on the St. Lawrence River, has elected the following officers: Com., Chas. McDonald; Vice-Com., W. T. Sampson; Rear-Com., C. V. Ketchum; Treas., C. A. Watt.

The Shamrock Models Arrive.—The models of the three Shamrocks, which were made in Scotland on the order of Sir Thomas Lipton for presentation to the New York Y. C., have arrived at their destination. For some time these models have been on exhibition in London at the house of the Royal London Y. C., and have excited much favorable comment for the beautiful workmanship.

Motor Boat Cruise.—The yearly cruise of the Motor Boat Association, which will begin on Monday, August 6, with destination at Frontenac, New York, is as follows:

Monday, Aug. 6.—Rendezvous at Yonkers, N. Y., 6 P. M.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Poughkeepsie, 64 miles.

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Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.
Correspondence invited. Send for circulars. Address
HENRY W. BEEMAN, New Preston, Conn.

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We have constantly on hand fine supply of Brook Trout, all sizes for stocking purposes. Also for table use at 75c. a pound Visitors privileged to catch owr trout.

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Eggs, fry, yearlings and two-year-olds, for stocking brooks and lakes. Address NEW ENGLAND TROUT FARM, Plympton, Mass.

BROOK TROUT.

It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
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FOR SALE—BROOK TROUT.—FINE, HEALTHY Fish of all sizes. Eyed eggs in season. Warranted delivered anywhere, as represented. Correspondence solicited. BAY SIDE TROUT FARM (A. B. Savary), East Wareham, Mass.

THE BROOKDALE TROUT CANNOT BE BEAT for stocking ponds and streams. For the next few weeks we will make a very low price on young fry and large fish. Also fly-fishing.
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QUAIL AND PHEASANTS.—Fifty pair quail, $1.50 pair; 1000 ringneck pheasants, $1.40 each; wild swans, $30 pair; Reeves' pheasants, $9 each; Mongolian pheasants, $2.25 each. U. S. Pheasantry, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 6

RAINBOW TROUT.

We offer 100,000 rainbow fingerlings, ready for delivery in October and November, for stocking private ponds, lakes and streams. Low price. Correspondence solicited. SPRING BROOK TROUT CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Wild caught Hungarian partridges, pheasants, hares, roe deer, delivery November-February. From my park I can offer 20 strongest Hungarian red deer, 50 fallow deer, 12 axis deer, 20 roe deer, 12 Llamas, flamingoes, pelicans, cranes, white storks, rheas; 30 pairs of white and black swans; 10 pairs black-necked swans; 100 pairs fancy ducks, as Mandarins, Carolinas, widgeons, teals, pintails, wild geese, white and blue peafowl. Fancy pheasants: Golden, silver, common, Reeves', Amherst, versicolor, Elliot, Soemmering, Elliot, peacock, Swinhoe, Argus, Melanote pheasants. During the season October-December, live capercailzies and black game. Wild animals for zoo and menageries—lions, leopards, European lynxes, 100 foxes, etc. For prices and particulars apply

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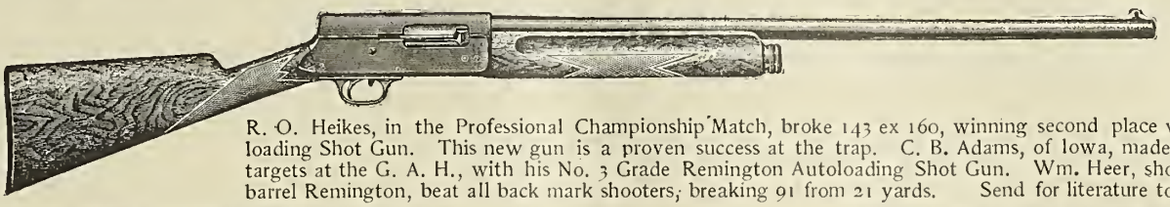

R. O. Heikes, in the Professional Championship Match, broke 143 ex 160, winning second place with his Autoloading Shot Gun. This new gun is a proven success at the trap. C. B. Adams, of Iowa, made a run of 105 targets at the G. A. H., with his No. 3 Grade Remington Autoloading Shot Gun. Wm. Heer, shooting a double barrel Remington, beat all back mark shooters, breaking 91 from 21 yards. Send for literature to N. Y. office.

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Wednesday, Aug. 8.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Albany, 68 miles.

Thursday, Aug. 9.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Lock 25, Erie Canal, near Schenectady, 37 miles.

Friday, Aug. 10.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Little Falls, 50 miles.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Kirkville, 68 miles.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—Under way at 9 A. M. Proceed to Oswego, 49 miles.

Monday, Aug. 13.—Under way at 8 A. M. Proceed to Frontenac, 60 miles.

The cruise is open to all motor boats, whether members of the association or not, and the Cruise Committee charges itself with obtaining passes for passage through all the canals. Entries should be sent as follows as early as possible to the Cruise Committee, American Motor Boat Association, St. James Building, New York. The committee is composed of W. L. Dudley, New York; G. S. Macdonald, New Rochelle, N. Y., and J. P. Welcker, Washington, D. C.

Arrival of German Yachtsmen.—On the steamer Amerika which arrived in New York on July 29, were two of the German yachtsmen, Messrs. Bruno and Harry Wustran, Kaiserlicher Y. C. of Hamburg. These gentlemen will proceed within a few days to Marblehead and familiarize themselves with the course over which the Sonderklasse races will be held for the cup presented by the German Emperor, and for which our President Mr. Roosevelt will act as sponsor. Messrs. Wustran expect the arrival of their boat, Glückauf IV., in Boston, as it was shipped by the steamer Bulgaria.

Rhode Island Y. C.—The rendezvous for the annual cruise was fixed for Newport, and on July 28 there were assembled at the anchorage about thirty yachts and more are expected to join as the fleet proceeds. A junction with the fleets of the Sachem Head and Hartford Y. C. is to be made off Cornfield Lightship on July 30, and will proceed to Stonington Harbor.

The Narragansett Bay Yachtsman.—We have received from the secretary of the Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association, the year book giving rules, allowances and much interesting and valuable data, in connection with races. The press work is good with many illustrations, and the advertisements are of a representative lot of men catering to the wants of yachting.

Sales by Hollis Burgess.—Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the handsome cruising gasolene launch Siren, owned by Herman W. Friend, of Boston, to Marshall S. P. Pollard of Boston. The Siren is a modern motor boat of the hunting cabin type, and is very handsomely equipped. Mr. Pollard will use her in and around Gloucester, Mass.

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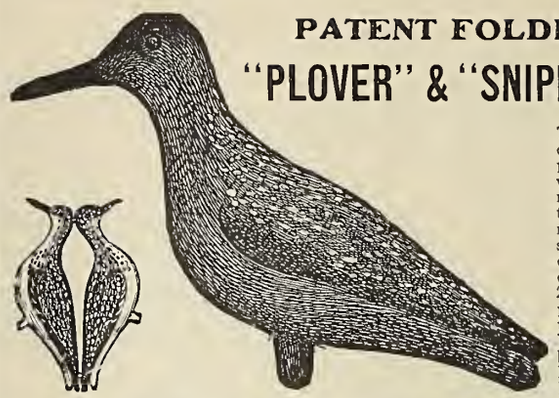

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FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE, TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY, SHOOTING, FISHING, YACHTING.

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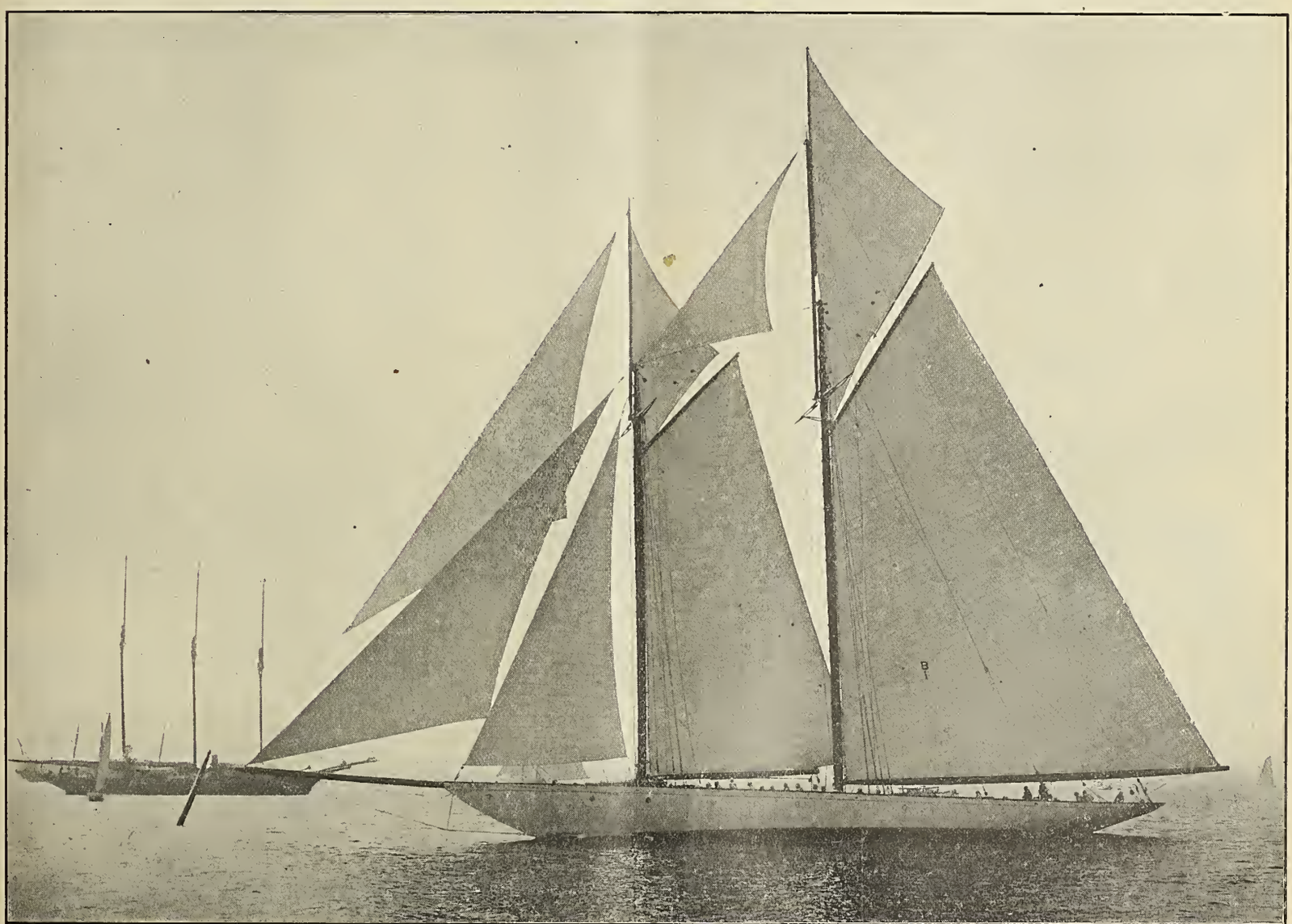

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FOREST AND STREAM
A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE.
TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY SHOOTING, FISHING YACHTING

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The Forest and Stream is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. The editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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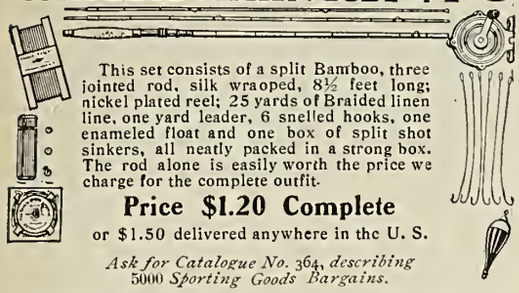

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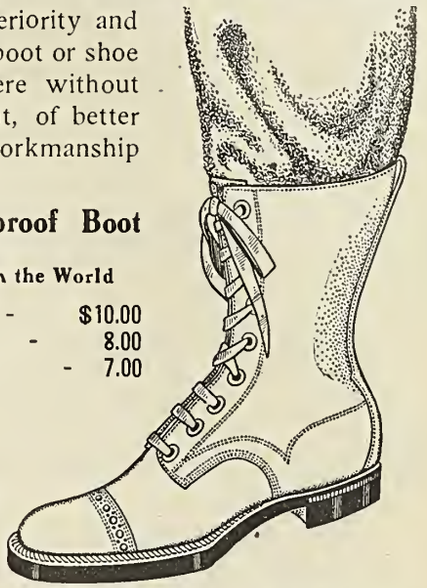

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PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE. 5

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

We were sitting around the camp-fire in the wilds of Arizona. One and another had contributed a song or story save Jerry, the guide, who had sat in silence the entire time. "Oh! come, Jerry," said John, "do give us a song—a real war-whoop—one that will awaken these mountain echoes; they seldom hear so good a voice." "Well, boys," said Jerry, "before I sing you a song, I will have to fire off a story, and then if you want me to sing afterwards, why I'll go ahead. You see, boys, I was away up in these mountains with a prospecting party 'searching' for gold. I strayed off from the fellows one day, and losing the trail and night coming on, I thought to myself the best way for Jerry to do was to camp. So I sat myself right down where I was, stretched out these pins, and, wrapping my blanket about me, turned in for the night. But I wa'nt to sleep at once. No, indeed, for soon there came such a howling and snapping of teeth about me, that my hair stood on end.

"There, in a circle about me sat as lively a pack of wolves as you ever did hear on, and being without my gun, you'll bet, boys, I thought my time had come. Wall, my mother had taught me, when only a sprout, many a good thing or two, and among others I remember her saying, 'Now, Jerry my son, if you ever get into a tight place, just you say yer prayers and then sing a song, and all will be right.' So I got right down on my knees, but after I rose up I saw the varmints gitting closer and closer. But I was bound to carry out the whole programme, so I cleared my pipes and at it I went on the tune of 'Old Hundred.' On finishing the first line, the wolves commenced to kind of shake their heads, and look at one another. At the end of the second they rose up and bawled. At the end of the third, they tore around like mad, plowing the ground in all directions, while at the end of the fourth, they went a flying down the mountain side as if old Nick was after them. And now, boys, if you want me ter sing, jist say the word." "Not much," said John, seizing his gun, "not this evening." PADDLE.

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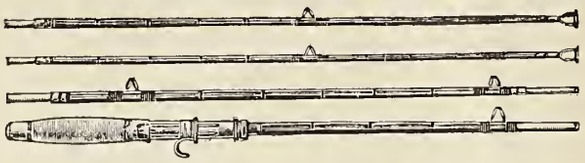

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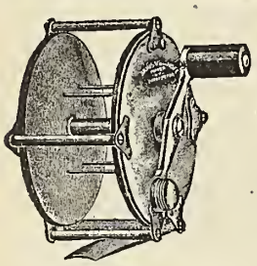

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 6. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

BRING BACK THE ELK TO NEBRASKA.

Among the excellent work being done by the Forest Service, is the reforesting of certain portions of the great plains, included in what was called in the geography books of fifty years ago the Great American Desert.

According to the average man's understanding of the term desert, the word suited the country well enough. It was and is a waste of shifting sand, where a little grass grows and not much else; yet in old times, and even recently it has been a cattle country and has supported great herds. Nevertheless the wind used to pick up the sand from one place and carry it to another, piling it up in great dunes which remind one of the sand dunes of certain seashores. Twenty-five years ago, when the first ranchers went into the country and plowed and planted, the cow men used to tell with glee that after a wind storm the ranchers would find all the potatoes that they had put into the ground piled up in a thick row against the fence to leeward.

The territory under consideration includes the Niobrara, the Dismal River and the North Platte Reserves in Nebraska, and the Garden City Reserve in Kansas. Here have been planted, and are still being planted, forests of honey locust, osage orange, Russian mulberry, red cedar and western yellow pine; and besides this millions of seedlings are being raised in nurseries for use in other reserves. By this tree planting, the shifting soil is being bound together and held in place, and a forest crop is being grown which will in time be merchantable.

The territory included in these reserves was formerly in the buffalo range, and abounded in deer, elk and antelope. The Niobrara, Loup, Dismal and North Platte Rivers were great elk countries. It is greatly to be desired that after the planting and growth of these reserves has progressed far enough, so that the trees will not be endangered thereby, these reserves should be set aside as game refuges and should be stocked with the animals that formerly inhabited them in such numbers. At the present day, we are accustomed to think of the elk and deer as inhabitants only of the timbered and mountain country, but men whose memory goes back further know that in old times the elk was a prairie animal, and that until exterminated there, was extremely abundant all through Nebraska.

Why not bring back this splendid animal to its old feeding ground?

A CLOSE SEASON FOR COD.

There is nothing new under the sun, and even game and forest protection were talked of thousands of years ago. Good game law doctrine is found in the Pentateuch, and the Garden of Eden was the first game refuge. Before and after the big freshet, Noah and his family looked after the artificial propagation of big game and small.

At the present day a favorite remedy suggested for the re-establishment of certain species of our native fish, and game, is the making a close time to extend over a term of years. No doubt the man who first proposed the plan, believed that he had made a great discovery, but as a matter of fact, such a suggestion was made as to fish almost two hundred years ago.

In the year 1744, there was published in French the Journal of the Voyage to North America of Father de Charlevoix, undertaken in 1720 by order of the French king. A few years later the work was translated into English, and bears the London imprint of 1761.

Father Charlevoix was a Jesuit priest, a very learned man and good observer, and his book is regarded as the most truthful and valuable treatise on New France which had been written up to that time. His account of the natural history of the country and of the customs, character, religion and traditions of the natives is very curious and very interesting. It is given in the form of a series of letters to the Duchess of Lesdiguieres.

In one of the early letters, in which he is describing his voyage across the ocean, he speaks of the great banks of Newfoundland, then, as now, the cod-fishing ground of the world. These banks, over which the water is so much shoaler than in many adjacent parts of the ocean, Charlevoix conceives to exist because there is here on the floor of the ocean a great mountain, which reaches nearly to the surface of the water. Then going on to speak of the cod fishery he says:

"However, let the size and shape of this mountain be as they will, since it is impossible to ascertain them with any degree of exactness; you find on it a prodigious quantity of shellfish, with several sorts of other fishes of all sizes, most part of which serve for the common nourishment of the cod, the number of which seems to equal that of the grains of sand which cover the bank. For more than two centuries since, there have been loaded with them from two to three hundred ships annually, notwithstanding the diminution is not perceivable. It might not, however, be amiss to discontinue this fishing from time to time, and the more so, as the gulph of St. Lawrence, and even the river, for more than sixty leagues, the coasts of Acadia, those of the Isle Royale, or Cape Breton, and of Newfoundland, are no less replenished with this fish, than the great banks. These, madame, are true mines, which are more valuable, and require less expence than those of Peru and Mexico."

A SEAL EXPEDIENT.

The seal is again brought to public notice by negotiations between the United States and Great Britain to combine in the purchase of an immunity they are otherwise powerless to effect.

The curious situation is this: In the Pribiloff Islands, the United States possesses a rookery to which fur seals resort for breeding, and then go thence to the high seas where they fall a prey to the pelagic sealers. In other words this country is in the business of breeding a seal supply for the benefit and profit of fishermen of other countries. Under these circumstances Congress some time ago authorized the extermination of the seals unless some remedy could be found by which the United States might realize for itself the profits of its Pribiloff Island seal breeding grounds. Such an obliteration of a species, in particular of an animal contributing so much to the comfort and the wealth of mankind, is an extremely harsh measure, and not to to be squared with political economy, except in very exceptional and most desperate circumstance like those here prevailing. Much satisfaction then is afforded by the announcement that America and England have come to an agreement on an expedient to save the seals. The basis of the agreement is the entire abolition of sealing for a term of years; and the payment of an indemnity to the pelagic fishermen for the confiscation of their industry. In other words, the Bering Sea sealers are to be bought off.

This recalls an expedient adopted by a district protector in the early days of the New York game and fish protection service. The protector, a New York city man, and as a fish protector very much of an amateur, was directed to go to a certain stream and seize an illicit eel basket. He found the tabooed contrivance and the man who owned it. The basket was out in the stream, and it was "up to" the protector to demolish it. That meant getting wet and dirty. The New Yorker was not dressed for the part; but he was equal to the occasion. Appealing to the owner of the contraband trap he said, "My good man, here are five dollars; please go out and bring in that basket." That is practically the position of America and England to-day with the Bering Sea sealers.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

On Camping Out.

As a Woman Finds It.

Have you ever mentioned the word "camping" in a casual sort of a way and noticed the effect on various people? To some, principally those without experience, it is a mere word—a word with rather a vague meaning, and one which awakens little if any interest. To others, it is, perhaps, the most suggestive word in the English language. At its mention, their faces will light up and immediately you feel a common bond of interest, although their experiences may be in no way similar to yours. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to find two people to whom the word brings the same images. One immediately thinks of the little cabin by the lake and of the pine forests; another of the more comfortable cottage at a fashionable resort; you, perhaps, of the tents pitched on a broad plain, of the fishing and hunting, while to me it brings pictures of the mountains, of rushing streams and ragged trails. But to all of us it brings a sense of rest and freedom; it is like a breath of fresh, cool air.

A great many people to whom the outdoor life appeals are still so held down by the conventionality of our modern way of living that they cannot tear themselves away or exist for any length of time without many of its comforts. To them "roughing it" is out of the question, and life in a summer cottage is the most attractive, where they can enjoy a change and rest, live a normal life and still not be deprived of what they consider "the necessities." But how our ideas of the necessities differ! And how amused we are, after a summer spent in camping, to find ourselves considering as luxuries those things which hitherto we have looked at as absolute necessities! I have been interested to watch, in my own experience, the way in which each year's camping has decreased my list of necessary articles. I used to think that good, comfortable spring beds, waterproof tents, camp chairs, stoves and a dozen other things were necessary. After a year or two I came to the conclusion that chairs and stoves could easily be dispensed with, and after last summer, which was spent in tramping through the Canadian Rockies, I decided that nothing was a necessity but sufficient warm clothing, enough food to sustain the body, and at night a fire and six feet of level ground to sleep on. Even the adjective level I finally eliminated, after an incident which occurred during the last of the summer. Several of our party had been climbing a mountain since early in the afternoon, expecting to reach the ridge before night, but darkness came upon us and we found that it was impossible to continue the ascent, without losing our direction. Two of the men went in search of a camping spot, but after an hour returned, saying that there was no level place to be found. It seemed perfectly impossible to spend the night there, for we were right on the slant of the mountain, and the ground was covered with rocky shale. There was but one thing to do—make the best of it. Sleep seemed out of the question, but after tramping all day, we were so tired that before long we were forced to lie down. After removing a few of the sharpest stones, I spread my blanket on the declivity, propped my feet in a balsam shrub to prevent rolling down the mountain, and in almost no time I was asleep. To be sure, I felt a little stiff in the morning, but I can truly say that I never slept more soundly or wakened feeling more refreshed. Of course, when it was possible, we did not deny ourselves the luxury of living in tents, sleeping on soft balsam beds and having plenty of substantial food, but we found that we could not only live and keep well, but be supremely happy when we were sleeping on the hard ground and making three meals a day of bannock, boiled rice and tea.

Surely there is nothing from which one may gain as many benefits as from a summer spent in camping. Leading such an absolutely normal physical life cannot help but reflect on our mental and moral life. Our brains are cleared from the cobwebs that have gathered during the year, and we are able to look at everything more clearly. We find how much easier it is to distinguish the right from the wrong and to see the things which we are striving for. We come back to our winter's work with a greater enthusiasm and a better grasp on life and on ourselves. And to me, the memories and recollections which are constantly arising are worth most of all. When we find ourselves tired, irritated and discouraged, suddenly some vision of the previous summer will come before us—a picture of the winding trail, of the campfire at night or of the canoe drifting on the quiet waters. And as we relive those days spent in the wide outdoors, our minds are refreshed and inspired.

E. E. R.

In the Bull Ring at Tia Juana.

Some fifteen miles south of San Diego, Cal., and just over the line, in Mexico, is Tia Juana, consisting of several stores dealing in "souvenirs" principally, a so-called hotel, and the bull ring. Dr. Wm. B. MacCracken, formerly of New York and Yonkers, now resident in San Diego, attended one of the "bull fights" recently, and writes in a private letter as follows:

It was at Tia Juana, just over the line in Mexico, and there was a big crowd—tourists and natives and visitors from resorts up the coast, and I joined the hurrying throng and tried to imagine myself in far-off sunny Spain. But from first to last, my poetic license was hampered by the unresponsive facts. Narrow gauge cars, filled to suffocation, an hour's delay and every body shivering from a sudden drop in the temperature. Now that town—three stores, one hotel (!) three adobes and the ring—is bounded on the north, at the line between Mexico and the United States, by the Tia Juana River, ordinarily a sandy gully, hardly to be distinguished from the rest of the sandy road, but a torrential rain one week before had transformed it into a real raging torrent, and it was not certain that the wagons could cross—no wire connection with the outside world. However, there were the wagons, everything from a Mexican burro and two wheels, to a prairie schooner and a five-seat six-horse tally-ho, which I favored as my personal choice, and secured on a run. We led the van, and it was great. Divided into four broad streams of two to three feet in depth, the muddy water looked tame enough; but once in, one found it swirled past swift and strong, and presto, at one edge there was for ten feet a ford five feet deep. That was fun, and one saw then the need of the soap boxes on the lowest wagons.

The crowd thinned out in that big ring, and my two dollar seat was among the tenderfeet, but I consoled myself for the easy mark, when I found a few real senoritas. After a half hour of fearful Spanish (?) music by a tenth rate San Diego American band, the trap door opened and poured out the matador and his troupe, resplendent in many colors, high heeled ladies' shoes and many smiles. The first bull was a funny little brown fellow, with a Della Fox curl that made his face look as if it was twisted, and a roman nose. Somebody had evidently hurt his feelings outside, and as he trotted into the ring, he looked not exactly angry, but somewhat annoyed.

The gathered audience gave him a slight attack of stage fright, and he would doubtless at the moment have cheerfully retired to seclusion again; but one of the toreadors waved his opera cloak (fiery red and made of oil cloth) tauntingly, and that settled the issue. With a roar, "him for a high ball," he charged the countryman of old Columbus. That gentleman said nothing, but his actions showed plainly the current of his thoughts. "Me for the barricade," said his legs, and he "beat it" with enthusiasm. The bull got there second. He was puzzled, and didn't think it was fair, for after trying for a few minutes to look through the boards, he turned back to the ring with a face that said plainly, "Now what do you think of that?" Of course, he was for going straight home, when suddenly, right in the middle of the ring, just the same as before, stood what he no doubt decided was the very same impudent fellow with the very same opera cloak. Well, how he cheered up and started for that easy mark. Down went his head for the solar plexus, and sure enough, he landed this time—right on the middle of the cloak. He tried a left counter and a right uppercut, sparred out and tried for a clinch, but there was "nuthin' doin'," only the cloak, and finally he walked away in disgust, and for a time refused to be comforted. At last a fat fellow used his patience, and he decided he could do him anyhow. Fatty thought he would make it more interesting if he ran, and he did. Ten yards from the barricade, he stepped on his cloak, and down he went and the bull ran right over him. Well, there was no one near him but the bull, and I thought he would just poke a horn through his middle and carry him around the ring. But the toreador just lay still and watched, and the bull looked him over and walked away—and I counted my pulse—it was out of sight.

After just such fun for a little while, they stood in front of him, when he would run to them, and a toreador poked a feathered dart over his head into his shoulder a time or two, and then the matador, with great preparation, and after several makebelieves, reached over his head and slipped the sword into his lung. There was no pain, but the plain symptoms of internal hemorrhage, a faraway look that deepened gradually into a swoon, his legs weakening until he sank down, and then, like Byron's dying gladiator, "the arena swims around him, he is gone." And there followed two others about the same way. It was a real bull fight all right, but the crowd was slim for the ring, and it was not a Spanish crowd, it lacked the color and the cigarros and the Castilian atmosphere, and I was glad when it was over. And yet we have "sport" that is not a bit less brutal nor more excusable, for the bull gets little more than a teasing; and it is where they have horses in the ring that the scene is really unpleasant.

At the end, they let in a big long-horned bull with lots of life, and two men thickly padded as clowns, and a pedestal on which one man perched. The bull tossed one of them about five feet, and they both had several collisions that were surely funny for the audience, and seemed to interest the bull and gratify the upholstered matadors at the same time. But when it was all finished, I remembered a remark I once heard: "I would like to see those fellows tackle a real mad long-horned Texas 'outlaw' steer once," and I knew that our cowpunchers every day take more of a chance in their work than is the risk in the ring, save in exceptional cases.

But I must tell you about the return to San Diego. After waiting a half hour on the Mexican side with a jolly crowd of every kind, while the wagons made one trip, with a rare chance to see a typical southern gypsy group of palm readers at work—young women of wild, strange beauty, clad in gorgeous tints and thick with grease and dirt, and with eyes and fingers and wits too quick to follow, my wagon came back, and I got in and we got half way across—and that was all. The off hind wheel slipped into a mud hole, and the six horses stopped. After a few vain tries, a whiffletree broke and the young Mexican driver got into the two feet of water to fix it. Then the horses would not pull, and two of us took off our shoes, and took the leaders' heads, and at the first good pull, away went another tree!

A few of us stayed with the driver to help out, but I soon saw it was useless, and after several tries, got an old Mexican with two burros to take me up for fifty cents, and try for the train. I learned in that stream what a man in San Diego meant who said: "No Tia Juana for me to-day; I have been in those mountain streams, and I want no more." That cold muddy water runs swift and strong, but that is the least. The bottom is often an untried slippery sand, and you never know which spot is the deadly slime that will grasp your foot and never let go, nor which direction to turn in for safety, if any there be. That day there was no danger, but not far from there, more than one was lost within the previous week. Well, it was getting dark, and the train half a mile off nearly, and the two burros would not run and the old Mexican was almost as bad. But I labored with him, and he labored with them. The big hole was bigger, and I feared we could not clear it in that rig, but we only wet their backs. At last we cleared the water, and there I met three young fellows who were waiting for their friends on the tally-ho. They decided to try for the train, and we started away together. They soon left the old man, but I picked them up one by one presently, and reached the train just in time to hold it for them; and had we lost it, there was nothing but an eighteen-mile walk down that track in the dark, for no rig would leave there that night, and the "town" boasts no wire even to tell your home where you are.

The engine carried water enough for five miles at a run, and took twenty minutes to fill the boiler each time. We reached San Diego at 9 P. M. I was expected at 6.

Saints of the Chase.

As late as the sixth century A. D., in the Ardennes, Diana, the Roman goddess of the chase, was reverenced by the Gauls, till the Christian deacon, Vulfilaie, cleverly diverted the worship of the people from her idol to a church dedicated to St. Martin; and in other parts of the province St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who had been a hunter of renown, was highly venerated; but in the tenth century the glory of both saints paled before that of St. Hubert. Legend tells how Hubert, son of Bertrand, Duke of Guienne, at one time a great courtier of Theodoric, King of the Franks, and of Pepin d'Héristal, was so inordinately fond of the chase, that even Holy Week put no restraint on his ruling passion, till on a certain Good Friday, when hunting in the forest of the Ardennes, he encountered a white stag, bearing between his horns an apparition of the crucifix. The death

THE VISION OF ST. EUSTACE.
From Vittore Pisano's picture in the National Gallery (London).

of his wife, Floribane, and the shock of the miraculous warning completely changed his mode of life, and after several years in a hermitage, he entered the priesthood, dying bishop of Maestricht in 727. His body was placed originally in the church of Saint Pierre at Liége, but transferred Nov. 3, 817, to the Benedictine Abbey of Andain, in the Ardennes, and the fact that during the interval since his death his remains had suffered no apparent decay, added greatly to the sanctity of his tomb, which became an object of pilgrimage. The exhumation of St. Hubert is the subject of a fifteenth-century painting of the Flemish School in the National Gallery.

The same wonderful hunting adventure is told of Placidus, a Roman solider in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, and he became famous in art through Albrecht Dürer's largest engraving, a work of about the year 1504, called "The Conversion of St. Eustace," and the peasants still flock to Cologne for his festival, the veneration of his relics equally with those of St. Hubert being a protection from the bite of dogs. The National Gallery contains a beautiful rendering of the same subject in the painting of Vittore Pisano (B. 1380—D. 1451-2) called "The Vision of St. Eustace" (No. 9).

Even before the Revolution, the patron of hunting was evidently becoming neglected in France, for it is with regret that Le Verrier de la Conterie, the Seigneur D'Amigny, thinks of the Saint's Days of long ago. His account of such a day, of which we give a translation, makes a fitting close to the great hunts of the past and their nobler place in art.

"Here in the town (Auxerre) a lively and noisy crowd filled the church, then, mass barely finished, rushed with uproar into the plain, into the woods, into the warren of the Seigneur; for plain, wood, and Seigneur's warren were open, and all the game, which dogs of all breeds and arms of any kind could reach, was a fair prize on the grand day of St. Hubert. It was the people's hunt, the orgy of St. Hubert!

"But there is the country, at the chapel of the old manor-house, or better still in the depths of the forest, on a crumbling altar, raised by a pilgrim to St. Hubert, or to Our Lady of the Woods, a priest, reading in a smoke-stained missal, hurried the mass of the blessed patron; the huntsmen crowded round, standing and bareheaded, with horns hung from their necks and hunting knives at their belts; the keepers holding the hounds in packs, the whippers-in restraining under the whip the tractable impatience of the coupled dogs; further off, horses, fastened up, pawing the ground, quivering with excitement, and completing the picture which the great woodland roof covered with its religious shade. At the consecration the horns sounded the Saint Hubert. At this well-loved noise the horses neighed, the hounds bayed with eagerness, and this outburst was beginning to disturb the peaceful solicitude of the forest. Meanwhile the priest blessed the huntsmen's bread, which should save the kennel from the scourge of hydrophobia for a year. Then, as the last prayer left their lips, the hunters were in the saddle, and the jocund company hurried, for the scent was excellent, and the broken branches well scattered, and success certain for the pious disciples of the great St. Hubert. Quickly the forest became animated with a new life at the joyous talk of the huntsmen and the pleasant clamor of the hounds, the quarry bounded from its lair, and the chase started enthusiastic and excited. Oh! a fine hunt was the hunt of St. Hubert! Then in the evening, around the hearth, they told marvelous hunting stories and artless tales; they handed down the traditions and instructions of the noble art of hunting; they read the great masters, the chivalrous Phœbus, the worthy Du Fouilloux, a quaint and simple witness of the manners of his time. Ah! St. Hubert's Day as it was kept by our fathers was a grand day."—L. Beatrice Thompson, in Art Journal.

Consul B. M. Rasmusen writes from Stavanger that the poultry experiment station, which will commence operations at Stavanger on Oct. 1, will deal not only with the improvement of breeds, but the cheapening of poultry food. Grain is largely imported, and it is believed that a chicken food can be prepared from fish, of which there is such abundance, and if put to new uses would be of great benefit to western Norway. Denmark has established five experimental poultry stations since 1902.

Uncle Shaw and Some Others.—III.

Incidents of Life in a Vermont Village.

(*Cont nued from page* 169)

As Uncle Shaw and a number of the neighbors were sitting on the piazza of the store, they saw Harry and Will coming across the common toward them.

"Wall, boys, so you've got back, have ye? Come right up here and set down and tell us all about your trip. You look as though ye had a pretty hard one. What, did ye get lost?"

"I don't know whether you would call it getting lost or not; we couldn't find our way out."

"Couldn't find your way out; why, did you stay in one place all the time?"

"Yes, we were at the dam camp every night. We couldn't get away from it. You see, we couldn't find the path we went in on, and every time we tried to get out we came right back to the camp, and we got so mixed at last we didn't know what to do."

"Tell us all about it," said Uncle Shaw. "Begin at the beginning and tell what ye did do."

"I suppose I might as well tell the whole, once for all, and then you will all know," said Harry, who saw that they would have no peace till the story was told.

"We left Fred's about daylight and got to Mr. Ireland's about sunrise. We shouldered our packs, and he went to the edge of the woods and showed us the path, and we went in. We had to go up on the top of a big mountain and then down the other side. Our packs did not seem very heavy at first, but after a while I thought my shoulders would break, they ached so. We were pretty tired, and so was Fred, I guess, though he didn't say so. We rested two or three times, and at last we came out into the head of a logging road. There was chopping all around and treetops in every direction. We followed this road down till we came into another larger one, and soon came to the camp. It was on a little hill with no trees around it, and the breeze came right down through the valley and kept it nice and cool. We had a good time fishing and finding many things to do around the camp, until Thursday came, when we decided to start for home the next morning. After we got through breakfast Friday morning, we put the best of the grub into our pockets and threw the rest away. We packed the fish into our baskets with green grass, to cover them and keep them cool, and bidding good-bye to the old camp, went up over the hill. After we had gone up the road a mile or so Fred said we had come to the path. Will said he did not think it was; it did not look like the place to him; but Fred pointed out a big stub that we had noticed, so we left the road and took the path. It was very hot there in the woods and the flies and mosquitoes bothered us most to death. We had to stop lots of times to rest us, and when we did stop we could not rest any.

"The path went around the side of a hill, and it did not seem to us like the same path we had come in on. We could not find the place where we had rested when we came in. But we kept on and at last went down a little hill and came to a stream. Fred was all upset when he saw the brook, because we had not crossed any when we came in, and how could we cross one now? The path stopped right here. The bank was all trod up there, and on the other side was a swamp where no path could be.

"We asked Fred where he thought we were. He said it must be Mill Brook, and if we crossed it and went down on the other side we would come to the road we had passed over when we went to Mr. Ireland's.

"So we walked along the brook, but it was just awful. The trees were all dead, and lots of them were fallen down, and it would take us a long time sometime to go just a little ways.

"After a while Will played out, and we all sat down and had something to eat. We drank out of the brook, but the water wasn't good, and it made me awful sick. As soon as we got rested, we started again, for then it was almost night and we had got to get out of the woods somehow, for we had nothing to eat but fish, and no way to cook those. We kept on down the brook and at last came out where the trees were cut down and cleared away. There we could walk along nicely, and soon came to a place where some one had been digging, and walking along that, we came to a dam.

"'Why,' said Fred, 'I did not know there was a dam on Mill Brook. It must have been built lately.'

"While we were looking at it, Will walked down and picked up something. Then he turned around to Fred and said, 'This is the same dam where we have been fishing. Here is the bob I cut off my line when we began to fish.'

"Well, sir, you ought to have seen Fred's face. We looked at the bob, and sure enough it was. Then he said, 'Well, if this is the dam, then the camp is right on top of that hill, and we are right back where we started from this morning.' We went up then and there the camp was.

"I don't know whether the camp looked good to us or not; but the first thing we did after we got those packs off our backs was to look into the bushes for the grub we had thrown away in the morning. We found the pork and most of the potatoes, but the bread and other things we could not find; something had eaten them.

"We fried some trout and potatoes, and ate our supper. It was not very good, but the nice water we had out of the spring made it go better.

"It had been cloudy all the afternoon and awfully hot, and when it came dark the flies bit us so that we almost went crazy. Fred made us get up and shut the camp up tight as we could.

"We had to fasten the door to with an old cant-dog, and we filled up all the other places with rags and things, except the window by the stove; that he left open. Then he took an old pan and built a smudge and set it in the middle of the room, and after that the flies didn't trouble us much.

"Along in the night Will woke up. He said somebody was trying to push in the door. The smudge had gone out and the flies, too. We listened a while, but heard nothing. Fred said it was a hedgehog and we must kill and cook him in the morning. So we waited, but did not hear it again. Our bunk was where we could see the stove and the window, and as I was looking out there, something filled the window all up. I pointed it out to Fred, but did not say a word for fear of scaring the hedgehog. Fred said to keep still and just as soon as it came in we would give it to him. In a minute it went away, and we heard a noise out on the chips and then something jumped against the door and nearly broke it in.

"You better believe we jumped at the same time. 'Thunder!' whispered Fred, 'that ain't a hedgehog.' And he jumped out of the bunk and rushed to the door. We went with him and pushed as hard as we could. Behind the stove was a pole that the men had put up to hang things to dry, and I got that and propped up the door from the other side of the camp.

"In a minute or so the thing went away. We waited a while and then we started to go back to bed; but the flies were pretty thick; so Fred got the pan and went to the stove and built a fire in it of bark and chips. While he was waiting for it to blaze up, we heard a little noise at the window and all looked up.

"There in the window was the head of a man. It was a big head with hair all tumbled down over the eyes. It had a big, red beard all matted and tangled up. The mouth was open, and we could see that two front teeth were gone. But the worst of all was the eyes. Oh! they were awful. I can't tell how they looked, but they made the cold shivers run down my back.

"Then for as much as a minute it looked right at Fred, and Fred looked right at him. Then, quick as a flash, Fred picked up the pan all full of blazing chips and threw them right at the head. There was the most awful yell you ever heard. The head disappeared from the window and we heard a cracking and thrashing noise in the bushes and all was still.

"We didn't sleep any more that night. In the morning when we got up it was raining just a little, and was awful gloomy. All along the hillside across the brook the clouds were drifting, and it looked as though we were going to have a big storm. When Will and Fred went for water, they found tracks all around the spring; they looked like a man's feet all tied up in cloth.

"After a little breakfast we decided to try again to get out. We went up the road we thought was the one. There were some old axes in camp; we took two of these, and Will took the sharp one.

When we came to the path we thought was the right one, Fred had Will stay there and keep the place, so we could find it again, and he and I went in to find the path. We went a way, calling to Will all the time, so as not to lose him. Then Fred would go ahead and I would stand still. By and by, he came back and said there was no path there, and we went to another place and tried again. So we kept it up all day. And along in the afternoon we found a path that we thought was the one home.

"Fred did not intend to be lost again, so he kept chopping the trees, so he could find his way back to the camp if he had to. It rained all the time; we were very tired and hungry, and as we had had but little sleep we felt pretty bad. We had nothing to eat, as there had been no food we could take with us when we left camp in the morning.

"Will did not say anything, but I could see he was about worn out. He could hardly keep up, and kept talking funny. At last we found that the path we were on ran into another, and this one was the one we had followed the day before. Then we gave up.

"All at once Will jumped up and ran back on the path. We called to him, but he did not stop, so we ran after him. He ran so fast that we could hardly keep in sight of him. I don't know what we would have done if he had not caught his toe on a root and fallen down. We ran up and caught him and had to hold him down on the ground. He raved and cried and said we wanted to lose him, and he wanted to go home.

"We told him we were trying our best to get home and all that, but we could not do anything till we told him we would start right back home if he would get up and walk. After a while he did try to go, but he was so weak and tired that it was pretty slowly. He had always gone behind till then, but we were afraid he would run again, so we put him in the middle. We talked as cheerfully as we could, and soon he got better. We went back to the camp and got there just before dark. When we went in we saw that some one had been there. At first we thought it was the wild man, and I did not want to stay there; but when we went down to the spring we saw tracks of boot heels, and we knew it was not he. Fred said it must have been some men that came up the stream from the mill to see if the gates to the dam were open. The owners sent men up once in a while to see that the gates were kept open, as if they were not the ponds would fill up and wash out the dams.

"We went up to the camp and fastened up the door. We did not dare to leave it open a minute for fear Will would run away. I built a fire in the stove. All we had to eat was a piece of pork and two potatoes, Fred saying he would go down to the dam and catch some fish, put his rod together and started.

"Will was asleep in the bunk by this time. I looked around in the camp, for I didn't know but the cook might have left something we could eat; and down in a bag in the bottom of a barrel I found about a peck of beans. In about half an hour Fred came back with two little small trout.

"I showed him the beans, and he soon had them on the stove. I guess you would have laughed to have seen us eating that 'bean swagen,' as Fred called it. Will looked better after his sleep and supper, and soon went back to bed. After breakfast the next morning, he was all right. His eyes looked clear, and he talked just as sane as ever. We told him all

about the tracks at the spring, and he asked how the men got there.

"Fred said probably they came up the stream from the mill below. Will thought a minute and said, 'Well, if they came up the stream, why can't we go down it?'

"'By George!' said Fred, 'that's it. Why can't we? Of course we can; and I don't see why I never thought of it before, and it can't be very far, either.'

"'If they built these camps they must have a road somewhere to get the stove and things in here. And if we can find that and go down the stream, we will come to the mill sometime,' said I.

"'That's so,' said Fred. 'Let's leave most of the stuff here—I can send in for it sometime—and just take our rods and such things and start.'

"So we hid the blankets and things in the camp, and taking our rods and ax, we again started for home, this time by a new way.

"We soon found the road and followed it down the stream. Twice we had to wade across where bridges were washed away; and at last, very tired, we came out in sight of the mill.

"We ran down the hill toward the boarding house and went right in. The men were eating supper, and when they heard our story they invited us to sit right down to supper. Then the boss hitched up a team and brought us home. Coming down we told him about the wild man. He said he guessed it was a Frenchman who was lost in the woods a while ago. Some of his men had said they had seen him, but nobody believed them."

"Wall, boys," said Uncle Shaw, "you sartainly did have a hard time—that's a fact."

Somebody turned to Will and said, "I guess you don't want to go fishing again, do ye?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said he. "But the next time I want to know that I can come home when I get ready."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dams in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a communication printed last week, relative to dams in the Adirondacks, the types make me say that "compensation is more than likely," whereas I intended to say that it "is more than unlikely." This seems a small matter, but it is really significant.

The public will surely get no compensation, though very possibly something may eventually be paid for the flooding of private lands. The prospective amount, however, would be so small that it would not pay a working man to try for it. Judges would perhaps allow at cord wood value for the trees killed, and probably for the acreage permanently flooded, but in a country where dead trees for fuel are almost free and deforested land worth a dollar an acre, the amount would not be worth a trip to court. And claims would be limited to the damage immediately done for which testimony could establish a money value. It would be hard to prove that the inevitable eating away of overhanging sandy shores and the disadvantage of a constant change of water level would in a fixed time amount to $5 or $5,000.

Although the private interests of the ordinary camp owner are insignificant by comparison, they would suffer practically the same as those of the State. So it seems to me that the small property owner is justified in his objection to dams, as well as is the public. It does not yet seem safe to legalize them. The disgruntled camper may see considerable difference between a sea of green stretching beyond the opposite shore and a landscape of drowned timber slapping him in the face; but if the flooded land did not belong to him, a heard-headed judge would surely count his loss visionary. The business men who want water power and want it right away before it becomes a possession of the people, will continue of course to laugh at the sentiment of the men who wish to save a little of wild nature for the sake of its wildness.

DAVID CARL.

Archery in Minnesota.

MANY indications point to a steady, if not speedy, revival of this the most noble and ancient of pastimes. It is not proselyting after new converts to the fascination of the sport that needs first to be done; it is rather a work of getting together, of encouraging those who have been for sometime votaries of archery. Here and there over this country from sea to sea are archers shooting silently and alone; some too timid to acknowledge their favorite manner of recreation, others wholly ignorant that any other real bowmen exist on this side of the Atlantic. Only recently I heard of a man who had been an expert and enthusiastic shot at the target range for eighteen years, and during all that time had never seen another man draw a bow!

My own story is probably that of many others. Ever since I can remember the flight of an arrow has had the keenest fascination for me. As mere lads my brother and myself made and hunted with our own crude tackle. Then one day we ran across two books, "The Witchery of Archery," by Maurice Thompson, and the English work on archery that belongs to the Badminton Library. These books set us on the right track, and for several years we shot in the forests with some success, using weapons made by our own hands. Some of the finest outdoor thrills that I can remember were occasioned when I plumped a frisky squirrel off a tree-bole at thirty yards with my home-made hickory bow and arrows, whose turkey feathers were begged from the meat dealer the week before Thanksgiving.

Minnesota is one of the most glorious lands in which a wildwood long bowman (or indeed a tame one) could have to dwell. The land of Hiawatha offers itself as a second Sherwood Forest, a tempting home for a flourishing brotherhood of devoted disciples of ye bold outlaw of Nottingham town.

Other duties, too, lie before us; let us hear more from those who love the twang of a bow cord and the "flying hiss" of an arrow; let us see more printed in the magazines; let us become acquainted; let us grow.

THOS. H. UZZELL,
University of Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

The annual meeting of the National Archery Association of the United States will be held this year in Boston, Aug. 21, 22 and 23.

The officers of the Association are: President, Wallace Bryant, Boston; Vice-President, Tacitus Hussey, Des Moines; Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Dallin, 69 Ashland avenue, Arlington Heights, Boston. Executive Committee—F. W. Benson, Salem, Mass; S. Phillips Bryant, Boston; C. E. Dallin, Boston; C. C. Beach, Battle Creek, Mich.; Will H. Thompson, Seattle; Dr. Edward B. Weston, Chicago; M. C. Howell, Cincinnati.

The following archers won the championship last August in Chicago: F. Phillips Bryant, Boston, York Round; C. C. Beach, Battle Creek, American Round; Mrs. M. C. Howell, Cincinnati, National Round and Columbian Round.

Newfoundland Angling.

RUBAR'S POOLS, Harry's Brook, Newfoundland, August 1.— *Editor Forest and Stream:* I am writing this short letter for the benefit of those who have been here and for their brother anglers that would like to have some good fishing in Newfoundland.

The season early on all the rivers has been a success, such as the Grand, Codroy, Crabb's, Robinson's, Fishels. During the month of June there were catches on Crabb's and Robinson's of salmon and grilse of upward of sixty good fish by two parties. When one thinks of the accessible means by steamer from New York or from Boston to Nova Scotia, and a nine hour trip to Sidney, Cape Breton, one night on the steamer to Newfoundland; then a rail journey of four or five hours to the Bay St. George, where you have the choice of seven good rivers to fish without a license within one hour by rail from that point. Guides and camp outfits can be had on arrival of train; later at the hotel or Nasdem, Main River station; and one can be on the water in a fine fishing country with a certainty of some good fish to catch the next morning. I wrote a letter last fall how to get to this paradise for fishermen. Cook's or any tourist office will furnish time tables or folders of the Reid Newfoundland Co.

I have been on this river for three weeks and have killed fifty salmon and twenty-three trout averaging 1½ pounds. Largest salmon, 15¾; largest trout, 2¾. Same old bad luck tale of losing the big ones. I have had on fine fish, that would go from twenty to thirty pounds; but I attribute all my trouble to using No. 6 double hooks. After playing a fish upward of an hour, and when you have him killed and ready for the gaff, that is to say showing the white, as he rolls over on his side, the little double hook then commences to work one hook against the other and backs out; and the fish floats as it were on his side down stream. As long as you have the fish head on or even as he leaps in the air, you are all right; but in the finish or death roll you are nowhere. Give me the single hook, even one of the same size, to save fish.

There will be good sea trout fishing for the next three weeks as they are late this season and just commencing to run up the rivers. Grilse are plenty; and salmon seem more plentiful than last year in this section of the country. I hear the other rivers have all done well this year. There is a movement on the part of the Fish Commission at St. John, that if carried out will be very beneficial to the protection of the rivers and to the anglers.

At the Log Cabin, Spruce Brook, I hear from the genial proprietor, Mr. Dodd, of good catches made at his pools. C. D. B. W.

An Adirondack Woods Fairy.

MALONE, N. Y., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thought the enclosed photo would adorn a page in your publication and prove of interest to persons visiting the Adirondacks. The little girl holding the string of trout is my grandchild, Eleanor Catherine Jones, two years and eleven months old. The trout were caught in front of my camp in the waters at Mountain View on July 20. JOHN M. FAY.

In Appreciation of the "Lodges."

BREWER, Maine, July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to thank Mr. Walter B. Anderson for the pleasure I have had in reading his "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" so plainly and truthfully told. As in my childhood we had Indians for neighbors, and as I grew older they were my playmates and hunting companions, I can share with him in his love for them. I wish that when he says all looks dark to him he could share with me in the hope "which is as an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vale."

MANLY HARDY.

PENNSYLVANIA, July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" has brought out the lights and shadows of Indian life unknown to the average American. Nothing has appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM for a long time that has attracted so much attention as Anderson's articles, and I wish some others familiar with Indian life would give your readers their experiences. In a few years all this class of men will have gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds and they should make their records before the Great Spirit calls. TOHICKON.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with genuine regret that I read the last chapter of "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." I had never before read anything about Indian life and customs that seemed so absolutely true. Having lived for a time on an Indian reservation, and knowing both Indians and squaw-men, my interest and sympathy went with the writer from beginning to end.

The whole should be published in book form, for few living men could write so well on the subject. WALTER B. SAVARY.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Sea-Horses.

BY THEODORE GILL.

From "The Life History of the Sea-Horses," by Theodore Gill, Honorary Assistant in Zoology. Printed in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum.

In the ordinary works on fishes or natural history very little is said about the interesting little fishes popularly known as sea-horses. Many details, however, have been published in isolated notes or buried in general articles, which only one familiar with ichthyological literature would be likely to know about or even to find by using the current bibliographies. For the benefit of those interested in the group the notes here presented, brought together for a general work on fishes, are published.

The sea-horses (*Hippocampids*) vary in form, but all are compressed and incapable of flexing the body sideways to any very considerable extent, the plates having extensions which are buttressed against corresponding ones of the preceding and succeeding plates, thus prohibiting any decided lateral movements. The tail is more or less curved downward, and in typical forms highly prehensile, it is quadrangular in section.

The head in front of the eyes, or snout, is prolonged in a tubiform manner as in the pipe-fishes (*Syngnathidæ*), and the mouth and jaws are small and at the end of the tube; the preopercle is absent and the operculum greatly enlarged.

The likeness to the convential knight of the chessboard is much more marked than to a horse's head; indeed, if a spirula-shell or coiled worm were attached to the base of a chess knight the sea-horse would be well imitated. The ancient Hippocampus is therefore very apt, being derived from the Greek *hippos,* horse, and *kampe,* worm or caterpillar. But let no one be deceived by superficial resemblance of parts. The head of the fish and that of a horse are essentially homologous, but here real likeness ends; the contracted part of the sea-horse does not correspond to the neck of a true horse, but to the fore part of the abdomen, there being no true neck in the fish; the lower part of the "neck" of the fish is really the hinder part of the abdomen, and the anus marks its hinder boundary.

The peculiar modification of the finless tail deprives it of its locomotor faculty, but a new function—prehension—results from its power to curl inward, and, to some extent, sideways.

The species are numerous, and one or more may be found in almost every tropical and temperate sea. Somewhere near three dozen species have been described, and of these one is a common European fish, and half a dozen are inhabitants of north or middle American seas. One of them extends northward in the Atlantic as far as Cape Cod, and another one of the largest of the genus, in the Pacific to San Diego.

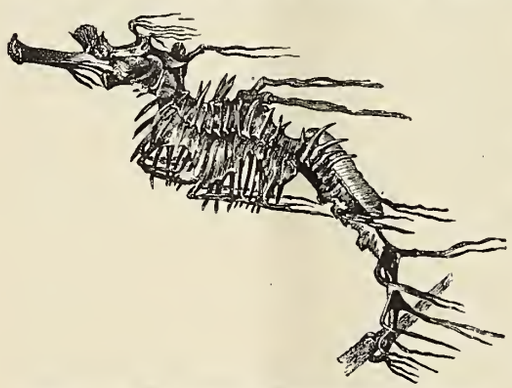
Strongly marked and bizarre as is the form, the fishes nevertheless are not conspicuous in the midst of their natural surroundings, and indeed the little animals appear to be able to readily adapt themselves to their environment. Kent tells that "some very extraordinary colored specimens" of the common Mediterranean species were given to him; some were "bright red, others pale pink, bright or light yellow, and even almost interblending shades. Such colors had apparently been assumed by the fish in keeping with and as a means of concealment among the brilliant vegetation and zoophytic growth indigenous to the locality from whence they were derived. These tints in confinement gradually disappeared, until the fish had assumed the normal light-brown or speckled hue by which they are generally characterized."

The attitudes and movements of the sea-horses are eminently characteristic. The most frequent is a state of rest, with the tail wound around the stem of a plant or some other substance and the body is then carried nearly or quite erect. Such is the most frequent position, but notwithstanding the apparent rigidity of the cuirass, almost every other attitude consistent with such a form may be assumed. The body may be thrown outward at various angles and even downward and the tail wound around a plant in a double coil. Once in a while one eye may roll toward you, while another may be passive or look backward or in an opposite direction. It becomes obvious that the little fish can move its eyes independently of each other and in entirely different ways.

A comical effect is produced by the way in which the little fishes peer at some object, reminding one of the actions of a very near-sighted person.

Releasing itself at length from its support, one may slowly progress, still in a vertical position, its tail curved inward, its dorsal fin rapidly undulating and reminding one of a screw propeller, its pectorals vibrating in harmony. The rapidity of the undulatory or vibratory movements of the dorsal and pectorals is especially noteworthy.

Incased as it is in an almost inflexible coat of mail, progression can not be affected by lateral



AUSTRALIAN SEA HORSE RESEMBLING SEA-WEED.

flexion of the body as in ordinary fishes, and flexion in a vertical direction is limited.

With such limited powers of progression, a nice adjustment of organs is called for, and Dufossé has explained one method. The air bladder is comparatively large and always distended by a quantity of gas so exactly in harmony with the specific gravity of the body that this entire body is a hydrostatic apparatus of extreme sensibility. A proof of this is that if a single bubble of gas no larger than the head of a very small pin be extracted, the fish immediately loses its equilibrium and falls to the ground, on which it must crawl till its wound has been cicatrized and a new supply of gas secreted by the internal membrane of the bladder.

Another noteworthy peculiarity is a faint sound which is sometimes evoked. Kent, while making "some colored sketches" of the fishes, had two "isolated in separate glass receptacles some few yards apart, when unexpectedly a sharp little snapping noise was heard at short and regular intervals to proceed from one of the vases placed on a side table, and to which a response in a like manner was almost immediately made from the vase close at hand. On seeking for the cause, the sound was found to proceed from the mouths of the little Hippocampi, which were thus conversing with, or signaling to, one another. The noise observed was produced by the muscular closing and sudden expansion of the lower jaw, and much resembled in strength and tone the snapping sound produced for a similar purpose, but in this instance with its claw, by the little scarlet prawn," relatives of which occur along the southern coast of the United States.

The mechanism which produced the sounds emitted by the sea-horse was explained at length by Dufossé in 1874 to whose memoir reference may be made by those who wish to learn details. Suffice it here to note that Dufossé found that the fishes had the power of making long series of movements so slight and so rapid that they evade the sight, but are appreciable to touch, and consequently are simple quiverings or vibrations, and that these quivering movements are accompanied by sounds which, however, are rarely distinctly audible. The sounds are produced by females as well as males; notably in the spawning season, when they are both more frequent and more intense.

The natural food of the sea-horses consists mainly of small crustaceans, such as copepods, sand-fleas and the opossum shrimps as well as the young of higher forms. Such being not readily obtainable by aquarium keepers, Kent improvised for his aquaria "a successful substitute in the form of the larvæ of the common gnat" or mosquito and "other water insects."

The mode of feeding is curious. A supply of amphipodous crustaceans may be supplied to them and a fish will slowly move toward one, peering at it, approaching the mouth to it, and suddenly the animalcule may disappear without any perceptible movement of the jaws as though the fish had sucked it in. But the amphipod (or other animal) must be at rest or on the ground or a plant; for the fish is too slow to get one moving; nevertheless it must be alive. The fish may throw itself on its sides or in any attitude most fit to get hold of the coveted "bug."

The species of Hippocampus are numerous (between 30 and 40), but the many common characters are so much more prominent and striking than the specific ones that the latter are apt to be lost sight of and overshadowed by the former. The distinctions between the species are chiefly based on the length and number of rays of the dorsal fin, the number of rings encircling the body, the comparative lengths of the body and tail behind the anus, the depth of the body or distance across from the dorsal ridge to the ventral, and the relative length of the head and snout in front of the eyes. These are supplemented by the comparative development of the tubercles or spines, of the coronet at the crown of the head or nape, of the filaments with which the body may be covered, and the color. In illustration of such, figures are given of four species.

The common eastern American sea-horse (*Hippocampus hudsonius*) has a long dorsal with about nineteen rays, about forty-five rings, the tail longer than head and trunk combined, the snout short but appreciably longer than rest of head and the depth of the body approximately equals the length of the head. The coronet is little developed, the tubercles and spines weak, and the filaments rather few, short, and mostly simple. The color is dusky and spotless (but blotched) and the dorsal has a submarginal dark band.

The sea-wrack sea-horse (*Hippocampus zosteræ*) of Florida contrasts with the common species of the north in most of its characters. It has a short dorsal (covering only three rings) with about twelve rays, about forty-one rings, the tail rather shorter than the rest of the body, the snout extremely short and not more than half the rest of the head, and the depth of the body great and almost equal to length from snout to margin of pectoral fins. The coronet is high, the spines are well developed, and the filaments moderate and often branched. The color is olive green, more or less mottled, and the dorsal has no distinct submarginal band. It is, accord-

—Sea-horse (Hippocampus aterrimus). Male.

—Sea-horse (Hippocampus sindonis). Male.

—Sea-horse (Hippocampus hudsonius). Female. (After Jordan and Evermann.)

—Sea-horse (Hippocampus zosteræ). Female. (After Jordan and Evermann.)

ing to Jordan and Evermann, "the smallest known species of sea-horse, abundant in shallow water in the lagoons, always found clinging by its tail to the sea-wrack (*Zostera marina*)."

With these two species, two from Japan first described not long ago (1901) by Jordan and Snyder may be compared. The descriptions are given will furnish hints enough to discriminate between them and others and indicate the range and variation.

Certain Hippocampines of southern seas develop exaggerated characteristics, which are more or less manifest in the ordinary sea-horses. The cutaneous appendages, which are merely tags of skin in most species, become greatly developed, aspecially about the tail, and simulate in a remarkable degree the appearance of the seaweeds in which they are wont to lurk.

Pheasant Adopts a Feather Duster.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner relates in the Paterson, N. J., Chronicle this odd freak of a pheasant chick:

"No common barnyard producer of eggs is he, but of the lineage of that royal game bird, the golden pheasant, for of a dozen eggs brought from Cincinnati and hatched out six weeks ago, he is the sole survivor, and thereby hangs the story of his greatness.

"The eggs were a gift to Dr. George Pope, of the Government Animal Detention Station, and came from a zoological garden. The Doctor's interest in his prospective acquisition was very great, and, selecting a fine white Leghorn hen for a stepmother, he was rewarded in due time with three little mottled brown and gray chicks.

"But something was the matter, for the feathered infants took no interest in the life thrust upon them; eating or sleeping appeared beyond their comprehension, and least of all did they respond to the motherly solicitude of the old hen. The sanctuary of her sheltering wing held no appeal to them, and after a few days two were dead of exhaustion.

"The survivor, showing every evidence of following the majority, was then turned over to School Commissioner Harold Godwin, who, as a large breeder of pigeons, was interested to see what the unappreciative stranger would do in a different social atmosphere.

"But a clean pigeon cote and friendly society of its numerous occupants could no more induce this proud scion of royal game birds to sit up and take notice than had the frantic efforts of its plebeian foster mother.

"The fattest of worms and the most enticing preparation of breakfast foods were alike unregarded, and the poor little exile, with dissolution imminent, wandered around his new bounds apparently bent on working along that line to the finish. In the corner of the pen lay an old feather duster, long in use for cleaning. At first unnoticed, the exhausted infant no sooner saw it than he tumbled over in that direction and, after the briefest of examinations, settled himself into its fluffy, bedraggled center and went to sleep. This, his first rest, was a long one, and he was found, regardless of all feathered custom, still asleep the next day.

"Master pheasant is a much bigger bird now and full of the beautiful promise of his royal ancestors, for all this happened several weeks ago.

"The maternal yearnings of a feather duster appealed to him as had no other substitution. Did instinct tell him that the feathers were once from his own species? Did the duster's shape conform more to his untaught idea of the maternal pheasant? Or did his unlicked nature require a mother who would neither exact nor forbid?

"At any rate, the chick will sleep nowhere, excepting in the embrace of the feather duster, and it has shown affection for nothing but its ten-cent-counter foster mother."

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Substitutes for Water.

Some paragraphs in the valuable article of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton on the antelope in the July Scribner's (p. 44) touch upon a question which has been of much interest to me. From 1888 to 1897 I lived in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, during which time I made frequent hunting trips into the dry Sierras and tablelands of the adjacent region, mostly after white tail deer and smaller game. Not only the deer but the rabbits (hares), the quail (*C. squamata*) and the song birds generally, evidently go without drinking for weeks at a time. There were no antelope there then, though there were traditions of them, and a station on the Mexican National Railway some distance further north is called, after the neighboring hacienda, Berrendo.

Now when Messrs. Van Dyke and Wuerpel, as quoted in this article, speak of the "cactus" as supplying both food and water, the story is not all told. The word is usually applied to the prickly pear family (*Opuntia*) and seems to be so meant in this instance. It is the broad *nopal* leaves, as the Mexicans call them, from which the spines are burned that the cattle may eat them in comfort. But range cattle eat them "raw so," slabbering and shedding tears over the spines but getting them down somehow. Occasionally the spines collect in the stomach of an ox in large, densely packed balls, ultimately proving fatal. I have seen these queer mementoes of the sufferings of the poor beasts, three inches or more in diameter.

But there are many other succulent plants besides the prickly pear, and there are many species of the *Opuntia* in Mexico, not less than a hundred, I should think. Some of these have almost no spines on the leaves. (It is by taking advantage of some extreme form like this that Burbank has produced the spineless cactus.) Others have the tufts of spines so wide apart that a goat or a deer may insert his muzzle between and get a good bite, though a cow could not. Others have soft spines, especially when the leaf is new.

But in that arid region the soil contains so little moisture that most of the plants have to have facilities for collecting it from the air.

Their leaves or stems or both are soft and spongy. Besides the *Opuntia* there is another large family of cactus, the *Mammilaria—viznagas*, in Spanish—some of them the size of a fist or smaller, others as big as barrels, protected by thorns too, but not so as to make it impossible for an animal to gnaw them. This form of cactus is very abundant about San Luis Potosi, and seems to be much depended on by both wild and domestic animals, as an article of food. Then there is the organ cactus in several varieties, of some of which the fruit is especially abundant and succulent. One form, akin to the giant cactus of Arizona, has a delicious little apple, *pitaya*, of which deer especially are excessively fond.

But besides the cactuses—and I have enumerated by no means all of them—there is the large agave family, the maguey or century plant, the soap root (*lechuguilla*), etc., and the yuccas. All contain a surprisingly large proportion of water, and while usually thorny, are not as spiny as cactus. Deer feed extensively on *lechuguilla*, a dwarf agave, the root of which is an excellent substitute for soap. As to the fruit of many of these plants, it is to be remembered that the climate of the Mexican plateau is so even that cactus apples, *garambuya* berries, etc., come along without much reference to season, there being rarely a time when something of the kind is not to be had.

In spite of all this, however, it used always to give me a sort of uncanny feeling to find the deer and other animals, fat and contented, making their habitat in some sun-scorched range of hills so dry that it almost frightened a man to camp among them, even though he carried and very carefully hoarded a good supply of water for his own use. How do they do it?

Well, the explanation given is the only possible one, they eat moist food. For be it understood that they do not eat cactus, etc., simply for water; it is a principal article of their diet. There must be, too, something of gradual adaptation. Goats on the range in Mexico, in ordinary weather, are taken to water only about twice a week. The deer through many generations of practice have got to the point where they scarcely go at all, though if water is convenient and the weather hot they will drink.

AZETC.

An interesting article on this subject entitled "A Well of the Desert," appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 31, 1904. It is as follows:

"Those of us who were brought up on the literature provided by Mayne Reid, no doubt remember that some of his heroes, when traveling over the desert, were saved from death by thirst by opening the stems or fruit of the cactus and drinking the water which they contained. For many years this has been regarded as a mere traveler's tale; yet those who live in the desert know well that the story is true. Only the white man who goes around with his eyes shut has been ignorant of this. There is water in the desert, and those who dwell there know how to find it.

"Some years ago, in his interesting article entitled, 'The Gulf of Cortez,' published in one of the Boone and Crockett books, Mr. Geo. H. Gould described how, on a barren mountain side in Lower California, he found the stems of cactus with the hard rind broken in and the moist interior gnawed away. His Cocopah Indian guide told him that this was done by the wild sheep, which broke the hard spiny rinds with their horns and ate the soft contents.

"It is well known that animals inhabiting the desert often go a long time without water, and there are people who maintain that they never drink at all. The camel has long been famous for the length of time during which he could abstain from water, and has been credited with carrying around with him an extra supply, on which he may draw if ever he really becomes thirsty. An extraordinary statement concerning this beast is that made by D. W. Carnegie, who tells that, while traveling in the desert of Southwestern Australia, his nine camels went without water for a period of twelve days, at the end of this time drinking each about seventeen gallons.

PAPAGO INDIAN DRINKING FROM A BISNAGA.

Again, a little later, two camels traveled for thirty-seven days on thirteen gallons of water each, distributed in three drinks.

"But our own animals, such as peccaries, deer, various mice and other rodents, appear to get along without water, and in a recent paper on this topic, Mr. F. V. Coville has brought together a number of interesting facts on this general subject. Some of these rodents do not appear to know what water is, certainly as it is offered them; but it will be remembered that nearly 100 years ago Audubon the naturalist, when making experiments to learn whether a prairie chicken would drink or not, discovered that while the bird would not notice water offered to it in a dish, it eagerly sipped from the bars of its cage drops of water that had been spilt and clung to them.

"As we have said, the Indians and the animals of the desert recognize very well that some of the great cactuses which grow in their home contain water and in abundance. Chief among these are certain plants—locally called bisnaga—belonging to the genus *Echinocactus*, the juice of which is sweet and pleasant. The plants stand up three or four feet high and 18 or 20 inches thick, looking at a distance like tremendously stout posts. If the top be sliced off horizontally, the white soft flesh of the interior of the plant is seen, but water will not flow from it of itself; there is merely a moist surface. If, however, a club or pestle be used to crush this white flesh lying within the outer rind, a bowl will be formed in the top of the cactus, partly filled with wet pulp, and from this pulp water may be squeezed back into the bowl. In a case witnessed by Mr. Coville, the crushing proceeded until a bowl had been made about 8 inches deep, and in this bowl were about three quarts of very pleasant water. It was slightly salty to the taste, but good enough water for any thirsty man.

"There is another form of bisnaga, approximately spherical in form, which is said by the Indians to furnish a better water than the upright one. This, if we recollect aright, is the sort described by Mayne Reid in those stories of many years ago.

"This water is commonly drunk by the Indians, is used to mix with flour to make bread, and is commonly devoted to any camp use.

"There are other very large cactuses—those, for example, known as the saguaro, the pitahaya and the sina—which do not provide good drinking water because their juice is very bitter and even nauseating; and it is interesting to note that these cactuses, so unpleasant to the taste, are but slightly protected by spines, while on the other hand the visnaga and their agreeable tasting allies possess an almost impenetrable armor of hooked and rigid spines."

Epidemics in the Burrows.

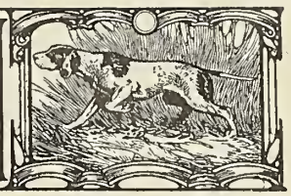
IT is well known that many species of rodents which live in colonies, such as prairie dogs, rabbits, spermophiles, field mice and rats, are subject at irregular intervals to microbic diseases in the nature of epidemics, which greatly reduce their numbers. The Department of Agriculture desires to be informed of the presence of such epidemics with a view to isolating and preserving the microbes for use in destroying mammals injurious to agriculture.

H. W. Henshaw, Acting Chief, Biological Survey, requests information of any epidemic diseases among wild mammals, now or at any future time. Such diseases are usually indicated by the presence of numerous sick or dead animals.

Belonging to the regiment (Fourteenth Tennessee Confederate) was a man who stammered in his speech very badly. Late one evening while the "boys" were gathered around the camp-fires, the stammering soldier saw a squirrel in a tree. Pointing his finger at the squirrel, he exclaimed excitedly, "L-l-l-oook, b-b-boys, at t-t-that squi-squi—g-gone in his hole!"

BIRDO.

GAME BAG AND GUN



The New Home of the Uneasy Club.

Burley, Idaho, July 16.—To break the business ties of twenty years, get out of the rut you are in, convince your wife that it is the proper thing to do, pack up all your belongings and leave a large city for what may develop in a wilderness of sage brush and most of the conditions attendant to real pioneering, requires monumental nerve.

Unless you are sure of yourself, likewise "the lady," don't try it, but continue to work your nerves to a frazzle, live artificially, die and forget your day dreams of a simple life in the big open.

To those who stick, and can stand the attendant work and worry of establishing themselves, soon comes the assurance of a fairly successful business that promises to grow and prosper under conditions which are the reverse of those in the turmoil, artificial light, smoke and bad air of the average city office, and they become optimistic.

With the prospect of success shining in one's eyes, the tendency is to see success for all the friends who are slaving their lives away and immediately to try and induce them to pack up and do likewise.

However, nothing of the kind should be done, for if you are unfortunate enough to have to nurse some well meaning friend through a siege of homesickness, and see his courage grow weaker, it would be better to ship him and his apparently fatal malady back to his dear Chicago —or other port—before the contagion of disgust fastens upon you.

Every fellow with a little granite in his spine, to whom the temporary loss of modern conveniences means little and the mixing it with nature means much, should have an opportunity to come into the "desert" and live. To such there is, here in the Snake River Valley of Idaho, a warm welcome and business prospects of the very best, with the assurance of good clean sport for years to come. Indeed, to a tenderfoot, now bronzed and tanned and unlike the individual who was compared to a milky angleworm by a kindly native upon my arrival, the prospect is so attractive that it would be extremely selfish not to tell of it.

A country bank is not the worst place to get information, and as I sit in my two by four "counting room," looking for prospective depositors, I incidentally hear that at the mouth of Raft River, thousands of young ducks can at this moment be seen in the sloughs and marshes.

"Chickens" as the grouse and sage hens are called, will be plentiful as soon as the hay, grain and alfalfa are cut; when every stubble will roar with fluttering wings, and we will recall and live over again those days when the prairie chickens were so plentiful in Iowa and barbed wire the exception.

Doves! To tell the facts about them would lay one open to the suspicion of having romanced; but it is no exaggeration to say that within five blocks of our home is a patch of five acres of "wheat grass" in which one could flush a thousand of these birds, which in their flight and actions resemble much the quail and jacksnipe and are totally unlike their eastern cousins.

Fishing in the Snake River has been indifferent—due to the "elements" I am told by an old fisherman here, who also says that when conditions are normal, trout of large size are the rule.

Within a day's ride by rail, or better still, a trip overland at leisure, is Yellowstone Park, and a trip to that wonderland is one of the anticipated pleasures of the club when we finally get together here.

Bob is uneasy, Burt is uneasier, George is accessible by telephone, and I am sitting in my den where I can gaze upon the mountains, twenty miles away, under their crown of silvery snow, all dressed in velvety green, where the ever changing beauty of light and shade are beyond expression or description.

When the club enter these hills next fall, as they expect to, and try out the known trout streams where the waters rush and tumble through cañons; where all day it is twilight; or climb to snowy peaks where at least a glimpse of a big-horn may yet be had; or wander through the parks in search of elk or deer and incidentally flush a bear, there should be material for a narrative more interesting than any recorded doings of the club heretofore.

Meanwhile the Mud Hen and the Hell Diver ride the waves of the beautiful Snake River and the Flying Dutchman, which is nearing completion, will be rigged with mast and sail and put in readiness for the fall campaign.

George and I, who are patiently waiting for the open season and the arrival of the others of the club, pass our leisure hours, which are mostly on Sundays, in searching for arrowheads, which are not plentiful.

The quest for these records of the past is intensely interesting and not without suitable reward to the persistent hunter, who with a stick and sharp eye pokes and looks about the remains of ancient Indian camps that are well defined on the sheltered side of the sand hills along rivers and other water courses. Each new find is recorded with a whoop of delight, until the searcher, tired out from peering at the glaring sand, sits down to rest the aching back and take stock.

Specimens of obsidian, beautiful in design and in several colors—jet black, cholocate or deep greens, which are the commonest, are spread out for inspection and comparison.

Transparent opalescent flint vies with the smoky topaz or the denser material, which to my eye resembles amethyst, and all are judged as to artistic design and construction, and the hunters wonder if these implements could speak would the tale be of grand hunts and bloody wars, or that some careless worker had dropped and lost them in the shifting sand where they have lain in the broiling sun for the centuries since, until some faddist found them and lugged them off in triumph to decorate his den! We give it up! Some day we may construct a legend for each one and be able to tell its age to a day. At present we shall try and complete our collection and enjoy every moment of the quest.

There are a few drawbacks here as in every other place, and one of them, the sand storm, is not the finest thing that ever happened; so, in the midst of one a few days since, a native who rivaled the proverbial miller in appearance, remarked that he "guessed I would like to be back where I came from."

I smiled, and mentally ran over the above stated offsets to the breezes with soil in them that whisked about until the very air was a dense yellow, and trust I may be pardoned in replying, "You had better guess again." Noynek.

Automatic Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I used a pump gun for a while, because it fits a left-handed shooter better than a double gun, unless he has a special stock made. I gave it up because it is noisy, the second barrel is slow, and you can't shift your hands quickly and quietly. Besides, like all hammer guns, it is unsafe. It is little, if at all, more destructive than a double gun. The waste of game is a question of the man, not the gun. I have had no experience with the automatic gun. Aztec.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is evident from Mr. Kennedy's letter (page 54, July 14) that he has never used a repeating shotgun, and he probably never used a repeating rifle. He has, therefore, written an attack upon and proposes legislative enactment against a style of firearm with which he is utterly unfamiliar.

With the rifle it is probably safe to say that one hundred repeaters are now sold to one single shot when the repeater started. Most all of our best rifle shots are using repeaters for target shooting as well as hunting.

MR. LYLE'S MOOSE HEAD.

"FOREST AND STREAM" SECOND PRIZE MOOSE HEAD.

Killed by Mr. James Lyle, Sept. 25, 1905, at Trout Brook, N. B. Measurement from point to point of rakers, straight across, 59½ in. Width of palms, 15 in. Length of palms, 30 in. Twenty-six points.

Very much more accurate shooting can be done with a single-barrel than a double-barrel gun; in fact, an expert using a repeating shotgun can shoot with remarkable accuracy almost equal to that of a rifle. Does Mr. Kennedy suppose he could do accurate work at the target using a double-barrel rifle with the sights placed along the rib between the two barrels?

The recoil from a single-barrel gun is in a parallel plane directly through the center line of the gun from the muzzle to the butt; this is positively not so with a double gun. Did Mr. Kennedy ever notice when he shoots the right barrel, that his double gun kicks over to the right side, and that he has to hold hard on the fore arm with his left hand to keep the gun well over to the center, the reverse being the case with the left barrel? This is one reason why a single-barrel repeater shoots further, harder, closer and straighter than a double gun, i. e., the recoil is in a direct plane through the center line of fire.

Especially for trapshooting, duck shooting and long-range accurate work the repeating shotgun has the double gun outclassed. The repeater being a "slaughter gun," as Mr. Kennedy terms it, is so only in the hands of a fool shooter. The double gun is just as much a "slaughter gun" with a fool shooter, as this class of nuisance is invariably slow on the trigger and don't begin to shoot until the birds are well out of his reach.

Mr. Kennedy should wake up and become more progressive. A double-barrel, double-trigger gun is out of date. He seems to forget that he shoots a different length stock every time he shoots a different barrel. The single-trigger, double gun is very much the nearest to perfection, and why—why, simply because it comes the nearest to the single-barrel repeater.

P. Emerson Waddell.

Woodlawn, New York City.

This Moose Carried a Compass.

Brookfield, Nova Scotia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last winter near the town of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, on the farm of Mr. Cornelius Swanberg, a moose was shot by his son George, and when the creature was opened up the contents of the stomach had discharged through a rent made by the bullet. Among this half-digested material appeared a small brass compass 1¼ inches in diameter with a cover, but in good order. Spots of green rust were evidence that it had been swallowed at least two or three days. The young man, whom I know very well, presented me with the compass. No doubt the animal had been picking up the scraps about a camping ground and gathered up this trinket in her loose lips. Such an occurrence must be extremely rare. Very likely that no other moose had ever roamed the forests with a compass in the stomach. Had not the stomach been torn by the bullet in this instance, the discovery of the instrument would not have been made.

R. R. McLeod.

Death of a Newfoundland Guide.

Jamestown, N. Y., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* John Strout, who was among the oldest hunters, if not the oldest, of Newfoundland, died at his home, at Alexander Bay, July 5. He had done no other work but hunting. He killed meat for the men who built the Newfoundland Railroad from St. Johns to Port Au-Basque, about 550 miles, hunted both sides of the track for almost the entire distance and met with many adventures. After the building of the road he acted as guide for a great many sportsmen, hunting with some of the noted visitors from Europe and America.

John Strout had a happy, genial disposition, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him. Well do I remember his hearty laugh and his merry jest and the many quotations that he made from "Bobby Burns." His hearty voice, his willing hand and untiring zeal as a hunter and guide, had earned him many a friend on both sides of the Atlantic, who will sincerely mourn his death. His neighbors will miss his genial smile and helping hand in times of distress.

Hunter.

Wild Pigeons Reported.

The Duluth Evening Herald, Aug. 1, says: "After an absence of over thirty years, during which time not a single specimen of the species has been seen wild in these parts, the wild pigeons which once frequented the Middle West are returning to their old haunts. Lumbermen report having seen large colonies of them along the Cloquet River in Minnesota and numbers have also appeared in the woods of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin and along the shores of Lake Superior."

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

About Birds and Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In common with hundreds of your readers, I have been much interested by recent letters in your columns anent the alleged return of the passenger pigeon to its old haunts. The statements of Mr. Burroughs, in your issue of July 14, are so clear and definite, and he is so competent and careful an observer, that I was somewhat surprised that they are considered doubtful by Mr. W. B. Mershon, another competent investigator whose pen now too seldom graces your columns. That Mr. Burroughs, or the man he mentions, could mistake a flight of curlews, plovers or Carolina doves for a flock of passenger pigeons, is to me incredible. I could as readily believe that an angler of Mr. Mershon's large experience could be mistaken when he states that he saw, during his last outing on the Grand Cascapedia, a salmon feeding on flies or water bugs; or that I was mistaken when I saw, a few years ago, a bunch of six passenger pigeons pass within a thousand yards of where I stood. As there are neither curlews, plovers nor Carolina doves in this part of New Brunswick, I could not have mistaken them for wild pigeons. I hope Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Mershon will continue their investigations and let your numerous readers know the results.

Mr. Mershon's interesting letter revives the old question which is the reproach of naturalists. After all that has been written on the life history of *Salmo salar,* in Europe and America, it is surely a reproach to ichthyologists that so simple a question as this species of the genus *Salmo* living half its life without eating, is yet undecided by savants. That the fish which Mr. Mershon saw and caught was *feeding,* is proved by the fact that six flies were found in its alimentary canal and intestines. Plain, unlettered, common-sense people would conclude that this fact—one only of thousands observed and of hundreds recorded—settled the matter; but it seems that so distinguished a scientist as Dr. Weir Mitchell, to whom the insects, preserved in alcohol, were submitted by Mr. Mershon, gives the result of his examination in these words: "Food is often found in the salmon, which they probably bring in from the sea, or possibly take after reaching fresh water; *but it is never digested after the fish reaches fresh water. There is no question about a salmon's digestive apparatus becoming useless after coming into fresh water."* [The italics are mine.]

With all due deference to Dr. Mitchell, I would respectfully ask him on what data or by what reasoning he arrived at the conclusion I have underlined. Surely it is in direct conflict with the facts submitted by Mr. Mershon, and with the thousands of instances in which salmon have been caught with bait in Scotch, English and Irish rivers, as well as in those of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America. Until Dr. Mitchell gives us some more substantial reason that his mere *ipse dixit,* observers like Mr. Mershon, Charles Hallock and the writer must think his general conclusion is founded on too limited an induction. The exquisite humor and sarcasm with which Mr. Mershon concludes his interesting letter show what he thinks of Dr. Mitchell's fad. Will not your well-informed correspondents, Dr. Morris and Mr. Chambers, tell us what they know about this matter?

In frequent conversations with the late Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the writer has reason to think that the facts he presented, led that great scientist to revise his opinion. Could he have known the facts related by Mr. Mershon, I am persuaded that he would have reformed it altogether.

Sussex, N. B., Aug. 1. THE OLD ANGLER.

American Fisheries Society.

FORTY-NINE delegates representing thirteen States gathered at the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Grand Rapids last week. New York State was represented by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the State fish-culturist, and Mr. John D. Whish, the secretary of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. The sessions were exceedingly practical and closely attended by the members, in spite of the many invitations extended by the committee of citizens. The meetings were held in the rooms of the Board of Trade, where Mayor S. F. Ellis welcomed the Society most cordially and gave the members the freedom of the city at noon on July 24. President Joslyn, who responded to the welcome, called the attention of the Society to the fact that Blaine once called Grand Rapids "the largest city of its size in the country." Mr.

AN ADIRONDACK WOODS FAIRY.

W. R. Shelby, speaking for the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association, greeted the delegates as fellow fishermen.

Business began briskly after the short preliminary greetings. The standing committees for the session were announced and Mr. Meehan, of Massachusetts, detailed the progress made in protective laws during the year. As an evidence of its esteem the Society commissioned Mr. Henry F. Depue, of New York, who is going abroad for several years, to be its representative in all foreign countries through which he may pass.

Prof. Jacob Reighard, of Michigan University, opened the formal programme with a highly important paper on "The Identification for Legal Purposes of Mutilated or Dressed Specimens of Whitefish or Herring from the Great Lakes." His researches were called forth by the seizure of a very large quantity of what were declared to be undersized whitefish by the game protector, but which the fishermen insisted were not whitefish at all. As the fish had been split and salted and the heads removed there was a hard problem presented, but science solved it by the microscopic examination of the scales. The paper was illustrated by drawings, and seemed to solve a vexed problem, but the speaker said his experiments ought to be carried much further in order to make the plan of definite value. The game wardens, however, seemed to think that they had in the method offered a sure way to catch the smarter class of offenders.

In discussing the paper, Dr. Bean urged that the members try to get the scientific name of the fish to be protected written into the law that is passed for the purpose of protection. He cited the case which has very recently arisen in New York State, where the fishermen deny that blue pike is protected by the law that forbids the netting of pike-perch, although the understanding when the bill was passed was that the entire pike-perch family was to be protected.

A plea for "Protection as an Aid to Propagation" was next made in an able paper by Mr. S. F. Fullerton, of St. Paul, Minn. He called attention to the steady decline of the Great Lake fisheries and the utter failure of the best efforts of fishculturists to bring them up to their former level. Both the U. S. Commission and the Commissions of the States bordering on the lakes have poured millions of fish from their hatcheries into the lakes, but whitefish and lake trout have steadily fallen off in numbers. His conclusion was that the trouble is due to the failure of the States bordering on these lakes to properly protect the waters. He asserted that hundreds of lake trout recently seized weighed less than one pound. The remedy he proposed was more care in planting the fry, an uniform close season for the Great Lakes, more care in licensing the market fishermen, strict examination of the catch and absolutely no fishing on spawning grounds. He did not believe these fisheries would ever be restored unless the States ceded control of the lakes to the Federal Government, and a suitable treaty is made with Canada.

This paper stirred up the members at once. Mr. Titcomb added to it by calling attention to the failure of the shad fisheries, which he declared was due primarily to overfishing.

Mr. Frank N. Clark, of the Northville Station of the U. S. Commission, favored Federal control, but denied that the Great Lakes fisheries were at the point of extinction. He argued that an examination of the statistics of the fisheries for a number of years would show that the trout and whitefish were at least holding their own. "Stopping the catching of undersized fish and the pollution of the water is all that is necessary," he asserted, adding that the pollution of the Great Lakes was such that the spawning grounds were not nearly as much in extent as thirty years ago, and were becoming less yearly. Mr. Meehan, of Pennsylvania, also disagreed and asserted that the statements were not true of Lake Erie, where whitefish and blue pike are increasing. Nevertheless, he favored Federal control. Mr. Nevin, of Wisconsin, advanced the theory that the fish are in the lakes as of yore, but are "getting wise" to the nets and avoid them.

Mr. Boardman, of Rhode Island, asked the scientific men present how much pollution of the water they thought fish could stand. Prof. Atkins, of Maine, replied that much depends on the kind of pollution, and also on the kind of fish. Carp seem to thrive on it in Germany. (Laughter and cries of, "Yes, carp, but what else?") Prof. Atkins urged a thorough investigation of the whole matter of water pollution. Mr. Titcomb called attention to the deadly results of the oil tank steamers dumping their water ballast into the Delaware River in violation of the law. Whole schools of young shad are killed in this way. Mr. Clark asserted that

any kind of pollution is bad for fish. Dr. Bean showed how the pollution of waters caused diseases that are deadly to fish, and cited a recent outbreak among the hardy brown trout as an example.

An attempt to show that the whitefish and lake trout are not disappearing from the Great Lakes was made in a paper read by Mr. Seymour Bower, who took his facts from the statistics of the lake fisheries themselves. He had collated the figures of the Michigan statistics and really made out a strong case for his side, but the members seemed to think that other things besides figures must be taken into consideration. Nevertheless, Mr. Bower's paper served to call attention to the greatness of the lake fisheries, and also the very great increase in the use of nets and boats for fishing, and to the fact that from 1891 to 1904 the number of fishermen had practically doubled. Mr. Bower made the assertion further that two-thirds of the whitefish caught in Lake Michigan are under size and illegal fish.

"Experiments in Propagation of Rainbow Trout" were discussed in a paper read by Mr. Albert Rosenberg, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who is a specialist in this species. He offered the suggestion that low vitality in the eggs might be due to overfeeding the brood fish. The discussion of the paper showed that all the hatchery men had had trouble with this fish, although they had not previously reported it.

The session closed with an exhaustive paper by Dr. H. M. Smith, of Washington, on "Fishery Legislation Before the 59th Congress." His conclusions were that much excellent work was done, but the impression left was that much more should have been done and was sadly needed.

In the evening the Society listened to a lecture by Prof. Reighard at the Ryerson Library on "The Nest-Building Fishes of Michigan." It was handsomely illustrated by lantern slides, showing the domestic habits of the several species.

Officers were chosen at the opening of the second day's session. The vote was unanimous for the following: President, Prof. E. A. Birge, of Madison, Wis.; Vice-President, Dr. H. M. Smith, of Washington, D. C.; Recording Secretary, George F. Peabody, of Appleton, Wis.; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. Charles G. Atkins, of East Orland, Maine; Treasurer, C. W. Willard, of Westerly, R. I. The Executive Committee chosen consisted of John D. Whish, Chairman, Albany, N. Y.; E. Hart Geer, of Hadlyme, Conn.; W. H. Boardman, of Central Falls, R. I.; James A. Henshall, of Bozeman, Mont., and S. F. Fullerton, of St. Paul, Minn. Erie, Pa., was selected as the place for the next meeting. The meeting place was named in honor of Mr. Mcehan, the Pennsylvania Commissioner of Fisheries, and as the big hatcheries of the State are close by, it will be an ideal location. During the short talks that followed the election, Mr. Titcomb called attention to the American Breeders' Association, which has been formed to improve the known animals and plants and produce better ones if possible. He urged the Society to help the work by experimenting in the hybridizing of fishes, and to report the results of crosses. He thought much might be done in the way of improvement by selection in commercial hatcheries, and referred also to the very meager data existing as to diseases of fish. President Joslyn also discussed the matter as one of the greatest importance. Mr. Titcomb turned directly from these remarks to a paper outlining the progress made by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries during the past year. The O'Malley experiments of last season in determining dead eggs of the salmonidæ have been continued, and the proper specific gravity of the salt solution has been determined. The method is of great service in saving labor where very large quantities of eggs are handled. Brook trout, lake trout and whitefish eggs can now be handled in this way. A great variety of problems of interest chiefly to fisculturists were refered to by Mr. Titcomb and discussed by the members. Instances were cited where the same male bass and sunfish have taken care of no less than three schools of fry each in one season.

Dr. Atkins followed with a continuation of his experiments with fasting fry. Dr. Bean and Mr. Clark discussed the paper. The former said it led to important conclusions as to the transportation of fry for long distances, and as to the weeding out of weaklings. The latter said he had learned that there is no need for hurrying out the young fish. Formerly it was the custom to plant fry several days before the sac is absorbed. Mr. Titcomb outlined several additions that could be made to future experiments, especially the number of fish that can be carried to advantage in a certain quantity of water.

A general though brief discussion of the value of brown trout and the proper waters in which to plant it followed. Dr. Bean discussed the unfitness of the species for water containing brook trout. Mr. Whish humorously spoke of the joy which such fishcultural tragedies as the introduction of carp and brown trout indiscriminately brought to the lay brother as he listened to his scientific associates make their confessions. Mr. Meehan insisted that the fault for such tragedies lies wholly with the lay brother whose demands for unsuitable things the scientific associate is unable to withstand.

The session of the morning closed with a paper by Prof. Birge on the "Gases Dissolved in the Waters of Wisconsin Lakes." Lake Mendota was taken as a sample and carefully prepared charts shown, giving the data collected. The very great value of the experiments was apparent from the discussion eagerly joined in by the members, and it was apparent that the subject was of importance as opening up a new view of the conditions of fish life at the greater depths in inland lakes.

Prior to adjournment the Society was briefly addressed by Prof. Roth, of Ann Arbor, who talked of the importance of forestry to fishculture.

Bass was the subject of the afternoon session, which was held in the open air at the Mill Creek Hatchery. Mr. Dwight Lydell showed the ponds in which he made his famous experiments, and the visitors were shown the practical methods employed in feeding and rearing the fish. Mr. Lydell's paper on "The Bass at the Mill Creek Station" naturally led the programme.. It dealt with the entire subject of bass culture, and was the subject of a long discussion. A letter from the manager of the Waramaug Bass Hatchery, in Connecticut, the first commercial hatchery of the kind to prove successful, was read during the discussion. Late in the afternoon the Society adjourned to go to the Lakeside Club, where they were entertained at dinner by the Sportsmen's Association.

On the morning of the closing day the members were up at daybreak to take a train for the Paris Hatchery of the Michigan Commission, where the rainbow trout is a specialty. The ponds were visited, the making of fish food inspected, and the long race where natural methods of trout culture are to be seen was given close attention. The session was occupied with a highly interesting paper by Prof. Atkins, who reported the condition of fishculture abroad. A number of practical questions suggested by Mr. Leary, of Texas, were fully discussed. The Society then adopted the usual resolutions and adjourned. A number of papers, which could not well be read during the several sessions, were ordered fully printed in the volume of proceedings. J. D. W.

Bass Fisbing at Dingman's Ferry.

Dingman's Ferry, Pike County, Pa., Aug. 2.—That the bass fishing is good at Dingman's Ferry is evidenced by a photograph just taken of a day's catch by Mr. Mishler, of Philadelphia, Mr. Jones of Easton and Joseph Layton, a guide. There are thirty-eight fish in all, fifteen of which average over two pounds each. On the same day, Mr. R. L. McLean and Mr. Wm. Stelwagon, of Philadelphia, came in with large catches including a couple of five pounders. The fishing here has been good all season in spite of the heavy rains which have tended to muddy the rivers at times. Senator Abis, of Woodbury, N. J., caught a six pound pickerel in the Delaware last week.

Utah Trouting.

Those vandals who walk the river banks of Utah and Idaho with a stick of dynamite in their pockets ready to "shoot" the first "likely" pool they come upon will find their avocation become rather precarious from this time on. The Utah Fish and Game Protective Association, composed of 300 of the most public-spirited anglers and sportsmen of the State, have taken a pledge to clean out the entire brood of pothunters, and they are putting up their good money to accomplish the result. In their effort the Forestry Department of the Federal Government and the Fish and Game Commission of the State have joined hands. Uncle John Sharp, Fish and Game Commissioner, has offered to deputize every angler and sportsman in the State, making each a full-fledged game warden with power to arrest. Over 100 have signified their intention of being sworn in and making it their business to run down the vandals. Furthermore, the fish commissioner is now on a trip through Strawberry Valley, undoubtedly the greatest natural trout preserve in the West, and when he returns three weeks hence, he will have invested twenty-five or thirty cool-headed foresters with power to arrest any evildoer caught on the streams. And these foresters are just the sort of fellows who will stand no fooling, but will get their man every time even if it requires gun play to do the job. Some idea of the vastness of this fish preserve may be had when one considers the remark of Game Warden Sharp, "One man fishing an hour in almost any stream can get enough fish to feed a dozen ranchmen a whole day."

Because of this fact and, furthermore, that there are few settlers in the valley and no game wardens with power to arrest, the fishermen's paradise is never free from the visits of the pothunter. A fellow who keeps a resort on the Provo River and advertises trout dinners for 75 cents, feeds 200 to 300 people every Sunday. These figures are the result of tabulation kept by volunteers from the new protective association. This resort keeper claims to be the best angler in the State, and he undoubtedly is an expert. He makes the broad claim that he takes every fish he serves his customers right out of the Provo, using none but legitimate means. While it might be dangerous to call him a liar without proper evidence, there are scores of pretty fair anglers who cannot accept his statement, and before the end of the fishing season comes it is expected that he will be convicted of lawbreaking, or at least his sources of trout supply will be effectually cut off. When a man goes out and kills 200 or 300 pounds of trout in the Provo each week with fly, not to speak of attending to the other duties attendant upon running a popular resort, other anglers are figuring that he must be going some. Furthermore, no one is legally entitled to have over twenty-five pounds of trout in his possession at any one time, nor to catch more than twenty pounds in one day.

Every angler in Utah is fully awake to the necessity of preserving the fishes in the streams and of adding to the supply. As a result of this determination to preserve the fish from illegal destruction, every principal river in the State is being patroled by a score or more of voluntary fish wardens daily, and before the close of the season many arrests will be made.

The efforts of Colorado and Wyoming in fish preservation have had a good effect in the way of example to Utah and Idaho. Wyoming statisticians are boasting that in addition to there being the finest fishing in the world in that State, affording splendid out-of-door sport for her own sons, no less than $100,000 is left annually within her borders by sport-loving tourists from other parts of the world. Colorado rates the revenues from sportsmen as fourth in the list, mining, agriculture and cattle being in the lead. Utahans propose to advertise their streams to the outside world, and this step of exterminating the hogs and pot-hunters is the first step.

Another good move inaugurated by the newly formed association is the placing of properly constructed gates at the intake of every irrigation canal in the State. Heretofore hundreds of

trout have been carried into these canals and finally found an untimely end in a corn row of some ranch, left high and dry after the water was turned off. The county commissioners of Salt Lake county, not caring to needlessly antagonize the farmers, and the farmers not caring to go needless expense in procuring gates, have never enforced the law. In fact, these commissioners are only doing what they have promised to do because they find that the claims of the anglers, asserted in concert, may make a difference at the polls if not heeded. So they have promised to see that any screen recommended by the association shall be properly installed at every intake in the county. And as goes Salt Lake so go the other counties. This will be a great saving of trout life in the future, and shows the value of concerted action, for which FOREST AND STREAM has always stood in matters piscatorial.

Another good move is that hereafter fewer fry will be planted in the streams and more fingerlings. There is not unanimity of opinion between the Fish and Game Commissioner and the association; but the two are trying hard to get together, and seem to be succeeding fairly well. As a result, hereafter no trout will be placed in the streams until they are large enough to put up a strong fight for their own existence. Another recommendation is that more fingerlings be placed in the streams and fewer sold to the private ponds.

All of which goes to show that there is strength in numbers, and that the State Protective Association is a good thing for the anglers at large, even if bad for the game hogs and pot-hunters. In their efforts at increasing the fish reserve in the streams, both the Gould and Harriman lines of roads are giving that substantial aid which is measured by the dollar sign.

It is pleasant to note the same spirit has struck Idaho. A few days ago the game warden of Idaho captured three shooters at the terminus of the new Oregon Short Line road, which is being pushed from St. Anthony toward Yellowstone Park. These fellows are ignorant, generally Greeks, Italians or other nationality ignorant and careless of the laws of the land. All they care for is to fill the pot and fill it in the quickest and surest way. These three shooters were caught red-handed after shooting a pool in the noble old Snake. Two of them managed to break away and take to the waters of the Snake, and the Snake, true to its implied character of liking human food, swallowed them into one of its deepest pools. In this laudable work the forestry men of the Government are taking large part under direction of the chief of that bureau.

Here is a yarn of a tenderfoot. His name is Thomas. And he is employed by one of the biggest wagon concerns in the State of Utah. He casts a fly prettily and wears some of the most fascinating fishing toggery ever imported thither where most men think a pair of blue overalls quite good enough to wade in. Well, Mr. Thomas "took up" with one Frank O'Reilly, a salesman, a good fellow and one of those funny fellows who never crack a smile while twisting it off on the other fellow. The fever rose high in the blood of Mr. Thomas as open season approached, and he asked O'Reilly if he knew where they could go for a quiet day on some stream. 'Course O'Reilly did know, and what was more, he was anxious to go himself. So the pact was made, and just as dawn was breaking on the morning of June 15, the two men jumped out of a buggy and tied up their horse near a stream. Spake O'Reilly: "There is the stream right over there; you go and catch the fish while I roast some eggs and make preparations for getting breakfast. You will get all you want, in a little while."

Which was true. Thomas had sixteen big, fat fellows in less than an hour, and was having the time of his life, when some one rudely asked him what he was doing there. He was so busy that he hardly took time to say "fishing." "But this is no fishing ground," said the other man; "this is the State hatchery." Then Thomas was haled to the city prison at Murray, and locked up on a charge of violating the game laws.

FISHING UNDER THE BRIDGE.
Photo by H. W. Clayston.

Meantime O'Reilly lay in the tall willows and chuckled to himself. Finally he hunted up the game warden and explained the matter so neatly that Thomas was allowed to go—even with his sixteen trout, all of which were in the pound class or better. Thomas refused to associate with his perfidious friend for some weeks and kept all his trout himself; but they are good friends now. Thomas says it was the best hour he ever spent on a stream till he discovered that they were tame fish and the time near their breakfast hour.

Reports from the Strawberry River and its tributaries indicate that big catches are being made everywhere. Several camping parties from all over the State are now there, and many more are outfitting for a week or better of fine sport. The sheep flocks have gone up into the hills, and the trout are rising to the fly greedily.

Some good bags are being captured in the Provo, but the best fishing on this noble stream is yet to come. There has been so much snow that the streams are still somewhat roily, and the volume of water makes it impossible to get down and wade.

The Webber at Peoa and Coalville is affording some fine sport. In fact, sportsmen say they never had better sport than is being afforded at these two points. It's a mighty poor sort of angler who cannot lift from four to a dozen game old fellows ranging from 2 to 3 and even 4 pounds.

Reports coming from Idaho indicate that the Snake, Portneuf, Teton and Warm rivers are getting just right, and that many fine catches are being made. Still the waters are not quite low enough to insure the best results, which may be looked for during the second and third week of August. A number of Salt Lakers are promising themselves the finest sort of sport in Warm River, which is a "new" stream, in that it is—or rather was—quite inaccessible till the Oregon Short Line road began to extend eastward toward Yellowstone Park from St. Anthony. And so jealous are the officials of the road of unlawful fishing that the Government was asked to co-operate in every way possible. This was done with the result that not a railroad hand dares attempt any dirty work with the handy giant powder stick, and reports—they are reliable, too—are to the effect that the fishing in superb. A party of four, of which the writer is one, is leaving for a little town near Marysville, where the trout are known to be plenty and gamy. GAGE.

SALT LAKE, Utah, July 24.

From the Beaverkill.

WHEN a member of the angling fraternity learns anything that may be of value to his fellows, it is well to pass it on. Last Monday afternoon, while visiting a summer bungalow on the side of a mountain near here, the owner thereof, an expert amateur fly-maker, gave me his substitute for wax in fly-tying. Wax is always too hard or too soft, too sticky or greasy or not sticky enough. The substitute does away with all this annoyance, and is simple and effective. A few drops of the best coach-body varnish are placed on a small piece of strong paper. This is folded and the silk thread drawn between the folds. At first a little more varnish than is necessary may be put upon the silk, but this is easily remedied by a rub with soft paper. The best way, probably, to use it is to prepare a dozen pieces of silk before beginning work. It is an excellent idea, and as far as I know, entirely original with Mr. Whipple. When the varnish becomes hard or too sticky, another drop or two upon the paper will make it all right. Coach-body varnish is, I presume, copal. It is used on fine carriages, and a small bottle can be bought for a few pennies from any dealer in paints and oils.

In this country we often have great difficulty in getting fine, strong silk for fly-tying. The smallest size made is numbered 000 on the spool, and I have never seen it in any other color than black. It is hard to find and not satisfactory in use. However, all colors can be had on spools marked with the letter "A." This is quite stout, as it is composed of three strands; but these can be separated without great difficulty, if a moderate length, say 18 inches, is taken from the spool. Fasten the end of each thread to a pin stuck into your work table and twist up the strand to the left. Retain the end in the left hand and pass the piece of varnished paper over it. This will hold the twist and the result is a fine thread which may be used in making small flies. Any one who has tried it knows how impossible it is to tie a pretty fly an a tiny hook with stout thread. Only the very best and strongest silk should be bought. Some day I trust that we may be able to buy the finest possible silk in the country.

In spite of the warm weather we have had at times, there is still some fishing to be had. A large portion of the upper river is preserved, or we could have real good sport at any time by driving a few miles. Yesterday afternoon the sky was overcast and I killed seven trout in

about two hours. Then I stumbled into a hole and got well soaked, so tramped homeward as fast as possible. Wet shirt tails do not agree with my constitution, but, all things considered, I think sport was pretty good.

On Tuesday last I had a delightful day on a quarter mile of water some distance up stream. Many of our best clergymen are anglers, and a gentleman of this persuasion kindly drove me to the fishing ground. We took things very easily, yet I had fourteen good trout in my basket when we drove home to tea. By staying on for the evening rise, doubtless the score might have been increased.

The brown trout are often found in shallow water, and the fishing is very pretty. One wades up a broad, rippling stream and casts his fly near rocks, under banks and close to bunches of grass or drift wood. The size of the fish taken sometimes in water only a few inches in depth is quite surprising; but the fly must come down just right to bring them up. I fished for one large trout for at least half an hour, and got him at last by doing wrong, or what is often wrong. I hung a wet fly over him from above. This fish had viewed four other flies with calm disdain. A very small fly is usually best, but in the rough rifts, a larger one will often prove effective. In quieter water the bigger fly may move the fish without taking them. The flies in evidence upon the water are mostly small, except the stone fly, which hatches out irregularly all through the season.

I think that the prejudice against the brown trout, which was common some years ago, has largely died out. It is a noble game fish, and certainly the average size of trout taken in all these mountain streams has greatly increased since the *fario* were introduced.

During the months of May and June the trout taken with fly in the Beaverkill ran from half a pound to a pound and a half. Many anglers retained no fish under ten inches (say five or six ounces). A half-pound trout puts up a good fight in strong water and frequently makes the reel whiz in his first rush. All the trout, foreign and native, fought desperately this season, and were in good condition soon after the opening.

I have great trouble in getting hackles and quills for my pet fly at this time. Really, the only way to get first-rate hackles, of all the colors required, would be to have a poultry farm. Not one cock in twenty has feathers worth taking.

We have had sufficient rain for the crops and to keep the river in good order. The humidity of the atmosphere has been excessive, and quite unusual for this region. The barn swallows have already massed together for migration. In fact, the home flock, which inhabited the eaves of the big barn, has already taken its departure.

The male bobolink lost his wedding clothes some time ago, and can hardly be distinguished from the females and young birds. Old and young will soon congregate on the marshes of the Delaware and elsewhere near the coast. There they are the reed bird, our American substitute for the European ortolan. On the first of September great numbers will appear in the markets, with body feathers removed, to show that they are simply little rolls of fat. In a few weeks they will move in countless thousands upon the rice fields of the Carolinas and Georgia. Here also they are tid-bits, fit to tempt any epicure; but they are a curse to the planters, harvesting into their own little bellies a large portion of their crops. Negroes are employed with old muskets and cheap, common powder to keep them off the rice as far as possible. Some planters allow the market gunners to shoot the birds and wade out into the fields after them, but this injures the growing rice also.

In Jamaica and other West Indian islands the bobolink, reed bird, rice bird, May bird, etc., is known as the butter ball. He rejoices in many names, and is a great traveler.

The Beaverkill is up to-day after last night's rain. The sun tries to break through the clouds at intervals, and by to-morrow morning, I fancy, there may be a chance to tempt one of those real big, old brown trout, which must have their homes in some safe retreat in the river, but venture forth at times when food is abundant and there is plenty of water to give them courage. I have heard of a buster or two; and two weeks ago a fish of 3½ pounds was taken on bait some miles up the river.

Theodore Gordon.

Propagation and Protection.

A paper read before the American Fisheries Society by S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent, Minnesota Game and Fish Commission.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the American Fisheries Society:

The subject that I am asked to write a paper on—Protection—is so closely allied with propagation, that it is a very difficult matter to separate the one from the other; alone either is worthless. Protection is just as essential as propagation if we would reap the benefits from the money and labor expended in the propagation of our fish.

I need not relate what every thinking man knows to be a fact, and that is, our fish are disappearing from the Great Lakes. Every housewife is reminded of that fact when she calls up the fish dealer, by the price—that great barometer of supply and demand.

Now, when the American people are confronted with a problem they naturally ask what is the cause. Are not the waters in the Great Lakes just as pure as they were thirty years ago? No known disease has destroyed these fish. The Government has been most liberal, and year after year has supplied these waters with millions of fry. Have the States bordering on the Great Lakes, whose duty it is to look after the fish and protect them, done their duty? There is only one answer, an emphatic *"No!"* They have not appreciated the necessity of taking care of that which was intrusted to their keeping for the benefit of all the people.

Efforts from time to time have been made to get the States interested. I have attended three meetings in Chicago, myself, called for the purpose of arousing the States to action. Resolutions were passed and speeches made, but the matter ended when the meetings adjourned. There is only one solution—Federal control.

Now, I do not want to say one word that would in any way detract from the splendid work done by the United States Fish Commission and the different State fish hatcheries and the men in charge of same, but I do claim that we do not get the results we are entitled to from the amount of fry propagated and distributed.

Take for example one United States station located at Duluth, Minnesota, the amount of whitefish and lake trout fry distributed during the last ten years from that station alone, was 228,808,628 (that does not include the blue-fin whitefish, pike-perch and brook trout), and I am positive that nearly all of these young fish were deposited in the Great Lakes; in fact, the great bulk of them went into Lake Superior.

Now, with intelligent planting and proper protection, aided by the natural increase, we ought to have good fishing in Lake Superior. I know the other lakes in the Great Chain have been treated as liberally and they, also, ought to show results. Not only have the Great Lakes suffered by the criminal policy pursued by the States, whose duty it is to protect, but that splendid fish, the shad, is disappearing from the same cause.

Twenty years ago in the city of Duluth, Minn., you could get all the whitefish you could carry home with you for five to seven cents per pound. To-day you are a lucky purchaser if you get any, but if you do, you will pay from fourteen to seventeen cents per pound, and then you will have to be careful that you do not get Winnipeg whitefish instead of the Lake Superior. While the lake trout is not so scarce nor the price so high, they are not by any means so plentiful as they were twenty years ago—all because we have been criminally careless. I just read a dispatch from Ontonagon, Mich., which I have inserted in this paper and bears out what I have been saying in regard to the scarcity of the fish in the Great Lakes:

"A large Lake Superior fish company, operating at Ontonagan, has suspended operations for a month in the hope that whitefish and trout then will be found running better. The lifts have been light this season, during the last few weeks especially, and the business has not been profitable. Similar complaint comes from other ports on the south shore of Lake Superior. Poor catches are reported from Marquette and Grand Marais, while instances are noted where commercial fishermen have transferred the scene of their operations to Minnesota waters on the north shore. At Manistique, the Coffey fleet of three tugs has been laid up for the season. The fishing was poor last year, and improvement was expected this season. But the contrary is the case."

Why, gentlemen, what would you think of a farmer, who, after carefully attending to his cows all winter, giving them best of care, when those cows had their young would turn the young out in barren pastures without food, shelter or water; or the poultryman who watches his incubator through the twenty-one days of incubation, when after the young were hatched would turn them out to be a prey for hawks, weasels and all other enemies of bird life. You would say that the dairyman and poultryman were crazy. Well, just as crazy things are done in the protection of our fish. The fishculturist selects with care his breeders, and after fertilizing the eggs, watches them during the period of time to hatch, feeds them carefully until the time comes to plant, when they are turned over to the man who distributes, either in a car used for that purpose of in cans. If intended for the Great Lakes, they are placed on a boat running from eight to sixteen miles an hour, dumped from the gangway without any regard to whether the water in that part of the lake is suitable or not. If for the inland lakes, they are taken to the nearest place on the lake from the railroad station, and there deposited, regardless—the only condition that there is water.

Why, gentlemen, I have seen twenty cans of pike-perch or wall-eyed pike fry, which were sent by the United States Government to a lake in our State, met at the depot by a committee, who with team took them to the lake, only about one-half mile from the village. Instead of taking the fry out in the lake, they dump the whole twenty cans in a creek that runs under the road which divides the two lakes, where the fry was intended for. That creek was filled with shiner and chub minnows, and the way those minnows went after that pike fry was like a hungry tramp after a pie—"the kind that mother used to make." I don't believe that in one hour there were 1,000 fry left of those twenty cans. The committee who met those fish ought to have had instructions where to plant them and how to plant them. This is not an isolated case, and I have no doubt that the members here present who are engaged in the work have experiences to relate where fry might better have been dumped in the gutter than taken to the lake or stream.

A short time ago one of our wardens at the city of Minneapolis, Minn., seized several barrels of fish, mostly lake trout. They were shipped from a neighboring State to my own. There were over three hundred of those trout that would not average one pound, and several that weighed less than one-half pound. Now, what is the use of going to the expense of propagating lake trout and whitefish when fishermen are allowed to catch and sell fish of this size? They don't do it in Minnesota. Our law is 2 pounds undressed, 1½ pounds dressed. After the seizure, I wrote the proper authorities to take the matter up with the shippers, whose cards we took from the package, and offered to go and testify if necessary. So far, nothing has been done that I have heard of, but hope the parties responsible will be brought to trial and a lesson taught them, so that in the future they will be good. The great trouble with us as a people, we allow our greed for gold to blind us, but, after the fish have disappeared, then we wake up and do things that should have been done years ago.

In States where separate Boards exist, one for the propagation of the fish and another for the protection of the game and fish, the best of harmony does not always prevail between these two boards; but they ought to work hand in

hand, because to have complete success, both must work together. Very often politicians interfere with the work and ruin the labors of the fishculturist. Fortunately, our fishculture work has not been interfered with much by politicians, but the protection, which must go hand in hand with propagation, has, and to that extent we have suffered.

Remedy.—A proper method of distributing the fry. They ought to be placed in the water as near as possible to where the parent fish would select for their spawning ground. A Federal law and a treaty with the Dominion of Canada, making uniform closed season on the Great Lakes, so as to protect those fish in the spawning season. A license system for all market fishermen and a rigid inspection of their catch. No whitefish or lake trout allowed on the market in any State less than two pounds undressed. A sufficient number of boats owned by the Government of both countries to look after the planting of the fry and see the young are placed in the most natural surroundings. Those boats to patrol the lakes where fishing abounds, and their duty to not only see that all fishermen are licensed and that their catch conforms to law, but that the exact spawning grounds are located and no fishing allowed thereon, except for propagating purposes. That no fish be taken for their spawn except under the direct supervision of the proper authorities. That no gill nets be allowed during the time fish are taken for their eggs. That all fish not "ripe" or those already spawned be returned to the water with as little injury as possible. That the utmost care be exercised in the selection of the men in charge of those boats. They should be honest, fearless and with ability to enforce the law without fear or favor.

This applies to the Great Lakes or to our commercial fishing, but the problem in regard to our inland lake is just as trying. Care is not taken. When the fry are planted, people are allowed to catch any and all kinds regardless of size. Even the spawning seasons are encroached on, but especially is this true in regard to our Great Lakes, and our only salvation is Federal control.

This Association ought to go on record, not simply pass resolutions (while good in themselves as far as they go), but each State representative should go to his home determined to get his Congressman and Senators at Washington committed to this proposition. Show them how our fish are disappearing, not through any fault of the propagation, but through the poor policy, or no policy, of the States bordering on the Great Lakes. Either put no fish in these waters whatever, if they are not protected, or else change our policy, for I firmly believe that we can never do anything with the individual States. So our only salvation, if we would save our fish, is by the Congress of the United States first making a treaty with Canada, for any scheme that leaves out Canada, as far as the Great Lakes are concerned, would not be feasible. Then after the treaty is made, let the United States, with the co-operation of the Dominion, assume control of not only the propagation, but the protection, and I predict here before this convention that we can have our old-time fishing restored in the Great Lakes, not only to what it was twenty years ago, but with the added knowledge that has come to the fishculturist—an increase of a thousand fold.

Resolved, That the members of the American Fisheries Society now assembled at Grand Rapids, Michigan, view with alarm the almost total depletion of our whitefish and lake trout from the waters of the Great Lakes. Ontario, to the north of us, is sending out a cry—"Stop fishing for five years." We do not believe this solves the problem. We believe that lack of uniform laws between Canada and the different States bordering on the Great Lakes, the non-enforcement of the laws that we have, poor protection in the spawning season, and a total disregard of the size of fish caught by fishermen to be at the root of the evil.

Resolved Further, That it is the sense of this meeting that Canada and the United States ought to form a treaty looking to the control of the fish in our Great Lakes, not only the stocking but the protection.

Resolved Further, That we heartily commend the efforts that have been put forth looking to Federal Control, by the Hon. Geo. Shiras, 3d, of Pennsylvania, and that we here pledge him our undivided support.

Resolved Further, That a copy of this resolution be furnished to each of our Senators and Congressmen at Washington, also to each member of the Dominion House of Parliament.

New England Fishing.

Boston, Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A sportsman friend from the southwestern part of Worcester county reported seeing a quail's nest in which were eighteen eggs, only two of which failed of hatching. Another friend from one of the Cape towns, reports seeing a good number of quail about his neighborhood. Another caller from Plymouth county expressed some regret that he would be deprived of the opportunity to shoot some twelve or fifteen woodducks, that he has located, on account of the close season put on that species by the last legislature. So it seems we have a few left in the State. It is to be hoped there may be many more at the expiration of five years. A Middlesex county farmer came in to tell me about a fine covey of a dozen quail on his premises, and several reports have come to hand indicating that the young birds are quite plentiful in some localities and are doing well. One observer says he rode many miles in a Cape town and saw but one quail.

Dr. Woodward, of Middleboro, and his friend, Mr. Peck, of Connecticut, passed through Boston yesterday on their way to Newfoundland, where they have been regularly for several summers for grilse and salmon fishing.

Pending the settlement by the courts of the case against Joseph F. Minon, of Natick, for boating and fishing on Lake Cochituate contrary to the regulations of the Metropolitan Water Board, Judge Loring of the Supreme Court has granted an injunction against the defendant. Minon has a fine cottage at Camp Pleasant, a resort on the shore of the lake, which has been patronized yearly by a large number of campers who have hitherto enjoyed the privileges of the lake with the exception of bathing rights. Minon, acting upon legal advice, proceeded to boat without the license required by the board and is making a test case, the result of which is watched with much interest by the inhabitants of the towns bordering on the lake.

Prof. Edwin DeMeritt has some thirty youngsters at his summer school camp at Asquam Lake, Holderness. Mr. Raymond Collins, son of the late Capt. Collins, who is the clerk of the fish and game commission, tells me he enjoyed his two weeks' vacation at Holderness very much and had good sport with black bass. The taking of brook trout in the three northern counties of New Hampshire is permitted through August and in the lakes and ponds of those counties until Sept. 15. Trout may also be taken in Lake Sunapee, Sullivan county, through August. In other waters of the State the season closed July 31.

Mr. C. H. French, and two friends from Boston, took sixty-nine trout of which twelve were rainbows, two of them weighing 2½ pounds each, from Baker's River above Warren one day this week. Dr. G. H. Bowles, of Boston, with M. A. Batchelder, of Plymouth, took sixty-four, one of which exceeded ten inches in length. Another Plymouth angler took seven from the Pemigiwasset River that weighed collectively six pounds. Streams in Warren gave up seventy-four to Mr. James Batchelder, of Plymouth. At the Rangeleys it is reported the fishing is exceptionally good for the season, and there are so many new arrivals as to make it difficult for hotels and camps to accommodate all. Mr. Fred B. Comee, of Boston, has at his cottage. "Rouge-et-Noir," his friend George H. Ellis. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fisher, of North Attleboro, are at Bald Mountain Camps. One Bostonian, at Chase Pond, is reported to have brought to gaff a salmon that weighed 18¾ pounds. Central.

Pennsylvania Angling Notes.

Sayre, Pa., Aug. 13.—Trout fishing has been below the standard of former years, and locally apparently small interest has been manifested in this department of angling. As a matter of fact, the old-time trout fishermen have remained at home for the most part during the past season, content with their reminiscences and lamenting, the while, the decline of a glorious sport. All this apathy is due to a lack of active interest in stocking the streams, for it remains true that one cannot kill the fowl that lays the golden egg and expect fortune to smile upon him.

However, what local anglers have lacked in the trout supply is more than made good by the Susquehanna River fishing. And it is a part of river history to say, that for the past two weeks the black and yellow bass fishing has been the best known along the Susquehanna in a decade. Practically every one who has gone on the river, experienced or inexperienced, has succeeded in getting fish. The black bass taken have averaged excellent size, and yesterday several anglers from Sayre and Athens landed bass of 2½ to 2¾ pounds weight. Yellow bass, or, more properly, pike-perch, have likewise run large in size during the past fortnight, and many fine catches of these good fish are reported.

The favorite method is trolling, frogs and lampreys being the best bait, with minnows likewise in order. Anywhere along the river from the State line down to Wyalusing one may find enough excellent bass fishing to satisfy the most exacting. Favorite outfitting points, of course, are Sayre, Athens, Ulster, Towanda, Wysox, Standing Stone, Rummerfield and Wyalusing, the latter point having acquired prestige in years remote that has remained undiminished, even into these later times.

Doubtless at any of the points named, reached directly on the main line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the visitor could basket a nice lot of bass in a day's outing, with the proper outfit.

Houseboats and river craft of almost every conceivable type are now traversing the upper waters of the river, and taken all together, the anglers and river loungers are enjoying themselves immensely. M. Chill.

Kalamazoo Tournament.

At the Kalamazoo (Mich.) bait and fly-casting tournament, Aug. 3 and 4, a large number of contestants competed, and several records were broken.

The first event, accuracy and delicacy fly-casting, was won by Fred N. Peet, of Chicago.

Delicacy and accuracy bait-casting (¼oz. weights) won by Wm. Stanley, of Chicago.

Distance and accuracy won by Reuben Leonard.

Long distance fly-casting won by Reuben Lenoard first, and E. J. Mills second.

In salmon casting (for a record), Mills won with 139 feet (with 18ft. rod); Leonard, second, with 127 feet (with 16ft. rod). The wind was responsible for record scoring. The American record is 143 feet, the English record 150 feet.

Distance and accuracy bait-casting (½oz. weights) won by E. R. Owens, captain of the Kalamazoo Club, with 98.10 per cent.; Wm. Stanley, second, with 98.07 per cent.; O. J. Loomis, third, with 98.01; G. A. Hinterleitner scored 97.14; H. Wheeler Perce, 97.13, and Fred Peet, 97.09.

The closing event of the tourney was the long distance half-ounce bait cast, which was won by Abe Rabbers, of Chicago, with a record of 182 feet 10 inches. R. C. Leonard, of New York, won second place with a cast of 167 feet. E. R. Letterman, of Chicago,, cast 147 feet and won sixth. O. J. Loomis and O. H. Becher, of Chicago, both won eighth and tenth places respectively. The committee in charge of awards will, during the next few days, determine the winner of the all-around championship in the fly-casting events. This honor will likely go to R. C. Leonard, who won first in the accuracy and distance fly casts.

Our detailed report of the tournament has been delayed in the mails.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

10. American, Newburyport, cruise to Annisquam.
10. New York fleet at Vineyard Haven.
10-11. Annisquam, Y. R. A., Annisquam.
11. Bensonhurst, championship race.
11. Huguenot, annual regatta.
11. Harlem, long distance race.
11. Huguenot, Bridgeport Y. R. A.
11. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
11. Keystone, special.
11. Wianno, club.
11. Hingham, Club.
11. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Wollaston, inter-club.
11. Cape May, power boats.
11. Lynn, sail and power boats.
11. Taunton, dories and power boats.
11. Cohasset, club.
11. Kennebec, Bath, commodore's cup
11. American, Newburyport, cruise.
11. New York, Vineyard to Newport and disband.
11. Rochester, N. Y., Fisher cup.
13. American, Newburyport, open.
13. Newport.
13-18. Eastern, German-American trials, Marblehead.
14. East Gloucester, championship.
15-18. Atlantic, race week.
17. Westhampton, women's race.
18. Pan-Quogue, Association race.
18. Stamford-Hartford, Manhasset Bay, cruising race.
18. Indian Harbor, handicap.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
18. Wianno, club.
18. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
18. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Cape May, power boats.
18. Corinthian, Stamford power boats.
18. Boston, Marblehead.
18. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
18. Cohasset, club.
19. Corinthian Union, union regatta.
19. Columbia, Mass., ladies' day.
19. Lynn, club run.
19. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
19. Newport.
20. Atlantic, open.
21. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
22. Moriches, women's race.
21-22-23. Gold challenge cup power boat races, Chippewa Bay.
23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.
25. Wianno, club.
25. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Wollaston, club championship.
25. Moriches, association race.
25. Cohasset, club.
25. Lynn, sail and power boats.
25. Hingham, club, Bayside.
25. Rhode Island, regatta, Potter's Cove.
25. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
25. American, Newburyport, dories.
26. South Boston, ladies' day.
27. Newport.
27-28-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., Provincetown.
28. East Gloucester, championship.
29. Quantuck, women's race.
29. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
30. New Bedford, Ricketson cups, South Dartmouth.
31 and Sept. 1. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
31. Pan-Quogue, women's race.
31. Beverly, open, off Mattapoisett.

The German challenger Felca has won the Coupe de France, securing two out of the three races with the French defender, Rose de France, at Trouville. Dan Aldridge, of Wivenhoe, was captain of the winning boat, and had a Colne crew with him. Aldridge was formerly skipper of the 52-footer Lucida.—London Yachting World.

Harlem Y. C. Long Distance Race.—On August 11 the Harlem Y. C. will run its annual long distance race from Belden Point, City Island, to Stratford shoal and return, 68 nautical miles. The race is open to cabin yachts in cruising trim, 33ft. racing measurement or under, enrolled in a recognized yacht club.

AN EARLY CONTRACT.

It may seem a little premature, when in the midst of a season that promised much and has already realized the most sanguine hopes, to anticipate next year's new yachts. True, this most interesting speculation must be confined to power or steam yachts, for the racing under sail must have ended before final conclusions can be drawn in that direction.

A contract for a new steam yacht was recently announced in the daily press. The design completed, building has since been steadily proceeding. The fortunate contractors may feel something more than mere pride in their enterprise, for in the end they will certainly have a concrete reward to show for it. The owner will get the best at a reasonable figure—if there is such a thing as a reasonable figure in connection with a luxury like a steam yacht, for the workman becomes each year more expensive and the prices of material grow apace.

The summer season is one of inactivity in the yacht yards of the country, excepting in those so fortunately situated as to be called on for repairs or cleaning—a part of keeping yachts in good condition. However, this seems an ordinary phase of the yacht business; yet who, interested in a commercial enterprise, would of his own volition close his works for any period and hope in rush time to make up his interest on an idle plant? With the increasing difficulty of obtaining satisfactory labor, and all the accessories that are growing in favor on steam yachts in their varied services, as much time as possible should be allowed for building and construction in order that the vessel may be sent away on time, a complete and finished product.

Prospective owners, often men of great business ability, sometimes display little foresight in the arrangements which precede the building of their vessels, and adopt methods they would not countenance in their own business. Yacht building for the architect and builder is a business, and—from the peculiar requirements and abnormal leakages that cannot well be prevented—a serious business. Were it more widely known and appreciated that architects and builders are qualified to carry out their contracts; did the owner realize in time what he wanted, did he leave it to the naval architects and builders and did he hold them responsible—as they are—there would be a greater number of contracts to record at this time, and next spring there would be fewer complaining owners.

The placing of a contract for a next year's steam yacht in midsummer, is an evidence of laudable foresight. The example may well be emulated. If this shall be done, not only will much good accrue to yachting, but also to those men upon whom depends much of a yacht's success, the designer and the builder.

Books Received.—We acknowledge the receipt of the Year Book of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, from its secretary, Mr. Addison F. Bancroft. The book contains by-laws, racing rules, etc., and contains much useful information.

The Steam Yacht Kehtoh.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Cox & Stevens, naval architects, we are able to publish plans and photographs of the yacht that was recently launched at the yards in Boston of the Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, yacht builders. The yacht upon launching was christened Kehtoh, and was built to the order of Mr. Roswell Eldridge, New York Y. C. The yacht will soon be completed and delivered to her owner.

Kehtoh is a steel vessel of the awning decked type, and of such a size as offers many opportunities to display skill in the arrangement, and from what the plans show, in which were embodied the ideas of her owner, Messrs. Cox & Stevens have turned out a fine vessel. The hull as in English boats is heavily constructed of steel. The form of the vessel shows a good rise of floor associated with full lines and a maximum displacement on the dimensions. The sheer is particularly pleasing, with well balanced and graceful ends. With a slight tumble home, the boat has that unmistakable look of ableness in combination with grace that is often lacking in many of our yachts, and this for many years has contributed to the popularity of British built steam yachts. The service of Kehtoh is to be two-fold, that of ferrying the owner from his country place at Great Neck, Long Island, to town, and for cruising along the coast. The speed of the boat is to be 12 knots under natural draft and 14 knots under forced draft.

The deck is well arranged to give the maximum of room and is kept clear of obstructions, the central house being unbroken, built of teak as all the rest of the deck work. The bulwarks are of steel with teak paneling. The outfit of boats consists of two launches and two rowing boats.

The accommodations are very well laid out, and indeed a steam yacht of this length, associated with good breadth, gives an opportunity for a comfortable and convenient arrangement. The deck house contains at its forward end the dining saloon, pantry and master's cabin, aft of which are situated the usual openings over the boilers and engines, drying rooms and store rooms, aft of which is situated a large saloon, which contains the stairs to the owner's quarters below. The finish of deck house inside is to be dark English oak. Below decks, the owner's quarters are finished in white, relieved by mahogany pilasters, and contain five state rooms, a valet's room, two bath rooms, a toilet room, and the lobby. Forward under the main deck are located the galley, store and cold rooms, and the officers' and crew's quarters. The ventilation, lighting, heating and plumbing and generally the fittings, have received much attention and care to make them conform to the high standard that each year become more exacting in the construction of our pleasure vessels. The machinery equipment will consist of two Almy water tube boilers and a four cylinder triple expansion engine, and a complete outfit of pumps, also an electric plant. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	150ft. 0in.
Load water line	119ft. 0in.
Breadth	20ft. 0in.
Draft	8ft. 0in.
Water	3,000 gals.
Coal	34 tons
Radius full speed	900 miles
Radius 10 knots	1,500 miles
Indicated horse power	700
Revolutions per minute	250

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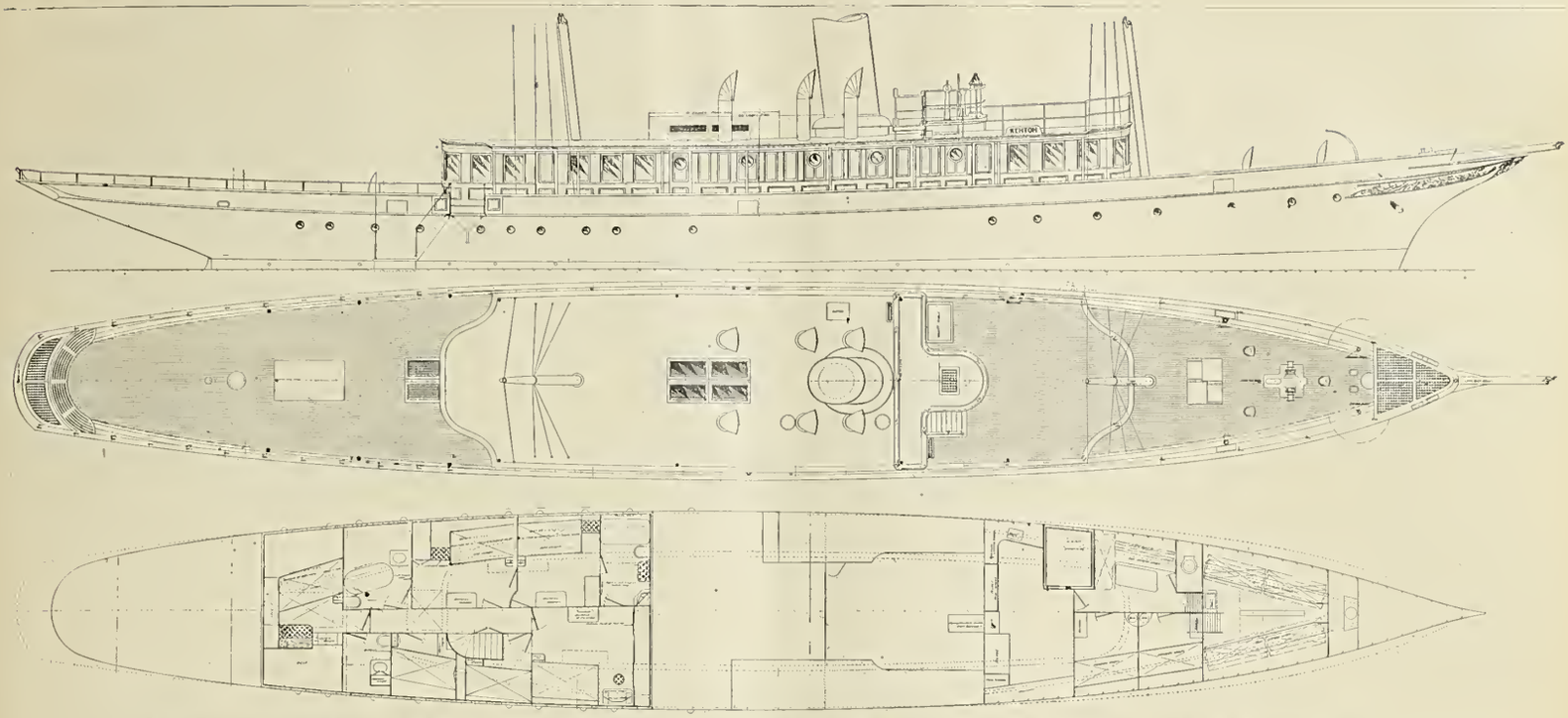
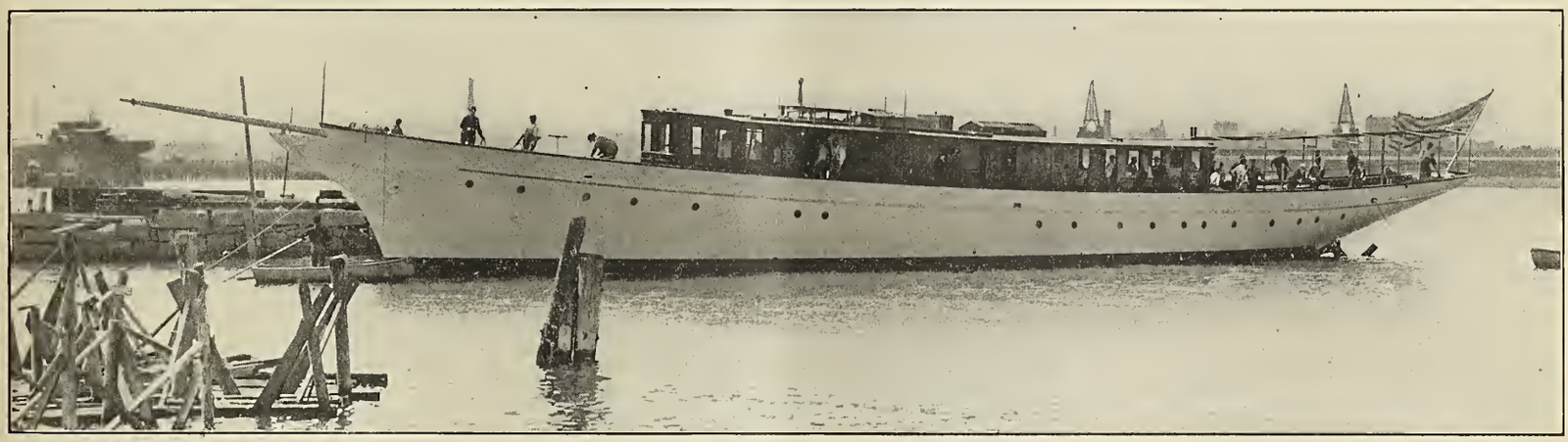


KETOH—OUTBOARD DECK AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY MESSRS COX & STEVENS FOR MR. ELDRIDGE.



KETOH IMMEDIATELY AFTER LAUNCHING.

Boston Letter.

With the cruising element the unseasonable weather of the past month has been the most live topic in this vicinity. In the parlance of State street, somebody is flooding the market with Consolidated Fog, while there is a corner in Sunshine Preferred. Shipping disasters are recorded daily, or oftener, and the yachting fleet has suffered to a greater extent than for years past.

Sabrina IV. ex-Sauquoit, owned by Benjamin D. Hyde, of the Boston Y. C., was wrecked July 30, on the outer ledge near Jerrys Point, Little Harbor, N. H., and is a total loss. Her owner was not on board and the boat was in charge of H. S. MacPherson and W. L. George, who with the steward, comprised the entire crew. They had left Wood Island the afternoon of July 29, against the advice of local fishermen, and made a night run in a strong following breeze and thick fog. They state that the recent installation of a metal water tank had caused an unascertained amount of deviation in their compass, "probably four points." This excuse is as old as that of "my wicked partner," and as a matter of fact they were not far off their course after a long run. They struck about 2 A. M., carried away the mast, and as the yacht commenced at once to go to pieces, they had to swim 200 yards and land through a bad sea on a rocky shore.

The steward could not swim a stroke, but Messrs. MacPherson and George are adepts, and floating him on a pneumatic mattress fought their way ashore. They deserve great credit for their skill, grit and endurance. Sabrina IV., was a new boat in 1900 and was well-known as Sauquoit. She was one of three boats built for and raced in the restricted 30ft. class and was not very successful. Her principal dimensions were L. O. A., 47.8ft.; L. W. L., 29.5ft.; breadth, 10.4ft. and draft, 6.9ft.

A new unnamed 30ft. power launch was lost off Nausett Harbor the night of July 31. She had just been completed at York, Maine, and Winthrop Gardiner and Julian Dustin, two prep school boys, were taking her to Shelter Island, N. Y. They anchored off Nausett Harbor in thick, fresh easterly weather and rowed ashore to find the channel over the bar. The launch went adrift, and striking the beach between Chatham and Nausett became a total wreck.

The thick weather has also been a great source of annoyance to the racing fleet which has centered at Marblehead the past week. Interest has been focussed on the Sonderklasse boats and there have been some striking developments. It has at last been decided that the cat rig is a flat failure and the Caramba and Ellen have followed the example of the Auk in shifting over to jib and mainsail. The rig held out two positive advantages; all the driving power was concentrated in one sail, and there being no lost area in the fore triangle, the cats could get a larger actual sail area than the sloops. But under the interpretation of the rules, they could not carry either balloon jib or spinnaker, and off the wind in a breeze they steered like the brutes that all catboats are under such conditions. Mr. Boardman's fourth design, the Manchester, owned by Dr. Bremer, made her appearance last Sunday and has been doing very good work. She won on Wednesday and being tied with Sumatra and Sally VIII. for the Corinthian Y. C.'s midsummer series cup, sailed against Sally VIII. Saturday morning and won (the Sumatra not showing up.) The Manchester was second in Monday's race to Sally VIII.'s win, so that each won twice during the week. The other winners were Sumatra and Hayseed III., both in paltry airs and rather fluky conditions where the win was more credit to the skipper's judgment than to the boat's speed.

Bonidrei has not been out this week owing to the fact that Mr. Wightman is well satisfied with her showing so far and does not care to take any chance of straining her before the formal trials to select the defenders.

Prophecies are dangerous, but pleasant to make, especially if one is not held to too close account of them. It looks now as if the three American representatives in the series for the Roosevelt cup would be picked from among Sally VIII., Manchester, Bonidrei, Auk and Sumatra.

The New Orleans is now being sailed by a scrub crew, but her owners should soon arrive from Louisiana and may make a much better showing with her. She has the appearance of great possibilities.

The most important event of the week in this

class has been the arrival in Boston of two of the German challengers, Wannsee and Glueckauf IV., sister ships designed by Max Ortz, of Hamburg. They are much shorter on deck than any of the American boats and are not so much of the scow type as the Boston designed craft. Their stems drop down very straight, and then with a blunt turn sweep aft close to the water giving them a snub nosed appearance much like that of the Hussar II. The deck blocks of their weather runners are on long fore and aft travelers, that the lee runner may slide forward well out of the way. The stem iron is a curious contrivance with two prongs, the advantage of which is not readily apparent. There are two deck travelers for the mainsheet blocks, the forward one straddling the tiller. They are clearly built for different conditions of wind and sea than prevail off Marblehead.

William Lambert Barnard.

Rhode Island Y. C.

There was a good breeze of wind to take the fleet of the Rhode Island Y. C. from Newport to Stonington. The wind was blowing 20 knots, and gave every one a chance to show seamanship. However, before the yachts reached Stonington, the wind dropped. The yachts arrived in the order named: A. F. Kielly's Millie, W. B. Comstock's Segma III., F. Thurber's Sachem, Geo. Darling's Corneta, Ex-Com. Rogers' Truant.

From Stonington the Rhode Island Y. C. fleet made a junction at Cornfield Lightship with the Sachem Head and Hartford yacht clubs, and from there they proceeded in company to New London. The combined fleets of the Rhode Island, Sachem Head and Hartford yacht clubs had a very successful run from New London Harbor to New Haven, in which thirty-three craft were entered. The times in the run follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Division No. 1—Sloops Under 40ft.—Start, 9:35.		
Sigma III., W. B. Comstock	5 21 25	7 46 25
Sachem, Fred Thurber	6 34 50	8 59 25
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	6 44 23	9 08 33
Alys, Capt. Kelly	10 05 00	12 30 00
Division No. 2—Sloops Over 40ft.—Start, 10:00.		
Millie, A. S. Kielly	4 46 14	6 41 14
Truant, F. T. Rogers	5 33 02	7 28 02
Corneta, George Darling	5 21 45	7 16 45
Division No. 3—Yawls Under 40ft.		
*Keto, C. D. Reynoldt	9 33 00	. . ..
*Wanderer	12 00 00	. . ..

*Elapsed time not given.

The combined fleets sailed on Aug. 1 for Shelter Island. Light wind was encountered, and slow time was made on the 40-mile run. The times in the team race follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	4 47 00	7 32 00
Petrel	5 44 00	8 29 00
Sachem, Fred Thurber	7 35 00	10 20 00
30ft. Sloops—Start 9:30.		
Wanderer IV., Flint Brothers	4 18 00	6 48 00
Sigma III., W. B. Comstock	4 56 00	7 23 00
Alys, Capt. Kelley	5 52 00	8 22 00
40ft. Sloops.		
Iskoodah, S. W. Nicholson	4 12 00	. . ..
Truant, F. T. Rogers	5 05 00	. . ..
Millie	4 12 00	. . ..

Several others finished too late to be timed.

On Aug. 2 the combined fleet sailed from Shelter Island. The journey was not made under good weather conditions, fog and light winds being encountered. No times were available, as a new measurement rule has been decided upon, and will require the yachts to be remeasured.

Amazon Damaged.—While entering New Harbor, or Salt Pond at Block Island, on August 1, the Young Men's Christian Association yacht Amazon fouled the dredger Columbia, lately sunk in the fairway in which she had been dredging. The yacht sustained the loss of her port davits, and launch, which was ultimately recovered, and tore her mainsail. After the accident the yacht was caught by the sea, and was going on to the breakwater, when the tug Gallison took her in charge and towed her in.

The auxiliary ketch Normona has been chartered for Mr. Paul Gilbert Thebaud, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. Harry C. Ward, through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 229 Broadway, New York city. Mr. Ward is now cruising in Eastern waters.

The same agency has also sold the sea-going cruising launch Wing & Wing, for Mr. Reginald Norman, Newport, R. I., to Mr. W. J. Brodie, Cleveland, O. The yacht made a successful run to Cleveland from Newport and is now flagship of the Lakeside Y. C., Mr. Brodie being commodore.

Lipton and Fisher Cup Racing.

Blow high, blow high, whether the Detroit, Cleveland and Toledo yacht clubs stay in or pull out, let double rudders be permitted or debarred, the Hamilton, Ont., entry for the Lipton cup contest at Chicago will stay with the game.

The Raven, for so the Hamilton entry is called, is as black as her name, and also as sleek looking. She is potleaded up to her varnished sheer strake, and bears the earmarks of the racer everywhere. Designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower of New York, and built in Hamilton under the personal supervision of her managing owner, Mr. J. H. Fearnside, she took the water about the middle of July, and has since then been steadily engaged in tuning up. She is now almost ready for her voyage to Chicago, which will be made, owing to the exigencies of time, by the prosaic railroad route. She will be loaded on a flat car at Toronto, and shipped from there west.

The one criticism offered against the Canadian entry is that she is essentially a smooth water boat. There is no denying that her long flat overhangs are intended to give her speed when heeled in a strong breeze with little sea, and the slight reverse curve in her profile aft, and more pronounced one forward fit in with this idea. Her cabin trunk is almost as remarkable as that of New Illinois, looking like a decapitated pyramid, with the deck as a base. There is the ordinary slide at the after end, and a special one forward for the handling of sails.

The Raven is 36ft. over all, 21ft. on the waterline, 10ft 6in. maximum beam, 6ft. 6in. draft, and has 1,600 pounds of ballast and 900 square feet of sail, 720ft. in the mainsail and 180ft. in the jib. She is an out and out keel craft.

The Fisher cup contest at Charlotte, N. Y., beginning on Aug. 11, brings together representatives of the best designers in the yachting world. Iroquois, the defender, is the product of Charles F. Herreschoff, a nephew of the famous "Nat." Zoraya, the Canadian challenger, was designed by Alfred Mylne, a pupil of the late G. L. Watson, so that the contest is thoroughly international in character.

The Rochester Y. C. has notified the Royal Canadian Y. C. that last year's measurements of the boats would be accepted, and on this basis they compare thus:

	Zoraya.	Iroquois.
Length over all	47 ft.	52 ft.
Forward overhang	9 ft.	10 ft.
After overhang	8 ft.	12 ft.
Waterline	30 ft.	30 ft.
Beam on deck	9 ft. 11 in.	10 ft. 6 in.
Beam on waterline	9 ft. 6 in.	10 ft.
Ballast	5 tons, 1,760 lbs.	5 tons
Draft	7 ft.	7 ft.
Sail area	1,548 sq. ft.	1,550 sq. ft.
Mainsail	1,158 sq. ft.	1,000 sq. ft.
Fore triangle	390 sq. ft.	450 sq. ft.
Mast above deck	39 ft.	43 ft.
Mainboom	37 ft.	37 ft. 6 in.
Gaff	24 ft. 6 in.	24 ft. 6 in.
Spinnaker boom	20 ft.	23 ft. 6 in.
Mainsail hoist	32 ft.	29 ft. 6 in.
Bowsprit outboard	6 ft.	7 ft. 4 in.

Iroquois is a white, high-shouldered craft, with rather bold bows, a long, slim after overhang, a low cabin trunk of mahogany with a surprising amount of glass in it, and a double headsail sloop rig. Under water she more closely approaches the fin-keel type than does Zoraya. Her performances last year stamped her as a boat that was at her best in light to moderate breezes. The Canada's cup races she lost to Temeraire were in breezes of from wholesail to reefing strength.

Zoraya has practically the same reputation. Last year Temeraire could beat her under almost any condition, but while the wind was light, Zoraya was always dangerous. This year she has shown an all-round improvement. She won ten consecutive victories against Temeraire. In light to moderate weather the latter had the chance whatever. It was only when it breezed up that she was in the racing, and then she did not win. They only sailed one race in a wholesail breeze, and here Temeraire was beaten by 54s. on a 6-mile course. In breezes of more than 12-mile strength, Zoraya is probably no faster than Temeraire.

Zoraya is quite the converse of Iroquois in form, rig and color, while remarkably like her in performance. She is painted black—a favorite color for Canadian challengers—with a broad band of bronze at the waterline. She has a rather high-domed cabin trunk, with mahogany sides and canvas-covered top. Her rig is a high, narrow mainsail and single headsail, the simple jib and mainsail sloop. Her counter is surprisingly short, her overhany being unique in that it is less than the forward one. In model she presents a contrast to Iroquois, her fin being not all pronounced in profile. The sweep of the stem is carried down to the lead, with little reverse curve, and her garboards are not very hollow, nor her bilges very full, the sides being carried down to the lead ballast.

Zoraya is 5ft. shorter than her opponent, over all. She is the same length on the waterline, approximately, 6in. narrower in beam, and of the same draft. She has the smaller fore triangle and the larger mainsail. She has nearly a ton more ballast. Canadians have no fears of her giving a good account of herself in light to moderate

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weather; but what she will do against Iroquois in a blow is a subject on which they are left guessing.

In the first race for the Canada's cup last year, in light weather, on a very fluky day, Iroquois beat Temeraire by 12m. 50s. on a 21-mile course. Zoraya has beaten Temeraire by 16m. on a 12-mile course. In the next race, on a 16-mile course, in a stiff breeze, Temeraire beat Iroquois by 5m. 4s. In the following race, in a still stronger breeze and bigger sea, Temeraire beat Iroquois by 2m. 28s., although she was not sailed as hard as she might have been. Temerairie was beaten by 3m. in the next race on a 16-mile course in light and variable winds, and by 2m. 15s. in the last race, under similar weather conditions.

C. H. J. SNIDER.

Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 386th regatta from its club house on Saturday, July 28. The event was the fourth Corinthian race of the season.

During the morning there was a light northeasterly breeze, but it died out during the day, so that at starting time there was hardly wind enough to get the boats across the line.

The 21-footers were sent away first, and ran with spinnakers toward Bird Island. When they got a little way beyond the Neck, the wind died out entirely, and the boats lay becalmed until a slight southwesterly air reached them. This looked encouraging for a while, but soon died down again. First one boat would take a puff, and then another, with the result that they were very much scattered. Arethusa, Amanita III. and others stood far to the westward, and Radiant, Barnacle, and Edith stood far to the eastward. Just before reaching the buoy, Arethusa and Amanita III. had a light puff from the westward, which sent them around some distance ahead of the boats that went to the east. They set spinnakers again and started on the run home. After all the boats were around, the breeze strengthened somewhat, and the run home was made very interesting, as the freshening breeze brought up the boats astern, and Illusion, who had kept off to leeward of the bunch, drew ahead on the run in, and won the race. Mr. Emmons' new boat, Idler, finished first, but was disqualified for carrying more than four in her crew.

There were two entries in the 18ft. class, and they were sent over the same course as the 21s. Jap won by over 2m.

The 15-footers were sent to Abiel's Ledge, Mosher's Rock, and return. Mr. Ralph Winsor sailed his cousin, Robert Winsor's, Peacock, finishing first, and Miss Codman in her Yalu, took second place. The times in detail follow, wind light, 5 miles per hour:

21-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 24 04
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 24 21
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 24 25
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 24 58
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 25 58
Edith, Clark King	2 27 13
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 27 21
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 27 28
Idler, B. W. Emmons, 2d	Protested.

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	2 22 10
Wizard, F. W. Sargent	2 24 29

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Peacock, Ralph Winsor	2 15 30
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	2 16 20
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 16 30
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	2 17 20
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	2 17 52
Fiddler, Miss C. W. Dabney	2 18 10
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	2 18 12
Whitecap, W. Vredenburgh & S. Minot	2 18 20
Jack, Robert F. Herrick	2 20 01

Larchmont Race Week Results.

IN the Larchmont race week, which came to an end last Saturday, there were, all told, for these races 557 yachts entered. The scores are reckoned on the point system, and were compiled by the Regatta Committee:

New York 30-footers.

Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	8	10	4	*10	10	9—51
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	..	8	8	*9	8	8—41
Atair, G. E. & J. C. Meyer	4	1	10	5	9	10—39
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	9	9	7	*8	2	4—37
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	7	2	6	6	7	5—33
Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan	10	5	9	4	..	..—28
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	..	6	5	7	3	7—28
Minx, Howard Willett	5	4	3	2	6	6—26
Adelaide, P. H. & G. A. A.	6	7	1	1	5	..—20
Alera, A. H. & J. Walker	3	3	2	3	4	3—18

*Protestes against Cara Mia, Phryne, and Neola II. If allowed, the score of each other boat will be increased 3 points, while the three disqualified lose their credits for the day.

Raceabouts.

Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	7	8	9	8	8	7—47
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	5	9	7	9	9	6—45
Tomboy, A. Iselin	8	6	8	7	7	4—40
Chinook, R. Mallory	6	7	4	2	4	9—34
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	9	5	5	3	5	3—30
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	4	4	6	5	6	..—25
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2	2	3	4	3	8—22
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	1	3	..	6	2	5—17
Indian, W. Gardner	1	..	..	..	..	..— 3

Rascal III., Tartan, and Tomboy got the three prizes.

Sloops—27-footers.

Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5	2	5	5	3	3—23
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	4	4	3	3	4	5—23
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	3	5	4	4	5	2—23
Regina, F. G. Stewart	..	3	2	2	2	4—13
The Kid, O. Harriman	..	1	..	..	1	..— 2

Sloops—22-footers.

Joy, W. H. Childs	10	5	10	10	9	9—53
Spider, Hendon Chubb	9	9	5	8	10	8—49

KEHTOH—BOW VIEW.

Saetta, G. H. Church	7	6	9	7	8	7—44
Sora, W. A. Barstow	8	10	4	9	..	10—41
More Trouble, R. H. Childs	6	8	6	5	6	6—39
Paumonak, F. P. Currier	4	7	7	4	7	5—34
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	5	4	8	6	5	4—32

Okee scored 3, Miss Modesty 5, and Kim I. 1 in the races in which they started.

Handicap Class—First Division.

Rube, G. P. Granbery	4	6	6	5	5	4—30
Thelema, A. E. Black	5	5	4	4	4	5—27
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	6	4	5	..	6	.. --

KEHTOH—STERN VIEW.

Marguerite, W. F. Clark	2	3	5	6	6	..—22
Anona, D. Y. Pendas	3	2	2	3	2	..—12
Firefly, M. B. Pendas	1	..	..	2	..	3— 6

Handicap Class—Second Division.

Maryola, H. P. Sayre	7	7	7	7	5	4—27
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.	6	6	6	4	7	2—31
Scamp, W. Murdock	5	..	5	5	..	6—21
Grasshopper, H. Pryer	4	..	3	6	..	7—20
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	3	..	4	3	..	3—13
Answer, D. Abbott	..	..	..	..	6	5—11
Montauk, W. P. Sheldon	..	..	..	2	4	1— 7

In the other classes the scores were:

Schooners—Queen 11, Elmina 6.

Seventy-footers—Rainbow 5, Yankee 3.

Sixty-footers—Weetamoe 18, Effort *16, Neola 11, Irolita 3, Isolde 2. (*Effort protested when she finished second, scoring 3 points.)

Forty-eight-footers—Irondequoit 9, Eleanora 6, Rosalie 1, Pelegrina 1.

Forty-footers—Irondequoit 2, Pelegrina 1.

Thirty-three-footers—Mimosa III. 2, Porpoise 2, Vivian II. and Diana failed to score.

Larchmont 21-footers—Houri 22, Dorothy 15, Follette 9, Vaquero 13.

Eighteen-footers—Mist 16, Vivyen *7, Ace 5, Virginia 4. (*Vivyen racing subject to remeasurement.)

Manhasset 18-footers—Ahoy 26, Chickeoker 22, Arizona 21, Pup 7, Foggy Dew 1.

Scawanhaka 22-footers—Gloria 10, Dipper 8, Grilse 4, Orion 3.

Manhasset Bugs—Big Bug 26, Dragon Fly 16, Lady Bug 14, Skeeter 14, Humbug 3.

American Dories—Tautog 13, Faraway 14, Bobo 9, Bug 5, Skidoo 8.

Indian Harbor 18-footers—Wawa 8, Kenosha 2.

Indian Harbor Catboats—Osseo 19, Miantee 16, Wacouta 14.

Fifteen-footers—Louie Bell 5, Fannie 4, Nancy 1.

Catboats—Grace 6, Arline 2.

Bayside Torpedoes—Skidoo 4, Bedalia 3.

New Rochelle Special—Io 2, Clara 1.

Milton Point One-design—Fannie 2, Fritter 1.

Gravesend Bay Association.

Gravesend Bay—Aug. 4.

THE first regatta for points in the championship of Gravesend Bay was held on Saturday, the classes competing for points being N, P, Q and S. The others were racing for prizes offered by the Marine and Field Club, under whose auspices the races were held. The Q class got badly mixed up on a mark, and resulted in Joy protesting Spider, who in turn protested Saetta for crowding. The winners were Vivian II., N; Jigstep, P; Spider, Q; Beta in Class S. The others were Sakana, yawl; Careless, Martha M. and Ace. The wind was from the south, and later shifted to westerly, thus spoiling a chance for windward work. The summary:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:00—Course, 10½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 50 20	1 50 20
Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05—Course, 10½ Miles.		
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	4 51 10	1 46 10
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	4 53 22	1 48 22
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 57 21	1 51 21
Guide, Mr. Campbell	5 15 21	2 10 21
Yawls, Class P—Start, 3:05—Course, 10½ Miles.		
Sakana, Haviland Brothers	5 04 29	1 59 29
La Cubana, J. H. Ives	5 21 50	2 16 50
Corrected time—On La Cubana, 2:12:38.		
Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10—Course, 8 Miles.		
Spider, Hendon Chubb	4 43 44	1 33 44
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 43 55	1 33 55
Saetta, G. H. Church	4 44 25	1 34 35
Mary, Max Grundner	4 44 35	1 34 35
Quest, D. D. Allerton	4 47 00	1 37 00
Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 50 25	1 40 25
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	4 58 42	1 48 42
Sloops, Special Class—Start, 2:15—Course, 8 Miles.		
Careless, R. Rummell	5 07 58	1 52 58
Ondas, W. Menton	Did not finish.	
Sloops, Class S—Start, 3:25—Course, 8 Miles.		
Beta, Snedeker & Camp	5 40 32	2 15 32
Gamma, J. Mahony	Did not finish.	
Catboats—Start, 3:20—Course, 8 Miles.		
Hester, S. Wicks	5 19 42	1 59 42
Martha M., R. Moore	5 21 09	2 01 09
Cygnus, H. D. Goodman	Did not finish.	

Boats not measured, but Martha M. will win on corrected time.

Dory Class—Start, 3:30—Course, 4 Miles.		
Ace, W. Inslee	4 33 40	1 03 40
Deuce, G. Beston	4 35 00	1 05 00
Dido, L. S. Tieman	4 44 30	1 14 30
Boots, W. F. Sweet, Jr.	4 58 39	1 28 30

Crescent A. C. Dories.

THE last of the series of races offered by the Crescent A. C. for their one-design dories, was sailed off on Sunday, July 29. Mamie won, thus taking the series prize. Mamie has won five out of the ten races sailed.

Start, 2:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mamie, J. W. H. Bergen	3 10 00	1 10 00
Spray, J. S. Campbell	4 06 45	2 06 45
New Moon, P. H. Langden	Withdrew.	

Books Received.

Y. R. A. Southeastern Long Island: We have received from the secretary of the Associated Clubs, Mr. Harry Growtage, the Year Book of the organization, which includes the following clubs: Shinnecock Y. C., Westhampton C. C., Moriches Y. C., Quantuck Y. C. and Ponquoge Country Club. The book is neatly gotten up, contains a list of the various clubs, members of the Association, racing rules, list of boats, etc.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

An easterly storm with heavy rain marred the rendezvous of the New York Y. C. fleet at Glen Cove on Thursday, Aug. 2. Nearly all day the rain poured down and sadly spoiled what would have been a pretty spectacle. The yachts began to arrive off Station No. 10 early in the morning and continued to do so all day long. According to the commodore's orders, the fleet was to rendezvous at 5 o'clock, and just before that hour the rain stopped, and then Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the flagship North Star, steamed into the harbor and was saluted by all the yachts in the fleet. Signals were set at once calling a meeting of the captains, and at that meeting some minor details of the cruise were discussed. It was decided to carry out the programme as arranged by the Regatta Committee, as far as the racing was concerned, and it was also agreed that harbor starts should be made at 8:30 o'clock and the races started an hour later. On board the flagship a handsome display of silverware was made. In all nineteen cups were shown. The most prominent of these was the King's cup, which is to be raced for the first time when the fleet gets to Newport. There were the two Astor cups, which will also be raced for off Newport, and the cups offered by the flag officers for squadron runs. Commodore Vanderbilt offered two schooner and two sloop cups for the run from New London to Newport. Vice-Commodore Henry Walters offered similar cups for the run from Morris Cove to New London. Rear-Commodore S. L. Husted offered four cups for the run from Glen Cove to Morris Cove. Commodore Vanderbilt gave two cups for the run to Vineyard Haven, and Vice-Commodore Walters two for the run back to Newport.

After the meeting the yachtsmen returned to their own vessels, and in the evening were again on board the flagship at a reception held by Commodore Vanderbilt. The 7th Regiment band was on board the North Star and helped make things a little livelier than they would have been.

In spite of the rain there was a large fleet at Glen Cove. More than 100 yachts were counted, and among these were nearly all the crack racers in the fleet, many of the large steam yachts, auxiliaries and cruisers.

Squadron Run—Glen Cove to Morris Cove—Aug. 3

The storm lasted over Friday, when the run was from Glen Cove to Morris Cove. The wind was steady from the E. all day and made it a beat of 39 miles to the Breakwater off Morris Cove. This did not affect the racing yachtsmen, and as soon as the harbor start was made, they went to the starting line made by the Regatta Committee off Week's Point. The committee, Messrs. H. de B. Parsons, Ernest Lorillard and W. E. Kerr, were on board the tug Catherine Moran for the starts and finishes of the races and at other times on the flagship.

The first class, the 30-footers, was sent away at 9:40 o'clock. They crossed the line on the starboard tack in this order: Dahinda, Cara Mia, Alera, Neola, Minx, Phryne, Atair and Banzai. On the next gun Mimosa III., Gardenia, Humma, Altair, Doris, Pelegrina and Phantom started in the order named. Effort led the Irolita, followed by Hester, Neola and Weetamoe. Yankee led in the next class, with Rainbow on her weather quarter, and to windward of her the Vigilant. Sybarita was 4m. late, but she started after Vigilant. In the small divisions of schooners Muriel was first away, followed by Katrina, Crusader, Simitar, Andromeda, Ariel, Venona and Eclipse. On the next signal Corona led the Elmina, Queen, Lasca and Invader, and the auxiliaries started in this order: Endymion, Cachalot, Vencedor, Seneca, Idler, Invincible, Tekla and Ariadne.

Only a few short tacks were made on the Long Island side of the Sound, and then all stood across to the Connecticut shore and fetched about Green's Ledge Light off Norwalk. Yankee at that time had a good lead on Rainbow; Vigilant was leading Sybarita. Effort was the leading boat in her class, and Queen was far ahead of any of the other schooners. The interest in the contest centered in these yachts, and in view of the race for the King's cup, was an exceedingly interesting one. Queen showed up splendidly and overhauled all the yachts in the fleet, except Yankee. Mr. Harry L. Maxwell cleverly handled his yacht, and finished first, winning from Rainbow. Queen was next, and then came Vigilant, followed by Rainbow, Effort, Sybarita, Weetamoe, Elmina, Neola and Corona.

The performance of Effort was one that stamped her as a very smart boat. She was very close to the 70-footers and yawls at the finish, and on corrected time she won. Turning to windward in a steady breeze seems to be her strong point of sailing. She beat Weetamoe 11m. 5s., which is sufficient to show how she was sailing.

Vigilant beat Sybarita 3m. 55s. But for her handicap at the start, Sybarita would have won. Humma won in the 57ft. class from Altair and Doris, and the other sloop winners were Mimosa III. and Neola II.

The committee made some special classifications for the schooners. Invader sailed alone and was only competing for the rear-commodore's cup. In the 90ft. class Queen beat the Elmina and Corona. A special class was made of Muriel, Ariel, Lasca and Endymion, and this Muriel won with lots to spare. Another class was made of the Katrina, Andromeda, Crusader and Eclipse, and this Katrina won. Venona beat Simitar in the small class. The auxiliaries were divided at 70ft. waterline, and the winners of the two classes were Idler and Vencedor. The summaries which follows give the starting times, finish, elapsed and corrected times in each class, according to the figuring of the Regatta Committee:

Schooners, 90ft. Class.

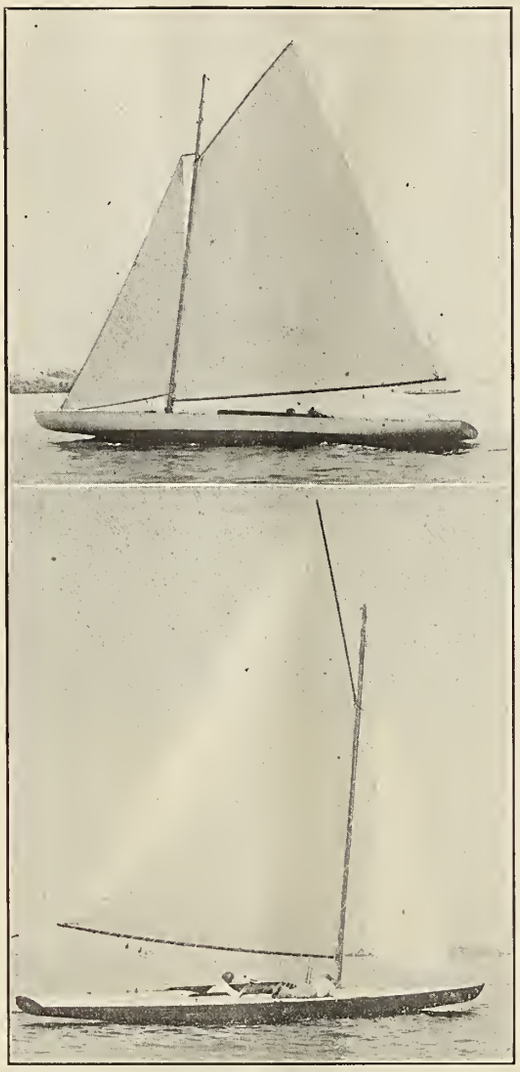
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	10 07 00	3 24 33	5 17 33
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	10 06 59	3 54 31	5 47 32
Corona, A. F. Luke	10 06 17	4 00 48	5 54 33

Corrected time—Queen, 5:14:58; Elmina, 5:46:49; Corona, 5:51:25. Queen wins by 31m. 51s.

Schooners, 75ft. Class, Special.

Muriel, Chas. Smithers	10 00 38	4 22 49	6 22 11

Sonderklasse.



AUK.
NEW ORLEANS.
Photo by Jackson.

CHEWINK VI.
Photo by Jackson.

Ariel, F. L. Leland	10 02 00	4 55 08	6 53 08
Lasca, R. P. Doremus	10 07 00	5 03 35	6 56 35
Endymion, G. Lauder, Jr.	10 07 00	5 51 43	7 44 43

Corrected time—Muriel, 5:53:19; Ariel, 6:36:26; Lasca, 6:42:09; Endymion, 7:30:32. Muriel wins by 43m. 7s.

Schooners, 55 and 64ft. Classes.

Katrina, J. B. Ford	10 01 19	4 53 52	6 52 33
Andromeda, C. N. Nason	10 02 00	6 00 36	7 58 36
Crusader II., S. L. Husted	10 02 00	6 06 00	8 04 00
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	10 02 00	6 06 00	8 04 00

Corrected time—Katrina, 6:24:11; Andromeda, 7:15:47; Crusader, 7:52:30; Eclipse, 7:55:30. Katrina wins by 51m. 36s.

Schooners, 47ft. Class.

Venona, R. Olyphant	10 02 00	6 12 40	8 10 40
Simitar, E. L. Hopkins	10 02 00	6 05 52	8 03 52

Corrected time—Venona, 7:50:21; Simitar, 8:00:59. Venona wins by 10m. 38s.

Schooners, 100ft. Class.

Invader, Roy A. Rainey	10 07 00	4 22 18	6 15 18

Auxiliaries Over 70ft. Waterline.

Idler, H. T. Sloane	10 17 00	5 51 02	7 34 02
Tekla, H. Willets	10 12 00	5 56 31	7 44 31
Ariadne, H. W. Putnam	10 17 00	6 12 18	7 55 18
Invincible, R. M. Thompson	10 17 00	Did not finish	

Corrected time—Idler, 7:06:23; Tekla, 7:17:33; Ariadne, 7:36:11. Idler wins by 11m. 5s.

Auxiliaries Over 70ft. Waterline.

Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright	10 12 00	6 42 16	8 30 18
Vencedor, A. de Goicouria	10 12 00	6 03 48	7 51 48
Seneca, G. Mercer, Jr.	10 12 00	5 55 22	7 43 22
Cacique, F. W. Paramore	10 12 00	Did not finish.	

Corrected time—Cachalot, 7:25:16; Vencedor, 7:09:27; Seneca, 7:12:39. Vencedor wins by 3m. 12s.

Yawls, 100ft. Class.

Vigilant, W. E. Iselin	9 55 28	3 25 24	5 29 56
Sybarita, W. G. Brokaw	9 57 00	3 36 51	5 39 51

Corrected time—Vigilant, 5:23:03; Sybarita, 5:26:58. Vigilant wins by 3m. 55s.

Sloops, 82ft. Class.

Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	9 55 06	3 20 52	5 25 46
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	9 55 13	3 29 33	5 34 20

Corrected time—Yankee, 5:21:51; Rainbow, 5:30:39. Yankee wins by 8m. 48s.

Sloops, 68ft. Class.

Effort, F. M. Smith	9 50 31	3 35 38	5 45 07
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	9 52 00	3 45 04	5 53 04
Neola, E. D. King	9 52 00	3 56 45	6 04 55
Irolita, E. W. Clark	9 51 22	3 53 21	6 06 59
Hester, C. H. Dodge	9 51 57	4 30 41	6 38 54

Corrected time—Effort, 5:32:18; Weetamoe, 5:43:23; Irolita, 5:48:49; Neola, 5:53:14; Hester, 6:25:44. Effort wins by 11m. 5s.

Sloops, 57ft. Class.

Humma, R. W. Emmons, 2d	9 45 00	4 37 17	6 52 17
Altair, Cord Meyer	9 45 00	4 49 13	7 04 13
Doris, S. R. Anthony	9 45 00	4 53 50	7 08 50

Corrected time—Humma, 6:40:23; Doris, 6:50:06; Altair, 7:00:03. Humma wins by 9m. 43s.

Sloops, 40ft. Class.

Gardenia, A. H. Morris	9 45 00	5 00 24	7 15 24
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	9 45 00	5 19 04	7 34 04
Pelegrina, R. Toland	9 45 00	5 45 00	8 00 20
Phantom, H. G. S. Noble	9 45 00	5 57 33	8 12 23
Janet	9 45 00	Did not finish.	

Corrected time—Mimosa III., 7:07:35; Gardenia, 7:15:24; Pelegrina, 7:47:40; Phantom, 8:03:13. Mimosa III. wins by 7m. 49s.

Sloops, N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers.

Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	9 40 00	5 43 05	8 03 05
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	9 40 00	5 47 25	8 07 25
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	9 40 00	5 49 01	8 09 01
Mirth, W. J. Matheson	9 40 00	5 52 10	8 12 10
Minx, H. Willets	9 40 00	5 59 02	8 19 02
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	9 40 00	5 53 13	8 13 13
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer	9 40 00	6 04 31	8 19 31
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	9 40 00	6 27 19	8 47 19

Neola II. wins by 4m. 20s.

Squadron Run—Morris Cove to New London, Aug. 4.

It was another story on Saturday. The rain fell in torrents all the night that the yachts were at anchor in Morris Cove, but toward morning it stopped, and the east wind died out. There were no signs that it had gone, but in its stead it left haze and fog and not a breath of wind. It was so light when the yachts went out to the starting line off the Breakwater Light, that the committee had to postpone the race, and it was 10:15 o'clock before a gentle southwesterly wind fanned the surface of the water. Then they were sent off. The run was to New London, 39½ miles, and it meant a broad reach. The thirties went first, in this order: Dahinda, Neola II., Alera, Altair, Cara Mia, Minx, Tabasco, Phryne and Banzai. They crossed on the starboard tack and had balloon jibs up. Gardenia, Humma, Pelegrina, Mimosa III., Altair, Doris, Janet and Phantom were next off in order, and then came the 60-footers. Weetamoe was first at the leeward end of the line, Irolita to windward of her and Effort on Irolita's weather quarter, well berthed. Then came Hester and Neola. Vigilant and Sybarita went over the line almost together, with Vigilant to windward, and to windward of her was Yankee. Capt. Barr gave some excitement to the start by sending Rainbow in between the committee boat and Yankee, and every one expected a foul; but the boats just cleared, and all hands breathed easier. The order of the others was Katrina, Muriel to leeward, Venona, Crusader, Andromeda, Simitar, Corona, Invader, Queen, Elmina, Lasca, Emerald, Seneca, Cachalot, Vencedor, Tekla, Intrepid, Idler, Invincible and Ariadne.

Yankee soon drew clear of Rainbow and held a more southerly course. Queen and Effort also kept well to the south, while Elmina sailed so as to just clear Faulkner's Island, and she was followed in this course by Weetamoe and the sloops of the 57ft. class. About noon Weetamoe was leading the fleet, with Effort close up. Yankee was a long way ahead of Rainbow. Vigilant was far ahead of Sybarita, and Queen led Corona, but Elmina was much further north. Off Faulkner's Island at 1:15 a change had taken place. Those yachts well

Yachting continued on page 233.

A special U.M.C. LOAD for every bird

We once knew a sportsman who thought he had to hand-load his shells or buy "other makes" to get the game loads which he preferred. This was a great mistake.

U. M. C. GAME LOADS

are designed for all kinds of game.

Any standard combination of powder and shot may be had at your dealers. You simply have to ask for a good U. M. C. load for quail or duck, etc.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 10-11.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. Chas. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
*Aug. 11.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club.
Aug. 13-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association twenty-ninth annual tournament. R. S. Elliott, Sec'y.
Aug. 18.—New Bedford, Mass.—Paskamansett G. C. shoot. E. G. Bullard, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Aug. 22.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. midsummer shoot and clambake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Aug. 22-23.—Wilmington, N. C., Gun Club.
Aug. 22-24.—Chicago (Ill.) Trapshooters' Association.
Aug. 23.—North Branch (N. J.) G. C.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Aug. 23.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. H. Clay Shaw, Sec'y.
Aug. 28-29.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Mountaineers' G. C.
Aug. 27-30.—Betterton, Md.—Jas. Malone's tournament.
Aug. 28-30.—Middletown, N. Y.—Orange County G. C.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.
Sept. 3.—Englewood, N. J.—Pleasure Gun Club Labor Day shoot. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Springfield (Mass.) G. C. Labor Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. annual tournament.
Sept. 3-4.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 6.—Newton (Ill.) G. C. tournament. J. A. Batman, Sec'y.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Newton, Ill., Gun Club announces its first annual tournament, to be held on Sept. 8. J. A. Batman is the Secretary.

C. J. Westervelt, Secretary, informs us that the Pleasure Gun Club, of Englewood, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 3.

Capt. C. G. Blandford makes mention of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club's shoot and clambake to be an event of the 22d inst. Provision for 150 target and clam consumers will be made.

The Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association holds its tournament at Hamilton, Can., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. We regret that we received the attractive programme of it too late for a useful review.

The contest for the English Hotel cup, at Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 4, between Messrs. T. G. Southern and C. H. Griffith, was won by the former, the scores being 81 and 77. For this trophy, on Aug. 17, Dr. C. A. Pfafflin will be Mr. Southern's opponent.

The Wilmington, N. C., Gun Club has issued a notice that it will hold a shoot on Aug. 22 and 23. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. B. G. Empie and Geo. H. Howell. The programme each day will consist of ten 20-target events, $10 added.

Keep in mind that $3,000 is added at the Interstate Association's Western Handicap, Denver, Colo., Aug. 21-23. For programmes, etc., apply to A. E. McKenzie, President Denver Trap Club, Denver, or to Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager Interstate Association, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

The shooters of Boston and vicinity are conspicuous for their constant participation in trapshooting competition, and for the excellence of their performances. At the shoot of the Boston Gun Club last week, Roy scored 121 out of a possible 125, while Gleason and Kirkwood scored 118; Dickey, 117.

Messrs. Ed. Banks, of Wilmington, Del., and Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., were present on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association on Thursday of last week, to shoot off their tie for the Wawaset trophy; but the weather was so unfit because of rain that the shoot-off was postponed to Aug. 15.

Mr. H. Clay Shaw informs us that the Piedmont, W. Va., Gun Club has fixed upon Aug. 23 as the date for its summer shoot. The programme will have a total of 200 targets. One event will have merchandise prizes. One cent from each target will be reserved to reimburse the amateurs who do not win their entrance.

Mr. F. E. Drake, recently manager on the Pacific Coast for the U. M. C. and Remington Arms companies, with headquarters at San Francisco, has been transferred to the home office in New York city, to a position of greater responsibility. Mr. W. S. Wattles, who has been connected with the San Francisco office a long while, will fill the position vacated by Mr. Drake.

The following has been liberally copied by the press: "'Cut a dove-tailed slot in one side of a stout hardwood stick which is somewhat longer than the barrel of the gun, and of a size to slide into it easily. Insert a half-round file in the slot and then scrape or grind the barrel as much as necessary. To keep up the proper pressure put strips of thin cardboard between the file and the stick. To get a perfectly smooth finish after filing, says the American Blacksmith, use emery flour." No more direct method for ruining a good barrel could be suggested.

We are informed that "the New Jersey State Sportsman's Association has been incorporated under the laws of the State, the subscribers to the incorporation document being Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Bound Brook; W. R. Hobart, Newark; Charles T. Day, Newark; Henry P. Vosseller, Plainfield, and William M. Hooey, Somerville. Francis A. Nott, Jr., is the attorney, and the law agent, W. Eugene Turton in charge of the principal office, 142 Market street, Newark. Communications should be sent to the Secretary's office, 440 Sumner avenue, Newark. The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association will hold its first autumn tournament on Oct. 17 and 18. Due notice will be given of the location selected."

BERNARD WATERS.

Menominee Tournament.

MENOMINEE, Mich., July 31.—According to the programme laid out by the members of the Menominee Gun Club, another of their successful tournaments was held on their grounds July 27, 28 and 29. The first two days were devoted to targets, and the last to live birds.

The attendance was good and the weather almost perfect.

The inducements held out were sufficient to attract the shooters throughout the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, and from most of the towns of eastern and northern Michigan, while some came from Iowa and other nearby States. Several brought their "better halves" along with them.

There is not much terra firma where the club holds its shoots, yet there is enough to stand on and move about and accommodate the visitors. The traps are set on the sandy bank, where the shores are washed by the waters of Lake Michigan, with same for background.

Starting out from the hotel, you walk back behind the barn, and there you are facing the traps.

The attractive part of the programme was the opportunity offered to win something in case one could break as many as 12 targets out of 15. There was in the two days $280 added money, and that, together with the entrance fee, was divided into four equal moneys; hence there was no event where the shooter drew money that same was not equal to the entrance. All the best shots present, up to fifteen, each won from $10 to $20 daily, and thus expenses of shells and railroad fare were overcome. The officers state that they were the originators of the four equal divisions of money, and having had two big tournaments on this plan, see no need of changing, only that of making five equal moneys in the 20-target events. This will give the beginner a show and at the same time handicaps the best shot, so that there is not the necessity of barring nor handicapping any one, no matter how good a shot he may be.

It was noticed, however, that there was a possibility that those who shoot for the mere money only, could drop for place, as 12, 13 or 14 paid just the same as 15. The secretary, under those conditions, should keep the scores of each unfinished event where contestants could not inspect same until it was finished.

This shooting over water is deceptive, and many there are who do not shoot so well as when shooting on land. So it happened here. Most of the good ones shot well, yet others went to the bad. The wind was incoming off the lake, and though not strong, caused the targets to tower quite a bit. Yet this did not bother Herman Hirschy, who scored 197, with a run of 120 straight. Other good pump gun men in that squad were Boa 189, Kahler 189, and Kane 178.

For strictly amateur squad, the Milwaukee gang had the best of the day. There was Merrill with his new single-barrel, after months spent on the stock, who rather surprised all by making 190 with a run of 71. Guy Dering tied him, and Fred Bills was only three behind. Others above 90 per cent. were: Ford 182, McQueen 181. Scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Ford	14	13	19	13	15	15	15	13	20	13	15	17	182
Clancy	7	11	16	9	14	12	12	11	13	12	10	15	146
Halverson	14	15	19	10	12	15	13	14	19	14	15	17	177
Budd	15	12	16	9	12	14	15	11	17	12	14	16	163
Melins	11	13	18	10	12	15	14	12	20	10	15	17	167
Bills	15	13	19	14	14	18	13	15	20	14	13	19	187
Dieter	13	12	17	12	9	14	13	11	16	11	12	15	160
Miller	13	10	18	10	11	16	15	9	18	12	11	14	162
Merrill	14	13	20	14	13	19	15	15	20	15	13	19	190
Dering	15	13	19	14	15	19	15	14	10	13	15	19	190
Kahler	15	11	19	11	14	19	15	12	17	15	14	18	180
Kane	12	12	20	13	15	19	14	14	16	13	14	16	178
Hirschy	14	15	20	14	15	20	15	15	20	15	14	20	197
Boa	15	14	19	13	14	19	15	14	20	14	13	19	189
Stephenson	9	11	9	5	7	13	3	7	9	9	8	17	117
Molle	15	10	16	12	15	17	12	13	18	13	15	17	173
Henshaw	12	11	17	14	13	13	12	9	18	11	14	15	164
Foley	13	11	17	12	14	18	9	9	17	13	10	15	158
Bennett	13	11	18	11	10	15	10	11	14	11	12	16	157
Kelley	13	13	17	12	13	14	13	12	18	12	15	15	167
Nolan	14	11	20	11	11	17	7	11	15	13	14	14	161
Juttner	12	13	16	12	13	18	12	10	19	14	14	17	170
Reinke	14	7	18	11	13	19	13	9	18	11	14	15	162
McQueen	13	11	19	14	13	19	14	14	17	14	15	18	181
Capt Jack	15	13	17	12	12	18	13	13	18	9	13	18	171
Vietmeyer	13	13	15	14	14	16	14	12	18	12	14	16	171
Raup	12	12	14	14	14	16	14	14	15	15	11	18	169
Hammersmith	13	12	18	11	13	20	15	14	18	14	8	18	171
Hensler	11	15	17	11	14	17	14	12	20	13	13	17	177
Premo	14	14	17	13	11	16	12	13	17	14	12	17	170
Dreyfus	15	12	19	12	12	17	14	12	16	12	14	17	172
Hockings	13	11	16	11	14	16	13	14	18	12	14	17	169
Coustine	10	8	16	13	12	15	13	13	15	12	12	18	157
Hammes	10	12	15	6	8	10	10	11	12	10	13	14	131
Magnuson	11	7	16	6	13	13	14	10	18	12	12	15	147
Huntley	12	13	18	13	14	18	12	13	19	12	13	16	173
Stannard	14	15	20	14	15	15	14	12	19	14	14	19	185
Lemieux	9	12	17	13	14	15	14	13	19	13	11	15	160
Nowack	12	9	18	9	14	16	9	11	15	11	10	14	148

Smith shot at 50, broke 31; Mantambo 70, 59; Woodward 50, 26; Aupin 70, 57; F. Hammes 50, 32; St. John 35, 32; Kronke 35, 26; Goslin 35, 22.

High scores for the day: Hirschy 197, Merrill 190, Dering 190, Boa 189, Bills 187, Stannard 185, Ford 182, McQueen 181, Kahler 180.

Second Day.

Little wind and a quiet sea to shoot over were the conditions for the day. Targets did not fly so high, neither did they appear to go far, and yet, there was a reversal of form on the part of some of the shooters. The leader for the first day's went back to second general average, and Richard Merrill forged to the front and won high for the day, together with the high over all for the two days. Now, if he keeps that up, will not he make those Indians go some at Parkersburg? Maybe they'll put him at 18yds. again in the cup race.

G. V. Dering shot well in the first half of the programme, and then by some "tall" flinching, fell off and came away for a total for the day of 16 goose eggs, and that landed him third general amateur average. Mr. Bills shot very evenly for the day, and gained one on his first day, and finished with 188, a total for two days for the second honors.

For the two days the professionals ran thus: At 400 targets: Boa 377, Hirschy 375, Stannard 371, Kahler 361, Vietmeyer 341. Amateurs: Merrill 381, Bills 375, Dering 374, McQueen 263. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Ford	14	14	19	14	15	20	14	12	18	13	15	15	183
Clancy	11	11	12	9	12	16	11	7	13	6	10	17	140
Halverson	14	14	18	13	11	18	12	12	18	9	11	17	167
Budd	12	12	20	13	12	18	12	14	17	13	12	16	171
Benton	12	13	15	12	12	11	9	13	15	14	13	19	163
Bills	14	13	19	13	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	18	188
Dieter	12	10	18	12	12	16	13	11	15	11	19	13	153
Miller	14	8	14	10	11	13	12	11	17	12	13	11	151
Merrill	15	13	20	15	12	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	191
Dering	14	15	20	14	14	18	13	15	18	12	13	18	184
Kahler	15	13	18	13	14	18	15	13	18	13	13	19	181
Stannard	15	15	20	15	14	16	14	13	17	14	14	19	186
Hirschy	12	15	18	15	13	17	12	14	20	14	14	14	178
Boa	15	15	20	13	14	16	14	14	18	15	15	19	188
Huntley	15	14	19	14	12	16	15	12	18	13	15	17	180
Molle	13	14	19	13	13	20	15	11	19	12	14	16	177
Henshaw	13	12	17	12	14	17	12	11	18	12	15	12	170
Foley	14	11	14	14	12	15	9	13	14	11	12	14	158
Bennett	13	14	17	12	10	14	13	12	17	11	13	15	166
Kelley	13	11	17	11	8	17	11	11	20	9	11	15	154
Capt Jack	15	14	17	12	14	19	14	13	19	15	14	17	183
Reinke	14	13	14	11	12	16	12	11	17	9	10	15	154
Mellins	10	12	18	12	12	19	12	14	14	13	13	13	142
McQueen	14	14	19	12	13	19	15	13	18	14	13	18	182
Juttner	15	9	18	15	11	18	11	13	18	12	15	17	172
Vietmeyer	13	15	16	13	8	17	13	14	18	12	12	19	170
Raup	13	14	16	13	13	17	11	14	17	11	12	15	166
Hammersmith	14	13	19	13	14	20	13	14	19	13	12	16	180
Hensler	15	15	18	12	13	18	14	14	16	12	14	18	181
Black	10	12	17	12	10	18	12	12	13	11	12	13	152
Premo	12	12	19	13	12	16	12	12	17	12	12	14	163
Mitchell	9	7	18	9	10	15	10	11	..	..	..	15	...
Leidel	11	12	12	11	12	15	8	10	14	15	10	15	150
Kane	15	12	20	12	12	19	12	10	17	14	12	17	172
Nowack	..	..	..	18	14	14	19	12	14	16	13	12	19	...
Dreyfus	12	12	19	11	14	17	15	12	17	11	13	20	173
Nolan	13	11	17	9	10	15	11	12	15	8	12	14	157
Voight	12	14	16	13	13	18	7	15	14	11	12	16	161
Manhek	14	11	11	10	12	12	10	15	13	7	13	15	153
Peterson	14	12	18	12	12	12	11	10	15	12	10	12	160
Mantambo	14	10	18	12	12	17	11	12	15	11	10	15	157
Constine	9	9	18	12	10	16	10	11	10	8	11	16	165
Draught	8	10	11	9	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Aubin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	17	14	11	16	...
Stephensen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	12	8	9	13	...
Barnhart	7	10	15	8	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hockins	13	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
St. John	11	10	15	8	11	18	10	12	14	12	10	13	144		
Magnusen	..	..	..	..	8	10	15	..	..	..	..	11	15		...
Bertholdt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	17	8	10	15	...

Third Day, Live Birds.

From the description of the grounds where targets are shot, you would know that no live birds could be shot on that ground, so at 9 o'clock all contestants and visitors were on board a small boat and were carried some four mile's across the bay to a farm, where a level meadow was found large enough to accommodate two sets of traps and admit of a full 60yds. boundary line.

The management had engaged an old-time pigeon man from Milwaukee and over 1,400 birds were cooped. The feathers began to fly at 10 A. M., and from that on until after sundown, it was bang! bang! bang!

The day was warm and almost cloudless, which made some of the birds lazy. There were young and lazy ones in the lot, and yet few "no birds" were called. Now and then a fast old one would be released, and would make for the tall timber or the barn, and often reached there with the loss of only a feather or two.

O. N. Ford made the highest score, 54 out of 55. Mr. Hammersmith, of Milwaukee, lost but one, and John Boa, Harry Kahler and R. Merrill three. The money was so divided up with the ties that no one came out ahead, save Mr. Merrill, and he was fortunate in the last 15-bird event to win 40 per cent. alone. The scores:

No. 1, 10 live birds, entrance $5, four moneys: Dieter 10, McKinney 7, Nowack 9, Jack 9, Ford 10, Vietmeyer 9, Boa 9, Merrill 9, Kahler 9, Kane 9, Block 8, Raup 8, Premo 7, Hammersmith 10, Mitchell 9, Draught 8, Molle 8, Stevenson 6, Voight 9, Mashek 8, Juttner 5, Clancey 6, Montambo 7.

No. 2, 10 birds, $5 entrance, four moneys: Kahler 10, Clancey 6, Deiter 10, Boa 9, McKinney 6, Kane 10, Merrill 10, Capt. Jack 9, Ford 10, Atwood 8, Black 10, Raup 10, Hammersmith 9, Mitchell 9, Premo 8, Nowack 8, Vietmeyer 10, Montambo 7, Juttner 9, Molle 9.

No. 3, 10 live birds, entrance $5: Merrill 9, Capt. Jack 9, Atwood 7, Stevenson 8, Kane 5, Deiter 9, Ford 9, Kahler 10, Boa 9, Benton 7, Stevenson 7, Draught 7, Captain 8, Vietmeyer 9, Montambo 7, Mowack 7, Molle 8, Juttner 9, Black 9, Raup 8, Hammersmith 10, Mitchell 8, Premo 6.

No. 4, 10 live birds, entrance $5; four moneys: Kahler 8, Boa 10, Kane 8, Jack 10, Merrill 9, Atwood 7, Deiter 8, Stevenson 4, Ford 10, Black 9, Raup 9, Hammersmith 10, Mitchell 10, Premo 10, Montambo 7, Erdlitz 8, Jenks 9, Juttner 8, Molle 8, Lamieux 7.

No. 5, 15 live birds, entrance $7.50; four moneys: Kahler 15, Boa 15, Kane 12, Jack 14, Merrill 15, Ford 14, Deiter 13, Montambo 10, Erdlitz 11, Black 13, Raup 13, Hammersmith 14, Mitchell 12, Premo 12, Juttner 11.

The shooters present have a warm spot in their hearts for Bob Kane, A. A. Juttner, W. W. McQueen and others who are the leading lights in the flourishing Menominee Gun Club.

There were entertainments during the evening. John Boa got the Winchester bunch together and gave an exhibition of fancy shooting with shotgun and rifle that was very much enjoyed by a large crowd of onlookers. When he was tired, he got others to handle the guns. Hirschy, Foster, Kane and Seifken each had a try, and the way they hit the small objects in the air was astonishing to the natives.

Paskamansett Gun Club.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 2.—Eggers won the gold medal with 52 out of 60; C. Letendre won the Laflin & Rand and Bryant cup events with 46 out of 50, and the Eggers cup lap was won by C. Letendre with 87 out of 100 targets broken. Scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	*	Brk.
C Letendre	24	22	22	19	7	94
Shea	20	16	16	20	14	86
Wyman	19	17	17	17	12	82
Nadeau	18	18	16	17	14	83
P Letendre	20	19	19	19	..	77
Eggers	23	21	23	23	11	101
Bullard	23	22	..	..	..	45
Knowles	20	20	13	14	12	79
Stapleton	15	13	13	9	..	50

*Ten pairs.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—The following scores were made on the occasion of the club shoot to-day. In the Dupont cup event, McDonald was high in Class A with 12; Thomas, 14, Class B; T. L. Smedes, 12, Class C. In the trophy event, Dr. Reynolds was high in Class A with 23; Dr. Meek, 19, Class B; T. L. Smedes, 19, Class C.

WESTERN TRAP.

Live Bird Shoot et Dayton, Ky.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club held a shoot at live birds on Aug. 2, which attracted quite a number of Cincinnati sportsmen, among them H. R. Bonser, G. W. Schuler (Willie), Medico, D. Pohlar and A. Gambell.

The day was very hot and close, scarcely a breath of air stirring. The birds were affected by the heat, and many of them were induced to fly after the trap was sprung with great difficulty, some absolutely refusing to rise from the ground. On the other hand, there were a few screamers, which, taking the shooter unawares, taxed his skill to the utmost. Medico, Bonser and Miss Altherr drew a few of the fast ones, and made some fine second barrel kills. A very large proportion of the birds were incomers. Most of the events were shot at 30yds. rise, 40yds. boundary. John Falk was referee. Over 300 birds were trapped during the afternoon. The sport proceeded a little slowly, as considerable trouble was had with the traps, two of the five finally being put out of commission. Mr. Fee had charge of the office work, and was assisted part of the time by Dr. Gould.

Medico and Bonser tied for high gun with 37 kills out of 41 birds.

The club proposes to give a monthly live-bird shoot during the fall and winter, and, with the advent of cooler weather, these will be well attended without a doubt. Visitors are always welcomed at the grounds.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

Aug. 4 was a scorcher, and though there was a very fair attendance, the men felt a little listless and did not do as much shooting as usual. Bonser was high in the Peters trophy contest with 57; Du Bray second with 53, Fultz 52. In the practice events Fultz was high with 195 out of 240, Gambell 181 out of 200. Falk, Bonser and Gambell will attend the Indian shoot at Parkersburg. Capt. Du Bray leaves here for the shoot at Hamilton, Ont., and from there will visit Ottawa, Montreal and Sherbrooke, and then to Boston. L. Ahlers is planning to attend the Denver tournament with Bonser and Falk.

Ohio Trap Notes.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., held their first contest for the Gould trophy on July 29. Bert Fee won the trophy by a score of 39 out of 50. He was challenged by Dr. Hill. In the regular events Trimble was high gun with 140 out of 150.

There were twenty-four shooters at the one-day tournament of the Ideal Gun Club, Circleville, July 27. Taylor was high gun with 195 out of 200. Barber 193, R. O. Heikes and R. Trimble 190 each, Le Compte 189, Cumberland and F. D. Alkire 183 each, Fishinger 181, E. M. Stout 179, Dixon 173, Morrison and C. O. Smith 169 each, Shattuck 164.

At the regular shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club on July 28, the club silver fob was won by Talmage with a score of 33 out of 50. In the contest for the Hunter Arms Co.'s gold charm, Wallace and Green tied on 47. As this was the last shoot of the series, the tie was not shot, and the charm was awarded to Tamblyn, as he had won eight of the twenty contests. The club started a series of shoots on Aug. 4 for five prizes, the first being a solid gold charm, presented by the club.

In Other Places.

If the good shots keep coming into the new gun club at Marion, Ind., there will be such an awakening as never before struck the town, in the shooting line. The shoot held Tuesday was the largest ever held by a similar organization in this city. The talk now going is to the effect that just so soon as the members have become accustomed to the targets and feel that they can compete with other clubs, then there will be a tournament held. Some of the scores made were very good for beginners. Jack Sullivan, who was not able to hit anything the first day, broke 14, and Tony George showed that he will soon have his eye trained.

William Parker was high with 46 out of 50. W. V. Turpen 40, Harvey Crevison 48 out of 65. The new members are Dr. W. V. Daniels, Frank Howard, W. C. Pinkerman, Bert Critx, H. H. Wigger and H. E. Otis.

The scores, out of 50: James Lay 41, Fred Jay 42, Harry Goldthwaite 33, W. C. Jay 40, John 44, Lewis Bowser 44, Al. La Mont 40, Harry Sheldon 34, Earl Golding 26, W. V. Turpen 40, George Chambers 26, Andy Shrock 24, Tony George 9, Wm. Dugan 22, Jack Sullivan 14, Frank Brosier 18, Buch Edmiston 23.

With good weather for the Tuesday shoot at Logansport, Ind., there was a small attendance, and poor scores were made. The best scores were those of Fred Freeman, 36 out of 50; Theodore Sample, 34, and Judge Lairy 32. Flanegin shot at 25, made 12, while Collins got 9.

Some ten years ago, George Trent was often seen at the traps. He has just opened up, and Brainerd, Minn., his home town, is celebrating his win at Duluth.

The Ames, Ia., Gun Club held a special shoot Wednesday last week, and the members made good averages. There have been challenges sent in by other clubs, but the club cannot accept at once, owing to other business.

W. T. Watson and W. Higgins, of Chicago, will shoot a match at Sangamon Park, Joliet, Aug. 12, for $100 a side.

The McLean County Gun Club held a successful shoot at the South Side grounds, Blomington, Ill., Thursday. Crothers won Class A with 24 out of 25; Evans and Davis tied on 19.

The Woodmere, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot last week, to which all shooters are cordially invited. It is to be noticed that most all gun clubs are liberal; they do not form close corporations and bar every one else from participation.

Chas. W. Budd will sojourn a month at Arnold's Park, Lake Okoboji, Ia., and while there, will manage a three days' tournament. There will be crack shots present from all over the country.

B. W. Brown, Pittsburg, Kans., writes that the gun club will hold a tournament Sept. 3 and 4.

Now there is a gun club at Harren, Ill., and there will be target shooting weekly. The officers are: President, George McMinn; Secretary, Charles Schrumm.

Announcement is made by the Whiting, Ind., Gun Club that a tournament is scheduled for Aug. 26.

The weekly shoot of the Marshfield, Wis., Gun Club, held last Friday, at which Terry maintained his reputation as a 90 per cent. shooter, with 63 out of 65 at 50 targets. Scarmann 44, Lang 45, Kliner 37, Lind 34.

The programme for the Danville, Ill., Gun Club tournament is out, and it will be of interest to shooters in that locality to know that the shoot will be held Aug. 23 and 24, instead of 9 and 10, as first sent out.

Curt Johnson won the cup with 41 out of 50 at the shoot at Tabor, Ia., last week, on Thursday; Roy Weatherhed second, 40, and Clarence Otis and Fred Wetherhead tied on 39.

The president of the Hubbell Rod and Gun Club, Houghton, Mich., won the medal at the last shoot. His score was good, even though some of the best shots were out of town. If he can repeat that 23 out of 25, even Mr. Hodges cannot take it away from him.

At the regular shoot of the Proctor, Minn., Gun Club the shooters were: G. W. Ramshaw, Lyman Elberson and H. D. Burnham. Some fair scores were made.

That Iowa cup will be called into question shortly, inasmuch as the Eldora Club has issued a challenge to shoot with the Marshalltown gang for its possession. Marshalltown has E. G. Wallace, L. C. Abbott, C. P. Cook and Dr. H. H. Nichols, and where in all Iowa will you get five men to beat these?

During a practice shoot at Shokopee, Minn., on Wednesday evening, John Theis made 23 out of 25, and Peter Plouman 22.

The Tomah, Wis., Gun Club was too much for the Winona boys on their meet of last Tuesday. Shooting at 170 targets, W. H. Schultz scored 144, W. H. Reynolds 143, C. H. Wiklund 145, C. D. Johnson 147, and E. E. Winter 135; total 714 to Winona team's 704.

The new and booming club at Marion, Ind., will soon have new ground, same to be located in Sweetser Park, within walking distance of the business center of the city.

Shooting at 25 targets each, the Kelso Club, of Minnesota, easily defeated Le Sueur. Scores: Kelso 103, Le Sueur 59.

The shooters of Eagle Grove, Ia., are boasting of their victory over the Algona, Ia., team. The score was 249 to 230 in their favor, each team having had 300 targets. There will be a return match. Scores in the practice events, 100 targets: Mitchell 92, Mountford 86, Smith 85, Short 85, Wooster 84, Kirschoff 83, Yearouse 80, B. Fisher 77, Anderson 76, Turner 76, F. Fisher 75, Bradly

WINCHESTER

Loaded Shells or Repeating Shotguns

WON FIRST PLACE IN EVERY EVENT

At the Grand American Handicap Tournament And In All But One Event at Philadelphia.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP: Won by Dr. Gleason, G. Hansell second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE: Won by Lester German, W. M. Foord second, both shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

HIGH PROFESSIONAL AVERAGE: Won by W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

Winchester Victories Like Winchester Shells Are Up to Date

75, Massey 68, Schafer 54, McDonald 53, James 50, Hunt 47. There were 1,480 targets thrown.

W. B. Bascom, Clark Sutton, Frank Wall, Emil Stopple, Henry Stopple, Frank Taylor, G. E. Bayley, Homer D. Parker, Fay Stidman, Roy Marsh, Chas. Castle and Wm. Conklin, of Lansing, Mich., on Thursday, last week, went to Laingsborg, Mich., and were there defeated in a team race. Edward Sweet, of Laingsburg, who scored 24, was high for the day. It is probable that a shoot for the cup will be held in Lansing during the latter part of August.

Columbus, O., shooters won honors at the shoot at Circleville, Friday last. L. W. Chamberlain was high with 183 and Wm. Fisher was second, 181.

F. C. Fessenden won the first prize at the third shoot held by the Sharon Gun Club.

The Youngstown, O., Gun Club held a shoot Wednesday, with many present from out of town. Billy Osborn was third high amateur.

"Pop" Heikes is popping the targets this year better than he ever did. Very seldom is he beaten for high average.

Lea, Wis., Gun Club is doing some shooting, and some of the more bold and enthusiastic members are thinking of shooting team matches with nearby teams.

Doings in the tournament line at Colfax, Ill., at 150 targets: Rupert 139, Arnold 132, Crothers 128, Park 128, Stoner 126, McDermand 125, Van Gundy 124, Pratt 123, Harris 120. Blumershine 65 out of 90; Battle 85, 65; Ward 65, 36; Wood 30, 24; Marriot 25, 17; Worley 35, 19; Heath 25, 18.

The regular shoot at Chicago Heights Rod and Gun Club resulted, viz.: P. Caster shot at 50, made 45; C. Trefs 60, 32; S. Worthing 25, 15; A. Anderson 50, 20; Fred Daily 35, 18; R. Dunlap 25, 7; Omer Caster 10, 2.

The Parker Gun Club at Milwaukee, did not hold a shoot last Sunday, as so many of their members were at the Menominee, Mich., shoot.

Peshtigo, Mich., Gun Club contemplates holding a tournament during the fall. A large turnout from Menominee and Coleman and other towns is expected. Dates will be sent in later.

Last week, Sunday, the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, held the trophy shoot, and G. Kloman won. E. Kilohn and A. Asterman were tied on second.

The Swansea Gun Club, Belleville, Ill., has a date to shoot with the Tannhauser Club, of St. Louis.

The Missoula, Mont., Gun Club is now getting their guns ready for the fall game shooting season.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

Columbus, O., July 31.—A great many of the Columbus Gun Club boys are away on summer vacations, and the Saturday crowd was not as large as usual. George Buchanan was high in the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy shoot, with 44 out of 50, and high in the Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot with 41 out of 50, which consisted of 30 singles and 10 pairs.

The new rifle and pistol ranges were completed on Aug. 3, and are now ready for the long-range rifle shooters and the pistol men. The police officers of Columbus will begin a series of practice shoots at the ranges. The efficiency attained by the officers in many of our large cities has been due to range practice out in the open. No finer shooting facilities than the Columbus Gun Club affords in this line can be found, and the department here is to be congratulated on having the use of such an up-to-date place.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	20
Buchanan	22	22	19	22	21	14
Webster	22	21	22	23	22	16
Kinderman	19	12	11	17	21	..
Wells	18	13	20	21	23	9
Cake	19	18	17	19	..	..
Brown	17	18	20	16	..	..
Shattuck	22	23	..	..	..	..
Wilson	17	16	14	16	..	..
Carlisle	14	17	16	15	..	..
Edwards	17	18	16	17	..	..

W. V. Baker has gone to Oregon. Look out for the big game dinner on his return.

The turtle dinner and the fish, frog and spring chicken dinner have been of great interest to the boys. They say it's just like camping out to be out on the big porch.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Du Bray	7	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	4	..	5	..	..	..	..
Holman	8	9	8	6	7	10	7	9	7	9	6	10	8	7	10
Waters	7	6	7	7	6	7	4	5	6	6	4	..	..	..	..
J H Smith	7	10	7	10	8	9	8	6	8	7	9	8	6	..	..
H Shaul	7	7	7	7	8	6	10	10	7	7	8	..	..	..	..
Frank Hall	8	8	8	7	6	6	7	9	6	8	10	7	9	7	..
Williams	7	7	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	9	10	8	10	9	8	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fishinger	10	8	7	9	9	10	10	10	8	8	10	7	..	..	..
Gifford	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jake Evans	9	7	7	9	9	10	10	9	8	10	9	10	..	..	..
J T Wells	7	7	10	8	6	10	8	8	8	8	6	10	..	..	..
G M Smith	9	8	10	6	8	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J R Taylor	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	..	..	..
W N Darby	5	6	9	10	9	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harry Smith	10	9	9	8	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harry Selbach	6	7	8	7	8	5	5	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Al Selbach	5	5	8	2	2	7	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roemick	9	7	10	7	7	10	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shattuck	9	10	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chas Siebert	8	7	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nichols	9	8	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Fossen	9	9	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Team race for dinner, 50 targets per man:

Taylor	50	Waters	25
Fishinger	43	Du Bray	31
Holman	41	H E Smith	44
H Shaul	42	T Evans	46
G M Smith	38	A Selbach	22
Frank Hall	41	J H Smith	38
H Selbach	31	Shattuck	47
Roemick	38	J T Wells	40
E Darby	45	Siebert	35
Nichols	41—410	Van Fossen	42—371

Boston Gun Club.

Wellington, Mass.—The fact that J. Mowell Hawkins and J. S. Fanning were to be at Wellington to-day proved to be sufficient attraction for one of the largest afternoon crowds of the season, some thirty-four shooters in all shooting through the programme of eight events.

While the entire attendance was bent on enjoying to the fullest the beautiful weather conditions, the shooting itself was the real feature, and was even higher than the usual standard, which for this season has been higher than at any time in the club's history.

The special prize put up by the club for this special shoot proved to be most interesting and novel, and certainly was a success from beginning to end.

Roy, with almost 97 per cent., easily acquired high average, a bad habit of his, to be sure, though a score of this kind deserves its reward, even if the usual high average of 94 per cent. was still in evidence.

Freeman and Cook tied for the 85 per cent. prize, Freeman proving the best man when calling the turn on the coin, winning in straight heats.

Powdrell's ambition as a prize winner was gratified, his 90 breaks coming the nearest to the 75 per cent. of the programme events.

The exhibition given by both Hawkins and Fanning, while not quite as high as the home aggregation, was appreciated by all, and proved, without a doubt, that they were there with the goods when needed. Scores of events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20		
Roy	14	15	15	14	15	15	13	20	125	121
Gleason	14	15	14	13	14	15	15	18	125	118
Kirkwood	14	14	14	15	14	14	15	18	125	118
Dickey	12	14	15	13	15	15	15	18	125	117
Woodard	13	14	15	13	15	13	15	17	125	115
F Cavicchi	14	12	15	14	14	14	12	19	125	115
Hawkins	15	12	14	14	11	13	14	19	125	112
Buffalo	14	13	11	14	14	13	13	19	125	111
Bain	13	14	12	14	14	13	14	17	125	111
Edwards	13	14	13	13	14	12	13	18	125	110
Reed	14	12	14	11	13	11	15	19	125	109
Mayor	12	11	12	14	14	12	14	20	125	109
Graves	10	12	14	13	13	14	15	18	125	109
Wheeler	14	12	12	13	14	13	11	18	125	107
Comer	13	13	13	13	14	14	12	15	125	107
Johnson	15	14	10	14	13	11	12	18	125	107
E Cavicchi	15	14	12	11	13	12	12	18	125	107
Worthing	12	14	13	12	11	15	13	17	125	107
Temby	15	12	13	11	11	11	14	17	125	104
Cook	12	11	12	12	14	14	12	17	125	104
Freeman	11	14	11	11	15	12	12	18	125	104
Fanning	14	12	11	13	13	15	13	12	125	103
Fay	13	13	..	12	14	14	11	14	125	100
Muldown	11	11	12	11	12	11	13	17	125	98
Keeler	13	10	11	12	8	14	14	14	125	97
Mrs Park	8	12	14	12	9	12	14	14	125	95
Sibley	14	14	11	8	9	13	13	13	125	95
Gilmore	9	13	14	9	11	12	10	16	125	94
Powdrell	10	10	12	12	11	9	10	16	125	90
Melvin	9	11	11	12	14	9	11	12	125	89
Allen	..	13	12	11	12	14	14	16	110	92
Hallam	10	8	8	8	5	9	4	..	105	52
Frank	13	14	15	14	13	..	..	..	75	69
Carver	10	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	45	37

Match, 25 targets: Hawkins 24, Dickey 24, Mayor 22, Gleason 21, Buffalo 21, Roy 21, Wheeler 20, Keeler 20, Bain 20, Allen 20, Graves 19, E. Cavicchi 17, Reed 14, Freeman 14.

Denver Trap.

Berkeley as a shooting ground was opened Sunday morning, July 29, and the initial shoot of the Denver Gun Club at their new traps proved a success in every way. Blue skies and a crossing Lake breeze, lured many spectators to the scene of bombardment. Several of the shooters insisted their score was lowered because the pretty women, sitting in picturesque groups under the shade trees on the hillside, were such an attraction they could not resist "looking backward" when their gaze should have been concentrated on the bluerocks they let fall unbroken in the lake. The traps worked well, considering it was the first time they had been used. Beyond right-angle targets—which were in the majority—there was nothing to complain of. Waters and Shaw had the distinction of making the only straight of 25. In the first 100 targets shot at Shaw was high gun with 89. Waters was high on the second with 93.

Denver sportsmen are taking keen interest in the Interstate Association's first Western handicap, Aug. 20.

A large crowd is expected, and everything will be done to make it the most successful and most talked-of shoot ever held in this country. Western liberality has been displayed in the $3,000 added money, and all the shooters have a good chance to win either money or a trophy. A contestant can shoot in all regular events of the tournament, and should he prove to be out of form, and not shoot up to expectations, his three days' shoot will cost him the price of targets only. A contestant should certainly be willing to pay for the targets he shoots at when his average falls below the point which brings reward for good performance.

Denver is well equipped to handle a large crowd. The hotel accommodations are good, and extensive, and the entire city will be turned over to the visiting shooters and their friends. The scores:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Neff	100	82	Hughes	100	81
Matlock	100	72	Bowman	100	85
Shaw	100	89	Hoffman	25	17
Warren	100	77	Plank	40	30
Wolfe	100	73	Clayton	50	45
Waters	100	89			

Second 100 targets:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Matlock	100	75	Hoffman	75	62
Waters	100	93	Clayton	100	87
Hughes	75	57			

A Social Tramp.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 4.—T. J. Southern defeated C. H. Griffith in the qualifying contest for English Hotel cup. Scores: Southern 81, Griffith 77. The contestants Aug. 17 will be Dr. C. A. Pfafflin and T. J. Southern.

Habich and Parry made the only straights that were made during the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	16	16	20	16	15	18	16	..
Wildhack	17	11	16	14	19	..	..	..
Partington	15	12	17	15	16	19	15	14
Wands	14	16	17	15	16	19	19	14
Habich	20	12	17	17	10	17	..	..
Ensminger	8	16	13	13	15	..	..	..
Trotter	13	16	16	12	19	18	..	..
Gregory	18	13	17	18	18	19	..	..
Dickman	17	16	18	14	18	17	17	13
Medico	15	16	14	16	18	16	..	..
Steward	16	18	18	17	10	16	15	..
Daggett	13	11	13	14	13	..	..	..
Brennan	7	13	11	12	13	13	10	13
Southern	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moiler	13	8	14	13	16	..	..	..
Morris	14	11	14	15	13	..	..	..
Short	11	18	17	14	17	16	..	..
Hice	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smoke	19	18	17	18	18	18	..	..
Morgan	16	15	18	16	17	..	..	..
Griffith	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..

Secretary.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Aug. 4.—A few of the members happened along for some practice to-day. Wynant, Willi and Brewerton, all shooting new guns, shot well at fast targets, Wynant negotiating the only "straight" made during the afternoon. Arrangements are being made to feed one hundred and fifty at the clambake on the 22d. Good shooters are generally good feeders, and big scores are expected on clams as well as targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
Edw Brewerton	7	4	5	7	..	..	..	..	40	23
Le G Wynant	7	10	9	8	7	..	..	..	50	41
C G Blandford	9	8	8	9	8	9	9	8	80	68
J Willi, Jr.	..	..	7	5	6	5	7	..	50	30

C. G. B.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 26-Sept. 2.—Boston, New York, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.—United States Revolver Association championship.

Aug. 27-Sept. 6.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association tournament. Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Sec'y.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

The principal excitement at the Saturday afternoon shoot was the raising of this year's 50yd. revolver record to 93 by Mr. Parkhurst, whose 10-shot group was a remarkably pretty one, six shots being well within the 3in. "10" ring.

A limited amount of Krag practice was indulged in at 200yds., and also in the gallery with reduced load, and the new day two of the enthusiasts journeyed down to Portsmouth and laid out the 200, 300 and 500 yard range, which will be used Labor Day, Sept. 3, for the National Rifle Association medal match and qualification scores in the National Marksman's Reserve.

Shooting is not very brisk with us at this time of the year, many of the regulars being away on vacations or business.

Another ladies' shoot was held Tuesday evening, and some very good work was done, two of the shooters allowing their scores to go on record.

Krag rifle, 200yds., Creedmoor targets, 10 shots, possible 50: Mayo 41, 40, 39; Coulters 36, 36; Hurlburt 36, 33.

Revolver (military), Creedmoor target, 10 shots, possible 50: Argus 46.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target, 10 shots, possible 100: Parkhurst 67, 77, 93, 83, 84; Argus 81, 82.

Revolver, 50yds., Creedmoor target, 10 shots, possible 50: Parkhurst 43, 45, 49, 47, 48; Argus 46, 47.

Rifle (.22cal.), 50yds., Standard target, 2in. black, 10 shots, possible 100: Mayo 74.

Rifle (¼in. ring target), 25yds., 10 shots, possible 250: Mayo 235, 236, 230, 240, 232, 232, 235, 238, 235, 238; Gardiner 239, 238; Mrs. Mayo *236, 226; Mrs. Hurlburt *226.

*Rest.

Rifle, 25yds., Standard target, 1in. black, 10 shots, possible 100: Mayo 84, 75, 78, 89, 80, 74; Mrs. Mayo *86, *83, 75, 66, 75.

*Shot on 20yd. pistol target.

Rifle, 25yds., reduced Creedmoor target, 1in. bull, 10 shots, possible 50: Coulters (Krag) 43, 41, 42, 45, 42; Mayo (Krag) 42; Jefferds (Winchester) 39, 37.

Revolver, 20yds., Standard target: Parkhurst 76, 80.

United States Revolver Championship.

New York, N. Y., July 30.—The annual championship of the United States Revolver Association will be held during the week of Aug. 26 to Sept. 2, inclusive.

Arrangements have been made to hold competitions in Boston, New York, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

In the neighborhood of New York, the contestants will meet at Sea Girt, N. J., where the contest will be held simultaneously with the meeting of the National Rifle Association from Aug. 27 to 30, inclusive.

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National Rifle Association.

The programme of the Sea Girt, N. J., shooting tournament, Aug. 27 to Sept. 6, sets forth the order of events as follows: Aug. 27, Columbia trophy match (N. G. N. J.); Columbia team match. Aug. 28, veteran match, Hale match, Leech cup match. Aug. 29, Company tyro match, Wimbledon cup match. Aug. 30, Carbine match, offhand military match, Ideal regimental match, regimental skirmish match. Aug. 31, regimental team match, No. 4, N. R. A., intercollegiate match. Sept. 1, Dryden match, press match, revolver team match. Sept. 3, president's match. Sept. 4, National team match. Sept. 5. National team match. Sept. 6, National individual match and National pistol match. A special feature is the U. M. C. Students' match, open to any college student or school boy under eighteen years of age; sixteen prizes, ranging in value from $35 to $5. The cash prizes in the National individual match total $2,400. The secretary is Lieut. Albert S. Jones, 170 Broadway, New York.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Police revolver clubs of Cincinnati and Norwood shot a return match on Aug. 2, on the latter's range, at Norwood Inn. There were seven men on a team, 20 shots per man, possible 200; distance 200yds. The Cincinnati team won by 216 points. W. S. Gough, of Cincinnati, made the high score of the match, 191. W. Warrender was high man for Norwood with 170. Cincinnati team—W. S. Gough 191, Sergt. Williams 183, Allen Moore 190, Thos. Hughes 184, H. Springmeyer 174, C. O. Clark 176, Posey Curlis 189; total 1287. Norwood team—W. Warrender 170, Chief Geo. Crowthers 160, Sergt. Adam Simms 161, Benj. Ahlers 102, Louis Meyers 160, Louis Supe 162, H. Piepmeyer 156; total 1071. After the match the men were entertained by Mayor Jones, of Norwood, at a banquet prepared by John Dacey.

The Twin Valley Rifle Club, of Lewisburg, held their regular monthly medal shoot on July 28. D. McBride won the medal and first prize with 44 out of a possible 48. His shooting was very even, his card showing four 11s; C. W. Matthews 42, G. W. Izor 42, J. W. Lesher 42, A. N. Clemmer 41, J. Johnson 41. The ties on 42 were shot off and the men were placed in above order, Matthews and Izor winning second and third prises. In the five 4-shot events, possible 48 in each, possible total 240, McBride was high with 214, Johnson and Clemmer 211 each, Lesher 206, Matthews 203, Izor 199. There were three money prizes in each event. McBride won three firsts and two seconds; Clemmer one first with a perfect score of 48 in the first event, one second and one third; Matthews two seconds, one third; Johnson one first, three seconds and one third; Lesher two firsts, one third; Izor three thirds. Izor was handicapped by a lame arm or he would have made a better showing. The club voted to change the rules governing the medal contest, so that hereafter the member winning it three times in succession, instead of five times, will become owner of the medal. To-day's win was the second this year for McBride. All shooting was offhand at 100yds., center count 12.

Death of Daniel B. Wesson.

The famous inventor and manufacturer of rifles and revolvers, Daniel Baird Wesson, died at Springfield, Mass., on Aug. 4. He had been in ill health almost four years; but the immediate cause of death was heart failure, superinduced by neuritis. He was born in Springfield, Mass., and from his skill as an inventor, integrity and business ability, he amassed an immense fortune, estimated at $50,000,000 at the time of his death. He was of a broad, philanthropic character, as two hospitals which he endowed in Springfield, attest. He was the founder of the famous firm of Smith & Wesson, whose products reach every nook of the world.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Among the things which add to the comfort of a camping trip is anything that will improve one's food. It is true that while we are in camp we always have that best of sauces, hunger; but nevertheless a few bottles of Brand's A1 Sauce will add to the delights of a meal, and he who has used it in camp will be quite sure thereafter to use it in his home.

BLACK ART IN ANOTHER FORM.

A German gtleman and his young son Fritz were on an express train bound for the seashore.

While Fritz was snoozing, his father, who occupied the window seat, snatched his cap and seemingly threw it out of the open window.

"Aha," the joking father said, "your cap is on de outside. Never mind, Fritzy, I'll vistle und it will come on de inside again mit quickness.'

The father whistled and, at the same moment, deftly placed the cap on his attentive son's head. Fritz was speechless. He pulled off his head covering and gazed at it in wonder, and at his paterfamilias in deep admiration for several minutes.

As the train neared a bridge, the little chap was inspired. Leaning far out of the open window, he dropped the cap, and turning to his dad confidently, said, "Vistle, fadder."—August Lippincott's.

An Elizabeth, N. J., minister was illustrating some point by the loading and discharge of a gun. Describing the process, he accompanied his words by a highly realistic pantomime performance, first pouring into the muzzle of his imaginary gun the powder, then putting in a wad, the shot, and wads again, "ramming her home" every time, then withdrawing the ramrod, he put on the cap, raised the gun to his shoulder, sighted along the barrels, and, turning suddenly to his audience, exclaimed, "And now, what do I do next?"

"Pull the trigger!" shouted a small boy in a front pew.

"I'll pull *your* trigger for you, you little wretch," said the disconcerted clergyman, dropping his arms and shaking his finger threateningly at the offending urchin. Meat-Hawk.

James C., a genial son of Erin, is fond of shooting, and the best manufacturer of mid-range hyperbole that I ever saw. He will tell a story elaborately frescoed with improbabilities, and every corner decorated with impossibilities, with an air of persuasive sincerity that would cause a man to hate himself for presuming to doubt it. He says "the first sugar hogshead he ever saw reminded him so much of his mother's churn that he shed tears." One day a hawk alighted near the house and his son took the gun, crawled within gunshot, fired and missed.

"Why didn't you kill the howck?" queried the father.

"The gun's no good," answered the junior James.

"Ye'r a liar, Jamesie, it's yew that's no good. Ye can't tell me anything about that gun. Sure, I've known her since she was a pishtol."

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

The First Eastern Handicap

At the Inter-State Association Tournament, Philadelphia, July 17-19, was won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton, N. Y., score 93, at 19 yards, and second honors were shared by Mr. Chas. A. Young, of Springfield, O., score 92, both using

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The Championship of Minnesota

Was won July 17th, 1906, at Duluth, Minn., by Mr. William McKinnon, of Cass Lake, Minn., score 48 ex 50, using the best ammunition in the world.

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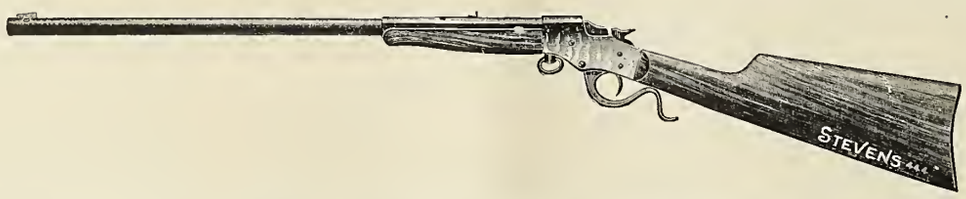

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NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

(Continued from page 226.)

in to the land had a better wind, and had moved up fast, so that Vigilant was leading, with Weetamoe next, followed by Effort, Yankee, Elmina, Sybarita and Queen. Elmina and Weetamoe made a big gain under the land, while those further off shore did little more than drift with the tide. Elmina carried a nice air, and soon had a commanding lead, which she maintained to the end of the race. Rainbow, too, worked in toward the land and she did better, so that she drew up on Yankee. Off Cornfield Light at 1:50:20 Elmina was still the leader. The others were timed, as follows: Rainbow, 2:05:00; Yankee, 2:05:10; Effort, 2:07:00; Vigilant, 2:09:00; Humma, 2:10:00; Weetamoe, 1:10:40; Sybarita, 2:11:20; Irolita, 2:12:00; Corona, 2:13:15; Queen, 2:13:50. These times will show what changes had been made in the last twelve miles of the race. About 3 o'clock the wind freshened, and soon after backed somewhat to the south and fast times were made to the finish. Elmina passed Bartletts Reef Lightship at 3:32:00. Yankee, which had always kept to windward of the Rainbow, had taken second place, and Weetamoe had taken the lead again from Effort. Mr. Smith had sailed Effort from Cornfield when she had the lead, and he cannot get as much out of the yacht as her sailing master can. Elmina finished first and won in her class. Yankee was next in, and beat Rainbow for the second time on the cruise. Weetamoe won from Effort by 17s., and Humma won in the next class. Mimosa won in her class, and Cara Mia won in the 30ft. class. The tables of this run follow:

Yawls, 100ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sybarita, W. G. Brokaw	10 40 52	4 28 06	5 47 14
Vigilant, W. E. Iselin	10 40 27	4 27 21	5 46 54

Corrected time—Sybarita, 5:34:30; Vigilant, 5:40:06. Sybarita wins by 5m. 36s.

Sloops, 62ft. Class.

Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	10 40 36	4 01 08	5 20 22
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	10 40 56	4 08 49	5 27 53

Corected time—Yankee, 5:16:30; Rainbow, 5:24:15. Yankee wins by 7m. 45s.

Sloops, 68ft. Class.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	10 35 50	4 15 55	5 40 05
Effort, F. M. Smith	10 36 28	4 19 56	5 48 28
Irolita, E. W. Clark	10 35 52	4 28 44	5 52 52
Neola, E. D. King	10 37 00	4 32 22	5 55 52
Hester, C. H. Dodge	10 35 59	5 08 10	6 32 11

Corrected time—Weetamoe, 5:30:32; Effort, 5:30:49; Irolita, 5:34:58; Hester, 6:19:11. Weetamoe wins by 17s.

Sloops, 57ft. Class.

Humma, R. Emmons, 2d	10 30 00	4 28 11	5 58 11
Doris, S. R. Anthony	10 30 00	4 48 50	6 19 50
Altair, Cord Meyer	10 30 00	4 45 11	6 15 11

Corrected time—Humma, 5:46:26; Doris, 6:01:20; Altair, 6:11:04. Humma wins by 14m. 54s.

Sloops, 40ft. Class.

Gardenia, A. H. Morris	10 30 00	5 10 16	6 40 16
Pelegrina, R. Toland	10 30 00	5 13 12	6 43 12
Phanton, N. G. S. Noble	10 30 00	5 14 43	6 44 43
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	10 30 00	5 20 39	6 50 39
Janet, F. H. Adriance	10 30 00	5 21 57	6 51 57
Rosalie, H. F. Parmelee	10 30 00	5 23 36	6 52 36

Corrected time—Mimosa III., 6:24:30; Janet, 6:27:51; Pelegrina, 6:30:42; Phantom, 6:35:30; Gardenia, 6:40:16. Mimosa III. wins by 6m. 12s.

New York Y. C. 30-footers.

Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	10 25 00	5 17 10	6 52 10
Neola II., C. M. Pynchon	10 25 00	5 17 26	6 52 26
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	10 25 00	5 18 45	6 53 45
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer	10 25 00	5 18 46	6 53 46
Banzai, C. M. Mallory	10 25 00	5 18 57	6 53 57
Minx, H. Willets	10 25 00	5 19 05	6 54 05
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	10 25 00	5 19 44	6 54 44
Tabasco, W. B. Henry	10 25 00	5 19 49	6 54 49
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	10 25 00	5 24 47	6 59 47

Cara Mia wins by 16s.

Schooners Over 90ft.

Invader, Roy A. Rainey	10 50 42	4 34 50	5 44 08

Schooners, 90ft. Class.

Elmina, F. F. Brewster	10 51 28	3 52 14	5 01 46
Corona, A. F. Luke	10 50 26	4 15 47	5 25 21
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	10 51 05	4 16 47	5 25 42

Corrected time—Elmina, 5:00:54; Corona, 5:22:18; Queen, 5:23:09. Elmina wins by 21m. 24s.

Schooners, Mixed Class.

Muriel, Chas. Smithers	10 45 33	4 34 03	5 48 30
Ariel, F. L. Leland	10 46 19	4 37 46	5 51 27
Endymion, G. Lauder, Jr.	10 52 00	4 45 19	5 53 19
Lasca, R. P. Doremus	10 52 00	4 47 12	6 05 12

Corrected time—Muriel, 5:19:50; Ariel, 5:34:28; Endymion, 5:39:19; Lasca, 5:50:57. Muriel wins by 14m. 59s.

Schooners, 64 and 55ft. Classes.

Katrina, J. B. Ford	10 45 26	4 43 10	5 57 44
Andromeda, C. W. Nason	10 47 00	5 05 27	6 22 27
Crusader II., S. L. Husted	10 46 48	4 58 16	5 11 38

Corrected times—Katrina, 5:29:43; Andromeda, 5:40:11; Crusader II., 6:00:12. Katrina wins by 10m. 28s.

Schooners, 47ft. Class.

Simitar, E. L. Hopkins	10 47 00	5 13 09	6 26 09
Venona, R. Olyphant	10 46 35	5 14 08	6 27 33

Corrected times—Simitar, 6:06:05; Venona, 6:24:43. Simitar wins by 18m. 38s.

Auxiliaries Over 70ft. Waterline.

Emerald, F. L. Clark	10 56 27	4 53 14	5 56 47
Idler, H. T. Sloane	11 02 00	5 10 32	6 08 32
Tekla, H. Willets	11 02 00	5 12 16	6 10 16
Ariadne, H. W. Putnam	11 02 00	5 08 31	6 06 31
Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix	11 02 00	5 01 03	5 59 03
Invincible, R. Thompson	11 02 00	5 18 28	6 16 28

Corrected times—Emerald, 5:41:38; Idler, 5:41:24; Tekla, 5:43:39; Ariadne, 5:47:38; Intrepid, 5:55:35; Invincible, 6:16:28. Idler wins by 9s.

Auxiliaries Under 70ft. Waterline.

Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright	10 57 00	5 11 58	6 14 58
Vencedor, A. de Goicouria	10 57 00	4 57 52	6 00 52
Seneca, G. Mercer, Jr.	10 57 00	4 57 07	6 00 07

Corrected times Cachalot, 5:30:21; Vencedor, 5:37:07; Seneca, 5:48:52. Cachalot wins by 6m. 46s.

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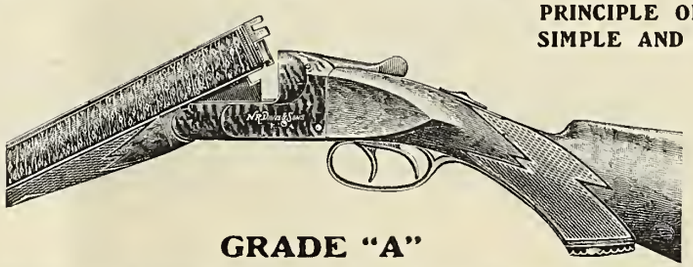

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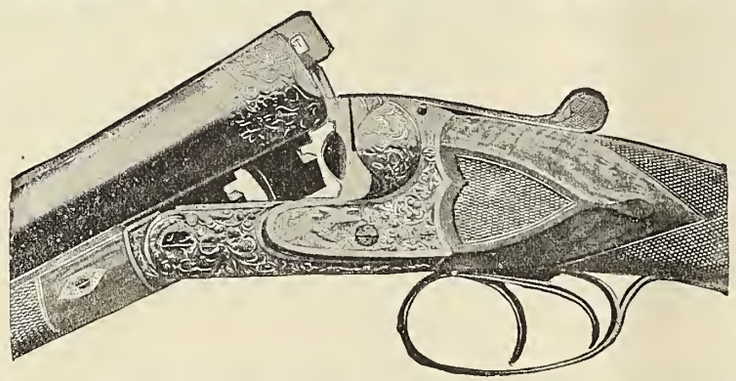

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The rear commodore's cups on the first day were won as follows:

Schooners, First Division, Classes A B and C—Queen.
Schooners, Second Division—Katrina.
Sloops, First Division, Classes G, H, J and K—Effort.
Sloops, Second Division—Mimosa III.

The vice-commodore's cups, divided the same way, were won by Elmina, Venona, Humma and Cara Mia.

Great South Bay Racing.

The annual contest for the Queen of The Bay cup was held on July 28, on the opening of the joint cruise of the Penataquit-Corinthian, South Bay, and Unqua-Corinthian yacht clubs. The 22ft. sloop Toby, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, will hold the trophy for a year. The cup is to become the property of the winner scoring for it three years. So far two other yachts have won it twice in six years, C. de H. Brower's Frontinac and Regis H. Post's Constance. The winners and times follow. Course 8 miles, except for class W, the course being 4 miles:

Sloops, Class Q.

	Corrected.
Toby, H. O. Havemeyer	1 24 44
Duggan, R. C. Watson	1 27 05
Dolphin, W. K. Dick	1 27 45
Embla III., Q. A. Williams	1 30 19
Hop-long-Peter, Richard Hyde	1 31 49
Dolphin II., T. R. Summerville	1 33 02
Meddler, W. L. Candee	1 33 41

One-Design Class.

Embla III., Q. A. Williams	1 32 57
Letherbe, T. F. Ballard	1 34 02
Darl, W. L. Candee	1 34 19
Nat, E. F. Hutton	1 35 40
Ripple, W. K. Dick	1 36 14
Alice, S. F. Rothschild	Disabled.

Catboats, Class W.

Mischief, W. N. Rochschild	0 58 00
Scud, W. S. Wooley	0 58 21

In the Unqua-Corinthian races the winners were: Class A Sloops—The Eld, W. Keller, first; Edice, T. C. Smith, second; Class B, sloops—Dorothy, Sanfiel Brothers, first; Dolphin, D. K. Deittrich, second. Class D Catboats—Cecil, F. P. Foster, first; Millie, J. W. Lawrence, second. Class E Catboats—Invader, E. Ketchaman, first; Junior, F. B. Dalzell, second.

Sales and Charters.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, of this city, has sold the following yachts:

The steam yacht Mindora, for Mr. John W. Reid to Mr. O. J. Delany, who will cruise along the Atlantic coast from South Carolina to Nova Scotia; the steam yacht Kittewan, owned by Mr. J. Price Wetherill, to Mr. Garrett B. Linderman, who has changed her name to Nautilus, and is using the yacht at Fisher's Island and the eastern end of the Sound, and the steam yacht Priscilla for Mr. Samuel M. Jarvis to Gen. Francis E. Waters, who is fitting out the yacht and will take her to Maine.

The same agency has effected the sale of the following power yachts: Allure, for Mr. Alexander Stein to Mr. Henry D. Norris, and Venture II. for Mr. J. Murray Watts to Mr. A. Ward, both boats now being used in the waters about Shelter Island, N. Y.; Onaway for General Waters to Mr. S. M. Jarvis, and the hunting cabin launch Admiral Togo to Mr. E. P. Earle, who has taken the boat to New London.

The same office has sold the schooner yacht Leslie for James N. Norris to Dr. A. Brummerly; the sloop yacht Shark for Mr. F. Lothrop Ames to Mr. Frank Losee; the sloop yacht Sunbeam for Mr. R. H. Eggleston to Mr. A. R. Kellar; the sloop yacht Anona for Mr. A. J. Menton to Mr. Y. Pendas; the sloop yacht Kangaroo for Mr. James R. Gilmore to Mr. S. M. Butler, and the auxiliary catboat Nautilus for Mr. Harvey C. Perry to Mr. R. Collins.

The following charters are also reported by Mr. Gielow: The steam yacht Wissoe for Mr. H. P. Whitaker to Mr. James W. Friend; the schooner yacht Mavis for Mr. Durbin Horne to Messrs. Herbert and Slocum Howland; the schooner yacht Vigil for Mr. A. N. Chandler to a prominent Pittsburg yachtsman; the schooner yacht Estelle to a member of the Atlantic Y. C.; the yawl Virginia B. for Mr. M. L. Bolen to Mr. Earle Farwell; the auxiliary yawl Alcatorda to Mr. R. La Montagne, and the auxiliary sloop Massasoit for Mr. W. F. Blaisdell to Mr. J. E. Overton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Cruise of the Brooklyn Y. C.—The Brooklyn Y. C. cruise started on Wednesday the 8th, and the itinerary of the cruise is as follows:

Wednesday, Aug. 8—Rendezvous New Rochelle, Echo Bay, 5 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 9—New Rochelle to Norwalk, Sheffield Island, 22 miles.

Friday, Aug. 10—Norwalk, Sheffield Island to Black Rock, 23 miles.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Remain at Black Rock and participate in races of Bridgeport Y. C.

Sunday, Aug. 12—Black Rock to New Haven, 21 miles.

Monday, Aug. 13—New Haven to Duck Island Roads, 20 miles.

Tuesday, Aug. 14—Duck Island Roads to New London, 20 miles.

Wednesday, Aug. 15—New London to Block Island, 23 miles. Boats anchor in Great Salt Pond.

Thursday, Aug. 16—Block Island to Shelter Island, 33 miles. Anchor in Deering's Harbor.

Friday, Aug. 17—Remain at Shelter Island.

Saturday, Aug. 18—Shelter Island to Thimble Island, 31 miles.

All starts will be at ten o'clock in the morning. Dr. J. E. De Wund, Mr. George E. Reiners and Mr. Arthur T. Wells compose the Regatta Committee of the club.

* * *

Manhasset Bay Y. C. Year Book.—We have received from the secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, the 1906 Year Book book of the club. The book is very neatly gotten up, and gives the names of the officers, list of yachts, constitution and by-laws, etc., and other needful information.

* * *

The Men that Keep the Lights.—When the flame flashes bright and clear from the masthead of lightship or rocky headland, guiding through darkness and storm the mariner on his way or to a safe anchorage, he should give a passing thought to the man that tends the light.

Keepers of the isolated lighthouses along the coast and of the lightships moored far off shore lead a lonely existence, which would be brightened by adoption of a suggestion made through the column of letters from Herald readers.

The writer notes that yachts are abundantly supplied with discarded newspapers and magazines, and he suggests that when conditions permit of it the passing yachtsmen should send a bundle of these to the poor fellows who keep the lights. This is now done by some yachtsmen, but many who have never thought of it will no doubt adopt the kindly practice at the suggestion made by our correspondent.—New York Herald.

* * *

Sailor Hurt.— On July 29, while cleaning a signal cannon, Samuel Christian, a sailor of the steam yacht Alice, owned by Mr. F. D. Underwood, Atlantic Y. C., lost his right hand and suffered other painful injuries. Mr. Underwood's private physician was aboard and dressed the sailor's wounds, when Mr. Underwood hurried the unfortunate man to Roosevelt Hospital. The accident occurred while the sailor was standing in front of the gun, cleaning the muzzle, when he accidentally pulled the lanyard to the trigger, and a charge left in the gun was exploded.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—5123, C. E. Annett, Bayonne, N. J.; 5124, Harry Lucas, Kingsbridge, N. Y. City; 5125, A. D. Berning, Kingsbridge, N. Y. City; 5126, J. L. Hyde, Yonkers, N. Y.; 5128, W. R. Pitcher, Jr., N. Y. City; 5129, A. M.

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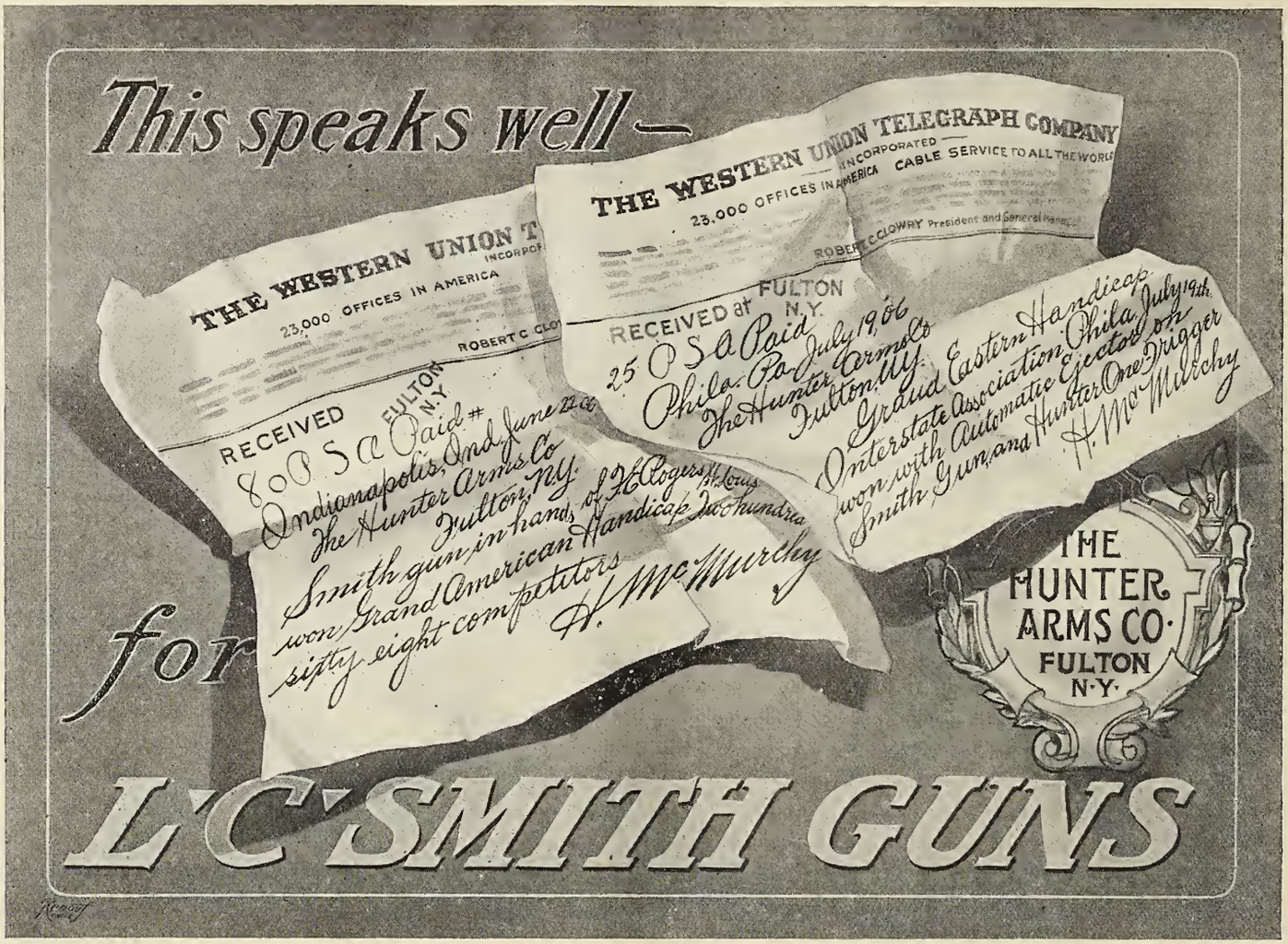
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Their Principles, Types and Management. By Francis K. Grain. 123 pages. Price, $1.25.

Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.

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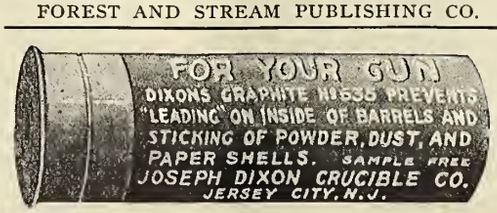
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Central Division—5121, Edwin Yawger, Edgewood Park, Pa.; 5131, F. D. Newbury, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Eastern Division—5122, L. E. Zacher, Hartford, Conn.; 5127, C. H. Weeden, Providence, R. I.; 5133, C. R. Daniels, Dedham, Mass.; 5134, B. French, Dedham, Mass.; 5135, A. E. Johnson, Dedham, Mass.; 5136, D. F. Holmes, Providence, R. I.; 5137, J. L. Keenan, Dedham, Mass.; 5138, G. W. Kelly, Providence, R. I.; 5139, F. J. Kenney, Providence, R. I.; 5140, O. H. Kramer, W. Roxbury, Mass.; 5141, N. A. Layton, Dedham, Mass.; 5142, H. R. Locke, W. Medford, Mass.; 5143, T. H. Lord, Lawrence, Mass.; 5144, C. McTammany, Warwick, R. I.; 5145, G. E. Merritt, Dedham, Mass.; 5146, K. W. Packard, Providence, R. I.; 5147, G. W. Paige, 5148, R. R. Pedlow, Lawrence, Mass.; 5149, H. R. Pratt, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; 5150, R. Sibor, New Bedford, Mass.; 5151, W. C. Smith, Medford, Mass.; 5152, L. B. Stone, Wyburn, Mass.; 5153, W. A. Tryon, Medford, Mass.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—Valentine Dexheimer, Jr., N. Y. City, by H. J. Dietrich; Frank A. Plummer, N. Y. City, by F. C. Moore; James V. Smith, N. Y. City, by J. W. McConnell.

Central Division—H. A. Hammond, Rome, N. Y., by H. S. Sturdevant; Louis C. Breed, D. H. Grandin and Edward J. Green, all of Jamestown, N. Y., and all by H. R. Ford; G. Roy Stillson, Rochester, N. Y., by L. T. Coppins.

Eastern Division—S. A. Moot, Marblehead, Mass., by H. D. Murphy.

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THE GREAT OAK.

From Alfred Barron's "Foot Notes."

On one of the roads leading to West Roek there were three trees, two white oaks and a walnut, that had aehieved royalty. One soon gets a sort of property feeling in the noble things with whieh he is surrounded. But loving your neighbor's trees while he has the power to eut them down and put them to base uses, is as perilous as giving your heart to a woman who may prove to be the property of another. I notieed some time ago that one of those oaks had been cut down; it was but a sorry eonsolation to think that its great strong arms might be going to strengthen the sides of some high-masted ship. When a great thing is destroyed, I say somebody ought to be punished unless he ean make a good defense of himself. What do I eare for the rights of property then? So I go to the side of the road, and there is a dialogue earried on over a chestnut rail splashed with liehens.

"You are getting some pretty niee ship-timber out of that old oak?"

"We are getting a lot of very hard work out of it."

"Oh, I reekoned you were cutting it down for ship-timber."

"We eould have got some, but it would have taken a great deal of hard work."

"So you eut it down just to make wood?"

"Can't use only the limbs for that." And they smiled at the notion of making firewood out of that great knotted bulk.

"I suppose you know that was one of the largest oaks anywhere about here?"

"Yes, it was a pretty big one."

"Well, if I had wanted to buy your farm, I would have given you $50 more for it if that tree had remained standing."

They didn't smile at that remark * * * I venture to assert that if the owner of that oak had let it be, and had attended well to its diseourse, he would have got more good from it than from many a sermon. I ean only give the text on whieh the oak enlarges:

"Be strong, be patient in slow gains, and grow only for noble uses."

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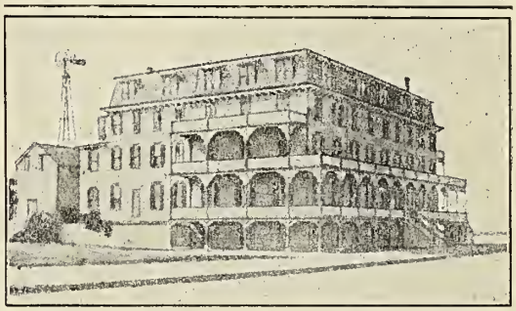

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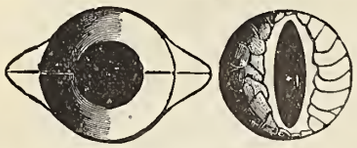

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A POISONOUS VARIETY OF TUNA.

We hear so much of the tuna fishing at Santa Catalina, on the coast of California—it is rubbed into us *ad nauseam*—that the average person not acquainted with the tuna would think that it was to be found nowhere else. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely any other fish which has such a world-wide habitat, and I have caught tuna up to 300 pounds in such widely apart places as the Bay of Panama, Torres Straits, Wake's Island (90° 30″ N. Long., 166° 30″ E.), Guam (in the Ladrones), all over Polynesia, Micronesia and Melanesia, and inside, as well as outside, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. To the American whalemen who frequented the Pacific thirty years ago the tuna was well known, and was called "buck albicore," or "bull albicore." About the low-lying islands of the Equatorial Pacific it is very plentiful, and attains a huge size and weight—350 pounds to 400 pounds. The people of the Tokelau (or Union Group) in the South Pacific call it "Takuo," the Gilbert Islanders by another name, which I cannot now recall, and catch it by enticing it alongside their canoes with a live bait of flying fish, and then slipping a running bowline over it. The natives of Savage Island (Niué) use a hook, baited either with an octopus or a large flying fish. Early dawn or just before sunset is the best time for tuna in the Pacific Islands, but at the Bampton Shoal and the Chesterfield Reefs, near New Caledonia, I have caught tuna in a rough sea, with the sun high and bright, and in less than ten fathoms of water.

In the straits that separate the great islands of New Ireland and New Britain (Tombara and Biara) there is a distinct variety of the tuna. It has gill markings of a deep orange color, all the lower fins orange tipped, with bright red spots, some of which appear on the belly, and run along irregularly to the throat. The roof of the mouth is dark red, with yellow streaks running fore and aft—a sure sign that fish is poisonous.

Some time in 1880 I was piloting a Norwegian barque through the straits to the Duke of York Islands, when during a calm I caught one of these fish. It weighed about 60 pounds, and when it was placed on the deck I immediately noticed its peculiar coloring, opened its mouth, and told the captain that I thought it was a poisonous fish. My boat's crew of natives backed me up, and said that they knew for certain that any fish with those particular red and yellow streaks in the mouth was poisonous. But the Norwegian skipper was incredulous, and protested most energetically when I told my men to throw the fish overboard, and his crew made unpleasant remarks about my wishing to deprive them of a feed of wholesome fresh fish.

My warnings were disregarded. The captain said that he had often bought and eaten exactly the same kind of fish at Coupang and Amboyna. So the tuna was cut and cooked, and served fore and aft for supper. Every one of the Norwegians except the second mate made a hearty meal, that officer remarking to me that he would "wait and see how the others got on." The results were disastrous. Within an hour all who had eaten of the fish were seriously ill and suffering excruciating pains, attended with excessive vomiting and purging, and before midnight the carpenter died. The appearance of the sufferers was distressing—a ghastly pallor of the features alternating with purple blotches, and violent contortions of the extremities. During the next three days my boat's crew and I had an anxious time, attending the sick men, and taking the barque through a dangerous channel. On the second day a boy died, apparently from exhaustion caused by continuous vomiting. The second mate and I then brought the ship to an anchor in a little bay on the coast of New Ireland, and I sent my boat off to Mioko (the settlement on Duke of York's Island) with a letter to the captain of the German cruiser Moewe, asking him to send his surgeon. Unfortunately, the warship had left, and when the boat returned without the doctor the situation became serious, the captain and two seamen being in an alarming condition, and all

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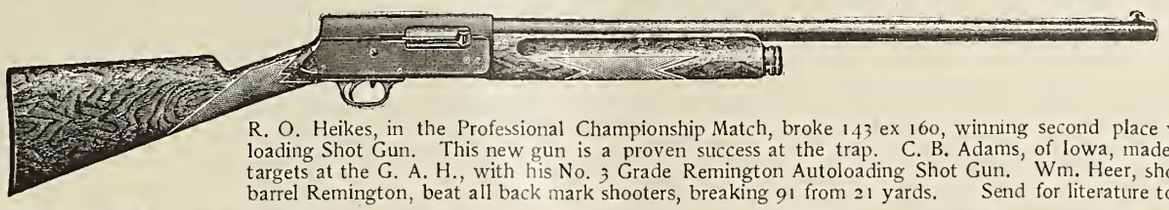

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the others still very ill. (I had before seen a shiep's crew suffering from fish poisoning in the Marshall Islands, but they were cured by native remedies.) Then, fortunately, one of my boat's crew, a native of Rotumah, told me that he remembered hearing of two American ladies who had eaten posionous fish being given condensed milk "with some kind of oil"—what kind he did not know. It might have been kerosene for all I knew, but I came to the conclusion that it was probably castor oil. Among other cargo on board there was, luckily, some cases of condensed milk, intended for the Wesleyan missionaries at Port Hunter (near Mioko), but of castor oil there was none in the medicine chest. There was, however, a two-gallon jar of rank fish oil in the carpenter's locker, and the second mate and I thought that that would do as well. But to get at the cases of milk we had to shift nearly fifty tons of cargo, working by the light of lanterns in the stifling hold.

On the "kill or cure" principle the second mate and I opened half a dozen tins of milk, poured their contents into a bucket, and added a quart of fish oil, mixed it well together, and then dosed our patients. The effect was really marvellous, for in a quarter of an hour the agonizing stomach pains ceased, the twitchings of the fingers, eyelids, and lips became less and less, and before many hours had passed all the sick men were decidedly better, and some of them asleep. By breakfast-time next morning the captain and three A.B.'s were able to stand, and they, with all the rest of the men, said that everything they saw looked yellow—a very usual thing in cases of recovery from fish poisoning.

I must mention that the natives say that at certain seasons of the year this particular variety of the tuna can be eaten with safety—when the red and orange markings disappear from the throat. And the late Dr. Kubary, an eminent German savant, who spent most of his life in the South Seas, told me that there were in the Moluccas and the Caroline Islands two varieties of the tuna which during four months of the year were highly poisonous, but for at least six months could be eaten without fear. In Micronesia, before the advent of the American missionaries, the natives were great tuna fishers. Nowadays they do not catch any. In the old times a tuna-fishing party of men would not associate with the opposite sex for three days before setting out; nor would they even partake of food cooked by an adult female, though very young girls (under ten years of age) might attend upon them. The missionaries, being of "but little understanding," regarded this custom as a mere heathenish fad, and forbade it. The consequence is that the present generation of Micronesians would hardly know a tuna if they saw one—it is a fish with heathenish associations. —Sisi Atu in London Field.

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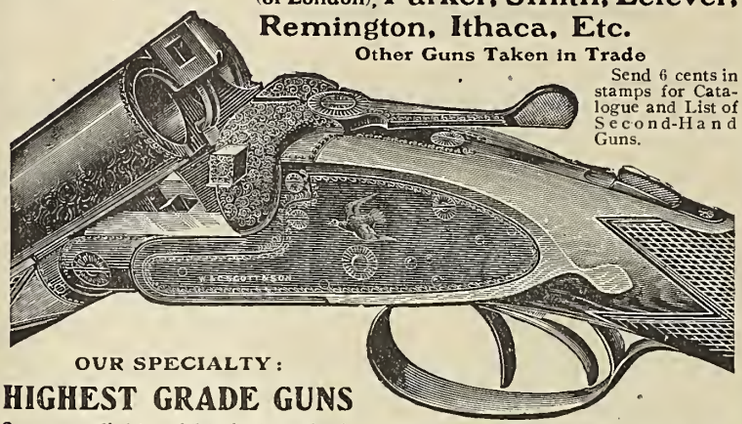

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"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

"My brother bought a 12-gauge W. W. Greener at the same time, and up to his death, seven years ago, she stood the test. I bought a 12-gauge Greener about 1875 for a present to a friend. It also proved to be all right, although I lost track of it twenty years ago.

"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

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CAMPING ANGLING YACHTING

VOL. LXVII.—No. 7. PRICE, TEN CENTS SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1906.

FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE, TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY, SHOOTING, FISHING, YACHTING.

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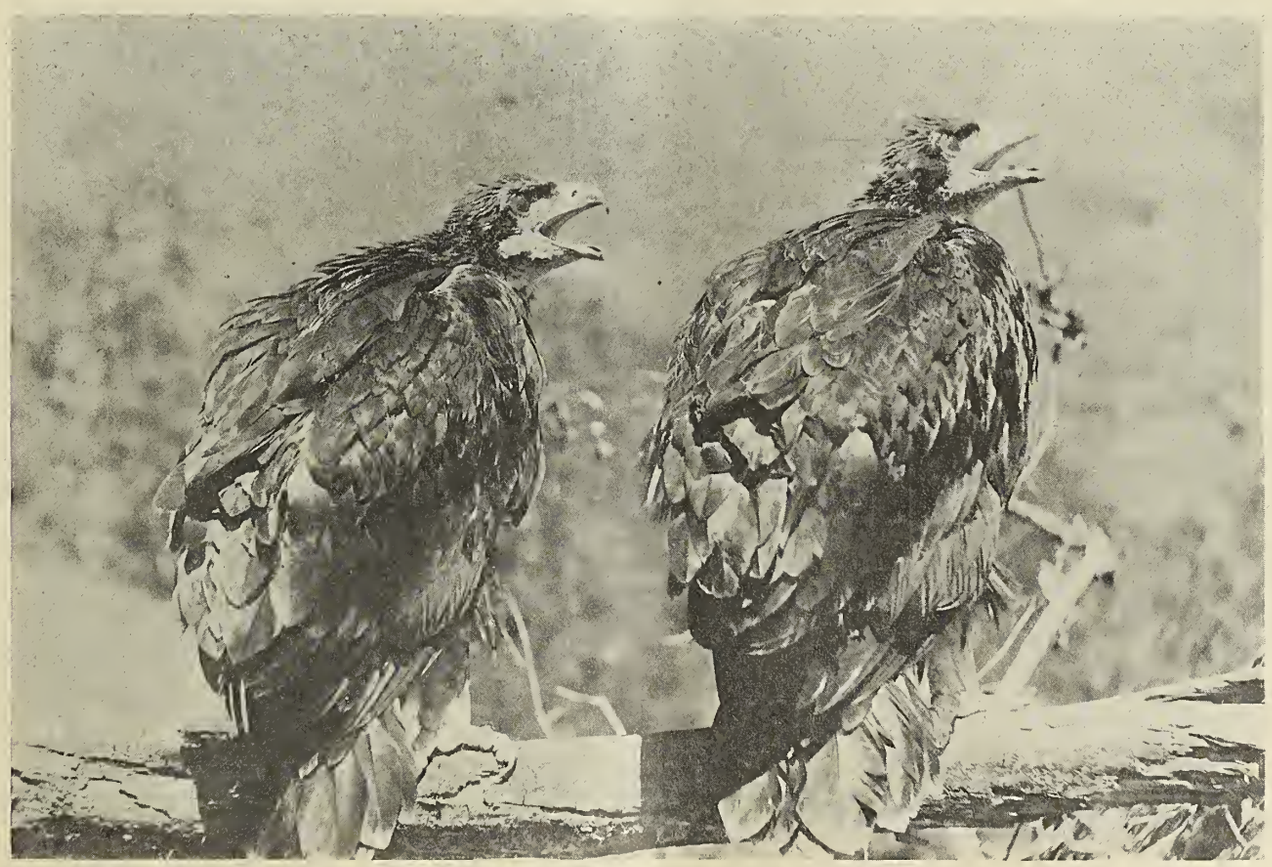

FULL GROWN YOUNG EAGLES

Photo taken beside aery, June 4, when the birds were sixty-two days old, by Bohlman and Finley. See page 252.

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A MODERN DIANA.

A woman, apparently forty years old, has been noticed for several days near Mauckport, Harrison county, thirty-five miles southwest of New Albany, and her strange actions and appearance have caused considerable comment among the people of that community. She rides a pony, carrying a camping outfit of blankets, etc., and has two guns strapped to the saddle with a pistol in the holster at her belt. She is followed by a half-dozen dogs, and the country people say she camps in the woods at night.

Nothing is known concerning her, as she has refused to give her name or residence each time the residents have questioned her.

When required to purchase food for herself, pony, or dogs, she appeared to be amply supplied with funds, and asked assistance from no one.

A woman of the same description was seen near West Point, Ky., and her presence in the community caused much comment and speculation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Forest and Stream is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. The editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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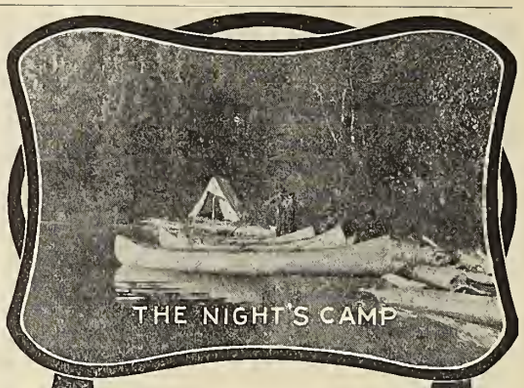

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STABBED BY A SWORDFISH.

Eugenio Martinez, a Casa Blanca fisherman, was yesterday taken through the town of Cojimar to Hospital No. 1, where he is now lying, suffering from a wound which he received from a swordfish while out three miles from Havana, engaged in fishing.

Martinez, who is an expert fisherman and lives at the little borough of Casa Blanca, yesterday left in a small boat accompanied by a fellow fisherman for the purpose of landing some swordfishes for which he always finds a ready market in Havana. As they were about three miles away from the Morro they stopped the boat, letting out the hook baited with bacon. They had not waited long when a tug was felt at the end of the line which carried the boat in an easterly direction at a very rapid pace. Martinez, who had the line in his hand, was standing in the forward part of the boat when the fish stopped all of a sudden and making a rush at the boat jumped through the air and striking Martinez, whose leg he pierced through. The rush of the fish threw Martinez overboard, but he never lost control of himself, and managed to again get on board. His companion laid him on board, and tied the line to the boat. They immediately made for the Cojimar shore where the wounded man was taken ashore.

His swordfishship, which was by that time completely exhausted, was taken ashore, and after being cleaned weighed over fifty pounds.—Havana Post.

Uncle Siah was an old fellow, fond of the woods, and of telling big stories; but he would fly into a passion if anyone doubted his word. On the banks of the Merrimac was an old, deserted farm house, with no doors or windows. We were sitting around the store one evening when Uncle Siah said he was sitting in the old farm house that afternoon, when a partridge flew through the house, in at one window and out at the other. One of the boys said, "I guess it was a two-legged partridge." "It's a lie," shouted Uncle Siah, as he left the store and wended his way home, mad all through that anyone doubted his story. Was There.

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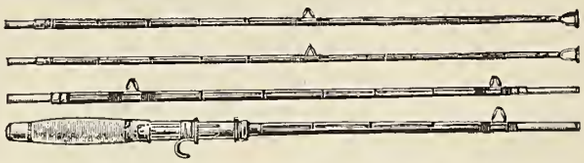

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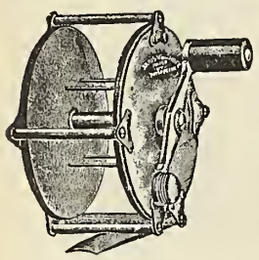

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Forest and Stream

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

THE HANDICAP IN TRAPSHOOTING.

The question concerning what constitutes an equitable handicap in trapshooting competition is of constant interest to all trapshooters, yet, notwithstanding the many handicap systems which have been devised and given fair trial, the final settlement of what is a true handicap system seems to be as remote now as in the beginning.

On practical trial, each of the different systems in turn has proved to be objectionable to some group, small or great, whose interests were unfavorably affected; and each had its groups of admirers and supporters who were inspired to approve from motives of self interest also.

Much misdirected thought and speech have been bestowed on this subject by shooting philosophers who mistook a part for the whole. Some writers apparently hold the theory that a true handicap should give the weaker shooter an advantage instead of an equity, thus enabling him to come out ahead in the results of the competition. In particular, the failures of the 80-per cent. shooter have been exploited in season and out of season, and he has been featured as a long suffering martyr of the competition, who was entitled to more than he received. Yet what more rights the 80-per cent. shooter had over the 70-per cent. shooter, or any other per cent. shooter, were never apparent outside of persistent assertion.

As a matter of self-evident fact, no shooter has any more rights than any other shooter; and as a further matter of self-evident fact, it is proper to mention that, if a shooter does not possess the proper degree of skill for a race, he should not attempt to race at all. No handicapping can compensate for utter inefficiency.

Target shooting possesses more inherent difficulties as concerns handicapping than does pigeon shooting. In pigeon shooting, the events, as a rule, are short, 5, 7 and 10 birds constituting the number limiting the events. Thus, in such short races, there cannot be wide variations between the winners and the losers. Again, the birds being alive, much loss was attributed to hard luck, as for instance when a bird fell dead out of bounds, or when the wind carried it out of the boundary after it fell dead inside, etc.

In target shooting, the races are much longer than in pigeon shooting, in their skill the best and poorest shooters are much more widely apart, and, as the average trapshooter at targets dawns on the game and disappears much more quickly than does the live-bird shooter, there is a wealth of immature opinion which is presented as sound knowledge.

In respect to target shooting, the fundamental difficulties in devising a handicapping system which will give approximately equitable results when applied in practice, are the in and out performance of the majority of the contestants, and the length of the contests. If a contestant has a record of 90 per cent. average, the result of shooting from 70 to 100 per cent. in the efforts of a year, it is self evident that the handicapper has a difficult variant to consider. If the in-and-out shooter wins or loses, the irresponsible critic, who makes his deductions from data which suit his purposes, can find that, from his viewpoint, the handicappers are either foolish or criminal.

Of all the systems in vogue, the distance handicap has proved the most equitable and satisfactory for open tournaments. However, no system can be devised which will compensate for erratic shooting or deficient skill, nor can any handicapping committee be found which will make the handicaps harmonize with the mental squints of the critics.

IN CURRITUCK AND DARE.

Previous reference has been made to opposition to the Audubon Society prevailing in the eastern counties of North Carolina. This has now taken definite organization in a newly formed Gunners' and Fishermen's League, the purpose of which is to secure political representation at Raleigh. In the primaries just held the League candidate was nominated by the largest vote ever polled in the county. A feature of the situation worth nothing is that the Currituck county people look on the Audubon Society as an institution which has been created by Northern activity; they claim that the revenues drawn from shooting licenses and penalties go to the use of a non-resident body; and the antagonism which would be aroused in any community where such a state of things existed, is in this case increased by the old sectional feeling against the North which has not yet died out.

The chief cause of grievance against the Society, as presented by the disgruntled opposers of it, is that, while the sentiment favoring the preservation of bird life is admirable, the practice is on strictly commercial lines. The opposition ignores or overlooks the fact that it costs money to enforce a sentiment in any branch of activity, and that, in its material phases, the protection of bird life in this respect admits of no exception. Again, it is held that the game laws are against the best interests of the State, as they deter sportsmen from visiting North Carolina, and consequently shut out a large revenue, a vast sum which, in years prior to the non-resident discrimination in the form of special license and restriction, added liberally to the means of livelihood of several large classes, among whom may be mentioned the hotel keepers, the boatmen, the transportation lines, the sporting goods dealers, and indirectly every member of the community.

With such antagonism prevailing as it does in the districts immediately concerned, it goes without saying that the enforcement of the law against night shooting and other practices dear to the heart of the Currituck and Dare gunner is farcical. The night shooters ply their vocation unmolested. They find protection and safety in that sympathy of the community which, until it shall have been overcome, will continue to shield them. If the Audubon Society or any other associated agency is to accomplish the enforcement of the laws, it is clear that effort may profitably be directed to the creation of a sentiment which by lending to it popular support might be efficient, where without it a navy of wardens could not prevail.

The giant strides which have been made in game protection in one State after another have been achieved not so much by increased stringency of legislation and enlarged executive forces, as by a changed public opinion, which by sanction of the law has contributed to its enforcement. The same rule will hold good in the duck shooting counties of North Carolina.

State Warden Jonas Swenholt, of Madison, Wis., advises us that Frank Stick and Russell Dunn, arrested in Oneida county, Wis., and fined for killing deer in close season, are reported to be connected with the Forest and Stream; and Mr. Swenholt expresses a hope that if the report be true the paper "will take them in hand"; or if it be untrue that the paper will contradict it, because of the discredit it will cause us in Wisconsin. It certainly ought not to be necessary to say that no person connected with the Forest and Stream has been guilty of violating Wisconsin game laws, or any others. Frank Stick and Russell Dunn and the other persons associated with them in the illegal deer hunting are not and never have been connected with the Forest and Stream; this office had never heard of them prior to the receipt of Warden Swenholt's courteous communication, and we thank him for giving us an opportunity to say so.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Uncle Shaw and Some Others.—IV.

Incidents of Life in a Vermont Village.

(*Cont.nued from page* 211.)

One day, as Will was sitting on the store piazza, Uncle Shaw came out of the back store with a trap, which was large and strong enough to catch and hold almost anything, Will thought. There was attached to it a chain, on the end of which was a grapple of three prongs. Will asked him what he was going to do with it.

"Wall," said he, "I kinder made up my mind I'd go out and see about that critter that's killing my sheep. Frank says there's two more gone, and I'm going to put a stop to it."

"Are you going to set this trap to it."

"Yes, if I can find a place where I think I'll be likely to git the critter, and where there won't be any danger of getting a sheep or a cow."

When they got to the sheep pasture Will, at Uncle Shaw's request, drove the sheep up into a bunch, and they counted them, finding only twenty-two.

"That makes three sheep that's gone. I know where one of them is, and now we've got to find the others. I guess the best thing we can do is to go up to the head of the paster and go back and forth till we come to them. If they have been dead a great while we'll know it afore we git to them. I don't care so much about them that's dead a long time, but it's the new kilt ones that I'm arter, so you'll have to look sharp."

Back and forth through the bushes and among the rocks they went with no success till, as they had about decided that the sheep must have been carried away, they found one. Will had run up on a high rock to look around, and just as he was about to leave, he glanced down beside the rock and there lay one of the missing sheep. There was a large tree that had been blown up by the wind lying beside the rock, and in between the tree and the rock was a place that looked as though something had lain in it; and beside it was the dead sheep. When Uncle Shaw came he said it was the nest of the critter, and that right there was the best place in the world to set the trap. They wouldn't have to do any chopping nor build a fence to keep the sheep out.

He was careful not to step near it, but kept on the top of the rock, nor would he let Will go down there. He went away into the bushes with the ax and soon returned with some sticks about six feet long, each with a hook on one end. Then he built a small fire of birch bark and held the trap over it in the smoke. After the trap was all smoked black, he smoked the chain.

"That's to take the smell of my hands away. These critters in the woods have an awful keen sense of smell and can tell if a man has handled anything with bare hands, and some are so cunning they won't go near nothing that smells of a man. Now, of I smoke this trap it won't smell of my hands and maybe when that critter comes back he'll get into it."

"But how are you going to set it if you don't touch it?"

"I oughter have some gloves, but I hain't got none, so I'll set it just as careful as I can, and then smoke it again." This he did, then taking the trap up on the hooked sticks, they went carefully back to the rock and lowered it carefully down between the rock and the fallen tree, leaving it in such a position that anything in going in where the sheep was would be likely to step in it.

"Ain't you going to hitch the chain, Mr. Shaw?"

"No, it won't do. If it's a big animal it would break the chain or pull its leg out of the trap; but if the chain ain't hitched, it'll drag the grapple along and leave a track that we can follow."

After he had placed the trap and stretched the chain out just as he wanted it, they found some soft moss, carried it to the brook and washed it, and while still wet, laid it on some flat spruce boughs, and taking it to the trap. carefully turned it on so as to cover both trap and chain.

"There, I guess the critter won't see that trap, and I hope he won't smell it," said the storekeeper, as he picked up the ax and started for home.

"I shouldn't think it would. I don't believe I could tell where it was if I should go back in half an hour," said Will.

"That's just what you want when you set a trap. You see, an animal can smell things a good ways off, and all the time he is coming he is looking to see what it is, and just as sure as he sees anything he don't understand, he won't go near it, even if he has to turn 'round and go back."

"I don't believe anything could find that trap," said Will.

"Hump! A fox would find it the very first thing, and he wouldn't get into it, neither. If he couldn't get near the place any other way, he'd spring the trap and then step over it."

"Are they as cunning as that?" said Will.

"Cunnin'!" said Uncle Shaw, "I guess they be cunnin'. When I was a boy I used to trap a lot of them, and I found out that I had to be putty smart if I wanted to get ahead of them. In those days red foxes wa'n't worth much, but a black or a silver gray fox was a big prize, and if a fellow could get one of them, it would be worth more than all his other pelts.

"One summer we had a frost about the middle of July that killed all the crop and most everything, and that fall and winter it was a hard scratch for folks to get along and live. I was only fourteen year old, but I had to do about all I could to help dad get us all a living. There wa'n't no work, for all the folks was as bad off as we was. Corn was so high nobody could buy it. When times was good a bushel of corn was pay for a day's work; but that fall and winter nobody could get a bushel of corn for a week's work. Nobody wanted to hire, and if there was one that did, there was so many arter the job that we folks out on the hill didn't get no chance. We used to have to live on brake roots and sich things as we could dig out of the ground.

"When it come fall I got a chance to go down to Portland with some men who was driving down some cattle. It was putty hot, dusty work, but I got a good living in this way, and when I got done he paid me twenty shilling. One day as I was standing by a store door a carriage drove up and a lady got out and went into the store. By-an-by she came out with the storekeeper. He had a skin in his hand and they was talking about it. She wanted it made up into something, but it was not large enough and he hadn't got another. He tried to make her have something else, but she wouldn't, and got into her carriage and was drove off.

"I stepped up and asked the storekeeper what kind of a skin that was. I'd seen a fox at home that looked just like it, and I didn't know but he might want it. He told me that it was the skin of a silver-gray fox, and there were not any more. I said, 'Yes there is. There's one up to our house. I've seen him lots of times.' 'Where do you live,' says he kinder scornful. 'Up in Vermont,' says I. 'Wal,' says he, 'If you'll bring me another skin like that, I'll give you fifty dollars.' And he went back into the store.

"I walked along thinking about that fifty dollars. That was more than I could earn in the next two years, and I made up my mind I'd have that fox. How, I didn't know, but have him I must and would.

"When I was walking along thinking how to get him, I came to a store where there was traps in the winder, and I went in. By-em-by I come out with five traps in my hand and the storekeeper had my twenty shilling. I was dreadful proud of them traps. One of them was the big one we just set, and the others was little ones. When I got back to the drover's house and showed him my traps, he laughed and wanted to know how I was going to get home. I hadn't thought anything about that. I could walk, but where was I going to get anything to eat?

"I made up my mind to start the next morning; and his wife gave me food for that day. I walked till that was all gone and then I stopped and worked for folks, to get some more grub. One place where I stopped they was picking apples, and I had all I could eat. I can remember just how good them apples tasted and I'd like some of them this minute.

"I got home after a while, and when I showed the folks what I had bought, they was mad. I told them I was going trapping, but I didn't say nothing about the gray fox, because if I did somebody might find out about it and get it. I went over to old man Leroy's and found out all I could about trapping and baiting, but he couldn't tell much about steel traps for he had never used none.

"The first night I set them I kind of expected to get one or two, but when I went out the next morning the traps was still set, but the baits was gone. When I see how they had fooled me, I set right down and studied out how they had done it; and the next night I set 'em different. But it was a long time before I got one, and then it wasn't the one I wanted.

"Nobody hadn't seen him for a long time and I began to think I had paid too much for them traps. After a while I began to catch them a little faster, and I could see that I was going to get skins enough to pay for them traps anyway.

"One day I was out by the brook and I see the old gray one. He was walking along by the side of the water catching frogs, and I thought to myself, 'I'll have you now, old chap; see if I don't.'

"That night I set a trap by the brook and baited it with a frog. In the morning the trap was sprung and the frog was gone. I tried it till I was tired, but it was no use. There was never nothing in the traps, and I kind of give it up and tried to shoot him, but I could never get near enough when I had a gun.

"After thinking about it a long time I made up my mind that they could smell the iron, so I washed it and did everything to it, but it was no use. The best I could do was to catch a young one once in a while. One day I thought about smoking the trap and I did that and got an old one the first night. I kept on smoking them and would get some quite often, but couldn't get the gray one, and I made up my mind that he was the one that kept springing my traps and eating the bait, for the tracks were all about the same size and looked alike. So one day I hunted all round and got all the old axes and pieces of iron I could find, and put them down by the brook just like they was traps and put a little bait to each one. Then I set all the small traps right along in a row about eight feet apart, and set the big trap in between them, and didn't put no bait on it. I had smoked it the best I could and hadn't touched it with my hands. My mother had caught some mice that day and she had one alive under a cup. There was some bushes that hung out over the trap and I made up my mind to tie the mouse on to one of them so high that the fox would have to stand up to reach it. Mother said she knew a better way. She took some resin and a little tallow and melted it till it was soft and sticky. Then I let the mouse out and caught it with the tongs, for I was bound not to handle it with my hands, and mother dobbed the mouse's feet all over with the sticky wax and I went right down to the trap and stuck the mouse on to a bush quite high up, and there he stuck and couldn't move a peg.

"In the morning I went down. In the first trap I come to was a red fox, and when I got to the big trap there was the gray fox as dead as you please. I was a tickled boy now, I tell you. I tried to take the trap off, but I couldn't, so I took them both in my hands and started for the house, and went right into the kitchen to show him to mother and the girls.

"They all looked at him as he lay there on the floor and spoke of what pretty fur he had, and when I told them how much he was worth, they all stared at me and said I allus was lucky. But it seemed that there was not much luck about catching that gray fox. It looked to me as though it was because I was smarter than he was. After we had all looked at him, I asked mother to help me take the trap off; and just as his leg fell out of that trap he jumped to his feet and put for the shed door what was open. My sister Polly—she was an awful smart girl and could think twice before other folks knew what ter think about—she was right by the sink washing dishes. She happened to see the fox when it started, and she jumped for the door and got there before the fox did. And when he came up she give him a kick in the head that stopped him a minute and then she grabbed him with her hands wrapped up in her dress and hung on. I got there pretty soon myself, and got hold of his hind legs and held him up while Polly hit him on the head with a fire shovel till he was dead for good.

"I skinned him and found the skin was a nice one, and when Rastus Kent went to Portland, I sent it down by him. He brought me home $65 for it and as much as five yards of ribbon and a silver comb for Polly. Mother always said that that fox spoiled Polly, for when she found out how nice she looked in pretty things she wouldn't stay at home; and by-em-by she went to Portland and married a rich man and they went to England to live. I havn't seen her for a number of years, but they say she is one of the first ladies over there. I dunno as yer could call that spoiling her.

"I saved the claws and teeth of that fox and had them fixed up, and Miss Shaw has got them now. We always keep them round to look at, for with that money I traded enough so I could have a store, and by-em-by I got the one I got now."

Two or three times they went out to see if there was anything in the trap, but found nothing there, nor was there any sign that anything had been there. The last time they went, Uncle Shaw said: "I thought we would get whatever 'twas that killed the sheep, but I guess we weren't cunning enough. These creatures are pesky cunning, and a fellow can't tell what minute he's going to have them."

That evening George came in the store and asked Uucle Shaw about his sheep. He was told that a trap had been set for the sheep-killer, but as yet had caught nothing.

"Tain't been down here," said he. "It's been up on the hill. It hain't done no damage as I knows on, but it scart old Dickerman's wife most to death."

"Ole Dickerman's wife! Who in tunket is she? I didn't know the old fool was married," said Uncle Shaw.

"You didn't? He got married last week. I should think you'd know all about him, you're his guardeen so," said George who dearly loved to bother Uncle Shaw.

"I know I'm Overseer of the Poor, and have to see that them old folks' board is paid; but I hain't no guardeen to none on um," said he.

"Wall, at any rate, he's been and got spliced and gone to keeping house. He said he wouldn't stay there to Pelham's no more to please you nor this town nuther. He said Pelham's folks made him keep fire most all the time, and he'd had to saw half a cord of wood since snow went off." And George began slowly to light his pipe.

"The tarnal ole sack er laziness. He hain't had to stir his hand all winter, 'less 'twas to put a stick of wood into the fire when he was cold, and now he's kicking 'bout having to work. But he's got married, has he? Who on airth did he git to have him? I should like to know," said the storekeeper.

"I dunno who she is, and I guess he don't. The other day when it rained so, she come along and wanted to come in, so Miss Pelham, she let her in and kept her till morning. She didn't say what her name was, but they found out she come from down Johnsbury way and was going to Colebrook. Miss Pelham, she asked her who she was going ter see up there, and she said she didn't know. She stopped to dinner with a woman t'other day, who said she had a sister that lived up to Colebrook and so she thought she would just run up and visit 'em a spell.

"How'd she and Dickerman come to hitch up?' said Uncle Shaw.

"Wall, as near as I can find out, Miss Pelham she asked Dickerman to hold the light to the head of the cellar stairs, while she went arter some butter. He kicked, and said he didn't like to work all the time for folks what didn't thank him for it nor pay him nuther. Miss Pelham she's kind of fiery you know—she says, 'You old lazy hunk of good-for-nothinness, I wish you had to take care of yourself; I'd like ter see how you'd get along.'

"Dickerman, he jawed back and said he had taken care of himself most all one summer, and he could go it again if he had somebody to keep him. Miss Pelham she said: 'Here's somebody that will help you. Why don't you two folks go to housekeepin'. I guess you air just about mated?'

"The woman she spoke up as pert as yer please and says: 'Oh, I should like to take care of a man. I did get one once and had him quite a spell, but he kind of took sick and died, and I hain't never had no good chance since. I allus thought if I could only get another, I'd look out for him better, and see that he didn't overdo and get sick.'

"That tickled Dickerman, and he said he didn't mind trying it. Miss Pelham she's an old match-maker—she told them they could go down to the corner that arternoon, if it didn't rain too hard, and get married; and they could live in the old camp up on that air lot of hern, and could have all the wood they would chop. So arter dinner she give the old man some money, 'bout fifty cents, as near as I can find out, and they started. They was as pleased as a boy and a gal when they went down by the field where I was, goin' erlong hand in hand as chipper as a nest of mice. Long toward supper time they come back and went in and sat down. Miss Pelham she asked 'em if they made out to get married. They said yes, and went to a circus too. She asked 'bout it, but all she could find out was that a feller had a tent up and a show in it, and they went in two or three times. Then they went to the minister's and he sent them to the 'Squire's and he said to them, 'Want to get married, do ye? You want him? You want her? Wall, go home; your married.' And he never charged them a cent; so they bought some peanuts and come home. When they got most home, he found five cents in his pocket and wanted to go back and get some more peanuts, but she wouldn't.

"Where do they live now?" asked Uncle Shaw.

"Oh, over to the old camp. Miss Pelham sent Jake and me over to fix up the old thing a little, and we got it so it's tight on top and they can shut the door."

"How are they going to live, I should like to know?"

"Miss Pelham says that they are to board old Dickerman for so much a week, and it don't make no difference whether he is in the same room as she is or not, to the town; and so she's going to keep right on furnishing them their grub and charge the town for his board, and if the town pays for his board, course it's got to pay for his wife's board."

"Wall I swum, if that don't beat all natur. I've heard tell that Miss Pelham was a master hand to calcerlate, but I kinder think that this time she's calcerlated without me," said the outraged Overseer. "Do you s'pose I'm going to see this town robbed like that? Why, last year it cost more'n $300 to take care of the poor, and if these folks ain't rooted out of that 'ere hut, it'll keep on costing more and more all the time. I'm just going right up there to-morrow morning and put a stop to the whole business. And I'll tell Miss Pelham she'd better stop sich works. She'd do this town more hurt than the seven-year itch. I'll see if every old woman is going to get folks married and saddle 'em onter the town." And the enraged Overseer stamped around the store making direful threats against all concerned.

"How are they getting on, George?" asked Frank.

"I dunno," said George. "Shouldn't wonder if they kinder broke up. The woman made Dickerman go and chop some wood and he was mad. He says he won't stand it. Says if he had knowed he'd had to work like that, he would have stayed with Miss Pelham."

"What have they got inside the house?" asked someone.

"There was a bunk left where the cook slept, and Miss Pelham, she give 'em a straw tick, and they filled it with straw. We made 'em two stools and a kind of table that tips up against the wall. Miss Pelham, she give 'em the old rocking chair that Dickerman allus used to set in; she said she couldn't stomach to put herself into it and she didn't want no one else to, so I carried it over there. Then she give 'em some old dishes and an old quilt or two and some sich things, and said she was going to charge 'em to the town."

"Charge 'em to the town, is she?" said the angry Overseer. "Wall, she can charge 'em if that 'll do her any good. But I'd like to see her get me to sign an order for her to get any money on for sich things, that's all."

"I told her that you most likely wouldn't allow it," said George, "but she said she didn't care. She said if the man what is Overseer of the Poor now didn't care nothing about being Overseer again, she just as live. She knew of a man what would like to be it, and be Tax Collector as well, and p'raps 'twould be just as well to have a change. She said if the town was so poor and was managed so that the Hill folks had got to scrimp along and never have nothing, while the Valley folks had a road machine that cost more'n $50 more'n it ought to, she thought it was time there was a change made. She said as for her part she didn't care if she never come to the village again, and she wouldn't if the town would just build a bridge so's the people what wanted to trade could go somewhere else 'sides that little old store where there wa'n't nothin', and what there was wasn't good; and what was good was so high that you couldn't buy more'n half a one."

It was evident that Uncle Shaw was hearing something he did not like to hear; and that he was being put into the same "hole" that some of our politicians in larger places have been deposited in. He was now without doubt trying to decide between self interest and what he considered to be his duty to the town; and the decision was in this case, as in many others, somewhat of a compromise.

"Wall," he said, slowly, "I dunno but what she says is all true. But as for the town runnin' into debt to build a bridge, I shall always fight again' it, specially as tain't our place to build the bridge; it belongs to the State or county; an' let them do it. And 'bout that road machine, I want it distinctly understood that that ere machine was bought just as much for the Hill folks as for the Valley folks, and it's going to be worked on the roads just as soon as they cut the bushes; and Steve Pelham has got the job to cut all the bushes on every road on the hill. If I got a job put through the way he did, specially when everybody knows Watson can't read writing, I wouldn't say anything about the price of a road machine if I was his wife."

George looked somewhat mollified, and it was evident that the last shot had hit. "She says what makes you so mad about that bushes job," he retorted, "was because you didn't get it."

"I didn't want the job for myself. I told 'em so at the meetin'. All I wanted it for was because some of them poor fellows out there was owing me, and I thought it would be a good chance for them to pay me and not take no money."

"That just what she says," said George. "She said she knew that's just what you wanted, and that the more them poor people worked for you, the more they owed you; and for her part she should tell them that she thought the best way for them was to work for some good man like her husband and take the money and pay you. And she says that if you weren't so sot in your ways, there weren't no doubt but they could fix it some way so as you could get quite a lot of money out of them men when they got through."

"Wall, I dunno. Miss Pelham, she's a master hand to plan, an' I dunno but 'twill be just as well to let it go so. You tell her for me that I think she is about as good a hand to plan up things as there is on the Hill. And I wish she'd just keep her eye on them Dickermans, and I'll be out by-em-by. I'm so busy now that I can't get no time to do nothin'. You'll tell her, won't you, George?" And Uncle Shaw went out of the store.

"He's gone up to see the Selectmen. Wants to see them 'fore Steve Pelham does, I guess," said George, with a laugh. "He needn't worry none. I'll tell her all he said."

"What was it about something scaring Miss Dickerman?" said Frank.

"Oh! yes," said George. "She went down to the spring to get some water, and just as she got there a big critter as big as a big dog jumped out of the woods and looked at her. She was pretty scared and took her dress up in both hands and shook it at him, and said, 'Shoo!' and the thing just turned around and slunk into the woods. She said it looked as if 'twas shamed, and Dickerman, he said, probably 'twas."

"Are there many such animals as that around here?" asked Will.

"No, I guess not. I hain't never seen none; but I can remember of there being one 'round all winter when I was a youngster, and folks didn't dare to go out of the house scarcely after it was dark," said George. "Well, I must be going along home. It's five o'clock now, and it'll take me till six to get to the top of the hill." And George, gathering up his bundles, strode out of the store and started home.

After supper the people gathered around the store again. Will and Harry went over to get their mail, and to hear the stories that were sure to be told. Frank came out and said, "Say, boys, are you goin' to sit here a minute or two? Uncle Shaw hain't come to supper yet, and I must go up and get mine, and I can't lock the door, because he's got the key." And Frank went to his supper.

It was growing dark, and one could hardly distinguish a person until coming into the circle of light that shone from the windows and door of the store. People were passing, but none of them had seen Uncle Shaw. Frank came down from his supper. "I don't see where Uncle Shaw is. The cows came home as much as an hour ago. He must have let them out and stopped somewhere. Say, Jim, I wish you'd take the pail and milk for me, I can't leave the store."

Just as Jim got to the door some one came staggering toward the store. When he got near enough to let the light that streamed out through the door fall upon him, they saw that it was Uncle Shaw.

His clothes were stripped nearly off of him. He was covered with blood from head to feet, and over his shoulder he carried something large.

Will sat beside the door, and as Uncle Shaw got to him he threw the thing on his shoulder to the floor at Will's feet, and said, "There, Will, that's the critter that killed the sheep. I brought him home to ye, but I guess he's about done me up." And Uncle Shaw fell on his face on the floor.

There were many willing hands to raise him up, and it made some of the stout hearts faint to see how the old man was bitten and gashed up. From his neck to his knees he was a mass of wounds that plainly showed through the tattered clothes.

"Here, Frank," said some one, "you go up and tell Miss Shaw and open the front door, so's we can carry him right up there."

Frank moved with as much alacrity as he had ever used in his life, and when he got up there he went right through the house to open the door. Mrs. Shaw saw him, and said, "Frank, what you goin' to open that door for? I don't want it opened."

"Hur?" said Frank.

"Why, I don't want that door open; it lets in so many flies."

"Well, I guess p'raps 'twill be just as well to open it now, 'cause you see Uncle Shaw, he's got hurt and they are bringing him up the front stairs."

"Why, massy sakes! Got hurt? How did he get hurt?" cried the frightened old lady.

"I dunno; but I guess he had a fight with some kind of a animal, for he brought a dead one home on his shoulder."

By this time they had got Uncle Shaw upstairs and on to the bed. Two of the men began to get off the torn and bloody clothes, and wash his wounds. Frank went for a doctor, who soon came, and all was being done for the injured man that could be.

As no information had been obtained from Uncle Shaw as to what had occurred, naturally the beast was looked to to supply the explanation. It was found to be a Canadian lynx, or "bob cat," as the people of northern New England called it.

It stood about thirty inches high at the shoulders, which were very deep and powerful. It had a short neck surmounted by a round catlike head with long ears. These ears had each a tuft of long hairs that stuck up at the tip like an inverted brush, giving to the animal an extremely ferocious look. The forelegs were remarkably large and strong, and the feet were armed with claws nearly as long as one's fingers. The body was very deep and was cut away as it approached the hind legs, which were not as graceful as the fore quarters. The body was clad in a coat of shaggy gray fur, indistinctly marked with bars of darker gray, and terminated in a tail only an inch or two long.

As it lay on the floor it was indeed a formidable beast, and there was much wondering how Uncle Shaw had killed it. On its hind leg was the trap to which was hanging a part of the chain; but hunt as they might there was no wound to be found to show how the old man had killed it.

Many were the surmises; but while none knew what had happened, they all knew that Uncle Shaw was in a serious condition and the bob cat was dead.

Will took charge of the cat, as Uncle Shaw had given it to him with the last words he had said. He had the trap taken off and put away in the store, and then was to have some one skin the beast, but was told that if he intended to have it mounted, he should send it home whole. This they did, and then the village settled down to await from Uncle Shaw himself an account of the fight.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Justice for the Indians.

In Forest and Stream for June 16, Walter B. Anderson in his valuable series of articles on "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," relates how the Piegans were criminally forced from their lands and homes, and, practically, their means of subsistence arbitrarily and wrongly taken from them by executive orders, and then in effect treated as outlaws and wild animals with no means of redress of their own, and no friends to effectually intercede for them.

In the concluding words of that chapter he says: "By right that vast tract of country lying between the Missouri and Musselshell Rivers and from the Missouri to the Marias, still belongs to the Blackfeet. The treaty of 1855 guaranteed it to them, but it was taken away by two executive orders of July 2, 1873, and Aug. 19, 1874. If a good lawyer would take up the case, he could undoubtedly get redress for them, and a very handsome fee for himself."

Now this bitter wrong is no new example of our Government's dealings with most, if not all, our Indian tribes, who are, in many ways, treated simply as animals, and who are doomed to go as the buffalo has gone, unless the friends of these now dependent people shall come to their rescue and demand that honest justice be done them in this and all other matters, and that their just rights be respected.

We trust that Anderson's writings may arouse the American people who are opposed to oppression and injustice, and if this matter was properly presented to them, and they were given an opportunity, their practical sympathy and support could be obtained and the demanding of just treatment for our Indians, and where their rights have been transgressed, have redress granted to them.

We have good game laws enacted for the protection of our game fish, birds and animals, and powerful organizations formed to enforce these laws, and all this is eminently just and right. But if the wild birds, and the game fish of our inland waters, are worthy of our interest and protection, then should we not be at least equally interested in seeing that our Indians (human beings like ourselves) be honestly recognized and protected, realizing that alone and unaided they cannot cope successfully with their white adversary.

The Sac and Fox Indians of Iowa would long ago have had their lands confiscated by rapacious whites, and themselves practically wiped out of existence, had it not been for an organization of the white friends of these people who in the courts fought and protected their rights.

This is a time of reform, and a period when the evildoer is having his actions and motives sharply scrutinized, and just punishment we trust will be meeted out to them.

Forest and Stream has in many lines performed grand services, and the field for such labors is rapidly broadening. The future alone can reveal the great amount of good it may accomplish by continuing in this good work.

Clement L. Webster.

Charles City, Ia.

Alligators in Athol Swamps.

Athol, Mass., July 30.—William Betts espied two alligators sunning themselves on the bank of Lord's Pond yesterday. He captured one about eighteen inches long, but the other, which he says is about six feet, got away. J. Knight Perkins, of Worcester, whose business is the capture of alligators in Florida for the market, was in Athol last summer, and it is supposed that while here he lost some of his captives, which reached the swamps.—New York Times.

NATURAL HISTORY

A California Basking Shark.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 30.—A basking shark of the enormous weight of 3,600 pounds, the largest ever taken off the Southwest coast, was captured by fishermen from the little resort of Venice.

It is these fishermen's custom to use seines in the inshore waters where they take many surf fish, yellowfin, halibut, and other shallow water fish. Sharks have been unusually numerous this year, but none have been observed so close in shore as the place where the seines were drawn, not over three hundred feet from the beach. On this occasion, two of the fishermen had a small set seine, which they had left out all night. Such seines are supported by many cork floats, strung on the upper cord of the net. Great was the fishermen's surprise, therefore, when, on going out to their trap in the morning, they could find no trace even of the seine itself, let alone the boat load of fish they had expected. A terrific thrashing about, however, was plainly in evidence a few hundred yards out, and there, as they discovered on rowing out, was the cause of all their trouble. A huge basker had become entangled in the net, and while the strong cord had held hard and fast, he had pulled up the entire seine, containing many pounds of fish and moved out to sea with it.

The shark could not dive, nor could he swim away. Repeated blows with an oar failed to kill him, and the fishermen were compelled to return to shore to get a spear with which to dispatch the monster. On their return, the shark was nowhere to be seen, and a search over many miles of sea resulted before the great fish was finally located.

By this time he had almost escaped from the seine and was feebly struggling about in the trough of the sea, apparently having been engaged in a fierce battle with the tangled cordage all night. Here he was easily harpooned and then was towed into the little port, where he was an object of curiosity to visitors for miles around. Eventually the dead fish was taken in charge by the railroad company, and removed to another resort, where it was a feature until the odor from the carcass became so terrific that it was removed.

Sharks frequently appear in the channel. Two hammerheads, seen between San Pedro and Catalina last summer, were estimated by old fishermen to weigh not less than a ton apiece, while the world's record shark, taken on rod and line, is held by a one-time angler of Avalon, whose famous catch weighed, I believe, 534 pounds.

But fish of this kind seldom come so close inshore as did this one, and the only excuse so far given for the creature's strange action is that it was attracted from outside by some unusually large catch of edible fish in the seine.

Besides the hammerheads and the baskers, there are also immense numbers of little leopard sharks and the common dog sharks all along the coast. Out in the channel there are huge, uncouth "belaying-pin" fish, which are the finest fighters in the world if hooked with such tackle that he cannot bite the leaders in twain. Avalon also holds the world's records on these fish.

Yet, in spite of all these, there has never before, since California was known and Avalon became the paradise of anglers, been taken such a huge tiger of the sea as this off the Southwest coast. Since then, there have been seen many huge sharks in the channel and there are now several fishermen on Catalina waiting for a chance to go after these fellows with the light tackle which they have used successfully against the yellowtail and the black sea bass. But the bass, which is the heaviest of coast game fishes, weighs but a trifle over 400 pounds at his best; these giants of deeper waters almost all will tip the scales at more than a ton. How the adventurous anglers will come out is a matter for much speculation and of not a little interest to all the fishermen of this region. Harry H. Dunn.

Coronado and the Pronghorn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton in his article on the pronghorn, in Scribner's Magazine for July, quotes from Mr. Lummis that there is no name and no definite description of the antelope in Coronado's record. "The nearest he comes to it is on the buffalo plains, where Castaneda speaks of stags patched with white."

It is true that there is no distinctive name for the pronghorn in the history of that expedition, but there are two descriptive allusions, besides the mention of stags patched with white, that seem to refer to the antelope with some certainty. A great part of the Coronado literature can be found in the 14th report of our Bureau of Ethnology.

Coronado's letter to Mendoza, written on his arrival in the neighborhood of Zuni, says that in that country "they have bears, tigers, lions, porcupines and some sheep as big as a horse with very large horns and little tails. * * * There are also wild goats whose heads I have seen."

Coronado's description of the fauna is not closely accurate, but the strong probability is that the goats he mentions are antelope, as the animal called the Rocky Mountain goat is not known to have ranged so far south.

Castaneda in the second chapter of the second part of his "Relation" says that between Suya and Chilchilticale (that is, extending southward from Casa Grande into Soñora) there are many sheep and wild goats with large horns and bodies. There are Spaniards, he continues, who say that they saw a band of more than a hundred together run so fast that they shortly went out of sight.

Now the region named is an antelope country, and while there may have been sheep in the outlying buttes and ranges, the goats here mentioned, judging from the size of the band and the swiftness of the animals, were probably antelope. There are in the Coronado papers interesting descriptions of the dog-trains of the southern nomads.

Castaneda says, in the seventh chapter of his second part, speaking of the Indians of the plains, "They go with their lodges and droves of dogs, rigged with packsaddles and cinches. When the load turns, the dog howls for some one to come and set it straight."

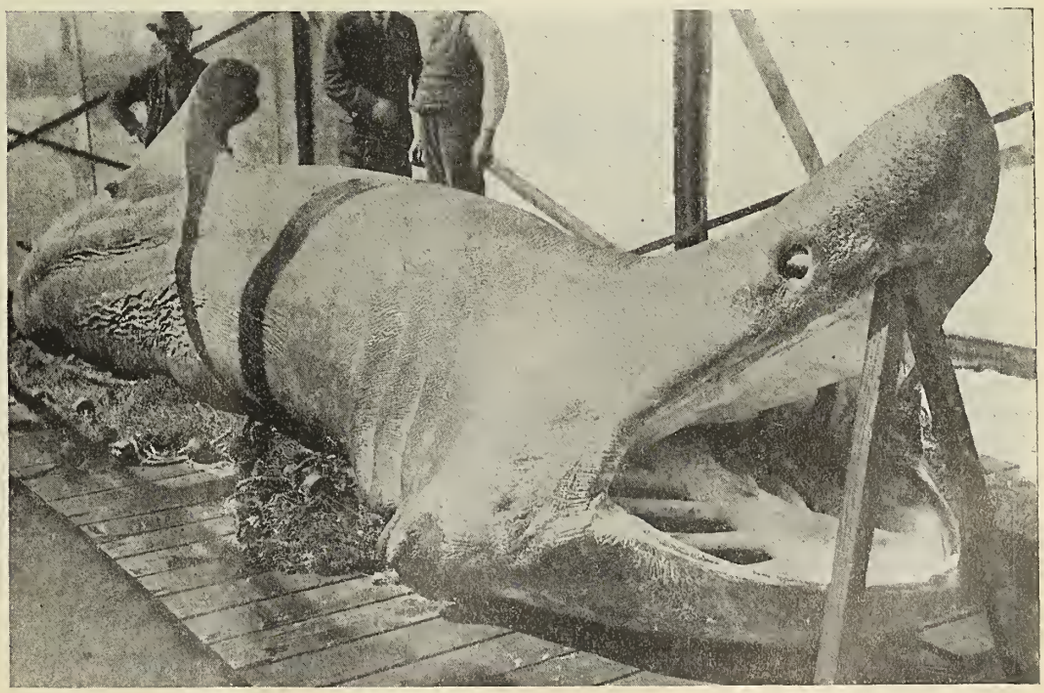
In the "Pelacion Postrera" the author of that paper again, speaking of the southern plains, says, "The people there have dogs like those of this country, except that they are somewhat bigger. These dogs they load like pack animals and they make packsaddles for them and cinch them with straps. And the dogs get galled on the withers like other beasts of burden. When they go hunting they load their baggage on them, and when these Indians move camp (for they are not settled in one place, but follow the buffalo for a living) these dogs carry the lodges and drag the lodge poles tied on to the saddles, besides the load on top. They can carry a load of from thirty-five to fifty pounds."

This intimate picture of a dog train would answer well for the loaded ponies and travois of three hundred years later, except for the size of the animals and the cunning trait of the dog's knowledge to get his load fixed.

It shows not only the ancient derivation and long continuance of the Indian methods of packing, but proves also the general use of dogs as carriers among the southern as well as the northern wanderers. G. H. Gould.

To Weekly Purchasers.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy an order to supply them regularly.



BASKING SHARK CAUGHT AT VENICE, CAL. WEIGHT 3,600 POUNDS.

The Value of Birds of Prey.

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

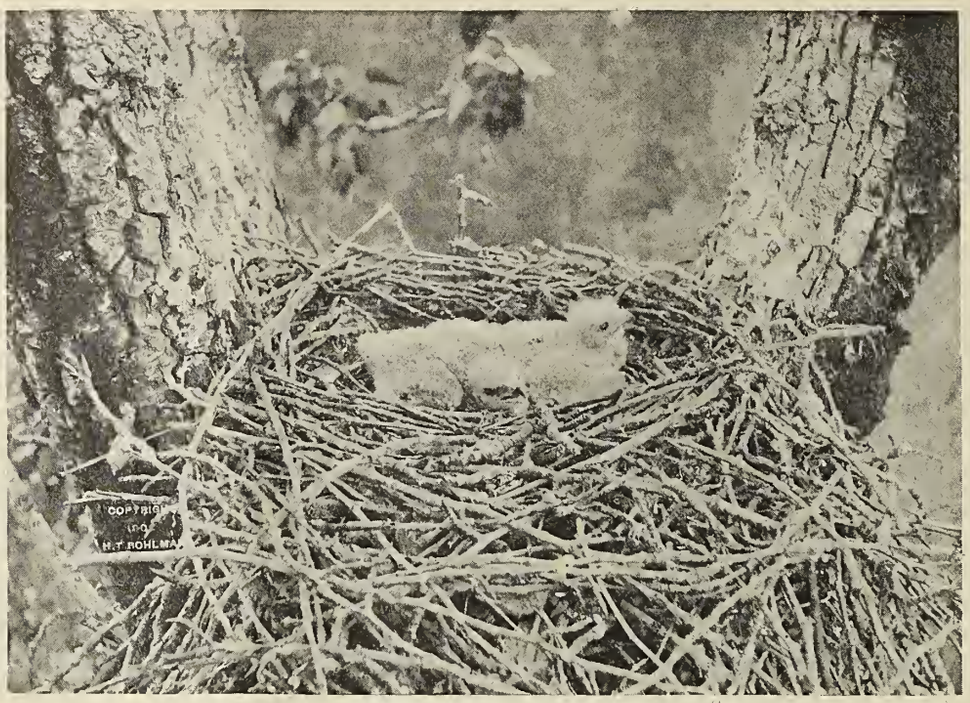
With Photographs from Life by Herman T. Bohlman.

Red-tailed Hawk – Sparrow Hawk—Golden Eagle.

Dr. A. K. Fisher, in his report on the "Hawks and Owls of the United States," says that the birds of prey are peculiarly fitted by nature to play their parts in the maintenance of the balance in the animal world. Possessed of amazingly acute eyesight, strong bills for tearing their prey, sharp talons that lock with a never-failing clutch and insure the speedy death of a victim by piercing its very entrails, added to ample and enduring powers of wing, they must be admitted to be well equipped for their occupation. They are all great eaters, and, when the supply of food is unlimited, are gorged most of the time. Their digestion is very rapid and their assimilation is perfect; consequently the amount of food a bird consumes each day in relation to its own weight is very great. It is well that it is so, for the habit of taking more food than is necessary for their immediate needs enables them to store up force for future emergencies and pre-eminently fits them for the work of keeping nature's balance true.

In a camera study of several of the birds of prey, we have visited the same nests six or eight different times during the period when the young were in the nest in order to get a life series of pictures showing the development of the birds. In doing this we have had some very good chances to watch the feeding habits of these creatures. It is well known to scientists that all birds of prey swallow a great deal of indigestible matter such as the fur and bones of animals and the feathers of birds. After the nutritious portions have been absorbed, the rest of the mass is formed into pellets in the stomach and is vomited up before a new supply of food is taken. By the examination of these pellets found about the nest, or under a roost, a scientist can get a perfect index to the character of the food that has been eaten. In addition to this, one generally finds the remains of creatures in the nest upon which the young birds have been feeding.

The red-tail hawk is the best known of the larger Raptores throughout the Pacific coast region. It is common about the hills and in the valleys of California, where it builds in the scattered oak trees. Almost every little cañon along the central coast region is occupied by a pair of red-tails. Their nests are easily found in the early spring by scanning the trees for a mile up the hillside with your field glass. But finding a red-tail's nest is very different in Oregon. The birds are fairly common, but I seldom find a nest. They are too well hidden in the fir forests on the hills or in the tall cottonwoods along the rivers.



NEST AND DOWNY YOUNG OF RED-TAIL HAWK, MAY 3.
Photo copyright, 1902, by H. T. Bohlman and W. L. Finley.

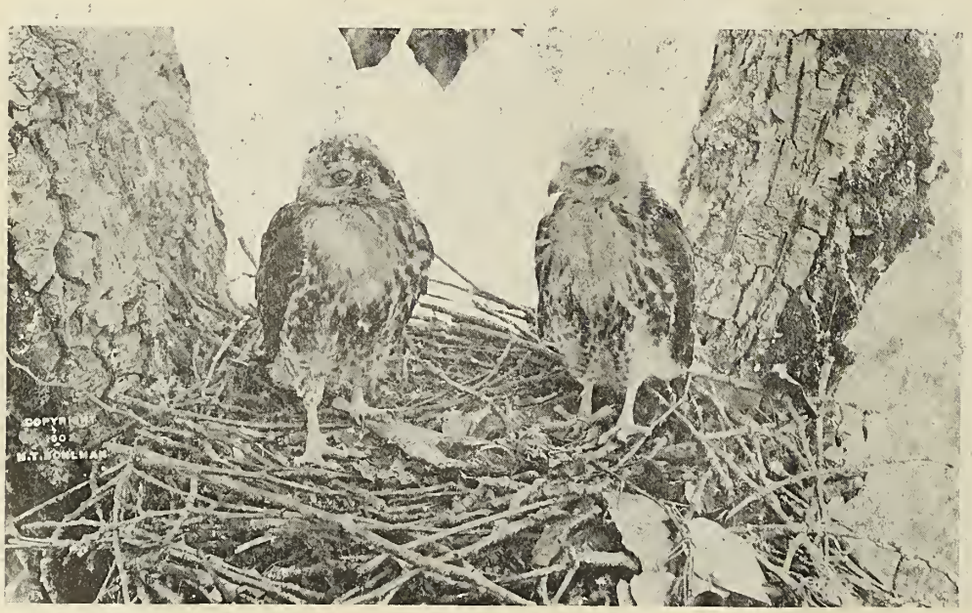
We made a close study of a red-tail's nest we found in a tall cottonwood 120 feet from the ground. We made six different trips, each time climbing to the nest to study and photograph the yound birds. The parents were successful hunters; we never saw the time when their larder was empty. Nor did they resort to the chicken yard for food. On our first visits to the nest we found the remains of gophers and fish, and the feathers of quail and pheasants. One morning we saw the mangled body of a screech owl in the aery; almost a case of hawk eat hawk. The old red-tail had evidently found the victim returning home too late in the morning, and there were no restrictions as to race and color in the hawk household. Later in the season when the banks of the Columbia overflowed, covering most of the surrounding country, the old hawk did not abandon his hunting preserve. He turned his attention entirely to fishing. Where the carp and catfish fed about the edges of the pond, he had no trouble in catching enough for himself and nestlings to eat. Twice we found a carp over a foot in length in the nest. After that we saw no indication of food other than fish, and on our last visit picked up the head bones of seven catfish in the aery.

The wild life of the red-tail fascinates me. He has an individuality that is as interesting as a persons. He has a character as clearly marked as any feathered creature I ever studied. The bleak winter winds that sweep the valley of the Columbia and drive the other birds to the southland, never bother him. This is his permanent home. He is a vagabond. He is local in attachments and habits. He beats over the field along the edge of the woods as regularly as the fisherman casts his net. He has his favorite perch and he watches the pond as closely for carp as the farmer watches his orchard. His routine of life is as marked as any inhabitant along the river.

The abundance of red-tails in California is undoubtedly due to the large supply of natural food they find about those regions. Moles, squirrels, and other rodents are very plentiful and these hawks help to keep in check the pests that exert such an evil upon agricultural interests. If it were not for the hawks and owls in California, the balance of nature would surely swing very much against those who cultivate the soil.

The red-tail is often called "chicken hawk," but it does not deserve this name. Many of the hawks carry reputations that they do not deserve. Many people who live in the country are enemies of the hawks and owls and shoot them at every opportunity, because they think the hawk is the persistent enemy of poultry, whereas this is a very small part of his diet. In regions and in seasons when animal and insect food is scarce this hawk will catch chickens and game birds, but it lives mostly on mice and shrews as well as frogs, snakes, lizards and insects of various kinds. In a prairie and hilly country, almost the entire food of this hawk is squirrels, gophers, meadow mice and rabbits.

It has been demonstrated by a careful examination of hundreds of the stomachs of these hawks, carried on under the direction of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, that poultry and game birds do not constitute more that 10 per cent. of the food of this hawk. All the other beneficial animals preyed upon, including snakes, will not increase the proportion to 15 per cent., so there is a balance of 85 per



FULL GROWN YOUNG RED-TAIL HAWKS, IN NEST IN COTTONWOOD, MAY 24.

cent. in favor of the red-tail. This is a fact that every gunner should remember, since the hawks destroy so many injurious rodents they should never be shot unless in the act of stealing chickens.

The sparrow hawk is perhaps the best known of our birds of prey, as it ranges through the entire country. Contrary to what the name might signify, this bird lives almost exclusively on insects, except where such food is difficult to obtain. Along the treeless plains and hills throughout the West, it is a common sight to see these little falcons beating along over the waste, frequently swerving upward in flight and coming to a dead stop, as they hang suspended in the air with rapid wing beats looking for prey. In localities where grasshoppers are abundant, these hawks will congregate and gorge themselves continually.

During the winter about the San Francisco Bay region where the English sparrows are plentiful, the sparrow hawks often come down into the more settled portions and catch sparrows. One day I saw one of these hawks dive into a flock of English sparrows in the yard by my window. Englishers scattered like fragments in an explosion, but the hawk nabbed one just at the trellis over the porch. He caved in his skull with a couple of blows and sat on the post at the corner of the tennis court and devoured his prey. I saw the same hawk about the locality several times, and often wished that I could have kept a whole flock about the yard just to clean out a lot of those pestiferous, sputtering sparrows.

SPARROW HAWK FEEDING ON TOP OF FENCE POST.
Photo by Bohlman and Finley.

The golden eagle is our noblest bird of prey. He is found throughout the wild, mountainous regions of the West. The eagle is more than a match for any animal of his own size. Not a beast of the field nor a fowl of the air can dispossess him; he stands intrepid before every earthly power except the hand of man. He is shy and wary at all times, clean and handsome, swift in flight and strong in body. An experience gained in the fiercest of schools makes the eagle as formidable as any creature of the wild.

In a careful study of the home life of a golden eagle made in the mountains of California, we ascertain the following facts: The same aery had been used for years. During the month of February, it was recarpeted with small twigs and dry leaves, for the eaglets of the preceding summer had worn it down to a rough platform of large sticks. A hollow was made in the middle of soft material for the eggs. Two dull, white eggs, shell-marked with brown, were laid the first week of March. The period of incubation lasted almost a month, for the eggs were not hatched till the third of April. The eaglets were covered with soft white down soon after hatching. White is not the color for a hunter, but these snowy garments lasted for a full month, during which the youngsters grew from the egg to the size and weight of a large hen. The first week in May, black pin-feathers began to push up through the down, first appearing on the wings and back. Week after week the stiff black feathers grew, but they came slowly, covering the back, wings, head and neck, until, by the first week in June, the eaglets were fairly clothed except a small white shirt front. The wings and feet were still weak. It required over three weeks longer for the wing feathers to gain strength to handle their heavy bodies. So it required a good four months of the year for the eagle to rear its family.

NEST AND DOWNY YOUNG OF GOLDEN EAGLE.
Taken with telephoto lens from top of adjoining tree. Photo by Bohlman and Finley.

We found the golden eagle a valuable inhabitant of any cattle range or farming community. His food consisted almost entirely of the ground squirrels that are so abundant through the California hills and cause such damage to the grain fields. On our second trip to the nest, we found the bodies of four ground squirrels lying at the edge. At each visit we examined the food remains and the pellets about the nest, and I am sure a very large proportion of the eagle's food supply consisted of squirrels, with an occasional rabbit and quail. The hills, in many places, were perforated with the burrows of squirrels, and the eagles seemed to have regular watch towers on the high rocks, from where they swooped down on their quarry. If it were not for the birds of prey about these hilly districts, the places would soon be overrun with harmful rodents. Nature has provided this check for the squirrel.

I am satisfied that this family of eagles easily consumed an average of six ground squirrels a day during the period of nesting, and very likely more than that. Those young, growing eagles surely required a fair amount of nourishment each day for about three months, and they were well supplied, to say nothing of what the old birds consumed. But even this low estimate would mean the destruction of 540 squirrels, in about three months' time. This is the permanent home of the eagles, what would be the estimate for the entire year, and what for all the other families of hawks and owls that live along the hills and cañons?

Portland, Oregon.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Owning Your Game Preserve.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

The ordinarily accepted notion of a game preserve is so generally associated with extensive acres of virginal forests and undivided meadows or upland thickets, that it will be a surprise to many to know that much less ambitious schemes for keeping wild game have proved ramarkably successful. There are thousands of owners of comparatively small country places who can embark in "game keeping" with an assurance of pleasurable and profitable success, and while the game for the most part consists of the small varieties of wild animals and birds, the rewards are none the less interesting and valuable. Modern methods of breeding our valuable creatures of the woods and fields have demonstrated that under proper conditions freedom of extensive ranges is not a necessary essential to a successful issue of the undertaking. A few years ago it would have been considered a rank heresy to advocate the breeding of wild pheasants, hares, water fowl, turkeys, quail and partridges on a small or restricted game preserve; but numerous demonstrations of a practical nature indicate that the enthusiastic amateur in game breeding can do this without great difficulty.

Owning your game preserve is a luxury that is not too expensive for the ordinary owner of thirty acres or more of good farm land to undertake. Hundreds of these small breeding farms and amateur game preserves scattered throughout the country are to-day proving important factors in the preservation of our small wild birds and animals. When thousands of country inhabitants enter into this work, we shall have a better solution to the problem of saving many of our wild species of birds and animals from threatened extinction, than any devised by legislators. For it is love of the harmless creatures of the woods, fields and streams that must eventually make them our lasting companions and preserve their progeny for future generations.

One does not enter into "game keeping" primarily for the money in it, although profits may be realized which in time will more than pay for the cost of the outlay. A game preserve is not a money-making institution, nor should it be an expensive luxury denied to all except the very wealthy. A small, self-supporting game preserve conducted by an amateur lover of the birds and animals has more potential value for the future than half a dozen extensive preserves where thousands of acres are held in idle unproductiveness to satisfy the whim of some distant land-owner. It is the close association with, and sympathy for, the wild creatures which makes the owner of a small game preserve so much superior to the former.

The most annoying feature of owning your game preserve is the lack of responsibility and co-operation of neighbors. A higher sense of honor in considering a neighbor's wild birds and animals as sacred as his pocket book would add greatly to the present movement in game keeping on a small scale. Many a man who would scorn the thought of appropriating another's purse or stray domestic animal appears untouched by any sense of dishonesty in shooting pheasants, quail or turkeys which happen to stray from a neighboring game preserve. When neighborly co-operation raises the ethics of game keeping to a higher plane, we shall find our woods and fields abounding once more with the beautiful creatures of feather and fur. The irresponsible poacher with a shotgun or snare-trap, as well as particularly noxious four-footed destroyers of birds and animals which often haunt game preserves, will then be kept in check, and their depredations will be gradually eliminated from the problem.

One of the most popular inhabitants of the modern game preserve is the pheasant. Whether one can afford only the cheaper and more common English and Mongolian varieties of pheasants, or indulge his fancy in such aristocratic members of the tribe as the golden pheasants, silver and Reeve's pheasants or the beautiful Lady Amherst variety, the work of breeding them successfully on a few acres of land is neither difficult nor expensive. Twenty years ago it was the popular impression that these rarely beautiful birds could be raised successfully only on large estates, but to-day the fallacy of this argument is fairly proved by many notable examples. Several breeders have raised pheasants on small suburban grounds with less than two acres of land for accommodations for houses and exercising grounds.

Pheasants are high-bred, nervous birds, but they are easily tamed and reared as pets. They do well when confined in wire inclosures, but thrive better when given the larger freedom of many acres of woodland and open fields. A game preserve of thirty acres of rich woodland, with running streams of water, an artificial or natural pond or lake, and a few acres of open fields or thickets, can be successfully stocked with a flock of several hundred pheasants, quail, partridges, wild turkeys, rabbits, ducks, geese and pigeons. None of these interfere with the breeding and multiplication of the others. They inhabit the same woods and fields with proper regard to the rights of all.

The chief consideration in propagating such game is that ample food is supplied for winter, and shelters provided against the severe storms and blizzards of our Northern States. In this respect better care can be given the birds on a small preserve than on a large one. The latter is often so extensive that feeding all the creatures is a difficult and expensive task.

Our cold winters are exceedingly destructive to quail, and more are killed in one winter by the snow and by starvation than by the hunter's gun. When the natural supply of food is covered with a foot or two of snow, poor Bob White has a hard time of it. Thousands of quail may be found snowed under after every severe storm, and in their search for food they dig under the frozen snow until feet and legs are cruelly lacerated. Buckwheat, sorghum, millet and cane are the most nutritious foods for the quail. They should be planted freely in the open fields along with Canada peas for the birds, and when winter comes the straw and grain should be gathered in some sheltered place where the birds can resort. Food must be planted in the fields both for the summer and winter. Barley, oats and rye harvested in the straw and kept for winter use are also necessary for success. A feeding shelter is very simple. It may be that nature forms sufficient shelter under spruce and cedar trees, or an artificial bower of branches covered with straw can keep the ground comparatively free from drifting snow.

So far as possible nature should be imitated in feeding and caring for the birds. Stacks of wheat, oats, rye or buckwheat in the field or under the shelter will attract the quail. They prefer to find food in the natural state and not threshed out and spread around. A visit to the feeding shelters once a week in winter is sufficient to see that all is going well with the birds.

The restocking of any preserve with quail is a simple and inexpensive matter. A few of the old birds will wander away from the preserve and be shot by gunners. This is inevitable, but quail are far less migratory than generally supposed. If not frightened from the woods and fields where they were born, they will remain in the vicinity year after year, especially if supplied amply with food. New birds can be released every spring to restock the preserve, but if the old birds breed properly, new purchases will rarely be needed. In releasing new birds, about three hens to one cock makes the right proportion for the sexes. The box should be located near a stream and opened at night time. Partly fill the open end with straw and grain, and the birds will emerge from their confinement with less fear than if exposed suddenly to broad daylight. Before the following night the small flock will select a roosting place, and their wild life on the game preserve will begin.

Quail bred in confinement are more domesticated than wild birds, and the progeny of a pair of tame quails will seldom wander from a woods or fields when released. A house suited for rearing squabs or pheasants is adapted to quail breeding. A tame quail hen will hatch the eggs as well as any other bird, but the nest should be made as nearly like those found in the wild state as possible. It should be located in some shady place in the grass or under the cover of some bushes. The quail hens will find such nests and use them for laying their eggs.

If shooting and unusual disturbances are absolutely avoided on the small game preserve, the birds will multiply in numbers and rarely wander away unless their numbers grow to the point of overcrowding. The thinning out process should be made with box traps, and not with the shotgun. The latter alarms the birds so that many may desert the preserve and seek shelter in some public woods or on other private property. The box trap works silently and captures the birds alive without disturbing their mates. They can be sold for breeding birds to parks and game preserves at good prices. A pair of live quail are worth double the price of two dead ones.

The pheasants of rare selection can be shut off in a small range by themselves. A wire inclosure costing less than $25 will keep them from straying away, and will also shut out dogs and similar enemies. Stray dogs are the greatest enemies to breeders of birds. If they do not actually kill the pheasants and quail, they frighten them so that they become wild and easily excited. A game preserve of ten acres inclosed by a woven wire fence is therefore more apt to give better results than a fifty acre preserve not thus fenced off. The wire fence makes poaching by man and beast more difficult, and the chances of destruction to the pets are greatly reduced. A ten acre farm can be inclosed with appropriate wire fence all the way from $1.00 up, much depending upon the nature of the wire and the height of the fence.

Nearly all the wild birds show fear at the sight of man or dog. The presence of a stray dog around a pheasantry is sufficient to drive these handsome birds into hysteria, and it may require weeks for them to overcome their terror. Likewise strangers appearing in the pheasantry during the breeding season will often cause the birds to desert their nests and spoil a season's work. In nearly all cases the birds should be attended by the same person, and, so far as possible, the same clothes should be worn. The wildest pheasants learn to distinguish between their owner and strangers. They become so domesticated and tame in a small pheasantry that they will exhibit no fear or excitement when fed or watched by those who have been kind to them. This fact makes them very desirable birds for a small game preserve. They become pets rather than game birds. They will even feed out of the hands of one who has the patience and love to cultivate their friendship and confidence. The quail are less inclined to accept the presence of man in their preserve, but after a few seasons of protection, they do not run to cover on the first approach, and in mid-winter they even come to the open feeding places at call. Both pheasants and quail in a small pre-

IN THE LAURENTIAN CLUB PRESERVE.
Photo by E. N. Lawrence.

serve can be taught to respond to a call or whistle if always repeated at feeding time.

Pheasants lay their first eggs in the latter part of March until July, and nests should be provided for them prior to this period. The breeding hens should be placed in the pens with the male bird before the first of March, and they should not be disturbed in any way by visitors. Pine boughs should be cut and stacked in one corner of the pens, and a rough nest made out of hay with a nest egg in it. Most of the eggs will be laid in the nest, but some may be dropped in different parts of the pen. They must be looked for carefully and gathered as fast as dropped. A good Cochin bantam hen makes a better mother than the pheasant hen. The eggs should be placed under such a bantam hen until hatched, when the little pheasants can be handled easily without disturbing the rest of the flock. Some use the incubator, and if there is trouble with vermin, scaly legs and other diseases, this may prove the best way. The eggs of the golden pheasants hatch in about three weeks, and those of most other varieties in about twenty-four days. The cost of feeding 500 pheasants when first hatched is generally placed at about five dollars for the first thirty days, and for six months old birds the cost varies from six to ten cents per bird for each month. In the winter the pheasants will do nicely out of doors if provided with sheltered roosts. They are hardy, and much more prolific in the spring if wintered out of doors.

A strong, healthy quail will lay from forty to seventy eggs a year, and from seventy to ninety per cent. of these can be successfully hatched under proper conditions. A quail cannot cover more than fifteen to eighteen eggs and make a good hatch. Some hens lay twenty-five to thirty eggs before beginning to sit, and it is manifestly necessary to take some away from her. The first three eggs laid in the nest are rarely fertile, and to replace them with artificial eggs is economy. They may be marked with a pencil, and later when the nest is full they can be removed. About ninety-six per cent. of the rest of the eggs are fertile and can be hatched under normal conditions. The quails will hatch their own eggs, and it is better to let them do it. If hatched under a bantam hen each young quail must be fed carefully and separately, calling for an immense amount of work and attention to details. Our Northern and Western quail are better for game preserves in the cold States than the Maryland or Southern birds, for they are stronger, hardier and accustomed to hunt and scratch for their food.

A few prairie chickens and partridges raised on the small game preserve adds variety and interest to the work. In breeding these birds nearly the same conditions are required as for pheasants. They should be reared in a large pen with as extensive a run as possible. The run should consist of natural woodlands and open fields with water flowing through them if possible. They do better in scrub pines than in thickets of mixed trees. The fields should be sown with wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa and Southern peas. In such a pen the birds will make their own nest, but usually it is better to hunt for the eggs and hatch them under bantam hens. The prairie chickens lay from twenty to thirty eggs a season, and partridges from twelve to twenty eggs. They hatch out in from twenty-four to thirty days. When the young chicks are old enough to take care of themselves, they can be turned out into the open preserve, where they will wander around and mate with others of their kind. If the preserve is inclosed with a close-woven wire fence ten or fifteen feet high, few of the birds will leave the preserve unless frightened by dogs, guns or noisy visitors. The birds learn to know where they are well treated. And good treatment means kindness, an abundance of food, good water, natural woods and fields, and freedom from annoying enemies. Even if a few do fly away, the loss can easily be remedied by raising more broods another season.

Raising wild ducks and geese on a small preserve has proved successful to a degree. A couple of pairs of breeders will invariably produce sufficient stock for ordinary purposes. The wild Canadian gander can be mated with either the Emden, Toulouse or African female, and the union yields a mongrel goose that is most excellent for show purposes. These mongrel geese also make the finest table fowls, and many of them are sold in the markets at the highest prices paid for wild geese.

Water fowl can be raised, however, only where a natural or artificial pond or lake is located on the preserve. Where a small brook flows through the woodland, it is a simple matter to construct a pond useful for all purposes. Quail, ducks, partridges and pheasants appreciate the presence of such a pond. The wild ducks, geese, partridges, prairie chickens and quail can be kept within a preserve of thirty or more acres by pinioning them. This is better than clipping them Even the choice pheasants are pinioned on the best preserves. It disfigures slightly the handsome pheasants, and spoils them for exhibition and park purposes, but it makes it impossible for them to fly over an ordinary wire fence. The process of pinioning is not difficult or cruel as many imagine. It consists of clipping off the wing just this side of the first joint with a pair of sharp, heavy scissors. The wound heals within a week, and the bird suffers no more from the injury. But once pinioned, they never recover their power of high flight, and there is no danger of losing valuable birds later. If clipping is resorted to, both wings should be clipped, and not one. When one wing is clipped the birds will try to fly, and as a result heavy falls frequently follow. The birds that are clipped or pinioned when young, never meet with such accidents.

Have we any right to deprive the wild birds of their power of flight? Is it not a cruelty that can find no justification? There are two sides to such questions. In a well protected game preserve it is more than probable that pinioned wild birds will find more happiness in life than if given their freedom in a land where dangers lurk at every corner. They never suffer from hunger, exposure or destruction from dogs, cats or gunners in the preserve, and with natural conditions of wild life provided they thrive and multiply with plenty of companions. In time much of their wild nature is tamed, and they grow satisfied and contented in their home.

Fancy pigeons raised near the house or barn on a small game preserve adds greatly to the pleasures of the work. A pigeon loft, with nesting places, and ample grounds for exercise, may prove one of the most attractive features of the enterprise. Homing pigeons, fantails, tumblers and pouters become friends that increase one's interest in nature and the country. The ease

and success with which such birds can be bred makes their propagation desirable.

Pigeons, however, multiply rapidly, and their numbers tend to become troublesome. They must be kept within limits. Squabs always have a good market value, and over-crowding can be avoided by disposing of the squabs in season. A pigeon loft may thus prove far more than self-supporting, and the profits derived therefrom may materially reduce the expense of maintaining the game preserve.

But for that matter, the preserve should be made self-supporting after the first year or two. Nearly all of the birds will multiply too rapidly for such a place, and discretion in keeping down the numbers will improve the conditions of the others. There is a constant market for live pheasants, quail, partridges, pigeons, ducks and geese, or if one prefers, the hatching eggs can be sold each season. From these different sources the income should more than meet the outlay within a year or two.

Protection from gunners, dogs, cats, weasels and other enemies is the first essential. These enemies must be kept off the preserve, and ruthlessly hunted down if they persist in remaining. Weasels and skunks are often the hardest to exterminate. The danger of trapping them is that choice pets may be caught instead of the enemies. For this reason the box trap is the most serviceable. They are caught alive in the box trap, and if a pheasant, quail or partridge is thus imprisoned instead of a weasel or skunk, no damage is done. If this proves unavailing, the animals must be hunted with an air rifle, which will destroy without alarming the birds.

Primarily such a preserve is established for the pleasure of associating with some of our choicest and rarest birds, and not for hunting purposes or for gain. Any lover of the wild birds finds exquisite pleasure and relaxation in watching their antics in the woods and fields, but unfortunately their presence is growing so rare that such sights are reserved for those who can visit distant regions where man has not yet destroyed and frightened them away. Cultivation of their confidence and companionship proves a rare and exceptional education. Feeding and caring for them through the long winters adds an exquisite and exhilarating pleasure to life. A journey through the woods and across the fields of the preserve is no longer a barren and monotonous trip. On every side there is the flash of golden wings, the whistle of Bob White, the shrill call of the duck or goose, and the rapid flight of some pet homer. "Dinner time" for the birds means more than for the owner. One's dinner may grow cold in watching the birds feed, and no man would count it a loss.

A few wild turkeys, swans, peacocks and guinea fowl could be added to such a preserve to add color and variety to the collection. In most cases these wild and domesticated birds will not interfere with each other. The chief consideration is to see that all of the members of the woods and fields have sufficient food and protection. Sometimes the larger and heavier feeders will gobble up all the food, and the smaller birds are starved out in the midst of plenty. This can be avoided by proper oversight, and by distributing food in the dense thickets of the woods for the quail where the larger birds cannot penetrate. Occasionally an obstreperous wild turkey gobbler or old gander will prove too pugnacious for the rest of the colony, and his confinement or banishment may be necessary in the interests of peace and harmony. Such problems must be solved in each individual case. For this reason it is better to raise young birds in separate pens and runs until they are old enough to look out for themselves on the larger range of the preserve.

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SUBSTANTIAL NOURISHMENT.

The chief concern of every camper is to obtain substantial nourishment in compact form. No camp or cabin is complete without its supply of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated Cream. They have no equal for Coffee, Fruits and Cereals.—*Adv.*

A Tragedy of the Smokies.

It was about one o'clock in the morning. The moonlight filtered through the almost perpetual haze of the southern Appalachians and straggled between the fly-specks on the cabin window. The fire had died down and the morning air was chill.

Suddenly Kep sat up in bed and hoarsely whispered, "What's that?"

Andy, who sleeps with one eye open (and sometimes, likewise, his mouth), sat up and casually remarked, "Wha's matter?"

Doc. came to with unkind remarks about the ancestors of disturbers of the sleep of the just.

"Something is moving in this cabin," said Kep.

"Snake?" said Andy.

"Fleas! Go to sleep," sighed Doc.

"Skunk!!!" moaned Kep, with sundry embellishing remarks.

Everybody dived under blankets. After about five minutes' suspense Kep emerged slowly and tried to locate the skunk. Andy and Doc. uncoiled gradually, abusing the English language for its lack of adequate adjectives.

The skunk started to amuse himself with Kep's pet biscuit oven. Concluding that he couldn't eat it he wandered over to the other end of the cabin, the cynosure of all eyes. Just then the moon struck the angle of the window-casing and —darkness!

Silence—broken only by peculiar gnawing sounds near the head of Kep's bed.

"What the deuce is he up to?" said Andy.

"Chewing up something in style," explained Kep.

"My Lord! the hams!" groaned Doc., and then the trouble started. Doc. swore by all his household gods that no varmint should steal the very staff of life under his very nose and go unscathed, skunk or no skunk, and produced his double Remington (a new shotgun which he took to bed with him, like any boy with a pair of new red-topped boots.)

Andy and Kep resorted to various pleadings, exhortations and commands before the bloodthirsty Doc. could be made to realize the cruel danger of the situation. Doc. was a tenderfoot who had never even heard of a skunk. He swore he could blow its head off before it could even think of retaliation. But finally he was persuaded that coolness and deliberation in the face of calamity was much to be desired and agreed to await developments. But he nursed the Remington wistfully.

The gnawing continued merrily, and coming from the region of Kep's headboard, he stealthily retreated to Andy's bunk. After making sure he was not pursued the camp settled down to wait.

"Wish I had my pipe," remarked Kep.

In an undertone Andy and Doc. discoursed on what would happen to the skunk family, and that skunk in particular when they got out.

"Wish I had my pipe," said Kep.

Andy tried to relieve the monotony by telling horse stories of skunks he used to walk ten miles to avoid meeting.

"Wonder where I left my pipe," queried Kep.

Doc. lapsed into a mixture of Hindoo and Turk cuss words and wasn't coherent for some moments.

"I've *got* to have my pipe!" announced Kep.

"Oh, blow your pipe!" said Andy.

"Drown yourself!" muttered Doc., and then a large and weighty argument ensued on the foolishness of hunting a small, perennially lost pipe in a six foot pitch-dark cabin with the certainty of colliding with a four foot skunk.

"It would hurt his feelings if you interrupted him at this time," urged Andy.

"It sure would make him dislike you," added Doc.

"Can't help it, must have my pipe," so everybody listened to locate the probable feeding-ground of the jailer.

Kep finally found a match and, for a wonder, the lantern was near at hand and had some oil in it.

"Why didn't we light this before?" asked Kep.

"Hadn't sense enough," suggested Andy.

"Plumb locoed," grunted Doc.

The lantern was carefully placed on the edge of the bunk and Kep silently sallied forth in search of his pipe.

"The uniform he wore wasn't nothin' much before
And rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,"

and as we have said, the air was chill. He pursued his chattering course to the fire-place and ransacked the shelf. No pipe and—"Look out, he's coming!" and there stood Kep, pink toes and all, turned to a pillar of chilled shot, with no power of speech, locomotion or thought. And well for history that it was so! The skunk sniffed Kep's toes, swished his tail and sniffed again. And Kep! No language could paint a faithful picture of his thoughts as they were mirrored on his face. Visions of home, babbling brooks, the County Fair—a past replete with stirring conquest and noble deeds—and to think of this ignominious end! Horrors!

Meanwhile Andy and Doc. seized their guns and made a hasty and ignoble retreat. The door was left open and the skunk waddled over to investigate. Kep was galvanized into life and leaped into Andy's bunk out of range. Andy stationed himself where he could command the door and Doc. hastened around to the corner where the animal had burrowed into the shack. Kep, having recovered his poise kept them posted on the skunk's movements.

"He's coming toward the door."

Sure enough, he climbed on the sill, looked out, spied Andy, bristled his back and stood there a moment.

"Don't shoot yet," implored Kep.

Then the skunk turned and surveyed Andy's bunk, hesitated, and slowly went to the hole in the corner.

"He's coming your way, Doc."

"I hope so," said Doc. savagely.

There was a movement in the weeds at the corner of the cabin and a white patch appeared which moved in a zig-zag manner toward Doc. He waited until it showed up a little more plainly in the fading moonlight and then gave it both barrels at one shot.

At daylight the herder came back to the cabin and saw the ruin. On the daily calendar posted on the door he added:

"CAMP OF THE CHEERFUL IDIOTS.
1:00 A. M. Skunk in camp.
3:00 A. M. Dead skunk.
3:01 A. M. Dead Idiots."

Wilfred Taylor, M. D.

Bloodying the Hunter.

A correspondent of the London Field, who participated in an Austrian deer stalking expedition, relates this incident following the hunt:

"Before going back to the house the keeper handed me a 'Bruch,' a twig off the nearest pine, which he first smeared in the wound, and I put it in my hat, as a victor puts laurels around his head. This is an old-established custom, the origin of which is unknown.

"When I returned it was already dark. On looking at the hats on the rack, I saw that three of the party had been successful. One of them, I found, had never killed a stag before, and had therefore to be what is in Scotland called 'blooded.' This ceremony was performed next day in the following manner. The whole party assembled at the front of the house; the victim was marched up to where his stag was lying, solemnly escorted by the keepers. He had to kneel down over the prostrate body of the fallen 'monarch of the glen.' A ring was formed round him, and the hostess struck him three times across the shoulders, saying: 'Der Erste Streich für Kaiser und Reich, Der Zweite Streich für Ritter und Knecht, Der Dritte Streich für's Waidmannsrecht.' The translation of this is: The first stroke for Emperor and Empire, the second for Knight and Serf, and the third for the Sportsman's privilege. From this day onward the victim could hold up his head among sportsmen as their equal—a knight of the forest. People that object to this ceremony are looked down upon by Austrian sportsmen, and it is best to get through it as best one can, though it may not look very dignified while one is undergoing it."

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

From the Beaverkill.

Apropos of the report on "Shad in the Hudson" in Forest and Stream of July 28, I remember that shad were no luxury in the vicinity of the Hudson only eight or nine years ago. In the month of June, 1898, I fished the lower Esopus for trout for a few days, then moved up the Big Indian, for a day and night, and made arrangements for a trip across the country to Liberty, by way of Claryville. Shad had been taken in such numbers near Kingston that they were being peddled through the country at twenty and twenty-five cents each. The drivers of the hacks carrying the mails made a good profit by purchasing considerable numbers of the fish and retailing them to the people along their routes. This may have been unusual, but I remember the facts distinctly. There had been a time years before this when the catch of shad in the Hudson had greatly fallen off, and the return of prosperity to the netsmen was entirely due to artificial propagation by the State of New York. There is small reason to doubt that if the river was reasonably pure, the annual catch of shad in the Hudson would be quite as large at the present day as ever it was.

This is not trout fishing, but the silver sides of the many chub I have been catching recently remind me a little of the brightness of a fresh run shad. After the recent freshet, I spotted a number of good trout. By using a fly as a lure in the bright sun, I could make them run at it, although they would not take it in. It was amusing and exciting to see a large trout chase the fly for a yard or two, then turn away with a contemptuous flirt of the tail, at my shabby counterfeit. However, on Friday evening I went for those spotted fish, and if the light had been a little better or my sight stronger, it would have gone hard with them. I would not see the rise until almost too late to strike successfully. The largest trout of the lot rose very fairly, but I left the fly in its mouth. I was using fine gut, and the fly was taken like one picks a berry from a bush. I killed but four trout, but the chubs were in great form and seemed to be really fascinated by my attractions. Within fifty yards of the house in the gloaming I caught two good chub at the mouth of a small brook, where I had seen what I supposed was a fair trout.

The recent freshet has improved the fishing situation materially. The water is fresh and cool; in fact, it really looks brighter and more attractive than it did two weeks ago. Some fine sport must have been had on the upper waters of all the streams in this vicinity and even in the Catskills, at Big Indian, and elsewhere.

There is no lack of moisture this season. The crops are growing like weeds, and the air is full of humidity. The climate is not as bracing as usual. The common air of this elevated region is like wine—sustaining, strengthening and refreshing; but we have had a deal of wind from the southeast and south to southwest. These are great winds for the angler, blowing as they do up stream, for nearly all these rivers, but they are not best for weak persons who need the tonic breeze from the northwest, which commonly prevails.

To return to my fishing. The best basket I have heard of this month was one of forty trout, taken in a fairly large tributary of the Beaverkill. I did not see the fish, but do know the successful angler and am sure that he is not one who would take, or at least kill, any but trout of good size. Such a score is very unusual in free water in July, but the numbers of trout this year is really wonderful. The streams are full of them. If we have a good spawning season, followed by a moderate winter, with no great floods and ice jams, prospects for the future are bright indeed.

I do not believe that better sport was ever enjoyed on the Beaverkill than during May and June of 1906. The fish have been in fine condition and have fought desperately. Nearly every one has noticed how game the trout were. Then they are so much larger than they used to be in the old days of exclusive native trout, and what a difference this makes to the fisherman! Almost any one is satisfied with half a dozen trout weighing from half a pound to a pound, or a pound and a half, each. We meet few gluttons nowadays. I do not blame the man whose opportunities are few and far between, for filling his basket on the rare occasions when he meets with great success, instead of a big disappointment. Those few hours on one day, when the trout rose fast and furious, marks his one great day. It will be years probably before he experiences anything like such sport again. He never forgets that happy time. It returns in grateful recollection again and again through all the years that may follow.

With modern fishculture and the State hatcheries in operation, there is not that danger of depletion that there was in old times. The brown trout as a breeder and grower is superior to the brook trout. Some people say that it is well to kill off the big fish. I doubt this greatly. Think of the number of big, healthy ova which will hatch into large, strong fry after the mating of a single pair of four-pound fish! There are immense quantities of minnows in all these streams. Have you ever watched a big trout catch minnows? It is done with the greatest ease, and the stomach is literally crammed with them. I have taken trout up to three pounds while they were engaged in this pleasing (to them) occupation, and they were loaded to the muzzle. One three-pounder disgorged sixteen large minnows from mouth and gullet that were as fresh as possible. They had been dead but a few minutes at most.

It is strange that a large trout should trouble himself to rise at a tiny fly when he has an abundance of substantial fare before him. It is the delicate quality, the daintiness of the morsel that tempts him. I remember reading somewhere of an experiment with three tanks, or small ponds, of trout. One lot was fed on flies and their larva, another on minnows, and the last on worms. The first grew much faster than the others; minnows came next, and worms last. This was with trout of small size, I presume. Probably as a trout gains in bulk he requires minnows, crayfish, etc., to keep on developing rapidly.

In Maine lakes where there are no minnows, fish over a pound and a half are rarely taken, and one never hears of the monsters of eight or nine pounds, which have been taken in the Rangeleys.

I hear that grouse have done well. Some large strong broods have been seen, and there was not a great deal of wet weather during the breeding season. There are, apparently, no woodcock in Beaverkill, at least near here, but there are always a few nests in Neversink and Willowemock. I know of some fine breeding grounds elsewhere in Sullivan county.

Theodore Gordon.

Beaverkill, N. Y.

Fish for Manure.

The following order from the records of the town of Ipswich, Mass., May 11, 1644, illustrates, in a comical way, the custom of using fish for manure in those early days:

"It is ordered that all doggs, for the space of three weeks after the publishing hereof, shall have one legg tyed up, and if such a dogg shall break loose and be found doing any harm, the owner of the dogg shall pay damage. If a man refuse to tye up his dogg's legg, and hee bee found scrapeing up fish in a cornefield, the owner thereof shall pay twelve pence damages beside whatever damage the dogg doth. But if any fish their house lotts and receive damage by doggs, the owners of those house lotts shall bear the damage themselves."

PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

Mascalonge Lake, Wis. Photo by H. K. Tenney.

British Columbia

As a Summer and Autumn Resort for American Sportsmen.

On Great Northern Train in Montana, July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From the summer of 1901 until that of 1904 I was so fortunate as to be retained on some important professional work by the Government of British Columbia. This engagement gave me the opportunity to take four summer outings in that country, and you may be sure that I availed myself of it. This summer I received a call from the City of Vancouver on some similar work; and after my preliminary report was finished and presented, I went for ten or twelve days to a section of the country new to me to try some famous trout fishing.

Previously I had fished the waters of Lac La Hache and of the stream discharging it, both above and below Williams Lake, the Horsefly River, Horsefly Creek, Horsefly Lake and the unnamed little lake just below it, Quesnel Lake, Quesnel River, the Buonaparte River and Lake Hihiume. I visited Lac La Hache at a bad time for fishing, viz., during the month of July, consequently was not successful there; but in the stream below I found plenty of small trout and about as many chub. The latter strike like the trout, but have no fighting qualities.

In the stream below Williams Lake the fishing was better, the trout being larger with fewer chub; but the sport there was merely ordinary.

The first year I tried the Horsefly River I had wonderful luck, my companion and I on the first day catching eighty-four rainbow trout, weighing fully 60 pounds, the largest tipping the scale at 3¾ pounds. On the two following days we fished both above and below Harper's Camp, filling our baskets. Then we drove over to Horsefly Lake, where we took most of our fish by trolling, consequently the sport was not as good as that in the river. In Horsefly Creek, which discharges Horsefly Lake through a small lake into Horsefly River, we found fair fly-fishing, but did not go far below the little lake, hence I cannot vouch for the sport there; but the trolling in the little lake was very good.

One morning while I was fishing there my companion left me and returned to the big lake, coming back in about an hour and a half with two lake trout weighing, respectively, 6 and 7 pounds, which he had taken with a large spoon trolled slowly at a depth of 100 feet. I went back with him and tried for more, but we got none. The next year, however, I took one there weighing 8 pounds with a metal line in 200 feet of water. Such fishing, though, is rather tame sport. It is said that about the end of September and beginning of October, when the water gets cold, these lake trout come to the surface and afford excellent sport by trolling or spoon casting. It is possible that they will then take the fly also; but I never heard that any one has thus tried them. They run large, some of them exceeding 20 pounds in weight.

My companion had to leave me to attend to some work, agreeing to meet me on a certain date at the 150-Mile House of the Caribou Road. Meanwhile with an oarsman as companion I took a wagon to Patineaude's Ranch, some ten or twelve miles up the Horsefly River from Harper's Camp, and launched our canvas boat just above the big log-jam at his place, rowing up stream until the water became too swift, then poling. We must have traveled thus fully twenty miles up to the mouth of Black Creek, which was practically the head of navigation for our boat for some two miles further up were the falls, with a continuation of bad rapids between. During the three or four days that this journey occupied I had excellent sport, one day catching fifty trout that weighed an even 50 pounds, the largest reaching a few ounces over 3 pounds, but I hung and failed to land two or three that certainly exceeded 4 pounds in weight. This was mainly because I used three flies to the cast, for soon after hooking a big one, other trout would take the remaining flies. Sometimes I would land all three, but generally one or two got away, and several times I lost the whole cast.

I well remember one occasion of this kind. It was when we reached the mouth of Black Creek and just before we started on the return trip. A very large trout jumped two or three feet above the water in the swift current alongside of the still water of Black Creek. I immediately began to cast across the swift water as the boatman moved the boat slowly in the still water toward the place where the fish had leaped. As soon as my flies reached the spot, the big fellow took the tail one and gave me an exciting experience for about a minute by jumping several times clear of the water; then a little fish took one of the other flies. I held the pair in the swift water for possibly another minute, when the big one broke away, much to my disgust. However, I succeeded in landing the little one, which weighed 2½ pounds.

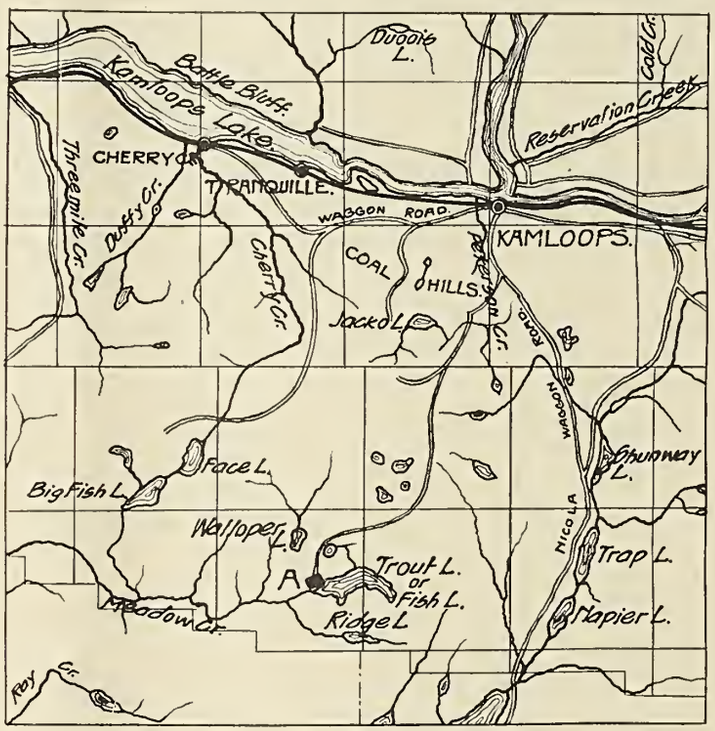
The most successful fly for this river I found to be the Zulu, a black-hackle with a red tail; but in truth the trout there were so unsophisticated as to take readily almost any fly.

The next year (1903), accompanied by my son, Leonard, I went to Harper's Camp and fished there two days, going up stream some six or seven miles. We had fair sport the first day, but poor the second, showing that we had fished out the pools. Then we tried Horsefly Lake and the little lake below, but the fishing was rather unsatisfactory, consequently, after two or three days, we returned to Harper's, and from there took wagon to Patineaude's, and went up stream to the mouth of Black Creek. We caught on this trip barely enough trout for the frying-pan.

On our way down the Caribou River we stopped at the 19-Mile House, and met an Indian with six horses, whom we had engaged by wire to take us up the mountains to Lake Hihiume. The ride involved a distance of 25 or 30 miles, and a climb of fully 3,500 feet, for we reached an elevation of over 5,000 feet, that of the lake being 4,500. Here we got all the fishing any one could desire, taking from 60 to 80 pounds per day on one rod, one of us fishing and the other handling the boat. We stayed at the lake only a few days, as the time limit set for our outing had about expired.

The next year (1904), after attending the formal opening of the Fraser River Bridge at New Westminster, my brother-in-law, his wife and I, accompanied part way by a friend, set out for Harper's Camp, from which place in response to a telegram I had received word that the "water was low, the weather lovely, and the fishing fine." We found the conditions decidedly otherwise, for the water was at medium stage, the weather cold and rainy and the fishing practically nil. Moreover, the entire place was just beginning to recover from the effects of a prolonged jamboree. It seems that some of the miners had "struck it rich," and had been setting up for the crowd. One day's stay, consequently, sufficed us; then we started down the river for Quesnel Lake, my brother-in-law and his wife by trail, and the boatman and I in our two little canvas boats with most of the luggage. This part of the trip gave me the experience of my life, as the river for many miles was a continuous succession of rapids. It had been run by boat only two or three times before, hence the information obtainable about the rapids was decidedly meagre. In two places we got out and let the boats down by ropes; but I am convinced that we could safely have shot every rapid.

We reached Quesnel Lake before dark wet through, tired and hungry, for it had rained off and on all day. We camped in a deserted Chinese hut, which we cleaned out and built a fire in, so as to have at least a small amount of comfort for our friends upon their arrival, which took place a little after dark. When my sister-in-law reached camp, she stated that she had never before really appreciated what true comfort was; and the jorum of hot whiskey punch which I served upon their arrival put new heart into us all.



THE KAMLOOPS DISTRICT.

We remained there three or four days, although the fishing was poor, enjoying the fine weather, which set in next day, and the magnificent scenery. My sister-in-law, who has traveled through Switzerland, stated that she had seen nothing there to equal it. Surrounding the lake, which is beautifully clear and blue, are high, steep hills, and beyond these are the snow-covered mountains. The lake is large, and at times it is stormy, but we, fortunately, experienced no foul weather there.

Starting early one morning we rowed to the foot of the lake, arriving there before nightfall. There we remained several days, catching but few fish, as we were two weeks too early for the run in the river. However, we got some fine ones, one rainbow trout weighing 5½ pounds, a Dolly Varden 4¾ pounds and several lake trout over 5 pounds I neglected to say that we caught a number of lake trout in Quesnel Lake by trolling not far below the surface, one of them weighing 11 and another 9 lbs.

FISH LAKE, A BRITISH COLUMBIA TROUT WATER.

On our way south we spent a day at Bullion, the noted placer mining camp, and were most hospitably entertained there by Mr. Hobson, the manager of the mine, and his wife. At their residence we found all the comforts of civilization, including hot and cold water baths, electric lights, spring lamb and fresh vegetables and fruits grown in their own garden—all these in the wilderness but little south of 53 degrees parallel of latitude. The mining operations, which are on a gigantic scale, are a sight well worth seeing—and we saw everything there was.

On our way back to the 150-Mile House, we stopped at a large lake that is noted for its fishing at certain times of the year; but the water was warm, and not a fish would strike, although I tried them in every way I could think of.

From the 150-Mile House I telegraphed for Indians with their horses to meet us at the 19-Mile House, but on arriving there failed to find them; consequently, leaving my relations at the 21-Mile House, I pushed on to Ashcroft, where I found that my instructions had not been complied with. I immediately wired back to Clinton and made arrangements with the well-known guide, Mr. Pearson, to meet us at the 19-Mile House, some two days later. Returning I spent the night at the 19-Mile House, and for two days fished the Buonaparte River for small trout, that averaged about four to the pound. There was no trouble in getting sixty fish per rod per day, but the sport was rather tame.

Mr. Pearson, with his assistant and ten horses, arrived about noon, and we soon made a start for Loon Lake, across a mountain range, arriving there before dark, and camping in the open. The scenery along this route is extremely fine, the forest being so open that one could easily see a quarter of a mile through it, underbrush being conspicuous by its absence.

At Loon Lake we found the mountainside across the water ablaze; and it made a magnificent sight after nightfall. Unfortunately, the fire lay directly in our path, but next day we were able to work around it, although many fallen trees along the trail were still burning.

A few miles' journey took us beyond the fire region, and early in the afternoon we arrived at Lake Hihiume, where we soon put together one of the two canvas boats, so as to secure a mess of fish for dinner. I rowed, and Mrs. E. trolled two flies, catching seventeen beauties in about an hour and a half. They averaged in weight 1½ pounds, none being much heavier than 2 pounds. The largest fish that I have taken in that lake weighed only 2½ pounds, and the daily average ran from 1 pound 2 ounces to 1 pound 8 ounces, the finer the weather the lower being the average.

At this lake we spent three or four days very pleasantly, then Mr. and Mrs. E. went to the 21-Mile House, leaving me to take two days' sport alone, which I certainly did, for one morning in four hours I caught by casting forty rainbow trout that weighed 60 pounds. This round trip from New Westminster occupied just thirty-one days, and all of us enjoyed it thoroughly, notwithstanding the fact that the fishing a good part of the time was disappointing.

On several occasions I have urged the Premier, the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, the Fish Commissioner and other officers of the Government to stock with trout all lakes in the Province that do not already contain them, especially those along the Caribou Road; but as yet nothing has been done in this line. The result would be that in a few years there would be hundreds of small lakes filled with gamy trout, and the Province in summer would be overrun with American fishermen, whose expenditures of cash there would add greatly to the income of the inhabitants. As it is, there are a great many good fishing lakes, but they are scattered and often rather remote from the routes of travel.

This year, having no time to spare, I had a friend make inquiries by wire concerning the fishing at half a dozen resorts, and chose from the resulting replies Fish Lake, which lies about 23 miles south of Kamloops. The choice proved to be a most fortunate one, as the subsequent notes taken from my diary will prove. Unfortunately, I was overpersuaded by some friends to try first the fishing in the Thompson River at Savonas and lost a whole day in consequence, catching only one little trout. To console me the proprietor of the hotel told me of an immense catch of fourteen made in one day two weeks previously by a gentleman from Vancouver. This tale decided me to take the first train for Fish Lake, where I had been assured that I would find good sport.

Before leaving Vancouver, I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, Mr. A., who desired a fishing companion for a few days. I found that in spite of his seventy-seven years he was a "dead game sport," for he fished faithfully at Savonas, where the conditions were strenuous for even a young man.

On the evening of June 24, we arrived at Kamloops, and at 8 o'clock the next morning started by wagon for Fish Lake, and made the 23 miles in four hours and fifteen minutes. The road was good, but it involved a climb of some 3,000 feet, the elevation of Fish Lake being 4,100 feet above sea level.

On the way Mr. A. pointed out to me a pair of extremely rare birds, named "Clark's crow." One of them flew across the road just ahead of the wagon, hence I got a good view of it. It appeared to be about half the size of the ordinary crow, or about as big as the "crow blackbird" (and its breast was of a dull red color, which extended well back beneath toward the tail). Probably the one I saw so plainly was the male bird. The other was some forty yards away, and in consequence I could not see it distinctly.

We found Fish Lake to be an ideal spot and the conditions for an outing there simply perfect. The place is kept by Mr. David Lusk (usually known as "Dave") and his partner, Mr. Robert Cowan. Dave is an old bachelor, but his partner has a wife, who is mistress of the establishment and runs it on correct principles. The rooms, though small, are comfortable and scrupulously clean, and the board leaves nothing for a true sportsman to desire. There is a new log cabin, which serves for meals and lodging, and alongside is a smaller log cabin of one room only, which is used as a bar and lounging place. There is another cabin at a distance of 150 yards, where about four persons can be lodged. Then there are a stable, an ice house and a carpenter's shop. The full size of the lake is not shown by the photograph, for it is curved almost to a semi-circle, its length being about three miles and its width about half a mile.

The accompanying map of a small portion of the Kamloops District, shows the location of this and several neighboring lakes. The map is far from correct, for the country has never been thoroughly surveyed, hence the size and locations of the lakes are merely approximate. Within reach of Lusk and Cowan's resort are the following lakes that contain trout: Walloper (two miles distant), three unnamed lakes connected to this, Ridge Lake (three miles distant), with a smaller lake close to it, Big Fish Lake (some sixteen miles away), Face Lake adjoining the latter, and two small lakes nearby.

Fish (or Trout) Lake and Walloper Lake are the only ones that have ever been fished to any extent, and, in fact, some of those mentioned (including Big Fish and Face Lakes) have never had a boat upon them.

The surrounding country is wild to the extreme, and one may journey for many miles without seeing a sign of a habitation. The elevation of some of the lakes are as follows: Fish (or Trout) Lake, 4,100 feet above sea level; Ridge Lake, 4,630 feet above sea level; Big Fish Lake, 4,820 feet above sea level; Face Lake, 4,840 feet above sea level. The elevation of Walloper Lake I would estimate to be some 200 feet higher than that of Fish Lake, or 4,300 feet.

Ridge Lake and the adjoining little lake have never been fished, excepting by Indians, who generally take their fish by damming the streams temporarily during the spring run and scooping them out of the pools. It is said that the trout of Ridge Lake reach 3½ pounds, and specimens have been taken from Walloper Lake nearly half a pound heavier.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan are the only ones that I know of, except Indians, who have wet a line in Big Fish Lake. They tried it once by casting flies from the shore among the rushes. In two hours they took in over fifty trout, notwithstanding the fact that they spent a good part of the ime in climbing trees to disengage their hooks from the branches. The largest fish they caught did not exceed 1½ pounds in weight; but it is well known that the big trout lie on the edge of the deep water and the little ones closer to the shore; hence it is almost certain that Big Fish Lake is properly named, and that its adjective applies to the first and not to the second substantive.

How near Face Lake is to Big Fish Lake I

could not ascertain, but I think the distance between them is short and the variation in their elevations only 20 feet. It must be remembered that very few white men have ever been to any of these waters, excepting Fish and Walloper lakes.

The fishing at the Lusk and Cowan resort begins about the middle of May and ends in October. Just as soon as the ice breaks up, the trout will rise eagerly to the fly; and there is excellent fly-fishing sometimes to be had, even during snow storms just before the water freezes.

July is generally the poorest of all months for fishing, excepting, of course, the winter months, for the fish cannot be taken through the ice as they can in some lakes. June and August are the two best months for fishing, but September is also good, and is probably the best month for all-around sportsmen, as the shooting season opens on the first day of that month. The weather in May is cold and rainy. In June it is uncertain, but mostly fair—cool and liable to be showery, but sometimes quite dry. July is very likely to be hot and too calm for good sport. August is nearly always fine, and the fishing during it is great. September is more or less showery and cool. The fishing in October is likely to be very good, but the weather is uncomfortable, especially just before the lakes freeze over.

The preceding information, as far as I am concerned, is mostly second-hand; but I believe it is entirely reliable. The following, however, is absolutely correct:

Mr. A. and I arrived at the resort about noon of June 25, and fished from 2:30 till 6, and from 7:15 till 8:45, each of us catching twenty, the biggest weighing a trifle over 2 pounds, and the average weight being a pound and a half.

June 26.—It began to rain just as we stepped into the boats about 8:30 A. M. Mr. A. caught twenty-five, and I twenty-two in the forenoon. In the afternoon we took twenty-one each, and as drinks for the crowd were bet upon the afternoon's catch, Mr. A. and I had to match dollars, I winning. Mr. and Mrs. J., of Hongkong, arrived during the day.

June 27.—Rained hard all the morning, hence none of us went on the lake. Mr. A. left for Kamloops at 1:30, taking with him two boxes of fish on ice for our friends in Vancouver. Dave sent three boxes of them for sale in Kamloops, all having been caught by Mr. A. and myself. In the afternoon Dave took me out, and Bob (Mr. Cowan) rowed Mr. T. In order to add a little excitement to the sport, Mr. T. and I fished to see who would have to "set them up for the crowd," but I gave him a handicap of three to two on account of my being the more experienced trout fisherman.

(Your readers must not think from these statements about drinks that either the writer or his friends were of the "tough" order, because most of the drinks that Dave carried in stock were of the "soft" type, although there were several bottles of the ardent for those who might prefer it.)

The result of the catch was seventeen for Mr. T. and thirty-seven for myself, showing that the handicap was insufficient. The fish averaged between a pound and a quarter and a pound and a half in weight. It rained off and on all the afternoon, and the weather was cold; but the conditions were all right for fishing.

June 28.—Cloudy and cold with occasional sunshine. Walked over to Walloper Lake with Bob, leaving at 9 o'clock and making the two miles in 42 minutes. The trail was excellent. Fished from 10:00 till 6:00 and caught 104 trout, returning 37 to the water, as they were out of condition and their having spawned quite recently.

There is something odd about the spawning time of trout; for in adjoining waters the seasons are often quite different, and even in the same lake some trout spawn early and others late in the season.

The sixty-seven fish that we saved were packed over the trail by Bob in a gunny sack. They weighed fully 90 pounds, and were sold at Kamloops next day for the benefit of the resort at 75 cents per dozen.

Walloper Lake is about a mile long and hardly half a mile wide, and its water is quite dark. In consequence the fish are much darker than those of Fish Lake, and it is said that their flavor is not quite so good as that of fish inhabiting clearer waters. On this account at the resort they serve only the fish taken in Fish Lake and sell those caught in Lake Walloper. The largest fish of the catch weighed only 2 pounds 2 ounces, but we returned to the water many weighing from 1½ to 2 pounds, which, under favorable conditions, would probably have been 30 per cent. or more heavier. The fish did not strike as hard as did those of the larger lake. Occasionally I would get as many as three distinct strikes on one cast, and often without hooking a fish; and my percentage of loss ran unusually high. I landed four doubles (for I fished with two flies), and had on as many more that I failed to land. There is only one boat on the lake, but that is enough, for more would soon fish the place out. The fishing there in August and September is said to be exceedingly fine, although this catch of mine was a record-breaker for the lake. I must have lost or used up in this one day twelve or fifteen flies.

June 29.—Cold and windy, but no rain; caught nineteen in forenoon. In the afternoon I gave Mr. T. a handicap of two to one. He landed nine and I twenty-two. I trolled my flies with split shot sinkers attached to the middle loop, for it was too rough for casting, and the trout lay deep. Average weight of catch was 1 pound 4 ounces.

June 30.—Fished in both forenoon and afternoon, catching thirty-five, mostly large ones, the heaviest weighing 2 pounds. In the forenoon I gave Mr. T. a two to one handicap, but he took the conceit out of me by beating me on an even basis. He went to the upper end of the lake, while I did most of my fishing nearer to the resort.

July 1.—This being Sunday, there was quite a crowd from Kamloops. They fished in Fish Lake, while I went to Walloper Lake. I caught sixty-nine, putting back twenty-four, while the entire crowd on the other lake caught less than two dozen. There was too little breeze, and the sun shone brightly. One fish weighed almost 2½ pounds.

July 2.—Caught thirty-five, some by casting, but mostly by trolling sunk flies.

July 3.—Very calm and hot. Went to Walloper Lake and fished five hours, taking only twenty-four. In the evening I rowed for another sportsman on Fish Lake, who caught three by trolling and failed to land several more that he hooked. The others this day caught practically none.

July 4.—Very calm and hot. Two boats with five fishermen were out all forenoon, catching three fish between them. Dave and I started after 11 o'clock and quit fishing at 4:30, bringing in thirty-five fine trout, most of them being caught on a very small spoon above a red-hackle. Fished from 7 P. M., catching nine more, making the total for the day forty-four, the average weight being betweent 1¼ and 1½ pounds.

July 5.—Started at 8:35 and quit at 11:30, bringing in sixteen. In the afternoon went out for an hour and a half and caught but two; then returned to the house and packed my baggage, so as to start for Kamloops at 6 o'clock in order to take the midnight train for Vancouver.

My total catch amounted to 468 trout, and I fished about nine days out of ten that I spent at the lake. I never saw more gamy trout anywhere. They usually jumped clear of the water eight to ten times, and once I counted thirteen jumps by one fish—an unlucky number, as far as the trout was concerned, for I landed it.

The best flies I found to be the Montreal, March-brown, and cow-dung, with the Parmachenee-belle for dark days and evenings. The trout seemed to prefer dark flies, and I had no luck with the fancy ones, such as silver-doctor, butcher and Jock-Scott. It is best for sportsmen to purchase their flies at Vancouver, as those sold at Kamloops are mounted on inferior hooks. I lost many fine fish by the breaking off of the barbs.

There are grouse of several varieties in good numbers at Fish Lake and vicinity, and one occasionally sees deer and bear. I saw three deer feeding along the shore of the lake one afternoon.

I have made this paper quite lengthy and detailed for the purpose of convincing American sportsmen that British Columbia is an ideal country for their outings in the summer and early autumn. It affords also good shooting on big game, but I have said nothing about this kind of sport there, as I have not yet found an opportunity to try it.

No doubt some of your readers after perusing this paper will want to designate me as a "fish hog," but I would ask such person, to bear in mind the facts that none of the fish were wasted and that I had no trout fishing for two years.

Mr. Lusk says he has no fear that his lake will become fished out, but I don't agree with him, unless a limit be placed on the number of fish caught per day or the sale of them be stopped. He says that the trout in Fish Lake never prey upon each other or eat spawn, as he has proved by opening them often, the reason being that the water abounds with small white shrimp.

If the fishing in his lake begins to fail, he can send some of his guests to adjoining lakes, for it is his intention to place boats in some of them in the near future.

The next time I go to British Columbia I shall take with me my canvas folding boat that I have owned for more than a year, but have not yet put in the water.

J. A. L. Waddell.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon in the Peribonca.

Following the recent capture of a sea salmon in the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John by the well-known guide, John Morel, I hear that one of 13 pounds has been killed below the first falls of the Peribonca, and that several smaller fish, described as grilse, have been caught this summer in the same river. Not having seen any of these last mentioned fish, I would not care to vouch for the absolute correctness of their identification, seeing that most of them were not larger than many of the ouananiche frequenting the Peribonca. Of the larger salmon occasionally reported nowadays from different parts of the Lake St. John country, there can be no doubt as to their identity, since no ouananiche thereabouts approaches them in size.

Spawning Habits of the Ouananiche.

A series of experiments conducted this year in the Lake St. John country may cast a new light upon the spawning habits of the ouananiche. Hitherto there has been much speculation as to why the fish that are found in such large numbers in Lake St. John in the spring of the year should divide themselves into two different shoals, one of which remains in the lake itself and in the Grand Discharge throughout the summer season, while the other distributes itself among the various rivers flowing into the inland sea. It had been pretty correctly guessed that the ouananiche that ascended the lake's feeders did so in order to reach their spawning grounds, for some of them at least were known to do so. Why the laggards which remained behind did so, and where and when they spawned, are questions which have aroused a considerable amount of speculation. Many casual observers have expressed the belief that some of these fish spawned in the shallow, inshore pools of the Grand Discharge itself and upon some of the gravelly stretches of the bed of Lake St. John, because they are often taken there late in the season. I have not yet been able to secure any definite proof that well developed spawn has been found in any of the ouananiche taken in these waters late in the season. I have opened many of them myself coming from these localities and have never found in them any spawn at all approaching maturity. Not one of those taken this summer in the Grand Discharge and opened by me or

WEST CANADA CREEK—A TYPICAL ADIRONDACK TROUT STREAM
Photo by Dr. C. M. Hitchcock.

by others in my presence were found to contain anything but the most immature semblance of spawn, coupled with every attendant circumstance known to pisciculturists and ichthyologists that was calculated to prove the barrenness of the fish for the present season. Two months earlier in the season very much riper spawn had been found in some of the ouananiche frequenting Lake St. John in the month of May. Apparently, these fish are now ascending the rivers tributary to the lake, in which they will spawn next October and November. Then they will return to Lake St. John for the winter and perhaps for next summer as well.

Next spring it may be the turn of the barren fish of 1906, now summering in the Grand Discharge, to run up the feeders of Lake St. John to spawn. All the fish now in the rivers are apparently supplied with well-developed milt or ova. The fish remaining in Lake St. John and in the Grand Discharge are evidently the non-spawning fish. Whether or not all ouananiche spawn but every other year, I am unable to declare, but it is perfectly certain that many of them are not annual spawners. More than this it is impossible to say at present, and scarcely more than this, it is safe to say, has yet been satisfactorily determined in regard to the spawning habits of the Atlantic salmon—the bravest and the best of the many gallant descendants of the lordly ouananiche.

Boston Salmon Fishermen.

Most of the Boston salmon fishermen have been enjoying very good sport this season. Mr. Ivers W. Adams and party killed between four and five hundred fish on the Moisie, which conclusively proves that under such well-regulated conditions as prevail in the mouth of that river the legitimate commercial netting of the larger estuaries is in no way injurious to the angling interests on the upper waters. There must, of necessity, however, be efficient supervision of all netting privileges, and I know one very prominent lessee of angling rights upon a river, the neighborhood of whose estuary is netted to some extent, who claims that it is rather beneficial than otherwise that this should be the case. But while there are a few of these very large rivers that can well afford nets not far from their mouths, and may even perhaps be benefitted by the removal of a certain number of the old and non-productive fish, the damage caused to most of the smaller Canadian salmon streams by over-netting is simply incalculable.

Mr. Adams had as fishing companions on the Moisie this year two of his own sons, as well as Mr. Sampson, of New York, and his son.

Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston, has had splendid sport this year on the Grande Riviere of Gaspé, which yields him every year a number of fish weighing over 30 pounds each, the result of strict and careful protection and good guardianship.

The Natashquan was fished this year by a number of Boston members of the Labrador Fish and Game Club and their friends. Among the anglers on this river were Mr. F. S. Hodges, the "father" of the club, Mr. H. F. Pickering, attorney, and Mr. J. Murray Kay, of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., all of Boston; Mr. R. E. Plumb, of Detroit; Mr. Chapman, the well-known broker of 2 Wall street, New York, and the Messrs Johnson, of Johnson & Johnson, manufacturing chemists, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

These gentlemen all enjoyed good sport, but complain very bitterly of the inaccessibility of the river and of the shortness of the season. And well they may. The fogs and other delays incident to navigation along the northern shore of Labrador are such that it is no unusual thing for anglers to be tied up several days at a time on the coast awaiting some means of getting back to civilization. Now, Natashaquan is nearly 600 miles below Quebec on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with practically nothing but a wilderness lying between, at least so far as the country east of the Saguenay is concerned. There is consequently but little inducement for regularity on the part of the coasting steamers, though Mr. James J. Hill gets over the difficulty very much by running down to the St. John River on his own steam yacht.

Character of the North Shore Rivers.

One of the chief objections to the north shore rivers, from the angler's standpoint, is the shortness of the fishing season, due entirely to the character of the streams themselves. East of the Moisie, the interior of the Labrador peninsula is largely a series of monotonous barrens closely resembling those of Newfoundland. These barrens seldom attain an elevation of over 200 feet above the level of the gulf for a good many miles inland. The rivers that drain them fall very nearly to the level of their estuaries by from one to four or five falls, and these are usually within a few miles of the sea. Sometimes there are falls which the salmon cannot ascend so near to the gulf shore that there is scarcely any length of angling water left. More often these falls are ascended by the spawning fish by means of a succession of ledges of varying heights. The vast extent of barren land through which the rivers in question flow causes their waters to spread over great wide stretches of territory, distributing themselves in such shallows that it is scarcely possible to ascend them, even in a canoe. After the subsidence of the spring floods, the June and early July sun beats so fiercely in these northern latitudes upon the shallow bed of the wide river stretches that the water becomes abnormally heated, losing but little, if any, of its extremely high temperature as it passes over the salmon pools below, unless chilled by a continuance of cold rain or wind, which seldom occurs at that time of the year.

Under these conditions, no experienced salmon fisherman will be surprised to learn that the angling season upon some of the north shore rivers frequently lasts no longer than from two to three weeks, and that there are still quite a number of otherwise promising salmon rivers flowing into the gulf from the eastern portion of the Canadian Labrador, ramaining unleased on the hands of the Government, and largely at the mercy of the netting men. One of these—the Esquimau or St. Paul—was secured some—years ago by Mr. James J. Hill, but abandoned by him after two seasons' fishing.

I took the temperature of the water in what is known as the Home Pool of the Natashquan River, on the evening of Friday, July 20, and found it to be 70 degrees, although the atmospheric heat was only 55 Since it is generally recognized that the salmon fisherman may hang up his rod when the temperature of the water reaches 70 degrees, it is not surprising that there were several days on the Natashquan in what should ordinarily be the height of the season, which yielded nothing but an occasional grilse. The night of July 20, however, brought a little rain, which lowered the temperature of the

water to 68 on the morning of the 21st, to 67 on the evening of that day, to 66 on the 22d and 64 on the 23d. This change of temperature in air and water afforded some unexpected but much appreciated improvement in the salmon fishing, though by the afternoon of July 26 the water had again gradually attained a temperature of 70 degrees, and the fishing for the season was over, several days before it had ceased upon some of the south shore streams, in which it had opened a fortnight before it was good on the Natashquan.

By this time almost every salmon fisherman on the coast had left for home, excepting Mr. Plumb, who had gone down some days previously to the Washecootai, forty miles further east, which he leases from the Government for $400 a year.

Mr. Adams and the last of his companions on the Moisie, for the season, put up their rods and left their fishing grounds on July 17.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Massachusetts Angling.

Boston, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Sportsmen's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts is posting in thirty-seven towns represented in its list of members notices that the club will pay rewards to persons who will furnish evidence to convict any one for violation of fish and game laws. The rewards run from $5 to $15 for the various offenses; and the notice is signed by President C. H. Nowell, Secretary Vinton W. Mason, and thirty-seven vice-presidents, representing that number of towns and cities, chiefly in Essex and Middlesex counties. This club was organized less than three years ago. It now has a list of about 300 members, and its officers are intent upon active work as well as sports afield. The club has placed with the State Association an order for 6,000 fingerling trout for October planting, the second largest order received from any club, that of Northampton exceeding it by 5,000.

The calls for fingerlings continue to come in, and have already outrun the supply for this year's planting by several thousand. While it was believed that there would be a demand for a large number, the orders have been in excess of our expectations. Should the same offer be made by the Association for 1907, it is doubtful if 100,000 would be adequate to supply all the orders that would be received.

A Berkshire correspondent writes that he does not understand why sportsmen should be called upon to pay for "fingerling trout or any other living thing" which the State is supposed to provide and for which the citizens are taxed. But the fact of the matter is simple enough. Of late years the call has been for fingerling trout rather than fry, and the State has but one hatchery where the water in the retaining ponds is cold enough to carry the fry through the summer until they reach the fingerling stage. Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, is urging at the present time as a matter of economy that his State retain all trout until they grow to 5 or 6 inches before turning them into the streams. He argues that the fish are bringing into the State so much money that she would be more than recompensed for the additional outlay.

The late Capt. Collins in one of his reports stated the facts in reference to the Massachusetts hatcheries very clearly and emphatically and declared that to supply what he characterized as the "reasonable" demands of the public, greater facilities for rearing trout must be provided. If further evidence of the "demand" were needed, it is furnished by the willingness of the sportsmen to expend their own good money in order to secure them.

It is the purpose of the writer at some future time to treat this subject more fully.

Another annual meeting of the Old Colony Club was held on Aug. 10 at Padanaram, Dartmouth, near New Bedford, and not a word was uttered about the bluefish in Buzzard's Bay or the porgy pirates, as far as I can learn. It was entirely a shellfish day, so far as the speaking went. Gathered about the tables in the summer station of the New Bedford Yacht Club were about seventy-five prominent citizens of the Cape towns and of Boston. At a business meeting Hon. Charles S. Hamlin was chosen president; Maurice H. Richardson, M.D., Thomas Jefferson, and John I. Bryant, vice-presidents; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., secretary-treasurer, and an executive committee of some twenty-five members, the member at large being Mr. Horace S. Crowell, of Falmouth and Boston. There was also chosen a shellfish committee, consisting of James L. Wesson, Sandwich; George I. Briggs, Bourne; N. H. Emmons, Falmouth; Benj. F. Gibbs, Wareham, and C. W. Howland, of Dartmouth.

Dr. George W. Field spoke of the preliminary work of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners in endeavoring to discover a method for the scientific development and cultivation of the scallop. The authority over shellfish beds now in the hands of Selectmen, the Doctor said, is but poorly exercised. He believes the idea of allowing the taking of lobsters between 8 and 10½ inches and preventing the catching of adult lobsters is gaining ground.

Hon. Herman A. Harding, of Chatham, spoke upon the shellfishery laws of the State, advocating the necessity of their revision. He also contrasted conditions here with those in Connecticut, which, with no more shore than Massachusetts, gets from her shellfisheries $5,000,000 to $500,000 received by the latter State. He pointed out defects in the present laws and advised the cultivation of clams and quahogs, as well as oysters.

Hon. Wm. A. Nye, of Bourne, spoke upon the Cape Cod Canal, and said he firmly believed it would be built.

Other speakers were Com. Wm. F. Williams, of the New Bedford Yacht Club; Augustus L. Thorndike, Esq.; Hon. Gerard C. Tobey, of Wareham, the retiring president, and Mr. Horace S. Crowell, who, as the most clerical-looking member present, was called upon to pronounce the benediction. This club holds itself in readiness at all times to fight off the menhaden seiners in case they renew the attempt to secure admission to the waters of the bay, and, after developing all the shore acres with shellfish, should they look for "other fields to conquer," I would suggest the restocking of their fine covers with quail for the benefit of both farmers and sportsmen.

It is reported that damages for destruction, caused by deer to farmers about Northampton, have been awarded amounting to $145. Grass, small trees and garden crops have been destroyed.

H. H. Kimball.

In Praise of Angling.

Among various useful qualities of the mind which are developed by the exercises of the rod, an important one, of course, is persistency. A really good rodsman, who is certain to be philosophical, is aware of that unchangeable law of average whereby success is certain to arrive after a sufficient number of experiments. There is no such word as "despair" in his vocabulary; the longer his luck has been "out" the more logical reason he sees for hoping—expecting; after a blank day his prophetic soul is gratified to find that the fish are rising freely, perhaps, at dusk. When things are at the worst in angling he knows, as Shakespeare has phrased it, that "the worst returns to better." A habit of persistency, cultivated on the river bank, will adhere to the angler's character in other walks of life than those piscatorial.

The hygienic philosophy of angling is as obvious as it is important. As George Eliot has remarked, it is impossible to do anything in this world without a motive; and angling is preeminently a sport which furnishes its practitioners with a motive for taking that exercise and fresh air, without which neither body nor mind can possibly be healthy. The busiest man finds that the time he steals from business to ply his rod is time gained, not lost, for he returns to his work with trebled vigor. All the successful men I have ever known habitually repaired themselves by the practice of some outdoor sport—angling in an immense number of cases; of course, if they did not, working at a big strain, they would snap like a violin, as many over-ambitious men, who are so miserly as to deny themselves an outdoor recreation, do snap. Angler does not mean idler; and the break in business which is spent on the river bank is as much a gain of time as it is for the harvester to pause now and then to sharpen his sickle.—Frederick Seal in Fishing Gazette.

Striped Bass on the Pacific Coast.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your issue for July 21 a query from R. B. Marsten, of the London Fishing Gazette, as to the destruction caused among other game fishes by the striped bass on the California coast.

Around the southern ports, San Pedro, Santa Monica, Redondo, Newport, and the smaller resorts in between, this fish is just beginning to appear. I have not heard of it from Catalina, and inasmuch as I fish the channel every year, I do not think it has made its appearance there—at least not to any extent, and quite possibly those few fishermen who have taken it, have not said much about their catches in places where it would be apt to reach the newspapers or other anglers.

One of these bass, weighing, if I am not mistaken, ten pounds, was landed at Playa del Rey, a small beach some twenty miles from Los Angeles, a few days since. Another was taken about the same time at Newport, thirty miles or so further down the coast. Several have been caught in Alamitos Bay, but all were of small size, the largest weighing but five pounds. These are the only records of which I can find trace in a hurried run through recent issues of local sporting sheets. So far as their devouring other game fish goes, they do not appear to have arrived from the north as yet in sufficient numbers to affect the southern range of game fishes.

Harry H. Dunn.

Stock the Waters.

Malone, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About ten or twelve years ago, while living in the Adirondacks, where I maintained a hatchery for lake and speckled trout, a gentleman having a small pond on his farm sent in a request for a few fry, saying the pond was made from springs. I sent the fry and never heard anything from them, till to-day a man brought me a short, chunky trout of about two pounds weight, saying it was one of four caught last night—the first they had caught since the fry were put in. I was greatly pleased, as I have for years been trying to interest the people in stocking waters where no fish of any kind had been found. The distribution of the fishes in wild waters is very curious to me, and I often wonder why what looked to be good waters had been passed when the distribution was made, Chateaugay Lake among all the Adirondacks alone having the black-finned whitefish, one of the finest of fresh-water fishes.

This variety of the whitefish takes a bait quite freely, also for a very few days each year will rise to a fly. They have been taken to Chary Lake and Bradly Pond, where they are now caught in quite large numbers. When our New York State Commission was putting in the whitefish of the Great Lakes into trout waters and enforcing the law against netting, knowing that the whitefish could only be taken by netting, I often asked them to propagate and distribute in the Adirondack lakes the black-fin. They did make a little effort, but for some reason gave it up. I recall several lakes and ponds where no lake trout were caught, which are now well stocked, and there seems no reason why all of our Adirondack waters should not be restocked.

Some one will say it would be of no use; they woud soon be caught out. Very true, if we make no effort to restock we must make still greater effort than ever. There are two hundred fishermen now, where there were only one or two lone fishermen a few years ago. Whenever the conditions are right, ask for young fish and encourage every one to respect the law, and all could have the out-of-door sport we few used to have. I have had my share, but would like to see the youngsters have theirs.

A. R. Fuller.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

17. Westhampton, women's race.
18. Pan-Quogue, Association race.
18. Stamford-Hartford, Manhasset Bay, cruising race.
18. Indian Harbor, handicap.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A.
18. Wianno, club.
18. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
18. Beverly, club, Buzzard's Bay.
18. Cape May, power boats.
18. Corinthian, Stamford power boats.
18. Boston, Marblehead.
18. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
18. Cohasset, club.
19. Corinthian Union, union regatta.
19. Columbia, Mass., ladies' day.
19. Lynn, club run.
19. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
19. Newport.
20. Atlantic, open.
21. Columbia, Chicago, Lipton cup.
22. Moriches, women's race.
21-22-23. Gold challenge cup power boat races, Chippewa Bay.
23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.

THE KING'S CUP.

For many years the Astor cup races have been the distinctive event of the American yachting season, and they are more closely interwoven with our yachting development than the irregular races for the America's Cup.

In this year's races for the Astor cup the weather failed utterly, and therefore the results are not a criterion of the real speed of the competing yachts. It was disappointing that no harder fight was possible in the fluky weather.

The King's cup is a challenge trophy presented by King Edward of Great Britain, to the New York Y. C. The cup is one of rare beauty, and there can be no doubt of the feelings of kindliness, friendship and sympathy that the royal donor meant to have it convey to us.

The conditions governing the cup are simple. The New York Y. C., as custodian, is required to give yearly open races in which vessels of any recognized yacht club in the United States are eligible, provided they conform to the requirements of length and rig.

The victory of the sloop Effort by the small margin of 9s., corrected time, over Queen, a schooner built especially to win this cup, reflects great credit on the designer of the sloop, which is 30ft. shorter than Queen. The designer of Effort has for many years been identified with the application of power to vessels for various purposes of trade or pleasure, and it is but recently that he has seriously taken up sailing yachts. Last spring, when it was known that the *carte blanche* order had been placed with him, which has resulted in Effort, yachting circles were agog.

There is then a new personality to be reckoned with in the very limited field of activity which concerns itself with the designing of large yachts.

With the new designer has come another, a skipper, who, although up to this time aboard of charges of no great prominence, has, nevertheless, now proved by his handling of his boat that he has mastered his profession.

The first race for the King's cup was an affair as brilliant as had been hoped for, and the final decision, in which the favorite lost by such a small margin, brought disappointment to some and pleasant surprise to others.

The uncertainties of yacht racing are well known, and the race for the King's cup has given two men the opportunity to win reputation. This cup already stands for a prize which bids fair to become the most coveted yachting honor in the United States.

KING'S CUP.

Boston Letter.

Before this attains publicity the trial races of the Eastern Y. C., to select its three defenders in the approaching races for the Roosevelt cup, will be nearly completed. Beginning Monday, the 13th, a race will be sailed every morning starting at eleven o'clock. The entire fleet of seventeen aspirants have qualified and all will presumably appear at the starting line. Vim, designed by William Gardner for Trenor L. Park, Esq., and the Crane designed Spokane, owned by Mr. F. Lewis Clark, are unknown quantities. The latter has only recently arrived at Marblehead and the former has been reserved for the trials, having refrained from entering any of the previous races. Vim is a beautifully turned boat, with moderate overhangs and comparatively sharp bow sections. In these respects she is on a par with the two Herreshoff boats Skiddoo and Chewink VI., owned respectively by Mr. Robert M. Sears and Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr. Were any yachtsman, unacquainted with the conditions that gave birth to this fleet and merely desiring a good boat, offered his pick of the American fleet, I am confident his selection would be from among the three named above or possibly from a quartet composed of them and Spokane.

The four Boardman designed boats Caramba, Manchester, Ellen and Auk have a strong family resemblance, and in fact they have much the look of the Boardman 18ft. knockabouts. Their beam is carried well forward and their profile, while more delicate, has much the same contour. Mr. Boardman began his career as a naval architect in the office of Mr. Crowninshield and, if I mistake not, was employed there when Uncle Sam was designed to race in German waters in the Sonderklasse, so that to all intents and purposes he had as much experience with the class as had Mr. Crowninshield, but he seems to have made slightly better application of that experience than his former chief. Not that there is any very marked advantage with the Boardman boats—there are at least nine boats in the class that are very close together and a rearrangement of skippers and crews might result in a general upset of calculations. The Crowninshield designed Bonidrei for instance might show in an even more favorable light were the brilliancy of her young skipper balanced by a wider experience and riper judgment.

The Southern Y. C. crew of the New Orleans arrived last Friday. Handled by Mr. Wuescher, one of the ablest helsmen of the Gulf coast, that boat may show great improvement of form. Mr. Heaslip, the moving force in the construction of New Orleans to represent the south and the skipper par excellence of southern waters, is barred from the contest because not a native born American.

These trial races will be used not only to pick the Eastern Y. C.'s defenders, but to select from among Manchester, Caramba and Ellen the Manchester Y. C.'s defender of the Quincy challenge cup, and also the boats to represent the Boston and Corinthian clubs in the same event. Mr. Adams with Auk will represent the Quincy Y. C., the original challenger. The Hingham Y. C. lodged a challenge on behalf of the Bonidrei, but too late, under the deed of gift to be accepted.

This cup was originally offered for competition by unrestricted 21-footers. But when the artful designers evolved machines 21ft. L. W. L., 51ft. L. O. A., 17ft. breadth, with 2,000 sq. ft. of sail and the appearance of a trussed bridge scantily clad in paper clothing, all interest in the cup died a natural death, and spiders have spun webs about it unmolested in the lockers of the Manchester Y. C. ever since Outlook successfully defended it in 1902. This year by mutual agreement the conditions have been changed to conform to those governing the Sonderklasse, and a very interesting match is looked for on the week beginning August 22. Five races will be sailed unless some one boat wins three firsts before five races are sailed.

The two German representatives Wannsee and Gluckauf IV. have had a number of spins during the past week and have made a very favorable impression. The crews are certainly wonderfully keen sailormen and, in addition, have won hosts of admirers because of their unfailing courtesy, wide interest and companionable qualities. The Eastern Y. C. has commendably requested the owners of our own Sonder boats to refrain from attempted brushes with the German boats, but a chance encounter with Sintram gives a line on them. Sintram is an old Herreshoff designed 21ft. raceabout now altered to fit class Q and is about four minutes faster than our best Sonder boats over a ten mile course. She seemed to get away with Gluckauf IV. in a moderate breeze with no great effort.

With the races starting off Half Way Rock, the Germans' best chances would seem to be in a smoky souwester and flood tide or one of the nasty little S.E. blows which, as all Marblehead men know, kicks up a most uncomfortable chop.

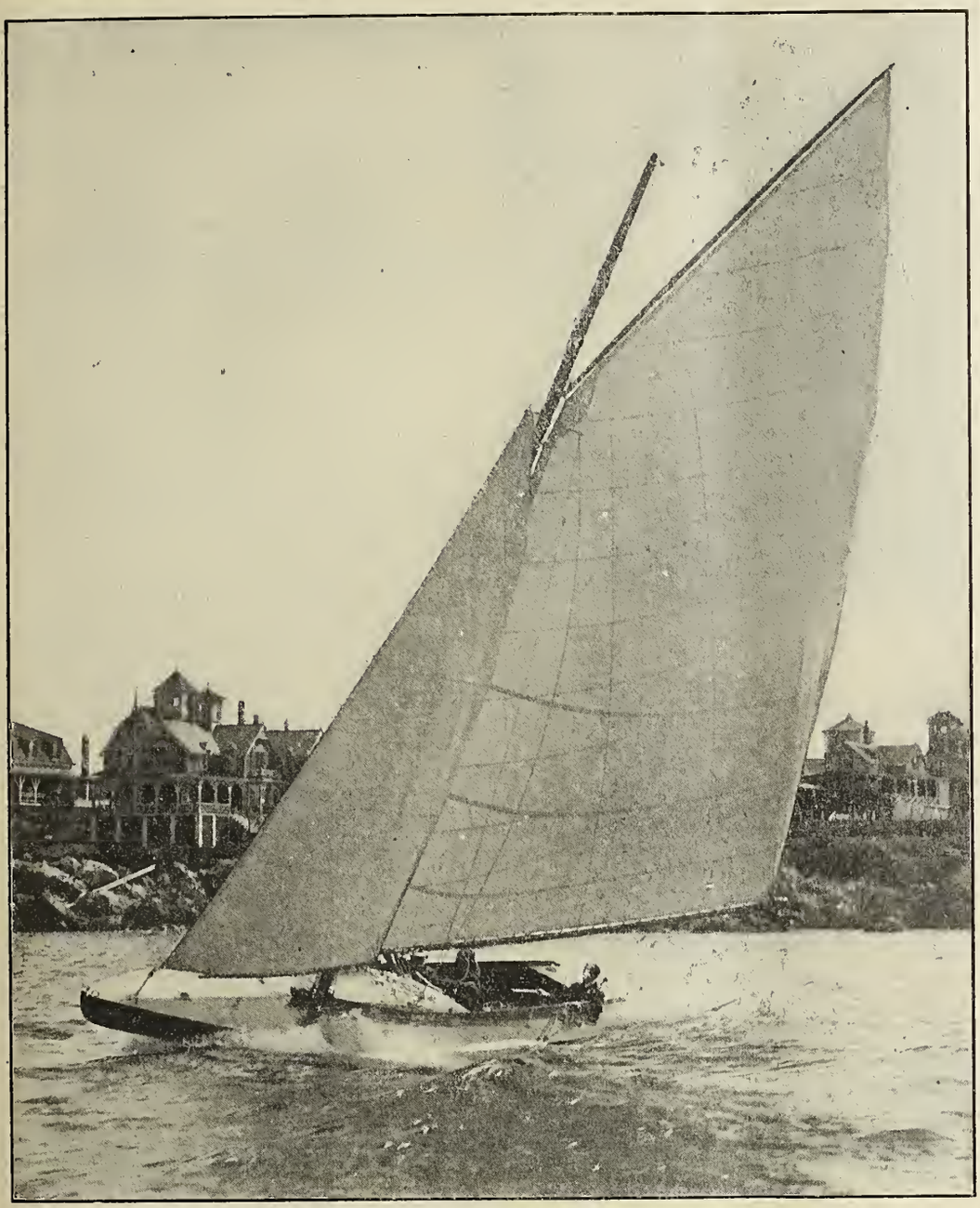
The battle between Marie L. and Tyro in the 22ft. class continues keen, but favorable to the latter, last year's champion, who once she began to go, has upset the confidence which the early triumphs of the Marie L. begot in the minds of her admirers.

Although not a recent happening, it is not generally known that the Eastern Y. C. has leased for ten years, a landing in Boston adjacent to the city house of the Boston Y. C. The city is building a new bridge and highway (Northern Ave.) across Fort Point Channel at Snow's Arch wharf, but a narrow strip of the old wharf is left outside the bridge. The strip has thirty-three frontage on the channel, sufficient for a landing stage, and being at 416 Atlantic avenue, is adjacent to the river's wharf station of the L road and to the yacht anchorage at the entrance of Fort Point Channel.

The 21ft. raceabout Scapegoat, designed by Crowninshield and built by Lawley in 1900 for C. H. W. Foster, Esq., is recalled as the only out and out fin keel boat in her class. Sold by Mr. Foster to Mr. W. P. Keyes of the Boston Y. C., she has always had the best of care, but a few weeks ago, just after leaving her moorings in a stiff breeze, her fin dropped off without any ceremony. Although lost in only two fathoms, neither dragging nor the employment of a diver could find it, owing probably to the soft bottom. Under the skillful nursing of Dr. Lawley, a new keel (3,030 lbs. of iron as against 2,850 of lead) was swung on wooden deadwood with 6ft. bolts up through the oak keel. She was not strained in any way, did not leak and now seems as fast as ever—in fact she reaches faster than formerly.

William Lambert Barnard.

EFFORT—KING'S CUP, 1906.
Designed by H. J. Gielow. Built by Robt. Jacob.
Photo by Burton.



SALLY VIII.
Photo by Jackson.

Sonderklasse Boats.

Name and Owner.	Over all Length.	Waterline Length.	Beam.	Draft.	Yacht Club.	Designer.
Caramba, C. H. W. Foster	34.06	20.04	6.05	5.7	Eastern	E. A. Boardman
Ellen, C. P. Curtis, Jr.	35.00	20.00	6.06	5.6	Eastern	E. A. Boardman
Vim, T. L. Park	35.03	19.10	6.08	5.1	New York	W. Gardner
Manchester II., Dr. J. L. Bremer	34.08	20.04	6.05	5.5	Manchester	E. A. Boardman
Auk, C. F. Adams, 2d	35.00	21.00	6.00	6.0	Quincy	E. A. Boardman
Sally VIII., L. F. Percival	34.00	20.00	7.00	5.0	Corinthian	Burgess & Packard
Skiddoo, H. M. Scars	33.00	19.10	6.04	5.8	Eastern	N. Herreshoff
Chewink VI., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	33.06	19.10	6.03	5.9	Corinthian	N. Herreshoff
Bonidrei, G. H. Wightman	35.00	20.03	5.10	6.2	Hingham	B. B. Crowninshield
Lorelei, B. F. Cheney	34.00	22.00	5.06	4.6	Boston	F. T. Wood
Hayseed III., H. L. Bowden	36.00	20.00	6.04	5.8	Eastern	Crowninshield
Sumatra, Francis Skinner	34.00	19.10	6.03	5.9	Eastern	Crowninshield
Alecto, E. W. Hodgson	40.00	20.06	6.00	5.6	Boston	Hodgson
New Orleons, Com. Heaslip	37.00	20.03	6.03	5.9	Southern	Small Bros.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	30.11	17.10	7.06	5.0	Eastern	
Windrim Kid, F. G. Macomber	35.09	20.01	6.10	5.0	Corinthian	Small Bros.
Spokane, Com. F. L. Clark	33.00	20.04	6.08	5.0	Eastern	C. H. Crane

Fisher Cup Contest on Lake Ontario.

The first race for the Fisher cup, on Saturday, Aug. 11, went to the Canadians by the narrow margin of 1m. and 32s.

The story, briefly told, is that the challenger gained in the windward work, lost a trifle by overstanding the buoy, and scarcely held her own in the following broad and close reaches, while the defender could not make good her loss.

The course was a 21-mile triangle, off Charlotte, N. Y. The wind was true and fresh from the west, a wholesail breeze for both boats. Zoraya, the Royal Canadian Y. C. challenger, was sailed by Æmelius Jarvis. Iroquois, representing the Rochester Y. C., was sailed by Frank Christie. The judges, Commodore MacDonald, of Toronto, and Messrs. George P. Culp, of Rochester, and George Owen, of Winthrop, Mass., were accommodated in Mr. Albert Goodrham's steam yacht Cleopatra.

An accident to Zoraya, the parting of her peak

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halliard block strap, delayed the start until 12:20. She crossed the line with a 3s. lead. Iroquois hung on her weather quarter, but carrying little way, on account of coming about just on the line. Zoraya, footing fast, worked out a sufficient lead to cross Iroquois' bows easily after ten minutes' sailing. After that she gained on every tack in a magnificent thrash to windward, 7 miles through the blue-green, white-capped rollers. At one time she was probably 3m. in the lead, but much of this went to waste, through her overstanding the buoy. The Canadian crew seemed to have difficulty all through in locating the marks, and Zoraya's lead of 1m. 42s. at the first buoy was cut down by 6s. in the spinnaker run to the second buoy, because she hesitated over setting her kite until she had located the mark. Iroquois' spinnaker worked 20m. longer than Zoraya's, and the latter's took a long time to set, the stops failing to part. Spinnakers had to be carried well forward in the run, but Iroquois' unquestionably did her much good, although it went over the bows when she went to gybe and gave her crew trouble.

The remaining 7 miles was a broad reach, but the Canadians set working canvas and hauled close on the wind, only keeping away and getting their balloon jib aloft after Iroquois bore up and set a reaching staysail. She has a double headsail rig, and she later set a reaching jib outside of the staysail and it did good work, but not enough to bring her up appreciably on the winner. She was 1m. 32s. behind at the finish, official time being: Zoraya, 3:12:37; Iroquois, 3:14:09. The race was sailed in record time for a Canada's cup or Fisher cup course—2h. 52s. for 21 miles. The time limit of 5h. of course necessitates races in true sailing time, and excludes drifting matches.

C. H. J. Snider.

National Motor Boat Carnival.

One of the greatest events of the season in motor boating will be the race week of the Motor Boat Club of America, who have secured from the Executive Committee of the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers the latter's consent to hold the carnival during their race week.

While the national carnival last year was in a great measure a success, yet there is every reason to believe that this year's event will far surpass that of last year and no better facilities for conducting such a national event than those possessed by the Motor Boat Club. The events will take place on the Hudson River, the start and finish being off the club station at 112th street and Hudson River, and with the large fleet of high speed boats, as well as pleasure boats possessed by the club, the majority of whom have expressed a desire to take part, with the additional entries received from all parts of the country, will make it the greatest event ever held in this country and possibly the equal of any in Europe.

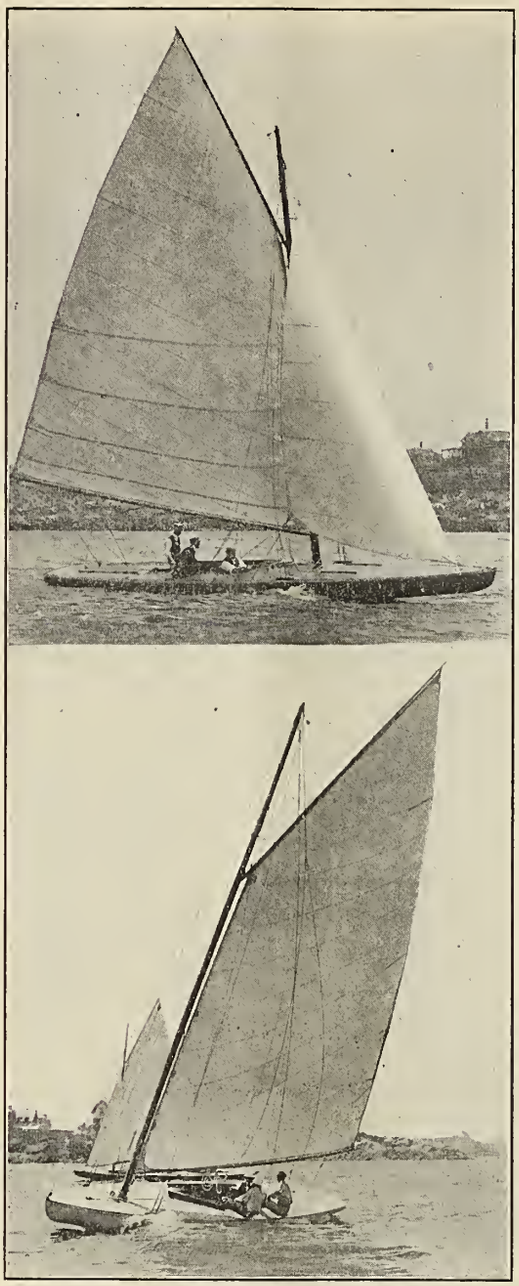
The programme of the week's racing events are as follows:

Monday, Sept. 10.—Reliability tests, the first of its kind ever held in this country, and the prizes for the event being gold, silver and bronze medals.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.—Long distance championship races for both high speed boats and pleasure boats, the high speed boats taking the longer course.

Wednesday, Sept. 12.—Ladies' day; water sports; races for yacht tenders, dinghies; one nautical mile championship, both standing and flying starts; one kilometer championship, flying and standing starts. A special prize to the boat that breaks the existing world's record for the distances.

Thursday, Sept 13.—Races for the trophies donated by the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers—the international world's championship trophy for boats of 12 metres; the national American championship trophy for boats 40ft. and above (handicap race); interstate championship trophy for boats 33ft. and under (handicap race); National Association motor yacht trophy for boats 60ft. and above;



WINDRIM KID.
ELLEN (RIG CHANGED.)

National Association trophy for cabin launches above 40ft and under 60ft.; also races for open launches, etc.

Friday, Sept. 14.—Same as previous day.

Saturday, Sept. 15.—Finals for all trophies and prizes, the winners being those boats who secure the greatest number of points in the three days' events.

In the evening of Sept. 15 there will be a Venetian fete, included in which will be a grand nautical procession in which all types of boats will take part. Handsome prizes, first, second and third will be awarded the boats having the most elaborately illuminated boats and a handsome prize for the boat having the most artistic decoration. The week's event to close with a grand pyrotechnic display arranged especially for this occasion.

A large or more handsome lot of prizes or trophies have never before been presented for competition as will be for the events of this race week, and there is every reason to believe that it will be the greatest event of the kind ever attempted in this country.

All events are open to members of any regularly organized yacht, motor boat or automobile club of the United States, with the exception of the international world's championship event, which is open not only to clubs of the United States, but Canada and Europe as well. The entries are not confined to but a single representative from a club, but are privileged to make as many entries as they might desire to.

Full particulars, entry blanks, etc., will be gladly furnished by addressing the Secretary, Mr. Hugh S. Gambel, Motor Boat Club of America, 112th street and Hudson River, or room 14, 314 Madison avenue, New York city.

The Story of the Lurline,

Winner of the Trans-Pacific Yacht Race.

While we have heard much in the daily press about the opening details of the recent trans-Pacific yacht race, in which Lurline won the magnificent trophy cup given by the Hawaiian Y. C., still, as yachtsmen, eager after some details of the race itself, we are glad to get a more complete story from Capt. H. H. Sinclair, Lurline's proud owner and commander. He tells us how his beloved Lurline ran into the harbor of Honolulu twelve days after leaving San Pedro, Cal., covering in this time upward of 2,500 miles.

We see him settling down in his big easy chair at home, pouring out his sea tale in words glowing with fire, and with conscious, laudable pride. Said he: "We got off behind Anemone and made pretty good time for a few hours on the first day. That evening we ran into a dead calm off Catalina Island, our sails flapping idly from 4 o'clock till 8, when a slight breeze again sent us on our course. The boys made the air blue with real swear words during that aggravating wait, as we were obliged to watch both Paloma and Anemone catch the breeze before we could move." It seems that at the end of this calm Lurline's course was set at once so as to sail with a fair wind during the whole race, which the others apparently failed to do. No doubt, this happy plan of the captain's was the great secret of Lurline's remarkable run. The second day the log scheduled 12 knots an hour for eight successive hours, and during that day and the following night the figures showed 265 miles. No yacht ever did finer work than this on so long a stretch. It was really the steady trade wind that kept Lurline on her even course from the morning of the third day.

On a Saturday evening, 288 hours out from San Pedro, and three days before the Hawaiians had ever expected to catch sight of the winning boat, Lurline ran into the harbor "with time to spare." Capt. Sinclair and his jolly crew were soon the recipients of public receptions and banquets, at one of which the Governor presented the well-earned trophy cup of the Hawaiian Club.

Lurline sailed out of Honolulu Harbor for home on the morning of July 6, accompanied by one of her defeated competitors, Anemone. The racing spirit was still alive, and at 5 o'clock in the evening, Lurline was ahead five miles on a go-as-you-please course. The yachts then passed out of each other's sight for ten days, when Lurline sailed under Anemone's bows for 1,500 miles out from San Francisco. After exchanging compliments, Anemone shaped her course for Seattle, Lurline for San Pedro.

Another trans-Pacific race is planned for 1908, to which Eastern yachtsmen are invited as competitors. Schooner yachts as long as 85ft. will be allowed to compete.

A. K. Glover.

Bensonhurst Y. C. Championship.

Gravesend Bay, Aug. 11.

On Saturday the three divisions for championship honors on the Bay were started in a good whole sail breeze. The Class P boats (three) were all disqualified, having failed to round the proper mark. In Class Q Soya carried off the honors, and Ondas won in the Class Q special. The times follow:

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05—Course 12 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	Disqualified.	
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	Disqualified.	
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	Disqualified.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3:10—Course 8 Miles.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 34 52	1 24 52
Spider, H. Chubb	4 36 07	1 26 07
Quest, F. J. Havens	4 37 02	1 37 02
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 38 23	1 28 23
May, Max Guindner	4 39 27	1 29 27
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	4 42 14	1 32 14
Saetta, G. M. Church	4 43 07	1 33 07

Sloops—Class Q Special—Start 3:15—Course 8 Miles.

Ondas, Menton Bros	4 54 04	1 39 04
Careless, R. Rummell	4 56 58	1 41 58

Catboats—Start, 3:20—Course 4 Miles.

Duce, W. Inslee	4 33 05	1 03 05
Ace, G. Le Sauvage	4 33 26	1 03 26
Dido, L. S. Tieman	4 33 28	1 03 28
Boots, W. Sweet, Jr	4 36 23	1 06 23

Bellows Cup.

Gravesend Bay—Aug. 7 and 9.

Under the auspices of the New York C. C. the first race of the series for the Bellows perpetual trophy was sailed. The defender, Quest, representing the holder of the cup, was winner last year. The challenger was Hendon Chubb's Spider, which won the first leg.

The second race, sailed on the 9th, was again won by Spider, who will retain it till next year. The summary follows:

Bellows Challenge Cup—Class Q—Start, 3:05—Course 10 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spider, H. Chubb, Atlantic Y. C.	5 01 28	1 56 28
Quest, D. D. Allerton, N.Y.Y.C.	5 02 24	1 57 24
Joy, W. H. Childs, Bensonhurst Y.C.	5 02 55	1 57 55

New York Y. C. Cruise on Page 273.

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All Comers Revolver Match, won by J. A. Dietz, score 145-150

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 16.—Hinckley, N. Y.—Oneida County Sportsmen's Association G. C. shoot.
Aug. 18.—New Bedford, Mass.—Paskamansett G. C. shoot. E. G. Bullard, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-23.—Denver, Colo.—The Interstate Association's Western Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club; $3,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Aug. 22.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. midsummer shoot and clambake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Aug. 22-23.—Wilmington, N. C., Gun Club.
Aug. 22-24.—Chicago (Ill.) Trapshooters' Association.
Aug. 23.—North Branch (N. J.) G. C.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Aug. 23.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. H. Clay Shaw, Sec'y.
Aug. 28-29.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' G. C. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-30.—Betterton, Md.—Jas. Malone's tournament.
Aug. 28-30.—Middletown, N. Y.—Orange County G. C.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.
Sept. 3.—Englewood, N. J.—Pleasure Gun Club Labor Day shoot. C. J. Westervelt. Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot. F. F. Mason, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Springfield (Mass.) G. C. Labor Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. annual tournament.
Sept. 3-4.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
*Sept. 5.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 6.—Newton (Ill.) G. C. tournament. J. A. Batman, Sec'y.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $10 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P. St. Bernard, O.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Mountaineers' Gun Club, of Chattanooga, Tenn., will hold its tournament on Aug. 28-29, and extend a cordial invitation to all shooters to participate. The Mountaineers' tournaments of the past have been conspicuous for their success and good fellowship.

In the contest for the English Hotel cup, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Aug. 11, Mr. T. G. Southern defaulted, leaving Dr. C. A. Pfafflin winner. He then contested for the cup with Mr. Gus Habich, whom he defeated by the close score of 82 to 81.

The dates for the second annual tournament of the West Virginia Gun Club, Sistersville, W. Va., changed to Sept. 18 and 19, are one week later, on account of conflicting with dates of West Virginia State fair at Wheeling. For full particulars address Mr. Ed. O. Bower, Manager. Programmes ready for the mail by Sept. 1.

Mr. T. W. Morfey retired almost wholly from trapshooting some months ago, in which art he was one of the greatest experts. Many of his shooting friends have wondered as to how he fares and as to his whereabouts. They will rejoice to learn that he is landlord of the Sportsman's Hotel, three miles from Lake Denmark, N. J., and that he is prospering famously. Green Pond is a beautiful sheet of water, three miles long and about a mile wide. It is well stocked with fish. The shores, surrounded with the peaks of the mountain tops—it is the highest point in New Jersey—are picturesque, and

the favorite haunt of many campers. A plentiful supply of boats are available for the angler. During the summer the capacity of the hotel is taxed to its utmost. Mr. Morfey's address is Wharton, N. J.

The Olean, N. Y., Gun Club provides a programme of ten events for its Labor Day tournament, Sept. 3. The totals are 185 targets, $19.50 entrance. Four high average moneys, $5 each, are an attraction. Shooting will begin at 9:30. A three-man team shoot for a beautiful cup will be a special event. Ship shells to F. F. Mason, of whom further information may be obtained on request.

The Secretary, Albert A. Schoverling, informs us that the Palisade Gun Club will hold a shoot on Aug. 24, on its new grounds, at Palisades Park, N. J., on the Erie R. R., or take 130th street ferry, then Englewood trolley; alight at Borough Hall, Palisades Park, walk west down the hill to the grounds. Totals, 180 targets; $12.60 entrance, $23 added. Sliding handicap.

The first annual outing of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association Gun Club is fixed to be held on Aug. 16, at Hinckley, N. Y. There are ten programme events, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 60 and 90 cents entrance. Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, the famous Peters expert, will give an exhibition of fancy rifle shooting. A match, 100 targets, $100, between Joseph Wagner, of Utica, and F. G. Morrison, of Hinckley, will be shot. A ground bake will be a feature.

Concerning the Atlantic City, N. J., tournament, to be held on Sept. 7 and 8, we are informed that special arrangements have been made with some of the best hotels whereby shooters and their families will obtain special rates, thus affording a favorable opportunity to enjoy a delightful outing, while attending a first class tournament. All the profits of the tournament will return to the losing shooters, and also there will be a liberal amount of added money and merchandise prizes. Every effort will be made to promote the success of the tournament and the pleasure of the visitors, and it will be established as a yearly event. For information and programmes, address Harry Johnson, Pacific and Albany avenues, Atlantic City, or Frank Lawrence, 386 Third street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The programme of the Interstate Association's second Pacific Coast Handicap, to be held under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club, Sept. 8-10, can be obtained of Charles Van Valkenburg, secretary, Los Angeles Gun Club, or of Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager Interstate Association, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg. On Sept. 8, six 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, $25 added, and three 20-target events, $2 entrance, $30 added, are provided. On the second day nine 20-target events, $2 entrance, $30 added. On Sept. 10, three 20-target events precede the Pacific Coast Handicap at 100 targets, $10 entrance, handicaps 14 to 22yds., high guns, $300 added to the purse. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, presented by the Interstate Association. The grounds will be open for practice and sweepstake shooting on Sept. 7. The Interstate Association and Los Angeles Gun Club add $1,000, of which $100 is reserved to purchase a trophy for the handicap winner. Ship guns, ammunition, etc., prepaid, to the Tufts-Lyon Arms Co., the Wm. Hoegee Co., or the Western Hardware Arms Co., all of Los Angeles, Cal. Reduced railroad rates have been authorized by the Southern Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe., and the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroads throughout California.

Bernard Waters.

Magic City Gun Club.

Muncie, Ind., Aug. 9.—Herewith you will find scores of the Magic City Gun Club weekly matinee. The number of shooters has simmered down to about seven, owing to the hot weather.

Our club will hold a two-day tournament Sept. 3 and 4. The first day, targets; second day, sparrows. A pressing invitation is extended to all lovers of this sport to come early and stay for the finish. The club will provide, as usual, a fine country dinner, cigars and refreshments of all kinds, free gratis. You cant spend any money on the Magic City Gun Club grounds, except your entrance fee.

Stevens Arms Co. match, at 25 targets per man; prize a fine Stevens rifle: Spencer 25, Williamson 22, Johnson 22, Bender 22, Shumack 23, Thompson 21, Farrell 22.

Ithaca Gun Co. match, 25 targets; prize, a fine Ithaca shotgun: Spencer 24, Williamson 23, Johnson 23, Shumack 23, Bender 22, Thompson 22, Farrell 23.

Ballistite match, 50 targets; prize, a Ballistite loving cup: Spencer 48, Williamson 46, Johnson 46, Bender 45, Shumack 46, Thompson 44, Farrell 46.

F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.

Derry Field Gun Club.

Manchester, N. H., Aug. 4.—Forty-two shooters participated in the competition. This was the third and last match of the interstate series for the championship of New England. The Massachusetts team was victorious, and also was the winner of the series. The Rhode Island team was second in the series, and the New Hampshire team was last. Mayor Reed and Woodward scored 97 out of 100, which, so far as is known, is the high amateur record of the State. Mrs. W. K. Park was a visitor, and shot about a 90 per cent. performance.

Of the number who did shoot the whole programme, four shooters—Climax, Wheeler, Fanning, and Hawkins—were not eligible to get into the money.

Under the regulations, Rule was high gun with a score of 167, and took first money. Roy was in for second money with a score of 165. Mayor Reed took third money with a score of 160. Hatch took fourth money with a score of 156. Fifth money went to Brown with 155. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20	20	20	20	25	Brk.
Climax	15	18	15	19	18	20	20	19	24	168
Elmer E Reed	15	19	11	15	18	18	19	17	19	151
Eugene E Reed	11	17	13	20	19	20	19	19	21	160
W C Goss	14	19	14	19	17	19	19	19	..	...
Rule	13	18	14	20	19	20	19	20	24	167
Carver	14	17	13	13	17	17	12	13	..	...
Comer	14	17	15	16	18	19	19	17	..	...
Woodard	12	16	14	20	19	20	18	20	..	...
Bowen	13	19	13	18	17	19	18	18	20	155
Hatch	12	19	13	18	16	17	18	18	23	156
Frank	14	16	15	17	19	20	19	19	..	...
Woodruff	7	15	13	17	15	16	..	..	..	...
Muldown	13	17	10	18	17	19	20	..	..	...
Perley	12	18	10	17	18	18	14	15	..	...
Greer	12	18	13	13	15	17	16	14	17	135
Lambert	14	10	13	18	19	18	17	18	..	...
Grover	14	17	10	17	16	19	15	19	..	...
W L Allen	13	18	10	14	19	16	17	16	21	144
Rowe	13	..	14	16	14	16	16	12	17	...
Morris	10	16	12	18	16	16	17	18	..	...
Roy	13	19	14	18	19	19	20	20	23	165
Nardini	12	18	11	14	16	18	..	..	..	...
Burns	10	16	12	19	19	17	16	18	20	147
Bouton	12	18	14	17	18	16	..	..	..	...
Chadwick	7	13	9	14	14	16	18	..	..	...
Gleason	11	18	15	18	19	19	17	19	..	...
Griffith	11	20	15	20	18	18	18	19	..	...
Buffalo	8	18	12	17	18	20	19	18	21	151
McArd'e	14	14	15	18	19	20	19	20	..	...
Wheeler	12	16	14	19	16	18	18	18	19	150
Fanning	12	20	15	19	18	19	19	20	20	162
Temby	15	18	14	16	18	18	16	14	..	...
Kirkwood	11	17	13	19	20	20	19	19	..	...
Mrs W K Park	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	17	18	...
A J Reed	12	18	12	20	16	17	14	16	21	144
L L Nelson	5	11	7	12	13	12	12	15	20	97
Hawkins	..	20	14	20	19	20	18	20	24	...
Gove	..	17	12	16	19	16	16	19	18	...
Sibley	..	16	11	17	15	14	16	15	15	...
C A Allen	..	..	..	..	15	17	16	17	15	..
Dickey	..	..	..	..	20	19	17	19	..	..
Lawson	..	..	..	..	13	15	11	10	..	..

The team match scores, separated from the above, were as follows:

Massachusetts.

Gleason	18	19	19	17	19—92
Roy	18	19	19	20	20—96
Comer	16	18	19	19	17—87
Woodward	20	19	20	18	20—97
Franks	17	19	20	19	19—94—468

Rhode Island.

McArdle	18	19	20	19	20—96
Griffith	20	18	18	18	19—93
W L Allen	14	19	16	17	16—82
Lambert	18	19	18	17	18—90
Groves	17	16	19	15	19—86—447

New Hampshire.

Eugene E Reed	20	19	20	19	19—97
W C Goss	19	17	19	19	19—93
Bowen	18	17	19	18	18—90
Elmer Reed	15	18	18	19	17—87
Perley	17	18	18	14	15—82—449

Professionals: Climax high gun. Fanning second, Wheeler third.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 11.—Southern defaulted to Dr. C. A. Pfafflin in the English Hotel cup contest. Pfafflin and Gus Habich contested, Pfafflin defeating Habich in one of the most exciting contests of the year. Scores: Pfafflin 82, Habich 81. Parttington and Steward made the only straights of the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Parry	18	18	17	18	15	..	..
Parttington	20	17	18	18	19	15	..
Gregory	17	14	16	19	16	16	..
Anderson	17	14	18	18	19	..	..
Medico	19	13	18	..	..	..	..
Habich	19	18	..	..	..	..	..
Wands	19	17	16	16	13	..	..
Trotter	18	16	13	9	9	..	..
Scott	17	16	18	12	12	..	..
Daggett	13	12	13	13	12	..	..
Williams	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moller	11	16	13	15	18	..	24
Abe Martin	17	..	..	..	..	..	22
Smoke	17	15	18	18	15	..	..
Curtis	12	18	16	16	18	..	..
James	17	19	18	18	18	..	24
Steward	16	16	16	20	14	..	..
Southern	13	16	15	15	..	..	16
Wilson	10	12	16	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	13	14	19	..	..	..	..
Cromwell	14	..	..	..	..	..	..

Secretary.

The Dalton Gun Club.

Dalton, O., Aug. 5.—This was the eighth annual shoot of the Dalton Gun Club, Aug. 2 and 3, and was considered a success, considering the facilities we have for getting in and out of the town. We had fine weather. The trade was represented by Mr. R. O. Heikes, who also won high professional average for the two days, and made the longest run, 127 straight; Mr. C. O. Le Compte, Mr. C. A. Young, and Mr. Lee R. Barkley.

Mr. S. A. Huntley, of Omaha, Neb., won the prize gun offered by the Ithaca Gun Co. Mr. O. N. Ford, of Central City, Ia., won second high average money, and G. M. Bottenfield third. Messrs. Ford and Huntley stopped off at Dalton while en route to the Indian shoot, and made themselves useful by hustling squads as well as shooting.

	First Day. Shot at.	First Day. Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Second Day. Broke.	Total. Shot at.	Total. Broke.
Huntley	200	190	200	188	400	378
Heikes	200	188	200	188	400	376
Ford	200	182	200	189	400	371
Young	200	183	200	187	400	370
Barkley	200	184	200	185	400	369
Le Compte	200	171	200	178	400	349
Bottenfield	200	173	200	176	400	349
Schlitz	200	171	200	177	400	348
H Santmyer	200	162	200	171	400	333
Scott	200	158	200	165	400	323
Gaston	200	146	200	164	400	310
J A Smith	175	150	200	179	375	329
Myers	200	172	165	140	365	310
Minnie S.	35	16	20	8	55	24
Cabbut	200	175	...	...	200	175
Burton	200	173	...	...	200	173
Burns	200	171	...	...	200	171
Manahan	200	176	...	...	200	166
Kramer	200	160	...	...	200	160
Ledgett	200	160	...	...	200	160
Koontz	...		200	151	200	151
Becker	...		200	140	200	140
Reed	...		185	133	185	133
Brown	...		185	130	185	130
J L Schlitz	175	126	...	...	175	126
Winn	155	123	...	...	155	123
Beecher	155	104	...	...	155	104
Harris	130	95	...	...	130	95
O Santmyer	120	81	...	...	120	81
Miller	105	82	...	...	105	82
James	105	71	...	...	105	71
Bridge	85	60	...	...	85	60
Alice Kosht	35	31	...	...	35	31
Jos Smith	55	40	...	...	55	40
Winnell	55	32	...	...	55	32
Al La Viers	15	8	...	...	15	8
J Ungashick	...		90	63	90	63
Hofstetter	...		50	30	50	30
F Ungashick	...		35	26	35	27
W La Viers	...		35	15	35	15
Gibson	...		20	12	20	12
Foster	...		15	9	15	9

Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.

Amesbury Gun Club.

Amesbury, Mass., Aug. 10.—The Amesbury Gun Club held a shoot at Hampton Beach, Aug. 8. The day opened with rain, cutting down the number of shooters to thirty-five, thirty of whom shot the programme.

The shooting of the winners was of a very high class. The winner of eighth money made the same score that landed him in first place at our last shoot.

The targets looked easy, but they went 55yds. by the rule, and some of them further. Dr. Gerrish, with the gun below the elbow, put up, for that style of shooting, a very good score. Jack Fanning was high professional, which pleased every one. We trapped 6,580 targets from one set of traps, Sergeant system, in a little over six hours.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Brk.
Rule	18	18	20	18	20	18	17	17	19	165
Edwards	20	19	20	15	18	18	18	19	19	166
George	18	17	16	15	17	17	17	19	17	153
Fanning	19	20	20	19	17	17	19	17	18	166
Kirkwood	18	19	20	19	20	17	20	19	19	171
Bowen	18	15	19	18	19	18	18	17	19	161
E Reed	17	19	13	18	18	18	18	20	19	160
Mayor	18	19	19	18	19	20	19	17	19	168
Goss	19	18	17	17	18	18	18	19	19	163
C A Allen	18	17	18	16	19	17	14	18	18	155
G Wheeler	18	15	18	16	17	17	17	16	18	152
Buffalo	18	18	18	18	18	16	18	19	16	159
Hassam	16	14	17	13	14	14	13	16	16	133
Roy	18	19	20	18	18	19	17	20	14	163
E Cavicchi	19	16	19	16	17	17	18	18	19	159
Tozier	15	10	16	16	17	18	14	14	17	137
Miller	15	17	15	13	19	17	14	17	13	140
Childs	14	16	16	16	18	14	18	18	19	149
A E Sibley	14	15	14	12	16	18	16	19	13	137
Hatch	15	14	18	13	17	15	14	14	13	133
Blinn	14	17	17	14	16	16	16	9	..	...
Adams	20	17	16	16	17	17	16	..	..	...
Temple	16	18	19	16	19	18	15	17	16	154
W S Allen	13	15	13	16	17	17	16	15	13	135
Greives	13	13	11	15	..	13	15	11	..	...
Gerrish	16	18	17	15	16	12	14	15	14	137
H Powers	15	14	17	14	11	13	17	17	15	133
Hallam	17	17	13	11	8	14	15	14	11	120
Fisher	17	15	14	17	19	14	16	11	15	132
Wentworth	12	13	12	12	14	..	..	..	..	...
F Cavicchi	18	17	14	18	17	18	19	19	19	159
I Werks	16	18	16	15	18	18	18	18	18	155
Borland	13	15	19	14	12	16	15	17	16	137
Rowe	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	14	..	...
Langley	13	15	10	15	14	15	13	9	11	115

Walter Hatch, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

THERE was about the average attendance at the grounds on Aug. 11. The day was hot, with light wind. Thirteen men took part in the fifth shoot of the series for the Peters trophy. Bonser headed the list with 58, Barker 54. In a five-man team match, Barker was high with 47. Gambell 45. Out of 100 targets shot at to-day Bonser broke 95. Mr. Davies, secretary of the club, is going to Huntsville, Lewistown Reservoir, where he will spend two weeks fishing and resting. French has just returned from a trip in Texas. He had a hot time while away, 104 in the shade. Arthur Gambell has a good programme in his head for Labor Day, and will give the boys some sport.

Rolla Heikes and C. O. Le Compte did some nice shooting at Canal Dover on Aug. 4, on the grounds of the Tuscarawas Gun Club, the former breaking 96 and the latter 94 out of 100.

The Cleveland Gun Club held the first shoot in the series for prizes under the new "classing and percentage" system on Aug. 4. In the first contest, Doolittle won, with 49 breaks, his handicap of 1 giving him 50. June and Upson each broke 47; the former had a handicap of 3, making his total 50. Upson was a scratch man. In the second event, 50 targets, for a silver cup, Upson was high gun with 48. Later in the afternoon Upson made a run of 57 straight. The new system of handicapping, it is believed, will be a success.

The Cleveland Gun Club's Labor Day shoot promises to be an interesting affair. There will be nine events at 15 and one at 25 targets, with total entrance of $9.50. High gun receives a silver medal; second high a silver loving cup, and two low guns, a bronze medal each. Events 4, 5, 8 and 9, at 15 targets each, entrance 75 cents in each, are for merchandise, four prizes in each event. Event 7, at 25 targets, entrance $1.50, has three moneys, 40, 35 and 25 per cent. Each money to be divided equally among those breaking 80 per cent. or better, 72 per cent. and less than 80, and 64 per cent. and less than 72. All events are shot under the sliding handicap, 14 to 21yds.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—The appended scores were made on the grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventeenth trophy shoot of the first series. George and Dr. Reynolds tied for Class A trophy on 19 out of 25; Meek and Thomas tied for Class B on 17, and T. L. Smedes won Class C on 17. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Meek	17	13	5	4	..	..	..	..
Eaton	13	8	7	5	8	9	9	8
Thomas	17	11	8	5	10	9	6	..
George	19	12	5	6	9	8	10	9
Herr	15	13	9	7	9	5	5	6
Dr Reynolds	19	14	8	7	..	..	..	..
T L Smedes	17	9	6	7	8	9	7	7
A Smedes	14	12	6	5	9	9	9	8
Kuss	22	12	..	..	9	..	..	..
Plunkett	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..

No. 1 was the trophy contest. No. 2 was the Dupont cup.

Two team contests, George and Reynolds captains:

	No.1.	No.2		No.1.	No.2
George	10	8	Reynolds	9	7
Kuss	7	10	Eaton	7	6
Herr	5	7	A Smedes	9	10
Thomas	8	10	Meek	9	8
T L Smedes	8	6	Plunkett	4	8
Totals	38	41	Totals	38	39

In Other Places.

C. H. Holden, of Merengo, Ia., was high gun, breaking 184 out of 200 at the Brooklyn Gun Club tournament. Ned Wallace, of Marshalltown, still holds the club record with the 198 of last year.

Aug. 9, the sportsmen in the vicinity of Fort Atkinson, Wis., had the pleasure of shooting at 900 live birds. This will remind the old-timers that there are yet a few States where live birds can be trapped.

A new gun club was formed in Iowa. This time at Emerson, Ia., with C. L. Brill, President; E. G. Johnson, Vice-President, and George Dearing, Treasurer.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Gun Club held a practice shoot Thursday last at which there were present some State visitors.

At the Winnipeg, Man., fair, held last week, twelve American trap shots wrested the international flag trophy from the Canadians, who had held it since 1905. The Americans came on strong at the finish, and won by 7 targets. E. K. Cavaleer, of Pembina, Minn., Gun Club, has the honor of taking charge of the flags.

At Havelock, Neb., Gun Club shoot, W. R. Johnson made the best average and was awarded the medal.

At the newly organized Swayzee Gun Club, Marion, Ind., first shoot, Eugene Ireland found only one out of 10; Editor Dale shattered 7, Robert Slaughter slaughtered 5 out of 6; Dr. Reasoner and Dr. Duncan made a tie and stopped for lack of targets.

The shooting by the Vincennes, Ind., Gun Club, or the barrel of lemonade on tap, attracted many visitors to the Chautauqua. The club prize, 100 shells, went to Mr. Davis, and all were pleased to note how well John and Joe Bayard shot, seeing that they are new members.

Goward and Kreliwitz were the only ones to qualify at the last Sunday shoot at Guptill's town. As the shooters stand now on their per cent., Guptill has .865 per cent., Leise .841, Kast .76.

The closing shoot for the season was held at Duluth, Minn., last Sunday, and was witnessed by many of the shooters' friends. The bright weather added to the pleasure and good scores were made. This shoot started last May, and during the summer the interest has not lagged P. J. Story made the highest score in Class A, and was awarded first place and a loving cup. F. N. Jackson won the greatest number of shoots, and he was awarded a cup also. John Adams won in Class B, and A. H. Buyer won in the greatest number. Andrew Erickson and A. Theodore were the winners in Class C. Scores last event: Story 86 per cent., Jackson 87, Clark 85, Nelson 78, Cap 78, Berry 75, Adams 83, Whitmore 81, Buddin 76, Miller 79, Buyer 74, Lock 68.

Ames, Ia., Gun Club held the regular shoot Saturday last with a good attendance, and the interest taken was enjoyed. Some of the shooting was fast and fancy, the old-timers being much pleased with the shooting of Clifford Brown, a thirteen-year-old, who broke 4 out of 10 the first time up. During the afternoon Talbott, Adams and Proctor each broke 10 targets, and at one time Proctor ran out 25. The averages for the day were: Talbott 90 per cent., Smith 74, Young 76, Brown 86, Proctor 95, Adams 72, Proper 70, Kelly 67, Kooser 80, Lang 76, Gilbert 45.

Members of the Lidgerwood Gun Club, North Dakota, have passed a resolution offering $10 reward for information that will lead to the arrest of any one found violating the game laws.

There was a shoot held at Concord, Mich., last week, thus another new shooting town is placed on the map.

There was a large turnout at the St. Paul, Minn., shoot. Thorpe was high amateur with 90 per cent.; Slocum and Wilkinson made 89, while Morrison, in the professional class, made 94. This was a shoot where all contestants took a prize and thus another merchandise shoot has scored a win. Scores: Morrison 94, Wilkinson 89, Perry 72, Holmes 84, Schulstadt 67, Trix 64, Allgoner 78, Murray 83, Wood 81, Carson 43, Maiden 81, Richerback 75, Loucks 60, Kucherbaum 63, Hall 72, French 69, Banning 47, Vittum 70, Novotney 46, Slocum 86, Klonstadt 75, Shepard 73, Schillerbach 49, Bentz 61, C. D. McLaren 49.

The members of the Marion, Ind., Gun Club are fast becoming enthusiastic. With the proper officers in charge, there is sure to be a "world-beater club." They are starting out well by arranging to have their pictures published in the sporting press.

Possibly the shooters at the late meet of the Minneapolis Gun Club made a mistake. An order was given to the trappers to throw the hardest possible targets, with a result that the contestants fell away about 15 per cent. At 100 targets scores were: Parker 86, Johnson 82, Hoffman 82, Schultz 75, Mrs. Johnson 74, L. F. Kennedy 74, Clopper 73, Camechon 70, Callendar 68, Quinlan 67, Redgie 67, Blythen 64, Weaver 60.

During the last shoot held by the Lake City Gun Club, Madison, Wis., C. A. Mayer and H. G. Smith tied for the Peters cup, 26 out of 30; Dr. S. H. Chase won the

A "Straight" Record of Victories.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

WIN THE GRAND CANADIAN HANDICAP AGAIN.

This, the greatest Canadian trap shooting event, was won at Hamilton, August 9th, by W. P. Thompson with Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, his score being 49 out of 50. The Winchester score of victories so far this year is "straight," and includes the Southern Handicap, first place in every event at the Grand American Handicap Tournament, and first place in all but one event at the Eastern Handicap. No wonder

Winchester Shells Are Used By The Best Shots Everywhere.

powder trophy, 28 out of 30. The boys feel proud of their scores, as there was a strong wind.

The Quincy, Ill., shooters had an outing Sunday last and indulged in practice shooting.

Riverside Gun Club was organized at Petersburg, Va., last week, and will engage in friendly matches with other clubs. The executive committee is composed of F. W. Jones, T. J. Holden, H. B. Hunter, Joseph Smith and Joseph Plummer.

The East End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., is now on the boom. A picnic was held Aug. 12, and no doubt a good time was had, as the Davenport boys know how to arrange these gatherings. Beside they were assisted by many of the old members of the Cumberland Club.

A new gun club is being organized by the devotees of the shotgun at Princeton, Ind. Regular meetings will be held just as soon as the traps can be installed at the fair ground.

The Audubon Gun Club, Clinton, Ia., held a shoot last week at which outsiders were expected to show them a thing or two.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

Columbus, O., Aug. 11.—A fine shoot was enjoyed Saturday afternoon at the Columbus Gun Club. Boys are getting ready for the tournament on Wednesday, Aug. 15, when Chillicothe and Circleville teams will be here and a big time had. Everybody is enthused over the fine new rifle and pistol range. It is a great thing to hear the high power rifles, with the sing of the bullets, and the marker with the colored disks to signal the result of the shots.

Geo. Buchanan was high in the Peters trophy race, and H. E. Smith was high in the Hunter Arms Co. trophy.

Mr. Jesse Smith is still champion rifle shot.

All members of the club expected to help entertain, Wednesday, Aug. 15. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	25	25	30	20	25
Buchanan	10	7	..	..	13	23	24	24	13	21
H E Smith	8	10	..	..	14	20	21	28	18	23
J H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	22	21	28	15	..
Weiner	8	7	..	..	9	18	17	26	..	..
Holman	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	26	13	..
J T Wells	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	26	7	..
Whisner	8	9	7	8	9	20	18	29	..	..
Lacey	8	7	8	9	10	21	22	25	..	..
Shattuck	10	9	..	..	14	22	..	..	..	..
Schenck	..	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	..
Marckwosth	8	7	7	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Stiles	7	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnston	7	8	9	8	12	20	19	..	..	..

Peters trophy shoot, 50 singles:

	Broke.	Per Cent.		Broke.	Per Cent.
Buchanan	47	94	Weiner	35	70
H E Smith	41	82	Holman	39	78
J H Smith	43	86			

Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 30 singles and 10 pairs:

Buchanan	37	74	Wells	33	66
H E Smith	46	94	Holman	39	78
J H Smith	43	86			

Mountaineers Gun Club.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 8.—The Mountaineers entertained two welcome visitors at their club shoot yesterday, in the persons of Col. J. T. Anthony and Mr. J. M. Hatcher. As the time for our big tournament approaches, it is nothing unusual for some of the trade to drop in on us, and we assure them all a hearty welcome, none more so than the above-mentioned genial sportsmen whose presence added greatly to the afternoon's pleasure.

We have every reason to believe that we will have a good attendance at our tournament, Aug. 28-29, and we extend a cordial invitation to the lovers of the cleanest-of-all sports and promise to give all who may honor us with their presence the very best we have in the coop.

Following are the scores, made under rather deceptive weather conditions. The last 15 targets consisted of a two-man team race for suppers, which reesulted as follows:

Hatcher	15	Sauls	11
Plummer	14—29	Goodlake	13—24
Anthony	13		
Webb	13—26		

Scores at 100 targets:

Hatcher	93	Sauls	80
Anthony	89	Grant	73
Webb	89	Martin	72
Goodlake	87	Morrison	63
Plummer	87		

Mountaineer.

Lebanon Gun Club.

Lebanon, Pa.—A very interesting live-bird shoot was held this day on the grounds of G. S. Trafford's Cross Keys' Hotel, at N. Cornwall. Many prominent shooters were assembled from all parts of the State, including Nat Ressler, of Lancaster; V. Williams, of Atglen, and W. C. Grube, of Lancaster. Ressler was high gun by killing straight, closely followed by Trafford, Grube, Williams, Clymer.

A fine dinner was served by the genial host S. G. Trafford, who spared no effort to make the gathering a pleasant one. Scores:

	No. 1 was at 9 birds, $5 entrance.	No. 2 at 15 birds, $10.
Ressler	222222222—9	222222222222222—15
Trafford	222222222—9	222222222222220—14
V Williams	222222222—9	222220222222222—14
Clymer	212112112—9	211221210222222—14
Grube	211101221—8	211111222221212—15
Jebb	211221222—9	022121212202022—12
Miss Rieker	021122222—8	122122222222200—13
Kissinger	210212112—8	222211122222220—13
Duffy	002211211—7	211200211202220—11
Eborpy	021101222—7	211221002202220—11
Wright	021022102—6	222011022020102—10

H. Schmell, Sec'y.

Oradell Gun Club.

Oradell, N. J., Aug. 11.—The scores made at the Oradell Gun Club shoot are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
C Westervelt	14	12	10	12	10	..	13	..
W J Sorter	12	13	14	11	13	12	10	..
P Moeller	7	12	14	9	13	12	10	..
F Westervelt	12	12	12	8	..	9	8	..
Dr Downs	12	11	11	12	12	12	10	12
A A Hegeman	10	11	12	10	13	12	..	..
F H Lewis	14	13	14	12	14	14	13	13
W Westervelt	9	..	10	..	12	10	..	..
W L Yoecker	11	..	8	8	..	9	11	..
H P Fessenden	10	11	12	13	11	12	10	12
Townsend	10	15	11	11	13	..	..	..
A C Ackerman	14	13	11	12	13	..	13	12
W Banta	11	..	..	..	..	8	9	9
J Bender	7	..	13	12	..	10	..	..
J W Winters	15	..	14	14	13	14	13	..
Milay	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miles	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..
J E Waite	..	4	..	..	10	..	..	..
Crooks	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Corneline	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Ackerman	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vreeland	..	..	10	10	10	..	..	..
F Myers	..	..	..	8	12	10	11	..
G Myers	..	..	..	8	8	..	9	..
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	13	12	11	8	9
Speth	..	..	..	11	14	12	11	14
C Stelling	..	..	..	11	7	10	..	..
C P Post	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..
Wilkerson	..	..	..	..	11	11	6	14
Ohle	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	8
F Adarman	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
C Sterling	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..

Springfield Gun Club.

The Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold one of their popular all-day tournaments at targets on Labor Day, Sept. 3. The programme calls for 200 targets; $16 entrance in sweeps, $25 added to the purses. All shooting will be from 16yds. Targets will be thrown from two sets of expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. Interstate rules to govern all events. Lunch will be served in the club house. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. The shoot will be held rain or shine, the shooting stand being under cover. Professionals and paid experts will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Shooting will commence promptly at 9 o'clock and continue all day. To the amateurs making highest averages, shooting the entire programme, thirty merchandise prizes will be awarded. These prices include fish-rods, silk umbrellas, hunting suits, rifles, boxes of cigars, cigar case, pipe, walking sticks, dress-suit case, reel, dictionary, pocket knife, etc. Winners select their prizes. Ties to be shot off in 10-target events, and if a tie then exists, miss-and-out to decide. High guns to win. Purses divided Rose system, four moneys, less thn ten entries, three moneys. Targets included in all entrances at 2 cents each. To reach the grounds take Indian Orchard or Palmer car to Red House Crossing; cars leave the city every fifteen minutes. Ship guns and ammunition prepaid to C. L. Kites, secretary, 416 Main street, and they will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Sweeps optional; any one may enter any event and shoot for targets only. A very attractive programme has been gotten out, which may be had by addressing the seeretary. No time or expense has been spared to make this shoot an enjoyable one, and any one attending may be assured of a good time and all the shooting they want.

C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Tarantula Tom—Why did Bill plug th' tenderfoot?"

Lava-Bad Pete—It all come o' Bill's distressin' ignorance o' legal terms.

T. T.—How 'uz that?

L.-B. P.—Well, Bill owed th' shorthorn some money, an' was sorter slow about payin'. So the stranger writ him a letter sayin', "I will draw on you at sight." An' Bill thought that meant a gun play, so when he meets up with the stranger he draws first. It was a misunderstandin'.—Cleveland Leader.

"Hey!" yelled the stevedore, "handle that gun powder careful."

"W'at's wrong wid it?" demanded Finnegan and Flanagan, who had hold of it.

"Don't you know," replied the stevedore, "that some o' that same powder exploded last year an' blowed up ten men?"

"Shure, that couldn't happen now," replied Finnegan, "fur there's only two of us here."

"Derc am one thing moh Ah want to say befoh de congregashun am dismissed," said Parson Whangdoodle, as he fixed his gaze on the contribution plate before him, "an' dat am to suggest dat certain membahs ob dis flock git together an' adapt a speshul brand ob button, so as to make de collecshuns moh uniform."—Chicago Daily News.

A case was to be tried on the charge of selling impure whisky. The night before the case came off the defendant went around to the judge's house.

To the man at the door, he said: "Here's a bottle of whisky I want your master to try."

"My master never tries anything but a case," pompously replied the butler.—August Lippincott's.

The Summer Man—Anything worth catching in that lake?

Hotel Proprietor—Well, rather. There are four heiresses in bathing right now.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Bisley Meeting.

One of the most successful meetings held at Bisley was brought to a conclusion by the winning of the King's prize by Capt. Davies, of the Victoria and St. George's Rifles, who is also secretary of the North London Rifle Club. The very high position which the winner occupied in the seeond stage of the shooting for the King's is sufficiently shown by the fact that he only lost the silver medal on shooting off a tie. This raised his aggregate for the first two stages to a level which enabled him to approach the final stage with a most useful score to his eredit. No one among service rifle marksmen practices more consistently than Capt. Davies at the longer ranges. He is in the habit of competing in match rifle competitions with the service rifle, whereby he is able to show that a good man shooting with open sights reaches the tyro level of shooting with match sights. Capt. Davies made splendid shooting at the 800, 900 and 1000yds. distanees, which represent the final stage of the King's prize. He is a first-class marksman by instinct and training, besides practicing assiduously during the whole of the target shooting season. His victory may be regarded as a well-deserved reward, not only for his never-failing industry in practice, but for the many services he has rendered to the cause of rifle shooting generally.

The presence of Prince Arthur of Connaught at the prize distribution gave most of the Bisley riflemen an opportunity of seeing for the first time the member of the royal family upon whose shoulders a very large share of public work of this character must fall for some years to come. In speaking to the assembled competitors he was able to bring in a very appropriate reference to the fact that in the eourse of his reeent world's tour he had had an opportunity of meeting at their headquarters many of the colonial representatives from outlying portions of the British Empire. He very naturally emphasized the hope that Bisley would always be visited by teams of riflemen from every possible section of the King's dominions.

Among the more spectacular events of the Bisley meeting the Lords and Commons match must certainly take a high position. Considering the personnel of the two Houses of Parliament, it is astonishing that neither seems to include a single member who regularly engages in rifle shooting as carried on at Bisley. The Duke of Wellington certainly made a score which proves him a marksman of the front rank; but his skill was no doubt acquired during the period of his active connection with the army. There are many peers on the council of the National Rifle Association, and some of them, like Lord Waldegrave, have done a large amount of target shooting in years gone by. Sir Henry Fletcher, as a member of the House of Commons, is also well known as a shot to the older generation of marksmen, but no member of either team occupies quite the same position which Major Fremantle would have done had he succeeded in obtaining a seat at the last general election. High scoring was accordingly not to be expected from a body of gentlemen to whom target practice is at best only an amusement of the past. It is, nevertheless, a most encouraging aspect of the problem of extending rifle practice throughout the country that a party of men regularly engaged in public funetions of one kind or another should be able, after a short course of praetice, to make an average of scoring which shows far more than mere competence to hit the targets at 500 and 600 yards. Sir Henry Fletcher, although not a shooting member of the House of Commons team, is to be heartily congratulated on the personal interest he has shown in reviving a contest of such unexampled interest.

The dearth of high scorcs in the revolver shooting during the earlier part of the first week of the meeting gave place suddenly to the usual abundance of possibles. The new location for these ranges is already voted a great success. Therc have been more competitors' entries between the times set down for their more important engagements. Revolver shooting is, moreover, one of the few branches of marksmanship which the onlooker can properly follow during the actual shooting, each shot on the target being clearly visible from the firing point. The transference of the revolver ranges to a more frequented part of the camp thus facilitates the collection of a small crowd to witness the performances of any well-known shots who may be firing.

One cannot but regret that match rifle shooting fizzled out, so to speak, after the first week's programme had been completed. There was no dearth of shooters, but instead of meeting them at the ranges, entering and re-entering until a satisfactory score had been put up in one or other of the unlimited entry events, they were to be seen disconsolately killing time in various odd plaees. This, at any rate, applies to those who had not entered for the service rifle competitions. The whole trouble arose out of a new regulation, which barred shooting in certain events during the easy conditions prevailing during the hour or two just preceding sunset. In the Doyle and Eandco, for instance, no shot could be fired after 5 o'clock. Shooting concluded an hour earlier for the Wostow. The daily announcements denoting the target accommodation available made it clear that the ranges were mostly otherwise engaged till 4 o'clock or later. There is no need to enlarge upon the loss of time and disappointment which were occasioned by this curious overlapping of regulations. The evening is a pleasant and convenient time for shooting, and, for the present at any rate, it seems as though the efforts made to correct one difficulty have produced worse troubles elsewhere.

In commenting on the regulations governing the meeting, mention was made of the unfortunate disappearance of the 2in. central in the 100yds. target. When the matter was looked into it was found that the printed matter was in error, and that the stock of targets ordered for use at the meeting was the same as in the past, thus overeoming what seemed likely to cause trouble. There can be no doubt that the time has fully arrived for endeavoring to standardize the targets to be used at miniature distances. Any attempt to arrive at satisfactory results by arithmetical reductions of the 200yds. target for

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the time being in use seems destined to failure. Each range introduces its own conditions of rifle and other sources of variation. Targets must, in any case, be adjusted with reference to the standard of scoring experienced, and no law exists which can prove that a target which is satisfactory at one distance under the conditions obtaining at that distance will properly meet the requirements of another distance, another class of shooter, and an entirely different combination of rifle and cartridge. Permanence for any adopted size is the first requirement. The 3½in. diameter of black seems right for 1000yds. shooting, notwithstanding the abandonment of its 7in. equivalent at 200yds. The 2in. central seems to be unduly small, if one may judge from the fact that the Grecner unlimited entry event, shot with the most perfect rifles and ammunition, failed to show a highest possible 10-shot score. The .22 rifle is largely used at this distance, and results seeming good on paper are rarely obtained. At 50 and 25yds. a greater proportional area of black seems to be required to meet the necessities of indoor shooting. For most rifles a 1in. central circle at 50yds. to count as bull presents less difficulty than 2in. at 100yds., yet the official N. R. A. target gives a circle of 1¾in. to shoot at. A ⅞in. circle at 25yds. seems, for results obtained, not to present an unduly easy problem for the marksmen to solve. The present target is, nevertheless, open to several improvements of dimension and design. Another serious fault in the present system of shooting is the very heavy expense incidental to the cost of targets. A patched target is unsatisfactory to use, and, as the scoring area covers 24in. square at 100yds. and 12in. square at 50yds., at least four times as much target is required as will hold the shots which are fired in any ordinary competition. The 100yds. target should certainly not exceed 12in. square. The requisite area of white surface could easily be arranged, while exercising economy in respect to the amount of card spoiled by each series of shots. The ordinary rifle club cannot view with the same indifference as the N. R. A. a cost for targets equal to that of the ammunition consumed.

The new wind-gauge sight has produced a curious exemplification of the distinction which must always exist between range and practical service conditions. Some exponents of shotgun shooting can doubtless still be found who believe that a crossing shot can be negotiated by swinging the gun with the object, and so dispensing with forward allowance. Be this as it may, Bisley men find that the running man requires an allowance of from 18in. to 2ft. to compensate for the time occupied by the service bullet in traversing the 110yds. range. This allowance has in some cases been provided at Bisley by setting the new wind gauge slide the needful number of points right or left. To shoot at a moving object presents a useful problem in snap shooting, but the essence of the contest disappears when the shooter is allowed the opportunity of setting a wind gauge sight with sufficient exactitude to exclude all necessity for making a conscious forward allowance. The difficulty can only be satisfactorily overcome by altering the existing apparatus so that the direction of movement may not be known in advance.

In the Fraser running deer competition the wind gauge sight is excluded by the obligation to use sporting rifles. Mr. Walter Winans is said to have achieved his brilliant success with one of Purdey's new 400-bore cartridges carrying a high velocity light-weight bullet propelled from a low-pressure cordite cartridge. The winner holds that his victory exemplifies the theory that game shots receive the precise kind of training which would tell most under war conditions. The game shot is always there or thereabouts, according to the extent of his skill, whether the shots are taken at objects moving or only momentarily visible. The other school maintains that target shooting is the only practicable means of educating the large majority of our rifle shooters, and that the man who has achieved success in the usual courses of instruction will give a good account of himself anywhere and under any conditions. A midway policy is also advocated, viz., to supplement the ordinary course of marksmanship with miniature snap shooting under conditions, easily arranged, where occasional wild shots cannot, when they go astray, do any material damage.—The Field, London.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The Gratis Rifle Club held their medal contest on Aug. 8 for the first time since May. The shooting was at 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48. G. O. Chrismer, who won at the May shoot, was victorious to-day with 43, Mose Pence 42, F. M. Chrismer 36. In a special match, G. Chrismer was high with 46 out of a possible 48, Pence 44, F. Chrismer 42.

A three-cornered rifle match was shot at Euphemia on Aug. 4, the prize being a gold medal. C. W. Matthew won with 46 out of a possihle 48, making three center shots. J. Trissel 42, L. Bruner 41. Offhand, 100yds., 4 shots, possible 48, 2in. center, count 12.

The Outing Rifle Club, of West Milton, held an all-day shoot on Aug. 9, which was very well attended, a number of riflemen from nearby cluhs being present. Several rest and offhand matches were shot during the day. All shooting was at 200yds., 3 shots, on Standard American target. The club has one of the best club ranges in the State, located on the bank of the Stillwater River. A strong wind was blowing across the range most of the day. In the first rest match, finished at noon, there were twenty-four entries. The five winners, in order, were: W. F. Jay 34 out of a possible 36, J. C. Anderson 31, H. M. Mast 30, C. W. Sander 29, A. Vore 28. W. H. Kerr tied for fifth money, but was defeated in the shoot-off. In the morning, offhand match, 3 shots, possible 30, the winners were: H. M. Mast 20, C. W. Sander 20. These tied for first money, and after three shoot-offs, the former won first, Sander taking second; W. H. Kerr 18, W. S. Kessler 17, E. Werts 10. The afternoon rest match had twenty-eight entries. C. W. Sander won first money on 33 out of a possible 36, W. F. Jay 30, E. Werts 28, J. C. Anderson, I. A. Vore and F. H. Duke tied on 27 and shot off for fourth and fifth prizes. Vore dropped out on the first shot, Duke and Anderson tying on 8. The second shot scored an 8 for each of the contestants. On the third shoot, Anderson got a 9 and won fourth, Duke 7, taking fifth. Offhand matches, 25 cents entrance, three moneys, were shot all the afternoon on No. 3 target, 3 shots, possible 30 in each. The winners were: No. 4—Kessler 25, H. M. Mast 17, H. R. Pearson 17. No. 5—W. H. Kerr 18, W. S. Kessler 17, I. A. Vore. No. 6—Kessler 28, Kerr 16, Pearson 12. No. 7—Kessler 23, Anderson 20, Pearson 17. No. 8—Mast 19, Anderson 18, Kerr 18. No. 9—Kessler 26, Anderson 23, Mast 18.

Plattdutsche Volksfest.

The grand prize shooting at the thirty-second annual Plattdeutsche Volksfest, Aug. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 26, at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., shooting programme:

Ring Target.—Open to all comers, 3 shots 50 cents, including shooting money; tickets unlimited. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter; three best tickets to count for first five prizes, the best two tickets to count for the rest of the prizes. First, $25; second, $20; third, $18; fourth, $15; fifth, $12; sixth, $10; seventh, $8; eighth, $6; ninth, $5; tenth $5; eleventh, $4; twelfth $4; thirteenth, $3; fourteenth, $3; fifteenth, $2; sixteenth, $2; seventeenth, $2; eighteenth, $1.

Premiums for the most rings shot during the festival: First, $8; second, $5; third, $3.

Bullseye Target.—Open to all comers, 3 shots for 50 cents, including shooting money. Best center shot to count by measurement. Only one prize obtainable by any one shooter: First, $15; secod, $12; third, $8; fourth, $6; fifth, $5; sixth, $3; seventh, $3; eighth, $3; ninth, $2; tenth, $2; eleventh, $2; twelfth, $1; thirteenth, $1; fourteenth, $1; fifteenth, $1.

Premiums for the greatest number of bullseyes, $5; second greatest number, $3; third greatest number, $2.

Trophy Target.—Open to all comers; 3 shots for 50 cents, including shooting money; any shooter scoring 200 rings on the ring target will be entitled to a fine souvenir of the Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein. The souvenir will be delivered as soon as 200 rings are completed.

Grand Team Shooting.—Open to the societies of the Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein only. Teams of five men from a society to constitute a team. Entrance fee $5 per team, including shooting money. Any association can send in more than one team, but a shooter can only shoot in the team he starts in. Each shooter can shoot his 3 shots any time during the first four days of the festival: First, $20; second, $15; third, $12; fourth, $10;

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RAPID FIRE RE-ENTRY REVOLVER MATCH, DISAPPEARING TARGET " RE-ENTRY PISTOL MATCH, } Won by Thomas Anderton.
MEMBERS' MATCH, won by Serg't W. F. Leushner.
COMPANY TEAM MATCH CRUIKSHANK TROPHY MATCH, OLD GUARD TROPHY MATCH, } Won by the 71st Regiment Team.

The High scores in McAlpin Trophy Match were also made with Peters .30 Cal. Bullets.

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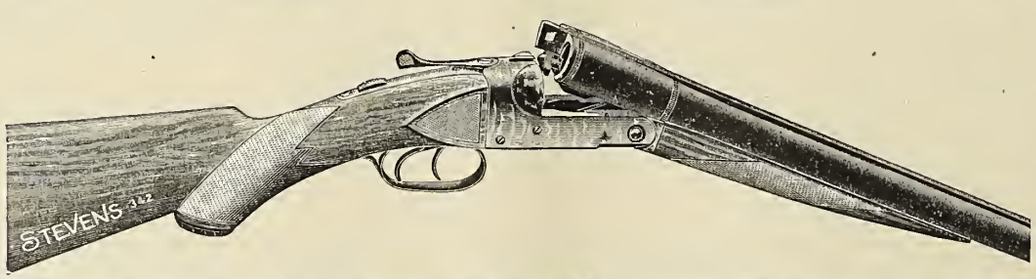

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last spring the Three In One Co. offered a prize of $50 for the best new use for Three In One. A multitude of answers were received, and of these, the best one recommended the oil to clean glass and glassware and to keep it spick and span. This seems a novel use for a lubricating oil, but inquiry proves its efficiency for that purpose.

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New York Y. C. Cruise.

Squadron Run—New London to Newport—Aug. 6.

A THICK fog kept the yachts in the harbor until long after the usual time for starting, and when they did get out to the line, there was no wind and every now and then the fog would shut in thick again. The Sound steamer Puritan had broken her shaft just near the course, and so the committee shifted the starting line. It was noon when the warning signal was made, and at that time the wind was very light from the south. The course from the line to Race Rock was S.½E., 3¼ miles, making it a beat. The yachts went over the line at 12:10 in the regular divisions. Cara Mia led the 30-footers, followed by Banzai, Neola, Alera, Dahinda, Minx, Phryne, Tabasco and Atair. On the next signal the order was Mimosa III., Humma, Doris, Altair, Rosalie, Pelegrina, Isolde, Mimosa II., Gardenia, Janet and Phantom.

Irolita led the 68-footers at the weather end of the line; next came Effort, Weetamoe, Neola and Hester in the order named, but the last two were badly handicapped. Vigilant was first of the next lot, with Sybarita to windward, then Yankee and Rainbow. The small schooners were all handicapped. They crossed in this order: Katrina, Venona, Crusader, Simitar, Andromeda, Muriel, Ariel. Elmina was ahead of Queen and Corona, and then the auxiliaries and others went away in this order: Cachalot, Vencedor, Seneca, Lasca, Tekla, Endymion, Emerald, Idler.

It was slow work getting down to Race Rock, and at that point Altair and Humma had taken the lead. The times were, Altair, 1.20.00; Humma, 1.23.00; Weetamoe, 1.26.00; Isolde, 1.26.02; Rainbow, 1.27.20; Sybarita, 1.29.22; Pelegrina, 1.31.02; Mimosa II., 1.31.10; Yankee, 1.32.22; Elmina, 1.32.24; Vigilant, 1.33.20; Queen, 1.34.30; Rosalie, 1.34.50; Doris, Neola, Irolita, Corona and Effort followed in the order named.

At this point the wind had freshened considerably, and with big jib topsails, they were bowling along, heading toward Point Juidth and Newport, 36 miles away. Elmina had taken such a lead in the light wind beating to Race Rock that Queen had a hard task before her to overcome the lead. Rainbow had a big lead—quite an advantage when the wind freshened.

At Point Judith Queen was still some minutes astern of Elmina. Elmina had worked into the leading position and was followed by Vigilant, Sybarita, Queen, Rainbow, Yankee, Weetamoe, Humma, Corona, Effort, Neola and Irolita.

Spinnakers were set for the run in from the Whistling Buoy to Brenton's Reef Lightship. Yankee had closed up very much on Rainbow, and as soon as she got her spinnaker set it appeared as though she would run up on the Vanderbilt boat, but an extra puff carried away her topmast, and Rainbow was able to go on alone. Mr. Maxwell had the wreck cleared away, and sailed across the line, giving Rainbow a record. Queen rapidly closed up on Elmina, and although she finished astern of that yacht, she won the race on corrected time. Sybarita beat Vigilant on elapsed and corrected time, and Weetamoe won from Effort by 3m. 14s. Weetamoe made her big gain in the light air at the start, and although Effort sailed fast after that, she could not quite reach the Weetamoe.

The yachts this day were sailing for commodores' cups in addition to the class prizes. In the schooner classes the winners of these trophies were Queen and Venona, and in the sloop classes Weetamoe and Neola II. Neola II. led the 30-footers; but her victory was rather a lucky one. At the whistling buoy Dahinda led by 3m., but for some reason or other Mr. Duncan kept his yacht wide of the course and allowed Neola II. to beat him out by 40s. The summaries follow:

Yawls 100ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw	12 25 27	4 48 28	4 23 01
Vigilant, W. E. Iselin	12 25 02	4 49 08	4 24 06

Corrected times—Sybarita, 4.09.58; Vigilant, 4.17.08. Sybarita wins by 7m. 10s.

Sloops, 82ft. Class.

Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	12 27 00	4 56 25	4 29 25
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	12 27 00	5 15 10	4 48 10

Corrected times—Rainbow, 4.08.09; Yankee, 4.26.40. Rainbow wins by 18m. 31s.

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Sloops, 68ft. Class.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	12 21 57	5 06 53	4 44 56
Effort, F. M. Smith	12 21 46	5 13 07	4 51 21
Neola, E. D. King	12 22 00	5 14 29	4 52 29
Irolita, E. W. Clark	12 21 24	5 17 08	4 55 44
Hester, C. H. Dodge	12 22 00	5 42 53	5 20 53

Corrected times—Weetamoe, 4.35.08; Effort, 4.38.22; Neola, 4.42.41; Irolita, 4.37.20; Hesta, 5.08.33. Weetamoe wins by 3m. 14s.

Sloops, 57ft. Class.

Humma, R. W. Emmons 2d	12 15 00	5 09 11	4 54 11
Altair, Cord Meyer	12 15 00	5 07 31	4 52 31
Doris, S. R. Anthony	12 15 00	5 29 02	5 14 02
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	12 15 00	5 28 10	5 13 10

Corrected times—Humma, 4.42.08; Altair, 4.48.18; Doris, 4.55.04. Humma wins by 6m. 10s.

Sloops, 48ft. Class.

Rosalie, H. F. Parmelee	12 15 00	5 42 17	5 27 17
Phantom, H. G. S. Noble	12 15 00	5 58 17	5 43 17

Corrected times—Rosalie, 5.07.19; Phantom, 5.33.50. Rosalie wins by 26m. 31s.

Sloops, 40ft. Class.

Mimosa II., E. F. Cole	12 15 00	5 38 21	5 23 21
Gardenia, A. H. Morris	12 15 00	5 43 22	5 28 22
Pellegrina, R. Toland	12 15 00	5 43 15	5 28 15
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	12 15 00	5 54 04	5 39 04
Janet, F. D. Adriance	12 15 00	6 09 09	5 54 09

Corrected times—Mimosa II., 5.23.21; Pellegrina, 5.15.25; Gardenia, 5.28.22; Mimosa III., 5.12.15; Janet, 5.42.28. Mimosa III. wins by 3m. 10s.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers.

Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	12 10 00	5 44 26	5 34 26
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	12 10 00	5 45 06	5 35 06
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer	12 10 00	5 50 37	5 40 37
Tabasco, W. B. Henry	12 10 00	5 51 36	5 41 36
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	12 10 00	5 51 41	5 41 41
Minx, H. Willets	12 10 00	5 59 07	5 49 07
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	12 10 00	5 55 39	5 45 39
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker	12 10 00	5 59 43	5 49 43
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	12 10 00	6 02 40	5 52 40

Neola II. wins by 40s.

Schooners, 90ft. Class.

Queen, J. R. Maxwell	12 37 00	4 48 15	4 11 15
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	12 37 00	4 47 10	4 10 10
Corona, A. F. Luke	12 37 00	4 54 43	4 17 43

Corrected times—Queen, 4.08.56; Elmina, 4.09.16; Corona, 4.14.35. Queen wins by 10s.

Sloops, Mixed Class.

Muriel, Chas. Smithers	12 36 31	5 05 30	4 28 59
Ariel, F. L. Leland	12 37 00	5 24 10	4 47 10
Lasca, R. P. Doremus	12 37 00	5 22 44	4 45 44
Invader, R. A. Rainey	12 37 00	5 12 58	4 35 58
Endymion, G. Lauderer, Jr.	12 37 00	5 31 32	4 54 32

Corrected times—Muriel, 4.02.59; Ariel, 4.21.10; Lasca, 4.22.02; Endymion, 4.31.05; Invader, 4.35.58. Muriel wins by 18m. 11s.

Schooners, 64 and 55ft. Class.

Katrina, J. B. Ford	12 32 00	5 27 52	4 55 52
Andromeda, C. N. Nason	12 32 00	5 37 18	5 05 18
Crusader II., S. L. Husted	12 32 00	5 34 50	5 02 50

Corrected times—Katrina, 4.27.08; Andromeda, 4.21.57; Crusader II., 4.51.16. Andromeda wins by 9m. 26s.

Schooners, 47ft. Class.

Venona, R. Olyphant	12 32 00	5 55 08	5 23 08
Simitar, E. L. Hopkins	12 32 00	5 51 51	5 19 51

Corrected times—Venona, 5.02.34; Simitar, 5.16.56. Venona wins by 15m. 22s.

Auxiliaries, Special Class.

Emerald, F. L. Clark	12 42 00	5 28 36	4 46 36
Tekla, H. Willets	12 42 00	Not timed.	

Emerald wins.

Auxiliaries Over 70ft.

Idler, H. T. Sloane	12 42 00	5 46 00	4 59 00

Auxiliaries Under 70ft.

Seneca, Geo. Mercer, Jr.	12 42 00	5 29 19	4 47 19
Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright	12 42 00	5 40 26	4 58 26
Vencedor, A. de Goicouria	12 42 00	5 41 15	4 59 15

Corrected time—Cachalot, 4.12.40; Vencedor, 4.44.54. Cachalot wins by 21m. 3s.

Astor Cups—Newport, Aug. 8.

The Astor cup races were sailed in light winds, and the results were unsatisfactory to all but the winners Humma and Elmina were the successful yachts, and the element of luck entered so largely in the contests that they were spoiled from a sportsman's point of view. Early in the morning there was a breeze from the northwest, but this died away, and the racers had to be towed out to the line. There it was flat, and for some time the committee waited while the steamers formed a circle around the lightship and the sailing craft just drifted. Then a light air came from the southwest and the Block Island course was signalled. This course is 13½ miles S.W. ⅛ W. to a mark one mile E. of Block Island buoy, then 18 miles N.E. by E. ¾ E. to a mark 2 miles S.W. by W. of West Island Light, and then 6½ miles W. by N. ⅛ N. to Brenton's Reef Lightship. The warning signal was made at 11 o'clock, and the sloops were sent away at 11:10. Few got over the line before the handicap. These were Gardenia at 11.10.01; Humma at 11.10.40; Neola II., at 11.10.58; Dahinda at 11.11.00; Phryne at 11.11.32; Doris at 11.11.37, and Weetamoe at 11.11.46. The others were Vigilant, Rainbow, Yankee, Neola, Irolita, Effort, Isolde, Cara Mia. The schooners started at 11.15.00. Muriel was first away at 11.16.20, and Queen at 11.16.41. The others were handicapped and crossed as follows: Elmina, Corona, Venona. All went over on the port tack, and some tacked at once to get clear of the procession. Very soon Phryne had taken a good lead and was standing in toward the Narragansett shore, followed by Gardenia, Weetamoe, Neola, Yankee, Vigilant and Corona. The others all stood out to sea on the starboard tack. Phryne held her lead until well down to Point Judith, and then Gardenia passed her and she in turn was passed by Weetamoe. Yankee then took the lead, and the wind having freshened, she made the most of it and gained considerably on the rest of the beat out. The times taken at the first mark were as follows: Yankee, 1.58.10; Vigilant, 2.00.55; Weetamoe, 2.06.50; Rainbow, 2.11.50; Corona, 2.12.58; Neola, 2.14.00; Humma, 2.14.47; Elmina, 2.15.01; Queen, 2.15.48;

Gardenia, 2.19.40; Effort, 2.26.08; Phryne, 2.32.00; Irolita, 2.33.45; Muriel, 2.47.40; Doris, 2.55.20. Cara Mia and Venona were so far behind they withdrew before the mark was reached and the others retired earlier in the race.

Spinnakers and other light sails were carried to the next mark, and for a time Yankee drew away so far that she seemed to have the race won. Queen closed up on the Corona and left Elmina astern. A squall was making up in the northwest, and the wind got light at 3:15 o'clock, and Capt. Dennis, on the Elmina, took in spinnaker and reached out to get the first of the new wind. Then he gybed over and reached back, and in the two tacks to leeward drew ahead of Queen and Corona. Yankee ran out of the good breeze, and the stern boats, bringing up a better wind, ran up on her, so that at the West Island mark she had lost her big advantage and Vigilant was the leading yacht in the race. The times at this mark and the elapsed times for the 18 miles down the wind were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	5 10 50	3 09 55
Yankee	5 11 30	3 13 20
Elmina	5 12 50	2 57 49
Rainbow	5 13 40	3 01 50
Weetamoe	5 20 40	3 13 50
Queen	5 22 45	3 06 57
Corona	5 24 12	3 11 14
Humma	5 31 05	3 16 18
Neola	5 35 30	3 21 30
Effort	5 39 10	3 13 02

Then the wind went to the west and made it a beat home. Elmina worked in along the land, followed by Yankee and Rainbow, and Corona stood well off shore, while Queen kept in between the two.

Elmina carried the breeze to the finish, but after the leaders had crossed the line the wind freed them again, and the smaller craft sailed on with reaching topsails. A few more finished, Humma being in this division and the Gardenia got near the line well within her time, but was hung up with the tide, and it took her 40m. to get over the line. This lost her the race. Pryne ,too, was get over the line. This lost her the race. Phryne, too, was just 5m. late in finishing. The table follows:

	Astor Cup Start.	For Sloops. Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Humma	11 10 40	7 21 30	8 10 50	7 07 36
Weetamoe	11 11 46	7 06 06	7 54 20	7 11 05
Phryne	11 11 32	8 52 48	9 41 16	7 13 09
Yankee	11 12 00	8 52 48	7 41 48	7 21 23
Neola	11 12 00	7 16 40	8 04 40	7 21 25
Gardenia	11 10 01	8 29 14	9 19 13	7 25 43
Effort	11 12 00	7 24 23	8 12 23	7 26 06
Rainbow	11 12 00	6 58 45	7 46 45	6 26 23
Irolita	11 12 00	8 25 45	9 13 45	8 22 19
Doris	11 11 37	8 56 17	9 44 40	8 34 51
Isolde	11 12 00	Did not finish.		
Dahinda	11 11 00	Did not finish.		
Neola II.	11 10 58	Did not finish.		
Cara Mia	11 12 00	Did not finish.		
	Astor Cups	For Schooners.		
Elmina	11 17 00	6 53 50	7 36 50	7 27 21
Queen	11 16 41	6 57 44	7 41 03	7 30 13
Muriel	11 16 20	7 53 54	8 37 34	8 01 09
Corona	11 17 00	7 31 33	8 14 23	8 02 46
Venona	11 17 00	Did not finish.		

Newport, Aug. 8—King's Cup Race.

Nine of the seventeen yachts entered started in the race for the King's cup. Some of the yachtsmen figured when they found a fresh easterly wind blowing that they had no chance of success, and so kept in the harbor. The day was not a pleasant one for racing. It rained hard all night, and was raining when the yachts started out for the line. The rain had kept the sea down though, and things outside were not nearly as unpleasant as was expected. The committee as soon as they reached the Brenton's Reef Lightship on board the steam yacht Alvina signalled the course. It was to the Hen and Chickens Lightship, then to the Vineyard Sound Lightship and then home, 37 miles in all. The compass courses were E.¾S., then S. 4½ miles, and then W.N.W. 17 miles. The first leg was to windward, and as soon as the preparatory signal was made at 11:25 o'clock, the yachts began to maneuver for position. They had 4m. to get across the line after the starting gun, and with the exception of Rainbow and Yankee, these two yachts singled each other out as soon as the signal was made. Just before the starting signal Yankee, on the weather bow of Rainbow, was standing for the line close hauled on the port tack. Both yachts were toon soon and both bore off when clear of the lightship and ranged along the line, and then Capt. Barr luffed Rainbow, trying to force Yankee over the line. Mr. Maxwell held his luff, and Rainbow bumped into Yankee, smashing that yacht's rail. The next instant the signal sounded and they were off, Yankee taking the lead, with the Rainbow under her lee. Next in order came Queen, Effort to windward of her, Amorita, Vigilant, Muriel, Corona and Elmina. The last two took the starboard tack inshore, and very soon the others, except Muriel, were heading in to the Newport shore. All worked in short tacks along the beach, and Queen soon took a lead and Yankee drew away from Rainbow on every tack. Effort hung on surprisingly well and, try as they would, Rainbow could not shake her off, and Vigilant could not overhaul her.

Off West Island Queen was leading by some minutes, and Yankee was as far ahead of Rainbow. Then came Effort and Vigilant, and Muriel was far off shore. The wind freshened at this point, and Vigilant began to do better, and before the lightship was reached, she had passed Effort. At 1:55 o'clock Rainbow struck a rock near Schuyler's Ledge. She struck so hard that Capt. Barr and some sailors were thrown down and bruised and the yacht was found to be leaking badly. She withdrew from the race and went to Bristol for repairs.

The times taken at the weather mark and the elapsed times of each for the turn to windward are shown in the following:

	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Queen	2 13 10	2 42 27
Yankee	2 16 33	2 46 21

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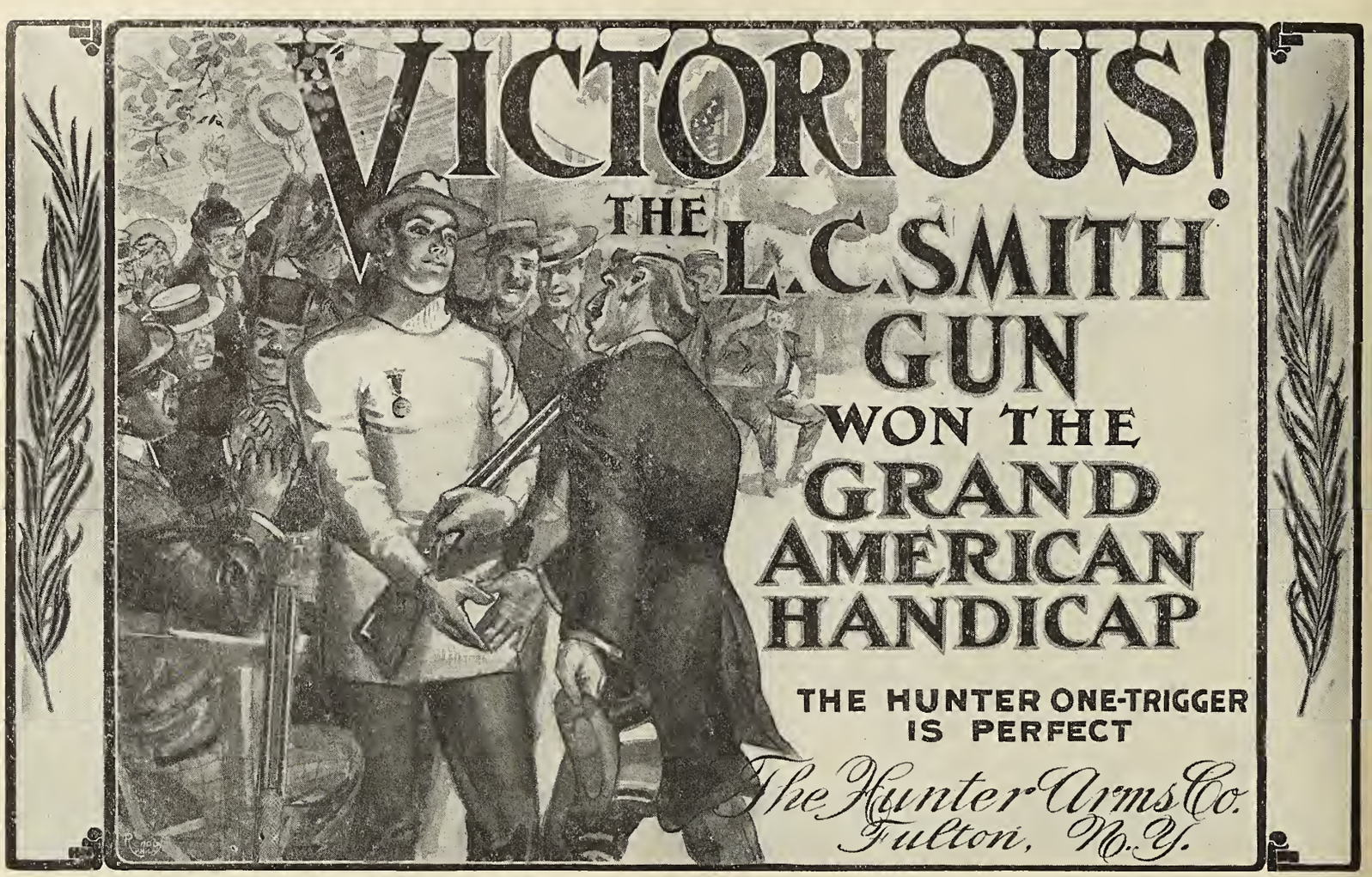

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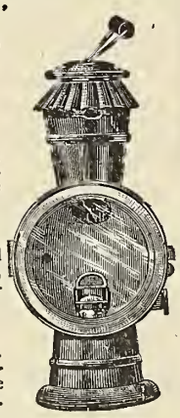

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Vigilant	2 21 15	2 49 32
Effort	2 22 20	2 51 42
Elmina	2 28 10	2 54 58
Corona	2 34 53	3 01 53
Amorita	2 53 27	3 21 09

Muriel was far behind and withdrew before reaching the mark. It was a beam reach to the next mark, and on this leg Queen did some wonderful sailing. She made the 4½ nautical miles from lightship to lightship in 20m. 5s., which was at the rate of 13 nautical miles an hour. The time as they gybed at the second mark and the elapsed times for the reach were:

	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Queen	2 33 15	0 20 05
Yankee	2 38 20	0 21 57
Vigilant	2 42 12	0 20 57
Effort	2 46 00	0 23 40
Elmina	2 48 40	0 20 30
Corona	2 56 29	0 21 36
Amorita	3 25 00	0 31 33

Spinnakers were set to starboard and then balloon jib topsails, and on the schooners maintopmast staysails were set. The wind was not quite aft and the yachts were driving off the course, and all but Effort took in spinnakers some time after running the mark. The wind freshened. Queen ran away from all but Elmina, but that yacht made a slight gain on the run home. Queen finished first and just 9s. before her allowance would have expired. Effort crossed the line a winner. Effort had sailed a great race for a boat of her size. On the wind she was beaten by Queen by a few seconds, allowing for the time she got, which was 33s. a mile. Reaching Queen beat her about a minute and a half, and Effort traveled at the rate of 11 nautical miles an hour. Down the wind Queen could not give her the allowance, and the Effort won. Capt. Howell sailed the yacht. The times for the last leg of the course are shown in the folowing:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen	4 02 03	1 29 15
Yankee	4 12 26	1 33 56
Vigilant	4 13 22	1 31 20
Elmina	4 17 18	1 28 38
Effort	4 22 38	1 36 58
Corona	4 27 16	1 30 47
Amorita	5 02 18	1 37 18

The starters, owners, rating and allowances were as follows:

	Rating.	Allowance. Allows.
Vigilant, W. E. Iselin	85 73	
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	78.40	0 07 15
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	78.58	0 07 37
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	75.72	0 10 39
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	74.52	0 12 26
Effort, F. M. Smith	60 10	0 33 08
Amorita, R. Mansfield	59.00	0 35 01
Muriel, C. Smithers	56.37	0 30 41

The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Effort	11 30 38	4 22 58	4 52 20	4 06 40
Queen	11 30 43	4 02 30	4 31 47	4 06 49
Elmina	11 33 12	4 11 18	4 44 06	4 20 35
Yankee	11 30 12	4 12 36	4 42 14	4 22 05
Corona	11 33 00	4 27 16	4 54 16	4 28 33
Vigilant	11 31 43	4 13 32	4 41 49	4 29 17
Amorita	11 31 18	5 02 18	5 31 00	4 43 27
Muriel	11 30 53	Withdrew.		
Rainbow	11 30 25	Disabled.		

Effort beat Queen 9s.; Elmina, 13m. 55s.; Yankee, 15m. 25s.; Corona, 21m. 53s.; Vigilant, 22m. 37s., and Amorita, 36m. 47s.

Squadron Run—Newport to Vineyard Haven—Aug. 9.

The run to Vineyard Haven was an unsatisfactory one. It was the same last year. Then not one yacht finished before the time limit. This year four yachts got in on time, the schooners Queen and Elmina and the sloops Weetamoe and Effort. The race was sailed in a light easterly wind and against a strong tide, and the wind had not sufficient strength to enable the other boats to make much headway. When the starting signal was made off Brenton's Reef Lightship there was very little wind, and not a single yacht got across the line without a bad handicap. Phryne led the fleet, with Minx to windward of her.

The signals followed one after another, and the last yacht got away at 11:35. This was the Ariadne. They crossed the line in this order: Isolde, Humma, Weetamoe, Neola, Queen, Effort, Irolita, Gardenia, Elmina, Muriel, Mimosa II., Doris Andromeda, Venona, Seneca, Cachalot, Katrina, Idler, Vencedor and Ariadne. Yankee went west. She had nothing to race, as Rainbow had not got back from Bristol. Sybarita went to Narragansett and Vigilant remained in the harbor. Queen led Elmina by 7m. at the start, and Weetamoe was 11m 30s. ahead of Effort.

Nearly all the yachts stood offshore. The exceptions were Weetamoe, Effort, Neola and Humma, and these worked in to the beach, Effort standing in furthest. Soon after noon West Island was passed, and then they headed out for the lightship at the entrance to Vineyard Sound.

The tide was still running strong to the west, and Queen, Elmina and Weetamoe stood way to the south and later were followed by Effort and Neola. They skirted in under the land by Gay Head, and then finding a better wind, beat through the Vineyard Sound, making fair time. The rest of the fleet was hopelessly left near the lightship. Queen finished at 5.36.57, Weetamoe at 6.11.20, Elmina at 6.17.18 and Effort at 7.08.43.

In addition to the class prizes they were racing for commodore's and vice-commodore's cups. Each of these flag officers offered two special prizes, the commodore two for schooners and the vice-commodore two for sloops. Queen won the commodore's cup and the Weetamoe the vice-commodore's cup. These two yachts also secured the navy challenge cups for their respective rigs. The summary:

Schooners, 90ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	10 35 00	5 36 57	6 59 57
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	10 35 00	6 17 46	7 40 46

Corrected times—Queen, 6.57.49; Elmina, 7.39.56. Queen wins by 42m. 6s.

Sloops, 68ft. Class.

Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	10 20 00	6 11 20	7 49 20

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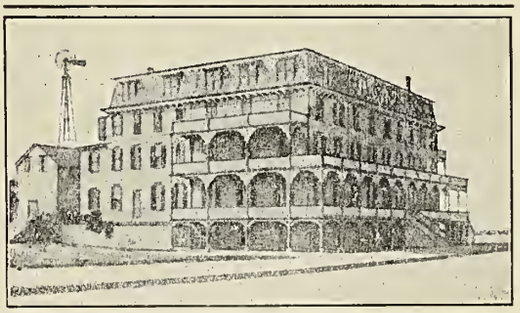

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Effort, F. M. Smith.....10 30 00 7 08 43 8 46 43
Neola, E. D. King.....10 20 00 Not timed.
Irolita, E. W. Clark.....10 20 00 Not timed.

Corrected times—Weetamoe, 7.40.16; Effort, 8.34.42. Weetamoe wins by 54m. 27s.

These yachts started and were not timed:

Schooners, Class C—Muriel, Charles Smithers.

Schooners, Classes D and E—Katrina, J. B. Ford; Andromeda, C. W. Nason.

Schooners, 48ft. Class—Verona, R. Olyphant.

Auxiliaries under 70ft.—Seneca, George Mercer, Jr.; Vencedor, A. de Goicouria; Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright.

Auxiliaries over 70ft.—Idler, Henry T. Sloane; Aridane, H. W. Putnam.

Sloops, 57ft. Class—Humma, R. W. Emmons 2d; Doris, S. R. Anthony; Isolde, F. M. Hoyt; Altair, Cord Meyer (disabled).

Sloops, 40ft. Class—Gardenia, A. H. Morris; Mimosa II., E. F. Cole.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Phryne, C. W. Wtemore; Minx, Howard Willets.

Altair and Venona fouled at the start. Altair had her martingale badly bent and withdrew.

Commodore's cup for schooners and navy challenge cup corrected times—Queen, 6.49.24; Elmina, 7.31.33. Queen wins by 42m. 9s.

Vice-commodore's cup for sloops and navy challenge cup corrected times—Weetamoe, 7.07.13; Effort, 8.01.39. Weetamoe wins by 54m. 26s.

At Vineyard Haven—Aug. 10.

The fleet remained at anchor all day at Vineyard Haven. It was an unpleasant day, rain and fog spoiling the yachtsmen's visit. In the morning the races for the owl and gamecock colors and the launch racees were held, and the commodore invited the captains and their guests to witness the races from the flagship. After the King's cup race Commodore Vanderbilt sent a cablegram to King Edward, telling him of the result of the race, and he received a reply from the King, in which His Majesty wished to congratulate Mr. Smith, the owner of Effort. This message was conveyed to Mr. Smith and a reply sent to the King. The races resulted as follows:

Gamecock colors, four-oared cutters, about 2 miles—Elmina, first; Katrina, second; Niagara, third; North Star, fourth, and Narada, fifth.

Owl colors, two-oared gigs, about 1½ miles—Crusader, first; Isolde, second; Cynthia, third, and Niagara, fourth.

Dinghy race, about 1 mile—Cachalot, first; Elmina, second; Katrina, third, Cactus II., fourth, and Niagara, fifth.

Launch race, 2 miles—North Star, first; Narada, second.

Motor boat race, handicap, 2 miles—Colonia, first; Cachalot, second.

In the evening Commodore Vanderbilt entertained many of the racing yachtsmen at dinner on the North Star.

Squadron Run—Vineyard Haven to Newport—Aug. 11.

The last run of the fleet was from Vineyard Haven to Newport. The fleet got under way about 9 o'clock, but then there was a thick fog out on the Vineyard Sound and poor prospects of getting away. The committee was ready at the West Chop Buoy, but they refrained from sending the yachts away until the weather cleared somewhat. The wind was light from the S.W., but still the fog banks rolled in and it was not until 9:45 that the first class was sent away. Minx started on the wrong signal, 5m. too soon, and Phryne was the only one to start at 9:45. She was on the port tack, heading over toward Wood Hole. At 9:50 Altair, which had been repaired since Thursday, Mimosa II. and Doris started. On the next gun the 68-footers were sent away. Weetamoe led this fleet at 9:55:59. Neola was handicapped 3s, being timed at 9:57. Effort was handicapped 3m. 30s. Venona led the small schooners at 10:06:43, then came Andromeda at 10:06:44 and Muriel at 10:07:03. Elmina had the weather position when the 90-footers were started and crossed at 10:11:28. Queen, to leeward of her, was timed at 10:11:45. Cachalot led Vencedor in the auxiliary class. The tide in the Sound was running east, so they had head wind and tide. Queen tried to pull through the lee of Elmina, but failed, and then tacked. But Capt. Dennis, on the Elmina, was not going to let her get away in that manner and tacked on top of her, and from that point on until they reached Quick's Hole, it was a fight for every inch of the way. Tack after tack these two big schooners made, with Elmina always on the weather bow of Queen. When off Tarpaulin Cove they had stood in close to the land. The skipper of Queen called for room. Mr. Maxwell was not on board his yacht. Capt. Dennis, on the Elmina, replied that they had plenty of room; but as Queen was drawing 23ft. of water, those on board were the best judges. Queen luffed into the wind and let Elmina get by, and then tacked, with Elmina again on top. They passed the lighthouse: Elmina, 11:46:30; Queen, 11:46:50. Then they worked toward Quick's Hole, and the fog shut in again. At the buoy in Quick's Hole Queen called for room again, and this time Elmina gave way, but on board that yacht they say Queen held on further before she tacked, and when she did come about, she was to windward of Elmina. A protest flag was set on Elmina.

In the meantime the sloops had been having a hard fight. They worked along the Naushon shore to get out of the tide, Weetamoe leading. Effort took second place, and at Tarpaulin Cove as they passed the lighthouse they were timed: Weetamoe, 11:23:15; Altair, 11:25:25; Effort, 11:27:55; Neola, 11:32:30; Minx, 11:35:00; Mimosa II., 11:35:10; Phryne, 11:25:15; Doris, 11:36:30.

The wind freshened then, and Effort tacked out into the Sound. She soon passed Altair and gained fast on Weetamoe. Then when off Quick's Hole at noon the fog shut in thick, and the yachts were not sighted again until they passed the Vineyard Sound Lightship. The fog very considerately lifted for a time then, so that the yachts could be timed. The skipper of Effort had navigated well and could not have judged his course better if it had been clear. Effort passed the light-

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ship at 2:00:30. She eased off just a trifle and set a larger jib topsail. Weetamoe had overstood. She passed at 2:08:55. Neola was next at 2:13:30, Altair at 2:17:45, Queen at 2:20:27 and Elmina at 2:24:55. Then the fog shut down thick again and lasted until the end of the run. Effort kept her lead and crossed the finishing line at 3:48:16. She had won in her class and also captured the Alumni Association of the U. S. N. cup for sloops. Queen was the next yacht to finish. She had passed the three sloops on the reach from the lightship and was timed at 4:01:35. Weetamoe finished at 4:02:25, Elmina at 4:04:27, Neola at 4:08:24, Altair at 4:23:52. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore....	9 45 00	5 35 33	7 50 33
Mimosa II., E. F. Cole.....	9 45 00	5 18 56	7 28 56

Corrected times—Phryne, 6.56.38; Mimosa II., 7.28.56. Phryne wins by 32m. 18s.

Sloops, 57ft. Class.

Doris, S. R. Anthony.....	9 50 00	4 37 01	6 47 01
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	9 50 00	4 23 52	6 33 52

Corrected time—Doris, 6.29.28; Altair, 6.29.52. Doris wins by 30s.

Sloops, 68ft. Class.

Effort, F. M. Smith.....	9 57 00	3 48 16	5 51 16
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt...	9 55 59	4 02 25	6 06 26
Neola, E. D. King.....	9 57 00	4 08 24	6 11 24

Corrected times—Effort, 5.39.16; Weetamoe, 5.57.22; Neola, 6.02.20. Effort wins by 18m. 6s.

Schooners, 90ft. Class.

Queen, J. R. Maxwell.....10	11 28	4 01 35	5 50 07
Elmina, F. F. Brewster.....10	11 45	4 04 27	5 52 42

Corrected times—Queen, 5.47.59; Elmina, 5.51.52. Queen wins by 3m. 53s.

Schooners, Mixed Class.

Muriel, Charles Smithers....10	07 00	4 44 53	6 37 53
Andromeda, C. W. Nason..10	06 44	6 30 11	8 23 27
Venona, R. Olyphant.....10	06 43	Did not finish.	

Corrected times—Muriel, 6.26.29; Andromeda, 7.43.21. Muriel wins by 1h. 16m. 52s.

Auxiliaries.

Cachalot, R. T. Wainwright.10	17 00	6 16 00	7 59 00
Vencedor, A. de Goicouria..10	17 00	Did not finish.	

Queen won the Alumni Association challenge cup for schooners, and Effort won the cup for sloops. The fleet disbanded as soon as the commodore anchored in the harbor.

Racing Half Way Round Lake Ontario.

The Lake Yacht Racing Association's circuit, which preceded the Fisher cup races at Charlotte, N. Y., was one of the best things that ever happened for racing on Lake Ontario.

The courses were from Toronto to Hamilton, Aug. 4. This was won by the Fife cutter Zelma, with Temeraire second and Zama, a third Fife boat, third. Temeraire beat Zoraya by over a mile, and the latter, having the Fisher cup races to prepare for, towed in to port, abandoning her place in the races. The fleet was divided in the cruises into two divisions, the 45, 40, 35 and 30 footers in one, and the 25 and 20 footers in the other. The circuit was marked by the splendid work of the Hamilton 25-footer, Keno. In the regatta at Hamilton on Aug. 6, she was put in the same class as Temeraire, and won from her on time allowance. She had been second to the 25-footer Petrel II., of Toronto, in the cruising race to Hamilton, but in the following cruises, in heavy weather, she was right up to the big boats, usually finishing ahead of them, and always leading her own division by miles.

On Aug. 7 the fleet raced to Port Dalhousie, 27 miles, and Temeraire was an easy winner with Zelma second and Zama third. It was a dead thrash to Olcott, the next port, 29 miles away, next day, and crippled bowsprit gear put Zelma out of the race. Temeraire was again first, with Yama second, Vreda third. Zelma worked and sailed all night to catch up with the fleet, but was unable to reach Olcott until they had been gone half an hour. But she stayed with the tussle, making 94 miles for her of bucking to windward, and entered Charlotte piers third of the fleet. Temeraire, after stretching out a lead of three miles, following a tussle with Rochester, which joined the fleet at Olcott, was overtaken by that boat at night and made a neck-and-neck finish, Rochester winning by seconds. The 65-mile thrash was too much for the 20-footers, and they put into Oak Orchard for shelter. They finished on Friday, Aug. 10, at noon, or twelve hours after the first winners.

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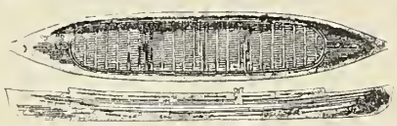

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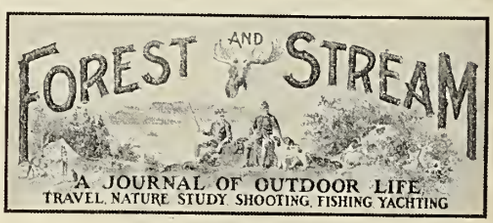

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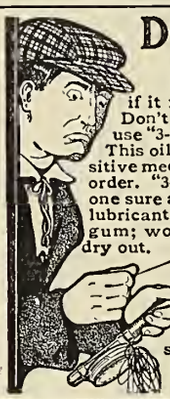

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Some people say there is no such thing as luck in angling. Perhaps there is not. Still William Jenkins was always considered the luckiest fellow out, for after giving half-a-crown for a rod, reel, line and hook, and paying nothing for a bag (a stocking foot) of worms, which he dug out of his potato plot, he rushed down to a pool that held salmon. He cast his line, as he saw others had done, and, like them, sat down. When he had lighted his pipe, he picked up his rod, and, with a mighty heave, tore a salmon to the top of the water. Fortunately, the tackle, though low priced, was sound, and by the aid of fellow disciples a bright ten-pounder was brought to the bank. That man was unwise, for he sold rod and new fish, purchased a more expensive angling outfit—and never caught another fish.—London Field.

TRAPPING AUSTRALIAN RABBITS.

Consul-General Bray reports from Melbourne that a new rabbit trap is being used in Australia with great success, whereby rabbits may be caught alive in very large numbers. It is used in connection with small trap yards, diagrams for the construction of which are supplied by the patentee of the traps. The trap itself is 18 inches long, 12 inches high, and 6 inches in width. It has a balanced moving floor and a door at each end, which opens and closes automatically. The weight of a rabbit on the inverse end of a floor closes the door behind him by which he has entered and opens the door in front leading to the trap yard, so that the rabbit has no option but to go on, and when he leaves the trap it goes back to its former position, thus resetting itself. The small trap yards are constructed of double-wire netting fences, in the spaces between which green fodder or hay is cultivated or provided, and, although these foods cannot be reached by the rabbits, it entices them to enter through the traps to try and get out the fodder from the other side. Two, three or more traps may be used in connection with each trap yard. The invention has been tried with great success on several extensive ranches in Australia, and the inventor has a number of certificates from leading ranchmen, one of whom states that with two of the traps set at a small water hole he caught 630 rabbits in one night.

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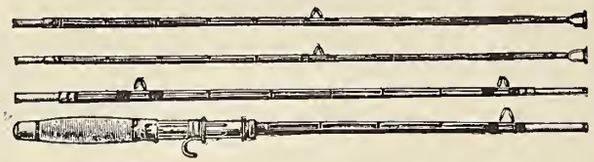

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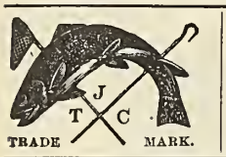

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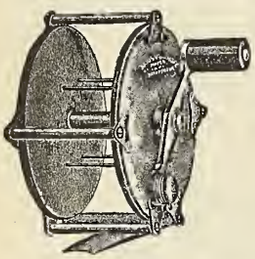

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 8. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

Owing to a change in the method of distributing the Forest and Stream, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

BEQUEST TO AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

By the will of Albert Willcox, who died recently at Seabright, N. J., the National Association of Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals benefits very largely. It has long been an open secret among persons interested in bird protection that the National Association had been promised a gift or bequest of $100,000 by an unnamed friend, who was greatly interested in its work. Such gift has now come to it by Mr. Willcox's will, which leaves to the Association the sum of $100,000 outright. Aside from some bequests to relatives aggregating only about $6,500 a year, the residue of his large estate is left by Mr. Willcox to his brother for life, and at the death of David Willcox is to be divided into two equal parts, of which one is to go to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and the other to the National Association of Audubon Societies. It is understood that this residuary estate will be very large.

All who are familiar with the most valuable services to protection which have already been performed by the National Association of Audubon Societies, will rejoice that its opportunities are to be so greatly enlarged by the legacy of this large sum of money. The bequest may be regarded also as a reward and a tribute to Mr. William Dutcher, the president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, to whose enthusiasm, energy and persistence the success of the Association is so very largely due.

There are now Audubon Societies in most of the States of the Union, and the work of these societies has wrought a great change in the bird protective sentiment of the country, and in the laws governing shooting practices in various States. For years it has been the practice of the societies to work with State legislatures to secure the enactment of the Audubon game law, which classifies birds as game and non-game, and provides that the non-game species may not be killed at any time. Through the activity of the Society, this has been adopted by most of the States.

The generous bequest of Mr. Willcox will enable the National Association vastly to broaden the work of education on which all legislation and all improved public sentiment depends. It will do much for the preservation of natural things, which is so greatly to be desired.

A LOFTY CAMP.

All campers and especially all mountain climbers must be greatly interested in the press despatch received from India, telling of the great success of Dr. Wm. Hunter Workman, and his wife Fannie Bullock Workman, in ascending one of the tallest peaks of the Himalaya Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Workman reached the summit of a peak of 23,000 feet height in Numkum Range, and on the trip they camped for two nights at an altitude of 21,000 feet, which is said to be the record altitude for a camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Workman are natives of Massachusetts, Dr. Workman having been born in Worcester, and his wife being a daughter of former Governor Bullock of that State. Both of them have traveled extensively in India and both have been successful mountain climbers, Dr. Workman having reached an altitude of 23,394 feet in the district of Baltistan. It is to be hoped that before very long more details of this last ascent may be received.

FATHER PRANDO.

A few days ago, in the west beyond the Rocky Mountains, there died an unknown hero. He was one of the men of whom the world is full, yet of whom the public never hears; a quiet man, doing his duty quietly; one of those whose lives strengthen our faith in human nature, and make us realize that all the bad things we see and hear and read of do not furnish a true measure of civilized humanity.

Father Prando was a Jesuit priest, a native of Italy, who came to this country many years ago and soon after was sent out west to work in the Indian field. Though he traveled much in the northwest, his chief service was with the Blackfoot, Crow and Cheyenne. In more than twenty years of labor with these tribes, he learned to speak their languages, and thus could meet the Indians on their own ground, understand their ways of thought, and communicate directly to them his teachings and his reasonings.

He shared the joys and sorrows of the people among whom he worked, and devoted his life to relieving their sufferings and to directing them toward better living. Possessing a knowledge of medicine, it was common for him to take to his own home some poor wounded or diseased mortal, whom he would tend, nurse and care for, and at the end send away cured, or with his own hands dig the grave, and read the burial service. If the people were starving he gave them what he had. He did not share his crust with the needy, he gave it all.

Father Prando was the man through whose energy and whose persistence relief was finally brought to the starving Blackfeet in the terrible winter of 1883 and 1884, as told recently in the story "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." For a number of years he remained with this people, but later returned to the Crows. About two years ago, overcome by the labors and hardships, to which for many years he had been exposed, he was forced to give up work in the field and to go to the hospital at Spokane, where his last days were spent.

For four centuries the Jesuits did their work in the peopling and the civilizing of this country, and of their toils and of their sufferings in the early days something is known. Father Prando was one of the last of a generation that still knew the old order of things, an order of things which now has passed away.

The "Uncle Lisha's Shop" stories by Rowland E. Robinson; the "Camps of the Kingfishers," by J. M. Hickman; "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet," by Walter B. Anderson; and many other series and sketches have given the term "nature study" the wider significance of "human nature study" as one of the fields of the Forest and Stream. The story of "Uncle Shaw and Some Others," of which the conclusion is printed to-day, is full of this human interest. It will be followed by other studies of a like entertaining character.

Mr. Horace Kephart, who has spent some months in the mountains of North Carolina, going there as a sportsman, has found an intensely interesting field of study among the moonshiners, and has written a series of chapters descriptive of the peculiar life of these peculiar people.

Mr. Raymond S. Spears, whose account of his adventures on a trip floating down the Mississippi was received with so much interest, has found a new field of exploration on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. What he found there will be told in a series running through six or seven numbers. There will be stories of oystermen and fishermen, strange island homes and people, and a running account of personal experience among them. The region is one most attractive for those who are fond of cruising in small boats and cabin launches, and in Mr. Spears' chapters will be set forth the generous opportunities of the Chesapeake waters for pleasurable life afloat.

The great Arch Rock of Mackinac Island, Mich., is one of the interesting natural objects familiar to voyagers on the Great Lakes. It is a part of the cliff of the eastern side of the island, and has been sculptured by the elements into an arch of pleasing lines and impressive dimensions. The summit of the arch is 149 feet above the surface of Lake Huron, and the height from base of buttress to top of rock is 49 feet.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Uncle Shaw and Some Others.—V.

Incidents of Life in a Vermont Village.

(*Concluded from page* 250.)

Like wildfire the story ran through the neighborhood that Uncle Shaw had had a fight with a bobcat and was nearly killed. As the story was reported from one to another it lost nothing, and before long it was reported that the storekeeper had fallen dead on his own store steps.

Many came to see him and his wife, for they were great favorites in the town, although the people did not know it. Among the first was Mrs. Pelham, who was extremely anxious about Uncle Shaw, and asked the doctor if there was any chance for him. Upon learning that in all probability he would come out of it all right in time, she seemed much pleased, and said, "She guessed she would go down and do some little tradin' 'long of Frank." That young man was very busy now. It had been noticed by the frequenters of the store that he had said "Hur" but a few times since the accident, and they "guessed" that the new responsibility was sufficient to awaken his mind and enable it to grasp a question the first time it was presented to him, especially if it was not a difficult one.

Mrs. Shaw was at first much shocked by the appearance of her husband; but she was one of those brave souls that accept that which comes and try to make the best of it. She sent up to Mrs. Leblanc for Marie and installed her in the back part of the house to take care of Frank and the milk and chickens, while she moved herself and carpet rags into the front part of the house to take care of Uncle Shaw. And she did take care of him, too! The doctor came every day, looked at the patient, felt his pulse and left some medicine, which Mrs. Shaw was careful to see her husband did not take, and then went away, telling what a remarkable cure he was making.

As for Uncle Shaw, he was but little trouble to himself or any one else. The loss of blood had been very great. He was all cut and gashed from his head to his knees, many of the wounds six or seven inches long. The back of his shoulders was a mass of holes and gashes, where the bobcat had struck its claws, and, in fact, from his neck to his knees there was hardly a place that did not bear the marks of the beast's sharp claws. While they were not all deep nor of themselves dangerous, there was much inflammation, and that and the weak state of the patient threw him into a fever. For days he lay there, now talking of Mrs. Pelham and the Dickermans; then of the fight with the lynx. Sometimes he would speak to the boys, or be in the store waiting upon customers. His faithful wife was much alarmed about him at first; but as the days went past, she saw that the worst was over and it was only a question of careful nursing and time when he would be out again. One day she had been out of the room a few moments, and upon her return saw as she looked into his eyes that the mind that had so long been clouded was clear. His lips were moving and she put her head down to hear what he had to say. He was very feeble, but at last made her understand that he wanted Will King to come to him.

Word was sent over to the hotel, and before long Will came up and, with Mrs. Shaw, stood by the old man's bedside. Will was surprised at his appearance. There had been a great change in his face; it was poor and thin now, and there were a great many wrinkles in it; but the eyes were as bright as ever. It was evident to all that he had something on his mind that was troubling him, and that he would not be easy till Will was told about it. Twice he tried to raise himself in bed, but each time he had to give it up. At last as Will put his head down toward his lips, the old man whispered, "Will, I lost my jack-knife out there where I had the fight with the pesky critter, an' I wish you would go out an' find it." Will told him that he would find it if it was to be found, and Uncle Shaw looked satisfied.

Will got Harry, and they started for the back pasture. When they got to the place where the trap had been set, they stopped. They could see that the beast had got into the trap and started off, dragging the grapple along the ground. Here and there were places where it had caught and been pulled out again.

After going some little ways, Harry saw a clump of raspberry bushes that had been all trampled down, and they ran up to it, finding when they got there abundant evidence of the fight. An old stump had caught the grapple as the lynx went around the bushes, and it was held a fast prisoner, where, by some means, Uncle Shaw must have discovered it and trouble ensued.

Blood was scattered all over the surrounding bushes; bits of clothing were trodden into the grass, and for a large space the ground showed that a hard struggle had been carried on. The grapple with part of the chain still clung to a root of the stump, and it was evident that it was here that Uncle Shaw and the lynx had met.

Long and carefully did the boys hunt for the knife; but it could not be found. They lifted the bushes and looked under them, but it was not there. At last, as they were about to give it up, Will saw something shining a little to one side, and upon going to it, found it was the knife. It was an old one, nearly worn out by repeated sharpening, and the open blade showed that one of its principal uses was to cut tobacco.

Back to the house they went and were admitted to Uncle Shaw's room. He had been impatiently awaiting their return, Mrs. Shaw said, and the look of inquiry on his face told how anxious he was. Will placed the knife in his hand, he looked at it a moment and went to sleep.

After this his recovery was rapid, and under the skilful nursing of his wife each day showed a decided gain, much to the satisfaction of the doctor, who did not know that the only reason that he was permitted to come at all was that Mrs. Shaw knew too well what would be the effect upon the gossips of the town should no doctor be engaged.

Those about him had refrained from asking Uncle Shaw about the fight for fear it would excite him too much; but as the days passed all became more and more curious to know about it.

One fine day, just as the sun had got away from the front part of the store, a big rocking-chair with pillow and quilt was placed on the piazza, and Uncle Shaw, supported by his wife and Frank, came out and sat down.

He was but a shadow of his old self, but the gray eyes had not dimmed, nor the lips become less firm, and they could see that all that was wanted was a little more flesh to make the same Uncle Shaw that they used to see.

Many were the congratulations he received, and it was hinted quite strongly that they would "like to know how in tunket he come to git into any such scrape, anyway"; and encouraged by his liberation from the house and by the crowd around him, Uncle Shaw told his story.

"Wall, you see, I went out on the North Road to see a man, and just as I got most to his house, I see him driving away. I knowed I couldn't see him that afternoon, so I went over to the paster to let out the cows. 'Twa'n't very late then, and I thought I would go back in the paster and see if the sheep was all right.

"When I got up there, I couldn't see nary a sheep, so I went up by the head fence and there in the corner all huddled up in a bunch I found them as scat as ever you see. Then I was sartin that that critter had been chasing them again, and I thought I would go down and see if he had been nigh the trap. When I had got putty near the place I was going around a clump of bushes, and all to once I heard an awful kind of growl, and a big critter, as big as a Newfoundland dog, jumped at me; but it had the trap on its hind leg and the chain was hitched to a root. He started me so that I kinder stepped back and my heel catched on a root or something, and down I went flat on my back. I suppose that kinder encouraged him, for he gave another spring, and that time the chain broke and he landed right on my chest.

"It was all kinder sudden, and I was 'fraid he would get at my throat, so I put up my arm in his face. He bit that and stuck his claws into my shoulders, and I see in a minute that I had got to do something or I wouldn't be able to carry him home. You see, I told Will King he might have whatever we got in the trap, and I knew he'd be disappointed if it got away, besides that, it had the trap and I didn't want to lose that if I could help it.

"I took out my jack-knife and tried to stab him with that, but it was so dull that I couldn't do nothing, and I lost it. Wall, the tarnal critter, he kept a-chawing my arm and a-kicking, and I see that I'd got to do something, so I got up an my feet and tried to git holt on him so as to smash his head on a rock, but he used his mouth and forepaws so smart that I didn't have no good chance.

"When I was standing up he kicked with his hind feet, and I was afraid he'd kick my insides out. One of his hindlegs was in the trap, and he couldn't do much with that; but there wa'n't nothing the matter with the other one, and he kept it so busy that I see'd I'd got to put a stop to it. So I just threw him down on the ground and fell right on top of him and held his hind parts so tight to the dirt that he couldn't scratch me much.

"By this time he had chewed my arm most off, it seemed to me, and I just got holt of his throat with my other hand and choked him so he let up on my arm; then I got both hands on to his neck and pressed him on to the ground as hard as I could.

"He kicked and wiggled putty hard, but I hung on and by-and-by he didn't kick so hard. His claws was stuck into my shoulders, and had been all the time. And as he got short of breath he kinder yanked on one and it hurt powerful. It didn't seem as though I could stand it, but I didn't see no way of stopping it, only to hang on to his neck, so I just shut my teeth together and we had a tussle to see who could stand it

the longest. Just as it seemed as though he was pulling out all the cords in my back, he give a kinder quiver and laid still.

"I didn't dare to let up, because maybe he was being foxy on me; but I didn't feel anything like life in him, so after a spell I let go of his throat and took his claws out of my back. When I got up, I couldn't hardly stand; but I knew I had got to get home putty soon, for I was bleeding so bad. So I took the critter onto my back and started. The sun was up quite a little spell when I was going down to the place where I met him, and when I started for home it had been sot sometime. I couldn't go very fast, but I kept plugging right along, and by and by I come to the store, and that's all I can remember."

As Uncle Shaw finished his story, he laid back in his chair, and listened to the remarks of his audience. And very soon his wife came and took him upstairs. After this, he came out nearly every fine day, and was soon able to go alone by himself.

The story was repeated, and was the wonder of the county, for it was quite unusual for any one to kill an animal of this kind, and the fact that it had been done with the bare hands made it more remarkable.

The days had passed very quickly with the boys, and now they must go very soon. Uncle Shaw told them one day of a good trout stream. "You go away out to the end of this North Road, then you go right up this valley till you come to the old mill on Mill Brook. On 'tother side of this brook, about thirty rods up, you'll come to a little brook. 'Tain't moren two feet wide, but it comes way down between the hills and is all spring water and full of deep holes. If there hain't nobody fished it this summer, you'll get a good string; but there's one thing, you'll have to go just as easy as if you was trying to catch a mouse, for if you jar the ground any you won't get none."

It was a beautiful morning. There was but little wind, and over the hills hung a purple haze that lent additional charm to the view. To the boys it seemed as if the grass were never so green, the sky so blue, or the water so limpid and sparkling as now. They soon got to the dam and found the brook. It was, as Uncle Shaw had said, a small brook, prettily tumbling down over the rocks from the valley above, and the boys walked up beside it, fishing as they went. Soon they came to where the ground was level and there were no rocks to be seen. The soil was black and full of roots and shook at every step. Here the brook turned and twisted back and forth among the great trees, now hiding under the bank to come out in sight some distance below, only to hide again under the roots of the trees on the other side.

The water was deep, dark and cool here; and lurking away in the darkest places, behind mossy logs and beneath large roots, were the quickest and prettiest trout. Wary little fellows they were, never taking the hook unless presented just to their taste. And it required all the skill of our young fishermen to persuade them to come in out of the wet. Great sport they found it, and their baskets had begun to get quite heavy, when they noticed that the air did not seem quite so fresh as it had. The fish and the mosquitoes had occupied their time entirely of late, but now the change was so great as to compel notice.

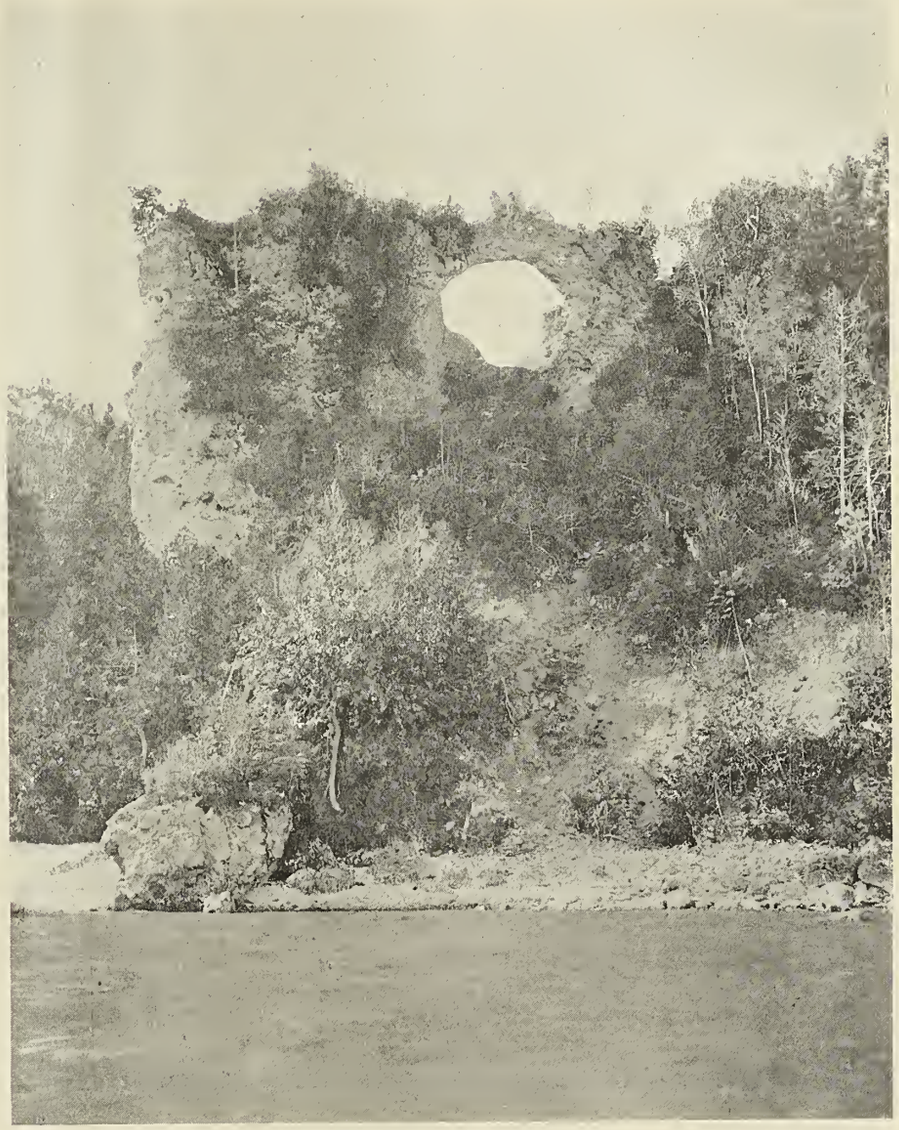
"Harry," said Will, "don't you smell smoke? I've been smelling it for this long time and wondered where it came from."

"Oh! probably it's some one burning a brush pile. There is lots of land being cleared up on the hill back of the mill."

"Well, I don't care if they don't set the woods afire. I don't want to be burned up in these woods."

"I guess there is not any danger of burning up the woods. They are so damp and green that they couldn't be made to burn."

Soon the boys came out into a clearing. Up back from the brook was a small farmhouse. There was no shed, but a few logs before the door furnished the wood when wanted and all around were chips, large chips and small chips, wet chips and dry chips, and chips of all kinds.



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

One would think that the people here did nothing but make chips and had all they had ever made. Across the path by courtesy called, "The Road," was a log barn, covered with hemlock bark, and beside it a "leanto" shed also of logs. Beside the barn stood some old wagons and broken farming tools that looked as though they could be of no use to any one, and that any attempt to use them would only result in consuming time. The barn doors were off the hinges, and through holes in the sides and roof wisps of hay and straw could be seen.

In a tub beside a small stream that flowed by the end of the house, a young girl was washing clothes, and the number of garment spread on the bushes nearby told how industrious she had been.

The hillside back of the house was cleared and so was a strip of land around the house, and nearby all of it was in cultivation. At the head of the valley and to the left was a range of high hills or mountains covered with virgin forest to their tops. Nearly opposite the house a prominent ledge rose nearly perpendicular from the valley, and was surmounted by a flat table of rock projecting over the edge. This was known as the "Pulpit." As the two fishermen went up the brook they could see over the woods through which they had just come, and back of the cleared hill a dense cloud of smoke arising. It had already obscured the sky to a great degree and the sun was shining through it like a huge plate of copper suspended in the sky.

The boys continued up the brook, fishing as they went, and when at last they had filled their baskets returned toward home. As they came back, the smell of smoke grew worse and worse, now being so strong as to make the eyes smart and the lungs feel dry and burning. Not a little alarmed, they rushed on to the clearing through which they had just come, and as they emerged a sight met their gaze that brought their hearts to their mouths. There on the other side of the clearing rose a vast column of smoke, rolling up from behind the whole length of the hill, and through it could be seen great tongues of flame leaping heavenward. The fire was sweeping up the other side of the hill back of the house, and soon it would be coming down toward them with frightful rapidity.

Glancing at the house they saw that the danger was great, and undoubtedly they and everybody else must do all in their power to prepare for the battle that would surely come and try and save the house as well as themselves from the fate hanging over them.

For a moment the boys looked at the fire that was fast rolling toward them, and then deciding what they should do, they ran to the barn. Taken by surprise as were the woman and her children by their approach, they recognized at once the necessity of taking care of the barn, for if that caught fire surely the house must go. They all with difficulty succeeded in shutting and fastening the doors.

The wind, which until now had been hardly perceptible, changed to the east, thus driving the flames in such a direction as not to come directly over the buildings, and when they saw that the vast column of black smoke that had been rolling toward them was passing beyond, a sigh of relief escaped them. Their trouble was not over, how-

IN CAMP—MAINE.

ever, for when the fire reached the edge of the forest it did not stop there, but ran through the grass and along the fences toward the house. The heat of the great fire had been enough to dry all vegetation near it, and the flames licked it up clean; but as they got away from the edge of the woods, the progress was slower, as there was less and less that would burn.

Still our little fire-surrounded band fought on, and had all they could do to keep the flames away. Many times it ran down the fence, and while they were fighting it in one place, it would spring up in another. Soon a new danger threatened them. Great pieces of bark, leaves and even twigs, all alive and blazing, began to drop around them, and it was evident that they must hurry to the house and try to save that from the fire on the roof. With great spruce boughs they beat out the fire as fast as it fell, and by the utmost exertion managed to keep it under control. Many times the barn caught, but by hard work, good luck and a lot of water they were able to extinguish the blaze before it got beyond control. Once the chips in the yard were on fire, and then it looked almost as though they were helpless, but by constant beating with the boughs they were able to extinguish it before it reached the house.

Now the smoke was less dense, and they saw that the fire had passed beyond them and was burning fiercely on the other side of the valley. Along the brook at the foot of the mountains there had been a great deal of chopping the winter before, and when the fire got among those treetops it made great leaps forward, devouring the forest with a roar. Great trees, monarchs of the forest that had for generations withstood the beatings of the storms in winter and the washings of the floods in summer came thundering to the earth, making the ground tremble as they fell, sending up great masses of sparks and fire to fall further on and spread destruction in other places.

Even the soil, composed of decayed foliage, which for countless years had been lying on the rocks, was eaten up, and the little streams that the drouth of summer had not stopped were licked up to run no more. As the flames began to ascend the side of the mountain the sight became grander, and the boys could not keep their eyes from it, exhausted as they were, and looked at the awful sight as if fascinated by it.

As the sun sank behind the hills and it became darker, the picture was still grander, and with great reluctance they left the scene to go in to the supper that the woman and her brave little daughters had prepared for them since the extreme danger had passed. Then they went out again and watched the fire. The mass of the flame had passed beyond them, leaving on each side nothing but a blackened, smoky wilderness of unsightly stubs, here and there lighted up by huge trees still burning.

If the scene before them was grand, not so that behind them. The fire on the mountainside lighted up the whole country, and all they could see on either hand was darkness, desolation and ruin as far as the eye could reach. Where in the morning had been beauty, majesty and grandeur, there now was nothing but destruction, barrenness and ugliness. Surely fire is a hard master if a good servant.

Soon the fire had run up the side of the hills and disappeared over the tops; and there among the rolling clouds of smoke and leaping tongue of flame stood the Pulpit rock plainly in view. At its base was a seething furnace of fire; and its precipitous sides stood out in the darkness against a wall of flame. Just then their attention was called by one of the children to the top of the Pulpit. There plainly outlined against the light of the fire beyond was the figure of a man. He stood on the very edge of the rock perfectly motionless, as if looking over the terrible wreck the fire had made. Then for a moment he flung his arms above his head.

They could see that it was a large man, clothed in rags that fluttered as he moved. His head was surmounted by a mass of hair, and he had a long beard. For a moment he stood there, then flinging his arms high above his head as if calling additional disaster on the valley below, he took one step forward and flung himself into the mass of fire that raged far beneath. For a moment all were spellbound. Then the mother rose with a cry of horror, and gathering her children around her, went into the house and the boys followed her.

Shut out from the sight of the fire and the destruction, the boys soon became cheerful and told the woman about themselves and how they came there, and asked if there was any way for them to get out. She assured them that there was no way, for they were completely surrounded by the fire; and if it had been possible for any one to have got through, her husband, who was working for some one down on the river, would have come.

Until there had been a heavy rain and a strong wind, it was very dangerous to go where there had been a forest fire. Although the fire was past them, the smoke that arose from all sides was so dense as to nearly blind their eyes and so filled their lungs as to make every breath painful. The breeze which had been strong now died away, and it seemed to them all that they had been saved from fire to perish by smoke.

As the evening wore away mutterings of thunder were heard away to the east of them, and before midnight a heavy thundershower was on them, and never was a storm more welcome. Before the storm died away a number of men, headed by the woman's husband, reached the house. They had set out as soon as the rain came, hoping to find the family alive, but scarcely knowing how they could have lived. Great was the rejoicing when they found the family all well and the boys there safe and sound, and the party started back toward the village in a very much more cheerful mood than they had come.

Uncle Shaw was immediately told of the safe return of the boys, and he declared that there "cartainly was a special providence that looked out fer children an' fools." When the boys, the next morning, told him about the figure on the cliff, he said. "No doubt that's the crazy fellow that was out there at the camp where you was. He probably got caught in the fire, and seeing no way to get out of it, took that way to bring on the death that he had so long eluded, and I dunno as any of us ought to feel sorry that he is gone, for a body without the mind in it is the saddest I know of."

The next morning saw the visitors start for home; and many were the stories they had to tell of their trip up to Vermont, and of Uncle Shaw and some others. C. D. Chase.

In the Lodges of the Blackfeet.

Montvale, Tenn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note with pleasure the hearty outspoken expressions of appreciation of Mr. Anderson's delightful serial in Forest and Stream, and wish to heartily endorse both Mr. Anderson's work, and his admirers' appreciation of it. "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" is evidently a labor of love, and is of such excellence in itself, as fully to repay the writer, but when in addition to achieving so much, a writer receives the praise of a host of such men as have joined in extolling Mr. Anderson in the columns of Forest and Stream, he is indeed fortunate.

I thank Mr. Anderson for the beautiful story he has given us, and for disabusing my mind of errors under which I had labored for years, and which did great injustice to many of my fellowmen.

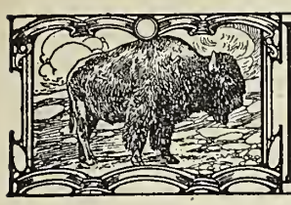
I sorrow with him that he sees nothing clearly beyond this little span, and join with Mr. Manly Hardy in the beautiful sentiment he expresses as his wish. Lewis Hopkins.

Spread of the Houseboat.

The wide distribution of the interest felt in houseboating in this country, is shown by the very widely scattered localities from which come orders for Mr. Hunt's new book, "Houseboats and Houseboating," the only volume that has ever been published on this interesting subject, and particularly useful on account of its illustrations and its plans for construction. Orders come from the Pacific Coast, from the Gulf of Mexico, from the great rivers of the West and from many points on the Great Lakes, the Middle States and New England.

It is curious to notice how slowly the interest in this delightful form of summer life has grown. There have been houseboats in America for a dozen or fifteen years, yet very few people have comprehended how comfortable and convenient they were. Since the publication of Mr. Hunt's book, however, people seem to be waking up. The N. Y. Sunday Sun recently devoted half a page to the subject with illustrations taken from this book, and only two or three weeks ago the New York Sunday Herald gave a full colored page to the subject, also with illustrations from the Houseboat book.

For the benefit of persons who have only heard of the book, and not seen it advertised, we may say that its price is $3 net, postage, 34 cents.



NATURAL HISTORY

Wild Oxen.

I READ in one of the May issues of FOREST AND STREAM of a dog that joined a band of wolves and became as savage and fleet of foot as the best of them, and brought to my mind a circumstance that came under my own observation, of a pair of steers that threw off all trammels of restraint and took to the bush.

I think it is worth recording, for it shows that even horned cattle brought up with care, and fed at regular intervals can support themselves, even through the rigor of a northern winter in the wild bush country.

In my early days on the Labrador we were in the habit of getting our winter beef on the hoof from the villages on the south shore. The cattle were sent over by schooner, late in the fall, and stall-fed until the cold weather set in, when they were killed and the carcasses hung up to freeze. As we had no wharf accommodation, the cattle were unloaded in a primitive and unceremonious way. The schooner anchored two or three hundred yards from the shore. The cattle sided up alongside the rail next the beach, and a couple of sailors introduced hand-spikes under the animal's body, the end engaging the top of the rail. At the word "Go" the beasts were hurled sideways into the water. Rising to the surface, after the plunge, they naturally struck out for the shore, where we had men with short ropes ready to secure them and lead them away to the stable.

On the occasion upon which I write we had a consignment of five three-year-old steers, the meat of which, augmented by the usual game of the country, was considered sufficient for the post's use during the following winter.

Two of the bunch reached footing in such a lively state that they baffled the combined efforts of our men to capture them, and with a few defiant snorts and bounds, they reached the primitive forest and were lost to view.

As soon as I realized that there was a possibility of the animals being lost to us, I turned out all the "hangers on" about the post, with our own men in hot pursuit. Night coming on shortly after, the hunt was given up, only to be resumed with greater energy the following day; but the nature of the ground being hard, hoof marks were indistinguishable, and to use dogs would only make the cattle wilder. Once more the men had to reluctantly abandon the search and return to the post, and although we kept up the hunt for several days more, we failed to locate the missing "meat."

In due course of time, snow covered the ground, and men circled the bush in the vicinity of the post without any results, and we had unwillingly to place the two steers on our profit and loss account.

Time went on, the winter passed, and the summer also, and none of the visiting Indians reported any signs of the cattle.

The following winter, in February, a party of hunters came in from the headwaters of the Moisie River, 150 miles north of us, and they reported having killed our cattle among a small herd of wood caribou. To prove their story they produced the horns which they had brought down all those miles on their toboggans as visible proof.

The report they gave me was as follows: They had come across the tracks of this small bunch of caribou (five) with which the oxen were living in consort, sometime in early December. The animals winded them and the hunters failed to sight the herd.

As the snow was yet shallow, they left them unmolested until after the New Year, when the men from the nearby camps organized a hunt expressly to run them down.

From hearsay they thought the strange tracks were those of moose, and were very much surprised when the herd was sighted to find they were horned cattle, and at once concluded (and very correctly) that they were the long lost cattle.

The chief informed me they were so fleet of foot that the five deer were come up with and killed before they overtook the steers, which were rolling fat, sleek of coat and had an under growth of wool such as the deer had, showing that under different circumstances nature had given them this protection against the severity of the climate.

I hardly think I would have credited their story with the proof, and further, the next summer, when they came in to trade on the coast, they brought me a piece of the thigh skin of each animal. Verily these oxen had a call from the wild and took it and became as one with the denizens of the bush.

Reading of the dog that fraternized and went off with the wolves brought this to my mind after a lapse of forty-one years.

MARTIN HUNTER.

The Colorado Museum.

DENVER, Colo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a news stand buyer and reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a good many years, I thought the inclosed would interest you. The natural history collection which a few of Denver's rich men are placing in such a fine home, will be an additional attraction in this attractive city.

A. ALLISON.

Mr. Allison sends this account of the new Colorado museum from the Denver Post:

On the crest of the hill surrounded by the wooded slopes of City park, there is a great unfinished building. An air of immensity pervades the place. The building of this structure is the first step in the establishment of the great Colorado Museum of Natural History. Within its walls are contained in endless confusion mounted specimens that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world. There too, are examples of the taxidermist's art that are priceless in value. From the standpoint of the collector they are treasures that can never be replaced.

A wonderful place is this museum, that will not be opened to the public for years, so immense is the project undertaken by the people of Denver.

A side door allows the visitor to enter the great building. Down a narrow flight of stairs he wends his way into the basement. The light from the unfinished windows floods the rooms, bringing from their shadowy corners hundreds of shapeless things that leer and nod in terrifying portent.

Arctic foxes are playing in a huge snow bank, so busy that they fail to note the presence of visitors. A dozen ducks, perched quaintly on shelves, converse together in low throaty tones. Hanging from the ceiling there are many skeletons, for these are taken from the animals and mounted separately. Lying stiffly on the tables are the papier mache forms used in the mounting of the finished animals. In one corner there is a pile of three or four packing boxes, and these contain enough skins to keep two men busy for five years, working seven days a week. In those several boxes there is material for more mounted specimens than there are now in the museum.

The main floor of the huge building resembles the meeting place of the animals of the world. Graceful flamingoes are gingerly treading their way through a spread of swamp land; a giant ox holds his head high in the air as he listens for the danger signal, and the snow at his feet shows where he has been digging for moss; pure white mountain sheep are swarming over a precipitous mountain side, while a herd of antelope is busy at the drinking place.

Great buffalo can be seen standing or lying at rest, and with them are giant moose and

YOUNG GULLS.
Photo taken on North Shore of Lake Superior, near Gros Cap, by F. F. Frisbie.

ANTELOPE GROUP IN THE CARTER MUSEUM.
Photograph by Joseph H. Langer, by courtesy of the Denver Post.

stately deer. A hideous monkey, clinging precariously to the branches of a tree, chatters to himself in lonely wisdom. Beautiful birds of paradise are merrily disporting themselves, and among them is one of a rich, luminous blue, the only one of its kind in the world. Ivory billed woodpeckers are rapping at the tree trunks as nonchalantly as if they were not already extinct and priceless in value.

The Colorado Museum of Natural History will be one of the greatest and most comprehensive institutions of its kind in the world. While never, probably, being favored with the wealth and general magnificence of the immense museums of New York and London, its location in a field from which all others draw their best and most valuable specimens, should give it a natural advantage.

The project was started several years ago. At that time Col. Edwin Carter, a famous Colorado hunter, had gathered a very extensive collection of mounted animals, some of them very valuable. He attained great fame for his collection, and people from all parts of the country visited his place.

The time came when he was desirous of selling the collection. Immediately a movement was begun in Denver to purchase it and make it the nucleus of a great museum. The project was received with favor by the people. About twenty-eight prominent men, numbering among them the Colorado millionaires, subscribed $1,000 each, and the city of Denver duplicated the total amount. Other subscriptions have been secured from time to time.

The association has spent from $125,000 to $140,000 on the museum. Following the purchase of the Carter collection, men were sent out to secure other specimens. At the present time a number are in the employ of the museum, traveling the west in search for material.

The work of eqipping a museum is expensive as well as difficult and tedious. Expeditions must be sent out, and the members must be supplied with everything that is necessary. Wagons must be secured, guides obtained, provisions and camp equipment provided, and every preparation made for a long and difficult trip.

The specimen found and secured, an artist must be sent to sketch in detail the surroundings. An accessory man then appears and he procures the eggs, if it is at the nest; the chickens, if there are any, or anything that may be in the pictures. The man who secures the specimen takes every possible measurement, skins it as only an expert museum man can, and prepares the hide and skeleton for their journey home.

Arrived there the taxidermist sets up the skeleton and after a long and delicate process shapes a perfectly formed animal out of papier mache. The skeleton is taken out and later set up separately. The skin of the animal is thoroughly soaked, and is then sewed on the form. An expert taxidermist takes into account every muscle that shows in the perfect animal and every line or feature. It is the process of completing a perfect animal that is known to so few taxidermists. The pliability of the skin after soaking allows it to stretch at every point, and the results of many attempts may appear absurd to the naturalist.

The Colorado Museum of Natural History will have perfectly mounted specimens. Experts who have visited the building from London and New York, declare that there is no work in the world to equal that already done here. The museums of the largest cities have stopped mounting mammals because they cannot find a man who thoroughly understands the work. Denver is unique in this respect. The mounting has been done by Rudolph Borcherdt, an expert employed continuously by the museum.

The local museum contains the two finest specimens of buffalo that have ever been mounted. They are enormous bulls, perfectly mounted, and each one is valued at $10,000. The case of ten mountain goats is the best of its kind in the world. There are very few ivory-billed woodpeckers, and the blue bird of paradise is the only one in any museum. The cases of antelope, wild turkey, pheasants and the musk ox are unsurpassed.

Three of the finest of the Mexican variety of our mountain sheep were sent from Old Mexico by Dall DeWeese, the famous hunter. He also sent two Pacific black tailed deer and a magnificent pair of moose horns from Alaska.

It is the object of the association to gather a great collection of Indian relics as well as geological material, and place them in the museum. The upper floor of the large building will be devoted to paintings.

No museum in the world has the site that nature and the city of Denver have given the Colorado institution. Its windows open on a magnificent view of the mountain range, while the shining buildings of the city are in the foreground.

MOUNTAIN GOAT GROUP IN THE CARTER MUSEUM.
Photograph by Joseph H. Langer, by courtesy of the Denver Post.

The officers of the association that is at the head of the museum are: John F. Campion, President; A. E. Reynolds, Vice-President; J. A. Thatcher, Treasurer; and J. T. Mason, Secretary. Mr. Mason, whose experience dates back many years in the South Kensington Museum, London and the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., is also the curator of the Colorado Museum.

More About the Pinnated Grouse.

The long article on the pinnated grouse published August 4, has awakened great interest and a number of comments on it have reached us. One of the most interesting of these is from Prof. Walter B. Barrows, of the Michigan Agricultural College, whose writings on ornithological topics are familiar to many of our readers. Prof. Barrows says:

"This bird was formerly fairly common over the southern half of the Lower Peninsula, and up to twenty years ago was abundant in many places in the prairie regions of the three southernmost tiers of counties. Even ten years ago it was not uncommon in this county (Ingham) and undoubtedly a few still exist here. I am not able to say positively where it is most abundant now, but my latest reports, some two and three years ago, indicated that there were still a good many in Calhoun, Kalamazoo and Van Buren counties, and it is fair to presume that they were locally common in the three counties south of those and bordering Indiana.

"There are vague Michigan accounts of the presence of this species along the Lake Michigan shore as far north as Traverse City fifty years ago, but I have no reason to believe that the species has ever been common north of the Saginaw Grand Valley in about latitude 43½ deg. The sharp-tailed grouse may at one time have existed in the upper part of the Lower Peninsula and in parts of the Upper Peninsula, but at present it is not known to occur except in Isle Royale in Lake Superior, where there appears to be a flourishing colony, but as yet I have been unable to obtain specimens so as to determine positively the subspecies.

"The ruffed grouse is still an abundant bird over a large part of the State and occurs in greater or smaller numbers everywhere. It has been reduced in numbers rather noticeably in the last decade, but this probably is due more to the cutting off of the timber and the clearing up and cultivation of the land than to the gun."

From Mr. E. E. Earle, Chief Deputy Game Warden of the State of Indiana, we have a further memorandum about pinnated grouse which relates to the crop of the present season. Mr. Earle says:

"Pinnated grouse are multiplying very rapidly in this State, there being greater numbers of these birds this year, judging from reports, than for many years heretofore. Laws protecting them are being rigorously enforced, and that together with a healthy sentiment in behalf of saving them, is causing a great increase."

The Eagle and its Prey.

Hamar, Norway.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the recent articles regarding the eagle, and will give you a "bunch" of experiences I have had with "the king of birds."

One fall, while hunting ptarmigan up in the mountains, I came across a lone sheep, lying on the ground that acted in a strange manner, and on investigating I found it was blind; both eyes had been torn out by an eagle which had left it to perish.

It was one of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen, the poor animal lying there miles from any human being awaiting the slow death of starvation, occasionally weakly throwing its head from side to side in a vain effort to get rid of the flies that were swarming by the hundreds in its eyeless sockets. A charge of shot at close range quickly ended its sufferings; but it was a sight that always will remain in my memory and forever made me an enemy of the eagle.

THE CARTER MUSEUM, DENVER, COL.
Photograph by Joseph H. Langer, by courtesy of the Denver Post.

Another case was told me by a friend who was stalking a bunch of reindeer, when suddenly an eagle swooped down on to the back of a yearling. Of course it was too big for him, but he did his level best, and later on, when the deer got shot, its back was quite a good deal torn up by the eagle's talons. I have several times, while hunting hares with dog, observed eagles following the course of the hare watching for a chance to get him; but the climax came when an eagle tried to get my dog. The bird kept hovering over the dog's back, occasionally making a dive for him, and every time the dog would make a savage snap. As I feared for the dog's eyes I whistled him in, the eagle following until within range, when its career was cut short by the old Remington.

As your correspond Big Game says in the Forest and Stream of June 16, the eagle does take foxes, which is one point in the old pirate's favor.

In the district where I generally do my hunting is a valley with precipitous mountain sides and about a half mile across.

One day an eagle was observed sailing across the valley with a fox in the talons. The fox was heavy, and it was far across. The bird came nearer and nearer the ground, and when within about a hundred feet, let go his quarry. The fox came down with a thump, but instantly slipped underneath some big boulders, where he was safe, but probably feeling rather "shook up."

Ch. G.

China's Empress as a Bird Charmer.

In her book "With the Empress Dowager" (The Century Company), Miss Katherine Carl gives this pretty picture of the strange power over birds exercised by the Empress:

"On one of our promenades in the park I saw a curious instance of her wonderful personal magnetism and her power over animals. A bird had escaped from its cage, and some eunuchs were making efforts to catch it, when her Majesty and suite came into that part of the grounds. The eunuchs had found it impossible to entice the bird back into its cage; nor would it come upon a long stick, with a perch attached, which they held up near the tree where it rested. The eunuchs scattered at the approach of her Majesty, and she inquired why they were there. The chief eunuch explained what they were doing, and the Empress Dowager said, 'I will call it down.' I thought this was a vain boast, and in my heart I pitied her. She was so accustomed to have the whole world bow to her that she fancied even a bird in the grounds would obey her mandate, and I watched to see how she would take her defeat. She had a long, wand-like stick, which had been cut from a sapling and freshly stripped of its bark. She loved the faint forest odor of those freshly cut sticks, and in the spring often carried one when she went out. They were long and slender, with a crook at the top. I used to think she looked like the pictures of fairies when she walked with these long, white wands. She would use them for pointing out a flower she wished the eunuchs to gather, or for tracing designs on the gravel when she sat down. Today she held the wand she carried aloft and made a low, bird-like sound with her lips, never taking her eyes off the bird. She had the most musical of voices, and its flute-like sound seemed like a magnet to the bird. It fluttered and began to descend from bough to bough until it lighted upon the crook of her wand, when she gently moved her other hand up nearer and nearer until it finally rested on her finger. I had been watching with breathless attention, and so tense and absorbed had I become that the sudden cessation when the bird finally came upon her finger caused me a throb of almost pain. No one else, however, of her entourage seemed to think this anything extraordinary. After a few moments she handed the bird to one of the eunuchs, and we continued our promenade."

The Wild Pigeons.

Edinburgh, Scotland.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A copy of Forest and Stream of July 7 has reached me, and I see that in my communication on "The Fate of The Wild Pigeon" the types insert a "not," which makes me say in one place the exact opposite of what I wrote or intended to write. Though all that followed showed my real meaning, yet I beg to correct the expression referred to. I was referring to the interesting papers of Mr. Waters detailing the testimony as to the known slaughter of the pigeons at their roosts, and I wrote, "The great and wanton slaughter certainly did take place exactly as these records set forth." The types have it, "certainly did not take place," etc.

I can hardly believe that the negative appears in my manuscript, for, as any one would see, on reading the remainder of the article, I paid tribute to the faithfulness of Mr. Waters' work—differing only from him in his inferences.

I wish I might be able to send you some game notes from Scotland, but I am obliged to leave just as the shooting season begins, and my observations in the field have been, though of great interest to me, of too slight a character to present.

C. H. Ames.

STIMULATION WITHOUT REACTION

After a day of enjoyable sport, it is wise to choose a drink which helps to restore the vital powers rather than one which tends to deplete them, as in the case with many drinks. Borden's Malted Milk is delicious, concentrated, nourishing, invaluable to the camper, made ready for use by adding water, hot or cold.—*Adv.*

GAME BAG AND GUN

A Snipe Hunt.

Slowly the dull grey in the east spread, gradually—almost imperceptibly—paling the brightness of the numerous stars, until all but one—a large twinkling body down in the western heavens—disappeared. Fighting foot by foot, inch by inch, this bright planet made a valiant stand, but ere the warm red rim of the rising sun peeped above the distant horizon, the battle had been lost, and there remained nothing in the broad blue expanse overhead to dispute his majesty's supremacy.

Interesting as this spectacle had been, there drifted down to us on the early morning breeze the sharp shrill whistling of a bunch of small yellowlegs we promptly forgot the troubles and affairs of our celestial neighbors, and strained our eyes to locate the birds. Soon we saw them, a dozen or more, off to the east, and as we crouched low behind the blind, the seductive calling of W., my companion, enticed them our way. Noticing our stool in the shallow salt pond, the whole bunch wheeled, and as they hovered with their long legs dangling, the old muzzleloader was thrust through an opening in the blind, and at the report three birds dropped, one dead and the other two only wing-broken. Scattering in all directions they soon reformed; and by the time the old gun was reloaded, skillful calling had again turned them our way, and attracted by the wounded birds and the decoys, they came within gunshot and were again raked by the shot, this time two of their number falling into the water.

Heeding not the pleading calling of W., the survivors scuttled off, and we watched them disappear in the haze to the southwest. Then I waded out to retrieve the fallen birds, but before I had the last of them picked up, W. called to hurry back as another bunch was coming, so I splashed back on the double quick, wetting myself almost to the waist in so doing. I was, however, none too quick, for another bunch of birds was coming directly toward us. Again the seductive whistling of W. brought them hovering over the decoys; again the old gun was poked through the opening in the blind; again there was the loud crashing report and several birds dropped from the bunch; again my companion nervously poured a charge of powder down the long barrel, while I handed him a wad and prepared a good sized charge of shot from the bottle in which the latter was carried. But this flock was wiser than the preceding one; no amount of calling could induce them to return, and we strained our eyes as we watched them disappear in the haze.

Thus is continued for several hours, flock after flock coming to our blind and paying more or less toll from their numbers, until we had a goodly pile of birds heaped in the shade behind the blind, but still there was no let up. Hearing the shrill whistling of another flock, we both ducked under cover; on came the birds until close to the stool; slowly the old gun was poked through an opening and—"You blasted fools, what's the matter with you? I have been blowing the horn and calling you for the last half hour, and now breakfast is cold waiting for you."

Slowly my senses returned, and glancing about I was surprised to see, instead of my boy chum of years ago, the bewhiskered face of my friend M.—a gunning friend of recent years—grinning as sheepishly as a country yokel. My surprise was still greater to find attached to my body, instead of the mud-bespattered, sun-burned bare legs of a boy, a pair of long sturdy limbs encased in hip boots, and leaning against the blind in a convenient place, not the old muzzleloader, but two light modern hammerless guns. Then it flashed through my mind that the pair of us had fallen asleep, and I had been dreaming of the days long past when snipe of all kinds were plentiful and a couple of boys with an old muzzleloader and a few decoys could frequently kill from one to two or more dozen small yellowlegs in an hour or so, and a single bird was rarely fired at.

Another tirade from C. (whose hospitality we were enjoying and who had been good enough to remain at the shanty to cook breakfast) brought both of us to our feet and we prepared to follow him back to the shanty for breakfast. Glancing, half expectantly, at the corner where I had piled the dream birds, I saw not a single specimen large or small, and slowly I followed the others across the marsh, but somehow I had lost all interest in snipe shooting, and for the rest of the day I must indeed have made a dull companion.

It was early morning, and as we ate breakfast, we could look far across the marsh; and in general appearance I could see very little change from the old days. There was the same salty smell of the sedge; the heat waves rose from the marsh and distorted distant objects in the same old way; the mosquitoes and the green flies were just as plentiful and voracious; the song of the seaside finches and the occasional clatter of a meadow hen had not in any way changed; while a belated quawk heavily winging its way to a patch of woods off across the marsh, helped the mind travel back over the lapse of time. Again I am a boy toting the old single muzzleloader around the marsh; again I can see the countless bunches of ox-eyes and ring-necks nervously flitting from pond to pond, with enough of the larger birds—yellowlegs, plover and dowitchers—interspersed to make things interesting. But my reverie is rudely disturbed, for around the bend of the nearby creek comes a noisy chugging launch, and I find it difficult to associate its occupant, lazily reclining in the stern, with the spritsail, or the more strenuous "white ash breeze" of twenty years ago; and for the first time there is borne in upon me the realization that the times have changed. No longer the sand dunes of our beaches are the exclusive resort of the curlew and the plover; no longer the meadows and marshes are the home of the yellowleg and the dowitcher. The distant horizon is now pierced and distorted by the gables and turrets of summer cottage and hotel, while the calls of the denizens of the marsh have been replaced by the chug-chugging of the motor boats.

And the snipe, where are they? Have they followed our companions of bygone days, the bare-footed, bare-legged boys, the old muzzle-

MR. W. C. WITHERBEE'S PRIZE MOOSE HEAD.

loader, the leaky old skiff with the broken oars and the patched sail? For the snipe shooter, the lover of quiet and solitude, it looks as if our Long Island marshes are forever doomed, and he who craves rest and recreation must seek elsewhere. JOHN H. HENDRICKSON.

Partridge Shooting in Germany.

IN Germany, partridge shooting begins, according to the district, on Aug. 18 or Aug. 24, as soon as the harvest has been carried. It is a great pity that it is allowed to open so soon in this country. Many people who carry guns nowadays fire at anything that gets up in front of them, and the consequence is that you see baskets full of undergrown birds that ought to have been left alone for at least a fortnight. This year birds were in general bigger and stronger on the wing, even so early as the 24th; but in the Mark of Brandenburg the beginning of last week, the birds were scarcely larger than good-sized starlings. The prospects for partridge shooting this year were exceptionally good in Germany. Here the summer was dry, and the weather during the hatching season was all that could be desired. During the last fortnight of August—that is to say, since the opening of the season—we have had mostly boisterous, cool and rainy days, with the exception of two or three, which were extremely sultry. The size of the bags sent up to market may have suffered in consequence, and, according to the old economic theory of supply and demand, the price has been affected. Only a few years ago, when we used to have hot weather at the end of August, I have known the market so overstocked that young partridges were almost given away, only 3d. apiece! This year young birds cost 4s. a brace for the first few days, old ones 2s. 6d.; and now, after a fortnight, the young ones are not to be had under from 2s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. a brace, old ones 1s. 10d. to 2s.

There was a time, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when certain leading personages, like Count Solms, took a great interest in the pointer, notably the English breed, and after him a few dog lovers paid a great deal of attention to the improvement of the German pointer. The same interest is unfortunately no longer shown in the English pointer, as may be seen from the attendance and results at field trials in the spring; but, on the other hand, the capacities of the German pointer have greatly improved of late years. No country in the world is so adapted for partridge shooting over a good dog that takes a wide field as Germany. There are no hedges to disturb the view, so that under ordinary conditions it is possible to mark one's birds, and the dog has free scope for his work. As most of the land is in the hands of peasant farmers, the shooting of an entire commune is let as a whole. As a consequence, a shooting tenant will have a complex of land of from 1,200 acres upwards over which he can roam. Formerly, as late as twelve and fifteen years ago, it was possible almost everywhere to rent a good shooting for a moderate sum. Now, alas! these good old sporting days belong to the history of bygone times. The moneyed men—be they bankers, butchers, pastry cooks, or innkeepers—as soon as they have amassed fortunes, hire a shooting, and are ready to pay a big sum for the "pleasure of sport." Hence, anything in the neighborhood of a large town fetches a price far in advance of its real value; but the tenant does not mind. He gets his exercise, and invites his friends, and the peasant farmers pocket the money with a contented grin!

In the districts where large landed proprietors go in for mangolds or beetroot, the shooting in long rows, is wearisome and tedious, although, of course, the bags at the end of the day may be very heavy, supposing the guns to be good; but it is in those communes, where the land is exclusively in the hands of small holders, where you get the most sport—real sport if you happen to have good dogs with you. To enjoy partridge shooting in this country—and that is precisely why shooting in Germany is so enjoyable—you must be prepared to rough it. Your shooting may be far from the beaten track, where modern ideas about inns have not penetrated; you may have to put up at a forester's (a gamekeeper's), who has very primitive, but clean ideas of domestic comfort; or you may be taken in by a village schoolmaster, who can be still more primeval in this regard, despite his decoration for services rendered to the State and the Crown; or you turn into a wayside hostelry where they seldom house town guests! There is nothing in any of these temporary resting places where the stranger is taken in indicating even a faint reflection of luxury in your surroundings, but you may be pretty sure of a welcome, of amiable faces, and good-natured words, for the people will do their best for you.

The peasant farmers of the communes, as I intimated above, make a little sum out of the rent of the shooting. It would be desirable if every farmer in every country appreciated, as he should do, the common interests of landowner and sportsman in regard to the preservation of partridges on the land. They are of the greatest value for getting rid of snails, etc., on the land. I can cite a comparison in "Wild und Hund" published by Paul Parey, in Berlin. On one of these estates the snails had almost completely ruined the young crops one year, so that the seed had to be sown again. On the other no damage was done at all. In the first case the shooting was in the hands of "slaughterers," who had no idea of preserving game, and had shot down almost every bird in the land; in the second pheasants were reared, and the partridges were preserved according to the rules of sportsmen. Impartial judges, who had experience of these things, were consulted, and declared without any hesitation that the good and the evil results both came from causes that could be specified. The game on the one estate—the partridges and pheasants, but mainly the partridges—had preserved its owner from the ravages of the plague of snails. Owing to the absence of the partridges on the other estate, the owner was a victim to the plague. Thus it can be seen that sport and farming should be friends and go hand in hand with one another. Deer must, of course, be fenced in where they do harm to crops, but partridges and such feathered game are infinitely more usful to the farmer than to the sportsman. The game should be reckoned with the crops as part of the profits of an estate.

All sorts of game—most of all red and roe deer—are influenced by the weather; but if one wishes to come well on to one's birds during the month of September, when one is subjected to various kinds of weather, the barometer must not be neglected. The partridge consults his barometer every day, and if one gets up early and takes a stroll to find out from the call of the birds where they are likely to lie during the day, one will be sure to find the old and experienced ones on the alert. After the morning feed in two or three places, when the birds independently look for their meal, they are summoned by the old ones, and receive from them the order of the day as to where they should lie. It is therefore possible, by careful observation, to know exactly where birds will be according to the weather. Of course, partridge shooting, to be enjoyable, and not burdensome, must only be undertaken when the weather is really fine, or at best moderately fine.—J. L. Bashford in London Field.

MR. W. C. WITHERBEE'S PRIZE MOOSE HEAD.

Mr. Witherbee's Prize Moose Head.

WE illustrate to-day the moose head winning third place in the FOREST AND STREAM competition. It was killed by Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, N. Y., who writes of it:

My head was killed the 18th or 19th of October last year on the Bear Lake Fish and Game Club tract in Pontiac county, P. Q., Canada, while still-hunting. I inclose measurements:

	Inches.
Spread in straight line	61½
Length of left antler (inside)	40½
Length of left antler (outside palmation)	52
Palmation of left antler	12×37
Points of left antler	11
Circumference of left antler above burr	10
Length of right antler (inside)	40½
Length of right antler (outside)	52½
Palmation of right antler	13×36
Points right antler	12
Circumference right antler above burr	10

A Bonanza Except That—

The following letter, written from Detroit, Mich., to the recipient in Eutaw, Ala., has been sent to us as a curiosity. The writer evidently has in view a mode of ducking which is not precisely in keeping with the genesis of our game laws:

"I have trapped ducks and geese (and other game) by the thousands week after week during the season in many countries, and if they are plentiful in your neighborhood, and you will send me exact description of the lay of the marshes and adjacent land, with the character of the water and the natural growth of their feed, both in deep and shallow water, I will show you how to catch them (all sorts) in the marshes, on the land and in deep and shallow water to your heart's desire.

"Everything is so closely preserved here that it is impossible to trap, and the shooting to an outsider is not worth the exposure in this horrible climate; but where a man is properly—that is to say, advantageously—located, it is an easy thing to clear from $100 to $300 a week; and it never scares the birds away but attracts them more and more all the time.

"If you mean business and will send to me (or to the G. T. A. of the R. R.) or any one you please, four first-class tickets (for self and family) good from this point to your place, I will come at once and show you how everything used is made, for it cannot be bought; and will give every instruction required, provided that upon arrival you pay me $25 down to enable me to locate and care for my family while thus engaged, and purchase yourself such material as is necessary to commence the trapping, which will be but a very small outlay. And I will then and there give you a receipt in full of all demands; and inside of the first two weeks I can safely promise you that your catch will more than double and, if the birds are plenty, be more than four times the total cost of your venture.

"I will not reveal my *modus operandi* to any living man for less than $250, cash down, for it is as good as a gold mine to one who can operate.

"I am willing to do a great deal to obtain the chance to operate where I can make all the money I want in a few weeks.

"If you purchase the tickets here or send them to any one, notify me by same mail that no time may be lost."

Game in Hawaii.

The visitor to Hawaii will do well to bring his gun with him, for, although Hawaii is not what might be termed a shooter's paradise, still there is enough game, both furred and feathered, to make a trip afield with shotgun or rifle interesting.

Doves, or Chinese pigeons, everywhere abound and provide good sport. Pheasants are fairly plentiful on all the islands of the group, and at certain seasons good bags of duck and plover may be made. The latter two birds are migratory, going north to breed in May and returning about the beginning of September. Curly and black brant are occasionally met with.

Hawaii has two indigenous birds, the Hawaiian teal duck and the Hawaiian goose. The former, which much resembles its mainland cousin, is found in sequestered ponds and streams. The habitat of the goose is the base of Mauna Loa, on Hawaii.

California quail are abundant on all the islands except Oahu, and royal or mountain quail are to be found on Molokai. Quite recently several pairs of Eastern quail, the Bob-White of the States, were turned loose on Kauai.

Wild turkeys are sometimes bagged on all the islands, but these fine birds are becoming very scarce. Wild peacock and guinea fowl, whose progenitors undoubtedly escaped from captivity, have been reported from Hawaii and elsewhere.

The mongoose works havoc with the ground-nesting feathered game of the islands. On Kauai, where there are none of these pests, game is more plentiful than on any other island. Retribution is overtaking the mongoose, however, for, having killed off the insectivorous lizards he is himself being consumed alive by a tick which threatens to make life unbearable, if not impossible, for the little creature.

For the lover of rifle there are numerous deer on Molokai to claim this attention, while all the islands, especially Kauai and Hawaii, have wild cattle, pigs and goats.

Sea fishing, if scientifically prosecuted, would undoubtedly yield satisfactory results, the aku and kawakawa, ocean bonito hardly distinguishable from each other, and the gamiest of fish abounding in the waters near Honolulu.

There are no carnivorous beasts or lurking snakes to imperil the sportsman, though a spice of danger may be found in the quest of wild cattle and pigs.—Honolulu Advertiser.

Massachusetts Game and Fish.

President William Brewster, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has a delightful home in Concord, Mass. He owns a tract of more than 300 acres, only about a dozen acres of which are cleared land, situated three miles from Concord village in the direction of Carlisle. He is riparian owner of a mile of the north bank of the river, besides a portion of the southerly shore. On an eminence overlooking the stream, he has a fine log cabin for the family, and another for the accommodation of invited guests. The old farmhouse in which he is now living was built in the year 1720. The grounds have every variety of tree growth indigenous to New England; and in many sections of open land have been planted a great variety of flowers, such as will thrive in a partial clearing. The predominating idea, however, has been to maintain the conditions of the landscape in its natural condition, rather than resort to artificial embellishment, so common in the treatment of public parks.

In strips of lowland there are several patches of good woodcock cover, and plenty of cover adapted to quail and ruffed grouse. In our tramp we flushed one partridge that was sitting on a nest with ten eggs. No shooting nor building of fires is allowed on the premises; but many canoeing and boating parties go ashore for lunch and a stroll in the woods. So long as they observe the necessary rules they are entirely welcome, Mr. Brewster says.

Quite near the house is a pond formed by damming a small stream. The location is admirably adapted for taking observations of the various species of native birds, and is the home of a good number of game birds. Stretching to the northward is one of the largest areas of forest land within fifty miles of the Hub, if not in the State, extending a distance, Mr. Brewster told me, of some three or four miles.

The water front is to be looked after this summer by Prof. E. H. Forbush, the entomologist of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Henry Purdy kindly acted as my escort from Boston, and it affords me pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Brewster and Mr. Purdy for one of the most enjoyable outings of the season, in fact, one of the pleasantest within my recollection.

Boston, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Wall, of Plymouth, to whom were sent a few dozen live quail in the spring, brought into the office the shells of sixteen quails' eggs, all of which had been hatched in a nest found by him. Mr. Wall says these were without doubt laid by the birds the association sent him this year. The birds had been liberated in a section where there were no quail previously. This evidence of the good results of bird planting is of such a character that no reasonable man can doubt it. Whether birds transplanted from their native habitat breed during the first season in their new home or not is a question on which all are not agreed. It may be that some of them do not. Evidence is not wanting that many of them mate and go right on with the work of propagation just as they would in their native covers.

A gentleman who has been in towns along the south shore tells me that he saw a good many shore birds that had been driven in by the heavy fog that has prevailed for many days all along the coast of New England and the maritime provinces. A few have found their way to the Boston market.

The secretary of the sportsman's club in Turner's Falls, writes that there were more birds last year and are more this year than there were for four or five years previously, and he thinks the outlook for fall shooting is encouraging. They have seen no quail for a few years, but "hope they may come here again." Some very good strings of trout, he says, have been taken and the small trout in the streams are increasing, as the result of the fry and fingerlings the club has planted from time to time.

From other reports, not very numerous however as yet, the indications are that the hatching season and the few weeks following that, which is a critical time for fledglings, were so favorable as to encourage hopes of a good number of quail and grouse in the covers.

Controversies over the question of how far the citizen should be willing to go in surrendering what he has considered his rights on bodies of water used for the supply of cities, are still coming to the front. A few days ago the State Board of Health gave a hearing on the subject. The hearing grew out of petitions filed with the selectmen of various towns including Arlington, Carver, Fall River and about twenty-five others. As counsel for the owner of Sandy Pond in Lincoln, G. M. Pond, Esq., said his client's cow couldn't drink in the pond. At present he said, cattle cannot be kept on the watershed of a water supply; farming cannot be carried on there nor sheds built. The owner in question, Mr. Smith, of Lincoln, argued that citizens are being deprived of their rights without compensation and are forced to contribute more than their share to the good of the public. Mr. E. W. Keith, of Brocton, as an owner of property on the shore of the Lakeville ponds, said cottagers there were willing to observe proper rules, but should at least be given a hearing before the boating and fishing privileges are denied them. The end of these controversies is not yet in sight.

These people who think fish are not to be taken in Maine in August have something to learn. The fishing regions furnish such a variety of waters that it is to my certain knowledge an all-summer fishing State. For fly-fishing in the larger lakes the best of the year is usually for a few days following the middle of June; sometimes, as this year, it continues good for several weeks. Probably the present year, which has been an exceptional one, there were more fish taken on the fly in July than in June. Then there is usually a portion of September when the fish will rise to the fly. In Kennebago Lake the writer has taken fish enough on the fly several summers to keep the camp supplied in the month of August, but not large ones. Such fish were taken, however, by deep fishing at certain points in the lake. But no one should go into the Rangeley region just now without first ascertaining whether there are accommodations to be had, unless he plans to tent out, for if reports are not exaggerated, there has never been a season when the camps have had so large a patronage in August as this year. H. H. Kimball.

A Memorial for John Stroud.

The news of John Stroud's death causes deep regret to those who shared what was probably his last hunt less than a year ago. On the twentieth of last September, he planted a standard, bearing a tattered sleeve, on the summit of Mt. Sylvester.

Nothing could be more appropriated than some lasting inscription in its place to his memory. This mountain is the chief land mark in that part of Newfoundland which was especially his home. He undoubtedly knew the surrounding region earlier and better than any other white man. He was a man of commanding and lovable character and did much to increase the knowledge and respect of many in England and America for both his country and his countrymen.

These would be glad to know his name written large on some rock that he loved, as it is in the memory of all who came in contact with him.

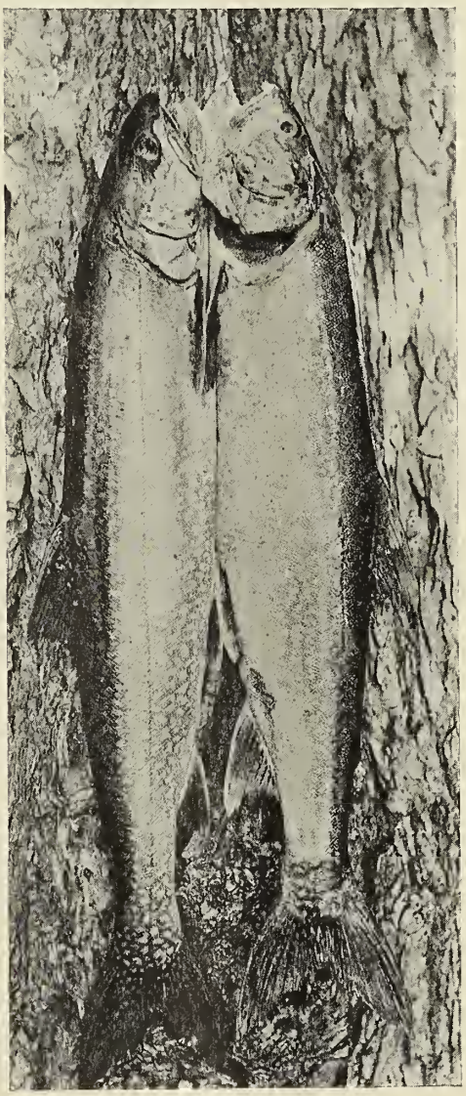
SEA AND RIVER FISHING

From the Beaverkill.

At last we are having real Sullivan county weather, cool, sunshiny days, and nights so cold that blankets are necessary for comfort. Day by day the river has dwindled in size, the water is clear as air and the trout are hidden away, or have voyaged up stream in search of cool water. Sport is very indifferent at this time on this portion of the stream, but conditions improve as one goes upward toward the source, and fair fishing can be had on some of the preserves, or on any free water that may be found here and there. Some of the farmers who have sold outright a strip of land on both banks running through their properties, find that they have parted with their chief asset, if at any time they wish to sell out in toto. Who cares for a farm through which runs a fine stream from which one is debarred? I should not feel that I owned the place at all. I can understand this parting with the river when a large compensation was received, but in some cases the price was very small. At one large house formerly patronized by many anglers and their families, I hear there are but three boarders this summer. In this instance parting with the fishing rights was simply suicidal. However, in the early part of the season, when the fishing is really good, a great deal of free fishing can be had in the lower reaches of the Beaverkill. Before making arrangements for board and rooms at any house, it will be advisable to make inquiries in regard to the extent of free water in the neighborhood. Hereabouts it is three or four miles. The largest native trout I have seen in Sullivon county in eight years, was killed on a small brook near this place last Saturday. It was in fine condition and measured fourteen inches. Many brown trout are taken of greater size than this, but even in the old days, when *fontinalis* was in full possession of the region and *fario* was unknown, a native trout weighing a pound was a big fish.

I have never been able to account for this satisfactorily. All these rivers are full of trout food, minnows abound, and after the fish reach a certain size, these are necessary, I think, to continue development. At least, it will be noticed that in some of the Maine lakes which contain no minnows, really big trout are never taken, while in the lakes near by where small fish swarm, enormous trout are occasionally killed. Many of the Maine lakes have been heavily stocked with smelt to provide food for the landlocked salmon which were introduced years ago. Of course the salmon were indigenous in some parts of Maine. I presume that after a forty pound salmon, the greatest prize which an angler can desire, is a ten pound brook or river trout. Such a fish has always been a possibility in Maine and I believe that brown trout of this size are now in existence in streams within a hundred and fifty miles of the city of New York. The record is something over nine pounds (leaving out the extraordinary trout found several years ago in a tributary of the Beaverkill. This fish is said to have been over three feet in length, but owing to its poor condition only weighed fifteen pounds), and anyone who has viewed the Beaverkill below its junction with the Willowemock, below Rockland, will agree with me that no water could be better fitted by nature to support big trout. This portion of the river affords good fishing early in the season, possibly at other times if one knows where the spring holes are.

On Saturday evening I toiled vainly for an hour or more, but mounting a small fly, the chubs or fallfish came to my rescue. When one can see these chubs rising and try for individual fish, the sport is just as good as trout fishing until after the chub is hooked. I imagine that I am casting over a fine trout and am only undeceived by the lubberly play of the silvery chub. In the end I did kill three good trout, in addition to the other fish. I believe that chub consume a large quantity of food which should go toward nourishing the trout. Therefore am in the habti of killing the big ones; as usually someone can be found who is fond of eating them. It is poor fun to kill anything which is perfectly useless as food. I have given split winged flies a good trial this season and sometimes find them killing. Occasionally they have a trick of spinning in the air on the back cast,



CANANDAIGUA LAKE TROUT.
Photo by Lou L. Smith.

particularly if tied spent gnat fashion with wings laid on horizontally or almost flat on each side of the hook. It is quite delightful however, to see a big fish come up and suck in one of these flies in the quietest most confident way.

What one misses most in summer is the hatch of natural flies. If the water becomes heated by the sun, this ceases almost entirely and if there are no natural flies, no rising trout will be seen. The prettiest of all sport to me is this casting to a fish which is quietly taking in the real flies, particularly if I have reason to believe that it is a large trout. Light and accurate casting are necesary and I find that two or three strands of very fine gut on the end of the tapered leader are advantageous. With this one must be careful in striking, not to use too much force. There are few habits harder to overcome than that of hard striking. We have all seen small fish fairly yanked out of the water and maybe have done this ourselves. The smallest possible movement of the rod is required and it is not necessary to volley a rise with the rapidity which some people advocate. The action of the rod we use has much influence on striking, as with the old-fashioned willowy rod, quick action was necessary and a little too much force did no damage. With one of the powerful lightning quick split bamboo rods of our best makers, a light hand is most desirable. Too much power in the strike will break the fine gut or leave a fly in the mouth of the trout. One day when I was particularly clumsy, I lost three flies in this way and probably added considerably to the shyness of three good trout. I wish that a knot could be devised for eyed hooks that would be entirely mechanical in the making. With small hooks and small eyes it is a perfect nuisance threading the eye and making the knot when the light is failing. Few men emjoy the strong keen sight of youth, yet eyed hooks have advantages over snelled hooks which are bringing them into use more and more as years go on. As far as my knowledge goes, what is called the "Turtle" knot is simplest and best. I have no confidence in the Pennell jam knot unless the gut used in coarse enough to fill, or almost fill the eye of the hook.

With the water low and clear as air it is almost as pleasant to stroll along the river without a rod and view all that its depths reveal.

On Sunday afternoon I saw many interesting things. A fine school of large trout, for instance, gathered some yards out from the mouth of a small cold brook. At any other time these fish could not have been discovered, but the sun was high in the heavens, making every object distinctly visible. Two enormous chub were sailing about, but soon returned to the depths of the pool. Muskrats swam close along the bottom for long distances, disappearing beneath piles of brush wood or old roots without making a ripple or coming up for breath. What kind of lungs have these beasts? It seems to be possible for them to remain under water as long as they wish. If it was not for the musky odor, I fancy that young rats would make interesting pets. Young raccoons are as funny as monkeys and much nicer in their habits. They are cleanly as possible and wash all their food. A young woodchuck is exactly like a tiny bear and infinitely diverting in its ways. All these animals when very small have slight fear of human beings. They begin feding almost at once and are usually strong and healthy. Fear of man appears to be taught to young creatures by their parents and not to be instinctive as was formerly believed. A young but fully feathered swallow had no fear but would take flies freely from the hand shortly after meeting with an accident which impaired its power of flight.

Beaverkill, August, 19 6. Theodore Gordon.

An Old, Old Question.

New York, Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is fishing for salmon with bait considered sportsmanlike?

On a recent visit to Newfoundland I met an experienced salmon fisher, who told me that he had on several occasions taken fine salmon with bait.

I mentioned this to anglers whom I met later at Salmonier, and was told that while the salmon would sometimes take a bait, no true sportsman would catch them in that manner.

Is there any reason why it should not be as legitimate to catch salmon with bait as with a fly? Whidden Graham.

Frog Hunting in Pennsylvania.

Not long ago, a lady who has the reputation of knowing something of human nature, observed that mankind is divided into two classes, those who like frogs and those who don't. To prove her statement, which possessed an epigrammatic flavor, she asked every one in the room in which she happened to be at the time, and sure enough the company was divided in the manner she declared. It is true that another woman who heard of the event, and who was envious of her sister's reputation as an epigrammatist, declared that the answers proved nothing, since, on most questions the world might be divided into two factions, and besides there was, most likely, in the company some who probably had never tasted frogs, and who therefore took sides either from hearsay or prejudice. Be that as it may, it is a fact beyond dispute, that frog legs find a ready sale in the markets of the United States. Moreover, the demand is steady enough to keep many thousand boys and men busy for some months in the year hunting and slaying the croaking denizens of the ponds and stagnant pools.

Some people are mean enough to assert that America, like England, wants to "hog" everything in sight, and these may find an illustration in that it has taken from France the right to be called a nation of frog eaters. For the last ten years at least, the United States has been consuming more frog legs every six months than France in a year. At least, that is the assertion.

Frog hunting and frog eating is certainly extensive enough to have caused consternation among many frog hunters and joy among frog eaters generally, when, two years ago, the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act protecting the amphibian. It is true that when the bill was introduced, the members of the Legislature treated it as a huge joke, and laughed heartily during its passage through the two chambers; but they voted for it solidly, and the Governor signed it. There were many semi-humorous remarks among the solons because the bill emanated from Berks county, one of the bulwarks of the "Pennsylvania Dutch"; but the bill became a law, nevertheless. Curiously enough, admirable as was the intent of the measure, the humorists had some color for their levity, although they did not evidently know it at the time, for the framers managed, after the alleged fashion of a German wrestling with the English language, to so construct the act, as to get its meaning "hindforemost".

The author of the act clearly meant that the open season for killing frogs shall begin on the first day of July and end on the first day of November; but if a strict grammatical construction be followed, it is lawful under the act to kill frogs at any time of the year, excepting from July 1 to Nov. 1. In consequence, the Department of Fisheries, with the shameless connivance and support of high legal luminaries, has been moved to borrow a leaf from the statesman who asked, "What is the Constitution among friends?" and adopt as a motto, "What is grammar to those who wish to protect frogs?" In other words, to support the evident design of the framer of the act and ignore that axiom of the law which declares that a "statute must be construed literally."

So the frogs croak in comparative safety during the balmy days of April; during their love-making and during their first family raising. Not that they are devoted and tender guardians of their progeny, the greatest solicitude of each seems to be lest his neighbor eat more of his own polywogs than he does himself; but it sounds better to attribute to him virtues which he don't possess, than to picture him as he really is, a cannibal of unblushing and winking effrontery.

On July 1 boys and men begin the quest of frogs with nearly the same enthusiasm that the angler does for trout on the opening day of the season. Only in some respects, the enthusiasm of the frog hunter is usually unlike that of the trout fisher, founded not on one, but on two sentiments, the craving for both sport and coin. The frog hunter in Pennsylvania has an advantage over the trout fisher. He can, at the close of his outing, sell the results of his sport, while under the law the trout fisher must either eat his catch or give it away to his friends, neither of which is always entirely satisfactory when he is hard up, or is tempted by the silver of a man with a mouth for trout but with no ability to catch them.

There are no legally prohibited devices for the capture of frogs. Anything is etiquette which will accomplish its object. Bare hands, a stone, a club, a hook and line, a gun, a gig or spear, or a trap, all these or anything else short of dynamite are permissible, and any or all of them are likely to be used as occasion arises.

Much is heard of the eagerness with which a frog will seize a hook dangled in front of him when the hook has attached thereto a piece of red flannel; but a piece of red flannel as a bait for bullfrogs is what the artificial fly is for trout on a well whipped stream. Hence there are other methods in greater favor among those who go out after quantity in lieu of sport pure and simple, although it is doubtful if a frog hunter goes out often without a piece of red flannel in his pocket. A hook with a piece of flannel attached is most affected by the small boy, when he don't use his hands or his hat or a stone or a club. It is the device which he most vividly recalls on arriving at manhood and the after days, when he may safely lie about his early prowess to his children without his veracity being openly challenged.

The favorite device of the caterer for the market is a spear made like a fish gig, only smaller, and the best time is night. Daylight quests may yield good results, but usually not as good as at night. Besides, there is then more attractiveness about the sport. The stillness of the darkness, the heaviness of the night shadows, the gloom of the waters, the flare of the gig lights appeal to the average healthy man or boy who goes hunting for frogs much more strongly than the sunlight, the hum of human and animal life or vistas of scenery.

Still a frog is a frog both by night and by day. He is as good to eat when caught in daylight as in the darkness. His legs have a distinct marketable value, and hungry stomachs and appreciative palates long for them. So from the first of July until after the first of November, both in daylight and darkness, the frog leads as strenuous an existence as even President Roosevelt could desire.

When frogs are plentiful and the hunter skilled, the latter may, by the use of a gig or spear, be able from the falling of darkness to midnight to capture enough "bullies" to bring him in a "daddy" dollar, perhaps another to keep it company.

A throw or cast net and a scoop net with a long handle are also pet methods with many, and both are very effective at times. Only the man who uses the first-named in Pennsylvania must of necessity be wary of when or how he uses it, or who is around at the time. There is no law against catching bullfrogs with a cast or throw net; but the fishery authorities have a strong and unyielding antipathy to the device, and should a warden happen along, the user might and probably would be driven to his wits' end and exhaust all his resources to explain and prove that he was only catching frogs with it.

There is as much fun in catching frogs with a scoop net as there is in catching crabs with the same device, and it requires quite as much expertness and agility, if indeed it does not require more. It is not as easy as it looks, for generally there are grasses, lilypads, and logs to bring the user to confusion. But there are men who will employ no other method, and who become so expert that their bag will average as heavy as that of the man who sticks to the gig or spear. Obviously a scoop net is only at its best during the day time and obviously, whereever possible it is more desirable than the gig or spear, because the frog is not mutilated and is therefore easier to skin.

Just as some people will only use a scoop net, so there are others who will employ only a flobert rifle. A marksman will often secure a goodly number; but of all the methods it is the most expensive on account of the cost of the cartridges. It is not so much the market men who use the flobert as the person who desires a mess of frogs for his own consumption and to exhibit his skill as a marksman. Young men and boys are oftenest seen with the rifle, and it must be said that it is this class who seems to get the most enjoyment out of their occupation, especially when there is some one looking on and the mark is hit.

There are three species of frogs more or less numerous in Pennsylvania. These are the leopard, the green and the common bullfrog. The last-named is preferred by the market hunter because of its great size. It is the "bloody bull" of boyhood days, the frog which utters such a loud booming sound. It is the species which soothes the nature lover to sleep at night by his resonant notes and arouses fury in the savage breast of the city man who don't care a hang for nature, but who does demand quietness when he goes to bed in the country.

The common frog is not only huge in length and girth, but he has great sturdy legs on which there is much meat. The green frog is preferred by those who kill for their own eating, and by the real epicures in frog flesh. The green frog is much smaller than the common, its legs are much slimmer and with less flesh, but is much more delicate and delicious. The green frog is the diamond back turtle among frogs. It is the tidbit of the species, the sweetbreads, so to speak. Alas! alas! however, people do not always eat green frogs when they think they do. Just as like as not they are eating the leopard frog, and don't know the difference. Perhaps if some of them knew at the time, they would be in wild paroxysms of terror, because among some there is a superstition that the leopard frog is poisonous as food. It isn't, and a good thing it is not, otherwise there would be hundreds lying in their graves, for the market hunter, to the last man, will kill and skin and sell a leopard frog as quickly as he will any other kind. It is sad, but true, that after the skin of a leopard frog has been stripped from his body and legs, the skinner believes, with the great and mighty Franklin, that "all cats are gray in the dark."

W. E. Meehan.

Newfoundland Notes.

Reports from the various rivers tend to prove that salmon, grilse and sea trout are improving in weight and number. From all parts of the island come wonderful tales of fish landed and lost.

We have had several distinguished visitors this season. Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada; Countess Grey, Lady Sybil, Lord Howick, Capt. Trotter, Col. B. Rhodes, Capt. Moore, Col. S. Lards, Mayor I. Hogan, Hon. Redfield Proctor, Vermont; C. H. Parsons, clerk of the District Court, and president of the Board of Aldermen, Gloucester; Mr. Mott, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, New York; and so on, and hundreds of other ladies and gentlemen not so well known to the average reader.

Here are some random cuttings from the various reports that have come in:

Saturday Lady Sybil Grey got three salmon and four grilse, and Lord Howick one salmon and six grilse. Their total catch to Saturday was fifty fish, trout, grilse and salmon, weighing 280 pounds, the salmon averaging over ten pounds. Next day they fished at Harry's Brook and had good sport. Lady Sybil landed a 11½ pound salmon after a fight lasting eighty-five minutes.

His Excellency, Sir William McGregor, Governor of the island, accompanied by Mr. Willie B. Reid, were fishing in Glenwood territory and reported for 300 trout and one salmon. They fished earlier at North Branch and the Governor captured one fish 17½ pounds weight besides a number of smaller size. His Excellency thoroughly enjoyed his trip.

Sir William besides being an ardent angler, is also one of the most accomplished Governors we ever had. He has high degrees in medicine and surgery; he is an excellent linguist. One of the first tasks he set himself on assuming office

in the island, was to compile a statement showing the results of the fisheries of Newfoundland for the last one hundred years. He amassed a large fund of valuable information on this subject, and his work now is accepted as the standard. He took a keen interest in the total eclipse of the sun last year and went to Labrador to observe it, with the result that he gathered some very valuable data. He is now engaged in gathering facts and figures as to the delimitation of our boundaries on Labrador. Canada has found that this portion of our dependencies is liable to become valuable on account of its timber and mineral wealth, and is trying to gobble it up. This promises to be a source of friction between the island and Canada in the near future. The Governor's data will go a long way in clearing it up. Sir William also takes great interest in the preservation of our game and fishes, and will likely inaugurate measures for their future regulation and preservation.

Mr. Conrad, of Halifax, reports that a few days ago an American angler on the West Coast made a record betwen daylight and dark by catching sixty salmon ranging from 10 to 12 lbs.

Dr. and Mrs. McCullough, N. Y., caught forty salmon at Fishells Brook, the largest weighing twelve pounds. Mr. H. D. Reid caught a 24-pounder at Fishells. Messrs. I. S. Munn and W. R. Warren landed twenty-six salmon at Salmonier.

Inspector O'Rielly is prosecuting some "sports" who went up Little River, La Hume Bay, and killed between 300 and 400 salmon and left them to rot. The Inspector visited the place, but the stench was so awful he had to get out.

At South Branch, on Saturday, forty salmon and ten grilse were taken; the salmon weighed ten to twenty pounds each.

Mr. Mott secured twenty salmon in three days at Little River, one of them over eighteen pounds. Several fish of similar weight were caught in Grand River and Robinson's Brook.

At South Branch yesterday, Mr. Mitchell caught a 30 pound salmon, the largest landed for two years.

At Grand River, Fishells, Crabbles and Humber, all the rodmen are getting good catches, one rod secured over forty fish, several of them weighed twenty-eight pounds and one thirty pounds.

Mr. A. String captured a German brown trout in Gull Pond, twenty-eight inches long and weighed five pounds.

Mr. W. Clapp returned from Brigus Junction with five dozen lovely trout.

Several parties who were off in different directions are reported for catches from ten to forty dozen trout. Mr. McNeily, K. C., who is known locally as our prince of anglers, showed the writer yesterday a beautiful rainbow he caught the night before in a nearby lake. Mr. Mac besides being an authority on angling and game matters, is a chaste and elegant writer. His contributions to local papers and magazines are eagerly sought by local sportsmen for the information they contain, as well as for the fact that they rank as local classics. He spent the day on the lake and didn't get a rise, but that didn't interfere with his enjoyment of the surroundings. At dusk he hooked and killed the beauty and was amply repaid for his day's outing. Mr. McNeily is not a count fisherman. He never encouraged fish gluttony. He is the type of a growing class of sportsmen in this community who know when to stop fishing. The catch of fish will have to be regulated by law. It is outrageous for men to be killing hundreds of salmon and sea trout. It is not angling, it is butchering.

Last week while the telegraph was advising us that numbers of persons were being prostrated with the heat in New York and other American cities, where the glass registered from 85 deg. to 93 deg. and higher, we had clear lovely weather with a glass ranging between 65 deg. and 70 deg. The Americans especially enjoyed the climate and scenery, and were so enthusiastic, that it is safe to say that from henceforward Newfoundland will be the summer playground of America.

The reports from the streams are most encouraging; salmon, sea trout and grilse were never more plentiful.

One party of Scotch "sports" caught over 300 salmon and grilse and left them to rot on the bank at Little River. The Minister of Fisheries is after them and it is the prayer of all true anglers that they be caught and convicted and taught a lesson that will serve them and other kind as a warning for the future.

A carrier pigeon was shot at Grand Bruit near the southwest point of the island. It pitched on a fence near the post-office, and it was reported to the post-master as a hawk. He got his gun and shot it and found it was a carrier pigeon. On one of its legs was a silver ring with the following inscription, "D. B. M., 1905."

Various theories have been put forward to account for its presence there; the most probable is that the bird was liberated from some ship and rested here on its homeward journey. Probably some reader of FOREST AND STREAM may be able to solve the questions whence it came and whence it was bound.

W. J. CARROLL.

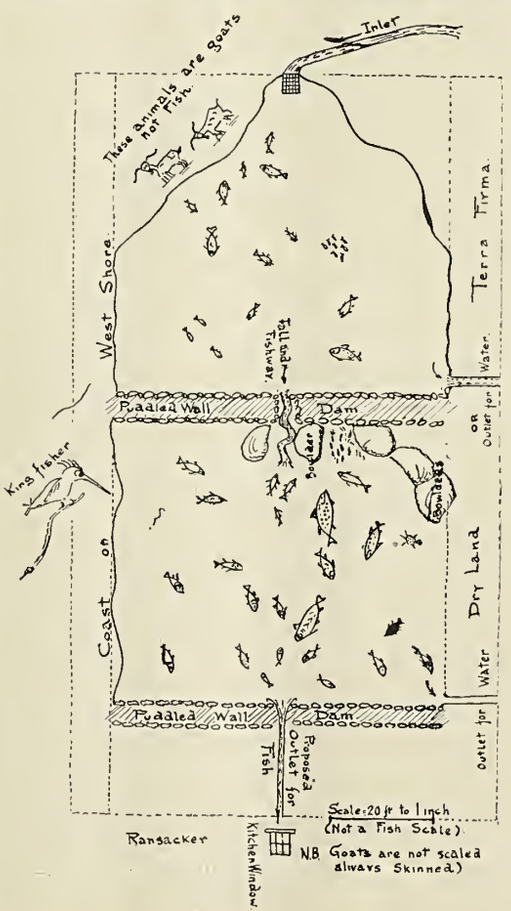
Chute from Pond to Pan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As my lodge or wickyup is on the banks of a trout stream in the mountains, I have long been interested in these gamy little fish. Wether taken from their sparkling and foaming element with the ignoble combination known as rod and line—that is to say a pole, a string and a villainous barbed bit of steel—(manipulated by an animal of superior ingenuity or deviltry) or left to flash their jewels in the crystal stream, they are always fascinating to me. They are, forsooth, also pleasant to eat. Many people and most cats enjoy them.

Being interested in these creatures, and having tried with little success to prevent their utter extermination in the brook, it occurred to me two or three years ago to make a small refuge for some of them by creating an artificial pond. This I accomplished after contention with numerous obstacles and much hard labor.

On the west side of my shack there was a boulder-strewn expanse of worthless ground, and upon a portion of this I ultimately succeeded, by damming and excavating, in making



two very picturesque and satisfactory ponds. The ground sloped toward the house, and being divided by two dams, the upper pond was given a fall of about six feet to the level of the lower one, and the surface of the lower one is a trifle below the level of our cook stove, and only about thirty feet of space intervenes. From an economical computation of these advantages it may be deduced that this is a good thing for us, but it may prove a little summary to the fish.

You will doubtless perceive that under this arrangement it will be easy for me to add a chute from the lower pond to connect with a frying pan in the kitchen, without much trouble or delay. In fact, after the fish become accustomed to these modern appliances, I expect them to come into the kitchen when I pound upon a pan or toss bait into the chute. The subsequent proceedings will not interest the fish very long. That the scheme is practicable I have at present the assurance of about fifty fine trout in the ponds which answer to signals and come as far along as the water now reaches.

These trout I succeeded in taking from the brook, from time to time, with the hook, those that were injured in the process being killed for use, while only the uninjured were put in the ponds.

As the water is about as clear as air we can watch the fish in the ponds with great interest and pleasure. The trout placed in the pond a year ago spawned, and a rising generation—or one that will rise—is in evidence. Besides trout, in the lower pond I have half a dozen fish I believe to be bass, a dozen or more suckers in golden apparel, and several riffle pike. All of the several styles of fish have evidently multiplied, for there are now shoals of fish an inch or so long, with distinguishing characteristics.

While I was collecting much information from my experiments, which I may use in future, at this time I will content myself with sending you these brief notes.

I inclose a drawing or chart of the ponds, with several minor features shown in connection therewith. This being a first attempt, my sketch is not as graphic or as accurate as a photograph might be, but my camera is punctured and the sketch is the best I can do.

The goats shown in the picture have no particular business with the ponds, but that doesn't make any difference to them; they stay there much of the time. They will serve to show the boundaries of the land and water. The fish are in the water—not the goats.

The kingfisher *has* business at the ponds; but so far I have omitted killing him. In the picture he is not in the water—but he gets into it.

It may be discerned that all of the fish shown in the picture are not trout—some of them are pike, bass or suckers, as I have been particular to state.

At the southern end of the picture, where the proposed chute from the pond to the kitchen is shown, it is marked as the outlet for the fish. On second thought I am not sure but that properly this should be marked the inlet for them. It is true it is planned to let them out of the pond there—but only to let them into the kitchen—and the ultimate object should, perhaps, be emphasized. This might have been passed over as a mere detail, but in reality it is an essentially vital matter and particular.

We have derived much pleasure from these ponds and the fish, and so far have not had occasion to chute any of them into the kitchen.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California

While out West I heard the following version of the famous crow and turkey story. My friend said: I was south a few years ago, and two of my friends, named Charlie and Henry, brothers, went out 'cooning with a darky. I saw the darky afterward and asked him what success he had had, and he said: "Yer see, Mars Henry said we'se 'go in cahoot.' Well, we got fo' 'coons." "How did you divide?" "Well, Mars Henry he takes two, and Mars Charlie he takes two, an—" "What did you get?" "Well, I don't know," scratching his head; then brightening up, "I reckons I gets the 'cahoot.'" OSIOLIO.

Fish and Fishing.

American Trout Fishermen.

The passing of the worst of the fly season and of the most extreme heat of the hottest Canadian summer of recent years is marked by the reappearance of many American trout fishermen in the region north of Quebec. On the limits of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club several of the members residing on the south of the international boundary line are already in camp, some of them to remain till the end of the fishing season. Many more are expected about Sept. 1, when rifles may also be used. A number of the Triton Club men are daily expected, and will doubtless be here by the time that these lines are in print.

Messrs. R. H. Brown and Theo. Sheldon, of New Haven, and other members of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club are expected at Lac des Commissaires early in September.

The Messrs. Cheney, of South Manchester, have been enjoying good sport near Lake St. John on their trout lakes on the limits of the Amabalish Fish and Game Club, and among others who are about going into camp at the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club are Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ives, of New Haven, Conn.; Judge and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. John Davenport and Miss Davenport, of Stamford, Conn.

Mr. Wallace Durand, of Newark, N. J., recently made a most remarkable catch of ouananiche off Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, and more recently still I learn that the fish are rising well in front of the wharves at Roberval. This is doubtless altogether due to the suppression of all netting in the lake. Mr. R. A. Withans, of New York, who recently spent ten days fishing for ouananiche at the Grand Discharge, reports an exciting experience which occurred to him while fishing in Griffiths' Pool. A large fish which never showed itself, but which must have been a sea salmon, judging by its manner of acting, promptly ran all the line off Mr. Withans' reel and then broke loose. There is seemingly no doubt of the increase of salmon in these waters.

At the present time, when the water in the Grand Discharge is comparatively low, I believe that the best of the ouananiche fishing is to be had in the rivers up which the spawning fish are ascending. Some exceedingly good sport may be had during the present month in the lower stretches of the Ashuapmouchouan River. Time may be saved by driving some distance north from Roberval through St. Felicien and St. Prime. Both immediately below the Salmon River Falls and also several miles further up the Asphuapmouchouan are splendid ouananiche pools, but guides must be taken from Roberval who know the country.

Mr. J. J. Hill's Successful Fishing.

During a recent visit to the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I passed the mouth of Mr. J. J. Hill's splendid salmon river, the St. John, and heard a good deal about the sport enjoyed there by the railway magnate. The St. John is one of the largest and best of the north shore streams. There are no falls for some distance from the mouth, and Mr. Hill's fishing house is built some fifteen miles up the river. He is unable to enter it with his steam yacht, because of the dangerous sandbar at the mouth, but crosses the bar with a gasoline yacht which runs up stream to the camp. A year or two ago, one of his gasoline yachts was broken in pieces while crossing this bar, and one of Mr. Hill's guests who was on board narrowly escaped with his life, all his valuable fishing rods and tackle being lost. This year Mr. Hill was only ten or twelve days on his river, yet in that time the railway magnate killed no less than 280 fish to his own rod. On the way down the river from the camp, when leaving for the coast to take his yacht, he killed no less than eighteen salmon. His party killed in all 530 fish. Mr. Hill believes in doing thoroughly whatever he undertakes, and when he is on the river for fishing he fishes nearly all the time from soon after daylight to close upon 10 o'clock at night, and delights in having every member of his party doing the same. He has bought up all the nets in the mouth of the river, so that the fish are exceedingly plentiful. They are also of pretty large size.

It seems strange to talk of fishing for salmon up to nearly 10 o'clock at night, but it must be remembered that as far north as this river it does not grow dark until very late at night, and I have had a salmon take a fly in the Natashquan after 9 o'clock. Nor is this experience very exceptional. On the Grand Cascapedia it is quite a common thing to take fish between 8:30 and 9 P. M., the flies employed being as large as 3-0 to 5-0, and usually either the silver-doctor or silver-gray. When the fish do take these large flies so late at night, they generally rush eagerly for them as in a perfect frenzy. A 51½-pound salmon killed by Mr. E. W. Davis, of Providence, R. I., some year or two ago was hooked after 8:30 P. M., and not graffed until well after 9 o'clock.

British Columbia Fisheries.

A gentleman who was recently here from Victoria, B. C., brought very interesting information respecting the salmon fisheries of British Columbia. There has been a strange falling off of late in the supply of the fish, though it will be remembered that in the early part of the present season the catches were remarkably good and many fishermen made big hauls. The record catch was made by a boat fishing for the Terra Nova cannery. In one night while stationed on the North Arm it pulled in over 700 sockeyes, netting the lucky fisherman $175 for his night's work. While this was an exceptionally fine catch, many other boats did remarkably well before the sudden falling came. It appears that several explanations are offered for the unaccountable falling off of late in the supply of fish. It is generally, however, believed that the fish will not now seek the river until after more rain, lest the small streams running into the Fraser should prove too shallow for them to get up.

Some Salmon Scores.

I have lately been sent the scores of a number of north shore rivers for the present season. That of the Moisie has been already given in Forest and Stream. The splendid record made there this year by the anglers may have some connection with the comparatively small number of fish taken this year in the nets at the mouth of the river, owing, it is said, to the fact that most of the early run of fish got up the river before the nets were set.

The Washeshoo was fished by two different parties of anglers this year. During the first part of the season it belonged to Messrs. Bayard Dominick, Bart Pardee, Frank Pardee and Dr. Smith, of New York, their catch being about 120 fish. Later it was fished by Messrs. Arthur Wainwright, Richard Storey and Henry Blake, of Boston, who killed from 60 to 70 fish.

The Romaine yielded good sport to Messrs. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, and Carroll and Sloane, of New York, while Dr. Johnson, of New York, and Mr. Toland, of Philadelphia, had good fishing on the Jupitagan, and Messrs. Kirby and Nesbitt on the Mingan.

E T. D. Chambers.

Adirondack Notes.

This July was the warmest known in this region for several years. Much of the time also quite dry. Recent heavy showers have improved the fishing. For example at a nearby pond a good fisherman spent two days and caught only one trout. The next day—heavy showers having fallen meantime—another man, not the equal of the first in skill and experience in fishing, caught fifty-nine beautiful trout at the same pond.

On Tuesday the writer was fishing a favorite stream. A seven inch trout took the hook and immediately fouled the line on a snag under water. To save time a strong pull was given, the line parted, another was put on, and fishing resumed. Within five minutes, and after casting others, that obliging trout came ashore with the first hook securely fastened through his lip and the snell protruding from his mouth. Yet he eagerly took the bait the second time and came to creel. Who says trout fishing is cruel sport and hurts the fish?

Signs indicate plenty of deer in the woods.

Blue Mountain Lake. Juvenal.

The Sharks of the Australian Seas.

Considering the number of the various species of the shark family frequenting Australian waters and the many people who frequently bathe in open, unprotected places during both summer and winter, it is surprising that so few fatalities occur. Sydney Harbor, for instance, is given a notoriety for the ferocity of its sharks, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is seldom that more than one or two persons are killed by sharks during the course of an entire year. The majority of deaths caused by sharks occur in the upper reaches of the harbor, where, the water not being clear, especially when the tide is on the ebb, these predatory terrors are enabled to approach almost unobserved and seize the unsuspecting bather with far greater ease than would be afforded them in water uncontaminated with mud, sand, or other matter.

For me deep sea fish, sharks and their habits have always possessed a very great interest. I was for two years engaged in shark fishing as a business on behalf of a firm of Chinese merchants. They employed small schooners manned by Polynesians, and our fishing grounds were Providence Lagoon and other isolated and shark-infested atolls in the North Pacific. It occupied us from six to eight months to obtain a cargo of dried fins and tails for the Chinese market, and the labor of catching, killing and sun-drying the fins and tails of from 200 to 300 sharks every day was arduous in the extreme.

In Sydney harbor the species of sharks that the Sydney fisherman knows best, and which prove such a pest to him when pursuing his calling, and destroy human life, are the tiger shark, the so-called white shark, and the gray nurse. Then there are the six-gilled and seven-gilled sharks, two or three hammerheads, and the saw-billed sharks, which have never been known to attack human beings. Among these may also be included the well-known and curious wobbygong, a creature of extraordinary and beautiful coloring, haunting rocky bottoms and feeding largely upon crayfish and other crustaceans. I have never heard of a wobbygong attempting to attack a man. It is sluggish in its movements, and during the daytime may frequently be seen lying upon the bottom, its body markings resembling a gaily-colored and motley-patterened strip of carpet (some people term it the carpet shark). It is a nocturnal feeder, but is yet often caught on the line in daylight if the baited hook is lowered directly in front of its mouth, which, unlike that of most of its brethren, is not underneath. The jaws are filled with a mass of ugly-looking, pointed teeth set in an irregular manner, but all inclining inwards. The shark has the most extraordinary power of assimilating the coloring and markings of its skin to its surroundings, and it requires a keen observer to determine whether the object at which he is gazing and which is lying under ten feet or so of water is not a patch of blue, red and orange-colored seaweed growing upon stones or coral of equally brilliant and the same hues.

I have frequently found a wobbygong lying asleep in shallow, rocky pools at low tide, and, seizing it gently, but firmly, by the tail, dragged it out of the water. I have never seen one exceeding five feet in length in Australian waters, but have heard of several attaining seven feet. Along each side of the head, and extending as far as the first gill slit, there is a very curious arrangement, consisting of a series of flaps of skin growing out from the side of the head, the lower part having irregularly-serrated edges; in fact, they struck me as resembling ragged maple leaves in autumn. These appendages when the creature is lying quiet, will often be seen to undulate gently, as would seaweed when swayed by the influx or egress of water through the sides of a pool or by the current. Doubtless they are an aid to concealment, and possibly a source of attraction to inquisitive fish or crustacea.

The blue pointer is an exceedingly handsome shark, with a graeefully tapering body, long, projeeting snout, and an underneath mouth provided with razor-sharp, non-serrated teeth. It is very swift in its movements, turning with lightning-like rapidity. The skin on the back and head is blue, growing lighter on the sides, and the belly a dead white. This shark is more dreaded by the Australian line fisherman than any other, for when two or three of them make their appearance, it is almost impossible to draw a fish to the surface. On many oeeasions I have witnessed one of these monsters seize half a dozen hooked fish upon as many lines, and then, finding that he was hooked himself, roll the lines round and round his body in his rage and efforts to escape, and unless the tackle is very strong, sueh as that used for schnapper, the brute will get away, earrying the greater part of it with him. It is always best when not more than two or three blue pointers show themselves and begin to perseeute to at onee bait the shark taekle, hook them in suceess-ion, haul them alongside, and sever the spine at the junetion of the tail with a hatchet; then, if the boat is large enough and will stand the severe shaking, club them on the head, cut out the hook, and let the earcasses sink. This, however, is not easily done unless the boat is manned by at least three men used to the danger of having an angry blue pointer alongside in a lumpy sea, lashing the water into foam and snapping his jaws frantically in the hope of getting something between them on whieh to vent his fury. But, even after having rid themselves of their tormentors, the fishermen must up kelliek and move to a fresh ground—other pointers, and perhaps a dreaded "gray nurse" or two, would be pretty sure to be on the scene before long, and, disdaining for the time being the mutilated bodies of their brethren, devote themselves to the boat and fishing lines.

As far as I can remember, I know of only three instances in which human beings have been taken by blue pointers on the Australian coast. One case occurred long years ago. A man-servant of a Mr. Benjamin Boyd, seeing several pointers cruising about the base of some slippery rocks, foolishly baited a heavy shark line and lowered it down. It was at onee seized, and the unfortunate man actually tried to drag a 14-foot or 15-foot shark, weighing hundreds of pounds, up on to the rocks. He slipped, fell in, and was torn to pieces in a few seconds. In another instance almost the samc thing happened. A fisherman, furious at losing so many fine sehnapper by several voracious pointers which were hanging round his boat, made a thrust at one with a lance. He overbalanced himself, went over the side, and was at once seized and devoured. In the third ease a poor half-caste lad, in endeavoring to sever the tail of the shark (which was on a bowline alongside), was knocked overboard by a sweeping blow of the tail, and was quickly carried off by a second pointer, which had previously torn out a huge piece from the belly of the first shark as it was being hauled alongside.

During the summer months, when the so-called "sea salmon" swarm into the tidal rivers in countless thousands, the blue pointers and a small kind of tigcr shark create havoc among their serried masses, and for days and days the beaehes are strewn with salmon bitten in halves in sheer wantonness.

The "gray nurse," like the white shark, is noted for its daring and ferocity. Other names for the gray nurse are the "long toother," the "wolf toothed," and "bull shark." In a large specimen of, say, twelve feet the mouth is of a terrifying eapacity, and the long awl-like and non-serrated teeth appear to be fixed separately in the jaw bones. The first three or four at the nose end on either side of the upper jaw are placed straight up and down, the remainder all curve inward; but immediately between the straight and the eurved teeth there are on each side two, sometimes three, very small fangs, looking, in fact, as if they were of recent growth.

The gray nurse is of such an atroeiously ferocious nature that whenever I have been alone in a small boat and seen one following, I have made for the shore as quickly as possible, for it, like the pointer, has an unpleasant trick of darting at the blade of an oar and tearing it out of the rower's hand. It frequents muddy water as much as it does the open sea, or the boiling surf at the bases of roeks, or the long, breaking rollers of a sandy beach, and is always to be watehed for and dreaded.

An instanee of the savagery of this pest was witnessed by a number of people in Sydney a few years ago. In one of the most traffie-eongested parts of the harbor, just under Pyrmont Bridge, where the water is thick and foul, a number of street arabs were bathing inside a string of logs of cedar, eonneeted with each other by a chain passed through staples, and forming a sort of dock. Inside this barrier of heavy, squared timber, some of which was aground on the muddy bottom and some of which was well afloat, the boys were disporting themselves. Suddenly a gray nurse leapt out of the water over one of the stranded logs, seized a boy, and swam off with him, escaping into the open under the floating portion of the line of timber. The presenee of a shark in sueh foul waters could only be aecounted for by the faet that the publie abattoirs were still further up the harbor, a mile or so, and there at all seasons of the year sharks could be seen feeding upon the offal from the slaughter houses.

Many people in Sydney maintain that the fatalities that oceasionally oecur on the Parramatta River are the work of a so-ealled "ground shark." It is the gray nurse who is the murderer. The aborigines have often told me that the alleged ground shark, "with jaws large enough to swallow a big man," is merely a (now very seldom seen) lengthy variety of the wobbygong, which frequents the deeper pools of tidal rivers, a nocturnal feeder on the octopus and flat fish, non-man-eating, and exceedingly timid. And I must confess that in my boyhood's days I had every reason to trust the statements of the Australian coastal "blackfellow," who knew, against the poor knowledge obtainable by the white fisherman.

The gray nurse has a wide habitat. It is, to my own personal knowledge, met nearly everywhere in the tropical and semi-tropical waters of the North and South Paeific (I do not know anything about the Atlantic), and is everywhere dreaded by both natives and whites. The only thing in its own element that it fears is the "killer"—that valorous little and well-toothed minor whale known to science as *Orca gladiator* —the bulldog of the ocean and the friend of the whaleman in the Pacific. Concerning the "killer," I may mention that there are hundreds of instances where whaleboats have been stove in or underclipped by the flukes of a sperm whale, and the crews have either to swim for their lives, or cling to bits of the broken boat, that the attending "killers" have actually swam up to the men and smelt, or, as the American whalemen say, "nosed" them, and then started off again in pursuit of the wounded whale, intent upon getting some share of the delicious blubber before a second boat made fast to the great creature, killed and towed it to the ship. If it were a "right" whale, the "killers" would be satisfied with tearing out and devouring its tongue and taking their modicum of blubber, but the great sperm whale, with his mighty, toothed mouth and enormous strength is a different customer, and Orea fights shy of him until the deadly lance thrust or the fateful bomb has sent him into his "flurry."

But to all sharks Orca is a deadly enemy, and attacks them fiercely as they endeavor to tear off mouthfuls of blubber from a killed whale. And it is also a strange fact that whenever whalemen have been, when capsized or stove in, surrounded by hundreds of "blue sharks" (the Australian blue pointer) they have very, very rarely been molested. Perhaps the prospective and delieate blubber outweighs in value the tough sailorman. *Chacun à son goût.* In the mid-Pacific and about the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the blue pointer may be seen in droves, the gray nurse only in parties of two or three, unless attended by some of their own undevoured young.

On one occasion I was landing in a whaleboat a load of provisions for a trader on Palmerston's Island, in the South Pacific. When within a hundred yards of the beach, two large gray sharks swept up from astern, and each tore away an oar from a native seaman. It was nearly dark; the boat was so deeply laden and the surf so heavy that I was thankful when we touehed the beach. Returning to the ship we lost another oar from a shark, and two huge brutes kept alongside of us to the ship. When the boat falls were lowered, and the bow one, with its block, was swaying to and fro, one of the sharks, incredible as it may seem, sprang up, seized it in his jaws, and held on some minutes until the mate sent a dozen Winehester rifle bullets through its head. So much for the habits of the long-toothed gray nurse.

Of the white shark, not many examples are captured, or even seen, along the Australian seaboard. The term "white" is a misnomer, for this terror of the seas is not white, though it may be described as being of a dirty yellowish-white. It is probably, with the exeeption of the great "tiger shark" of the Indian Ocean and the "bone shark" known to whalemen (whieh may be one and the same fish), the largest of all the shark family. The Indian Ocean tiger shark I have never seen, but I ean quite believe that it (if it is some tropieal speeies of the basking shark) does attain a length of forty feet or even fifty feet, for I have seen a white shark (skin dirty yellowish blue-gray) of twenty-eight feet and with a girth around the shoulders as much as that of a full-grown bullock. The teeth were two inehes long, and one and a half inches in width at the base. This monster was killed by a bomb lanee from an American whaleship elose to the reef of Pingelap (MaeAskill's Island), in the North Paeifie. It sank in ten fathoms of water, and the carcass was not recovered until the following day. I was present when the stomaeh was opened. In it was a large green turtle, partly digested, and weighing 150 pounds, two small hawkbill turtles, and some fish.

If I am not mistaken, the Challenger Deep Sea Sounding Expedition brought up in the dredge in the mid-Pacific teeth of the white (or some other) shark, which were five inches to six inches long, four inches wide at the base, and nearly one inch thiek at the inset in the jaw. It was very reasonably suggested by scientists that the monster which onee used these fearful teeth must hav been from eighty to ninety feet in length. Furthermore, these Challenger teeth were of no great age, and it is not at all unlikely that at the present time there are still similar monsters of the shark family in existence, as yet unseen by man, or, if they have been seen, it has been by men—sailors—who merely looked upon them as unknown and very big fish, and the incident not worth recording in the log book—perhaps for fear of being chaffed as promulgators of the sea serpent story.

And yet at this present day, when a sperm whale is struck by the harpoon or pierced by the lance, it will in its agony frequently vomit forth huge pieces of oetopus tentacles three or four feet in length and two feet in circumferenee. Feet, not inches. And I, and hundreds of other men, have seen floating upon the surface of the Pacific even larger pieees of octopus tentacles, with cusp arrangements of semi-osseous teeth as large as a saueer. All those who have made a long cruise in a sperm whaler will bear this out.

The "bone shark" of the Australian seas, so often seen by whalemen, I believe to be a species of basking shark, like that met with off the west coast of Ireland, but larger. Although it has sometimes been harpooned by whalers, it has dived to such a depth that the linc has had to be cut, and so far as I know, not one has ever been secured to prove or disprove the assertion that it is entitled to the name of "bone shark" by reason of its possessing a series of plates of baleen similar to those of the "right" whale.—Louis Becke, in London Field.

Yorkshire alone has reeord of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instanee, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I. at a cost of £300, and beeame a seaport of almost national importanee. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a foree of 2,500 strong in order to win the Crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a capacious harbor, and a number of buildings befitting its rank and importance. Where are they now?—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

23. Plymouth, Y. R. A., Plymouth.
24. Quantuck, club.
24-25. Duxbury, Y. R. A., Duxbury.
25. Moriches, Association race.
25. Brooklyn, championship race.
25. Royal Canadian.
25. Corinthian, Marblehead.
25. Keystone, special.
25. Huguenot, club.
25. American, Northport, Y. R. A.
25. Wianno, club.
25. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
25. Wollaston, club championship.
25. Moriches, association race.
25. Cohasset, club.
25. Lynn, sail and power boats.
25. Hingham, club, Bayside.
25. Rhode Island, regatta, Potter's Cove.
25. Kennebec, Bath, championship.
25. American, Newburyport, dories.
26. South Boston, ladies' day.
27. Newport.
27-28-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., Provincetown.
28. East Gloucester, championship.
29. Quantuck, women's race.
29. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
30. New Bedford, Ricketson cups, South Dartmouth.
31 and Sept. 1. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
31. Pan-Quogue, women's race.
31. Beverly, open, off Mattapoisett.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Knickerbocker, Vice-Commodore's cruise.
1. New York C. C., championship race.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
1. Indian Harbor, Hartford, Larchmont.
1. Westhampton, open.
1. Royal Canadian, first class.
1. Wianno, club.
1. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
1. Cape May, power boats.
1. Taunton, club run.
1. Bristol, regatta.
1. Kennebec, cruise to Booth Bay.
1. Sippican, at Marion.
1. Winthrop, 18-footers.
1-2-3. Huguenot, club cruise.
1-3. Wollaston, club cruise.
1-8. Erie Basin, annual cruise.
2. Taunton, dory race.
3. Larchmont, fall regatta.
3. Tarrytown, power boats.
3. Royal Canadian.
3. Indian Harbor, ladies' race and water sports.
3. Norwalk, Sachem's Head, Larchmont.
3. Westhampton, Association championships.
3. Corinthian, Marblehead, grand handicap.
3. Edgewood, regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
3. Wianno, club.
3. Beverly, Labor Day open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Atlantic, open, 11 A. M.
3. Audubon, power boats.
3. Red Bank, power boats.
3. Yonkers, power boats.
3. Westhampton, association.
3. Lynn, Y. R. A. open.
3. East Gloucester, club, morning and afternoon.
3. Corinthian Marblehead, handicap.
3. Columbia, Mass., cruise, Hull to Gloucester.
3. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Cohasset, club.
3-4-5. Detroit Country Club cups.
5. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
6. New York, Glen Cove, autumn cup.
8. Larchmont, Manhasset Bay.
8. Boston, club, Hull.
8. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup.
8. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
8. Hingham, club.
8. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
8. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
8. Atlantic, open, championship Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, 3 P. M.
8. Brooklyn.
8. Keystone, consolation.
8. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta.
8. Squantum, interclub.
8. Winthrop, 18-footers.
8. Kennebec, Bath, championships.
8. American, Newburyport, cruise.
8. Edgewood, club.
9. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous Hull.
13-15. Atlantic, series for special schooner and sloop classes, Sandy Hook.
15. Atlantic, championship.
15. Seawanhaka.
15. Knickerbocker, ladies' race, power boats.
15. Middletown, power boats.
15. Eastern, Roosevelt cup.
16. Lynn, club run.
19. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.
22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker. club closing.

THE SONDER CLASS TRIALS.

The trial races off Marblehead were satisfactorily concluded on Saturday. They resulted in the choice of Auk, Caramba and Vim as defenders. These three boats will represent the Eastern Y. C. in the Sonder, or special, class for the Roosevelt cup, presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor, and for which Mr. Roosevelt is acting as sponsor.

The task of the committee in dealing with the many competitors, no less than seventeen, was arduous, and involved many difficulties which have been happily surmounted, and have left few heartaches.

The week was one characterized by beautiful weather and little wind, not as much, in fact, as was required to certainly distinguish the absolutely hard weather boats. However, each boat's performance on every leg of each course was known, and with such accurate data a fair deduction could be made. On Friday night the elimination began, and out of seventeen but six boats remained, which on Saturday were thrice raced, when the final selection was announced, and a message sent to the Kaiserlicher Y. C., naming the Eastern Y. C.'s representatives.

Auk and Caramba are boats from designs by E. A. Boardman, the designer of Manchester, which last year brought back the Seawanhaka cup that had so long remained in Canada. Both these boats are nicely turned, and though resembling scows, are not unsightly, being carefully put together, retaining—more than many other less fortunate contestants—their form. They are of the wood fin-keel variety, and well adapted to their purpose—day sailing and racing.

Vim, the third boat of the team, is one of William Gardner's designs, a little ship that was much admired for her good proportions, good looks and good performance.

The German boats appear smaller than the American boats probably because they are sharper forward and have such very small cockpits. The German rigging is far more complicated than ours, there being at least double the number of ropes. The fittings and appearance of Glückauf, Wansea and Tilly are very neat and business-like. The German boats are well manned, and will prove antagonists by no means to be despised.

We have as yet no means of judging what the outcome of the races will be. No informal meetings were permitted by the Eastern committee which could give the least basis for an estimate of the relative speed of the competing boats.

The approaching races will possess an interest equal to that of international races for the America's Cup. But racing internationally in small boats as in the Sonder class goes much further than does racing big boats toward promoting the sport, knowledge and intercourse for which such trophies as the Roosevelt cup were intended.

The difficulty of arranging for such a contest is shown by the fact that the Eastern Y. C. and its committee of which Mr. Howard is chairman, worked for three years before consummating the plans for these races.

The satisfactory way in which the trials have been run promises well for the final races themselves. There has been much open and harsh criticism of the type of boat produced under the restrictions of the class, but the uselessness of the type has not yet been demonstrated.

The Sonder class trial races have shown the interest in small boat sailing, and the source of the greatest strength to yachting lies in the direction of the development of the small boat and the small boat sailor.

A New Steam Yacht.

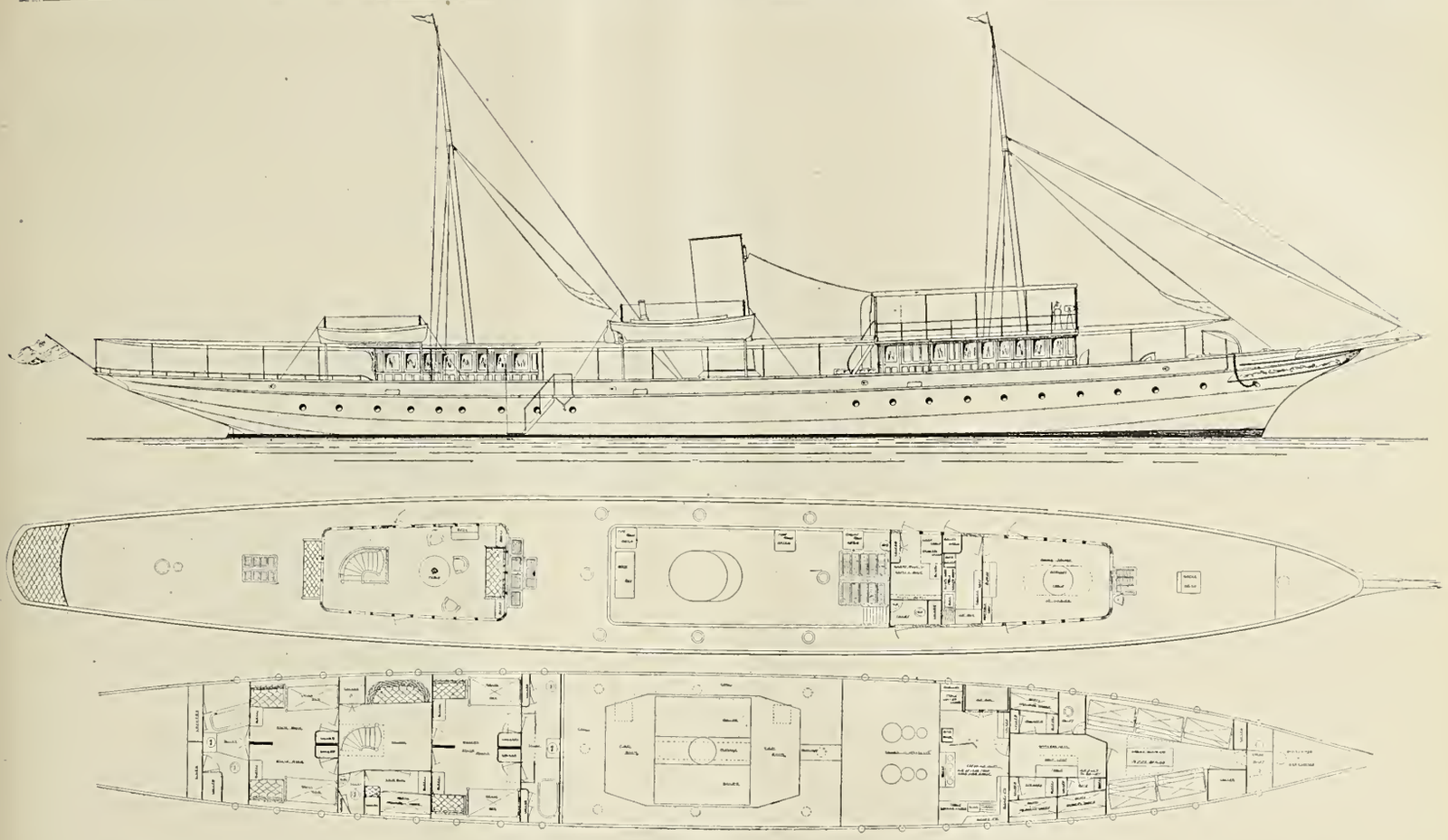
We referred a little time since to the early commencement of a steam yacht for next year's service. We are enabled through the courtesy of the designers and builders of the yacht to publish the outboard profile and deck plans of this vessel and a description.

The contract for the building of this twin screw steel steam yacht was awarded to the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Cons., Morris Heights, New York city, early in June. The vessel is from the designs of Mr. Charles L. Seabury, and is for a well-known yachtsman, member of Philadelphia, Eastern and other yacht clubs. The principal dimensions of the yacht are 175ft. over all, 147ft. water line, 20ft. breadth, 12ft. depth of hold, and 8ft. draft. A speed of 19 to 20 miles per hour has been guaranteed. The keel, stem and stern-post are in place, and all frames in position preparatory to plating. The engine and boiler work is also progressing.

The yacht will be flush decked, schooner rigged, with two pole masts. The deck house forward will be constructed with steel coamings and posts. The lower part to be paneled both inside and outside, with mahogany, and the upper part fitted with plate glass windows. Ceiling is to be paneled with mahogany. The forward part of deck house will serve as dining saloon. Aft of the dining room, and connecting with same, steward's pantry will be arranged. A dumb waiter will be fitted from galley. Aft of the steward's pantry on the port side, is located the captain's room. This will also be used as a chart room. Aft of the pantry on the starboard side, toilet room for use of owner and guests, with an entrance from the main deck.

On the top of the forward deck house there will be a large bridge arranged. The officers' bridge will be at the forward end, provided with marine telegraphs, steering gear, etc. The after deck house will be constructed substantially the same as the forward house. This will be used as social hall or music room. The bulwarks to be constructed of steel surmounted with teak rails. The inside of bulwarks to be paneled with mahogany. All sky-lights, companionways, hatches, will be of mahogany.

Below decks forward, a chain locker will be constructed, followed by the boatswain's locker and lamp room, aft of which the crew's toilet



STEAM YACHT—DESIGNED AND BUILDING BY GAS ENGINE & POWER CO. AND CHAS. L. SEABURY & CO. CONSOLIDATED.

will be fitted. The forecastle is arranged to accommodate thirteen men. The officers' quarters will follow the forecastle, with three large staterooms, also an officers' mess and toilet room. Next aft, the galley, full width of the vessel, complete with all modern conveniences. A large storage for extra ice supply will be arranged under the galley floor. The machinery compartment follows the galley. This will be provided with two Seabury triple expansion marine engines, each with cylinders 11 inches, 16½ inches and 26 inches by 12 inches stroke. Steam will be supplied by two Seabury patent safety water tube boilers of the latest design. Aft of the machinery compartment, the owner's bath room will be arranged, provided with large bath tub, marble wash basin, w. c., and all the necessary toilet fixtures. The bulkhead between bath room and engine room is to be arranged so as to prevent sound and heat. Aft of the bath room, and connecting with same, will be arranged the owner's state rooms, two in number, side by side, with sliding door between. Brass bedstead, dressing case, upholstered divan and other conveniences are to be arranged in each room. The saloon is next aft of the owner's state rooms, extending part of the width of the vessel, fitted with the usual upholstered transom seats. On starboard side, opposite main saloon, will be located one state room for use of guests. Aft of this state room, will be arranged a lavatory and toilet room, with entrance from the saloon. Aft of these rooms and opening from after end of main saloon, will be two large state rooms, with brass bedstead in each, and arranged with sliding door, same as in the owner's state rooms. Following the two state rooms for guests, is a large bath room, completely furnished. Large linen lockers and other closets will be provided. Lazarette is aft, with entrance from main deck.

Light and ventilation throughout the vessel has been very carefully provided for. Yacht will be lighted throughout with electricity and heated with steam. A naphtha launch and full complement of small boats will be carried on the davits. The delivery of the vessel will be made to the owner, May 1, 1907.

Boston Letter.

After six consecutive days of beautiful but distressingly calm weather, the Eastern Y. C. trial races have been brought to a conclusion, and there have been selected to represent America the Caramba, owned by Charles H. W. Foster; Auk, owned by Charles Francis Adams, both designed by E. A. Boardman, and Vim, owned by Trenor L. Park, and designed by William Gardner.

Just prior to these elimination trials the Caramba was shorn of several hundred pounds of her lead, with strikingly beneficial results; Sally VIII. was so well inside of the measurement limit that trusses were placed in her ends to force them down (Shades of the recent past! What a difference from the difficulties that have confronted our 21, 22 and 25-footers!) and to thus gain length. Sally also donned a new suit of sails. Sumatra and Cod also made changes in their sail plans, and during the week Cod was hauled out and had her lateral plane slightly increased. New Orleans, as I stated last week, had a new crew, and so the previous records of these five boats were not a true basis on which to judge their performances. Spokane was an absolutely unknown quantity, as, to all intents and purposes, was also Vim.

The trials were all held off Half-Way Rock, just as will be the case with the actual match races, and this was an admirable feature. Marblehead yachtsmen often race out to the Rock and back, but never with such small boats do they start there and plunge seaward. As a result all the contestants had as fair a chance, in so far as local conditions were concerned, as will be given the Germans. It also served to educate our men and fit those finally selected for their task. It is true that during several of the trials a rattling breeze was blowing in Marblehead Harbor, while offshore there were the merest zephyrs, but to have sailed in among the islands would have been to put a great premium upon those of the boats which were handled by the Marblehead contingent, at the expense of the New Yorkers and Southerners.

During the entire series of eleven races the wind at no time exceeded 10 knots strength, and the sea never amounted to anything, although on a few occasions the long roll of deep water catching the little fellows head on made trouble for the more extreme scows.

Spokane won the first race in a paltry E. wind which shifted to E.S.E. while the boats were on the windward leg. They had split into three divisions, one adopting a southerly and one a northerly course, while the third division pursued an intermediate course. The result placed the first division in the lead, and the second division far in the rear. The second race, that of Tuesday, was a sad fluke, and Cod, by getting all the luck, came home first. The third race, on Wednesday morning, was in a light but true breeze and went to Bonidrei, close pressed by Vim, they both getting clear of the ruck at the start and sailing beautifully. That afternoon Spokane secured her second win, this time under fair conditions, but she, too, owed her success to getting out of the bunch.

Thursday was a great day for Auk, she taking the morning race and being but 12s. behind Sumatra in the afternoon. In the morning New Orleans did her best trick, capturing fourth place.

Friday was a cruical day, for it was very generally known that after its two races the greater number of contestants would be eliminated. The Sumatra responded gallantly with a win in the morning, although in a fluky race, for all the boats that went to the southward on the windward leg were very badly served by the shifting breeze. Vim saved her bacon in the afternoon by scoring her only win, and Bonidrei for the first time fell below the first division, making a wretched start and being smothered all the way to the weather mark. Caramba had an even worse fall, only scoring fifteenth.

Eight races had now been sailed and very many predictions had been upset. The accompanying table of comparative performances shows the relative performances at this stage. Figuring on the Massachusetts Y. R. A. percentage basis, the boats ranked thus: Caramba,

.704; Bonidrei, .703; Auk, .686; Chewink VI., .664; Sumatra .636; Vim, .633; New Orleans, .600; Windrim Kid, .596; Spokane, .590; Hayseed III., .563; Cod, .507; Manchester II., .492; Sally VIII, .490; Ellen, .425; Skiddoo, .421; Alecto, .184, and Lorelei, .103.

On either the comparative point system or on the percentage basis, Bonidrei, Caramba and Auk were clearly entitled to go into the finals. Chewink VI. stood fourth, but she was very plainly going out of shape, her bow had a corkscrew twist, and she was wisely eliminated. Next came Sumatra and Vim. The question as to the sixth best boat then lay between New Orleans and Windrim Kid, which were very even, and Spokane which was close on their heels. As against Spokane's two wins, neither New Orleans or Windrim Kid had scored a first, and as a result Spokane seemed most clearly entitled to the honor of going into the finish. I and three other men, all far better informed than myself, made our own independent tests of the six best on the way in from the Rock Friday afternoon. We all picked five of the six boats selected by the committee, and two of the four chose the exact six that were later nominated by the committee. Personally, I rejected Vim in the endeavor to get a known heavy weather performer, thinking the committee would give some weight to previous performances. But in that I was mistaken. It remains an unquestionable fact that the committee exercised great care, gave great thought to their task and acted absolutely without bias or prejudice. And by going into the comparative times of each boat on every leg of all the races, they were able to form a far closer estimate of the comparative merits of the boats than is afforded by any percentage table.

Auk, Bonidrei, Caramba, Spokane, Sumatra and Vim sailed three short races Saturday, again in light airs and smooth seas. Caramba was still further improved by Mr. Foster resigning the helm to E. A. Boardman, and shipping Reginald Boardman as light sailsman. This trio pulled their boat through for two firsts and one second, while Vim scored a first, second and fifth, and Auk a second, third and sixth.

Based solely on these three races the Caramba, Vim and Auk were clearly the best three and entitled to their selection. The facts remain that there is not a heavy weather boat in the list of defenders, and that September breezes have more weight than those of August. The German method of selecting their best heavy weather, their best medium weather and their best light weather aspirants has much to commend it, especially as the cup is to go to the best boat and not the best team. Vim should be our mainstay in a breeze and sea, although she seems rather lightly powered.

The proposition that the Massachusetts and New York champions in Class Q meet for a post-season series to settle the championship question is meeting favor here, and promises to be actually adopted. The races should naturally be held in New York waters, where the class is strongest. Orestes will undoubtedly represent Massachusetts in such a contest, as she is unbeatable here and the only genuine "Q" boat, her rivals having been altered to fit the rule rather than built especially for it. She is, however, undoubtedly a very fast performer and wins converts to the new rule.

William Lambert Barnard.

The Shelter Island Tide Gauge.

Manhanset Manor, Shelter Island, August 11. —A clever device which enables yachtsmen to tell at a glance the height of the tide has been installed at the New York Yacht Club's station at Shelter Island. It was devised by Prof. Charles Lane Poor of the department of astronomy at Columbia University. He was assisted in working out the details by Prof. Hallock of Columbia.

The tide gauge, as it is called, at a distance looks like a big white clock. It surmounts the roof of the club station and can be plainly seen by any yachtsman dropping anchor off the station. The dial is inscribed with two letters, "H" and "L," meaning high and low water. The space between these letters is subdivided like the face of a clock with the numerals running from zero to six. A long hand traverses the face of the dial as the tide rises and falls; and as it passes over these numerals it indicates the height in feet and inches of the water above an arbitrary zero mark. The average height of the water, or mean tide, is indicated by the numeral at the top of the dial. Yachtsmen anchoring off the station

VIEW OF TIDE GAUGE FROM ANCHORAGE.

are enabled by a glance at the dial to judge accurately how near shore they can approach with their craft.

The indicator of the dial is attached to a wire which leads from a tank under the station. This wire is fastened to an ordinary can buoy in the tank. The water in the tank rises and falls according to the fluctuations of the tide. There is a small intake pipe leading some distance from the tank and containing several elbows. The end of the intake is twenty feet from the tank and five or six feet below the level of the water. By this devise the water in the tank is always at the same level as the water in the harbor, and is never affected by the waves on the surface. The indicator of the tide gauge is therefore not disturbed by rough water outside.

An automatic recording device of special design is now being made in the physical laboratory of Columbia University. This was designed by Prof. Hallock and will soon be installed at the

NEAR VIEW OF TIDE GAUGE.

station here. It will be controlled by clock work and will delineate on a paper chart a continuous record of the fluctuations of the tide. Such a record will be of permanent value and will be analyzed in a study of the tides and currents, and from these records tables will be compiled giving the time of high and low water.

There is decided need of such a device. The study of the tides and currents along this section of the coast has been sadly neglected. Through Long Island Sound, Vineyard Sound and around Cape Cod, pass vessels and cargoes valued at millions of dollars. In fogs and bad weather the knowledge of currents is essential; every year millions of property and many lives are lost through lack of this knowledge.

Realizing this need, several prominent New Yorkers have organized the New York Observatory and Nautical Museum. Prof. Poor, who devised the tide gauge, is a member of the committee on preliminary organization of the proposed observatory and museum. It is proposed to establish in New York an institution devoted to the interests of the navigator; to the investigation of new methods and new discoveries in ship building and in ship sailing; a museum where can be studied the development of the modern vessel and where can be found charts and other aids to the navigator. The members of the preliminary organization committee are Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Edward S. Isham, Mr. George A. Cormack, Mr. J. D. Jerrold Kelley and Prof. Charles Lane Poor.

Table of Comparative Results.

Showing Relative Merits of Each Boat With Each Competitor

	Alecto	Auk	Bonidrei	Caramba	Chewink VI.	Cod	Ellen	Hayseed III.	Lorelei	Manchester	New Orleans	Sally VIII.	Skiddoo	Spokane	Sumatra	Vim	Windrim Kid.	Total Wins.
Alecto	..	1	0	1	0	3	1	1	4	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	14
Auk	6	..	4	4	5	5	7	4	8	6	5	7	6	6	3	3	6	85
Bonidrei	7	4	..	5	4	6	6	6	8	5	6	6	5	4	3	5	4	87
Caramba	6	4	3	..	6	6	6	6	8	5	5	6	7	6	4	5	5	87
Chewink VI.	7	3	4	2	..	4	6	6	5	8	8	5	7	6	4	4	4	79
Cod	4	3	2	2	4	..	4	5	2	4	7	4	4	5	5	3	4	61
Ellen	6	1	2	2	2	4	..	2	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	1	2	49
Hayseed III.	6	4	2	2	3	3	6	..	8	5	3	4	6	3	4	4	5	68
Lorelei	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	..	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	6
Manchester	6	2	3	3	3	4	4	3	8	..	0	3	5	5	2	3	2	57
New Orleans	7	3	2	2	3	4	6	5	8	6	..	5	5	4	5	4	4	73
Sally VIII.	6	1	2	1	1	3	4	4	7	5	3	..	5	3	2	2	4	53
Skiddoo	7	2	3	2	2	3	3	2	7	3	3	3	..	2	2	2	3	50
Spokane	6	2	4	4	4	5	5	5	8	3	4	5	6	..	4	4	3	72
Sumatra	7	5	3	3	4	4	5	4	8	6	3	6	6	4	..	5	5	78
Vim	7	5	2	3	4	5	7	4	8	5	4	6	6	4	3	..	5	78
Windrim Kid.	7	2	4	4	3	6	6	3	8	6	4	4	5	5	3	3	...	73

The third boat of the German team for the Sonder Class races arrived in Marblehead on Saturday night last. The boat is named Tilli VI. and is owned by Mr. August Kutschkowiski. The yacht arrived in Boston on the deck of the Hamburg line steamer Silvia, and was towed to the yard of Messrs. Stearns & McKay, Marblehead.

Canada Wins Fisher Cup.

In the second race of the Fisher cup series at Charlotte on Aug. 13, Skipper Christie atoned for what had happened him in the previous race by taking Iroquois over the line 13s. ahead of Zoraya, after a long battle for position. The race was again started late, the judges, who were accommodated this time on Mr. J. J. Wright's steam yacht Electric, delaying until they found a breeze that promised a race within the five-hour time limit.

At noon they decided to send the boats on a northeast course, 9 miles to windward and return, and at 12:20 the starting signal was given. Iroquois got the best of the start after 10m. of hard jockeying, Zoraya crossing the line on her weather quarter, but she could not hold her advantage. The breeze was quite light, of not more than 5-mile strength, and it varied in direction somewhat. Zoraya profited by the slants and footed faster, soon drawing away from her opponent. Fourteen tacks took the boats to the buoy, and twelve of these were made almost simultaneously, Zoraya following Iroquois immediately.

In the light air and smooth sea at the weather mark there were great opportunities for smart handling of light sails, and Zoraya's balloon jib went on 10s. after rounding the mark, and her spinnaker 20s. later. Iroquois excelled even this fast record by setting her balloon jib 6s. after turning, and her spinnaker 12s. later. But Zoraya was half a mile away, leading at the turn by 13m. 7s.

It was an uneventful run home, with spinnakers to port, and the wind hardening to 8-mile strength and making a finish within the time limit certain, although 2h. 30m. of the total 5h. were used up in the windward work.

Zoraya's lead increased to a mile, but the freshening breeze reduced Iroquois' beating in time. The finish was: Zoraya, 4:45:36; Iroquois, 4:57:45. Zoraya's winning margin was 12m. 9s.

This race decided the series, Canada winning the cup, which the Rochester Y. C. had held for fourteen years. C. H. J. Snider.

Yacht Sales and Charters

Mr. Robert M. Riddle, Philadelphia, has sold his sea-going Herreshoff ketch Spalpeen to Mr. Oilver G. Ricketson, Pittsburg, Pa., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway. Spalpeen is a particularly seaworthy craft, 73ft. over all, 56ft. waterline, 12ft. 6 in. beam and 8ft. 4in. draft, and has cruised extensively along the coast. Present owner is using her off his summer home on Buzzard's Bay.

The same agency has also sold the 30ft. sloop Dixie for John W. Bird to G. Vietheer of this city.

Also the auxiliary sloop Sydney for Lincoln Van Cott to H. M. Merriman, of New York. She is being used for cruising purposes along the coast of Maine.

Mr. Seaman also reports the sale of the hunting launch Sunshine for Frank M. Randall, the New York yachtsman, to Harry O. Murphy, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Andrew O. Bancker has chartered his yawl Sagola through the same office to Mr. Harry Curtis of this city.

On Tuesday, the 14th, Mr. Pembroke Jones sailed his Newport 30 Carolina, a match race against Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's New York 30 Caprice for $50 a side. The race was sailed in a fresh westerly wind, on a windward course around the lightship and return. The Newport 30 Carolina beat the New York 30 Caprice by 5m. 43s. Both owners sailed their own boats.

The mayor of Colchester, England, has presented Robert Cross with a medal and diploma from the French Government for meritorious and brave conduct. Cross was at the time on board Commodore Plant's Venitia, when with three fellows he went to the rescue of the crew of a French brig in the Bay of Biscay.

GLUCKAUF—GERMAN SONDER CLASS.

VIM, DESIGNED BY W. GARDNER.
Who won a place on the American team.

Stamford Y. C.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

The Stamford Y. C. held races for the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. The winners were as follows: Dahinda, Mavis, Jolly Roger. The times follow:

Yawls, 33ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finish	Elapsed
Janet, S. H. Adriance	6 39 33	4 04 33

New York Y. C. One-Design 30ft. Class—Start, 2:40—Course, 15 Miles.

Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.	6 39 06	3 59 06
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	6 40 49	4 00 49
Adelaide, Adee Brothers	6 44 46	4 04 46
Phyrne, C. W. Wetmore	6 46 50	4 06 50
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	6 49 36	4 09 36

Handicap Class—Start, 2:50—Course, 13 Miles.

Mavis, G. L. Pirie	6 30 34	3 40 34
Huntress, L. E. Dyer	6 35 03	3 45 03
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	6 35 19	3 45 19

Raceabout Class—Course, 13 Miles.

Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	6 39 19	3 38 19
The Kid, Oliver Harriman	5 34 45	3 39 45
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	6 35 19	3 40 19
Chinook, R. Mellory, Jr.	6 38 12	3 43 12

Seawanhaka, One-Design Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 13 Miles.

Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert	6 41 06	2 41 06
Dede, W. E. Douglass	6 59 16	2 59 06

Mixed Class, One-Designed Boats—Start, 3:05—Course, 13 Miles.

Lobster, Brush Syndicate	7 07 43	4 02 43
Wacoutah, Norman Truesdale	6 59 16	3 54 16

Stamford One-Design Class—Start, 3:10—Course, 4¾ Miles.

Sunday, E. Sawyer	6 33 31	2 23 31
Snail, Robert Smithers	Did not finish.	
Fly, F. C. Edson	6 33 30	3 23 30

The winners were Janet, Dahinda, Mavis, Jolly Roger, Wee Wean, Wacoutah and Sunday.

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Atlantic Y. C. Race Week.

The first day of race week, on Aug. 15, at the Atlantic Club, was brought off in uncertain wind, which gave no clew to the performance of the boats. For the first day the times were as follows:

Classes M and N—Sloops and Yawls—Start 3:00.

	Finish	Elapsed
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 32 42	2 32 42
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	5 58 28	2 58 28
Kate, J. S. Negus	Did not finish.	

Class P—Sloops—Start, 3:05.

Jig Step, F. J. Havens	5 13 32	2 08 32
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	5 13 35	2 08 35
Sue, F. J. Luckenbach	Did not finish.	

Class Q—Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Spider, Hendon Chubb	5 18 02	2 08 02
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 36 53	2 26 53
Mary, Max Grundner	5 37 25	2 27 25
Joy, W. H. Childs	5 42 23	2 32 23

Special Class Q—Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 3:15.

Vaquero, William Stump	5 09 01	1 54 01
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 05 59	1 50 59

Class X—Dories—Start, 3:25.

Deuce, Dr. Charles Atkinson	5 23 46	1 58 46
Jack, Richard Rummel, Jr.	5 24 40	1 59 40

August 16.

The second day gave good racing. An accident befel Saetta in Class Q, she losing her mast, but injuring no one. The times follow:

Classes M and N—Sloops and Yawls—Start 3:00.

	Finish	Elapsed
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	4 51 33	1 51 33
Sakana, Haviland Brothers	5 02 23	2 02 23

Class P—Sloops—Start, 3:05.

Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 54 16	1 49 16
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 55 00	1 50 00
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	4 57 11	1 52 11

Class Q—Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Mary, Max Grundner	5 08 32	1 58 32
Spider, Hendon Chubb	5 07 57	1 57 57
Joy, W. H. Childs	5 09 44	1 59 44
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 07 35	1 57 35
Saetta, George H. Church	Dismasted.	

Class Q—Special for Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 3:15.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 16 27	2 01 27
Vaquero, William Stump	5 19 08	2 04 08

Class S—Sloops—Start, 3:25.

Deuce, Dr. Charles Atkinson	4 54 42	1 29 42
Jack, Richard Rummell, Jr.	5 00 15	1 35 15

August 17.

The third day's racing saw Class Q again fighting in earnest, and Soya, W. A. Barstow, carried off another victory. More Trouble showed up well, as the result of change in her rig. Crescent won in Class P. The times follow:

Class P—Sloops—Start, 3:05.

	Finish	Elapsed
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 50 36	1 45 36
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 52 40	1 47 40
Sue, R. F. Luckenbach	4 53 31	1 48 31

Class Q—Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 03 21	1 53 21
More Trouble, Richard Childs	5 08 20	1 58 20
Spider, Hendon Chubb	5 08 34	1 58 34
Joy, W. H. Childs	5 09 11	1 59 11

Special Class Q—Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 3:15.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	5 12 57	1 57 57
Vaquero, William Stump	5 26 31	2 11 31

Class S—Dories—Start, 3:25.

Deuce, Dr. Charles Atkinson	4 46 28	1 21 28
Jack, Richard Rummell, Jr.	4 48 18	1 23 18

August 18.

The fourth day of the Atlantic race week saw Soya, the Class Q boat, again the winner, defeating bigger boats on time allowance. The race week has been most successful, and next year a whole week will be devoted to it instead of four days' racing. The times follow for both morning and afternoon races:

Morning race.

33ft. Sloops—Start, 10:15.

	Finish	Elapsed
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	12 06 30	1 51 30
Maydic, W. H. Childs	12 09 13	1 54 13
Sakana, Haviland Brothers	12 20 53	2 05 53

27ft. Sloops—Start, 10:20.

Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	12 10 04	1 50 04
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	12 12 13	1 52 13

22ft. Sloops—Start, 10:25.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	12 22 40	1 57 40
More Trouble, R. H. Childs	12 24 49	1 59 49
Spider, Hendon Chubb	12 25 15	2 00 15
Quest, F. J. Havens	12 26 33	2 01 33

22ft. Special—Start, 10:30.

Dorothy, L. J. Spenge	12 29 09	1 50 09
Vaquero, Dr. William Stump	12 35 17	2 05 17

15ft. Dories—Start, 10:35

Jack, W. Inslee	11 56 35	1 16 35
Deuce, G. Berton	11 57 17	1 17 17
Ace, G. R. Savage	12 14 10	2 14 17

Afternoon race:

Classes M and N—Sloops—Start, 3:00.

Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	4 39 30	1 39 30
Maydic, W. H. Childs	4 39 31	1 39 41
Sakana, Haviland Brothers	4 50 07	1 50 07

Championship Race—All Classes—Start, 3:05.

Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 47 25	1 42 25
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 47 45	1 42 45
Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 52 23	1 36 49

Class Q—Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Spider, Hendon Chubb	4 59 51	1 49 51
Quest, D. D. Allerton	5 02 45	1 52 45
More Trouble, Richard Childs	Did not finish.	

Class Q—Special Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 3:15.

Truant, D. J. Wylie	5 03 41	1 48 41
Ondas, R. D. Edgar	5 04 41	1 49 41
Vaquero, William Stump	5 08 44	1 53 44
Dorothy, L. J. Spence	Did not finish.	

Class W—Sloops—Start, 3:20.

Martha M., R. B. Moore	5 31 10	2 11 10

Class S—Sloops and Dories—Start, 3:25.

Beta, Snedeker and Camp	5 36 08	2 11 08

Class X—Dories—Start, 3:25.

Deuce, George Reston	5 39 56	2 14 56
Jack, W. Inslee	5 43 46	2 18 46
Ace, G. R. Savage	5 45 26	2 20 26

Beverly Y. C.

Fifth club race. Judge, R. W. Emmons, 2d. Wind, S.W., 8 knots. Summary:

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 56 20
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 00 28
Amanite III., Joshua Crane	2 02 19
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 03 23
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 03 50
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 04 18
Owl, E. C. Paine	2 04 18
Illusion, C. W. Baker	2 04 25

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 28 12
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 29 05

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 05 30
Flickamaroo, Walter H. Hellier	1 07 50
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 08 20
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 08 21
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 09 56
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 10 54
Jill, F. W. Herrick	1 11 44
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 12 11
Jack, F. F. Herrick	1 13 20
Peacock, Robert Winsor	Broke down.
Whitecap, Wm. Vredenburgh and S. Minot	Withdrew.
Darde, John Parkinson, Jr.	Protested.

385th Regatta—July 21.

Wind, S.W. Fair breeze. Judges, C. H. Taylor, Jr., and F. E. Cabot.

21-footers, Course 11, 13⅝ Miles.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 00 38
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 01 35
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 02 02
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 02 40
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 03 33
Edith, Clark King	2 03 48
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 04 22
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 05 12

Fourth Class Cats—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Waterbaby, F. C. Paine	1 11 53
Folly, Frederick Winsor	1 14 27
Bantam, P. Winsor	1 16 03

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 25 29
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 28 29
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 30 40

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Flickamaroo, C. E. Bellier	1 05 35
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 05 49
Peacock, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 06 02
Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 06 14
Ranzo, W. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 06 42
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 07 05
Fiddler, Mis. O. M. Dabney	1 07 14
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 08 53
Whitecap, William Minot	1 08 57

387th Regatta—Aug. 4.

Wind, S.S.W. Fair breeze.

21-footers, Course 11, 13⅝ Miles.

Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 03 37
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 04 06
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 05 32
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 07 18
Barnacle, W. E. Eustis	2 08 08
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 08 20
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 08 28
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 08 45

18-footers—Course 15, 10¼ Miles.

Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 53 53
Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 57 38

15-footers—Course 20, 6½ Miles.

Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 28 02
Seeps, Miss Warren	1 28 35
Flickamaroo, E. C. Hellier	1 29 20
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	1 32 03
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 32 25
Mongoose, Miss Eleanor Emmons	1 32 40
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 34 10
Compress, S. M. Weld	1 34 11
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 34 19
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 35 21
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 35 31
Ranzo, Miss Mary Richardson	1 37 11
Jill, R. F. Herrick	1 40 02
Whitecap, Wm. Vredenburgh & Sedgwick Minot	1 40 31
Jack, R. F. Herrick, Jr.	1 42 12

The steam yacht Varuna, Mr. Eugene Higgins, New York Y. C., is home from Europe and is lying off the torpedo station in Newport, and is being refitted and painted prior to her return on Sept. 1. Varuna was designed by the late G. L. Watson, and is one of the many fine steam yachts this great designer turned out.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—5154, G. W. Kuchler, New Rochelle, N. Y.; 5157, J. B. Elliman, N. Y. City; 5165, G. R. Stark, New York City; 5170, J. L. McGuinness, Ridgewood, N. J.; 5174, V. W. Dexheimer, Jr., N. Y. City; 5175, F. A. Plummer, N. Y. City; 5187 J. V. Smith, N. Y. City.

Central Division.—5163, L. E. Ernst, Rochester, N. Y.; 5164. E. R. Gibson, Rochester, N. Y.; 5167, F. S. Brown, Rochester, N. Y.; 5171, E. A. Phillips, Warren, Pa.; 5172, F. L. Lyons, Warren, Pa.; 5173, V. G. Newell, Warren, Pa.; 5182, H. A. Hammond, Rome, N. Y.; 5183, G. R. Stillson, Rochester, N. Y.; 5184, D. H. Grandin, Rochester, N. Y.; 5185, L. C. Breed, Jamestown, N. Y.; 5186, E. J. Green, Jamestown, N. Y.

Eastern Division.—5158, C. H. Way, Malden, Mass.; 5159, W. J. E. Sander, Boston, Mass.; 5160, D. A. Bayne, Melrose, Mass.; 5161, G. O. Curtis, Buffalo, N. Y.; 5162, J. T. Blamy, Everett, Mass.; 5168, J. S. Gibson, Boston, Mass.; 5169, F. T. Colby, Boston, Mass.; 5189, S. A. Moot, Marblehead, Mass.

Western Division.—5155, H. F. Norris, Rockford, Ill.; 5156, F. W. Van Slyke, St. Paul; Minn.; 5166, C. M. Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; 5176, W. W. Hoxton, St. Louis, Mo.; 5177, C. E. Bean, St. Paul, Minn.; 5178, A. Pritzlaff, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.; 5179, S. A. Holyoke, Milwaukee, Wis.; 5180, O. Berend, Milwaukee, Wis.; 5181, W. H. Beverung, Milwaukee, Wis.; 5188, G. Evans, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Northern Division.—Frederick M. Fisher, Ossining, N. Y., by C. E. Britton.

Western Division.—Henry Erwin, 56 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.; J. Herbert Ware, 411 Postal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; A. J. White, 3 Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill.; A. P. Chapman, 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.; all by A. W. Friese; Dr. A. W. Gray, 405 East State street, Rockford, Ill., by H. F. Norris; John W. Anacker, 386 19th street, Milwaukee, Wis.; L. J. Cameron, Central National Bank, Cleveland, Ohio.

Atlantic Division.—J. C. McClure, Coxsackie, N. Y., by W. H. Rickey; A. O. Wait, N. Y. City, by B. F. Cromwell, Jr.; C. E. Lansing, N. Y. City, by H. L. Quick.

Central Division.—C. F. Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y., by H. L. Quick.

Eastern Division.—W. V. Moot, Marblehead, Mass., by H. D. Murphy.

Northern Division.—F. M. Fisher, Ossining, N. Y., by C. E. Britton.

Western Division.—L. J. Cameron, Cleveland, Ohio, by J. J. Armstrong; J. W. Anacker, Milwaukee, Wis., by F. W. Dickens; Dr. A. W. Grey, Rockford, Ill., by H. F. Norris; J. H. Ware, A. P. Chapman, A. J. White and H. Erwin, all of Chicago, Ill., and all by A. W. Friese.

Death of Nathaniel S. Hyatt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with great sorrow that I notify you of the death of Nathaniel S. Hyatt, of Ossining, New York, on the 4th inst., near Blue Ridge, Essex county, New York. Mr. Hyatt was a life member of the American Canoe Association, and in 1903 was elected commodore. He was well known and well liked by a host of canoeists who had known him in camp and elsewhere. His many old chums will heartily sympathize with his family in their sad bereavement, and in the untimely death of so good and lovable a man and good canoeist.

J. K. Hand.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

A KANSAS CITY COLLAPSE.

All competition collapsed before the U. M. C. Shells and Remington Guns of Wm. Heer and Harry Taylor, at the Missouri State Shoot, at Kansas City, August 13th to 17th. They won the Professional and Amateur Averages against almost all the best American shots of both classes—97¾ and 96½ per cent. out of 615 targets. O. N. Ford also ran 140 straight with U. M. C. Shells.

U.M.C.

SHELLS

proved their merchandise-quality, and Messrs. Heer and Taylor their marksman-quality.

Improve your scores with U. M. C. Shells.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 23.—North Branch (N. J.) G. C.
*Aug. 23.—Ambridge (Pa.) Gun Club.
Aug. 23.—Piedmont (W. Va.) G. C. H. Clay Shaw, Sec'y.
Aug. 28-29.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Mountaineers' G. C. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-30.—Betterton, Md.—Jas. Malone's tournament.
Aug. 28-30.—Middletown, N. Y.—Orange County G. C.
Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.
Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.
Sept. 3.—Englewood, N. J.—Pleasure Gun Club Labor Day shoot. C. J. Westervelt. Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot. F. F. Mason, Sec'y.
Sept. 3.—Springfield (Mass.) G. C. Labor Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. annual tournament. First day, targets; second day, sparrows. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association.
Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.
Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 6.—Newton (Ill.) G. C. tournament. J. A. Batman, Sec'y.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
*Sept. 12.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $10 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 22-23.—St. Louis Sportsman's Shooting Park tournament.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 5-6.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual live-bird championship, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y K. T. S. L.
Oct. 9-11.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Yazoo City, Miss., Gun Club will hold a three-day tournament, Oct. 9-11, in conjunction with the Yazoo City Business League trade week, Oct. 8-13.

The shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, to be held under the auspices of the Brownsville, Pa., Gun Club, has been changed from Sept. 5 to Sept. 12.

The Omaha, Neb., Gun Club has fixed upon Nov. 13-15 as the dates for a three-day target tournament. The managers are Messrs. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald.

The tournament of the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., will have target competition on Sept. 3, and sparrow competition on Sept. 4. F. L. Wachtel is the Secretary.

Mr. J. W. Farrell, of Muncie, Ind., was victor in the contest for the English Hotel cup on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Aug. 18. The scores were: Mr. Farrell 86, Mr. H. B. Sayles 83.

The programme of the fourth annual live-bird championship of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League, to be given under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club, Oct. 5 and 6, will be ready for distribution in the near future.

The daily press gives conspicuous mention of the shooting performances of the Spanish King, Alphonso, while participating in the competition of the Isle of Wight Gun Club, Aug. 19, an incident of his visit in England. He won a cup, defeating seventeen contestants. That's all. The score is not given, but it is a fair presumption that his win was due to good shooting and better courtesy combined.

The Lake Okoboji shoot, to be held at Arnold's Park, Ia., Sept. 4-6, has an attractive programme, of which $250 in averages is a feature. There is a like programme of twelve regular events each day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. The Arnold's Park Hotel cup, a special handicap event at 50 targets, is open to all. Shooting each day will commence at 9 o'clock. Class shooting. Guns, etc., shipped, prepaid, care of the managers, Messrs. Budd & Whitney, will be delivered on the grounds free. Sept. 3 is practice day.

At the fifth regular tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League, held at Jacksonburg, W. Va., Aug. 16, the Dupont trophy, emblematic of the five-man team League championship, was won for the month by the Jacksonburg team, with a score of 83 out of 100. The League individual championship was won by Mr. W. L. Beals, of Jacksonburg, with a score of 19 out of 20. Mr. J. R. Taylor made high professional average, 191 out of 200. Mr. W. A. Wiedebusch, of Fairmont, was high amateur, 184 out of 200.

Secretary Fred Shattuck writes us as follows: "Arrangements for the fall tournament of the Columbus, O., Gun Club, Sept. 13 and 14, are progressing rapidly. Programmes will be mailed to shooters on Sept. 1. One hundred and twenty-five dollars added money, and $100 merchandise added averages. We have set the pace for 100 entries or better. A unique feature of this shoot will be a game dinner the first day, and a chowder and fish dinner on the second day. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. each day. But entry list will be held open until 11 A. M., the first day."

In a recent issue, the Shooting Times publishes the following: "We have never felt very keen on partaking of hare at a foreign restaurant, as we have often been told that 'lievre à la chasseur' is not always what it seems. We are confirmed in this suspicion by learning that two women in Mussen (Germany) have just been fined 15s. each for killing cats and selling them as hares." This goes to show that the so-called beef trust may have secured some progressive ideas from foreign methods. It also goes to show that the sentiment concerning the delicacy of hare as a viand is a pretense.

Capt. James R. Malone, Pennsylvania avenue and Clifton street, Baltimore, Md., writes us that a day of additional shooting has been added to his tournament, so that now the dates are Aug. 27-31, inclusive. The last day will be devoted to live-bird shooting, of which the main event will be at 20 birds, $10 entrance, handicaps 25 to 33yds., open to all. Miss and outs, $2 entrance, will follow the main event. A special feature of the last day will be the long-pending shoot-off between Messrs. Ed. Banks and Lester German, 100 targets, for the Wawaset trophy. There also will be a 6-man team contest, 100 targets per man, between Maryland and Delaware. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. H. E. Lupus, L. J. Squier, J. W. Chew, Joe Hunter and the manager, Capt. James R. Malone. The tournament will be held at Betterton, Md., situated about 30 miles from Baltimore, a pleasant resort on Chesapeake Bay. Two steamboat lines make daily trips to it from Baltimore, two boats from Philadelphia daily, and there also is a line from Port Deposit and Havre de Grace. The programme can be obtained on application to Capt. Malone.

Bernard Waters.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Some of us just couldn't stay away to-day, and in regulating the trap in many events the targets were thrown full 65yds.

Brewerton was on hand, but could not shoot, owing to a badly inflamed eye, caused by an exploding primer. We welcomed to-day Messrs. F. Wilson and C. Brower, two new men at the traps from over Hawthorn way.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15		
C G. Blandford	9	7	6	8	9	4	13	75	56
W H Coleman	9	6	7	9	8	7	9	75	55
Le G Wynant	..	5	6	9	8	8	13	70	49
F Wilson	..	..	3	2	..	..	..	..	..
C Brower	..	..	2	4	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League.

Jacksonburg, W. Va., Aug. 16.—The fifth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia was held here to-day under the auspices of the Jacksonburg Gun Club, and attracted a crowd of twenty-five shooters, nearly all of whom are members of clubs belonging to the League.

The weather conditions were fair after the first two events, during which the rain fell briskly, and some fair scores were made.

The Dupont trophy, emblematic of the five-man team championship of the League was won for the month by the team of the Jacksonburg Gun Club with a score of 83 out of 100, only one other League club (Fairmont Gun Club) being represented by a team.

The League individual championship gold medal was won by W. L. Beals, of the Jacksonburg Gun Club, with a score of 19 out of 20.

Mr. J. R. Taylor made the high score for the day, with 191 out of 200.

Mr. Wiedebusch, of Fairmont, was high amateur, with 184 out of 200.

The four point buck deer offered by the club as a special prize was won by Dr. Keifer, of the Jacksonburg Gun Club.

Mr. Leon Nash lent his genial personality and able assistance to the management during the tournament and was thoroughly appreciated, especially by the ladies present, while as an umbrella holder, Dupont Taylor was easily the star of the occasion. The scores:

Programme totals, 200 targets, follow:

J R Taylor	191	G Lilly	166
W A Wiedebusch	184	J E Ribb	135
T A Neill	182	B Keifer	165
L E Lantz	181	N H Reardon	164
E O Bower	182	Kibler	159
C J Mowry	177	S R Wells	159
J H Kountz	175	J Merrifield	150
J Y McNaught	174	J O McNeely	151
J D Dinsmoor	172	W C Mawhinney	149
E F Jacobs	172	H L McIntyre	149
L D Cain	171	T M McIntyre	139
*E H Taylor	169	J Leach	131
W L Boals	166		

League team race, five-man teams, 20 targets per man:

Jacksonburg Gun Club.		Fairmont Gun Club.	
Reardon	17	Wiedebusch	19
Boals	18	Lilly	17
Lantz	18	*E H Taylor	14
Kountz	17	McNeely	12
Cain	13—83	Merrifield	14—76

League individual championship gold medal, 20 targets: Won by W. L. Boals, 19.

*Eligibility in question.

E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

The Columbus, O., Gun Club had a splendid tournament, with ideal weather conditions and a large attendance from Chillicothe, Circleville, Millersport, Centerberg, Dayton, Hilliard, Greenville, Wilmington, Asheville and other cities. The six-man team race between Chillicothe, Circleville and Columbus, was won by the gunners from Circleville, with E. M. Stout as captain, making 250 out of 300. Columbus broke 249 and Chillicothe 244. The teams were quite evenly matched. The first high amateur for the day was won by that prince of good fellows, Mr. Lee Bottenfield, of Centerburg, O., with 183 out of 200. Second high amateur was won by Mr. Cromley, of Asheville, O., and third high by our Mr. Wm. Fishinger, of Hilliards, O. First high professional average was won by Mr. John R. Taylor, with 194 out of 200.

Dinner was served in the club dining room at 12:30, where the shooters did excellent work. The completeness and splendid adaptability of our club ground for large tournaments was much commented on by visiting shooters, and it is safe to say that the great two days' tournament, Sept. 13 and 14, now in preparation, with an elegant game dinner on the 13th and a fish and clam chowder dinner on the 14th, will bring a crowd that will be a record-breaker.

Mr. F. de B. White, of St. Louis, acted as cashier of the shoot, and everything went along in fine shape.

The following scores were made on Aug. 18:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	30	25	25	25	15	10	10		
Buchanan	26	22	22	..	11	7	8	115	99
Bassell	26	18	17	..	11	8	..	105	81
Ward	28	23	24	..	13	8	..	105	96
Webster	27	23	23	22	13	9	..	130	117
Prince Albert	18	..	..	19	9	..	6	80	52
Fishinger	23	20	23	25	..	..	..	105	91
Wells	23	..	..	20	..	..	..	55	43
Brown	19	..	..	..	..	6	6	50	31
Ford	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Rood	14	..	..	..	..	..	6	40	20
Shattuck	..	..	20	..	11	..	..	40	31
Kinderman	..	15	14	..	10	6	..	75	45

The Hunter Arms trophy event was won by Webster with 27 singles and 18 in the doubles. Ward won the Peters event with 47 out of 50.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—Of the many attractions of carnival week, last but not least on Aug. 10 and 11 was the two-day tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club, which was held under very poor weather conditions. A drizzling easterly storm a greater part of the first day made it a hard game to go up against.

The grounds face directly east, and not one of the boys could appreciate the fact that it rained. But on the second day the conditions were much better. A light southern wind blew. The weather prophet was trying to make up for lost time. In spite of the variable weather, some good scores were made:

The trade was well represented by J. M. Hawkins, J. Boa, G. Wheeler, J. S. Fanning, O. R. Dickey, A. Sibley.

The winners for the first day were: Dr. E. F. Gleason, of Boston, high average (the Doctor also won in the class shoot with 94½ per cent., which was more than going, as he had a very bad shoulder); second, E. C. Griffith; third, J. M. Woodward and S. Hibbard, tied; fourth, R. M. Robb and J. Derby, tied.

There were many other creditable scores made, which did not take prizes, as the shooting was class shooting, from 70 to 95 per cent. or better.

The winners for the second day were: J. McArdle, high average; H. Kirkwood, second (both of these gentlemen won in class work; McArdle's 95 per cent. was getting a move on some); S. Hibbard, third; Carver, fourth; C. Hughes, fifth.

The boys pronounced the shoot a success.

Events 7, 8 and 9 of Aug. 11 were a sweepstake team race. There were but twoo teams, Aquidneck and Middlesex. The race was won by the home team. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Per Cent.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	
Hawkins	14	14	20	14	15	18	14	14	15	14	14	17	91 1-2
Gleason	15	15	19	15	14	16	14	14	20	13	14	19	94
Fanning	13	15	18	14	14	19	14	12	17	9	12	17	87 1-2
Boa	14	15	19	14	14	18	13	10	20	15	13	19	92
Griffith	15	11	17	13	13	18	14	15	18	12	14	19	89 1-2
Wheeler	15	12	19	11	11	18	14	12	18	14	14	17	88
W Hughes	12	12	17	13	9	17	13	10	19	12	11	13	79
Muir	11	10	13	11	7	11	12	9	14	6	..	..	79
Powell	11	14	18	13	10	15	14	12	15	10	12	18	79
Robb	8	13	18	13	13	16	13	8	14	11	13	16	80
Dickey	14	11	19	13	12	17	14	15	19	12	15	18	90
Woodard	13	13	17	15	15	18	14	13	16	13	15	15	88 1-2
Dring	13	11	14	13	12	13	13	10	15	11	13	14	76
Letendre	13	10	15	11	12	15	12	12	18	11	12	16	78 1-2
Sibley	11	12	16	9	10	14	11	8	15	12	9	14	70 1-2
C Hughes	11	14	17	12	13	18	9	15	14	11	15	16	87 1-2
Audet	10	10	13	11	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	63
Derby	11	12	19	10	11	16	12	11	17	12	13	16	80
Thaw	10	10	12	10	13	12	11	13	17	10	12	14	72
McArdle	13	15	19	14	13	18	11	10	..	..	..	..	91 7-12
H H Moore	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	73 1-3
Hibbard	14	13	17	12	13	18	14	12	19	12	15	18	88 1-2
Eggars	14	12	18	9	11	11	11	12	18	12	10	11	73 1-2

Keystone Gun Club Captain.

Lancaster, Pa.—Kindly announce in your next issue that I have sold out my tailoring business and have accepted the position of captain and manager of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa. Will also be general manager of the next Pennsylvania State shoot, as well as manage tournaments in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. After Sept. 1 my address will be Lebanon, Pa.

At Quarryville, Pa., Aug. 14, the following scores were made:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Ressler	150	136	Gardner	150	77
Baker	150	133	White	135	110
Williams	150	131	Tenement	135	70
Jebb	150	119	Groff	120	54
Barr	150	115	Wilson	105	88
Bonham	150	115	Cassidy	105	88
Lewis	150	110	Robison	75	32
Knicks	150	104	Miss Rieker	60	48
Morehouse	150	96	Miller	60	39
Armstrong	150	98	Wright	45	32
Conner	150	87	Brown	45	29

Nat Ressler.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 18.—Mr. J. W. Farrell, of Muncie, Ind., defeated Mr. H. B. Sayles in the qualifying contest for the English Hotel cup. Scores: Farrel 86, Sayles 83.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	19	19	19	19	18	19	15
Brittan	18	19	16	13	16	..	..
Wands	15	14	19	16	17	14	..
Anderson	18	13	12	16	16	13	..
Hunter	17	19	18	19	19	16	..
Morris	12	19	..	..	..	..	..
Southern	15	14	13	12	15	17	..
Harcourt	16	12	13	16	16	17	..
Daggett	13	13	14	16	14	17	..
Moller	15	17	17	18	18	17	..
Habich	18	17	17	17	16	..	..
Sayles	15	13	11	..	..	..	..
Farrell	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Nash	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crowe	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Colin	15	19	12	..	..	..	..
Smoke	16	11	16	17	..	..	..

Secretary.

Magic City Gun Club.

Muncie, Ind., Aug. 16.—The appended scores were made at our regular matinée shoot to-day.

Event 1, 25 targets, was for a Stevens rifle. Scores:

Johnson	22	Williamson	23
Thompson	22	Farrell	25
Shumack	22	Spencer	20
Bender	23		

Event 2, 25 targets, was for a fine Ithaca hammerless. Scores:

Johnson	21	Williamson	23
Thompson	21	Farrell	21
Shumack	22	Spencer	24
Bender	23		

Event 3, 50 targets, was for the Ballistite loving cup. Scores:

Johnson	43	Williamson	46
Thompson	42	Farrell	46
Shumack	43	Spencer	44
Bender	42		

F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.

Indian Tournament.

The eighth annual tournament of the Indians was held at Parkersburg, W. Va., on Aug. 6-10, under the auspices of the Parkersburg Gun Club. The trade was represented by the popular experts Messrs. Heikes, Squier, Le Compte, Huff, Gottlieb, Heer, Elliott, Crosby, Riehl, Adams, Young, Marshall, North, Jones, Nash and Welles.

Aug. 7, First Day.

The totals made on the first day were as follows:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Crosby	200	196	Riehl	200	173
Kelsey	200	194	McDonald	200	173
Tryon	200	192	Mallory, Jr.	200	172
W H Heer	200	189	T Bibbee	200	171
Ford	200	189	F Mallory	200	170
W Huff	200	188	E R Smith	200	170
C Gottlieb	200	188	Ellsworth	200	168
Huntley	200	187	J Moxley	200	168
Elliott	200	187	N Johnson	200	168
Fleming	200	186	E Voris	200	167
Squier	200	186	Dr Cook	200	165
Willard	200	185	R Eaton	200	164
Bower	200	184	E B Coe	200	163
Bonser	200	184	H Bozard	200	162
Merrill	200	184	J Stewart	200	162
Burnside	200	183	S Johnston	200	162
Le Compte	200	183	P Schlicher	200	161
C A Young	200	183	A Gambell	200	161
Geo Roll	200	182	C Adams	200	157
German	200	182	J Dover	200	153
J S Young	200	182	H Heikes	200	150
C Mowry	200	181	G Loomis	200	146
J Mallory	200	181	Mallory, Sr.	200	148
J Speary	200	178	H Hoey	200	142
J Barto	200	179	F Jones	200	135
A King	200	177	Burmeister	200	135
S Mallory	200	176	Mrs S Johnston	200	134
R Heikes	200	175	R R Burt	200	128
R Pringle	200	175	Ed Rike	200	121
H Welles	200	174	J Dinsmore	140	118
W Shaffer	200	174	Ed Shaffer	40	25
Marshall	200	173	Diedrich	40	9

Aug. 8, Second Day.

The totals of the second day were as follows:

Crosby	200	196	Welles	200	175
Heer	200	196	Nichols	200	175
Fleming	200	190	Dr Cook	200	174
Heikes	200	190	Voris	200	174
Riehl	200	189	Roll	200	173
Tryon	200	189	S Mallory	200	173
Elliott	200	189	Coe	200	173
Gottlieb	200	189	Dinsmore	200	171
Squier	200	188	Johnston	200	170
Huff	200	187	Eaton	200	170
Kelsey	200	187	Marshall	200	168
Ford	200	186	Hoey	200	166
J S Young	200	185	McDonald	200	166
C A Young	200	185	Adams	200	162
Pringle	200	184	Smith	200	161
Speary	200	184	Phillis	200	162
Merrill	200	184	Stewart	200	160
Mallory, Jr.	200	183	H Heikes	200	159
Le Compte	200	182	Burmeister	200	158
Huntley	200	182	Gambell	200	157
Bower	200	181	Mallory, Jr.	200	156
German	200	181	Mowry	200	152
Willard	200	181	S Johnston	200	147
Burnside	200	179	Mrs Johnston	200	147
Barto	200	179	Loomis	200	138
Schlicher, Jr.	200	179	Dover	180	154
J Mallory	200	178	Burt	180	132
F Mallory	200	178	Bonser	140	134
King	200	177	McCollum	140	104
Bibbee	200	177	Rathbone	120	80
Moxley	200	176	Rike	100	41
Shaffer	200	176	Dinsmore	80	62
Miller	200	175			

Aug. 9, Third Day.

High scores were conspicuous, the amateurs setting a swift pace for the professionals. Scores:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Fleming	200	192	Le Compte	200	179
Ford	200	192	Burnside	200	177
German	200	191	Roll	200	176
Heikes	200	191	S Mallory	200	176
Crosby	200	191	McDonald	200	175
Bonser	200	189	Schlicher, Jr.	200	174
Huff	200	189	Coe	200	174
Bower	200	189	Nichols	200	173
Gottlieb	200	187	Adams	200	172
Elliott	200	187	King	200	170
Willard	200	187	Mower	200	169
Speary	200	187	Burmeister	200	168
Merrill	200	187	Dr Cook	200	168
Tryon	200	186	Bibbee	200	167
Pringle	200	185	H Heikes	200	163
Riehl	200	185	Voris	200	164
Mallory, Jr.	200	185	Lilly	200	161
J Mallory	200	185	S Johnston	200	157
Kelsey	200	185	Wiedebusch	200	157
Heer	200	185	Mallory, Sr.	200	155
Huntley	200	184	Phillis	200	153
Squier	200	184	Stewart	200	146
F Mallory	200	183	Mrs Johnston	200	131
Johnston	200	183	Loomis	200	130
C A Young	200	183	J Dinsmore	160	130
Welles	200	180	Ellsworth	160	104
Marshall	200	180	L Dinsmore	120	93
Miller	200	179	Rike	60	33
Barto	200	179	Eaton	60	27
J S Young	200	178			

Totals of the three days, a total of 600 targets shot at:

Crosby	583	Mallory, Jr	540
Heer	570	Barto	537
Fleming	568	F Mallory	531
Ford	567	Roll	531
Tryon	567	Welles	529
Kelsey	566	S Mallory	525
Huff	564	King	524
Elliott	563	Marshll	521
Gottlieb	563	Johnston	521
Squier	558	Bibbee	515
Heikes	555	Schlicher, Jr.	514
Merrill	555	Coe	510
Bower	554	McDonald	514
German	554	Cook	507
Huntley	553	Voris	505
Willard	553	Moyry	502
C A Young	551	Adams	492
Speary	549	H Heikes	475
Riehl	547	Stewart	468
J S Young	545	Johnston	463
Pringle	544	Burmeister	461
J Mallory	544	Mallory, Sr.	459
Le Compte	543	Loomis	414
Burnside	540	Mrs Johnston	409

Mallory cup, 50 targets:

Kelsey	49
E A Tryon	43
Roll	48
H Bonser	48
L B Fleming	46
C A Young	46
A H King	46
J Burmeister	45
J H Ellsworth	45
J A R Elliott	45
W R Crosby	44
W Huff	44
C Gottlieb	44
Huntley	44
C F Cook	43
H S McDonald	43
W A Wiedebusch	43
J S Young	43
L S German	43
E O Bower	43
L C Willard	43
F C Riehl	43
Ford	43
W H Heer	43
L J Squier	42
R Merrill	42
H S Welles	42
S T Mallory	42
Ed Voris	42
P Schlicher	41
C O Le Compte	41
J F Mallory	40
E B Coe	39
C W Phellis	39
C R Adams	39
F E Mallory	39
T A Marshall	38
J R Miller	37
Lilly	37
R O Heikes	37
C J Mowry	36
J Barto	35
R R Burt	28
N Johnson	41

The results of the averages for cups were as follows:

Class A, 94 per cent. and over, 50 targets each:

E A Tryon	47	W H Heer	46
W R Crosby	46	W Huff	43

97 PER CENT. FOR 700 SHOTS

Another New Record Made With

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

John R. Taylor, the "Ohio Wonder," broke 682 targets out of 700 at 18 yards, during the three days' tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association. This effectually substantiates the absolute uniformity and reliability of Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells. At the same shoot the Grand Canadian Handicap was won by W. P. Thompson, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, as was also the Mail Trophy, emblematic of the five man team Championship of Canada. The Winchester score of victories so far this year is "straight" and includes the Southern Handicap, first place in every event at the Grand American Hancicap Tournament, and first place in all but one event at the Eastern Handicap; also high average at the Indian Shoot. No wonder

Winchester Shells Are Used By The Best Shots Everywhere.

Class B, 88 to 94 per cent.:

L J Squier	48	R O Heikes	43
J A R Elliott	48	J B Barto	42
F C Riehl	46	C A Young	41
J F Mallory	46	C O Le Compte	41
R Merrill	45	E O Bower	41
L C Willard	44	C Gottlieb	40
J S Young	44	F E Mallory	37
L S German	43		

Class C, 88 per cent. and under:

Ed Voris	46	T A Marshall	36
P Schlicher	45	C E Cook	34
C B Adams	45	C J Mowry	33
J Burmeister	41	H W Heikes	32
S T Mallory	39	S S Johnston	32
H S McDonald	39	Mrs S S Johnston	32

Missouri State G. & F. Assn. Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 17.—The past week has been a busy one at the old shooting park known the world over as Elliott's Blue River, for the twenty-ninth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association has been held there. Starting on Monday and lasting five days, the popping of guns has been constant from morning until dark. The attendance has been so large that with two target traps and one set of live-bird traps, the events could not be finished until the evening shadows gathered as the sun went down.

The programme was a very interesting one, and on the first day there were eighty names entered in the different events. This shows that there is plenty of interest in the shooting game in the west, and in Missouri, even considering that there are only two towns that hold this annual event. It is possible that the crowd would have been much larger had not the Denver shoot interfered, with its attraction of added money coming on the following week; however, Bob Elliott was satisfied and did not wish for any more work to fall on his shoulders as secretary.

The weather conditions have been good, with the exception of the heat, and that may be expected at this time of the year. It was a little out of season for live-bird shooting, but if you think they were a soft lot, then take a look at the scores and see if there were not a large number of them strong enough of wing to evade two loads of 7, chilled, and live to be cooped some other day.

There were no ties to shoot off, as old Missouri State medal and interstate championship were won without a tie. The same set of Fulford traps and the underground system of loading that we used to hear so much about are in use here. Then again, you old pigeon shooters will remember Ed. Hickman, and when you learn that he had full charge of all the refereeing and scoring, you will know that it was well done. Now, on this day, the gold watch day, there was a struggler that brought to the front the good ones from St. Louis, as when the last bird had been trapped, it was found to be a tie between Mermod and Baggerman on 24 out of the 25. On the shoot off, miss-and-out, Mermod was the first to drop out on the 16th round.

As to the target part of the somewhat lengthy programme, on Monday, the practice day, there were forty men present, eager to see just how Bob was going to throw them. Five events of 20 targets each was the order of shooting, and that all worked like clock-work, with perfect weather, as will be seen when the well-known Riehl, Gottlieb and Huff made a score of 97 each. Most of the contestants were up in the 90, while Maxwell and Huntley made 96 for the amateurs. All present went to town feeling pleased with the conditions and the surroundings, and with a confidence that during the week everything would be fair sailing.

There was a large gathering of shooters, and before the entries had closed for the day some eighty men had tested their skill at the mud pies. Along with the struggle for supremacy as to who could make the highest total score, the interest for this day was centered in the last event of 25 targets, there being a special prize of an Ithaca shotgun. The event was not finished until the following morning, when it was a tie between Sheldon, of Kansas City, and Hood, of Columbus, Kans. The shoot-off was short, as Dr. Sheldon lost 2 and Hood 1 out of the first, and the gun went to the popular young shooter from the nearby Sunflower State.

Some wonderful scores were made during the day, as Heer, Huff and Klein each made 172 out of 175. It was this over-night hold-over that was bad for Russel. He made a grand total of 168 straight, and when shooting his last 7 targets, lost the 3 that stopped his longest run of his lifetime, as he had finished the last shoot he attended with a straight.

The scores were for the most part so very good that the reader is referred to the detailed report of same herein published.

Wednesday was almost a repetition of the first, save that there was a little delay on account of a passing shower. Billy Heer, the cyclone shooter, had a little the best of the "push," as he let only 2 get away from him. Among the very high class amateurs present, Mr. Thomas, of Missouri, showed 145 out of the 150. There were several special prizes during the week. The diamond shirt stud for this day was won by Huntley, with 97 out of the last 100, after he shot out Clay, 24 to 22 out of 25.

There seems to be a demand for a variety in target shooting, and when there is a programme issued by Bob Elliott, there is most likely to be much evidence of his handicaps, and so on Thursday, the 100-target event for the amateur championship was a sure enough feature with the Elliott sliding handicap. This turned out to be a hot one, and the large totals were remarkable—Mr. Thomas, by keeping up his very steady work, smashed them just the same from the 20yd. line as he had been doing from the 16. It will be a long time before his 74 out or 75 from the 20 peg will be equalled on these grounds, where those same trees and the smoke-stack form the background.

You know, that somewhere in the programme T. Bill will be found at the top, so this was his day, and he topped the travelers with 146.

O. N. Ford was high amateur, 146, having nosed out Thomas by one target. It is remarkable how close the boys keep in this game, as for instance, Heer, Huff and Freeman each made 144. Your attention is called to the scores for this day, as for the last 100 the traveling men shot at 16yds., while the amateurs were handicapping themselves from the 16 to the 20 peg, and the best scores were mostly made from the latter distance.

This practically closed the State events, and several of the shooters left for their homes, some of them expressing a desire to arrange their affairs preparatory to the trip to Denver.

The last day was a remarkable one for high scores, and possibly never were such scores rolled up. At 140 targets there was Heer with 137, and he had as partners one of the old boys, McMurchy, and T. Bill Crosby, with his other new gun.

O. N. Ford topped all with 140 straight. C. H. Hood made 136 and Guy Ward, H. Taylor and Veach, 135. Spencer, Huff and Kahler made 136 each. All got in the money, and ate it up, so that there were no big winners.

At the close of the 140-target programme, the team race was started. Tom Marshall and Harvey McMurchy were chosen as captains, and they chose sides, putting in all those present who would take part. Marshall's team looked to be the strongest, and so it turned out, yet if the shoot was to be shot over again, there might be a reversal of the scores.

The business meeting was held on Tuesday night. Very little business was transacted, save that of the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, auditing the treasurer's report, selecting a place for the next meeting, and electing officers. What money there was in the treasury was spent for prizes for this year, and the Association starts out for a basis for the coming year of charging no dues or fees to members or clubs. This, as stated by some, would draw a large crowd of shooters.

Alex. Mermod, in behalf of the St. Louis Trapshooters' Association, made a request for the next annual tournament, and same was voted without objection.

The officers for the next year were elected, viz.: Alex. Mermod, President; F. E. Rogers, Vice-President, and Jimmy Bell, Secretary and Treasurer. Now, these men are all tournament promoters, and there should be something worth the attention of the shooting public, as the new association promises a new park and everything up to date.

Shooters present and taking part for the most part in the target tournament proper were: The only Dave Elliott, Kansas, City, Mo.; H. Anderson, Salina, Kans.; R. Dougherty, Santa, Mo.; E. E. Hairgrove, Kansas City, Mo.; John Slusher, Lexington, Mo.; C. A. Young, Columbus, O.; F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.; H. Kahler, Davenport, Ia.; W. H. Vietmeyer, Chicago, Ill.; W. J. Rand and Chris. Buliver, El Paso, Texas; W. H. Clay, C. G. Spencer, F. E. Rogers, C. H. McNichols, A. D. Mermod, Wm. Baggerman, St. Louis, Mo.; W. E. Sullivan, W. A. Tussan, C. F. Breckline, Walter Howe, A. D. McDonald, Alva Wilson, J. J. Van Wyck, A. C. Holmes, C. Kopt, C. W. Tufelt, T. F. Norton, J. G. Sheldon, Kansas City, Mo.; George Mackie, Scammon, Kans.; Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.; T. J. Hartman, Deer Creek, Okla.; Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kans.; W. Hood, Columbus, Kans.; L. G. Scranton, Wier City, Kans.; H. C. Gragg, Topeka, Kans.; W. H. Martin, Ottawa, Kans.; W. A. Smith, Glenwood, Mo.; J. H. Thomas, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; A. Dixon, Joplin, Mo.; J. A. Nichols, Memphis, Mo.; Chas. Hagerman, Los Angeles, Cal.; R. R. Barber, Paulina, Ia.; H. D. Freeman, Atlanta, Ga.; Guy Ward and P. C. Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn.; J. S. Davis, Lees Summit, Mo.; D. Holland, Macon, Mo.; H. G. Taylor, Mekling, S. D.; Russell Klein, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Wm. Veach and J. H. Bauer, Falls City, Neb.; W. G. Lythe, Atchison, Kans.; Chas. Highfell, Potter, Kans.; E. P. Pringbane, Phœnix, Mo.; W. Peterson, Pleasanton, Kans.; Jesse Webb, Tulsa, I. T.; Frank Hodge, Olathe, Kans.; W. Essig, Plattsburg, Mo.; Rider Walker, Julius Gimmer, St. Louis; Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg; Louis Erhart, Fred Quimby, Oliver Winans, of East Alton, Ill. There were many of the old Kansas boys, like Smith, Stockwell, Thomas Glassner and such, who did not shoot any targets.

The scores in detail are all herein set out, and follow for each day:

Preliminary day, five 20-target events:

D Elliott	88	Hartman	84
Anderson	90	O'Brien	96
R Dougherty	95	Hood	95
Hagerman	95	Norton	84
Hairgrove	92	Maxwell	96
Young	95	Ford	94
Riehl	97	Holland	93
Heer	95	Nichols	87
Kahler	92	Huntley	96
Vietmeyer	88	Martin	83
Clayton	87	Slusher	82
Rand	90	Freeman	91
Gottlieb	97	McGee	85
Voliver	92	Holmes	92
Clay	92	Harlan, Sr.	68
Mackie	90	Harlan, Jr.	54
Huff	97	Marshall	94

Aug. 14, First Day.

The opening live-bird event was at 20 pigeons, $5 entrance, optional sweep of $10 extra; open to amateurs only of the State of Missouri, so far as the medal was concerned.

This was the famous old Missouri team medal that has been in existence for twenty-nine years. It was a great honor to win it. The winner turned up in Mr. Glassner, a business man of Kansas City, as he was the only Missouri man with a straight score.

Event 1 had scores as follows:

Slusher	2210022202121001111—15
Young	2222222200202222222—17
Vietmeyer	0212111201121122111 2—18
Freeman	2212222201112201212 2—18
Clayton	2222222221022201202—17
Hairgrove	1210101101201121021 2—15
Kahler	2222200202022222222—16
Hartman	2120010212012212100 0—13
Taylor	2122121201212012122—18
Mermod	2121212222012102022 2—17
Anderson	2102212121212222102 0—17
Holmes	1122012112111120110 1—17
Baggerman	1200122102212222222—17
R Dougherty	0022120101102212212 2—15
Hill	2222222222022221220—18
Wells	2212222122212222222—20
Smith	0221022122122122122 1—17
Harlan, Jr.	2212112012002121210 0—15
Harlan, Sr.	2012212022102210 2212—16
F Dougherty	2202120221021212002—15
Seeben	0221202202120200221—14
Glassner	2222212121222122121 21—20
Guy Ward	2221222001221200212 0—15
Ford	2201221220221212102—17
P C Ward	2212122221021222212 2—17
Gray	2210222102212212210 2—17
Veach	1121112111121112122—20
Clay	2222222222222222202—19
Peterson	2122120120221212121 2—16
Sullivan	2122021201202102121 2—16
Breckline	2222122122221220121 0—18

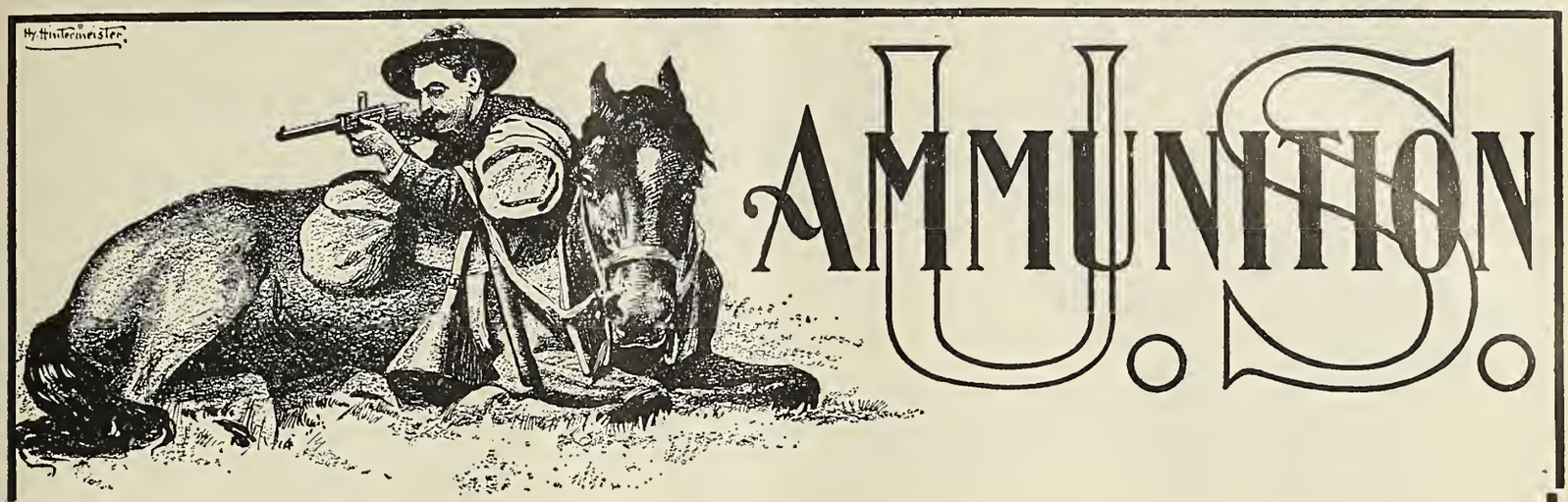
Target scores first day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Brk.
D Elliott	13	14	19	13	12	19	14	14	19	21	158
Anderson	14	14	19	14	13	18	13	14	18	23	165
R Dougherty	13	14	19	14	13	18	13	14	16	22	157
Hairgrove	13	14	14	15	12	19	10	13	16	21	147
Slusher	13	13	18	14	9	17	10	13	16	20	143
Young	13	14	20	15	14	19	14	14	17	25	165
Sherman	15	13	15	14	11	17	12	14	18	20	154
Riehl	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	13	19	23	166
Kahler	12	15	18	15	15	20	14	14	19	24	166
Vietmeyer	14	13	16	12	13	17	11	13	18	22	149
Clayton	11	13	18	13	13	20	13	15	19	21	156
Rand	14	15	18	15	12	19	14	11	18	23	159
Gottlieb	15	15	18	14	11	20	15	13	20	24	165
Bulwer	14	13	17	14	13	19	13	15	18	22	158
Clay	15	15	19	15	15	20	13	15	16	24	167
Ford	13	12	18	15	14	19	15	14	16	24	160
Marshall	12	13	17	14	14	16	9	12	20	22	149
Huntley	15	15	19	14	12	20	13	14	18	23	163
Maxwell	13	14	20	15	14	18	14	13	19	20	160
Heer	15	15	20	15	15	20	14	15	18	25	172
Mackie	13	13	19	15	6	13	10	11	20	24	144
Huff	15	15	19	15	15	19	15	15	20	24	172
Hartman	9	13	17	13	15	18	14	13	19	23	154
O'Brien	15	15	19	14	15	20	14	14	18	20	164
Hood	14	15	20	15	14	20	13	12	20	25	168
Scranton	15	13	17	15	13	19	14	15	19	22	162
Morton	14	13	15	12	11	16	11	12	16	..	...
Spencer	15	14	18	15	15	20	15	15	20	24	171
Rogers	13	15	16	14	12	20	14	14	20	22	160
M A Smith	14	14	19	15	14	19	19	11	13	21	154
Thomas	10	15	17	15	13	20	14	14	20	24	162
Crosby	13	15	18	15	15	19	15	15	20	24	169
McNichol	15	14	17	15	15	20	13	15	19	24	165
Dixon	12	13	10	15	14	18	13	14	17	24	158
Nichols	13	15	18	14	12	20	13	14	18	22	159
Smith	12	12	16	11	8	16	11	12	14	..	...
Hagerman	12	13	19	12	13	17	11	15	18	..	...
Barber	14	14	19	15	13	20	15	14	18	23	165
Freeman	15	15	20	13	12	19	15	11	20	23	162
Guy Ward	14	15	19	12	11	20	13	15	20	22	161
P C Ward	8	15	19	15	13	19	12	14	19	21	155
Mermod	15	15	20	14	15	20	14	15	18	22	168
McKisson	11	13	13	12	11	17	11	13	..	..	...
Lufelt	14	13	18	15	13	17	10	11	..	..	...
Holland	14	15	18	18	13	20	13	13	..	..	...
Taylor	15	15	19	14	15	19	13	15	20	24	169
Kline	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	22	172
Veach	13	15	18	13	13	19	14	15	15	23	163
Baur	15	14	16	15	13	19	13	12	18	16	158
Lytle	9	14	17	14	11	19	11	9	14	..	...
Highfill	9	14	12	14	13	15	14	8	17	..	...
Baggerman	15	12	15	14	12	15	15	12	15	..	...
Kopp	14	14	16	15	14	19	14	11	19	..	...
Dougherty	14	13	18	15	13	20	..	..	..	..	...
Holmes	14	14	20	14	14	20	13	15	20	18	162
Van Wyck	11	14	15	13	7	16	11	8	..	..	...
Wilson	..	..	20	15	13	19	13	12	18	..	...
McDonald	11	12	18	13	14	20	13	13	18	21	153
Rymer	12	14	19	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Peterson	8	12	17	15	15	17	14	12	18	..	...
McGrew	10	18	17	..	8	17	..	10	19	..	...
Howe	..	..	14	10	..	18	..	..	..	..	...
Hodges	..	..	..	..	..	10	17	10	14	..	...
Tesson	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	11	15	16	...
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	13	11	17	..
Reagan	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	12	14	18	..
Cosby	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	11	10	16	..
Rouner	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	12	..	..	...
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	13	13	17	..

Aug. 15, Second Day.

Wednesday morning, Ed. Hickman started the traps a-going for the shoot of the interstate amateur live-pigeon championship. This was at 25 birds, and shot under the Elliott handicap—when shooter kills 5 birds he goes back a yard. This puts the shooter to some disadvantage when he gets back to 32yds., but is very just. Mr. Veach, of Falls City, Neb., was the only man to get all the birds save Chas. Young, who started at 31yds. and shot the last 15 at 33yds. The scores in full follow:

Slusher, 28	1022010222122012221220021—19
Mermod, 28	1222121122211221122102222—24
Taylor, 28	2122212212012212022212212—23
Clayton, 28	1221212212122012212210202—22
Baggerman, 28	2212211122122122012012012—23
Kahler, 28	2200122122100221122212002—19
Meyers, 28	2222122221222120220 2w



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Holmes, 28 .....02122021202000w
Veach, 28 .....1122121212122212222111 2—25
Harlan, Sr., 26 .....1020221210220122012201221—19
Harlan, Jr., 28 .....1222221212221210100202201—19
W Peterson, 28 .....2222122122210212122122121—24
Smith, 28 .....2112212121201212112110121—23
McNichols, 28 .....0221221021212212112102121—22
Scranton, 28 .....2212212012011222122111021—22
Wells, 28 .....2021221221201122112112121—23
Highfill, 28 .....1211210102211222110022121—21
Glassner, 28 .....1222122200112100212120121—20
Young, 31 .....2222222222222222222222222—25
Shacklett, 28 .....1222220211102122011020121—20
Seben, 28 .....1222112212121112121121021—24
G L Peterson, 28 .....2122122121001201121121212—22
Ostertag, 28 .....2212212111122220001121212—22
Sullivan, 28 .....0001221212012012102121212—19
Lowry, 28 .....0221221212102121002222220—20

Targets, second day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25	25	Brk.
D Elliott	12	11	13	13	23	22	22	127
Anderson	12	15	15	23	22	22	21	130
Clay	14	13	18	25	24	23	25	142
Hairgrove	14	9	16	21	25	20	23	127
Slusher	12	12	15	22	18	21	19	119
Young	14	13	18	22	25	25	25	142
Sherman	13	15	17	19	22	20	22	127
Riehl	15	14	20	24	24	24	25	146
Kahler	11	13	20	22	24	22	23	135
Vietmeyer	14	9	16	18	19	21	22	119
Clayton	14	15	18	19	21	22	22	131
Rand	12	12	19	22	23	21	23	134
Gottlieb	13	15	20	24	25	23	24	144
Bulwer	..	..	16	22	22	18	21	...
Herman	13	15	19	18	17	22	..	...
Marshall	12	13	17	20	21	16	17	116
Huntley	15	13	19	25	25	25	23	144
Ford	15	14	20	23	23	22	25	142
Maxwell	14	13	18	24	23	23	23	138
Heer	15	15	19	24	25	25	25	148
Mackie	12	15	14	17	23	17	21	119
Huff	14	15	20	23	25	25	24	146
Hartman	12	14	19	22	23	22	20	132
O'Brien	15	15	19	23	24	22	..	...
Hood	14	14	20	21	25	25	24	143
Scranton	14	13	17	22	24	23	22	135
Crosby	13	12	18	21	20	19	24	132
McMurchy	13	15	20	25	25	23	25	146
Sheldon	12	13	16	20	24	24	24	133
Dixon	13	11	20	23	22	23	23	135
Spencer	15	13	19	25	25	25	25	147
Rogers	12	14	18	23	23	25	22	137
Baggerman	13	15	20	22	22	25	23	140
Thomas	14	15	20	23	25	25	23	145
Crosby	14	15	18	23	24	25	23	141
McNichol	15	12	19	23	22	22	23	136
R Dougherty	15	15	18	22	24	24	25	143
Nichols	14	14	14	24	24	23	24	137
McGee	14	14	18	22	24	20	16	128
Highfill	13	9	18	22	20	..	..	...
Barber	15	15	20	22	25	25	23	145
Freeman	15	15	20	22	22	22	21	137
Guy Ward	13	11	19	22	25	23	23	136
P C Ward	15	13	19	22	24	24	21	138
Mermod	15	14	20	24	22	23	24	142
Veach	12	12	19	18	24	24	24	133
Baur	12	13	17	19	23	23	21	128
Holland	13	15	18	24	24	24	24	142
Taylor	15	15	19	24	24	23	23	143
Kline	15	11	20	23	21	21	24	135
Holmes	12	12	18	23	23	17	23	128
Drummond	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	...
Peterson	12	12	15	21	16	..	..	...
Rickmers	..	..	..	20	21	21	..	...
Kopp	11	11	20	21	24	22	..	...
R S Field	7	9	14	..	15	14	..	...
S I Field	4	8	13	18	19	12	16	90
Tramp	13	12	18	24	23	..	..	...
Shackett	..	..	14	21	20	..	..	...
Hill	..	..	17	20	20	24	..	...
Fair	..	..	15	18	14	16	..	...
Ramsey	..	..	16	21	23	24	..	...
Wilmot	..	..	15	20	20	25	..	...
Reagan	..	..	..	21	21	19	..	...
Sullivan	..	..	..	16	21	20	..	...
Vincent	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	...
Rouner	..	..	..	15	23	22	..	...

Aug. 16, Third Day.

St. Louis pigeon shooters had things pretty much their own way on Thursday, as Mermod and Baggerman tied on 24 out of 25 live birds for the Missouri amateur pigeon championship, the prize being a gold watch. Mermod lost out on the 16th round for the watch and Baggerman won.

Charley Young again set a pattern by killing 25 straight. Scores:

Slusher .....1202010220102221220012212—17
Holmes .....2212121221201220102122212—22
Harlan, Jr .....1201220122121221221210022—21
Harlan, Sr .....2201221221020121212022221—21
Kahler .....1212202102021221202121002—19
Holland .....1202201221020120021221221—18
Taylor .....2022222221221221022121210—22
Felt .....1121212212121022121120121—23
McGee .....2202121212201212121210021—21
Mermod .....0212221221221221221212221—24
Baggerman .....2202122122122212222212212—24
Veach .....0201212122102122122121121—22
Ramsey .....2222122222101221022121121—23
Smith 021221022001w
Shacklett .....2221222002222202220021221—20
McNichols .....2222220110202122221200122—20
Howe 020121222102221w
Clayton .....1210212012102212212222212222—22
Young .....2222222222222222222222222—25
Rickmar .....1212121201110221111210212—22
Turner .....0212121111110210211212111—22
Clay .....2212212222122221210222101—23
Wilmot .....1221220221212221112122202—23
Glassner 2221020202122021222w
Williams .....2221221221022011102122222—22
Sullivan .....1111221221221021210220121—22
Cosby .....2122101021221101221220121—21
Dr Von Quest .....2210220202020220020202222—16
Meuncy .....0022222212221220020022222—20

Targets, third day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	25	25	Brk.
D Elliott	13	15	16	21	21	22	22	130
H Anderson	15	15	16	23	24	24	24	141
Clay	14	12	18	23	22	20	20	129
Hairgrove	13	18	17	25	21	25	20	136
Slusher	9	11	18	21	20	17	20	116
Young	14	13	18	23	25	23	24	140
Sherman	14	13	16	23	21	15	25	127
Riehl	13	14	20	24	24	22	24	141
Kahler	15	15	20	22	23	23	23	141
Vietmeyer	14	13	18	21	16	20	24	128
Herman	14	12	17	21	18	20	19	121
Rand	12	14	14	24	21	21	22	128
Gottlieb	14	15	16	24	22	23	23	137
Bulwer	12	11	18	24	21	24	24	134
Felt	12	11	18	22	23	23	21	130
Marshall	14	13	16	21	17	21	22	124
Huntley	15	14	19	25	22	24	24	143
Ford	15	14	20	25	25	24	23	146
Maxwell	15	15	20	22	25	24	22	143
Heer	14	15	19	24	24	24	24	144
Huff	15	15	20	23	25	22	24	144
Miner	14	15	18	24	20	21	16	128
Hartman	15	15	20	22	22	20	24	138
Smith	13	14	17	19	22	20	..	...
Hood	14	14	18	24	19	..	..	...
Ramsey	10	13	15	21	21	22	22	124
Wilmot	12	12	13	21	18	20	19	115
McMurchy	15	13	18	23	24	24	23	140
Winans	14	13	15	21	21	18	19	120
Dixon	14	13	17	23	20	23	21	131
Spencer	15	15	19	23	25	23	25	145
Rogers	11	15	16	25	19	23	23	132
Baggerman	13	12	19	23	18	23	..	...
Thomas	14	15	19	23	24	25	25	145
Crosby	15	14	20	25	24	23	25	146
McNichol	..	..	..	22	20	23	..	...
R Dougherty	13	15	19	21	23	19	17	122

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To all other makes. At the Second Annual Meeting of the New England Military Rifle Association, Wakefield, Mass., July 23-28, the following matches were won with Peters Factory Loaded Cartridges:

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GLINES MATCH, 600 " 800 " by Serg't H. Baptist.

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RAPID FIRE RE-ENTRY REVOLVER MATCH, DISAPPEARING TARGET RE-ENTRY PISTOL MATCH, } Won by Thomas Anderton.

COMPANY TEAM MATCH CRUIKSHANK TROPHY MATCH, OLD GUARD TROPHY MATCH, } Won by the 71st Regiment Team.

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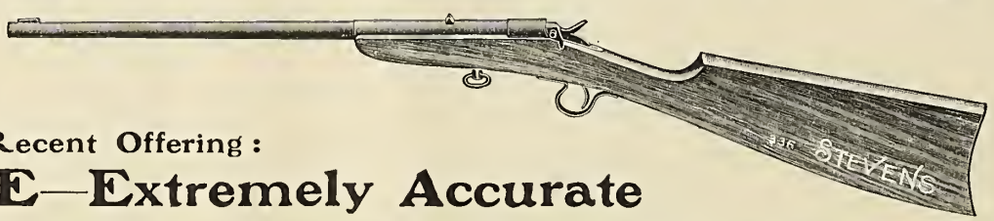

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Nichols	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	...
Brown	10	12	17	21	20	..	..	...
Stockwell	8	15	16	..	..	..	..	...
Barber	14	15	17	25	23	25	22	141
Freeman	14	13	19	25	24	24	25	144
G Ward	14	13	20	25	22	23	24	141
P C Ward	14	14	11	21	22	22	22	126
Mermod	15	15	20	23	23	22	23	141
Veach	15	14	17	23	24	24	23	140
Bauer	15	14	20	24	22	21	23	139
Holland	13	13	17	24	22	23	20	132
Taylor	15	15	19	23	22	24	23	140
Kline	14	14	17	21	22	23	23	134
Davis	12	14	11	20	19	19	..	...
Elson	13	14	16	19	18	22	21	123
Holmes	12	15	15	24	20	23	23	132
McIsel	14	13	15	22	21	24	24	133
Hover	14	13	15	20	21	19	21	123
Shacklett	12	12	16	20	16	19	..	...
Kennedy	11	12	14	23	20	22	..	...
Lewis	13	..	..	19	20	..	..	...
Pollard	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	...
Wilson	..	..	..	20	20	24	24	...
Hodges	..	..	..	25	22	20	..	...
Clayton	..	..	..	23	20	25	23	...
Rickmers	..	..	..	24	18	22	..	...
Reagan	..	..	..	21	16	20	..	...
Williams	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	...
Irwin	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	...
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	...
Kopp	..	..	..	23	21	22	..	...

Aug. 17, Fourth Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Brk.
Elliott	18	14	16	18	16	18	19	120
Anderson	18	20	16	18	19	20	18	129
Clay	18	20	20	18	19	19	20	134
Crosby	18	19	17	19	18	18	20	129
Dixon	17	19	19	17	15	16	16	119
Young	18	19	20	19	19	20	19	134
Dougherty	18	19	19	17	19	18	20	130
Riehl	19	19	17	16	19	18	18	126
Kahler	20	19	20	20	18	19	20	136
Vietmeyer	19	19	19	16	15	18	17	133
Sheldon	18	20	19	20	18	18	17	130
Ramsey	18	19	17	15	19	18	18	124
Gottlieb	18	20	20	20	19	19	19	135
Hairgrove	17	16	16	14	..	..	..	...
Sherman	16	18	17	18	19	18	16	122
Marshall	16	19	15	14	16	15	13	108
Huntley	20	17	18	18	18	20	17	131
Ford	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	140
Maxwell	19	20	20	18	20	19	20	136
Heer	20	20	20	19	19	19	20	137
Huff	20	20	20	19	20	18	19	136
Barber	20	20	20	20	18	19	19	136
Kennedy	17	17	15	17	16	16	19	117
Mermod	20	19	20	18	19	18	20	134
Hood	19	20	20	19	19	19	20	136
Clayton	20	19	19	17	16	20	20	131
McGee	17	19	19	18	19	19	20	131
McMurchy	20	20	20	19	19	19	20	137
Van Wyck	12	13	16	17	16	14	16	104
Ellson	20	16	18	16	18	17	19	124
Spencer	20	20	20	20	20	19	17	136
Rogers	18	20	18	18	19	18	19	130
Cole	15	13	13	12	13	15	17	98
Davis	16	15	17	19	17	15	..	...
Crosby	20	20	20	20	19	20	18	137
Veach	19	19	20	20	19	19	19	135
Bauer	19	17	19	20	18	19	17	129
Taylor	19	19	19	19	19	20	19	134
Klein	15	18	19	20	20	20	20	132
Hartman	20	19	15	19	19	19	20	131
Frecman	20	19	18	18	19	18	18	130
G Ward	17	20	20	20	20	18	20	135
P C Ward	15	19	19	18	18	19	18	126
Winans	15	15	17	17	17	16	17	114
Holmes	20	18	19	18	17	19	18	129
Brown	18	17	20	20	20	18	18	131
Rand	19	19	20	20	20	18	16	132
Bulwer	19	19	20	19	17	18	14	126
Slusher	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wilmot	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Team event, 50 targets each man, the losing team to pay for the birds, the winner to receive $50 in cash:

Marshall's Team.				McMurchy's Team.			
Riehl	22	25—	47	Young	23	25—	48
Rogers	23	25—	48	Clayton	25	21—	46
Kline	25	24—	49	Taylor	23	25—	48
McGee	25	23—	48	Irwin	21	24—	45
Ramsey	18	24—	42	Sherman	20	21—	41
Mermod	25	24—	49	Huff	22	25—	47
Heer	25	25—	50	Holmes	23	19—	42
Clay	24	24—	48	Gottlieb	21	25—	46
Ford	21	25—	46	Elliott	22	25—	47
Kahler	24	25—	49	Barber	24	24—	48
Spencer	25	25—	50	Crosby	23	24—	47
Huntley	24	25—	49	Brown	22	24—	46
Hartley, Sr	13	19—	32	Ellson	22	18—	40
Van Wyck	17	17—	34	Bauer	17	24—	41
Veach	25	25—	50	Hartman	25	24—	49
Winans	16	22—	38	Hartman, Jr.	15	16—	31
Kennedy	20	21—	41	Freeman	25	23—	48
Marshall	25	21—	46	McMurchy	24	23—	47
			816				808

Professional high average, 615 targets:

W H Heer.....601
Chas G Spencer 599
W Huff 598

Amateur high average, 515 targets:

H G Taylor.....495
Alex Mermod 494
C P Wood.....493

Amateurs shot at same number of targets as the professionals, but 100 of these were shot Elliott sliding handicap, and thus were not included in the averages.

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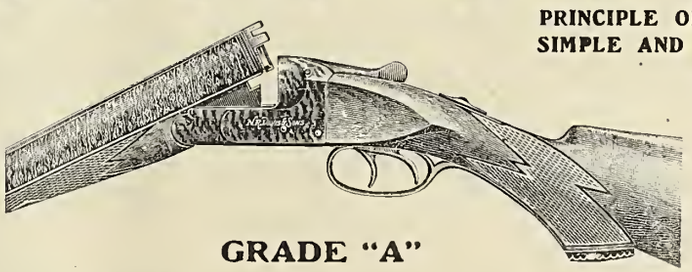

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

In spite of the extremely hot weather on Aug. 18 there was a very good attendance at the grounds. The sixth contest in the Peters trophy series was shot this week, and Herman led with a score of 56; Barker came second with 54. Herman was also high gun in the 100-target race, breaking 84, Johnson giving him a close run and finishing with 83. Bullerdick made the best score of the day, breaking 91 out of 100 in the team, he and Gambell defeating Fultz and Barker by 178 to 174, without the help of the handicap of 5 allowed them. The Labor Day shoot will be on the same lines as that of July 4. The shooters divided according to class, and high man in each squad taking first money. No merchandise prizes will be given. Falk and Bonser attended the Evansville, Ind., tournament on their way to Denver.

In practice Cottingham went straight in one of the 25-target events and got 47 out of 55 shot at. Tuttle and French did not get out until late, and shot until dark.

Ohio Trap Notes.

The regular weekly handicap shoot in the series of prize contests of the Greenville Gun Club was held on Aug. 13, with nine members present. Fout was high man with 51, which included his handicap of 11; Baker (10), 49; McCaughey (6), 48; Kirby (0), 44; Wolf (11), and Hartgell (7), 43 each; Edson (9), 47; Smith (15), 33; Huddle (3), 32. Kirby, the only scratch man, was high in actual breaks with 44; McCaughey, second, with 42.

The Trenton Gun Club enjoyed fine weather for their regular semi-monthly shoot on Aug. 11, and the attendance was good. In the medal contest Clark, from 18yds., won with 48; Heckman, 46; Baron and Baker, 45 each; Shanny, 44; Kerr, from 19yds., and Harvey, 41 each; Neimeyer, 35; I. Smith, 31; D. Smith, 27. All stood at 16yds., with the exception of Clark and Kerr. In the practice event Barron was high with 40 out of 45. Clark missed but one target out of 25 shot at. Harvey and C. Kerr made straight scores in a 20-target event.

The Springfield Gun Club has been doing very little shooting this summer. But four of the members met at the grounds on Aug. 11 and indulged in their favorite sport. Poole was high man with 80 out of 100; Henderson, 79; Winkler, 50. Morgan shot at 25 and broke 15.

Nineteen shooters took part in the weekly shoot of the Northern Kentucky Gun Club on Aug. 12. T. W. Gould cup was won by Dr. C. L. Hill, who defeated Bert Fee, and was at once challenged by George Frost.

On Aug. 11 a large number of the Cleveland Gun Club members were present at the annual manager's reception shoot, which was the most successful of its kind in the history of the club. The programme consisted of a 50-target event, nineteen entries, and one at 100 targets, four entries.

In the 50-target event Pocock and Tryon tied for first on 47. In the 100-target race Tryon was high with 96, which included a run of 44 straight in the last 50 targets. He was high for the day with 143 out of 150. Doolittle was second in this match with 93; Pocock, 92; Hogen, 80.

Veterans' day at the Cleveland Gun Club on Aug. 15 proved to be one of the pleasantest and most successful events ever pulled off on the club's grounds. The attendance of "old-timers" was far in excess of what had been expected, for over thirty-five were on hand when the sport began, besides a good number of active members and not a few ladies. Levi Wherry, a youngster of 67, who has shot very few times in the last dozen years, broke 22 out of 25. His eye is as true and his aim as good as when he used to lead the club back in the nineties. Most of those present had not held a gun in their hands for ten or fifteen years, and many of them did not care to try their luck with smokeless powder, lighter guns and other new fangled arrangements, but over twenty entered and most of them made good scores. Jacob Schlug, one of the organizers of the club twenty-six years ago, to be in keeping with the spirit of the day, brought out some old shells which were relics of the day, fifteen years ago, when he last shot at the traps. The black smoke and loud report carried the memory back to the old days of black powder, when a shooting match was like a Fourth of July celebration. Schlug broke 8 out of 15 targets. Wm. Sweetman, shooting for the first in twenty years, got 10 out of 15. E. H. Galt, who shot for the first time in twelve years, also got 10. Of the nine charter members of the club, D. C. Powers, F. A. Tamblyn, Jacob Schlug and Manager F. H. Wallace, to whom the success of the club is largely due, were among the contestants. The old boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and many stories of the old days were told, when this or that man shot 50 straight. A stiff wind from the east interfered with the targets to some extent, and caused low scores in the first event at 10 targets, but the scores improved later as the wind died out and conditions became ideal. Of those shooting at 25 targets, J. A. Prechtel was high with 25; D. A. Savage, 23; Levi Wherry, 22; R. C. Hopkins, 20; A. Forrester, 20; W. S. Bookwalter, 22; S. S. Saffold, 22; Wallace, 17; Chamberlain, 14; F. A. Tamblyn, 14; James Wood, 10; C. M. Roof, 16; D. C. Powers, 13; E. H. Galt, 16; W. Sweetman, 15; T. B. Sherman, 18.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill, Aug. 18.—The appended scores were made on the grounds to-day on the occasion of the 18th trophy shoot of the series. Eaton was high in Class A, with 21; Ford in Class B, with 24; A. Smedes in Class C, with 23. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Meek	19	10	7	8	..	..	..
Eaton	21	12	8	8	7	9	8
Thomas	18	10	6	8	8	9	9
Drinkwater	15	14	7	7	..	..	..

Dr Reynolds	17	9	4	3	..	..	..
Dr Huff	21	14	8	7	..	6	8
McDonald	17	13	9	9	6	6	6
Marshall	22	13	7	7	..	8	7
Ford	24	13	9	6	..	10	..
A Smedes	23	13	9	9	7	8	8
T Smedes	20	13	5	9	8	6	5
Becker	19	11	8	9	8	8	11
Ackerson	18	11	7	5	8	6	9
Herr	14	12	..	7	3	7	6
Samson	13	8	..	4	..	2	5
Dr Bustik	24	14	..	9	..	..	..

No. 1 was trophy event. No. 2 was Dupont cup. No. 6 was at five pairs.

In Other Places.

The new gun clubs show their enthusiasm. The Rock Island, Ill., has set dates for Aug. 26 and Sept 4, Labor Day. There will be a handicap with good prizes. The members have decided that, now all is going well, the membership fee shall be doubled in the future.

Reports circulated in substance that the sportsmen at Geneva, Neb., have organized a gun club.

Chicago has always been known as a shooting town. If the new deal for an enlarged park goes through, then there will be the best and largest park in the country. Practically all the shotgun and rifle clubs will combine and then Chicago can hold the biggest shoots that the United States has known, or ever will know.

Al. G. Fields was lately entertained by the members of the gun club at Urbana, Ohio. Some good scores were made. Ed. Holding made 94 out of 100; Mr. Field, 90; Harry Kirby, 80; Chas. Clonk, 80; John Thompson, 73. Mr. Fields expressed himself as much pleased with the courtesy shown. All had a pleasant outing.

The Marshalltown, Iowa, Gun Club cannot boast at present, as the trophy they have so often successfully defended has been taken from them by the boys at Eldora. The score, 205, 204 was so close that another match will soon follow. They claim to have held the trophy for ten years.

Members of the New Ulm, Minn., Gun Club were beaten in the match with Springfield by a score of 211 to 182.

A shooting bee of some kind will be one of the features of the Richland County Fair, to be held at Wahpeton, Minn., on Sept. 25 to 28.

Morgan, Minn., Gun Club has been defeated by the Sleepy Eye crowd of shotgun wielders. Scores: Morgan, 20, Porter, 20; Albrecht, 17; Schuler, 20; Scherman, 15; Evert, 14; Gertsman, 18; Hansen, 21; Gertsman, 11; Drextel, 18; Laske, 11.

Way out at Eveleth, Minn., there has been started a series of shoots for the powder cup that should prove interesting to the members of the gun club.

It is noticeable that a number of gun clubs is being organized throughout the northwest during this year. One of these is the Kibleing, Minn., Rod and Gun Club. A site has been donated, and the officers are: C. Schrimer, President; M. J. Somers, Secretary, and Albert Schrimer, Treasurer.

West Duluth, Minn., Gun Club will hold the trophy shoot this week, and the secretary writes that he hopes for no more delays.

With wet weather, the shooters at Marvin, Ind., were handicapped at their last Tuesday meeting. Arrangements are being made to hold a tournament during the fall session.

Last Thursday was held the shoot of the Straitsville, O., Gun Club. Shooting at 50 targets, Marlow 45, Rush 42, Switzer 37, Barry 27, Essex 40, Horrington 25, Newman 37, J. Hoyt 45.

The Linton, Ind., Gun Club will give their first annual shoot Sept. 3, open to Greene and the adjoining counties. For particulars write L. S. Forbes, Secretary.

A good shoot this week will be held at Danville, Ill., as arrangements have been made to protect the amateur in the divisions of money.

Old settlers of Unionville, Ia., are going to hold a reunion, and all who wish to compete for the prizes offered for trapshooting must be members of the club.

There was a good turn out at the Twin City Gun Club, Peoria, Ill., Sunday last. Cadwallader and Harry Kahler were there and enlivened things. Scores: Cadwallader shot at 125 and broke 115; Kahler, same; Conklin, 75, 56; Sell, 55; Corcoran, 43; Herman, 100, 81; Heinzeleman, 83; H. Connors, 86. Connors won A trophy; C. Heinzeleman the B, and Conklin the C.

In the weekly shoot of the Parker Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., Bills was high, 117 out of 125. Hammersmith made 105. There was a strong wind blowing, hence the above scores were good.

A regular shoot of the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club re-

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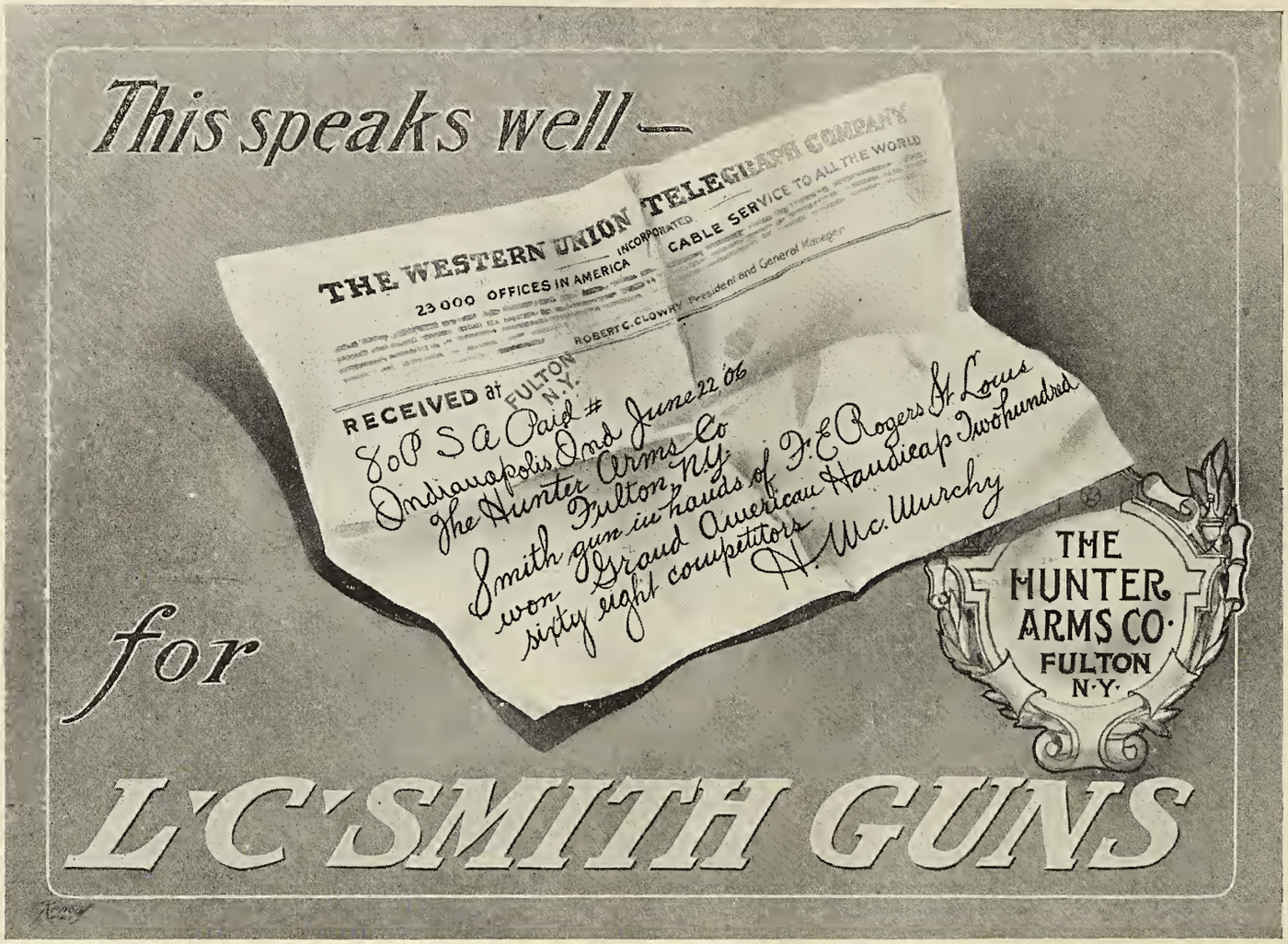
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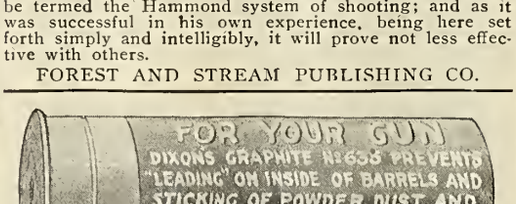
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cently was attended by nine members. Kloostadt was the high gun, but Maiden won the trophy. He also won the Schlichting medal with 23 out of 25. Kloostadt broke 61 out of 75; Maiden, 59; Schlichting, 50; Becker, 59.

Although several of the Minneapolis, Minn., shooters were attending the Indian shoot, a good attendance was present. Mr. Campbell did some fine shooting, as did Morgan with his automatic. At 100 targets, Morrison 96, Wilk 93, Linden 91, Mitchell 86, Famichow 84, Shepard 83, Reggie 77, Calendon 73, Blythoir 69, Campbell 66, Morgan 66, Curran 63. Class C trophy, Mr. Clapper; Class B, C. Allander; Class A, Wilk.

A. D. Sperry is winning at the shoots held by the Rock Island, Ill., Gun Club.

Old members of the old Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club who were beaten by the Eldora Club were E. G. Wallace, L. C. Abbott, C. R. Cook, George Snow and Dr. H. H. Nichols.

There is a prospective match on between the clubs at Springfield and Mankato, Minn.

In the club team race at Ft. Wayne, Ind., the Corner Rod and Gun Club easily defeated the Broadway Club. Although the latter is new, it was game enough to wager $50 on the result. It lost by 24 targets.

West Side Gun Club, Youngstown, O., held a 50-target shoot Saturday. S. C. Van Slyke scored 41, H. Ulp 34, T. Spencer 41, C. McAlister 26, L. M. Wright 24, F. Ulp 34.

The term "Mud Pies" was originated at Kansas City, Mo., but the Traverse City, Mich, boys have adopted that for the name of their "clays." Out of 300 this club shot, the members averaged 84.23 per cent. Scores at 25 each: Carver 24, Alley 23, Powers 22, Monroe 19, Murrell 22, Cochlin 22, Kneeland 19, Saxon 20, Peck 22.

Among the old-time shooters we note that William Thielman, of St. Cloud, Minn., won the badge at the late club shoot.

Krelwitz increased his average at the last shoot at Aitkin, Minn., and captured the trophy for keeps. The way the handicaps were arranged, even though Guptill should smash every target, he could not win. Another contest will be arranged with a different handicap.

Members of Howell, Ind., Gun Club met last Thursday and made the following percentage: John Becker, 64.40; Frank Freeman, 60; James Menyhan, 60; James Thomson, 52.50; William Bernard, 48.80; Jacob Covert, 48; William Clements, 42.65; R. Cummings, 25; Ed. Miller, 24; Thomas Gininia, 12.

Charley Spencer was in Sidney, Ia., last week and surprised the natives the way he smashed up the clay saucers. He broke 72 out of 75 to show how easy it could be done. He was in a hurry to make Omaha.

Scores in the shooting events for the city championship trophy at the Cedar River Gun Club, Sheboygan, Wis., last week Sunday, at 25 targets: H. Tuerhide 23, Julius Kroos 20, J. Look 20, A. Bandman 19, C. Schevon

18, C. O. Fairweather 17, Douglas Meyer 16, C. Prensser 15.

The Hebron, Ill., Gun Club held their tournament last week. The attendance was not large, but the real enthusiasm was present.

The Salix, Ia., Gun Club held a picnic Aug. 18, and a general good time was reported.

The shoot held by the Colfax, Ill., Gun Club last Thursday was well attended. At 150 targets: Barkley (expert) 141, Cadwallader (expert) 140, G. Rupert 139, H. Arnold 132, Crothers 128, J. T. Park 128, Stoner 126, McDernand 125, Van Gandy 124, J. Pratt 123, I. Harris 120, W. Blumenshine 75 out of 100, Batts 65 out of 85, A. Ward 41 out of 70.

Another new club has sprung up. The Lost Acre Gun Club, of Lake county, Ill. The same has been incorporated and will proceed to do some developing in the Kankakee region.

W. P. T. S. L. Tournament.

THE Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, held on the grounds of the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., Saturday, Aug. 11, was a grand success. The League not only paid back the entrance fee, but had a little money left to go into the special purse that will be divided at the end of the season.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Squier, Glover and Welles.

Owing to the change in dates, the Brownsville shoot has been changed to Wednesday, Sept. 12. Following are the scores made at McKeesport:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Bower	14	14	12	14	15	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	172
Fleming	15	14	13	14	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	14	172
Kelley	15	14	11	15	15	14	13	15	14	15	14	15	170
W Hale	14	15	13	15	14	13	15	15	14	15	15	12	170
Knight	14	15	15	14	13	14	12	15	15	13	14	14	168
Calhoun	15	13	12	14	14	14	12	14	15	15	14	15	167
Matthews	13	15	12	12	14	15	14	15	14	14	15	12	165
Anderson	13	12	14	14	14	14	15	14	14	14	13	13	164
Squier	14	14	12	12	11	15	13	15	15	13	14	15	164
Moore	11	14	13	13	12	14	14	14	12	13	13	15	158
Schuyler	14	14	14	15	12	13	11	12	13	14	11	14	157
Bilsing	10	15	14	13	12	11	14	14	13	14	11	14	155
Metz	11	13	13	10	15	13	14	13	14	12	13	14	155
Glover	14	15	13	12	14	13	12	14	13	12	14	11	157
Smith	12	12	13	15	14	13	14	15	12	12	12	8	152
J F C.	11	11	14	8	14	14	14	15	12	13	12	12	150
Crawford	13	12	12	12	12	8	13	14	15	13	11	11	146
C S C.	12	15	13	13	14	10	10	12	12	12	11	12	146
Low	7	13	13	11	14	13	12	11	13	14	11	13	145
Welles	..	..	15	14	13	14	15	15	14	15	11	15	141
Denny	10	10	13	9	8	12	15	13	12	12	11	11	136
Kelsey	14	12	13	13	13	15	14	15	13	14	..	..	136
Anthony	13	13	12	12	10	9	9	9	10	12	12	14	135
Gumbert	9	11	9	10	10	12	11	13	10	15	13	7	132
Thompson	4	12	6	6	10	11	13	9	12	8	11	11	113
Frank	11	6	12	9	11	10	11	12	8	5	8	7	110
Cochran	..	..	11	14	14	11	14	15	12	11	..	..	102
H W Hoey	13	13	12	12	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	59
West	13	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55

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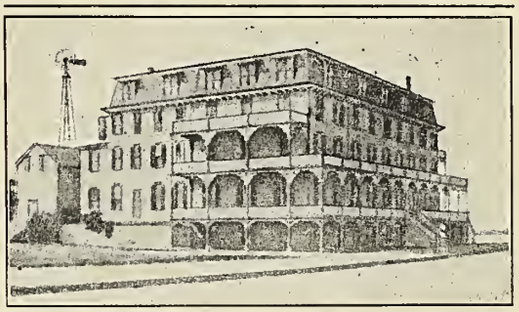

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By F. R. Webb ("Commodore"). Many illustrations of designs and plans of canvas canoes and their parts. Two large, full-sized working (24x38) drawings in a pocket in a cover. Cloth. 115 pages. Price, $1.25.

This interesting manual of how to build, cruise and live in a canvas canoe is written by one of the most enthusiastic of the older generation of canoeists, who has had a long experience of cruising on the Shenandoah River, and of building the boats best adapted to such river cruising. With the help of this volume, aided by its abundant plans and illustrations, any boy or man who has a little mechanical skill can turn out for himself at trifling expense a canoe alike durable and beautiful.

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Book of the Black Bass.

Comprising its complete scientific and life history, together with a practical treatise on angling and fly-fishing, and a full description of tools, tackle and implements. By James A. Henshall, M.D. Illustrated. Cloth, 470 pages. Price, $3.

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Correspondence invited. Send for circulars. Address
HENRY W. BEEMAN, New Preston, Conn.

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It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
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THE BROOKDALE TROUT CANNOT BE BEAT for stocking ponds and streams. For the next few weeks we will make a very low price on young fry and large fish. Also fly-fishing.
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Wild caught Hungarian partridges, pheasants, hares, roe deer, delivery November-February. From my park I can offer 20 strongest Hungarian red deer, 50 fallow deer, 12 axis deer, 20 roe deer, 12 Llamas, flamingoes, pelicans, cranes, white storks, rheas; 30 pairs of white and black swans; 10 pairs black-necked swans; 100 pairs fancy ducks, as Mandarins, Carolinas, widgeons, teals, pintails, wild geese, white and blue peafowl. Fancy pheasants: Golden, silver, common, Reeves', Amherst, versicolor, Elliot, Soemmering, Elliot, peacock, Swinhoe, Argus, Melanote pheasants. During the season October-December, live capercailzies and black game. Wild animals for zoo and menageries—lions, leopards, European lynxes, 100 foxes, etc. For prices and particulars apply

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Wanted, Wild Ducks.—Two dozen blacks and mallards, one dozen green-wing, and one dozen blue-wing teal, for delivery, alive, on or after September 16; must be satisfied they are wild stock. Send reply to GRIMM, 8 Stone St., Watertown, N. Y. 11

Denver Trap Club.

The Denver, Colo., Trap Club had a practice shoot at Berkeley, Sunday, Aug. 12. More than twenty-five of the best shooters of this part of the State were on the firing line. There were also a few from other sections whose curiosity to see the new grounds drew them to Denver for the event. There was no particular ceremony connected with the opening of the five new traps. It was the intention of the shooters to christen the grounds by giving the secretary, Charles Younkman, an involuntary bath in the lake, but the gentleman showed an amount of fight that indicated trouble for any one who tried. The opening was therefore rather tame.

Shooting was kept up until late in the afternoon. Charles Plank was high gun, 188 from a possible 200; Charles Younkman was second, 156 out of 175. He broke 95 out of his last 100, and made a run of 61 straight.

The shooters appreciated the arrangements of the grounds, which permit them to stand in the shade of the trees, and gives them a sky background.

Mr. Younkman continued to receive entries from both amateurs and professionals all over the country, and the indications are that the shoot will have the largest attendance of any ever held in the country, even the G. A. H. will be outnumbered. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
C Plank	23	24	23	23	24	24	24
F H Sprague	21	18	22	22	..	..	..
J H Keyse	15	15	17	20	..	..	..
W Hughes	21	19	16	..	21	24	..
W P Buck	21	19	18	22	..	..	..
S K Plank	20	20	17	18	..	..	..
C Younkman	18	20	22	22	..	25	23
W M Bowman	20	21	17	23	..	..	..
C E Shaw	19	22	18	22	..	..	..
E A Frazer	16	23	15	..	..	..	..
J K Marsh	17	18	22	20	..	..	..
W A Matlock	17	20	16	19	20	20	19
E V Fisher	21	24	21	22	..	..	..
F Sharpe	14	19	17	..	..	..	..
J L Neff	20	18	19	20	22	..	..
Hood Waters	22	23	21	24	..	..	..
C H Adams	18	14	..	..	..	..	..
E Park	14	14	..	..	..	..	..
S Warren	21	19	17	..	..	..	22
E S Wolf	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Beck	..	..	11	18	..	..	..
Ed Warren	..	..	17	..	..	..	22
Marshall	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	..	..	..	19	21	15	..
C Clark	..	..	..	23	..	..	..
Younkman	..	..	..	25	..	..	..
Matlock	..	..	..	23	..	..	..
Neft	..	..	..	23	..	..	..
Shaw	..	..	..	24	..	..	..

A Social Tramp.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Winchester Trophy.

Much interest is being manifested by riflemen in the contest for the beautiful and valuable Winchester trophy, which is to be competed for during the Sea Girt tournament, to be held at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 27 to Sept. 6, inclusive. This trophy is offered by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., makers of the world renowned Winchester rifles and ammunition, as first prize in the individual rapid fire match, and must be won three times by a contestant before becoming his property. The conditions of the match are intended to promote rapid fire with accuracy, a most desirable accomplishment for a rifleman. The match is to be shot at 300yds. any rifle having not less than a three-pound trigger pull, the competitor firing as many shots as possible at the target within the space of one minute.

The Winchester trophy is a bronze, the work of Charles Schreyvogel, the well-known delineator of army and western life, and is entitled "The Last Drop." It represents a trooper emptying the last of the contents of his canteen into his hat to slake the thirst of his trusty horse. The subject which appeals strongly to the lofty instincts of man is worked out with that nicety and truthfulness of detail which has made Schreyvogel's work famous. Being offered as a prize for a contest where the entry is largely made up of military men, the subject is a particularly appropriate one, emphasizing as it does, the nobility of nature for which American soldiers have always been noted.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The regular shoot of this Association took place on Aug. 12, when the following scores were made at 200yds., offhand, on German ring target. Nestler was champion of the day. Scores:

						Honor.
Nestler	218	214	210	204	203	61
Hasenzahl	209	209	196	188	...	59
Freitag	208	201	197	190	186	61
Trounstein	198	195	187	173	...	53
Allen	167	152	150	143	136	56

An old lawyer in speaking recently about General Ben Butler, said:

"Ben Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, 'What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?'

"Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied, 'Well, I confess your honor's got me there.'"

Remington Autoloading Shot Gun

SCORING A TRIUMPH

can be applied to Mr. R. O. Heikes and his Autoloading Shotgun. At Wilmington, Ohio, July 25-26, he won the highest average by the score 394-400—98½ per cent. At Dalton, Ohio, August 3d, Mr. Heikes made a continuous run of 127 straight.

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FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN JAPAN.

Prof. Shibasaburo Kitasato, director of the Institute for Infectious Diseases, Tokio, in the course of a paper on "Fighting Plague in Japan," which he prepared for this year's annual meeting of the American Society of Tropical Medicine, declared that rats were the most prolific propagators of the plague and that to exterminate them was one of the easiest ways to prevent the spread of the disease. That this fact is appreciated in Japan is shown by the statement that 4,820,000 rats have been killed in Tokio alone since 1900. Professor Kitasato proposes a world-wide campaign of rat-killing. "All the civilized nations," he says, "have to fight this common enemy, the plague. I believe that there ought to be an international conference to discuss a plan, collect money, and organize an international army to fight and vanquish this disease from the surface of the earth. The expedition should be sent to the regions of India and South China. The expense needed for such an enterprise would be only a small part of what the civilized nations are spending for their armies and navies; or the money spent in every country would suffice for the preventives of the pestilence."

WHY THE WATER FELL.

A fisherman on Lak' San Claire,
'Bout six mile out f'm shore,
Fish hard for one, 2, 3, 4 hour;
Bam by he fish some more.

Some tam he fish wid ole dry bait,
Some tam he fish wid wet;
He give de dry bait to de fish,
The wet bait—nit! you bet.

Long time some fish did nevair come,
Den one, 2, 3, pass by;
Dey smell of dat ole, dead, dry bait
And wink ze ozzair eye.

Bam by one great big bass come 'long,
'Bout 5, 6, 7 pound weight;
So ole he neider smell nor see,
An' eat dat ole dry bait.

Ze fisherman stan' ver' still
And reel out yards of line;
He work dat poor ole bline black bass
So ver', ver' fine.

Bam by ze fish begin to pull,
Bam by he pull some more;
An' den was fun in Lak' San Claire,
'Bout 6 mile out from shore.

Ze fish he plonge like one mad horse,
And den he pull like 10;
He tow dat boat 9 mile a hour—
Big boat an' 4 big men.

He pull like bass 'bout 6 feet long,
May be he be 'bout 7;
May be, if not pull out right quick,
He grow to be 'bout 'leven.

Bam by dey pull dat bass half out,
Bam by dey pull him more;
An' Lak' San Claire fall 4, 5 feet,
'Bout 6 mile out from shore.

Dat Lime Kiln Crossin' git so low
De boats dey can not pass;
An' Dan he say de river fall
When he pull out dat bass.
—Rev. S. S. Marquis, in Detroit News.

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For Sale.—Dogs, Hogs, Pigeons, Ferrets, Belgian Hares. 8 cents for 40-page illustrated catalogue.
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FOR SALE.—Thoroughly trained pointers, setters and hounds. Can furnish you a good one at a moderate price at any time. GEO. W. LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.

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High Class Cocker Pups, all black. Great hunting stock. ED. McLAUGHLING, Nashua, N. H. 10

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"Horse and Hound" is encyclopedic in all that pertains to foxhunting. It has chapters as follows: Hunting. The Hunter. Schooling of Hunters. Cross-Country Riding. Falls. Women in the Field. The Hound. History and Origin of the American Hound. Breeding and Raising Horses. The Kennel. Scent. The Fox. Tricks and Habits of the Fox. In the Field. Hunt Clubs. The style is clear and crisp, and every chapter abounds with hunting information. The work is profusely illustrated. Price, $2.50.

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A Big-Game and Fish Map of New Brunswick.

We have had prepared by the official draughtsman of New Brunswick a map of that Province, giving the localities where big game—moose and caribou—are most abundant, and also the streams in which salmon are found, and the rivers and lakes which abound in trout. Price, $1.

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RAPID FIRING TARGETS
FOR RIFLES.

25 Yards, price, 15c. per dozen.
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The Troubles of Dog Owners.

Dogs are shipped in heavy boxes or are chained in the baggage car. The dog that goes in the box is productive of heavy express charges. The dog that goes without the box generally gets loose or is crippled by a falling trunk.

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In the corner of the crate is a receptacle for water, a funnel connection providing for its being filled from the outside. On the front of the crate, and just below the door, is a buffet, or pocket, for dog biscuits. All of our crates are provided with a removable or false bottom, which insures cleanliness.

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In manufacturing these dog crates, we keep two points constantly in view. One is to save the money of the dog owner; the other is to save the life and limb of the dog. We accomplish the first by making the crate so light that the express charges will be greatly reduced, the saving on the first two or three trips often paying the cost of the crate.

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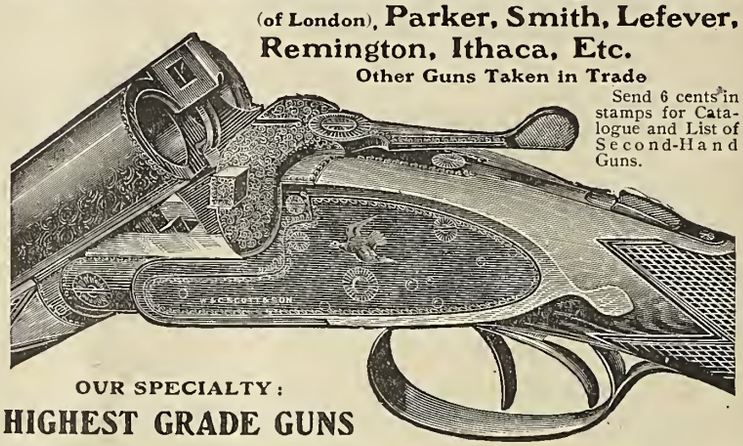

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"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

"My brother bought a 12-gauge W. W. Greener at the same time, and up to his death, seven years ago, she stood the test. I bought a 12-gauge Greener about 1875 for a present to a friend. It also proved to be all right, although I lost track of it twenty years ago.

"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

Very sincerely your friend,

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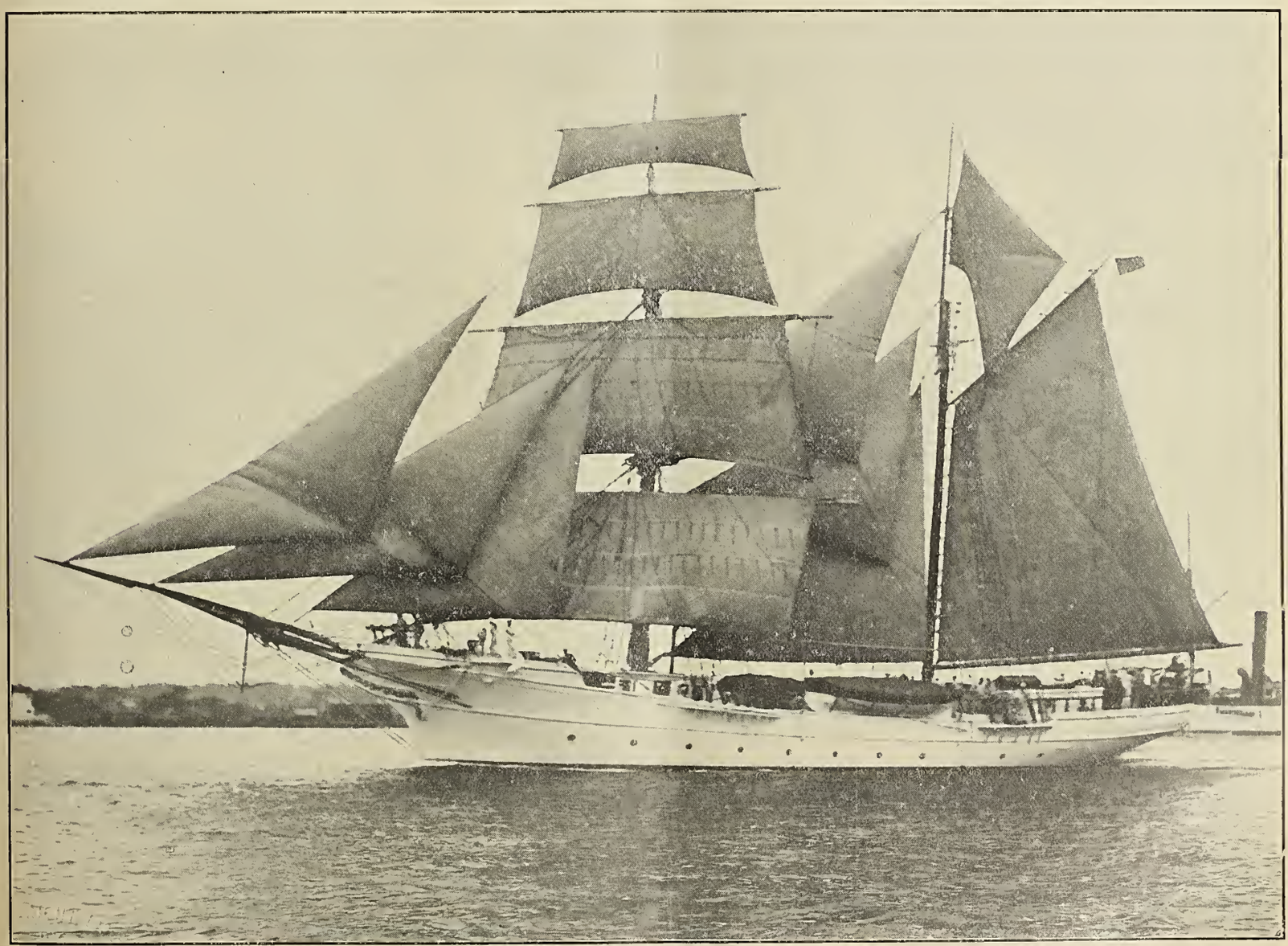

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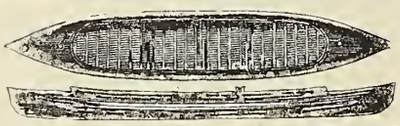

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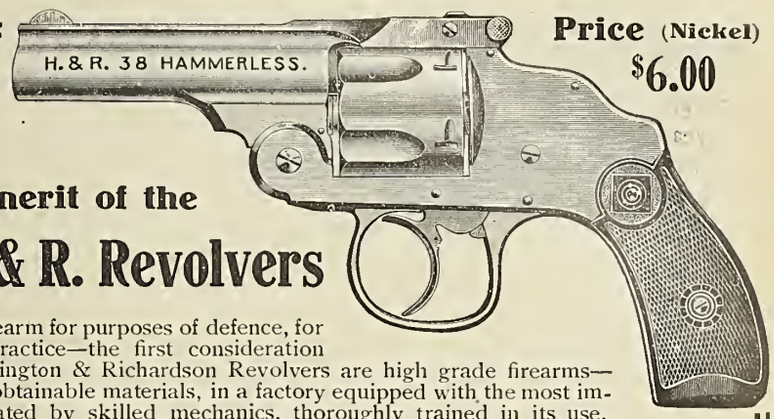

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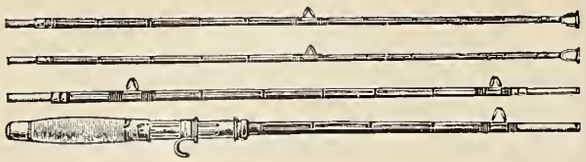

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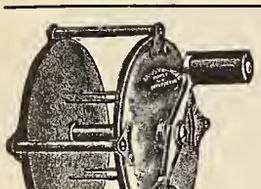

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NEXT WEEK.

CRUSOE LAND—Its Tragic Tale—Its Thrilling Past. By. Dr. J. A. Woodcock.

The Mexican Ocelot. Illustrated. By Harry H. Dunn.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

OUR illustrated supplement to-day contains another one of the admirable flashlights of wild game by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, picturing a deer in the darkness on the shore of Lower White Fish River, Mich.; a panorama of the famous fishing waters of Les Cheneaux near Mackinac Island in Lake Huron; some rarely interesting pictures of the East Indian sport of pigsticking; and a reproduction of Mr. Burton's artistic photograph of the start of the Astor cup race for sloops in the recent New York Y. C. regatta.

THE DOG DAYS.

IN reference to the dog the dog days are fraught with many perils of deadly significance.

In duration, the period of the dog days is not precisely limited, but in a general way it comprises the latter part of July, all of August, and the early part of September. Those days include the period of the year's greatest heat and humidity. They have from time immemorial, in popular belief, been held to exercise baneful effects on the whole dog family. This belief is grounded on silly, irrelevant myth; nevertheless, in the dog day season, the public has a lessened esteem for man's best friend, and views him with a sinister suspicion which on small pretext changes to virulent hostility and slaughter. While this dog day hostility of man has its origin in a myth, its effects upon the dog are as disastrous as if the belief were well founded in fact.

The dog days, in the special sense in which the public considers them as directly affecting the dog's life, are fictitious. They have no more to do with dog life than with the life of any or all other animate beings.

In days of excessive heat and humidity, man and dog alike suffer intense bodily discomfort. They are more irritable and pugnacious. Their ills and infirmities then multiply, and consequently their mortality is then greatest. But those are the days in which, according to popular belief, the dog goes mad spontaneously. It matters not that rabies can be communicated only by a specific germ, and that, from the period of inoculation to the period of full development of the disease, many days or weeks must elapse, the popular belief in instantaneous development of madness in the dog days cannot be shaken.

The belief is sanctioned by traditions which have had honored place from time immemorial. They are founded upon a myth due to an association of ideas between dogs and dog star, dog days and disease, all of which have been exceedingly unfortunate for the dog in general, and in particular for the individual dog which may be suffering from any nervous ailment which in the least degree may simulate any mental disturbance. Let the dog act strangely and man is prone to discover incipient madness in such symptoms, and to raise the hue and cry of death.

And yet the term dog days had its origin in ancient times with no reference to the dog whatever. They were the days of heat and humidity, associated with the heliacal rising and setting of the dog star, a pleasing fiction even in that connection.

By a popular association of ideas, extended and specialized during the ages, dog days have come to be understood as having some special baneful effects on the dog, so much so that he is predisposed to go mad on the instant. It is true that, in hot weather, the dog pants more, lolls more, sweats most profusely; but, being much like man in his organic structure, there is every reason why he should display much the same physical phenomena as man under like conditions. He is subject to epilepsy, apoplexy, insanity, like man; but, unfortunately, in the dog days, every man, woman and child, many of whom are wholly ignorant of dog life and many other matters besides, diagnose every ailment of the dog as rabies, latent or active.

It is not many days ago since one of the leading daily papers of New York published a long, two-column article, on the dangers of feeding dogs meat in the dog days, that learned outflow of asininity being accredited to an eminent veterinarian. When such astounding ignorance is displayed by those who profess to be public educators, the public may well be excused for having so much false knowledge. There is no more relation between the dog's stomach and the dog days, than there is between his tail and winter days, and withal, his stomach is not capable of assimilating vegetable food properly to sustain his body.

CHIEFS BEFORE THE KING.

CHIEF JOE CAPILANO and other British Columbia Indian chiefs have just been received by King Edward at Buckingham Palace. The Indians came to plead for a restoration of their hunting rights and other native privileges which have been curtailed. There is much of pathos in their long journey from the far northwest across continent and sea to the distant sovereign to protest against the restrictions which have come with a crowding civilization. The address presented to the King, protesting loyalty to the sovereign and expressing confidence that their plea will be heard, has excited wide sympathy. "The government acknowledges," says the petition, "that portions of our lands were taken from us and given to the white men and other portions were given to us, which is quite true; but they took the very best of our land and gave us rock and gravel." It is the old, old story of a savage people occupying a country which the white man wants and in due time will have.

One constant cause of friction between Indian and white is the big game and its hunting. The Indian of British Columbia may not hope to continue to be the hunter he has been; not even the sovereign will can grant him that; the altered ways of life for him are inseparable from the altered condition of the time. He may not evade them. The age of the hunter in British Columbia as in all the rest of North America, save the very far north, has passed.

Something of the conflict which exists between the Indians and the white people in British Columbia as to British Columbia hunting grounds is hinted in the current report of the Provincial Game Warden A. Bryan Williams. The game laws give the Indian special hunting privileges, but they are by no means satisfied with the latitude accorded them. They persist in hunting in districts off from their reservations and in an extremely wasteful way. They not only kill for their own food supply, but slaughter far in excess of all reasonable necessities, and thus destroy the game and devastate the hunting grounds which otherwise would afford good sport and would attract big-game hunters from abroad and thus bring in a considerable revenue. The income which might be secured from sportsmen visiting the Province for big game would under normal conditions be very great, but because of these depredations of the Indians in the districts devastated by them no inducements are held out to foreign sportsmen. Men who have the experience of expending hundreds or thousands of dollars in quest of British Columbia game trophies, only to find that the Indians have been through the country before them and have destroyed the game there, leave the Province in disgust and for good. That this experience is common enough among British and American visitors is indicated by correspondence published by Warden Williams. "When hunting sheep in a well known and until recently excellent sheep country," writes a sportsman of Great Britain, "a place where a year or so previously sheep were to be found in abundance, I found practically none left. Indians had been hunting all summer and indiscriminately slaughtering both sexes." In similar vein a sportsman of Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

"I belong to a club which has a hundred members, most of whom go West every year, but, from the experience of a number of us, we are likely to give British Columbia a wide berth until you can assure us that, after we have paid our license fees and spent our money in outfit and guides, we will not be disappointed by finding Indians in possession of the hunting country and the game exterminated."

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Angler's and the Gunner's Wild Flowers.

Whether the angler and the gunner love the streams and woods because they contain fish and game, or whether they love to fish and hunt because fishing and hunting leads them along charming streams and into beautiful woods, is in my own mind still an open question. For my own part, I should not care to fish in an unsightly stream or hunt in a dreary country; and yet, on the other hand I am not sure that a stream entirely devoid of fish or mountains entirely depleted of game would not have lost a certain amount of charm for me. If one sees in a picture only as much as he brings to it, does not the angler who sees in imagination the leaping trout or the gunner who pictures in his mind's eye the running deer and the flying bird, have an additional attraction in river and forest? However this may be, there are some wild flowers and fruits so intimately associated with the angler's and the gunner's trips that they must always have a special interest and be only for him. Whether or not he would care for them if they grew in his back yard, I am not prepared to say.

Some wild flowers serve to tell the angler when the season is on. From the time when the trailing arbutus with its fragant clusters of pink and white blossoms ushers in the trout season until the yellow bloom of the witch hazel with its spicy odor heralds the approach of the close of the hunting season, plant and shrub fly their signals to call the sportsman's attention to the swift passing of the pleasant days. Late in April, far up the mountain side among the mass of brown and gray, the shad bush throws out its white banner to tell the angler that bait fishing for trout must be in its prime. It is so early in the season that he is half in doubt, fearing that it may be a belated snowdrift in a deep hollow. Then early in May the birthroot or purple trillium from beside the big rock on the steep bank above the narrow mountain road, and a few days later the more secluded painted trillium from its hiding place among the little hemlocks warn him that fly-fishing has begun. Now come the columbine fringing the stony terraces with its large red flowers, the dogwood with its flat white and green blossoms, the white clusters of the hobble bush with their sweet elusive odor, and the mountain violets of every shape and hue to see him well through the merry month of May. In June the purple fringed orchis demands the angler's admiration from its swampy home beside the stream. Camping one season in June with my sons near the mouth of a mountain brook, our attention was attracted by a bunch of large, green, lance-shaped leaves from the midst of which sprang a thick round stalk topped with a heavy plume of small purple flowers. It was a purple fringed orchis in fullest vigor and bloom. It stood in a dark wet place between the road and the stream, and must have been shaded the greater part of the day. Each morning and evening as we passed up and down the stream we stopped to look at and to talk about it, and finally we dug it up to take home when we broke camp. It was so big and gorgeous that it appeared greatly out of place amidst its modest surroundings.

The bass fisherman has all the late summer flowers for company, but I am inclined to think that he will elect the joe-pye weed as his emblem. Its tall stalk, its big rough leaves, and its crown of "crushed raspberry" blossoms make it a conspicuous and beautiful object along the route to and from the stream. One August I was fishing the river for bass at the point about a mile distant from my home, and the road that I took was lined at places with these plants. One in particular always called for a few minutes' halt. It was a magnificent specimen nearly ten feet tall. It stood a little below the road and displayed to great advantage a large mass of its purplish pink flowers. An edition of Thoreau that I have seen somewhere contains a colored plate of this handsome plant and flower, and the picture does great credit to the artist's sense of the beautiful.

Occasionally a plant or flower will mark the exact time when a certain kind of fishing is at its best. One old angler that I used to meet always wanted to go trout fishing when the maple leaves were the size of a gray squirrel's ear, and another, who was a great fly-fisherman, put his faith in the days when the rye was in blossom. For myself, my most successful trips for trout with the fly-rod have been taken when the mountain laurel was in bloom. In fact, the most successful trip in my life, when a trout eager for my fly appeared to lurk behind every rock, and when I brought home enough trout to supply half the town, was taken when the open spaces on the mountain sides were covered and the mountain roadways lined with great masses of these white and pink flowers. A little later comes the rhododendron, but for me the trout season is nearly over when this tall shrub puts forth its handsome bunches of color.

The grouse hunter must content himself with a smaller number of flowers—the witch hazel being nearly his sole resource in the brown autumn woods—but he has some fruits that vie with the flowers in beauty and attractiveness. The crimson cones of the staghorn sumach are not only very beautiful among the masses of flame-like leaves, but they are of especial interest because they furnish at times food for the grouse. One of the prettiest pictures of wild life that I have ever seen was that of a cock grouse balancing himself far out on a branch of a sumach bush while he alternately pecked at the fruit and then straightened himself up to get his balance again. The branch hung out over an old mountain road and I had come along so quietly in the damp of the evening that he never noticed me until I was within a few feet of him. The mountain holly with its coral berries, and the hawthorn with its fruit of red and of yellow, are also very familiar to the grouse hunter. And then the crimson partridge berry, on its creeping vine and the plump wintergreen berry, interest and please him in the fall woods, not only because they are food for the grouse, but because they are beautiful as well as useful. A narrow mountain hollow, that I know through which runs an underground stream that can be heard gurgling among the stones below and which furnishes moisture to a thick carpet of moss, has its sides lined with low hawthorn trees that bear a plump yellow fruit of which the grouse are very fond. A pot-hunter who used a little yellow dog to tree his birds once boasted to me of killing thirty grouse in this hollow in one day, and of having put up more than a hundred. I have no doubt that the man told the truth and that the hawthorn fruit was the attraction for the birds.

And so it goes the season through for him who sees something more in fishing than catching fish, and something more in hunting than shooting game. The angler following the stream or the hunter making his way through the woods have opportunities to see and admire and study wild life that are offered to no other class of persons. To love the plants and flowers and to be interested in them, will add greatly to the pleasure of his trips and make him more contented when the creel is empty or the bag lacking game. He may fill his basket with arbutus or the rear of his wagon with mountain holly, and his welcome at home may be just as hearty and his own disappointment less keen. And when old age comes on, and rod and gun are put aside, he will have pictures that

> Flash upon that inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

Chas. Lose.

Pigsticking in India.

By Major T. T. Pitman.

Give me the best day's fox hunting, and I'd sooner have it than the best day's pigsticking; but, on the other hand, give me ten days in an Indian jungle in daily pursuit of the pig, and I wouldn't exchange them for three weeks of the best fox hunting. Now what is it that makes one look back on a season's pigsticking with such glorious recollections? The surroundings, the free life, the cheery party, the feeling of being far away from civilization, added to the excitement and danger of each day's sport.

In order, however, to fully appreciate what is meant by this, you must let your imagination follow mine, while I stir up a few recollections of an Indian summer.

The station is Meerut, one of the best pigsticking centers in India. The month is March, the cold weather nearly over with its maneuvers and camps of exercise; it is time to sharpen one's spears and get together a few horses for the coming hot weather.

A notice is sent round cantonments summoning the members of the tent club to a meeting to discuss the programme of the season. Some twenty odd will turn up, the majority officers of the garrison, with a sprinkling of civilians. A president is elected, a few new rules made, and a date fixed for the great event of the year, "The Khadir Cup."

But let me turn the handle of the cinematograph: It is the evening before the opening meet; the head man of the village sits cross-legged beneath the shadow of a big tree, watching the dusty road. The day has been marked by the passing of many a bullock wagon, carrying all the paraphernalia of a camp, syces leading horses of all classes—the 15-hand Arab, the water from Australia, the Indian country-bred. This weazened up old villager knows that the season has come round again when the Sahibs visit his country in pursuit of the soor (pig). As the sun goes down there is a jingle, jingle and a string of ekas, the light cart of the country, go past carrying the bearers and light kit, followed half an hour later by the Sahibs themselves, some riding, some in pony traps, all laughing and talking, eager at the prospect of what the morrow may bring forth. The old man merely changes the cross of his legs and takes another pull at his hubble bubble.

But let us take another turn of the handle, and we see a group of Sahibs sitting round a

THE "WATER" FROM AUSTRALIA. THE INDIAN COUNTRY-BRED.

camp-fire. In the background a row of tents, pitched under a grove of trees, stand out white in the brilliant moonlight. The oldest member of the party is holding forth in words that have lost none of their color by a year's keeping. The new hands sit open-mouthed, taking in the tales being told of hair-breadth escapes and the savage nature of the mighty boar. And so the night wears on apace and it is time to turn in; after a walk round the horses to see that all is secure, one by one the lights in the tents go out. A few natives remain squatting round the dying embers, gibbering Hindoostani until they draw upon themselves the angry words of some sleepless Sahib from within, when they, too, turn in and all is quiet, save for the occasional neighing of an Arab pony, or the screeching of a night owl, with the half hourly coughing fit of the chokidar—the native watchman.

It seems but a few hours since one turned in, and now the bearer has lighted a candle and is busy arranging the clothes at the foot of the bed. There is a general stir in camp. Syces are jabbering by the dozen, Khitmagars are busy over crackling fires. No time to lose, for the first streaks of dawn are appearing on the horizon. A rapid toilet, and chota hazri (little breakfast), consisting of a cup of tea and an egg, and we are in the saddle and moving out of camp.

Lutchman, the old Shikari of thirty seasons, is standing on the top of an elephant, trying to get the coolies into line in the jungle to be ready for the Sahibs when they come. One or two of the late risers gallop up at the last moment, and the line moves off. We muster twelve spears, all told, and from three groups of four in front of a line of beaters about 200 yards long. For half an hour we ride silently along and are just beginning to wonder whether there is a pig in the district, when suddenly resounds a series of grunts and snorts and a sounder of pig dart off into the jungle. The nearest group dash after them, only to find that it is a little family party, consisting of an old sow and her young. The leading horseman raises his spear horizontally over his head as a signal, and the riders pull up and wait for the line to come up to them.

Almost at the same moment a fine old boar breaks to the right front, and four horsemen are going all they know how to keep him in sight. For nearly a mile he takes them at racing pace as straight as a die. One of the riders is close on him; his spear is lowered as he overhauls him foot by foot, but a sudden jink at right angles through a thick patch of jungle allows the second horseman to cut in and do the riding for another half mile. The other two riders have come to grief and are busy picking themselves up.

The pursuit continues—which will crack first—the boar or the horse? The pace has been terrific. At last the spear is lowered, and just as the rider would run it in behind the shoulder, the boar gives a jink to his left, with the result that he receives a prog in the thick part of the hindquarters. Infuriated at the pain, he wheels about and charges. Then begins a pretty sight as the quarry turns to give fight. With a deep grunt, he rushes at the steed. The old Arab gives a jump to one side to avoid the upward thrust of the gleaming tusk, narrowly escaping a ripped side. At the moment when the boar has prepared for another onslaught, the second horseman comes up, and with a clever point, runs his spear well in behind the shoulder and the mighty boar keels over with a few fitful struggles.

The line which has been slowly following on comes up; the heated riders repair to the elephant, which is loaded with iced soda water; four coolies are told off to carry the boar home to camp, while the elephants are watered in the river, and the beat then continues. And so the morning wears on, nearly all the groups having a dart in turn, until about 11 o'clock, when the sun becomes too powerful, it is time to call a halt for breakfast.

This we find laid out for us, and hot and thirsty, we pour down cup after cup of tea. About 12 o'clock we lie down on our charpoys to pass the heat of the day under the shade of the trees; but it requires a particularly good novel to keep one awake. A heavy meal on top of a hard morning will soon tell its tale, and but for the worry of a rapidly shifting sun, one spends three or four hours in undisturbed rest, until the wielder of the punkah fan eagerly informs you that the shikaris are on the warpath. You wake up, feeling rather less rested than when you lay down; but there is no time for meditation, as it is half past three and the evenings are short. After a hasty cup of tea, the line is once again on the move, and for half an hour we toil on in the still, broiling sun which, luckily for us, now gradually begins to lose its power. Every now and again a trio will dart off in hot pursuit. Now an old boar takes us over a grand line of country, after about half a mile he thinks to lose us by driving straight into a grass fire. The horses, maddened by the crackling flames, charge headlong, moving in leaps and bounds until we have cleared right through it, and are still on the heels of the boar, when suddenly we are all three on our heads, for unknowingly we have struck the "hundred acres," a well known and always to be avoided spot in the Meerut Khadir. For nearly a square mile the country is unrideable, being honeycombed with small holes. With difficulty we extricate our steeds and regain solid ground again, but devil a sign of the pig, who has given us the slip. After some delay in drawing round, lest he may be laying up, there is nothing for it but to return to the line. Toward dusk we reach our new camp, and find everything ready in true Indian style and the best of dinners waiting to be eaten. How soundly we sleep that night! Not even the howling of the jackals, almost at the tent door, disturb our rest.

Off again at dawn, this time to draw a big cover. Some two hundred natives have been chartered from a neighboring village to beat, and as we take up our positions in pairs at the likely exits round the edge of the wood, we hear the tomtoms commence their rattle in a distant corner; the shouts of the natives grow louder, proclaiming the approach of the drive; you can feel your horse's heart going thump! thump! against your boot as he stands with ears pricked, straining every muscle in his body. Suddenly there is a rustling in the bushes and a young buck breaks cover, while a few minutes later an old boar steals noiselessly out upon a dry nullah. In a second we are after him in full pursuit. He is heading straight for the big canal not half a mile distant; a desperate effort to catch him before it is reached, but he beats us on the post, and is half-way across before we reach the

THOROUGHBRED AUSTRALIAN GELDING "WATERLINE."

brink. There is nothing for it but to dive into the water. Now he is up the opposite bank and off into the bushes. Our horses are used to the water and carry us safely across, but it is one thing to jump into a canal and another to get out on the far side. Luckily we strike a place where the banks are not too steep, and we scramble out very wet but none the worse, except for the loss of a stirrup leather or two. By this time the pig has gained a quarter of a mile start of us, but it being open ground, we are able to see him and are soon again on his trail. A series of jinks gives us each in turn a chance to strike the death blow, and we reel him over, fighting to the finish.

So far I have only given a few of the everyday incidents of a season's pigsticking; but I cannot conclude without an account of the Khadir Cup, the great annual event. Perhaps I cannot do better than give you the story of the great event in which I took a part a year or so ago, and which I jotted down at the time.

Camp Germateeza, March 28.

I am out here about thirty miles from Meerut for the great pigsticking event of the year. This is far the largest meet there has ever been. Sixty-eight entries in all. We are all encamped in a large grove of trees, and sit down to dinner at one long table at a marquee. After dinner the first night the heats were drawn, seventeen heats of four; then we had lotteries run on the same lines as those on board ship.

The country is open jungle, intersected by nullahs, into which you go most awful howlers unless you have a very clever horse. Mostly long grass, and in some places green shrub. I was drawn in the first heat, which, by bad luck, contained two others in the regiment, thereby considerably reducing our chance, as we only had six in all told.

At 7 A. M. the line started, a long line of beaters and about twelve elephants. In front of the line were the first four heats, each with an umpire.

For the first hour nothing got up near us, while nearly all the other heats were run off and replaced by fresh ones. Suddenly a pig got up in front of us and we dashed up at the heels of our umpire. He shouted out: "Do you all see him? Ride!" And off we went at sixty miles an hour. I was riding a throroughbred and soon left the others; but the pig was very nippy, and taking us over a high embankment, made for a small river with high banks and about thirty feet broad. When I came to this I saw him struggling to get up the opposite embankment, so I took a flying leap into the middle of the water and all but speared him as he reached the top of the bank. The bottom of the river was, however, very sticky, and it was all I could do to get out again. On the top of the opposite bank I found grass and thick jungle, but devil a sign of the pig. As I reached the top I heard a splash, and the two others came head over heels into the river. The fourth man got through it and we searched for the pig without any success, so the umpire called "No heat," which meant a fresh start, so after catching Young's horse, we rejoined the line.

We still continued out of luck as regards finding pig, and by lunch time eight heats had been run off without our turn coming. An hour was allowed for the meal, and the consumption of liquid was something terrific. The secretary informed me that he allows for over a dozen large sodas per head per diem.

Shortly after lunch we got after a pig. As before I flew away, and after doing the riding for a mile, I got my spear in, and leaving the others to kill, I rode to the umpire to "show blood."

We got through all the heats by evening, leaving me a seventeen to one chance as compared with sixty-eight to one the evening before.

We were drawn into three heats of four and one of five. Fenwick and Rowland were left in also, which gave us three chances out of the seventeen. Unfortunately, Rowland was unable to ride, having taken a toss the day before and hurt his shoulder; but by the rules his horse was allowed to compete with another rider, he having been hurt during a heat.

LUTCHMAN.
Over thirty years head shikari of the Meerut Tent Club.

In the first heat Fenwick got on to the pig and was just going to spear when his horse fell headlong into a blind nullah and broke its neck. Rowland's horse followed suit and got concussion of the brain, but luckily neither of the riders were badly hurt. So when my heat came round I was left the sole representative of the regiment. We were let loose after a very large boar, my horse again streaking away from the others and as straight as a die. I rode him hard with about six lengths' lead of the second man, and getting up alongside, drove the spear hard. The brute gave a leap to one side and my spear burying itself deep in the ground, snapped in two at the shaft. Cruel luck! Every one on the top of the elephants thought I had won it. * * * What is left of me will endeavor to write an account of yesterday's proceeding. The line started at 8 A. M. The four left in for the cup forming the center group. I rode with the line and had a good gallop after a para or hogdeer, which broke back. Horns about the size of a roe deer. We had a great chase after him, and I eventually speared him. The next excitement was squeals from a dog in the thick part of the jungle. We formed all the elephants close together and drove it out. During the operation one of the elephants set up a tremendous trumpeting and a huge leopard sprang out and made for another thick patch. Here we lost him, owing to the excessive thickness. Lunch time, and the final was still not run off. Immediately afterward, however, a boar broke, and the word "ride!" was given. Allyn, of the Ninth Lancers, who had beaten me in my heat, led all the way and gained first spear easily, thus winning the cup.

BIG BOAR KILLED IN THE KHADIR.
Stood 32 inches from shoulder to ground.

Then came the Hoghunters cup, a four-mile point to point with twenty starters. At the lotteries the night before my horse, "Waterline," was made a ridiculously hot favorite, the odds working out at 6 to 4, whereas the next best favorite stood at 10 to 1, and others 20 to 1.

After going about half a mile, we came to an enormous nullah full of water. I was lying third; the first two horses came crash down, I followed suit. Luckily, I held on to my reins; but by the time I got my horse out of the water, the whole field was a long way ahead, and I found my left arm quite useless. I thought I must have broken my collar bone, but managed to scramble on with one hand, with very slippery reins all drenched with water. I flew after the field, who by this time were about 400 yards ahead. Gradually I began to catch them up and one by one passed them, till we came within half a mile of the finish, when I came up abreast of the leading horse. We both pulled up short of a large drop into a river, there was no time to take a pull. My horse took a flying leap and landed in the middle, but, slipping, his feet came down in the water. I scrambled up again, but too late, and only managed to ride in fifth. My arm is bad to-day, as I find I have ruptured the muscles of the shoulder. The regiment has been out of luck, two horses killed, as Rowland had to shoot his yesterday, and three men disabled. On the whole, I came off best, as it is less expensive to hurt oneself than one's horse, especially if you are a client of an insurance company. I think the majority of these institutions would put up the shutters if the directors were to witness a Khadir cup meeting.

I would impress upon my readers that a sport that might appear, when read of in cold blood, to tend somewhat toward cruelty and foolhardiness, has a very different complexion when one's excitement is raised to fever heat. Doubtless many of you know Mr. Jorrock's famous remark about fox hunting, "Hunting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent. of the danger." Now, Mr. Jorrocks was a fine sportsman, but there were evidently no pigs in the country he hunted, or he would never have added the last few words to his celebrated saying.

Three Dawks.

"Good morning, Friedrich, what are you fishing for?"

"Pickles."

"Are there many pickles in the pond?"

"Some days dey vas be pooty good many, and some days dey aindt be none at all."

"Where are the pickles on the days when they are not in the pond?"

"Don't know! Guess dey vas be hidin' someveres."

"Are there any large ones?"

"Py golly, yes! Dey vas some dat catch my leetle dawk."

"You must keep your next dog chained up."

"I don't mean dat dawk, but de kind dat schvim on de vater mit de old hen."

"You mean the kind that swim in the water while the old hen stays on shore."

"Ya!" But how you tell between dat dawk vot schvim on de vater, and dat dawk vot you schain up to home, and dat dawk vere you hitch up de ship?"

"Oh, well! One holds up a bark, and one lets go a bark, and one will bark an ear of corn pretty fast."

"Ya!"

Robert T. Morris.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

NATURAL HISTORY

Again The Sad Penguin.

In discussing the penguins, Mr. Moonan does not seem to consider that when any animal, including man, is adapted to its environment it is naturally happy. This applies equally to Eskimo or penguin, and to each the long night, fierce gales, ice, snow and privation are not hardships as we would look upon them, but part of their natural surroundings, things to which they are accustomed from birth. The fur seal of the Galapagos, under a tropical sun, is not a whit happier than his relative of the foggy, wind-swept Pribilofs; in fact, if any animal may properly be called happy, it is the northern fur seal, and no creature on the face of the earth seems to have a better time, nor to enjoy life more keenly than a young fur seal. Fog and gale are to him no hardships, each has its charm; the pelting rain and glowing sun are equally disagreeable, and to escape them he takes to water. The Eskimo of both coasts are from all reports a particularly jolly lot, and had no proper idea of their hard fate until misfortune came upon them in the shape of civilized man. I do not know where Mr. Moonan gets the idea that they are unhappy; friends who have lived among them and accounts I have read agree that the reverse is the case.

When one is on lookout off Cape Horn and out of the mist and darkness comes the call of a king penguin, sounding for all the world like

* * * * the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,

it requires little imagination to suppose the bird is unhappy. But when next day the fog lifts and you see a string of penguins making for a bed of kelp, gamboling exactly like a school of small porpoises, they do not seem sad.

It is unfortunately the fashion to ascribe to other animals the thoughts and feelings of man; to use the helpless creature as mirrors to reflect the ideas of the observer. And so because Mr. Bernacchi thought the penguins ought to be sad, they were sad; Moseley, Kidder, Nordenskjold, Bickerton and my friend Capt. Cleveland saw no evidence of sadness.

Similarly heartrending accounts of the agonies undergone by fur seals have been written by those not accquainted with them, when the fact is that a pod of fur seals halted before the clubbers will snap and snarl at one another exactly as if by themselves on the hauling ground. They have no dread of death, for they are not acquainted with it in the form of clubs, but they object vigorously to having their toes stepped on. And so the survivors, too small or too large to be taken for skins, may scurry back to the sea or stop fifty yards away, watching the slaughter of their comrades, fanning themselves with flippers wet with their blood. For blood in itself has no terror; it is shed too freely in the incessant fights of the old seals to be associated with death. An old bull is not a whit more disturbed by having the body of a freshly skinned pup flung at him than by a clod of earth.

All this may not seem germane to the sadness of the penguins, but it is adduced to show that we must not judge other animals by ourselves and think that the same causes will produce the same form of mind in them as in us. It will not do to follow Eve's reasoning as expressed by Mark Twain in Adam's Diary, and say that because any animal *looks* sad it *is* sad.

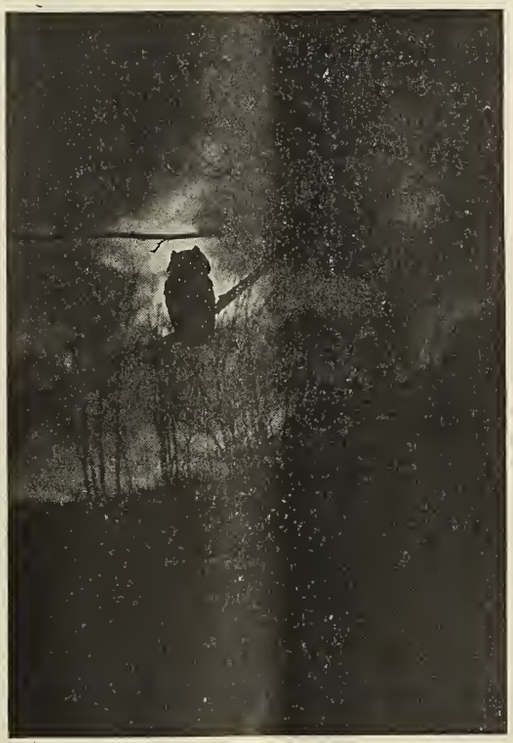
The mental processes of the so-called lower animals are probably somewhat like those of a small child, and as a child will cry one moment and laugh the next, so the duck just missed by the sportsman will be feeding peacefully five minutes later, not reflecting upon its escape from instant death.

It may be well enough as a matter of literary effect to call animals or objects sad or happy; but when it comes to a statement of facts, it is quite another matter, and I wish to be classed among those who protest against this being done.

F. A. L.

Birds of the Cambridge Region.

From the days of the landing of the Pilgrims to the present time, eastern Massachusetts has proved a favorite ground for students of ornithology. Wood in his "New England Prospects," Morton in his "New English Canaan," and Josselyn in his "New England Rarities Discovered" and "Two Voyages to New England" have given us interesting records that take us back to the 17th century—some of them almost to its beginning. Much later Nuttall wrote in



SCREECH OWL.
Photo from life by James Sanger, East Aurora, N. Y.

"Soon as eve closes, the loud-hooting owl,
That loves the turbulent and gusty night,
Perches aloft upon the rocking elm
And halloes to the moon."
—Hurdis: The Favorite Village.

Cambridge his "Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada," and his interest in birds impressed itself on the youth of the place, so that the Cabots and Dr. T. M. Brewer of the next generation were bird students; and they were followed directly by the men of the present day, who long ago founded the Nuttall Ornithological Club.

It seems natural enough then that Mr. Wm. Brewster should have taken up the ornithology of a small section of eastern Massachusetts, and should have produced a volume on the subject which has rarely been equalled for the interest which it possesses in its special field. Mr. Brewster is one of our most eminent ornithologists, but he is much better known—because so many more people are interested in the subject—as a keen sportsman and as the President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. From boyhood he has been an ardent gunner and a not less ardent student of birds, and most of his life has been devoted to this delightful subject.

The present volume is No. IV. of the Memoirs of the Nuttall Ornithological Society. It is a handsome quarto of 425 pages, and is illustrated with four plates and three maps. It was published by the Nuttall Ornithological Club, July, 1906. The Cambridge Region, to which the observations included in the volume apply, treats of the territory about Cambridge over which ornithologists and collectors living in or very near Cambridge have been accustomed to journey within a day. The irregular area as shown on Mr. Brewster's map is bounded on the south by the Charles River, on the west by Hobb's Brook, the Reservoir and the westerly line of the town of Lexington, on the north and east by the northeasterly boundary of Lexington, the northerly boundary of Arlington, taking in Mystic Pond and running south along the Mystic River about to where Alewife Brook joins it, and thence southeasterly to Craigie's Bridge on the Charles River.

Within this area, there are many localities which have become historic to ornithologists. It is impossible to mention them, or, in fact, to say much in detail of Mr. Brewster's very beautiful book. He treats of the species of which there are definite and certain record within the region, and these species number 249, including a record of the black vulture added after the book was printed. In the case of each species, the bird's Latin name is given, followed by the English name, and by its relation to the region as winter resident, summer resident, transient visitor, and so on; then follows the bird's seasonal occurrence, with the point where the observation was made and the names of the observers. The detailed remarks which close the record often run to several pages and are full of interest. Besides the birds numbered and treated of in the large type, other species, likely to have occurred, but not definitely recorded are mentioned in small type, and here are included some introduced birds. In the records of his personal observation, which go back for forty years or more, Mr. Brewster points out many faunal changes that have taken place and sets down many matters of great interest. A bird may have originally been abundant and for some reason have been reduced—perhaps almost to the point of extermination—and then by a change of conditions may have again become abundant, and even have greatly increased in numbers.

Of the birds mentioned in the small type, one is the heath hen, long ago extinct in the Cambridge Region, of which something was written in the Forest and Stream recently. It is interesting to read Mr. Brewster's reference to this bird as formerly abundant on the site of Boston, and the testimony by Mrs. Eliza Cabot, which he gives on this subject.

"It is probable that Wood refers to this Grouse when he speaks of the 'Heathcoke' in his poetical enumeration of 'such kinds of Fowle as the Countrey affoords.' The word occurs in the following line: 'The Turky-Phesant, Heathcocke, Partridge rare.' In the following text he says: 'Pheasons be very rare, but Heathcockes, and Partridges be common; hee that is a husband, and will be stirring betime, may kill halfe a dozen in a morning.' He adds: 'The Partridge be bigger than they be in England, the flesh of the Heathcockes is red, and the flesh of the Partridge white.' This indicates that his 'Heathcocke' must have been the Heath Hen, and his Partridge the Ruffed Grouse. What his 'Pheason' was, we can only conjecture. Apparently he was not personally familiar with the bird, and he probably learned of it through the Indians, who may have had the Spruce Grouse in mind, or, perhaps, from white men

who had been in Virginia, where the Ruffed Grouse was and still is called 'Pheasant.'

"Josselyn asserts that 'the Country hath' no Pheasants, nor Woodcocks, nor Quails,' but he mentions the 'Partridge' which, he says, 'is larger than ours, white flesh, but very dry, they are indeed a sort of Partridges called Groose.' This passage relates, of course, to the Ruffed Grouse.

"Morton's testimony on these points is so interesting that I give it in full. It is as follows: 'There are a kind of Fowles which are commonly called Pheisants, but whether they be pheysants or no, I will not take upon mee, to determine. They are in forme like our pheisant henne of England. Both the male and the female are alike; but they are rough footed, and have stareing fethers about the head and neck, the body is as bigg as the pheysant henne of England; and are excellent white flesh, and delicate white meate, yet we seldome bestowe a shoote at them.

"Partridges, there are much, like our Partridges of England, they are of the same plumes, but bigger in body. They have not the sign of the horseshoe on the brest as the Partridges of England; nor are they colored about the heads as those are; they sit on the trees. For I have seen 40. in one tree at a time; yet at night they fall on the ground, and sit untill morning so together; and are dainty flesh.

"There are quails also, but bigger than the quailes in England. They take trees also: for I have numbered 60. upon a tree at a time. The cocks doe call at the time of the yeare, but with a different note from the cock quailes of England.'

"Despite what Morton says to the effect that its flesh was white, I am inclined to believe that his 'pheisant' must have been the 'Heathcocke' of Wood, which, as I have already stated, was almost certainly the Heath Hen of later authors. The 'Partridges' mentioned by Morton were, without much doubt, Ruffed Grouse, and his 'quailes' unquestionably Bob-whites, which, as he asserts, occasionally 'take trees also.'

"Nuttall, writing of the Heath Hen in 1832, says: 'Along the Atlantic Coast they are still met with on the Grous plains of New Jersey, on the brushy plains of Long Island, in similar shrubby barrens in Westford, Connecticut, in the island of Martha's Vineyard on the south side of Massachusetts Bay; and formerly, as probably in many other tracts, according to the information which I have received from Lieut. Governor Winthrop, they were so common on the ancient bushy site of the city of Boston, that laboring people or servants stipulated with their employers not to have the Heath-Hen brought to table oftener than a few times in the week!' The final statement in the above passage has a familiar sound, for with the substitution of 'salmon' or 'shad' for Heath-Hen' it appears in the early annals of several New England towns. If 'laboring people' and 'servants' were really ever surfeited with the flesh of Heath Hens killed on the hills now occupied by the city of Boston, the birds must have also visited the Cambridge shores of the Back Bay.

"I have been permitted to quote the following interesting passage from 'Notes of conversations with Eliza Cabot, written down by her son, J. E. C(abot),' and printed for private circulation in 1904: 'I recollect the Western prairie grouse in this part of the country. I saw one once in Newton; and once, after I was married, your father went down to the Cape, fishing, and in the woods there I saw a grouse very near me, and saw him puff up that orange they have on the side of the neck.' Eliza Cabot was born on April 17, 1797, and married about 1811. Her grand daughter, Mrs. Charles Almy, thinks it probable that she saw the Grouse in Newton about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the one on 'the Cape' (Cape Cod, no doubt) about 1812. That both birds were Heath Hens can scarcely be doubted, for there is no evidence that living western Grouse of any kind were introduced into Massachusetts at so early a period.

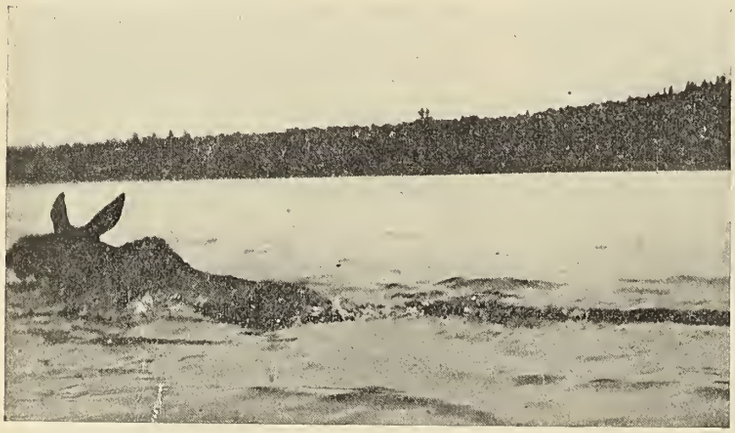
"From the evidence above cited we may assume with reasonable safety that the Heath Hen was found rather numerously on the 'ancient bushy site' of Boston, at the time that city was founded, while there are also reasons for believing that it frequented many other localities, more or less similar in character, along the neighboring coast, probably ranging as far northward as Cape Ann. Apparently it was exterminated nearly everywhere by the English colonists not long after this coast region became generally settled, and perhaps before 1650. Mrs. Cabot's testimony indicates, however, that it had not wholly disappeared from Cape Cod, nor even from the immediate neighborhood of Boston, at the beginning of the past century. On the island of Martha's Vineyard it has continued to exist in limited and varying numbers down to the present day."

A bird which has not been taken in the Cambridge region, but of whose occurrence there seems some evidence, is the little black rail. The Florida gallinule breeds there. Certain rare birds recorded are the great gray owl, hawk owl, the Canada jay, turkey buzzard and black vulture.

The bird students who fail to read Mr. Brewster's "Birds of the Cambridge Region" will miss a rare treat.

A MOOSE IN THE WATER.
Photo by Charles Allen.

A MOOSE IN THE WATER.
Photo by Charles Allen.



A MOOSE IN THE WATER.
Photo by Charles Allen.

A MOOSE IN THE WATER.
Photo by Charles Allen.

Bugs that Bite Hard.

Stamford, Conn., Aug. 21.—This morning I set some Italians at work cleaning out brush. The foreman came in soon, and said, "Verra badda place work. Bugs bite so hard." I could not imagine what Connecticut bug would put Italians on the run. So I got out the collecting case and went out to get specimens. It was a nest of yellowjackets. Robert T. Morris.

A Moose in the Water.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you in June that I should return to Roach River about the 20th of July for a month's fly-fishing, and that I hoped at that time to find that the moose, the photographs of which I sent you and which you published together with my letter, in your issue of July 21, was still there. I did not see him, however, as a few days after I left in the spring, he disappeared, and so far as I know has not been seen again.

On the other hand, moose are very much more in evidence this year than in any year since I have been in this region. I saw ten different moose around Roach Lake alone, two of them in one day while fly-fishing in the north inlet, within a half hour of each other, and I saw one immense bull (the largest that I have ever seen, and one of the largest ever seen by my guide) whose antlers, although not more than two-thirds grown, are already superb. But I propose, if my photographs turn out well, to have something further to say about this fellow later.

What I started to write about, however, was something further about the habits of moose, and while it is true that what I am about to say is commonplace with guides and woodsmen, and with many sportsmen, still I think that it is a good idea for men who go into the woods, to call attention to the habits of wild animals they see, even if these habits are familiar to many people, especially if this is done through the medium of a periodical like the Forest and Stream, whose circulation is large and whose readers, very many of them at least, are so situated that they would not have the opportunity of studying the animal in question in his natural haunts.

There are several ponds in Maine which bear the name of Mud Pond. Two of these I am perfectly familiar with; one of them is a short distance northwest of Little Joe-Mary Lake, and the other is about a mile and a half south of Ragged Lake, and about nine miles from Roach River. The water in these ponds is very shallow, in the deepest place not more than two feet, and there are areas through which it is difficult to force a canoe, the water not being more than an inch or two in depth. On the other hand, the mud in these ponds is very deep, and yet it is a very common thing to see moose and deer out in the middle of these ponds feeding, being able to go in many places where a horse or ox would become mired and finally drown. I have sat on the shore of these ponds sometimes for hours, watching the deer and an occasional moose feeding on the lily pads and lily pad roots, where it would seem to be impossible for any animal of any size to stay for an instant.

It is astonishing how rapidly a moose or a deer can half swim and half wade through this mass of mud and water when they have become alarmed, and I inclose four photographs which illustrate, to a certain extent anyway, the characteristics spoken of above.

A party of us went from Roach River to Ragged Lake to spend the night and to get the evening and early morning fishing. In the morning after the sun came up, the breeze went down and the trout stopped rising, it being a very hot, still day, so it was decided to go over to Mud Pond to look for game. When we reached the pond, we carefully pushed aside the alders fringing the shore and counted thirteen deer at various points feeding, some upon the shore and some out in the water and mud. We could not see a moose at first, although we looked carefully for one, but finally I noticed that what I had thought was a stump near the head of the pond had disappeared, and suddenly it appeared again, and so we knew that it was a moose feeding. He was perhaps two hundred and fifty feet from the shore and only his head was visible. As there was only one canoe available, and as that was a very old one, it was decided that one of the ladies who was very desirous of going, should sit in the bow and one of the guides paddle her out to see if she could obtain some photographs of this moose. I worked along the shore until I got nearly opposite the point where the moose was feeding, so that I had a good view of all that occurred. What little wind there was stirring was blowing from the moose toward the canoe.

It had been arranged before the lady went out that if possible, she was to take a photograph of the moose feeding, to take another one as he started to go toward the shore, and then to follow it up with one or two more, getting as near as possible, so as to show what actually took place, as I was anxious to study as far as possible the actions of the moose under conditions similar to these.

The canoe approached the moose cautiously, and he paid no attention to it until they were within perhaps thirty-five feet. In the meanwhile he had been quietly feeding. He would plunge his head into the water, being entirely out of sight, and after having obtained the lily root, he would raise his head clear from the water, and would chew with apparent relish, as I could hear him grunt as he was eating. He discovered the canoe after the first photograph had been taken. At first he paid no attention to it, but went on feeding, but finally in order to start him along I spoke to the lady and said, "Be ready to take a second shot after he starts toward the shore." He then started, and the second photograph shows him well under way. The third and fourth photographs show him partly swimming and partly wading. You will see that his back is well out of water; he left a wake that was about the consistency of thin paste. When he reached solid footing, he seemed to have lost his anxiety to get away, for he walked quietly to the shore and then stood and watched us, having apparently no fear whatever. Charles A. Allen.

Fox, Weasel and Mink.

I have hunted foxes for nearly three score years, and have yet to see where they have ever caught or killed a domestic fowl or a ruffed grouse, or young lamb; though I have in the winter often seen where they have tried to catch grouse that were roosting under the snow, but never saw where they had succeeded in catching one. I have very often seen where they have caught our common northern hare, and only once have I ever seen them in the vicinity of the numerous flocks of geese and turkeys that are roaming about our fields.

One evening, years ago, driving in the town of Highgate near the Canada line, as I approached a farm house, I saw down in the pasture some three hundred yards away a group of horses standing with their heads together and heels out; and near by was a flock of geese and goslings waddling up toward the house. Very soon the horses broke ranks and with heads down started along toward the geese; and I then saw that they were following a fox. The fox stopped and faced the horses, which immediately whirled with their heads together with heels out as though to repel the attacks of an enemy. The fox then trotted along after the geese and the horses broke ranks again and followed it. I called to the people in the house to come out and get their geese which were then near the road, The fox heard me and of course bolted for the woods.

Now regarding weasels. They may kill chickens, but if so I have never had positive proof of it. A friend who raises chickens was losing a chicken or two every day and he laid it to the weasels. His barn and out-buildings were overrun with rats, and a couple of weasels had come in among them; one of the weasels he found in the yard killed, bitten through the head. One morning he saw a strange cat jump out from the yard with a chicken in its mouth. He shot this cat and lost no more chickens, and the remaining weasel soon cleaned out the rats and is evidently now living on mice, as it does not molest the poultry.

A near neighbor of his was also troubled with rats about the barn. A mink came in and cleaned them out, and last fall the farmer foolishly shot the mink for its pelt. Before spring the rats were back again as thick as ever. He now wishes that he had let the mink remain, as the price that he received for the mink skin does not pay for the damage done every month by the rats.

Any observing farmer in this vicinity will admit that it is only during the years that foxes and weasels are scarce, that their fields and orchards are overrun with mice, and the damage the mice do amounts to far more than the value of all poultry on their farms. Again take the much maligned skunk; he can be classed among the friends of the farmer. While we have seen instances of his taking eggs, and even poultry, his principal diet is grubs, grasshoppers, crickets, wire-worms, and when near a potato field, potato bugs. But for all this let him be caught in a potato field, he is surely dogged or stoned to death, and perhaps by the very farmer he is befriending. Then this same farmer will pay out dollars for paris green and in hired man's wages to destroy the very bugs that the skunk would have eaten if left alone.

We are living and learinng, though some of us learn slowly; and it is hard for us to get over early prejudices. Nevertheless we may expect at no very distant date to see laws made and enforced to protect as the farmer's friend, each of the above named animals.

Among the large number of dogs that are in the country there is an occasional one that will kill sheep, so there may be a few foxes and weasels that have a fondness for poultry and young lambs. Though if so, they have never come under my personal observation.

Stanstead.

Gifts of a Bird Lover.

Mr. Albert Willcox, whose bequest to the National Association of Audubon Societies was mentioned last week, was a member of the firm of Albert Willcox & Co., sucessors to the old firm of Willcox & Son, which had been established for many years, and whose business was fire and marine insurance. He was the brother of David Willcox, president of the Delaware & Hudson R. R. Co.

Mr. Willcox was deeply interested in the work of the Audubon Societies, and was very much opposed to the killing of any kind of birds or game. He has been quoted as saying that he was almost a Brahmin in his reverence for the lives of the lower and helpless creatures.

Mr. Willcox was one of those men who did good in secret. Nearly two years ago he promised to give the National Association an annual income of $3,000, but only on the understanding that while he lived his name should not be known as a donor. Thus, every quarter, beginning Jan. 1, 1905, Mr. Willcox sent to the Association $750. On the death of Mr. David Willcox the Association will receive one-half of the residuary estate, which will probably give it several hundred thousand dollars additional.

Ever Since the Centennial.

Trenton, N. J., July 24.—I first commenced to buy the Forest and Stream in the little old log cabin at the Centennial, and I have been buying it ever since.

In all those years no article or series of articles that you have ever published has appealed to me so strongly as "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet."

Although a little late, I also compliment you upon the new size and "get-up" of the paper. It is much more attractive and convenient.

Fred. B. Yard.

We had sat around the fire for some time and the boys were speaking of fish—of very large fish—when George finally said: "Well now, boys, I don't want you to think I'm lying, and I never did believe in telling big yarns, but your speaking of the big pike reminds me of a catfish they caught up near Des Moines last year. You see the river had got very low and this big yellow-head climbed out at a low place in the bank and was chasing a two-year-old around the field when they saw him, and as the farmers were afraid of losing their stock they clubbed together and killed him." After an awe-struck silence of some time L. ventured to remark in a low tone: "How big was he, George?" "Well, by the great whale, I'd like to know if you suppose any small fish could tackle a two-year-old steer?"

GAME BAG AND GUN

A Band of Bears.

An old mountaineer will advise you not to fool with a bear. And his advice is worth following. The man who goes into the mountains for the first time is likely to be crazy to kill a bear. After he has gained experience, he is quite willing to let the bears alone, if they will not interfere with him. Of course this advice is intended to apply only to the grizzly bear—the long-clawed species known in the mountains by as many names as he has colors. Cinnamon, range bear, silver tip, gray, black, and yellow bear are some of his names. The true black bear and his brown brothers—usually called pine bears or brown bears—are scarcely ever dangerous. There may be cases where people have been killed by these little fellows, but they are extremely exceptional. Ordinarily you could chase them with a stick, and even if you caught them and gave them a sound drubbing they would at most only give you a scratching in return, which, while it might leave a scar or two, would probably not permanently injure you.

He of the long claws is a very different creature. Usually he is timid and will run from you like a deer, but he is very uncertain of temper, and you can never tell just what he will do. Sometimes when walking through thick hemlock or juniper sprouts, I have suddenly come upon these animals when they were lying down, and have caught a glimpse of them as they plunged into the undergrowth in rapid flight. I have never happened to meet with one that was really cross, but there are dozens of men who have. Old José Telemanche—Mexican Joe as we used to call him—told me many years ago something that occurred within a few yards of where he was sitting. He said: "We was camp on lill creek coming down through wide valley, me and two Injuns. We make camp 'bout tree o'clock, an' after supper, one Injun, he go into brush, gather plums. Plums very plenty all 'long creek, plum brush 'bout high as man's head. Bear he like plums too, an' he in brush pickin' plums. Injun go 'long pickin' plums, put 'em in flour sack hung 'bout his neck. Bimeby Injun come near where bear sittin' quiet, seein' what make that cracklin' in brush. Injun come 'long pickin', pickin', and bear just reach out an' hit 'im. I sittin' by fire smokin', hear one yell. Then I jump for gun an' run in brush, fin' Injun lyin' there, skull all smash in. Time we take 'im into camp, dead."

Some years ago, while I was in Deer Lodge, a man was desperately hurt under somewhat similar circumstances. He was picking berries, when a bear rose from the brush beside him and struck him. When I left the town he was in the hospital, and was not expected to recover. On the other hand, they are sometimes the veriest cowards under circumstances which would seem to call for bravery. Many years since I was attached to an exploring expedition which was investigating a region about which nothing was then known, but which has since proved one of the richest mining districts of the Rocky Mountains. We had with us some Indian scouts, part of them Arickarees, and part Sioux. One day Cold Hand, an Ogallallah, and a young Ree came upon an old she bear and two well-grown cubs on the open prairie, at some distance from the mountains. The bears ran as soon as they saw the Indians, and the latter pursued them on their ponies. The chase was a long one, but at length they overtook and killed first one of the cubs, and then the other. By this time their horses had given out and could go no further. Cold Hand was a cripple, his leg having been rendered useless by a bullet, and could only walk with a stick, so he remained behind to skin the cubs, and the Ree chased the old bear on foot, until she took refuge in a water hole, where he killed her. Writers are rather given to making the energy with which a she bear will defend her cubs, the superlative of ferocity; but in this case the simile would have failed. I once met a young man who told me that all the stories about the ferocity of the grizzly were untrue, and that they were no more dangerous than were deer. A little questioning revealed the fact that his experience had been confined to two individuals. Both of these were small ones. One he had killed with his six-shooter, and the other he had chased for some distance over the open prairie without being able to come up with it. I have seen other men—old mountaineers, too—who bore on their bodies the marks of deadly conflict with these fierce brutes. One of these was covered with scars from the teeth and claws of the bear, his left hand and arm so crippled as to be of little use to him, and the left leg much shorter than his right; so that he had a very perceptible limp. He wound up the story of his fight by remarking that he wanted "no more bears in his'n."

People who kill bears usually do it for glory. It is true that the skin, when in good order, makes a fine robe, but this is scarcely inducement enough to lead a man to risk his life. The flesh of an adult bear is, to my opinion, uneatable—in the sence that badger or coyote is so—though, of course, it all depends on how hungry you are. Young bear meat can be eaten, but is never desirable. When a man takes to hunting bear, therefore, it is usually because he is anxious to be able to tell of his exploits with this dangerous game. And recently a method has been devised by some prudent hunter, who was anxious for fame, but unwilling to run any risks, by which the dangers of this hunting have all been eliminated. Like all good things, this device has the merit of simplicity. The daring hunter starts out with a lot of heavy bear traps, which he sets where the animals are abundant. He makes the round of his traps daily, and when he finds one gone, follows the trail of the clog or grapple until he comes within sight of the fugitive bear, when he opens fire on and kills him. The clog makes is impossible for the bear to catch the hunter, and he proudly carries home the skin which he has captured in so fair (?) a fight. This method of bear hunting originated, I believe, with an Englishman, but it has since been adopted by many of our own countrymen, who are wise and prudent, and who, while hankering after the glory of killing one, ten or twenty bears, are yet afraid to meet them on their own ground and take their chances in a square, stand-up fight. I do not speak of the method to condemn it. I have no sympathy with the bears. They are vermin, and the sooner they are destroyed the better. But I confess that I have as yet been unable to fathom the motives of the hunters who have in this way added to their tally of big game the name *Ursus horribilis*. Perhaps they are merely butchers, men who would, if it were not for fear of the penitentiary or Justice Lynch's halter, kill the cattle on the range simply for the pleasure of seeing blood flow. What satisfaction can be had in slaying a hampered animal, or skill can be displayed in shooting a bear whose foot is in a hundred-pound trap attached to a ten-foot clog, I am unable to see. Can any one enlighten me?

But all this rambling gossip about bears is wholly foreign to the subject that I intended to write of.

It was in June one year that the Boss saw his band of bears. The men are workers at the ranch, and when any one goes hunting from there it is usually because the camp is out of meat. On this day the supply had run low, and so, with John, the Boss left the house in the afternoon and climbed the hills thinking that he would kill an elk. A fat yearling heifer was what he wanted, or, if he could not get that, a young bull would do. For about this time the horns of the males stop growing, and they begin to take on fat, and so are much better eating than the old cows, each of which is suckling a couple of ever hungry calves.

The trail up the mountain is steep, and every now and then they stopped to take breath. Below them was spread out the broad basin with its little streams and lakes sparkling and flashing in the afternoon sun. Through the clear air could be seen the far off peaks of the Park Creek Range and nearer at hand the lower Freeze Out Hills, and then still nearer the bright green prairie dotted with feeding cattle.

The tableland being reached, they separated, John taking one little park, and the Boss the next one to the south, a timbered ridge running between the two. On reaching a likely looking spot, the Boss dismounted, and tied his horse, intending to walk through the timber, for one can always hunt more satisfactorily on foot than on horseback. He had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile through the forest, and was just going down a hill where the trees stood further part than usual, when he saw through the trees on the other side of a little opening about twenty-five yards distant, a black mass lying on the ground. He could only see it indistinctly, for the trees obstructed his sight and the light was dim, but he concluded that it was a bear, and thought he would kill it. Stepping round a little to get a better view, he found a good opening through the trees, but just as he was about to fire, the mass moved, separated, and resolved itself into five bears.

Without giving the Boss any great amount of time for consideration, the largest of the five gave a loud snarl and rushed toward him. It was a vicious-looking brute, about the size of a two-year-old steer and quite dark in color. His mouth was open, his white teeth gleaming, and the long red tongue swaying as he ran, as if he had traveled far and was hot. Two of the bears, both large, walked after him as he plunged along, rather as if they were curious to see what was the matter, than from any desire to do harm to any one. The Boss says he was scared, and, it may well be true, but I venture to say that if anyone had seen him standing in front of the onrushing monster, that person would not have been able to detect any signs of fear in the erect, alert figure. Once he shouted loudly, hoping that he might thus frighten the bear and check it for a while, but it only responded by another snarl. So he waited, and when the animal was so close to him that it seemed that another spring would bring it within arm's length, the old rifle gave forth its stream of fire and lead, and the owner turned and rushed up the hill as fast as a man would naturally run with a thousand pound grizzly at his heels. There was no sound of the running beast immediately behind him, and when he had thrown another cartridge into his gun he threw a glance backward and saw that he was not pursued. At the top of the hill he paused and looked back. There on the ground where he had stood when he shot he saw the big bear lying on his back, and about him were walking two others, growling and snarling, while from the point where they had all been lying two more were approaching their companions. The Boss was still within easy shooting distance, but he made up his mind that there were too many in the band for him to tackle, so he started off to hunt up reinforcements.

He soon found John, and together they went back to the scene of the encounter. Traveling slowly and cautiously they reached the top of the hill, whence they could look down upon the

scene of the shooting. None of the bears were within sight, and on going down the hill they saw that the wounded one had sufficiently recovered to get up and walk away. About the spot where it had fallen it looked as if two or three buckets of blood had been spilt on the ground. The Boss had the curiosity to measure the distance from the spot where the bear had fallen to the prints made by his own feet, when he shot, and found it just ten feet.

They then went on to the place where the bear had been lying when first seen. Here at the foot of some large trees they found holes, such as a dog will dig on a warm summer's day, scraped in the dirt and pine needles. And it seemed as if the brutes had been traveling, and on reaching this cool, shady spot, had scraped out beds for themselves and lain down to sleep. On being awakened they were as cross as human beings might be under similar circumstances, and the biggest and most savage of them had let his temper get the better of him, and had made the attack. Returning now to the spot where the bear had fallen they took up its trail. There was no difficulty about following it, for the animal was bleeding freely. For a quarter of a mile they kept on after it, through the timber, and then it passed out into a little park. Here the tracks of the four others were seen, and the five kept on together for some distance. There were still heavy snow-drifts in many of the ravines and low places, and this snow was packed so hard that the feet of the men as they walked over it made no prints upon it. The tracks of the unwounded bears sunk into the snow an inch or two, but the feet of the wounded one made tracks eight inches deep by measurement, thus affording some indication of its size and weight.

The men followed the trail for about a mile and a half, when it entered some low junipers where a man could not see six feet ahead of him. At this point they concluded that they had gone far enough, and very wisely turned about and returned to the ranch.

The Boss told me that he was never so scared in his life as he was when he saw three bears coming toward him, and he confidentially informed me that he didn't believe his face recovered its natural color for three days after the encounter. Yo.

Old Nebraska and New Minnesota.

Aitkin, Minn., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial "Bring Back the Elk to Nebraska" has struck a responsive chord. Not that I ever expect to see the elk restored to the sandhill country of the Platte, Loup and Niobrara rivers, but because that and the country east, as far as the Platte and Loup, was the stage on which I did my first stunt in big-game hunting. And a great hunting ground it was, too! Not a lasting hunting ground like northern Minnesota, where deer, bear and moose still linger after many years' settlement, for the big game of Nebraska disappeared before encroaching settlements like frost before the morning sun. But to him who followed close in the footsteps of the receding Indians, it was great. In the sandhills and along the streams, elk, white-tail deer, black-tail deer ("mule deer," some stickler will say), antelope, countless wolves, coyotes, beaver, otter, wildcat and the like, and, before the advent of the Union Pacific Railway, buffalo; while on the lower rivers the greatest wild goose country the world ever knew could be found. It was indeed great, and its like will never be known again. I suppose one might see more game of that kind in and around Yellowstone Park now than a season in the sandhills of old would show, but that kind of garden game does not appeal to me like the real thing.

It is a far cry from the plains of Nebraska in the sixties and seventies to the woods of northern Minnesota in 1906, but did any one ever work in the garden through the hot days of June, July and into August, and hear jacksnipe whirring overhead at almost any time? Well, I have this year; and it seems to indicate that the snipe have nested here in large numbers, though we see but little of them. Woodcock also nested in considerable numbers, though I believe they are all gone now. Mallard and wood duck also nested numerously in this vicinity. It has been rather dry this summer, with no severe storms, and very favorable for the young grouse, of which there are four kinds here, namely, spruce, ruffed, starptail and pinnated. Yet with all this game, it is no slaughter country such as the Dakota prairies for chickens or the great prairie marshes for ducks. Most sportsmen would feel disgusted at a day afield in this country, as here one gets the maximum of recreation and the minimum of meat. The inaccessibility of the country protects the game.

Did any readers ever carefully raise a fine garden and then see your dearly beloved neighbors of wood and field gather most of it? Makes you wish the gun might be abolished and the sword of Justice beat into a plow share, don't it? I have taken the toes off several coons, shot several woodchucks, and if they don't watch out, some of Mr. Fullerton's live stock will be seen going round with a whole field of corn and beans growing out of their back and sides next year.

E. P. Jaques.

CAMP ON LITTLE SANDY.
Photo by C. L. Stratton.

A Minnesota Game Country.

Balsam, Aitkin County, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think a good many readers of Forest and Stream will be interested in the game of this part of Minnesota. We are in what was ten years ago a game paradise, but because of pot-hunters and Indians is not nearly so good as then, but still about as good as can be found near any railroad.

There are many deer left, and for the last two years they have increased. It is nothing strange for us to see ten or twelve in a bunch in the woods during the winter. There were hundreds of them all through this country last winter, north and east of Sandy Lake in Aitkin county, and west and north of Prairie Lake in St. Louis county.

Many moose are left here; we see a good many and more sign during the closed season, but few are killed during the open season, except by local gunners who know where to look for them. Bears are numerous, but on account of their shyness few are killed, and they are usually run on to by chance. During the fall you see their work on the white and red oak. There is hardly an oak that is not stripped of its nuts. Grouse are very plentiful if you know where they have not been shot out. Two years ago between 2,500 and 3,000 birds were taken out of McGregor, besides other local railroad points and what were killed by the local hunters. Last fall partridges were rather scarce on account of the wet spring and summer, but we had a good winter for the old birds, and there is a great crop of well-grown young ones for the lover of partridge shooting.

We have a good number of native ducks hatched out here in the numerous rice lakes, besides more than our share of the northern flight.

It is unfortunate that we have no local guides who take the foreign hunter to the good lakes. They will advise you to go to some lake that is easy to get to—even if they know that within a few miles there are myriads of ducks, and the hunter is often badly disappointed. I know of one case of two Duluth gentlemen dumped down ten miles from nowhere at a lake where they stayed several days and only killed one duck, while within a few miles of them was one of the finest duck lakes in Minnesota. I know of half a dozen good rice lakes where there is never a shot fired at a duck during the winter season.

It is not necessary to say anything about fish. We have all kinds of them, except trout, in any number you want to angle for Sandy Lake.

A Day with the Woodcock.

Some eighty miles from Boston is the small town of W. consisting of two stores, a small hotel, and about forty houses; and about a mile from the village is some of the best woodcock cover in Massachusetts. One morning last October, my father and I started for this cover. As it was pretty near the last of the month, we did not expect to get a very large bag, because we supposed the flight had all gone.

We arrived at the shooting ground about seven o'clock. Ben, our English setter, had no more than got into the cover, when he stiffened on a beautiful point. I sent the dog along, and up jumped a woodcock, at which we both fired—and I guess we both hit it, by the looks of it, when Ben brought it in. Neither my father nor I are what you would call good shots, and to get the first bird made us feel in very high spirits.

The dog flushed a partridge out of our sight; and then we hunted for about two hours, without starting a thing. Father said, "Well, I guess the flight has all gone." He had no more than uttered the words, when I happened to look at a brush heap, and behind it was Ben, with his head extended and his tail as rigid as a board. I spoke to Dad, and as I spoke, up jumped the little brown beauty, and sailed away, amid the bombardment from two double barrels. But I have said we are both very poor shots, so this did not surprise us at all. We followed that bird and started her four times, and every time, one of us got a chance to shoot, but did not hit her. Finally, after hunting for her about an hour, I managed to wing her, and Ben retrieved her.

It had got pretty near noon, and so we decided to get to the team, and eat our lunch; but it was an awful short noon hour, as we were anxious to hunt.

After re-stocking our shell pockets, we started out again and it was not long before we discovered that our dog was not with us. After hunting for him quite a while, we began whistling, and pretty soon he came around. My father said, "What's the matter, Ben, have you been pointing?" Ben began to wag his tail, and started off in the direction he had come from. We followed him, and he went right up to an old log and dropped to a point. I stepped over the log, and up jumped four partridges, of which we got two with our four barrels.

We hunted all the rest of the afternoon, starting seven more woodcock and getting five; and we felt well satisfied with the day's sport.

One of the woodcock that we started and did not get completely outwitted me. It was like this. My father was hunting up one side of a little wet run, and I on the other, with the dog in the middle. When the dog pointed I ordered him on, and he began roading toward me, and when he got out in the open he pointed, and up jumped the bird. I fired and she came down in a heap. I told Ben to go fetch, and opened up my gun to put a shell in, when I just stood there and watched it sail away. I told my father about it, and he said that that was a favorite trick of the woodcock; so I'll be watching for that trick the next time.

Well, we got seven woodcock and two partridges that day, and I know of a party that got sixteen woodcock, a little later in the season, out of that same cover. So you see, we have a little woodcock shooting left in Massachusetts and the prospects are very good for a good fall this year. RED L.

Hatteras Light.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Dr. Richard H. Lewis, president of the State Audubon Society, recently returned here from an extremely interesting visit to the seabird rookeries along the coast, in company with Secretary T. Gilbert Pearson, of the Society. The trip was made in the Audubon patrol boat Dutcher, which was bought with money privately subscribed by gentlemen in this and other States interested in the great work of saving the seabirds, which have been on the point of extinction. Dr. Lewis and Secretary Pearson went first to Morehead City and thence to Royal Shoals, ten miles from Harbor Island Lighthouse. There they found the rookery with over a thousand old birds, including royal terns, Forster's terns, Wilson's terns, the least terns, skimmers, or shearwaters, and laughing gulls. The young birds, about 200 in number, huddled together like little chickens, and as the inspectors walked along, ran before them, while the old birds, flying above, kept up a perfect babel of sound. A considerable number of unhatched eggs were found. All the nests are made on the bare beach, which is nothing but sand. Most of the young birds had been hatched and had departed.

Five or six other breeding places were visited, these being little sand islands knowns as lumps. When the Audubon law was passed in 1903, there were only 1,600 terns left, but last year the number had increased to 7,000. In 1903 only 12 eggs of the least terns, which was the most beautiful of them all, were found, while last year 700 were counted. There were more gulls along the coast last year than in many years, and all the fishermen hailed the return of these birds with joy, as they show where the schools of fish are. The men who used to shoot birds for their plumage, and who were nothing more or less than murderers of the poor creatures, have been driven from their work, and soon the waters will be full of birds, which lend such a charm to the scene.

Dr. Lewis and Secretary Pearson went to Hatteras Lighthouse, and were charmingly entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Davis. The banks which there separate the sea from the Sound are wider and bolder than at any other point, there being considerable yield and a great variety of trees. The holly is an important tree, and grows larger there than anywhere else, it is said. During the winter people feed their cattle upon both the leaves and the berries of the holly, and cows fatten wonderfully by eating such food. They are so used to being bitten on the outside by mosquitoes that they do not seem to mind the sting of the sharp points of the holly leaves on the inside. Both leaves and berries are extremely nourishing. In some cases the branches of the trees are trimmed and then carried to the cattle, while in others leaves and berries are beaten off with sticks and hauled in carts. It is a very remarkable use of these things for food, and is peculiar to Hatteras Island.

At the widest point the beach there is nearly three miles across. Of course, the lighthouse is one of the most important in the world, and is one of the most powerful. It stands several hundred yards on the mainland. Great interest is expressed in the new light which is to stand out in the sea on one of the shoals which are the chief sources of danger to vessels. Opinion differs widely as to whether this lighthouse will stand the storms or not. Many people thereabouts declare that it will not stand more than one or two seasons. The shoals are merely enormous masses of quicksand, and the sea is so fierce that it sometimes "breaks" where the water is thirty feet in depth, storms very often raging there while there is a dead calm and bright sunshine only a few miles away.

Hatteras is really the dividing line between the North and the South, and is the nearest point to the Gulf stream, the latter being the prime cause of the storms, and being aided in the way by which the coast projects so sharply into the ocean. Dr. Lewis says that while at Hatteras he saw a tarpon or king shad 4 feet 9 inches in length, and a pompano which weighed 20 pounds, both of these having been taken that day. FRED. A. OLDS.

A Solace of Summer in Town.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the greatest delights for the man who loves the woods and who is kept in town during the warm weather by demands of business is the weekly visit of his favorite hunting and fishing ground. FOREST AND STREAM has had many good stories lately, but none has interested me more than "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet" by Mr. Anderson, and my wife makes me send the paper to her at our hunting lodge in the Adirondacks now because of the quaint "Uncle Shaw and Some Others" which we consider a perfect Arcadian gem. I really forgot New York and the heat as I followed Uncle Shaw's methods of capturing the "silver" fox. The article on Small Game Preserves will interest many to undertake a work which they had hitherto believed impossible, and much will be done to stimulate game protection. Too much cannot be said about saving the trees and bushes along the course of our trout streams and keep the sun out of the cold springs, their sources.

One of our dalies is having a correspondence on the question whether the ordinary chipmunk or striped ground squirrel of New York can climb a tree. Why, only last summer at Eagle Lake, Ticonderoga, N. Y., my dog Cliff treed one in front of my lodge and I went to shoot it to teach him to stand by a tree and take the game falling, but the women folks wouldn't "stand for it." So I "shooed" the "chip" out of the little poplar and he jumped from a limb to the ground quite nimbly. I have known woodchucks to climb quite a large tree. There is no question that the chipmunk ascends trees when he wants to do so.

A hunter and I were reading about the trout destroying minnows in Sullivan county and he said: "I have fished for brook trout for twenty years in New York State and have dressed thousands of them and never yet did I find a minnow or any kind of a fish except crawfish in their maws." I quickly replied that that had been my owen experience in Essex county, N. Y., through a period of nearly forty years catching many large speckled trout in brooks, creeks and rivulets. I don't doubt that brown and rainbow trout are shiner-eaters and I believe that they cut down the supply of young *fontinalis* wherever introduced. Would like to hear more on alleged Cannibalism of *fontinalis*. PETER FLINT.

The Currituck League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice your editorial on "Gunners' and Fishermen's League of Currituck," and wish briefly to explain why it was formed. It was first suggested by Mr. Gilbert Pierson, the secretary of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, to some of the gunners who hunt for a living at Waterlily. He thought the gunners and his society might work together for the better protection of the game at Currituck, which they could do nicely but for one reason. Mr. Pierson's notion, like FOREST AND STREAM's platform, "Stop the sale of game"; and only allow say twenty-five or fifty ducks to be shot in a day, naturally could not meet with the approval of the hunters here who shoot for a living.

As you well know, there are a large number of natives who get their meat and bread in this way. This is the principal difference between them; and it seems to me it could be easily managed. The League has no intention of asking for any changes of laws for any other part of the State but Currituck county, and very few changes there. One of the first things to be done is to pass a more rigid fire-light law, and to try to stop all-night shooting.

I am quite sure there is no feeling among the League members against any gentleman sportsman from the North, or any other section. They will be welcomed by the League, and expected to share in all its victories for the better protection of game. Of course, there is a struggle among the local politicians for the offices as there would be in any other section. All the League meetings have been held with open doors, and some of them at the County Court House with everybody invited to attend.

The officers of the League are: Pierce Hampton, President, Waterlily, N. C.; E. R. Johnson, Secretary, Currituck, N. C.

MORE ANON.

Vermont Game.

SHELDON, Vt.—In the early summer the covers seemed to be fairly well stocked with breeding woodcock, and some large broods of young ruffed grouse were seen. From the description of a large covey of young birds seen in East Middlebury, Vt., we believe that they were young blackcock, the progeny of several pair of those birds that we had released in that vicinity several years ago.

Deer are very numerous in this section of the State, though they are mostly dry does, the result of having been run by hounds in the spring season. We have had far more trouble with hounds running deer this year than during the past years, which comes from this fact, that many does and fawns have been shot by fellows who are out with a gun to kill something, and these deer have been left where they fell and the dogs have found and fed on the carcasses, getting a taste and smell of venison, which has caused them to follow the live animals.

There is a strong, healthy sentiment growing here among all classes, and especially among the farmers toward game protection, and we may look at the next session of our legislature to see more stringent laws passed for the protection of game. STANSTEAD.

California Law Muddle.

A TEST case just decided has resulted in a decision that the supervisors of San Bernardino county have no authority to make a close season on doves conflicting with the State law. This is in line with other decisions; but, says the Breeder and Sportsman, notwithstanding these decisions sportsman all over the State are puzzled as to just when they may shoot doves, or deer, for in many counties the seasons have been shortened. In some counties the game wardens and prosecuting attorneys propose to proceed against any and all non-observers of the county laws.

Some Experiences and Reflections of a Black Bass Angler.

Here, in New England, the days of which the angler, through the bleak, dreary months, was dreaming, have come, aye! many of them have already gone. Abundant rains have kept green grass and shrub and tree, and on every side vegetation is luxuriant. As in years past, so now, the streams and lakes reflect the beauty of their banks and the glory of the heavens above; shimmer in the sunshine, and with paler glow, but more fascination, in the silvery moonlight.

Out away from the busy mart, the din of the city unheard, its smoke unseen, its heat unfelt—here, with nature, one can but see that there is a real poetry to life, romance as truly as prose. And whether the doughty bass is in much evidence or no, there is for the angler, as he joyously seeks his quarry, what a thousand-fold repays his coming to the sparkling waters—renewed health, and a vision of life and of God that ean but give him strength and faith and wisdom as he later faces the problems that confront us all.

I reached my summer cottage by the lake several days before the bass season begins, to find, unexpectedly, my fishing boat sadly requiring attention, and no one to make it seaworthy but myself. Fortunately, I had time before the law was off to devote to the work, and it was not long ere I had her again in commission. The task was so much enjoyed that I straightway looked around for other worlds to conquer, i. e., another boat to repair. My eye lit upon a cedar rowboat of mine, once a beauty, but greatly the worse for wind and wave, cold and heat, and any amount of neglect. Her shape was charming, but, oh, the gaping seams and the innumerable wounds inflicted by time's tooth and man's hands! Could anything be done to restore such a poor old wreck even to a half respectable existence? I'll try, I said. It can do no harm to try. And so I set to work.

Upside down I laid the boat; scraped the bottom, gave it a coat of paint, and over that stretched canvas, which I soaked with boiled linseed oil, and, when sufficiently dry, gave three coats of light-gray paint. Then I put a very thin coat of tar on the bottom as far as the waterline, and a two-inch strip of galvanized iron along the keel, bent to round over it, held by small brass nails. That, too, I gave a thin coat of tar. Right-side up I now turned the boat, and after carefully scraping and sandpapering the inside, laid on three coats of mahogany japalack. Unseemly holes were, of course, properly puttied up.

My! my! when the job was done the little thing looked as pretty as a picture! Done, did I say? No, not done, for I went to work and ran a snow-white band about three inches broad around her, and tacked brass letters on each side of her prow, declaring to all onlookers her strange name of Juma. Now she was done? No, so. Delighted with her appearance, wife and daughters most tastefully made cushions for her of red burlap, fitting the seats exactly, tufted with numerous little burlap buttons devised by the ingenious mind and fabricated by the deft fingers of the angler's helpmeet.

At last the boast rested on the waters of the lake, and there she rides this moment, admired not only by the angler's family, but by all who have looked upon her; and it is hard to believe that so dainty a craft could have been produced out of what seemed to be only a wreck.

So here is a suggestion for you, reader: With a little thought and time and canvas and paint and the like you can restore to usefulness and beauty that good old boat of yours which you are about to consign to the refuse-pile of the have-beens. Let me assure you that there is lots of fun in such employment; and let me say that while it should be done for obvious reasons under a roof, it should be as much in the open as possible, for we go into God's unspoiled territory to breathe the fresh air and be out of doors.

Well, for some reason, where I am summering, the bass have not been as willing as a year ago to seize the lure. Anglers of experience have put their heads together to discover why, but unavailingly; various methods of fishing and a large variety of baits have secured no better results appreciably; and so there has been impatient waiting and recourse to pickerel fishing and even yellow perch. Indeed, some have occasionally joined the rustics in an evening's attack on the lives of sundry pout.

But, doubtless, by and by the gamy bass will put himself again in evidence. The pliant rod will bend gracefully under his wild dashes for freedom; the reel will sing the old song, and every pleasure the angler knows in a battle royal with a fish, in valor equal to any "inch for inch and pound for pound," will be experienced and the days of waiting forgotten in the days of realization.

Now this is not saying that no bass have been caught. Occasionally the spinner, now and then the minnow, but more often the humble, wriggling worm has enticed one to the fateful hook—just enough to make the angler feel that his game is hidden in the depths about him, and hopeful of luring him to frequent combat at no distant hour.

We tell almost always of successes in our fishing, seldom of the days when the creel remained empty, though we did our best; and in this we follow a good rule. Why bother ourselves and others with what turned out in a way we did not wish? But once in a while it is wise to hark to such experiences, and good to talk anent them. Often we make the great blunder of thinking that to be the end of the jaunt, or what is fatal, the object of life, which is only, after all, an incident. I have been amazed and disgusted to find intelligent men fuming and disagreeable because, forsooth, the fish did not bite! I once saw a man, for whom I had had considerable respect, thrash the water violently with a twenty-five dollar six-ounce split bamboo rod because a large bass got off his hook! Shades of Julius Cæsar and other ancient worthies, verily 'tis passing strange how stupidly sometimes we confound the true object with the mere incident!

We put time and cash in rod and reel, line and lure, carefully plan for our fishing ground, thinking of the big fellows to lie quiet on the moist moss in our capacious creels, vanquished by our skill; yet, after all, it is not the game, nor its pursuit, but the outing itself with all that belongs to it, and, above all, it is the freshened blood, and strengthened muscles, and invigorated nerves, and the braced-up will, and a mind with clearer sight, and a heart of better cheer and larger hope. These are not mere incidents, and of these we can make ourselves reasonably sure. The fish we may not get; but this other, ah! we may, and return to the study, or office, or shop with a new song in our mouth.

So far had I written yesterday. As I glance over it, it strikes me as good sense. But today I returned from a morning on the lake with overflowing creel. To-day the shining spoon scarcely touched the water before the bass would have it; and the minnow was at a premium. And so I have another day with a story to tell, a story of how the warriors bold and I had it out. Splendid sport it was! Yes, my arm did tire from many an encounter. I recall each swish and swirl and leap; I see it all again; I hear the singing of the reel! Ah! 'twas rapture; 'tis supreme joy to live over! Yet I am satisfied only for the nonce. To-morrow I must at them again! But suppose the former state of things shall have returned? No biting worth speaking of; and suppose it continues to the very end of the season? Well, I will not be cross and silly. The exercise here, the fresh air, the fine scenery, the wholesome food, the refreshing rest of the night—these are doing worlds for me; and when the time comes to turn my face cityward, shall I not do so with the keenest pleasure, knowing that I have what I really came for, renewed health and strength and vision and courage to play part in life's great drama to which the good God has appointed me? The fishing tackle—bamboo rod and braided line, singing reel and shining lure, and all the rest—shall I not tenderly lay aside, superlatively thankful for the life-giving sojourn anear the limpid waters where nature's Maker speaks to man in the somberness of the forest, the melody of the birds, the beauty of the heavens, and the peace, the spirit-soothing, altogether lovely peace of the night? And it will do no harm, perchance, if yesterday, with its empty creel, be lost to memory, and only to-day recalled—the day when the bass and I fought to the finish, and my creel-strap, to my heart's delight, almost cut into my shoulder as I climbed the little hill to my tree-embowered cottage.

C. W. Morrow.

From the Beaverkill.

At last we have had heavy rains to raise and cool the streams. Day by day for two weeks the river dwindled, clouds of dust rose from the roads and accompanied every passing vehicle, and for several days it was too hot to fish.

I do not object to low water if the weather is cool, as I have had fair sport under such conditions. For instance, we had delightful days and nights until Friday of last week, and the trout were active and on the feed. Of course, they were very shy. Small flies and finest gut were required, and a long cast upstream was absolutely necessary. With three figs in my pocket in lieu of dinner, I began work last Thursday, about 10:30 A. M., quite near the house, and enjoyed every minute of the day until 4:30 P. M. Where trout were not in evidence I caught big chub, which gave the same sport for a moment; in fact, they fooled me beautifully. One is quite sure that he has a fine trout until something queer in the play, or the glimpse of a silver side, undeceives him. Before returning home, I washed the slain in an ice-cold spring, then placed the chub in the basket first, with eight fine trout above. This, you must confess, was much the best arrangement. Would you have shown the chubs on top? Why, man, you would have received credit for chubs only.

It pays to take a little pains with one's fish after they are reduced to possession. Coarse grass in the creel and an occasional sprinkling with cold water will keep trout bright and fresh-looking. I hate to see them turned out in a mass, mouths open and stiffened into deformed shapes.

Friday and Saturday were hopeless from an angler's point of view; but now conditions are different, and we may hope for a few first-rate days before the close of the season. Few men have much to complain of this year, if they have had time to go a-fishing.

I see that a writer in the New York Sun states that dry fly-fishing is unknown in this country, or, if known to a few, is not practiced successfully. He is quite mistaken. The dry fly has been used on many streams in the Middle States for years. It was not unknown to Uncle

Thaddeus Norris, who wrote the "American Angler's Book" about 1863. He gives an instance of great success with dry fly on the Willowemock, when wet fly was useless. In more recent years this method of fishing has been much resorted to by anglers of experience, where trout were shy and hard to take. The Sun man also says that no dry flies are tied in America. This is another error. I have seen beautiful work done by others, and tie all that I use myself. I have had a box of English dry flies for fifteen years, and used up some of them. I found out, however, that by following the colors of our own natural flies, which were on the water, I caught more trout, even when the work was rougher and less perfect to the eye. I believe that the entomology of American trout streams is much richer and more varied than anything known to fishermen in the United Kingdom.

We have innumerable small ephemera, for instance, but also a great number of large flies belonging to that family, while in England, Scotland and Ireland they have only two, the May fly and March-brown. English dry-fly anglers usually have a contempt for the wet fly, and seem to imagine that the only way to fish wet, is with several flies cast down stream and dragging. This is absurd, as one constantly sees men casting up stream to rising fish. The only difference in method is that the fly is wet, not dry.

I admit that dry fly-fishing is most scientific, most difficult, particularly on such rivers as those in the south of England, or anywhere, where the water is still and flows very slowly. Even with fine-drawn gut and tiny flies, the cast which falls light as a snow flake, or feather, upon the bosom of a quiet pool, is hard to accomplish, and with a burning sun high in the heavens, no matter how fine the gut may be, it is very conspicuous.

On many of our trout streams we have heavy rises of natural flies in the early part of the season, but if we joined the cult of the dry-fly purist and cast only to a rising trout at all seasons, we would have a dull time of it. Not only this, but we would miss some of the most delightful and truly scientific fishing of the year, when the water is very low and clear and when a dry fly is often most successful. Our methods of fishing must vary with the season and locality. We cannot adopt one style in this big country and practice it everywhere and all the time. Fishing dry early in the season, on a roaring torrent, would be love's labor lost indeed, and in many wild regions the fly must be used as a lure, not as an insect floating upon the water.

Personally, I would rather fish the old streams which have been known to anglers for generations, where the trout are hard to take and where there are many natural flies. Here, whether we fish wet or dry, some little time devoted to the study of entomology is not wasted, but adds greatly to our pleasure, and often to our success. In America we can find the kind of fishing we prefer. We can even find a good imitation of the English chalk stream, if we wish. There are several such that I know of, and probably others. Yet I imagine that all fly-fishers would enjoy and profit by a visit to the Test and Itchen. There, if one is lucky, he may see some of the great past masters of the dry fly at work, men who think, talk and breathe feathers, quills, hackles and perfect dry flies, who can drive twenty-five yards of heavy line in the teeth of a gale of wind and place a tiny dun or spinner, floating and cocked, a few inches above a rising trout. It must be confessed that this is the perfection of the art.

I wish that our small-mouth black bass was more of an insect feeder. I have not had the good fortune to find this fish rising freely in many localities where it was taken in numbers with bait. The big-mouth of the South rises freely to the proper flies, but it has not the strength and endurance of its Northern cousin. I have killed small-mouth bass up to three pounds and a half with fly, and what a fight they put up! Imagine the sport these fish would afford if taken with small flies and fine tackle! Even a pond pickerel makes things quite lively on a fly-rod. Give him a big enough fly and pikey rises very freely. Probably the great maskinongé himself would rise at something gay and brilliant three or four inches long. I wish some one would try this where maskinongé are fairly abundant. I think an enlargement of a good pickerel fly would do the trick. It should be tried on the largest Pennell Limerick hook procurable with loop of wire or three-ply heavy gut, at head.

Trout fly-fishing is nearly over, and we must turn to other sports for recreation. Some men love the gun as well as the rod, yet shooting does not take the grip that fly-fishing does. Who ever heard of a man who lost his love of fishing in old age. The gun may be put away for all time, but not the rod and flies. It is raining again as I write, but I hope to have a good day on fine water far up-stream before September 1. Theodore Gordon.

Fish and Irrigation Ditches.

Dr. James A. Henshall, who is in charge of the Government hatching station at Bozeman, Mont., discusses in an interview in the Butte Evening News the causes of the decrease of fish in Montana waters. He says:

"There are a number of causes to account for the decrease of fish in inland waters. The one most destructive in eastern States is the contamination and pollution of the streams by the offal and by-products of paper mills, starch factories, oil refineries, distilleries, sewage, etc. The first effect of this pollution of the streams is to destroy the minute organisms that constitute the food of the newly hatched fry and young fish. The young fish, being deprived of their food, perish at once. Adult fish can withstand a certain amount of impurity in water, for a time, but eventually they also succumb.

"The fouling of water by the smelting of ores and its disastrous effect on fish is patent to every resident of Butte. To the washing of coal and to the mining of ores is also to be attributed a great loss of fish life. Where the fish food is not entirely destroyed by the soluble substances, the insoluble matter is deposited on the spawning beds, smothering or killing the eggs and newly hatched fry. Sawdust and coal dust are destructive in this way.

"The argument is often advanced that the various industries mentioned must, as a matter of course, be maintained, even at the cost of the loss of all fish life in inland waters. But this is not necessarily the case. The evil can be prevented, in a great measure, by compelling such plants to run the offal and waste water in settling ponds before flowing into the streams, as is now being done in many places.

"By the vigilance of game and fish wardens the minor evils of illegal fishing, illegal sale of fish and dynamiting can, to a certain extent, be prevented, as punishment for these offenses is provided for by statutory enactment. But there is another agency of fish destruction in Montana, so appalling and widespread that in comparison with it all the other causes mentioned sink into utter insignificance. It is the wholesale destruction of fish, both large and small, by means of irrigation ditches.

"No one, except the ranchers and those who have investigated the matter, can have a realization of the awful loss of fish life, of the wanton sacrifice of millions of God's creatures, left to gasp out their little lives on the meadows and grain fields all over the great State of Montana. Often the stench arising from the decaying trout —the loveliest object on God's footstool—is intolerable; 'it smells to heaven.' And yet the past Legislatures of the State have utterly ignored any attempt to prevent it.

"There is a needless and unwarranted opposition to the screening of ditches at the intake, not so much on the part of the farmers and ranchers as by the average member of the State Legislature. The rancher knows that the streams are clear of leaves and trash in the summer, and that but little attention would be required to keep the screens clean. I know of ranchers who, of their own accord, have put in screens at the head of their ditches, and who assure me that but little attention is needed to keep them clean during the season of irrigation. I do not believe that farmers are more selfish or thoughtless than other men, or have less regard for life, even that of a helpless fish. And if a screen law were enacted I believe it would be cheerfully obeyed.

"But in order to do away with the objection to screens I devised a simple paddle wheel to be placed at the intake of ditches, which, while needing no attention, after being put in place, would be more effective in preventing the passage of fish than a screen. Such a provision was included in the fish and game law before the last Legislature, but it was eliminated by the fish and game committee. Comment is unnecessary.

"The streams of Montana are as yet pure and undefiled to a great extent, and should be almost as productive of fish life as when first viewed by Lewis and Clark. But unless the awful slaughter of the innocents by irrigation ditches is stopped, and stopped now, the beautiful mountain streams of the State will soon be but barren wastes, void of fish life, for which not the rancher, but the representatives of the people—the Legislature—will be to blame."

About Kingfishers.

My total for five years to date foots up 189 fish thieves of the above named type. For evidence in the case I have saved most of the wings (none for sale), and have a goodly pillow made from the feathers, that I intend to use in my camping excursions, which are very many. Some careless linguist some time said, "It takes a deal of sap to make a little sugar"; but he could have illustrated his idea of quantity far more forcibly if he said, it takes a pile of kingfishers to get feathers enough for a pillow—400. If any one doubts this solemn declaration, try it. The carcasses are fed to the fish, and thus the poor devils appropriate their whole business outright to a different purpose from what was intended when they started out on their foraging expeditions. I have an idea that a pillow of this sort used in camp will carry with it a bit of consolation; that it will be a little luminary to light up recollections and impart a glow to the romance of snoring away a night in the wilderness; besides, the head may rest a little easier than on a pile of brush, a pair of boots, or on a spider turned bottom side up.

I value this pillow very highly from a financial standpoint. (This is also not for sale.) Assuming that a man values his time worth $2 per day, he starts out to shoot kingfishers for a living, and bags one every three days, which would be good work here, each bird costing $6. This multiplied by 400, the number required to do a good pillow, equals $2,400 for the pillow, and as the birds stay with us about 200 days of the year, it will require exactly six years to do the work. Don't you see how figures swell? Whose head is so heavy that it can't find repose on so valuable a record as this? Why the African diamonds are nowhere.

I get these birds shooting and with small steel traps set around my fish ponds. A kingfisher is shy and considers himself powerfully smart, but his strength is in his weakness, and he is just as apt to get into the wrong pen as the rest of us. Set two or three round stakes around a pond, if there are no trees very near, or set them in the water, leaving a few feet out of water; fasten a small trap firmly to the top. By regulating the catch or latch make the jaws set low and the pan high, otherwise they will light on the jaws instead of the pan. Set the trap, cramp the spring around close to the jaw, and hoe corn till you hear a famous squalling, such as a kingfisher never makes when he is coming up out of the water with a favorite hybrid in his fish-stabber. These birds prefer a stake or a cray on a stump, over or near the water, and if a thirty-five cent steel trap happens to grace the top of it, they are sure to set their illustrious feet in it.

Some old smarts are exceedingly intellectual, and take the hint at first, but their gastronomical machinery works so furiously after having looked down on what is to them, at least, a fine

display of speckled beauties (I forget, must not say that), their eagerness to appropriate the aforesaid speeks to home consumption superinduces incipient carelessness, and the invariable result is their elegant wardrobes find their final resting plaee in my famous pillow.

It is fair to presume that a bird will eat one fish per day. A young bird before leaving the nest will eat all the fish an old pair can bring it, be the same more or less. Now, we will be reasonable by keeping our figures within reason, and we will be disappointed if we are not disappointed in the result. Although a pair of birds may produce four young each year, we make no accouut of it; but assuming that death from natural or unnatural causes will keep the stock about the same, we will only reckon upon the number of fish the birds I have killed would eat.

SOLUTION.

Average number of birds killed per year, for five years	37
One fish per day, 200 days per year	7,400
Five years' supply for first year's score	37,000
Fours years' supply for second year's score	29,600
Three years' supply for third year's score	22,200
Two years' supply for fourth year's score	14,800
One year's supply for fifth year's score	7,400
Total	111,000

This is the number of fish saved. This is only the number of fish required to feed the birds while they are here on their summer business tour, and our southern friends must care for them 165 days longer to complete the year.

Again, thirty-seven birds will eat 13,505 fish per year and upon the same basis as above, if all are allowed to live, will eat 202,575 fish in five years. As near as I can get at it my traps have cleared a seetion covering about three miles square, whieh is equal to nine squære miles, and as the State of New York contains 50,519 square miles, the intelligent pupil will readily see (mentally) that if the whole State had been attended to in the same way, the total saving of fish to the State would have been 623,067,666 fish in five years. These caleulations furnish sufficient mile stones for the persevering philosopher to cateh on and tell us how many fish are destroyed annually in the United States by kingfishers. May it not be well to offer premiums or pay bounties for the destruction of this terrible scourge of whieh so little notice has been taken. I waive any present claim that I may have.

Appendix.—Three more kingfishers seored since writing the above and 6,625 fish saved in five years. Wooden Sinker.

Alabama Fish and Game.

Alma, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After spending much time and trouble, we have at last succeeded in eatching four miscreants who have been killing fish in our waters with dynamite. Two years ago the writer posted a reward for evidence that would eonvict any person of this crime in the waters of Crawford county; and tempted by the ready eash, two young men came in from the country and informed on four persons, Jack Cox, Charles Hazel, John M. Hiekey and Stokes. They were arrested and put under bond to answer the charge before Esquire T. B. Murphy. On the day set for trial it was found that Hazel had forfeited his bond and Hiekey was begging to be allowed to turn State's evidenee and be let off. This offer was aeeepted by the District-Attorney. Cox and Stokes seeing that further resistance was useless, entered pleas of guilty, and were fined $50 each and eosts, amounting to $60 in eaeh ease. Hazel's bondsmen will be sued on the bond, and a standing reward is offered by the Alma Fishing and Hunting Club. It is next to impossible to prevent the use of dynamite in our waters, as long as the penalty is only a fine; if imprisonment was added, then we could proteet our fish. But we have no idea of giving up the fight; on the contrary, the reward will stand, and every one caught will be prosecuted.

Fishing has not been good here this season, on aecount of so mueh rain keeping the waters muddy. For the last two years our waters have contained many carp. Whether or not this will diminish the game fish, remains to be seen, but I am of the opinion that it will.

There is a small brook running through the north and east side of this town that formerly contained hundreds of what are ealled black pereh, a game fish and splendid food fish; but with the eoming of the earp, they have almost entirely disappeared. As to the bass, I eannot say yet what the effect will be.

The quail erop this year is large, and shooting will be good when the season opens. In the river bottom seetion of this county quail have multiplied until they are found in every cover, and the proteetion afforded by the corn and cotton stalks is such that in a few more years they will be more numerous than any other feathered ereature.

Dueks in season are plentiful, and the lakes are filling with young wood ducks now. We need more stringent laws to proteet them.

Many geese winter here now, but they are so wary that it is next to impossible to get in reaeh of them with any kind of a gun. I will report a deer hunt in my next. J. E. London.

Association of Angling Clubs.

To the Angling Fraternity:

During the International Fly and Bait Casting Tournament held in Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 3 and 4, 1906, a National Association of Scientine Angling Clubs was formed, the objects of whieh are, primarily, to perfect universal rules under whieh to eonduct national or international tournaments, to promote interest in seientific angling through tournament or contest casting, to guard against any evils of professionalism that may possibly arise, to assit in the propagation and protection of game fishes and influence legislation toward this end, to promote the appreciation of true amateur sportsmanship among anglers and lend normal suport to all moves toward true sportsmanship in all sports, and to promote such soeial conditions as are ineident to the sport of angling.

The prevailing sentiment looks toward the maintenanee of the absolute individuality of each club in its own affairs, eontests, etc., but the general good of all in matters of interest to all.

The management of the Association is vested in an Exeeutive Committee made up of the national offieers elected and one representative form eaeh club which already has or may hereafter affiliate.

Eight elubs are already affiliated, viz.:

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club, the Fox River Valley Bait-Casting Club, the Grand Rapids Fly-Casting Club, the Illinois Bait-Casting Club, the Kalamazoo Bait and Fly-Casting Club, the Kansas City Bait and Fly-Casting Club, the Racine Fly-Casting Club, the San Franeisco Fly-Casting Club.

A eordial invitation is extended to all angling elubs and anglers to correspond with the president or secretary relative to their joining the Association as a elub, or forming clubs eligible to membership.

Provision will also be made for individual membership where the formation of a club is not feasible. The officers elected for the current year are:

President, H. Wheeler Perce, Chicago F. C. C.; First Viee-President, B. L. Shutts, Kalamazoo B. & F. C. C.; Second Viee-President, J. W. Bramhall, Kansas City B. & F. C. C.; Third Vice-President, Fred J. Wells, Fox River Valley B. C. C.; Fourth Viee-President, Walter B. Mansfield, San Franciseo F. C. C.; Secretary, H. E. Rice, Illinois B. C. C.; Treasurer, Dr. C. F. Browne, Raeine F. C. C.

The enthusiasm over the new organization is very great, and it is generally believed its influenee will be far-reaching and that the beautiful sport of tournament or eontest easting will reeeive an impetus and its benefits be more thoroughly appreciated by angling sportsmen throughout the eountry than ever before.

H. Wheeler Perce, *President,*
990 Old Colony Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
H. E. Rice, *Secretary.*
225 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

Indiana Wardens' Work.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20.—These are the days when the assistant game wardens are hot on the trails of violators of the fish and game laws of Indiana, and many a thrilling melodrama is enaeted about the waters and woods that has its only presentation in a dingy justiee shop. Although the eatching of culprits sounds prosaic enough, it bears a great deal of resemblanee to the enforcement of frontier law.

All over the State there are deputies prowling among the woods, along the streams and around the lakes in search of those who might be transgressing the regulations that are aimed to preserve fishing and hunting as a sport. Last week these deputies had a merry time of it, and, as a result of their vigils at night, almost a seore of violators were brought to the bar of justice and assessed a suffieient amount to keep them from poaching in the future.

One David Sullivan, of Irvington, was detected in the act of fishing with a net and given a fine. At Fowler, George Wilson was convicted of shooting prairie chickens out of season and was given a fine of $39.50. Johnny Coon, of Barbee Lakes, was haled before a Warsaw justice of the peace and heavily fined for the use of gill nets.

Perhaps the most supectaeular of all of the raids was that on Wednesday, by which two monster seines were taken out of the Wabash River between Lafayette and Attica. The seines aggregated 520 feet in length, and near them seven set nets were found. The deputies, after loeating the nets, lay in wait on the banks of the river for several nights in efforts to cateh the men who were operating them, but so far have failed to locate the offenders. The paraphernalia has been eonfiscated.

In three or four eases captures of alleged offenders have taken place after revolver battles, and several eases are now pending in the courts to determine the rights of the officers to shoot at those who are trying to escape. B.

South Bend Casting Club.

South Bend, Ind.—A bait and fly-easting club has been organized here, with these officers: President, Horaee Reynolds; Correspondiug Seeretary, Dr. Roscoe DeBoe; Vice-President, Fred Dennis; Recording Secretary, F. M. Boone; Treasurer, Charles Zigler. The membership fee is but 50 cents, and the yearly dues $1. This is sufficient to pay all the expenses of the elub.

It has been decided to make Springbrook the praetiee ground and place for holding tournaments. The lake there is away from the wind and is an ideal plaee for casting. A committee will be appointed at once to have the lake prepared for practice. The members do not expect to hold anything but local tournaments this season, as it is too late to have any big events, but they will keep in practice and do preliminary work to a big tournament next year. They are going to try to land the international tournament for South Bend in 1908, which was held at Kalamazoo this season.

Golden Fish-Hooks.

E. J. Smith, of Tuscon, Ariz., has four gold fish-hooks that he unearthed in the South Amerian places. He was mining in a river bed near the eity of Cali, in the State of Cauea, United States of Colombia, in 1866, when he pulled up a small tree by the roots, and there in the sand lay an even baker's dozen of regularly shaped gold fish-hooks of the ordinary size. They are not bent in the Limeriek fashion. Without doubt they are the work of prehistorie Indians governed by the Ineas. When Mr. Smith returned to San Franeisco he gave some away, lost others, and now has only four left. He has been repeatedly asked to put his price on these, but refuses to do so. The other day he refused an offer of $20 for one. It was such trifles as these that exeited the avariee of Pizarro and other vandals who tore down better governments than have ever occupied the same territory since.

Newfoundland Salmon.

Boston, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The account of Newfoundland fishing in your paper of August 25, I think must be somewhat exaggerated; and while I do not doubt that Mr. Carroll has given you the reports as he got them, I am sure that his source of information is not reliable. I have visited Newfoundland for several years and camped on the rivers all the fishing season, and I know that to get salmon every day we must work for them. I do not intend to run down Newfoundland as a sporting resort, for I think it the best I have ever visited, and hope to enjoy it in the future; but such statements as that of Lady Gray and Lord Howick taking fifty fish including *trout* that weighed 280 pounds I doubt, as this was evidently only half their trip. I was told by a man who was with them that they got just eighty-nine grilse and nine salmon in all in two weeks. That was good grilse fishing, but not much for salmon fishing in Newfoundland, although it must be admitted that they were rather late. In regard to the man that took sixty salmon in one day on the west coast that weighed from ten to twelve pounds, I certainly cannot swallow that, for it does not seem possible to me that in fishing with salmon tackle, as many fish as that could be landed in one day of the weights named. I would like to know who this angler is, and what his lure was, that hooked so many fish, for it is pretty safe to assume that he must have had lots of rises and runs that were not landed.

The report that a Scotchman by the name of Muir, fishing from his yacht, had left about 300 fish on the shore of the river to rot, I believe, is correct, as the captain of the Reid Newfoundland Company's steamer Glencoe told me the same thing and said that the authorities had a warrant for Muir's arrest. I hope they will catch him and make an example of such a hog, so that all the world will know him for what he is, and that cannot be much. I will add that the same report came from one of his guides.

Now the report that on Saturday, at Smith Branch, forty salmon and ten grilse were taken is, I am sure, absurd. I saw a score of two rods camping there two weeks at the right time; one had nine salmon and five grilse, and the other I am very sure had eight salmon and three grilse. The record for Grand Codroy for 1902 was 169 salmon and 251 grilse (taken from the figures of the river warden, Thos. Downey; and he adds that about thirty more fish were taken and not accounted for, which would probably bring up the salmon score to say 195), so you can readily see why I doubt that forty salmon and ten grilse were taken from pools in the vicinity of South, or on the whole river for that matter, in any one day. The fish that Mr. Mott killed in Little River Codroy were killed early in June, and were not fresh run fish. Little River Codroy is one of the latest rivers, and fishes best late in August. I fished the Little Codroy, (Grand River) just one day only, Crabbs, Robinsons, Harrys, Humber and Serpentine this year.

I heard of only one fish over twenty pounds taken on the Humber and that was one of thirty pounds by Mr. Hogan, of Ireland, at the Big Fall Pool. There was only one party there when I left, and they came down next day without any salmon, and I saw another party that went up later and went to the headwaters on the Birchy Lake branch. They got only grilse. I went to Edies Lake, from which the Humber flows, and enjoyed a most beautiful canoe trip. The Humber branches about ten miles above the Big Fall. One branch comes from Birchy Lake and the other from Edies Lake. There is fishing in both branches. I was more than pleased with the Humber trip and had fairly good sport, although conditions were bad. The fish were late, and came up on low water, and did not rise freely when they arrived at the falls. It was worth the trip for me to see such a beautiful river and to see every minute during the day (if I chose to look) salmon, sometimes six at a time, of all sizes including grilse, jumping the falls.

I weighed a fish taken by Fred Lucky-Daggett in Little River Codroy, of thirty pounds, and I believe Mr. Pfeiffer, of Philadelphia, got one before I arrived of twenty-three pounds. Several of ten to seventeen pounds were taken and lots of trout up to four pounds.

Perhaps Mr. Carroll will let us know all the particulars about that catch of sixty salmon in a day, and if it turns out to be the man I suspected it is, I will let Mr. Carroll know why I ask for the information. I would not have sportsmen think that by taking exception to some of these reports I am running down the fishing in Newfoundland, for I believe that the best free fishing in the world is in Newfoundland and Newfoundland Labrador, and I only regret that salmon do not run the year round, and that I do not live on the river, and even then I would not waste a fish. L. O. Crane.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

Boston, Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Field tells me that the number of heath hens (which has been estimated at about 150) on Martha's Vineyard, has been somewhat reduced, in all probability, by a fire which, a few weeks ago, burned over a portion of the covers where they are accustomed to nest. From as careful an estimate as he could make on his recent visit to the island, the Doctor says he doubts if there are now more than eighty of the birds left. He says that the residents are manifesting a good deal of interest in plans to save what there are and to give them every opportunity to increase. One of the precautions needed is to safeguard their covers from fires, which it is hoped will be done. A plan for accomplishing this is under consideration.

The commissioners are encouraged with the result of their efforts so far in rearing quail in the aviary connected with the trout hatchery at Sutton. The birds have been laying a large number of eggs and a friend who visited it a few days ago reported that there were then twenty-three young fledglings that seemed strong and healthy, and I understand that other broods are hatching. A few young ruffed grouse have been hatched there, and I hear that Prof. Hodge, of Worcester, is continuing his experiments in the rearing of partridges. The new legislation, which allows the shooting of male pheasants during the open season on quail, is likely to thin the ranks of those birds where they are at all numerous, and I understand the commissioners are of the opinion that it is the part of wisdom to concentrate their efforts on the increase of native birds rather than of those introduced from other countries. Bird hunters who shoot over dogs have never looked with much favor upon pheasants because they are known to be great runners and do not lie well to the dog. Not a few think they work harm to the quail and grouse.

In several towns of Essex county there are a good many pheasants and several hunters from that section have reported that where they are numerous they find very few of our native game birds. The cock pheasant is a fighter. He is equipped with a spur an inch long and has been known to kill a game cock equipped with a steel spur. One gentleman told me that a pheasant entered his hen pen and killed his biggest rooster and then took his departure.

The North Brookfield Club.

On Saturday, August 18, the writer was a guest at the clambake of this club held in Bates' Park. This was given by Hon. Theodore C. Bates, owner of the 100 acre woodland park, and president of the club, to the members of the fire department of the town. Two long tables placed in the form of the letter T accommodated the hundred or more who gathered under the welcome shade of the 100-year-old oaks of the grove. The president announced that the clambake was only a preliminary of the good times the Fish and Game Association is to have. "The next one," he said, "will be when Allan Harwood, W. F. Kullam and Alfred C. Stoddard return from Moosehead Lake, Me., with six bucks, and I invite you all to be present then."

Mr. Bates informed the audience that the Association has a membership of seventy-five, although it is but a few months old. He explained its object to be the developing of fish in the streams and the peopling of the woods with game. He extended the thanks of the Association for the use of the firemen's headquarters as a place of meeting until it had secured and furnished a suitable hall for the purpose. Fire-Chief H. S. Lytle responded for the department. Jere R. Kane, Esq., of Spencer, a native of North Brookfield, and Dr. H. P. Bartlett, made interesting addresses, the latter extolling the virtues of the Quabog spring water which he said centuries ago was sought by sick Indians who came from far and near to drink of its waters. The meeting was an unqualified success and the viands could not be surpassed by the best hotel on the Massachusetts coast. It was a source of much pleasure to the writer to make the personal acquaintance of the active officers of the Association, Vice-President, Dr. Emerson A. Ludden; Secretary-Treasurer, A. P. Morin; Dr. A. H. Prouty, Chairman of the Executive Committee and others. By the courtesy of Dr. Prouty, I was driven through the residential section of the town where from a beautiful hill-top one may get some of the most charming views to be obtained anywhere in the State. The Association bids fair to be one of the most useful in our State. In the Brookfields are large forest areas and several large ponds. A few days ago a black bass taken from Quacumquassett Lake, and weighing five pounds, was on exhibition in one of the store windows in the village. It was caught by Mr. E. C. Smith. Two white perch were also exhibited, weighing 1½ and 1¼ pounds.

Dr. Prouty pointed out to me the covers in which four bunches of the quail sent by the State Association were liberated, and informed me that they are raising a whole lot of young birds. Such evidence should convince the most sceptical that imported quail breed the first year after planting. Mr. C. A. Taft, of Whitinsville, has made a most gratifying report of the birds he put out last winter, and from several sources have come reports of a good number of partridges. There were no long continued cold rainy spells while the little birds were in the pin-feather stage last spring, and it is generally believed that the large broods known to have been hatched are coming to maturity in good numbers.

With the advent of September the duck shooting season begins, and many of our sportsmen are making preparations for it. One of our most noted trapshooters, Mr. O. R. Dickey, has gone to Chatham where he is likely to get a good bag of shore birds the coming week. Some of our shore fishermen are taking a good number of bluefish at Cataumet and other resorts on Buzzard's Bay. Two New Bedford anglers, while fishing in Clark's Cove for squiteague, caught a shark which gave them plenty of excitement for an hour or more. When landed the fish measured five feet in length and weighed seventy-five pounds. The yacht Evangeline took into Salem 1,500 pounds of codfish on the 19th, caught between five and nine o'clock in the forenoon. Fortunately when the season for trout fishing wanes there are literally "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." H. H. Kimball.

In Praise of Angling.

Gervase Markham, 1635.

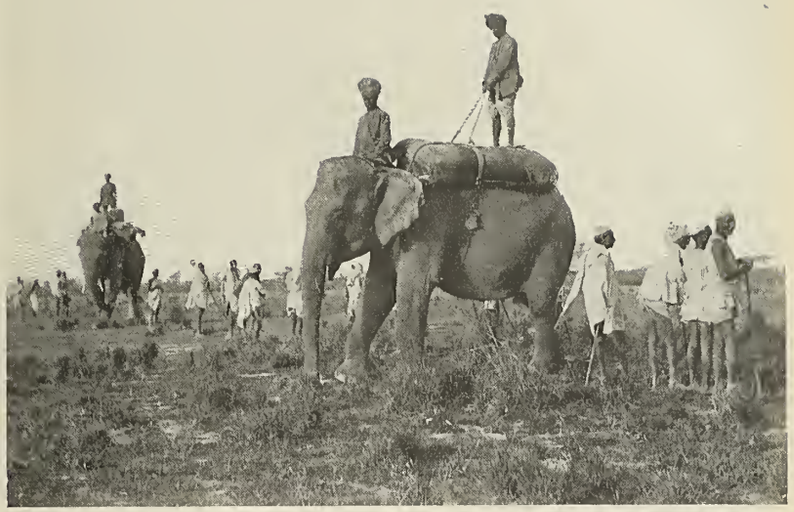
The invention of the Art of Angling is truly sayd to come from the sonnes of Seth, of which Noah was most principal. Thus you see it is good, as having no coherence with evil, worthy of use; in as much as it it mixt with a delightfull profit, and most auncient, as being the recreation of the first Patriarkes, wherefore I will now proceede to the Art it selfe, and the meanes to attaine it. Since Pleasure is a rapture, or power in this last age, stolne into the hearts of men, and there lodged up with such careful guard, and attendance, that nothing is more supreame, or ruleth with greater strength in their affections, and since all are now become the sonnes of Pleasure, and every good is measured by the delight it produceth, what work unto man can be more thankful then the discourse of that pleasure which is most comly, most honest, and giveth most liberty to Devine meditation, and that without all question is the Art of Angling, which having

MONARCH OF THE NIGHT

August Flashlight, by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d

THE ISLANDS AT LES CHENEAUX, LAKE HURON, MICHIGAN

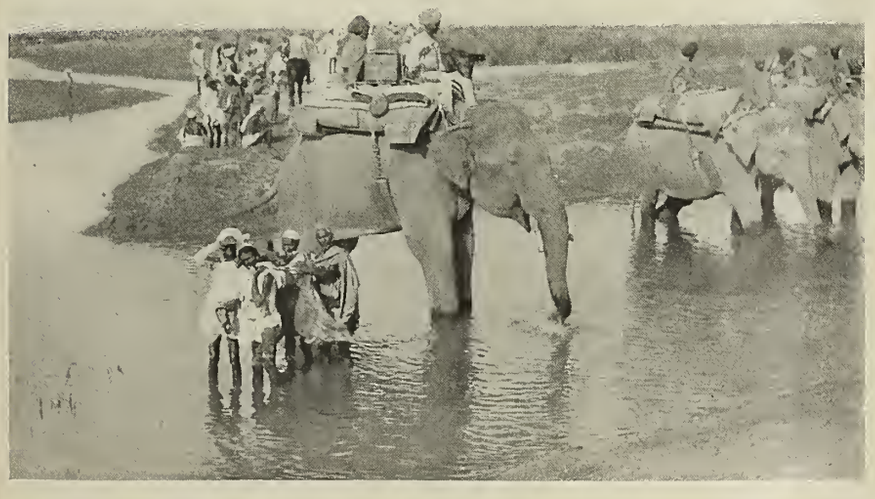
Breakfast



"Lulchman is Standing on the Top of the Elephant"

"A Line of Beaters about 200 Yards Long"

"The Country is Open Jungle"



"Four Coolies are Told Off to Carry the Boar Home while the Elephants are Watered"

The Arab

START OF THE ASTOR CUP RACE FOR SLOOPS

Photo by James Burton

ever beene most hurtlesly necessary, hath been the sport or recreation of God's Saints, of most holy Fathers, and of many worthy, and reverend Devines, both dead, and at this time breathing.

For the use thereof (in its *owne true, and unabused nature*) carrieth in it neyther covetousnesse, deceipt, nor anger, the three maine spirits which (ever in some ill measure) ruleth in all other pastimes, neyther are they alone predominent without the attendance of their severall handmaids, as Theft, Blasphemy or Bloudshed, for in Dice-play, Cards, Bowles or any sport where money is the goale to which mens minds are directed, what can mans avarice there be accounted other than a familiar robbery, each seeking by deceipt to couzen and spoyle other of that blisse of means which God hath bestowed to support them and their familees? But in this Art of Angling there is no such evill for the greatest thing it coveteth is, for so much labor a little Fish, hardly so much as suffice Nature in a reasonable stomache, for the Angler must intice, not command his reward, and that which is worthy millions to his contentment, another may buy for a groate in the Market. His deceipt worketh not upon men but upon those creatures whom it is lawful to beguile for our honest recreations or needful uses, and for all rage, and fury it must be so great a stranger to this civill pastime, that if it come but within view or speculation thereof it is no more to be esteemed a pleasure, for every proper good thereof in the very instant faileth, showing unto all men that will undergo any delight therein that it was invented, taught, and shall forever be maintained by *Patience* only.

The Loves of Fishes.

That the tender passion is strong in fishes no one who has witnessed a fierce battle between male trout on the spawning beds for the possession of a desirable nest and the companionship of a more desirable mate will be likely to gainsay. This subject has inspired a Western poet, who, living far from the shores of old ocean, may be supposed to know more of the loves of the festive catfish, the pensive sucker and the rollicking terrapin than of the marine forms from which he draws his alliterative comparison. He sings:

"Love assails
And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimped cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shriveled shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts."

Passing the "melting whales" over into the class mammalia without remark, we may fairly consider the power of love to cool the crimped cod. Now the cod when crimped for the frying-pan has many tranverse gashes cut in its side by the sympathizing cook, who our poet, with keen observation in his eye, which, although in fine frenzy rolling, has not lost a jot or tittle of its love for exactness, has perceived allows the fish to cool, but whether this may be the effect of the temperature of the surrounding air or the effect of love is hard for one not a born poet to say. The unpoetic cook would probably reply that the crimping was done to allow the hot fat to penetrate the muscular layers and more thoroughly cook the fish, but cooks do not enter into these æthetic questions, and are therefore unreliable on anything outside of gravies. That love "cools the crimped cod" is among the possibilities, for a plate of it ordered in a cheap restaurant will invariably be found to have been cooled by something, and we are not prepared to say that the little blind god may not have had his finger in the crimping.

Who that has captured the osseous perch can deny that its rushes when reeled in are not the result of fierce pangs? The careless observer may attribute this to the hook in its jaws, or to fright at the monster with a rod in one hand, and a landing net in the other, but the poet knows that it is love. This love may have been unworthily bestowed upon a deceitful angle-worm with a barbed steel intestine, which has literally proved a delusion and a snare to a too confiding perch, but the love was as true and devoted nevertheless, and the perch is not the first victim of misplaced confidence.

We confess that we do not know how the power of love "shrinks shriveled shrimp," because we are unfamiliar with the shrimp when in that state, and do not clearly see how one so shrunk could be still more desiccated, nor is it plain how the tender passion "opens oysters' hearts." We inquired of a Fulton Market oyster opener how this could be, and he tossed high in air an oyster knife of half a pound weight, and deftly catching it by the handle after the manner of a juggler, exclaimed: "That is wot I uses to open the isters, and I don't want anything better. Have a dozen, boss?"

Exhausted Oxygen and Fish.

Thousands of fish have died in Weequahic Lake Park, Newark, N. J. Messrs. H. B. Baldwin, the Board of Health chemist; George C. Whipple, a New York piscatorial expert, and Director Townsend of the New York Aquarium, appointed to ascertain the cause of the death of the fish report as follows:

"Algæ is a minute vegetable organism, generally seen in still waters. There are about 50,000 algæ plants to a teaspoonful of water, and in Weequahic Lake, prior to last Sunday, this proportion was enormously greater. Algæ help the fish to live, but when the algæ die they take the oxygen from the water.

"A sufficient cause for the dying of the fish, and the one which we hold to be the true one, was a sudden exhaustion of the oxygen in the water of the lake, due to the decay of algæ, which occurred on Sunday.

"There are no steps that can be taken at the present time to restore oxygen to the water.

"This will be done naturally as soon as there are strong winds to ruffle the surface of the lake. During the last two days the water has had a mirror-like calmness, and there has been but little opportunity for it to become aerated. This and the high temperature of the water (80 deg. at the surface) have had much to do with the exhaustion of the oxygen."

The Beaverkill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the great fish stories from the Beaverkill River in Forest and Stream for the past summer, I decided to spend a week along that wonderful stream and try my luck. I have just returned, and if there is any fisherman thinking of going to the Beaverkill expecting to catch trout, he will get badly fooled. I spent one week in Cook's Falls and fished the Beaverkill night, morning and noon, and all I caught was Delaware chubs and bass. I tried every kind of flies and waded in with hip boots where necessary, but never a strike. When I talked to the natives about trout, they only laughed and said the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember when there was a mess of trout caught in the Beaverkill around there. I caught a few California trout in the Russel Brook about two miles above the Beaverkill River and ruined a pair of boots from the refuse of a wood alcohol factory that empties its chemical filth into, what otherwise has the natural condition for a good trout stream. The Beaverkill is a great stream for chubs, bass, wood alcohol and lemons.

Yonkers.

Adirondack Fishing.

Blue Mountain Lake, Aug. 24.—Recent rains have relieved the drought, restored failing springs, and improved the trout fishing. Several large catches are reported during the past week.

Two gentlemen went into camp on Monday and returned Tuesday night having caught about twenty-five pounds of fine brook trout. They had several that weighed nearly or quite one pound each.

Juvenal.

CAMP SUPPLIES.

The camp supplies, to be complete, should include Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Peerless Evaporated Cream and Borden's Malted Milk, all of which contain substantial nourishment in compact form, and supply every milk requirement.—*Adv.*

A Mess of Ships.

His Turtleship.

Mr. J. W. Stranahan, of Fort Lauderdale, who is in the city to-day, tells of a novel sport which is being indulged and enjoyed there by Capt. Hancock and Tommie Tiger, a Seminole Indian. Several days ago the men captured a very large loggerhead turtle. About it they fastened a harness. To the harness they tied the painter of a canoe. To each of the front flippers ropes, rein fashion, are rigged and the monster put in the water. It swims rapidly and tows the canoe about with ease. By pulling on the ropes attached to the flippers, the turtle is steered about much the same as a horse. Yesterday Mr. Turtle took a notion he would give the occupants of the canoe a sea ride and headed out to the inlet unmindful of all attempts to guide it, and according to the informant an anchor had to be put out to bring it to a check. After numerous attempts it was induced to go back inside the inlet to more calm waters and the pleasure of the day was brought to a close. Mr. Stranahan declares that quite a sum has already been offered for his turtleship, but he is not for sale.—Miami Metropolis.

His Gatorship.

Mr. Will Prevatt, a younger brother of the late J. T. Prevatt, while riding through the woods near Mims, on horseback, a few days ago, started to cross a stream of water, but he had not gone far when he saw a large alligator coming for him and only about ten feet away. He at once reached in his saddlebags for his revolver, but "Mr. 'Gator" was too quick for him, for before he could think the monster came at the horse and fastened his massive jaws upon its shoulder, and as the horse made a jump backwards for his protection, the alligator took the flesh with him. The horse was pretty badly hurt, but is getting along very well. Mr. Prevatt succeeded in killing his 'gatorship before he left the spot.—Titusville Advocate.

His Snakeship.

Some of the boys who had a rattlesnake in a box with a wire netting top decided that they would kill the snake by drowning; so they weighted the box with rocks and let it down into the river. After letting the snake drown an hour and a half they hauled up the box and found the snake not only alive but so mad he was nothing but a hiss and rattles. The drowning is postponed for the time being and probably some other scheme will be tried to end his snakeship's life.—Cocoa and Rockledge News.

His Crocodileship.

Havana Harbor has a six foot crocodile swimming around somewhere in its depths, and for several days the public can expect to hear of little pickaninnies playing along the harbor front, disappearing mysteriously. It is not positively proven, but it appears that the Ward Line Company when it got hold of the crocodile yesterday, was under the impression that they were handling a crate of pineapples, for they smashed the heavy box around in such a way that it at last broke, and his crocodileship hit for the water. There was a cry of alarm from the employes of the Ward Line, and the sailors climbed the mainmast until they saw the animal leaving a long streak behind him as he made for the shore. He has probably gotten under the wharves, and it may be weeks before he is found.—Havana Telegraph, July 2.

Potomac Bass.

Bass fishing has been very good in the Potomac River above and below Williamsport, Md.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta.
1. Knickerbocker, Vice-Commodore's cruise.
1. New York C. C., championship race.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
1. Indian Harbor, Hartford, Larchmont.
1. Westhampton, open.
1. Royal Canadian, first class.
1. Wianno, club.
1. Hingham, O. D. C., Bay Side.
1. Cape May, power boats.
1. Taunton, club run.
1. Bristol, regatta.
1. Kennebec, cruise to Booth Bay.
1. Sippican, at Marion.
1. Winthrop, 18-footers.

1-2-3. Huguenot, club cruise.

1-3. Wollaston, club cruise.

1-8. Erie Basin, annual cruise.

2. Taunton, dory race.
3. Larchmont, fall regatta.
3. Tarrytown, power boats.
3. Royal Canadian.
3. Indian Harbor, ladies' race and water sports.
3. Norwalk, Sachem's Head, Larchmont.
3. Westhampton, Association championships.
3. Corinthian, Marblehead, grand handicap.
3. Edgewood, regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
3. Wianno, club.
3. Beverly, Labor Day open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Atlantic, open, 11 A. M.
3. Audubon, power boats.
3. Red Bank, power boats.
3. Yonkers, power boats.
3. Westhampton, association.
3. Lynn, Y. R. A. open.
3. East Gloucester, club, morning and afternoon.
3. Corinthian Marblehead, handicap.
3. Columbia, Mass., cruise, Hull to Gloucester.
3. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
3. Cohasset, club.

3-4-5. Detroit Country Club cups.

3-7. Sonder class, Marblehead.

5. Atlantic, closed, 3 P. M.
6. New York, Glen Cove, autumn cup.
8. Larchmont, Manhasset Bay.
8. Boston, club, Hull.
8. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup.
8. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
8. Hingham, club.
8. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
8. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
8. Atlantic, open, championship Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, 3 P. M.
8. Brooklyn.
8. Keystone, consolation.
8. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta.
8. Squantum, interclub.
8. Winthrop, 18-footers.
8. Kennebec, Bath, championships.
8. American, Newburyport, cruise.
8. Edgewood, club.
9. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous Hull.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta.

13-15. Atlantic, series for special schooner and sloop classes, Sandy Hook.

15. Atlantic, championship.
15. Seawanhaka.
15. Knickerbocker, ladies' race, power boats.
15. Middletown, power boats.
15. Eastern, Roosevelt cup.
16. Lynn, club run.
19. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.
22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker, club closing.

A NEW YACHT CLUB.—A number of prominent residents of Ogdensburg have applied for articles of incorporation. The proposed club is to be known as the Oswegatchie Y. C. and will be devoted to the fostering of both sail and power boats on the St. Lawrence River.

The incorporators are: George Hall, John C. Howard, James L. Sullivan, and R. M. Harrison of Ogdensburg; Henry W. Lawrence of Indianapolis, and Joseph N. Wainwright of Philadelphia.

LIPTON CUP, CLASS Q, MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
Photo by Stebbins.

U. S. S. Boxer.

THE half-brig which appears on this week's cover is the United States training ship Boxer, which is one of the many vessels forming the equipment of the Newport Naval Training Station. The Boxer may often be seen picking her way about Narragansett Bay, and indeed, the sight of a square-rigged vessel is so rare, that one is much surprised to see the ease and also a certain slowness with which such ships are handled. It is on the Boxer, and a few other ships of this type, that our men-of-warsmen get their training in the seamanship of the old days when the sail was supreme. The photo is by Burton of New York.

THE CLASS Q MATCH.

LAST MAY FOREST AND STREAM called attention to the possibility of arranging a series of races in the Q Class between the champions respectively of Massachusetts Bay and Gravesend Bay, that might be sailed off late in September.

In Massachusetts Bay, interest in Class Q has only just been awakened, but grows in strength, as is indicated by many rumors of new boats to be built next year. A number of old boats were made to fit the class, but the only new one is Orestes, which remains cock of the walk after the season's racing. Much of the interest displayed may be traced to the arrival at Boston of the Lipton cup—a fine exemplar of the silversmith's art—which certainly helped to renew an interest somewhat overshadowed by the Sonder Class races. The Boston contingent with their usual energy will no doubt have a number of new boats next year, and the racing will be of the same keenness that has characterized the various classes which have been so popular since the advent of the knockabout some years ago.

At home the boats have been raced hard, but the handling of them all has at times been miserable. From a boat point of view their designers may feel satisfaction at the fine little vessels they have produced. These boats are fine yachts for day sailing and racing, being very fast and weatherly, and when snugged down in a blow, are quite as dry as any boat of their inches. There is sufficient room in the cuddy to house the light sails and one man, and the only thing against them, or some of them, is the deck arrangement, which is not in all cases well adapted to the business in hand. Rule or no rule, the boats so far are what is wanted; they are expensive, but labor and material must be paid for, and also a profit for the builder must appear. In the case of luxuries such as mahogany planking and so on, we must remember that we do not go into yachting any more than we go into a business deal—blindly.

The Class Q scheme has lain dormant all summer. We pointed out at the time that there were three months in which preparation could be made. The end of the season is drawing near and two plans have been broached. One of these was for a meeting of Orestes with the champion Q boat of Gravesend after trial races, given under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C., for a trophy of $500 value; the course to be outside in the Lower Bay. The second was that Joy should journey to Marblehead and try conclusions with Orestes under the auspices of the Eastern Y. C. The first plan seems to be the one most likely to materialize.

The one satisfaction in the matter is that much interest has been aroused, and there is good reason to believe that our suggestion of last spring will bring forth fruit next year and establish between Boston and New York a keen and healthful rivalry in the racing of these fine little boats.

Boston Letter.

The Quincy Yach Club challenge cup was originally offered by members of that club as a perpetual challenge cup for unrestricted 21-tooters. The offer and the terms connected therewith were published so late in the season of 1899, that sufficient interest for a regular challenge was not aroused, but Mr. Charles D. Mower, of the Lynn Y. C., had sufficient sporting blood to give the Quincy men at least a go for their money. A challenge was accordingly lodged on behalf of the Duchess, an 18-footer, designed, built and owned by Mr. Mower. The defender was the 21-footer Recruit, which won handily in three straight races. Recruit was one of the first of our local boats to use a wire strap and turnbuckles to hold up her ends.

The following year several challenges were received. The Lynn Y. C. was again represented by Mr. Mower, with Heiress; the Beverly Y. C. sent Mr. W. E. C. Eustis with the Pompano, which speedily won the name of "flat iron," her greatest breadth being at the transom. The Hull Y. C. sent a boat of B. B. Crowninshield design whose frames and deck beams were each one continuous piece, so that her sections resembled ellipses. The Hostess was the defender, and was the most extreme scow seen in Boston waters up to that time, and she was successful in retaining the cup.

The next year, 1901, saw even more extreme boats. Pompano returned in a new form, her hull having been split from stern to stern along the center line and a V shaped wedge inserted, much as a tailor lets out the waist band of trousers and vest for the increasing corpulency of aging customers. The Harvard (College) Y. C. was represented by Mr. John Lawrence's Tashmoo which was a wide flat sled with lee boards instead of a centerboard. The Manchester Y. C. sent Lookout, the most extreme boat of the year, while the Quincy Y. C. pinned its faith once more on Hostess. Lookout won with comparative ease and the cup passed to the north shore.

In 1902 the Quincy Y. C. attempted to regain the cup and three boats were built for the races. Catamaran hulls were barred by a provision that the keel should be the lowest point in the sections. The Quincy boat Flashlight attempted to evade this restriction in part by having a bow overhang resembling three separate hulls, and another challenger, the Hades, was an exaggeration of the Duggan design Dominion, but kept within the letter of the restriction by having a deep, narrow trough-like ridge built between the two main portions of her hull. The defender was Outlook, which had a wooden hull built around a skeleton steel truss which bore a stronger resemblance to a bridge or flying machine than to a boat's frame. A longitudinal truss protruded far above her deck and she was literally a machine rather than a yacht. She was in addition the fastest 21-footer ever built and killed all idea of further racing with boats whose waterline length was the sole measure of their size and the only tax upon their designer's ingenuity.

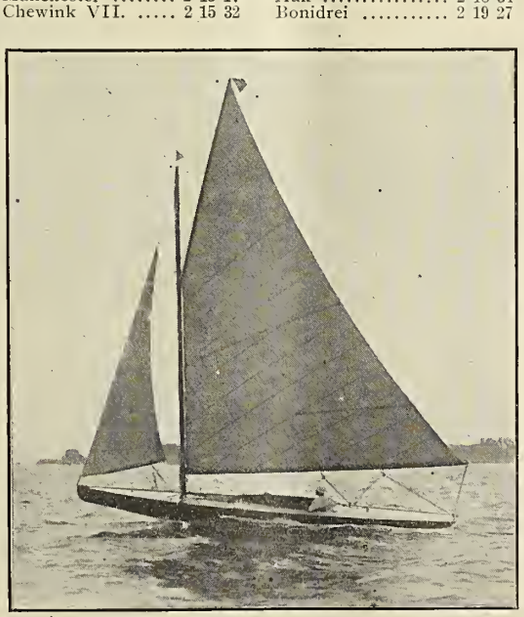
Having successfully defended the cup, it remained with the Manchester Y. C. and threatened "to live happily ever after." But the men from Manchester were not content to let the trophy rest forever in innocuous desuetude, and this spring, as soon as the activity in the Sonderklasse became apparent, solicited a challenge from the Quincy Y. C. The terms of the deed of gift were accordingly altered by mutual agreement to accord with the restrictions of the German class, and the Quincy Y. C. challenged on behalf of Mr. Charles Francis Adams II.'s Auk. Subsequent challenges were also accepted from the Boston and Corinthian Y. C.'s. There accordingly came to the line Manchester as defender, and Auk, Chewink VII. (ex Windrim Kid) and Bonidrei, the last named representing the Boston Y. C. and sailed by her designer, B. B. Crowninshield, as her owner, Mr. George W. Wightman, is not a member of that club.

The races were held off Manchester, starting outside of the harbor so as to get deep and fairly open water. The courses, alternate windward and leeward and triangular, are subject, however, to tides of considerable velocity, and numerous adjacent islands provide opportunities for local knowledge in fluke hunting when the winds are light.

GLUCKAUF IV. AND WANNSEE.
From an amateur photo.

The first race was to windward and leeward, twice over a five mile course. The wind varied from S.E. to S. by W. and from light to moderate and back again. The lead wavered between Manchester, Auk and Chewink VII. on the windward leg until the former got a lucky fluke that put her in a safe lead that she retained throughout the race. On the last leeward leg the wind took off steadily, converting a decent win into a triumphal procession. The times:

Manchester	2 13 17	Auk	2 18 34
Chewink VII.	2 15 32	Bonidrei	2 19 27



WANNSEE.
Photo by Jackson.

For the second race, over a triangular course, three miles to a leg, there was a good S.W. breeze and one that was steady as to direction as well as in volume. Manchester and Bonidrei kept together on the windward leg, fighting it out in close quarters with Bonidrei ahead. They both worked the Baker's Island shore, which proved a great detriment and put them out of the race for keeps. An unfortunate foul occurred between them when Bonidrei, on the port tack, and not quite able to cross Manchester, tacked under the latter's lee bow and was struck in the stern by Manchester, her helmsman, perhaps unintentionally, bearing off almost imperceptibly, but enough to cause the collision. Meanwhile Windrim Kid, or rather Chewink VII., to give her an unlucky name, had forged ahead fast and rounded the weather mark 45s. ahead of Auk and 1m. 35s. ahead of Bonidrei, which led Manchester 41s.. They held this order at the next mark, although Auk gained on Chewink VII. and Manchester on Bonidrei. On the last leg, a broad reach, Chewink VII. drew away from Auk and Manchester, by a nice spurt, passed Bonidrei. The times:

Chewink VII.	1 36 14	Bonidrei	1 40 18
Auk	1 36 56	Bonedrei	1 40 18

Although finishing ahead of Bonidrei, Manchester protested her for the foul with the evident determination to seek her disqualification from further racing. This not only was a novel proceeding, and evidence of bad blood between the two crews, but would be far too severe punishment for what might be a mere error of judgment; and to the credit of the Manchester Y. C. committee the protest was not sustained.

The third race was reminiscent of the Eastern Y. C.'s trials, the breeze being paltry, shifting and never serving all the boats alike. All four boats went fluke hunting and the order at the weather mark was Auk, Chewink VII., Manchester and Bonidrei, and they held the same relative positions at the end of the round, although the stern boats gained. The story was repeated in the second windward leg wind hunting

This time Bonidrei was favored, and from fourth place advanced to first, making a total gain of 12m. 23s. She made the best time on the run home and won by a safe margin.

The times:

Bonedrei	2 26 55	Chewink VII.	2 31 00
Bonidrei	2 26 55	Auk	2 33 55

On Saturday, the 25th, the fourth race was sailed. The wind at the start was light E.S.E., and full of calm streaks. Auk and Bonidrei worked the east shore while the other pair stood seaward, thereby losing the advantage of a strong easterly current inshore. Bonidrei led Auk slightly all the way to the weather mark, and they both gave the other two a tremendous licking, about 15m. The next leg, a reach, was in very light airs, Bonidrei gaining on Auk and Manchester passing Chewink VII. The third leg of the course, a rectangular one, was nothing but a drift, but Bonidrei continued to gain. The last leg was a race against time to beat out the time limit, and this Bonidrei succeeded in doing, thus being the first boat to score two wins out of the necessary three. The times show what a farcical event the race was:

Bondrei	3 18 15	Manchester	3 35 12
Bonidrei	3 18 15	Chewink VII.	3 36 45

Thus Auk, selected for the all-America trio, failing to take one of the first four series, is barred from further competition in this series, and critics of the Eastern Y. C.'s committee swell with the proud spirit of "I told you so."

The three German representatives are getting in fine shape with daily spins at Marblehead. Close hauled in a good breeze and lumpy sea, the Gluckauf IV. seems decidedly faster than Tillie VI.

After considerable backing and filling the entire schedule of dates for the Cape Cod circuit of the Y. R. A. was abandoned at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute. The reasons were lack of interest, no local boats and few boats to go on the circuit as the "Cape cats" are the only Y. R. A. class that fills consistently this summer, and although Cape cats, they evidently are not of "the cat came back" variety.

William Lambert Barnard.

Manhasset Cruising Race.

The yearly race offered by the Marblehead Bay Y. C. to Stratford Shoal and return, 70 miles, was won this year by Joy, the Class Q boat from Gravesend Bay that has done so well. Joy was sailed by her designer, Mr. C. D. Mower. There were seventeen entries, and it was a great disappointment that there was not more wind. Rube, first boat in, covered the course in 16h. 58m. The times follow:

Regular.

Joy, W. H. Childs	15 02 53
Melody, W. J. Matheson	16 07 55
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	16 08 00
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	16 28 05
Alert, E. P. Alker	16 56 47
Mopsa, W. S. and F. C. Sullivan	17 18 56
Okee, J. A. and J. H. Mahlstedt	20 25 23
Elver II., G. A. Enell	20 25 57
Fair Wind, E. S. Griffing	20 09 31

Handicap Class.

Rube, G. P. Granbery	16 58 21
Firefly Guy Standing	18 10 18
Kenosha II., C. W. Voltz	18 23 36
Kenosha I., W. R. Berth	18 36 45
Thelema, A. E. Black	18 48 05

Not Rated—Elapsed Time.

Gloria, Harold P. Brown	20 30 18
Nebula, Robert W. Edgren	20 04 09
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	20 08 32

Hartford Y. C.

Oyster Bay—Aug. 18.

The Hartford Y. C., which is on its annual cruise, reached Oyster Bay on Saturday. A match race was arranged between two New York 30-footers, Oriole and Linnet, and the two Seawanhaka thirties, Regina and Carlita. The Seawanhaka 15-footers were raced. The times follow:

Hartford-Sewanhaka 30-footers—Start, 2:30.

Regina, F. G. Stewart	6 01 55	2 31 55
Oriole, Commodore Goodwin	6 03 30	2 33 30
Linnet, F. R. Cooley	6 06 55	2 36 55
Carlita, F. C. Swan	Did not finish.	

Seawanhaka 15-footers—Start, 3:20.

Imp, F. L. Landon	5 39 45	2 19 45
Chipmunk, C. L. Young	5 40 45	2 20 45
Grilse, G. E. Roosevelt	5 41 40	2 21 40
Marjorie, H. M. Warner	5 42 00	2 22 00
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	5 44 35	2 24 35

The Lipton Cup Races.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 22.—After serious ructions that for weeks threatened to wreck what promised to be the greatest race for the Sir Thomas Lipton challenge cup, emblematic of the 21ft. championship of the Great Lakes, the race closed here yesterday, with great success, and Cherry Circle, representing the Chicago Athletic Association yachtsmen, won after a desperately close finish that threatened to prolong the struggle beyond the originally planned three races and bring about a tie for first place, necessitating an extra race. Here is the way the boats finished, figuring on percentage:

	1st Race.	2d Race.	3d Race.	Total.
Cherry Circle	100.0	100.0	66.7	266.7
Billposter	66.7	77.8	100.0	244.5
Raven	77.8	88.9	55.6	222.1
Mendota	66.7	44.4	88.7	199.8
Milwaukee	88.8	66.7	44.4	199.9
Toledo	66.7	33.3	77.8	177.8
New Illinois	66.7	22.2	11.1	100.0
*Yo San	66.7	.....	33.3	100.0

*Yo San broke down in the second race.

The first race of the series was held Saturday, Aug. 18. The squabble over the bilge rudders which for weeks promised to upset the good work done by the Lipton Cup Committee, which resulted in the building of nine new contestants for the trophy, cut down the fleet of starters to nine boats, of which three were former competitors, Yo San, Quien Sabe and Mendota, and six were new boats. The boats represented five organizations. From the Toledo Y. C. came Toledo; from the Milwaukee Y. C., Commodore Vilas' old Mendota, and the new syndicate boat, Milwaukee; J. H. Fearnside's Raven represented the Canadian yachtsmen; Columbia Y. C. sent the U. J. Herrman syndicate boat, Billposter, Herbert Mills' Quien Sabe and David T. Hammond's Yo San. The Chicago Athletic Association yachtsmen entered the sailing field with Cherry Circle, owned by a syndicate promoted and managed by Fred A. Price, former Commodore of the Columbia club, and William Hale Thompson, President of the New Illinois Athletic Club, sent his New Illinois to fight for the yellow, purple and red.

The day of the race was gloomy and leaden, with light fitful breezes that barely stirred the waters. Most of the boats took early tow out to the starting line, which was two miles from shore, and served as the base of the equilateral triangle of two miles to the leg, over which the boats had to sail twice.

When the judges' tug reached the starting line almost

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at the time to fire the preparatory gun, it was evident that Toledo, Quien Sabe, Mendota and New Illinois could not reach the starting line in time to start unless under tow. It was decided not to wait for them, and the preparatory gun was fired. None of the boats dropped their tows in accordance to the yacht racing rules, and Toledo was towed into a good berth near the line by her convoy Edith, while Quien Sabe let go her tow when almost at the line. Mendota and New Illinois were still half a mile or more away. When the starting gun fired, Raven was first across the line, with Cherry Circle lapping her to windward, and overhauling her before in the light easterly breeze she could get clear across the line. Blanketed on every side, the Canuck dropped back and was passed by Quien Sabe and Milwaukee. Toledo, Billposter and Yo San crept up on her and robbed her of the early advantage. The first leg was supposed to be a beat to windward, but according to the instructions of the judges, the leg was sailed S.E., making it a close haul. In the light breeze Cherry Circle soon opened up a gap and showed that she was the best boat in that kind of going. New Illinois and Mendota were over a quarter of an hour late in crossing the line, thus forfeiting any chance they might have had for the race.

Raven worked out nicely in the beat to windward, and soon crawled through the fleet, but could not overhaul Cherry, and at the mark Cherry Circle led around by a comfortable margin.

The second leg was a reach with started sheets and reaching headsails. Cherry Circle gained consistently and increased her lead of 1m. and 30s. to nearly 2m. Raven held second place, and Milwaukee and Toledo hung together pretty well. The third leg was a spinnaker run, and the way Peare's crew broke out their big spinnaker was a joy to behold.

Running down the wind like a great bird, the mahogany boat fairly flew to the home buoy. In this run Toledo surprised the critics by crawling down on Milwaukee and Raven and passing them both on the way to the home mark. Cberry Circle crossed at 3:15:27; Toledo slipped over at 3:19:48, with Milwaukee third, nearly a minute later, and Raven fourth, 17s. later. Quien Sabe was next over, and then Yo San, followed by Billposter, Mendota and New Illinois in the order named. New Illinois was 18m. 30s. behind Cherry Circle, which showed that Cherry Circle had actually gained only 1m. 12s. on the Thompson-Dupee boat.

Peare straightened Cherry Circle out for the beat on the second round of the triangle, and set her down for good, hard work. He held her up well and she footed fast. Raven was first to split tacks, and was followed soon after by Milwaukee, Toledo and Quien Sabe. Peare held until some of the people on the judges' boat thought he had overshot his mark, but when he came down to the buoy on the port tack it was seen that he still needed a little hitch to weather the mark, and he was first around, about 5m. ahead of Toledo. Breaking out his balloon the minute he swung into the second leg, Peare pushed his boat hard for the next mark, and again made a slight gain. He rounded the northerly buoy over 6m. to the good, and breaking out spinnaker and balloon with perfect precision, fairly flew down the last leg of the race with the largest fleet that ever followed a yacht race trying to keep up with him and be in at the finish. He crossed the finishing line at 4:31:50, having sailed the 12-mile course in the actual elapsed time of 2:31:41, which, considering the conditions of the wind, was remarkable time.

Toledo made a slight gain on the last lap, and finished second at 4:38:00, or 6m. 4s. behind the leader.

Milwaukee finished third at 4:40:44; Raven at 4:44:37, followed by Quien Sabe; Billposter, which passed Yo San on the second round; then Yo San, Mendota and New Illinois.

The officials of the race were: Dr. Wadsworth Warren, Captain L. M. Mann and Robert B. Power, judges; Charles Zeller, official timekeeper.

Here is the result of the race according to Mr. Zeller's figures:

	Start	1st Round	Finish
Cherry Circle	2 00 15	3 15 27	4 31 56
Toledo	2 00 42	3 19 48	4 38 00
Milwaukee	2 00 40	3 20 37	4 40 44
Raven	2 00 06	3 20 54	4 44 37
Quien Sabe	2 00 20	3 23 25	4 46 00
Billposter	2 00 56	3 26 55	4 47 22
Yo San	2 00 50	3 25 59	4 48 38
Mendota	2 14 27	3 32 02	4 51 48
New Illinois	2 17 35	3 24 09	4 55 11

After the race a protest was filed against Toledo, Quien Sabe, Mendota and New Illinois for towing after the preparatory gun. The judges, under the rules, were compelled to rule out the boats, but this started such a terrific row and promised to still further wreck the chances of the race, that after several lengthy confabs which went over into Sunday, it was agreed by the yachtsmen that the protest should be withdrawn and all the boats be given an even standing with Billposter and allowed a percentage of 66.7 for the race. This result, while it pacified the belligerants and undoubtedly saved the race, was a weak-kneed compromise that has not helped the sport here.

The second race was sailed Monday over a windward and leeward course, and this time there was no delay at the starting line. Every boat was on hand an hour before the start, and the jockeying for position proved interesting. When the gun fired, Skipper Fearnside again showed his skill on the starting line by getting his boat over first, closely followed by Yo San, Quien Sabe, Toledo and Billposter. The whole fleet went across in 32s., which shows how closely thew were bunched. The wind from the S.W. made the first run a spinnaker run, and Raven and Yo San showed their big light canvas ahead of all the others. The run down the wind, a light air of about 5 or 6 miles weight brought the two centerboarders out in front before they had gone a mile of the three. It was New Illinois' chance, and she improved. Billposter was right on top of her, however, and the pair ran like fishing mates to the N.E. mark so close together that they could not be separated until they swung around, with New Illinois closest to the mark, and rounding inside, took Billposter way off her course. Raven and Toledo worked in close, and swinging inside New Illinois and Billposter, began working out to windward on the beat to the home buoy. Most of the boats stood out on the north tack and indulged in short tacks, beating down to the line by this method, but Skipper Brunnick took Quien Sabe from a rear position and, holding out to the south on one long tack, almost fetched the mark, when the wind shifted to the southerly, leaving him in commanding position. At the turning stake Raven improved her chances so well that she led around by nearly 2m., while Cherry Circle, which had not done very well on the run down the wind, had worked her way through the fleet on the windward leg and was in position for second place at the turn. Billposter rounded third, and Quien Sabe fourth, due to the long tack toward the freshening wind from the S.W.

As the yachts ran down to the north mark the wind kept hauling until the boats carrying their spinnakers to port were compelled to gybe them over, and the last half mile was finished under balloon jibs and the wind on the beam.

It looked pretty hopeless for Cherry Circle and mighty bright for Raven, when the Canadian boat rounded for the thrash home 2m. to the good on the last leg. The wind was too fresh for Cherry Circle to do her best apparently, and the blow just suited the Canadian boys. They started off jubilantly with lee rails awash and hopes flying high; but before they had gone very far the breeze began to soften a bit, and the thrilling part of the race began.

Cherry Circle, working easier under the lesser pressure, began to pick up on Raven. It was a long lead Peare had to overcome, and it looked pretty hopeless for a while, but by close, clever work Peare steadily worked up until he was within striking distance and then found himself under Fearnside's lee. The Canadian could have kept Peare there at will, but for some reason or other let him get away from him, and the next time they came about Peare had him. The Cherry Circle had him on the starboard tack, and Raven had to give way.

There was a cheer from the crowd watching the pretty struggle. Once Peare got him under his lee, he held him there relentlessly. Three times Raven tried to work out of the dangerous position and each time Peare went about on top of him and had him at his mercy. Then Raven bore away, running down off his course to get freer air, but Cherry Circle followed him and was there.

The fight was prettier and prettier until finally Peare, seeing that Billposter was working up into a contending position, quit chasing the Canuck and set his boat down to hard sailing and won with plenty to spare. She was given a round of rousing cheers.

Raven managed to hold second place, and George Peare and his crew stood by and gave the Canucks a rousing three cheers and a tiger. Billposter was third and Milwaukee fourth. Quien Sabe managed to get in fifth and Mendota and Toledo had a close finish for sixth place, the Milwaukee boat just managing to squeeze in ahead. Here is the official time:

	Start	1st Round	2d Round	Elapsed
Cherry Circle	2 00 21	3 24 19	4 45 35	2 45 35
Raven	2 00 07	3 22 45	4 46 39	2 46 39
Billposter	2 00 15	3 24 33	4 47 15	2 47 15
Milwaukee	2 00 32	3 25 48	4 49 25	2 49 25
Quien Sabe	2 00 09	3 25 21	4 50 44	2 50 44
Mendota	2 00 22	3 26 29	4 52 25	2 57 25
Toledo	2 00 11	3 27 35	4 52 30	2 52 30
New Illinois	2 00 25	3 27 49	5 02 57	3 02 57
Yo San	2 00 08	3 38 40	Did not finish.	

The third and last race was sailed Tuesday, Aug. 21, over a quadrilateral course of 3 miles to the leg. When the boats went to the starting line a fresh reefing breeze was scattering the white caps over the lake, and gusts of rain and wind, mingled with thunder and forked lightning on the southeastern horizon.

The race was mementous, as on the percentage plan under which the cup is decided there was plenty of chance to rob Cherry Circle of the fruit of her two victories should she be badly beaten. With this chance in view, Billposter, Raven and Milwaukee made a desperate fight to win, while George Peare, twice a winner of this trophy in the past with his crack little La Rita, was equally decided that it should not slip away from him. The conditions all favored Billposter and Mendota, known to be good heavy weather boats, while Raven was also given a great chance at the cup. Milwaukee, too, was at her best in stiff going, so that there was plenty of betting that Cherry Circle would not finish within the first five boats, thereby forfeiting the cup to one of the other contestants.

When the gun fired for the start, Billposter crossed the line with the puff of the barker, so closely was she timed by Skipper "Sport Hermann. After that there was no question of doubt at any time as to who the winner would be. Chery Circle would not, that there could be no argument about, and it became a question as to whether she would finish fourth or worse. A fourth would give her the cup, while a fifth would tie her with Billposter, and if she finished worse than fifth, there would be a victory for Billposter. From the first Billposter ran away from the fleet. The first leg started out to be a beat to windward and the fight for position sent the yachts all scurrying to the windward berth, but as the first mark was neared it swung around until the first leg developed into a reach and balloon jibs were set. Billposter had nearly 2m. on Toledo when they swung around the first mark and Milwaukee close after. Cherry Circle did not seem to do well, and Peare changed her trim three times on the way out. The second leg developed into another close haul and Billposter kept on increasing her lead. Mendota worked through the fleet nicely here, and showed up in second position when they turned the second mark. It seemed as though the wind dispenser was bound to try out the windward qualities of the yachts, for as they swung around to run to the third mark again the wind hauled, and it was then a hard thrash dead to the wind's eye that the boats had to face. Billposter was pretty well on her way to the third mark when the shift came, so gained most by it, as the boats behind had none of the favoring breeze that the Hermann yacht had on the early part of the leg. Here Peare tried hard with Cherry Circle, but try as

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he might, he could not overhaul the six boats that preceded him around the stake, and it began to look gloomy for the C. A. A. boat.

With the change of wind came great clouds of smoke off the city that obscured the fleet for a quarter of an hour like a heavy fog. When it cleared away Billposter was seen nearing the last mark on the way home with a rattling good lead on everything in the fleet. Mendota, Raven and Milwaukee were in closest attendance, with Toledo next, and then Cherry Circle, followed by Quien Sabe, Yo San and New Illinois, in the order named.

By the time the boats had rounded for the balloon jib run home the wind began to fall and Cherry Circle's hopes to rise. Two boats were ahead of her that spelled victory or defeat. If the mahogany boat could overhaul Milwaukee and Raven it stood a chance to hold its lead in the percentage table.

It was a desperate battle. First, Peare tackled Milwaukee and luffed her off her course, getting past her. Then she set sail for Raven. Meanwhile, Toledo, taking advantage of the luffing match, sneaked past the pair of them and Peare had another dangerous contender. He set after Raven with a vengeance. The wind lulling a bit he set his reaching jib as a spinnaker carried high up in the air with his balloon jib. It is an old Peare trick and a good one in such light airs. As Cherry Circle, Raven and Milwaukee drifted down to the line in the falling breezes they secured a line and it was not until the three guns had been fired that the spectators not directly on the finishing line could tell the result.

	Start	1st Round	2d Round	Elapsed
Billposter	2 00 00	2 26 25	3 01 55	2 24 43
Mendota	2 00 25	2 27 00	3 03 01	2 28 48
Toledo	2 00 09	2 27 30	3 07 25	2 30 55
Cherry Circle	2 00 08	2 30 45	3 07 03	2 31 15
Raven	2 00 07	2 29 02	3 04 25	2 31 20
Milwaukee	2 00 12	2 27 08	3 04 20	2 31 30
Yo San	2 00 15	2 29 30	3 06 09	2 39 27
Quien Sabe	2 00 30	2 30 19	3 10 09	2 42 21
New Illinois	2 00 30	2 29 15	3 15 00	2 43 02

The race proved a significant triumph for C. D. Mower, the clever eastern designer, whose three boats in the race finished respectively first, second and third in the percentage table. Cherry, which won, was designed jointly by Mower and Barney Morgan, while the Canadian challenger, Raven, and the Columbia Y. C. defender, Billposter, which finished second in virtue of winning the last race, were designed by Mower exclusively. This remarkable showing in a field of nine boats is all the more remarkable, in view of the fact that they were the only boats in the race designed by Mower. It shows that he is a remarkable designer of small boats, no matter what his success may have been with the larger craft.

The yachtsmen were entertained last night at a banquet given by the Columbia Y. C. at the Chicago Athletic Association, at which the magnificent trophy was presented to the skipper and managing owner of Cherry Circle to be kept until it is raced for again next summer.

Cherry Circle, Billposter and Queen Sabe, will be shipped to Detroit to race for the Country Club and Walker cups of the Detroit Country Club next week. The action of the Detroit sailors in refusing to send their boats here after building for the race and in urging the other lower lakes sailors to keep away also has made them a host of enemies in Chicago, and local sailors are hoping that one of the three representatives sent from Chicago will succeed in carrying off these two coveted trophies of the Detroit yachtsmen.

J. M. HANDLEY.

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Aug. 25.

THE midsummer regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed in strong easterly breeze that roughened the water well. There was an expectation of some big boats starting, but no competitors materialized for Queen and Effort.

The wind was so strong that it tried the boats' gear, and there were many cases of parted rigging.

The committee, Messrs. H. de B. Parsons, J. M. Macdonough and W. H. Caswell, had charge of the race, and sent the yachts to Execution Rock, thence to a spar buoy off Week's Point, and home, about 9⅜ miles—twice around for the 30-footers and once for the other classes.

The winners were Phryne, Regina, Vaquero, Tartan, Mopsa, Wee Wean, and in second division, Huntress. Summary follows:

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Course 18¼ Miles—Start, 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 30 18	2 55 18
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 33 14	2 58 14
Ncola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 32 09	2 57 09
Atair, J. C. and G. C. Meyer	3 35 27	3 00 27
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker	3 36 27	3 01 27
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	Disabled.	
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	Disabled.	

Phryne wins by 1m. 51s.

Sloops—Class P—Course 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:40.

Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 12 06	1 32 06
Firefly, G. Standing	2 32 25	1 52 25
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer	Did not finish.	
Kid, O. Harriman	2 30 47	1 50 47

Corrected time: Firefly, 1.44.49. Regina wins by 12m. 43s.

Larchmont 21-footers—Course 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:40

Vaquero, W. Stump	2 27 55	1 47 55
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 35 19	1 55 19

Vaquero wins by 7m. 24s.

Raceabouts—Course 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:45.

Circe, A. D. Prince	2 28 58	1 43 58
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 23 34	1 38 34
Chinook, R. Mallory	Did not finish.	
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	2 27 14	1 42 14
Busy Bee, B. Wainwright	Did not finish.	
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	2 22 21	1 37 21

Tartan wins by 1m. 13s.

Sloops—Class Q—Course 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:50.

Mopsa, F. C. Sullivan	2 51 21	2 01 21
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements	2 59 15	2 09 15

Corrected time: Mopsa, 1.57.02; Ogeemah, 2.00.23. Mopsa wins by 3m. 21s.

Sloops—Class B—Course, 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:50.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	2 54 15	2 04 15
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert	2 57 00	2 07 00

Corrected time: Wee Wean, 2.00.45; Ace, 2.03.44. Wee Wean wins by 2m. 59s.

Handicap Class—First Division—Course, 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:55.

Rube, G. P. Granberry	2 37 01	1 42 01

Handicap Class—Second Division—Course, 9⅜ Miles—Start, 12:55.

Montauk, W. Sheldon	3 03 04	2 08 04
Maryola, H. E. Sanger	2 45 47	1 50 47
Huntress, L. H. Dyer	2 41 16	1 46 16
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	Did not finish.	

Corrected time: Huntress, 1.44.08; Maryola, 1.50.00; Montauk, 2.09.38. Huntress wins by 6m. 7s.

American Dories—Start, 1:10.

Tautog, George Fry	2 03 55	0 53 55
Bug, A. J. Cumnock	Disabled.	

Gravesend Bay Championship.

Gravesend Bay Championship—Saturday, Aug. 25.

UNDER the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. on Saturday, the third race for the championship was held. There was a good breeze from the eastward. Class P sailed 12 miles, two rounds, between Bensonhurst, Fort Hamilton, Buoy 11 and Sea Gate, and return. For the other classes Buoy 11 was left out, making 8 miles. The winners were Sakana, Soya, Gamma, Careless and Hester. Summary follows:

Sloops and Yawls—Class P—Start, 3:05—Course 12 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 59 05	1 54 05
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	5 00 27	1 55 27
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	5 01 44	1 56 44
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5 05 13	2 00 13
Cygnet, William Young	Disabled.	

Corrected time on Sakana, 1.51.17. Sakana wins from Jig Step by 2m. 48s.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10—Course 8 Nautical Miles.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	4 25 45	1 15 45
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	4 27 47	1 17 47
Spider, H. Chubb	4 28 06	1 18 06
Quest, F. J. Havens	4 28 56	1 18 56
Mary, Max Grundner	4 30 18	1 20 18
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 31 23	1 21 23
Saetta, G. H. Church	Did not finish.	

Soya wins from Spider by 2m. 2s.

Sloops—Class Q Special—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Nautical Miles.

Careless, R. Rummell	4 41 45	1 26 45
Ondas, A. Mentor	Not timed.	
Truant, J. C. Alyea	Not timed.	

Sloops—Class S—Start, 3:25—Course 8 Nautical Miles.

Gamma, A. Platt	5 01 10	1 36 10
Beta, Snedecker & Camp	Disqualified.	
Della, J. J. Mahoney	Did not finish.	

Dories—Start, 3:30—Course, 4 Nautical Miles.

Boots, W. L. Sweet	4 22 04	0 52 04
Jack, William Inslee	4 23 25	0 53 25
Duce, F. M. Arnold	4 23 45	0 53 45
Dido, L. S. Tiemann	4 24 00	0 54 00

Catboats—Start, 3:30—Course, 4 Nautical Miles.

Hester, S. Wickes	4 18 50	0 48 50
Colleen, N. F. Remmey	Did not finish.	
Cygnus, E. Goodman	Did not finish.	

Northport and Hartford Y. C.'s.

August 25.

A regatta was held at Northport on Saturday, in which some boats of the Hartford Y. C. took part. A stiff east wind was blowing that disabled three competitors. The winners were as follows: Tigress, Commodore Morrell; Ojibway, D. P. Marsh; Sea Maid, S. L. Ackerley. The times follow:

Sloops—40ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course 18 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tigress, J. B. Morrell	3 15 00	2 50 00
Josephine, M. Smith	Disabled.	

Sloops—27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course 18 Miles.

Ojibway, D. P. Marsh	2 51 42	2 21 42
Wanda, A. H. Ostion	2 52 17	2 22 17
Leda, Milton Hart	Disabled.	
Marguerite, W. F. Clark	Disabled.	

Catboats—27ft. Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 9 Miles.

Sea Maid, S. L. Ackerley	2 13 45	1 38 45
Lackey, R. Morrell	2 17 40	1 42 40

The Gold Challenge Cup.

Alexandria Bay, Aug. 21.

THE first day's racing for the gold challenge cup for motor boats, in which there were 11 of the fastest boats in the country, was won by Sparrow, representing the Riverton Y. C., and owned by Mr. C. J. Swain, of Philadelphia. The other boats entered and which finished were Chip II., Jewel, and Dixie.

The second day's racing was won by Chip II., owned by Mr. Wainwright, present holder of the cup. The two boats, Chip II. and Sparrow, had equal chances on the last race, Dixie being out of it, being unable to save her time.

On the third day Chip II. won the final race from Sparrow over a 30-mile course, beating her 23m. 26s. It is reported that the owner of Jewel has protested both boats, Sparrow and Chip II., for non-conformity to the rules in the matter of the engine measurement, and this will go to the American Power Boat Association for decision.

389th Regatta of the Beverly Y. C.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 389th regatta from the club house on Saturday, Aug. 18. The event was the sixth club race of the season.

A fresh breeze from the S.W. blew all day, making ideal racing conditions.

In the 21ft. class, Amanita III. got away first, with Barnacle a little ways to leeward of her. Barnacle had her wind free, and at once took the lead, and lengthened her lead steadily throughout the race. The boats were sent to Bow Bells and back.

There were three entries in the 18ft. class, and they were sent to Bird Island and back. Jap won by only a few seconds.

As usual, the 15ft. class showed the largest number of entries. There were fifteen starters. The boats were sent to Abiel's Ledge, Mosher's Rock, and back. This course necessitated a jibe to Abiel's Ledge, which made lively work. Seeps won, and Mongoose was second.

The times in detail follow:

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 58 45
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 04 16
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 05 15
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 07 09
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 08 02
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 11 18
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 15 25
Edith, Clark King	Withdrew.

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 31 28
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 31 53
Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 32 53

15-footers—Course 24, 5⅜ Miles.

Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 10 00
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 10 02
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 10 10
*Flickamaroo, C. E. Hellier	1 12 40
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 13 07
Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 13 48
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton, Jr.	1 14 28
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 14 30
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 15 35
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 16 10
Bantam, Miss Hilda W. Williams	1 16 19
Whitecap, Wm. Vredenburgh and S. Minot...j.	1 18 27
Jill, R. F. Herrick	1 20 09
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 20 34
Jack, R. F. Herrick, Jr.	1 22 00

*Protested by Jub Jub.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

August 25.

IMP, Mr. S. L. Landon, won on Saturday the series trophy offered by the club for the 15ft. one-design class. The last race was sailed in a gale of wind from the eastward. There were four contestants over a course of 6 miles. The times follow:

Start, 3:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp, S. L. Landon	4 31 55	1 06 55
Grilse, George E. Roosevelt	4 35 55	1 10 55
Majorie, H. M. Warner	4 34 15	1 09 15
Fly, W. Emlen Roosevelt	4 38 20	1 13 20

Newport 30 Footers.

August 22.

ON Wednesday the Newport 30-footers sailed a race for a cup offered by Mr. Pembroke Jones. The course was 8 miles, from Brenton's Cove, up the Bay and return. The following boats were entered: Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer; Carolina, Pembroke Jones; Vaquero, H. P. Whitney.

The race was sailed in a strong S.W. wind and was very close. Esperanza won, with Vaquero second.

New Rochelle Y. C.

August 26.

Dr. A. E. Black's sloop Thelema won the club race of the New Rochelle Y. C. on Saturday afternoon. The elapsed times were:

Thelema, Dr. A. E. Black	0 44 35
Clara, D. E. Deeley	0 47 17
Io, C. A. Marsland	0 57 50

WE acknowledge the receipt of the year book of the Atlantic Y. C. from the Secretary, Mr. E. H. M. Roehr. The book is much the same as in years past and contains lists of members and yachts, with the racing rules, conditions governing cups, etc.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

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Harry G. Taylor wins the Amateur Average for the first two days at the Western Handicap, score 292-300, W. W. Shemwell being second with 291-300, both using U. M. C. Shells.

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP.

W. W. Shemwell wins First Prize, shooting 97 per cent.

Messrs. Maryott, Thompson, Fisher, Keller and Wooley tied for second place with 96 per cent. These six amateurs all used U. M. C. Shells.

WESTERN HANDICAP.

Three shooters tied for first place in the main event. The two amateurs, G. G. Pickett and R. Thompson, used U. M. C. Shells.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 3.—Fall River, Mass.—Labor Day shoot of Westport Factory G. C. A. W. Lewis, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. Labor Day target tournament. Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.

Sept. 3.—Lowell (Mass.) R. and G. C. Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C. annual Labor Day tournament. Added money. Post and Hudson Mgrs.

Sept. 3.—Englewood, N. J.—Pleasure Gun Club Labor Day shoot. C. J. Westervelt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. Labor Day shoot. F. F. Mason, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Springfield (Mass.) G. C. Labor Day tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City G. C. annual tournament. First day, targets; second day, sparrows. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association.

Sept. 4-6.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Whitney, Mgrs., Des Moines, Ia.

Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.

Sept. 6.—Newton (Ill.) G. C. tournament. J. A. Batman, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.

Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.

*Sept. 12.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.

Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.

Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.

Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-19.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $10 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.

*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.

Sept. 21-22.—Bradford (Pa.) G. C. green corn shoot. R. S. Pringle, Sec'y.

Sept. 22-23.—St. Louis Sportsman's Shooting Park tournament.

Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.

Sept. 29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.

Oct. 5-6.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual live-bird championship, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y K. T. S. L.

Oct. 9-11.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.

Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.

Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

Secretary Chas. M. Hughes informs us that the Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., will hold an all-day tournament on Sept. 29.

Secretary R. S. Pringle writes us that on Sept. 21-22 the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club will hold a green corn shoot, and that he will mail programmes to all who apply for them.

Secretary Edward Winslow writes us that the Montclair, N. J. Gun Club will hold its opening shoot for the fall season on the morning of Labor Day, Sept. 3. There will be canvas for protection in case of rain.

The Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., will hold a Labor Day shoot on the Jeffersonville grounds, Sept. 3. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. The programme consists of ten events at 15 and ten events at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Mr. J. W. Detweiler is the Secretary.

For the English Hotel cup, Aug. 25, at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Mr. Geo. Bowen defeated Mr. Thomas Parry, by a score of 89 to 85. This is the last contest for this trophy for the season of 1905-1906. Those who have qualified will shoot in a 100-target contest to determine the winner of the $50-prize and the holder of the cup for a year, Sept. 10-11.

The ninth annual tournament of the Magic City Gun Club, Sept. 3 and 4, at Muncie, Ind., has a programme of eleven events the first day: 15, 20 and 25 targets. $1.50, $2 and $2.50 entrance, class shooting, 40, 30, 20

and 10 per cent. High amateur on the first day will receive a Marlin rifle. On the second day there are five events at sparrows—two events at 10, two at 15 and one at 25 sparrows, entrance $3, $4, $5 and $10. Ship guns to Secretary F. L. Wachtel, 110 W. Washington St.

Owing to the space occupied in our trap columns by great tournament reports, several important reports of club shoots are necessarily held over till our next issue.

The final shoot of the Lancaster County League was held on the grounds of the Bob White Gun Club, Lancaster, Pa., on Aug. 25. Mr. A. C. Krueger and E. H. Adams divided high average. Mr. Krueger having broken the greatest number of targets during the series, was adjudged amateur champion. The Excelsior Gun Club won the Dupont trophy.

The Labor Day shoot of the Westport, Mass., Factory Gun Club, has a programme of nine events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, and a special event, a five-man team match between the Aquidneck, of Newport, the Pawtucket, of Providence, and the Westport. Shooting will commence at 10:30. Sept. 1 is practice day. Guns and shells shipped to Secretary Albert W. Lewis, Fall River, Mass., by D. & W. Express to Westport Factory, will be delivered free on the grounds. Ten averages, high and low, have a purse of $47.59.

The Cincinnati Gun Club's annual tournament Sept. 25, 26 and 27, will be given on the same liberal lines as last year, when the entire profits of the shoot were given to the contestants, allowing the very poorest shot to take part in the entire programme without losing a cent of his entrance. There will be plenty of opportunities for the good shot to make money, and all contestants will stand at 16yds. The programme will be ready on Sept. 1, and will be mailed to any one who will sent their address to Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, Ohio.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament, handicap for amateurs, Sept. 10 and 11, is provided with a programme of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance each day. Moneys divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Sliding handicap 16 to 20yds. Ship guns, etc., prepaid, care Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 Washington St., and they will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. High amateur averages, first, $20; second, $15; third, $10; to five amateurs making lowest average, $5 each. Events Nos. 3 and 7 of the first day and 5, 7 and 9 of the second day, a total of 100 targets, will constitute a special event for the English Hotel cup, besides their sweepstake conditions. It is open to amateurs of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Kentucky. Mr. Wm. Armstrong is the Secretary.

The Interstate Association's first Western Handicap was a magnificent event. It sustained the most sanguine estimates of the Denver, Colo., Trap Club, under whose auspices it was held The shooters rallied to it from far and near. The first day's programme consisted of ten 20-target events, a total of 200 targets, of which the reliable W. R. Crosby scored 199. H. C. Hirschy, W. H. Heer and C. G. Spencer 195. The high amateurs for the day were S. A. Huntley and Robert Conley, 195. On the second day, the squad whose members were Messrs. Crosby, Heer, Hirschy and Spencer, from the 21yd. mark in the Preliminary, and 16yds. in the sweepstakes, scored 395 out of the 400, breaking the last 295 straight, all of which goes to show that 16yds. is too near the traps as a standard mark for competition. When shooters can break all the targets from 21yds., some one should have sufficient backbone to readjust the mark. In the Preliminary Handicap, Messrs. Crosby, Spencer, Taylor and Shemwell scored 99. Messrs. Heer, Huff, Hubby and Rogers were 98. Crosby won the Western Handicap after shooting off a formidable tie. He scored 97 from 21yds. In the tie with him were R. Thompson, of Missouri, and George G. Pickett, of Denver, the scores in the tie being: Crosby 18, Pickett 17, Thompson 16.

Bernard Waters.

At a recent examination held in the public schools the sentence, "The horse and cow was in the stable," was given in language, to be corrected, the reason to be given for the correction.

On one little fellow's paper the corrected sentence read:

"The cow and horse was in the stable. (Reason) Ladies first—always."

Dominion Tournament.

The Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association held its sixth annual tournament on the Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club grounds, Aug. 8-10. The tournament was a success.

Mr. J. R. Taylor was high professional for the day. Messrs. A. W. Throop and H. Scane tied for high amateur average on 190.

The handicap distances were from 16 to 20yds., and were adjusted every day. The annual meeting was held on the first day. Mr. Thomas Upton presided. Officers were elected as follows: G. McGill, Toronto, President; D. McMackon, Highgate, First Vice-President; G. M. Howard, Sherbrooke, Second Vice-President; Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, Secretary-Treasurer; Executive Committee: A. Day, Toronto; P. Wakefield, Toronto Junction; G. M. Screaton, London; J. N. Cantelon, Clinton; T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke; Thomas Upton, Hamilton; A. F. Heaney, Ottawa; M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton; R. W. Glover, Toronto.

The next tournament will be held on a date to be set later, at the Stanley Gun Club grounds, Toronto.

Aug. 8, First Day.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, and the Montreal Rolling Mills individual championship of Canada, 50 targets, $1 entrance for targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
F Conover	16	18	16	18	18	17	19	18	18	18	49
J R Taylor	19	20	20	20	18	20	20	18	20	20	49
W H Stevens	19	20	18	19	20	19	20	19	19	20	47
E G White	18	19	17	18	20	20	20	20	19	19	50
A H Durston	15	16	19	19	20	18	17	17	16	19	46
T A Heney	16	17	19	16	19	14	17	19	19	18	46
Geo Easdale	16	17	16	15	16	14	16	13	14	17	36
G Brodeur	17	15	17	16	16	15	18	16	16	17	36
W Slaney	20	17	18	19	20	19	20	19	17	19	47
W L Cameron	17	17	13	14	16	17	11	18	13	16	38
W H Ewing	19	19	17	17	18	18	18	17	16	18	49
R Redman	18	19	19	16	19	20	18	19	19	19	47
T J Foster	17	14	17	13	11	17	19	17	19	18	41
J H Rainville	20	18	19	20	19	20	17	20	15	19	45
Geo Dumeont	20	19	17	15	17	19	17	16	17	16	..
J Kenyon	15	19	20	20	19	18	17	16	17	18	44
T Couture	19	17	19	20	17	18	18	19	17	17	..
W J Johnston	18	16	17	17	20	16	19	15	16	18	50
A W Throop	19	19	20	18	19	20	17	20	19	19	49
G B Smith	16	18	16	18	17	18	19	18	19	19	..
T M Craig	14	15	17	17	18	19	16	20	17	17	48
W G Bray	19	18	19	17	15	18	17	19	17	20	44
A W Foster	17	19	18	17	16	17	16	18	18	18	47
G G Thompson	20	15	17	16	18	15	18	16	17	15	42
G M Howard	18	19	18	16	18	20	20	16	18	19	44
G M Dunk	19	18	20	18	19	16	16	19	18	18	46
G L Vivian	19	15	16	17	15	14	13	14	13	15	43
T A Duff	19	17	19	18	16	17	15	16	16	16	45
P Wakefield	19	17	17	18	19	19	18	16	19	18	43
Geo McGill	18	19	16	16	17	15	18	17	19	19	44
J E Hovey	17	18	17	18	15	20	18	14	19	17	46
J E Cantelon	17	15	17	17	17	15	19	16	19	17	45
R Graham	17	14	18	14	15	18	18	14	17	17	..
J Dodds	19	19	17	17	19	17	19	13	16	16	45
Geo McCall	20	16	16	19	19	16	19	13	19	16	47
D McMackon	19	19	17	17	20	17	13	19	19	18	50
T Galbreaith	17	19	20	19	17	20	19	20	19	18	48
W A Smith	16	17	18	16	16	18	17	18	17	15	41
H Scane	18	17	17	20	18	18	18	20	16	17	..
R Day	19	19	17	19	18	17	19	18	15	18	47
Dr Wilson	19	18	18	18	19	19	19	17	16	18	46
T Upton	16	15	17	19	18	16	18	17	20	20	47
W P Thompson	19	20	18	17	17	19	20	16	15	19	44
M E Fletcher	14	19	18	15	19	18	19	15	19	17	47
Stewart	16	17	16	19	18	17	18	20	16	16	..
Dr Green	20	18	17	17	20	19	18	20	17	17	..
A D Bates	18	15	14	19	18	17	16	17	16	12	..
Horning	17	17	15	13	16	18	18	18	15	18	40
Smith	19	18	17	20	17	17	20	16	17	18	..
Ben It	18	19	16	18	17	17	16	18	18	19	..
J B Goodhue	13	15	18	15	15	19	16	17	18	18	40
Dr Stockwell	16	19	18	17	18	16	17	17	17	18	42
Fred Mitchell	16	19	18	18	16	18	15	18	19	16	45
G Logan	17	16	15	14	15	16	16	18	16	17	38
J Conway	18	20	16	20	15	..	18	16	..	..	..
Royal	19	17	16	20	17	16	18	15	18	15	37
G W Cline	16	17	14	13	19	16	12	15	19	19	..
Geo Beatty	19	19	19	20	18	19	19	19	19	20	49
Raspberry	15	18	15	17	17	11	16	19	..	..	..
Redpath	19	13	13	16	15	18	19	10	14	12	38
H A Mallory	17	17	14	14	8	17	16	17	17	17	..
W R Cook	16	19	17	16	16	19	18	17	16	18	..
E J Cook	16	17	17	16	18	16	19	16	15	17	47
W R Fonton	15	15	17	13	17	14	17	17	20	15	37
H Marshall	16	16	19	15	16	11	15	17	8	11	..
B W Glover	20	18	20	16	18	18	19	20	18	18	49
D Harleiut	15	16	17	12	16	18	13	14	16	15	41
J Logan	14	17	19	18	15	13	15	17	14	16	39
A Day	17	16	18	13	18	17	16	16	18	17	..
T W Logan	17	19	17	16	17	19	17	15	19	18	44
C J Packham	13	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S A White	6	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Jennings	19	18	17	17	19	19	18	17	17	17	46
Fred Lyonde	13	16	16	17	14	15	17	10	11	..	..
O E Schell	19	10	17	20	14	17	18	18	11	..	40
A E Edkins	16	..	18	14	9	12	15	8	15	15	..
Geo Dean	..	..	12	..	14	15	10	8	15	11	..
H Barnard	15	..	5	7	11	5	8	11	..	7	..
H L Culp	17	..	12	14	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Grey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
G L Carr	17	..	..	15	..	..	..	16	19	19	..
D A Konkle	19	..	18	18	19	16	18	20	16	16	..
Morlatt	..	..	19	..	19	16	18	14	16	14	..
R Luck	18	..	17	18	18	17	15	17	18	17	47
T Lowden, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	14	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	14	..	12	15
Dunham	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	14	..	7	13
Vidal	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	15	..	..
J Ross	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	13	16	12
Leager	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	18	14	9
W Draper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	17
Dese Laurier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	..
A J Hunt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
S Cline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..

High averages for the day had a purse of $50 donated by Mr. Thomas Upton, for first, second and third, divided $25, $15, and $10 and $10 to fourth, donated by the members of the Hamilton Gun Club.

Aug. 9, Second Day.

The weather was favorable for good competition. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, the Grand Canadian Handicap, at 50 targets, $5 entrance, high guns, and the two-man team championship of Canada, 20 targets per man, $4 per team, high guns.

The Grand Canadian Handicap was won by Walter P. Thompson, the secretary of the Association, with a score of 49 out of 50. This was highest amateur score, but was equalled by three of the professionals, namely, Messrs. J. R. Taylor, W. Stevens and E. G. White. Former winners were: 1902, A. W. Throop, of St. Hubert's Gun Club, Ottawa; 1903, T. W. Craig, Sherbrooke; 1904, Fred Westbrook, Brantford; 1905, Geo. W. McGill, Toronto.

The other scores were: W. J. Johnstone, G. M. Howard, H. Scane, M. E. Fletcher, O. E. Schell, 48 each.

W. H. Ewing, A. W. Westover, Geo. Beattie, 47 each.

R. Redman, P. Wakefield, G. McGill, D. McMackon, J. E. Jennings, 46 each.

T. Upton, B. W. Glover, 45 each.

J. H. Rainville, George Dumeont, G. M. Craig, G. M. Dunk, R. Day, 44 each.

A. W. Throop, F. Galbreaith, 43 each.

George Cline, 42.

Ben It, 41.

G. McCall, 40.

J. Kenyon, Dr. Wilson, 39.

Dr. Stockwell, 37.

The two-man team contest was won by Messrs. W. H. Ewing and J. H. Rainville. They tied on 49 out of 50, with Messrs. Jennings and Best, but in the shoot-off the former won.

The scores of the other teams follow:

Ties on 48: J. Kenyon and R. Redman; H. Scane and F. Galbraith.

Ties on 47: G. M. Craig and Fred Mitchell; J. Johnstone and A. W. Throop.

Ties on 46: Dr. Green and M. E. Fletcher; P. Wakefield and George McGill; Geo. McCall and J. Conway; E. G. White and A. H. Durston; George Beattie and Dr. Wilson.

Ties on 45: Westover and Howard; G. B. Smith and D. McMackon.

A. Day and B. W. Glover 44.

W. P. Thompson and T. Upton 42.

First high average on the second day was a trophy, value $50, donated by the Canadian Indians; second, $10, donated by members of the Hamilton Gun Club.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
F Conover	14	19	15	14	17	17	17	17	18	16
J R Taylor	20	19	20	20	20	19	20	19	20	20
W Stevens	20	20	19	19	20	19	19	18	20	19
E G White	20	20	19	20	18	19	18	19	20	19
A W Durston	19	17	17	19	18	17	17	18	16	18
T A Heney	18	14	17	18	16	18	16	15	17	13
Geo Easdale	14	15	16	17	11	13	17	15	15	18
W L Cameron	16	14	15	14	16	11	12	14	9	16
W Slaney	17	18	16	17	19	20	17	19	19	17
C Brodeur	15	9	17	16	18	19	13	13	17	16
W H Ewing	19	19	19	19	18	20	19	18	19	20
R Redman	18	20	16	18	17	18	19	17	18	18
T J Foster	17	16	17	17	10	11	15	16	15	..
J H Rainville	19	20	20	16	19	18	18	17	19	14
Geo Dumeont	17	19	17	18	16	19	17	15	18	19
J Kenyon	19	17	17	15	15	18	16	19	19	17
T Couture	19	18	19	19	14	17	15	16	20	19
W J Johnstone	18	18	20	19	18	16	19	18	18	18
A W Throop	17	18	16	17	20	17	17	17	16	18
G B Smith	18	16	16	16	16	19	..	16	17	17
G M Craig	19	18	15	16	20	18	20	18	20	20
W G Bray	16	18	17	16	19	19	16	16	17	18
A W Westover	20	19	18	19	19	15	18	18	18	17
C G Thompson	18	19	16	16	19	16	..	..	..	15
G M Howard	20	17	20	19	18	19	18	17	18	18
G M Dunk	18	19	18	19	16	19	20	17	20	18
T L Vivian	13	16	16	16	..	16	..	..	..	..
T A Duff	18	15	16	17	18	19	14	15	17	19
P Wakefield	18	16	20	17	19	18	17	16	20	15
G McGill	17	19	17	19	19	17	19	20	19	18
J E Hovey	17	19	17	18	19	19	18	17	20	16
J E Cantelon	15	20	14	19	11	14	19	13	16	15
R Graham	17	15	18	16	..	17	16	..	..	..
J Dodds	18	15	18	15	..	17	16	..	..	..
G McCall	19	20	18	18	20	15	15	19	18	18
D McMackon	17	18	18	18	15	20	15	20	19	18
F Galbreaith	16	18	20	18	19	18	19	19	19	19
W A Smith	18	17	20	17	18	17	16	15	15	17
H Scane	20	20	18	17	20	19	19	18	19	20
R Day	18	18	19	17	19	20	18	17	20	19
Dr Wilson	20	20	19	18	19	17	18	17	18	18
T Upton	19	19	19	19	16	18	18	17	18	18
W P Thompson	17	17	19	18	20	18	17	18	17	18
M E Fletcher	19	20	20	18	19	16	19	17	19	19
J Stewart	19	18	18	16	19	17	16	18	18	19
T Logan	17	20	17	17	16	15	17	18	16	19
J Logan	20	15	14	15	18	13	17	14	16	15
Dr Cook	12	19	19	10	17	15	19	16	16	16
H A Mallory	18	16	19	17	15	20	18	16	19	15
Marlatt	..	..	17	12	14	..	..	..	..	..
J B Goodhue	17	15	14	17	14	11	10	15	..	..
Dr Stockwell	19	19	19	19	20	20	19	18	18	18
J Mitchell	15	18	14	17	16	18	19	19	16	14
Popp	17	20	18	14	17	16	15	16	16	15
G Logan	18	16	17	15	18	16	17	14	13	16
B W Glover	13	18	19	15	20	18	17	18	17	16
J E Jennings	19	19	19	17	20	20	19	18	18	17
Geo Beattie	20	19	18	17	16	20	17	20	16	20
J Conway	20	16	18	16	..	..	19	14	..	15
O E Schell	16	18	19	16	14	18	17	19	18	20
Groves	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	16	..
Royal	16	15	18	19	..	13	15	..	14	15
Horning	16	17	18	17	19	19	1917	18	16	
B Smith	19	19	18	20	18	18	19	19	18	17
Ben It	17	18	16	17	14	17	16	19	19	14
W Wakefield	18	18	18	16	16	17	18	16	20	19
Geo Cline	19	18	20	18	14	18	17	20	20	16
Geo Cline	19	18	20	18	17	20	20	16	18	17

E J Marsh	18	16	18	14	18	14	17	16	16	17
W R Fenton	16	14	16	16	17	15	17	14	13	15
D Hartlieb	14	13	15	14	14	14	15	13	18	16
A E Edkins	16	16	15	12	14	13	15	17	14	14
Woodcock	14	18	14	17	..	..	12	..	..	..
Dr Hunt	..	17	..	..	19	16	17	16	..	..
Dr Call	7	15	11	14	13	13	15	16	..	..
A Day	15	17	18	17	12	14	13	15	12	..
Jones	16	15	13	..	13	11	..	..	..	..
D Fletcher	..	..	..	..	13	18	13	..	13	15
Deslaurier	19	14	15	17	11	..	..	..	..	..
P Friend	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
D A Konkle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
W Draper	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	10	18	12
Friend	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	10	13	9
Lowden, Sr	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Du Laurier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
H Marshall	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	17	13	15
R Luck	..	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Reardon	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	..	..	16
T B Throop	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Dr Green	16	18	16	20	..	17	..	..	19	17
Zimmerman	8	11	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Lawden, Jr	..	18	..	16	..	..	..	..	17	..
A E Adkins	17	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hartlieb	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	15
Dunham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9
J J Cline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14
Karr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	17
Gompf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Aug. 10, Third Day.

The programme of the day had the regular ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, and also two special events, the Dominion Cartridge Co. eight-man team championship, 20 targets per man, $16 per team, high guns, and the Mail trophy, five-man team championship, 50 targets per man, $15 per team, high guns. The Hamilton Gun Club won these two events. This was the third win of the Dominion trophy, by the Hamilton Club, and it is now the club's property. Their score for the Dominion trophy was 239 out of 250. The members of the team were Messrs. Walter P. Thompson, M. E. Fletcher, Thomas Upton, Dr. Green and George Beattie.

For high average prizes on the third day, Winchester trap gun to first and $10 to second.

The scores of the ten regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
F Conover	15	15	18	16	17	20	19	15	17	19
J R Taylor	20	20	20	18	18	18	20	20	20	18
W H Stevens	19	19	18	17	16	18	19	19	20	20
G E White	17	19	20	16	19	15	20	20	20	19
A H Durston	20	18	20	19	19	18	19	18	20	16
F A Heney	18	20	19	16	20	17	14	16	17	20
W Slaney	15	18	17	14	18	17	19	18	20	17
Lowden, Sr	..	..	..	..	17	14	..	..	..	16
J Williams	..	15	..	10	16	..	13	..	19	..
C Thompson	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	..
W H Ewing	19	17	18	15	18	20	18	16	20	20
R Redman	19	16	20	19	18	18	19	18	20	16
Geo Cline	19	20	15	15	15	14	16	15	18	16
J H Rainville	17	18	17	18	17	16	18	17	18	19
Geo Dumont	19	18	17	19	19	19	18	16	19	16
J Kenyon	18	19	15	16	19	12	17	17	14	15
T Couture	20	18	16	17	18	17	15	19	17	20
W J Johnston	19	18	17	19	18	17	17	18	20	17
A W Throop	16	18	15	16	17	20	18	19	17	18
A Day	16	16	16	14	15	15	15	9	12	16
G M Craig	20	19	20	19	19	18	19	20	20	18
W G Bray	19	19	18	18	17	17	19	18	17	18
A W Westover	19	16	19	17	19	19	17	17	18	14
C G Thompson	16	15	17	19	16	19	17	17	13	13
G M Howard	19	18	17	18	18	18	18	14	18	19
G M Dunk	19	18	19	16	17	15	18	18	19	17
T L Vivian	19	14	11	16	18	17	17	13	17	20
T A Duff	18	17	17	16	13	18	18	17	18	14
P Wakefield	20	19	17	19	20	20	15	18	18	18
Geo McGill	15	17	18	16	20	19	17	18	15	17
D McMackon	18	19	17	17	15	16	17	18	17	15
F Galbreaith	18	20	20	15	20	19	18	19	14	19
W A Smith	20	18	17	18	19	18	19	19	18	19
H Scane	20	19	16	17	17	19	17	17	19	17
R Day	18	19	17	18	19	19	17	17	20	16
J E Hovey	16	17	20	16	19	19	20	17	19	17
J E Cantelon	16	16	17	18	16	17	15	15	..	..
R Luck	14	17	15	15	18	16	11	18	16	19
W R Fenton	16	18	18	16	12	15	15	11	16	11
Geo McCall	18	17	18	19	16	17	20	19	16	17
Dr Wilson	19	14	19	20	19	17	18	17	13	17
T Upton	18	17	18	14	19	19	18	19	16	15
W P Thompson	18	20	16	19	18	18	16	19	18	18
M Fletcher	20	20	17	18	20	18	20	20	16	18
J Stewart	19	18	20	18	17	19	17	19	18	19
Dr Cook	17	16	16	18	19	16	20	17	11	20
T Logan	20	18	18	18	19	14	17	14	19	16
W Jocelyn	17	18	17	16	16	15	11	16	15	12
H A Mallory	18	18	18	16	20	19	18	18	19	18
J Logan	17	19	16	19	17	16	17	16	16	17
Lowden, Jr	17	15	18	18	16	16	15	18	..	..
G Logan	19	16	18	16	17	17	15	15	13	18
F Mitchell	16	14	15	19	14	18	15	15	16	18
A E Edkins	15	15	15	15	16	12	17	17	15	17
Beck	8	4	11	13	6	8	11	7	6	9
Geo Easdale	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..
W L Cameron	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	14	..	..
C Brodeur	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	15	..	..
F Lyonde	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
H Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	17
Eley	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18
B W Glover	18	19	16	18	19	20	16	17	17	18
J E Jennings	18	17	20	17	20	17	19	20	20	20
Geo Beattie	15	18	15	16	19	19	16	18	18	19
W Wakefield	15	18	19	17	18	16	20	19	20	17
O E Schell	18	18	18	20	13	16	16	18	18	18
Dr Green	19	17	17	20	19	18	20	19	20	20
Hawkins	..	12	19	..	16	17	14	15	13	15
Horning	14	17	18	..	..	..	..	18	..	..
B Smith	16	18	18	..	15	16	17	19	16	19
Ben It	18	20	19	18	16	18	15	18	17	17
Bradamay	20	17	15	17	16	16	..	17	..	..
J Miller	16	17	17	19	15	19	16	16	..	..
Hirons	18	19	16	15	..	..	..	15	..	..
J Conway	19	15	20	18	17	19	17	16	17	..
E J Marsh	15	19	17	15	17	18	11	14	17	20
J H Thompson	9	13	12	15	17	..	..	..	..	..
Popp	17	14	20	17	18	16	14	..	15	18
Dr Stockwell	19	16	20	18	16	18	19	..	17	18
D Hartlib	19	15	..	13	15	12	15	..	14	15
Johns	15	16	..	15	14	..	..	..	..	..
J Ross	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	16	17
W Spanner	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Van Duzen	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDowal	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Lawson	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dunham	..	..	..	..	12	12	16	..	17	11
Karr	..	..	..	..	14	14	16	..	..	..
Raspberry	..	..	..	19	..	..	18	..	..	..
J G Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	16
Booth	..	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	9	15
Pearsall	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	13	14
J A Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18
W Draper	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Graham	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Royal	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Granger	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waterworth	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Spanner	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

WIN THE

WESTERN HANDICAP

W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, won The Western Handicap—the all-important event of the big Denver tournament. Crosby also won high average for the shoot. This adds another to the long list of Winchester victories, which includes The Southern Handicap, Grand American Handicap, and The "Indian" Shoot. In fact, substantially every event of importance this year has been won with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

TO WIN IS THE THING
WINCHESTER SHELLS DO WIN

Five-man teams, three high scores: Hamilton Gun Club 239, Montreal Gun Club 235, Sherbrooke 232.

Eight-man teams, three high scores: Hamilton Gun Club, 152, Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, 131, Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto, 135.

For the longest consecutive run of the tournament, a special prize was provided, Mr. M. E. Fletcher won with run of 120.

The Grey cup and gold medal for first high average for the three days was won by F. Galbreaith, with a total of 555.

A certain Lebanon clergyman is so set against marrying divorcees that he is very careful in his examination of candidates for matrimonial honors. The other day he asked a young man who sought to engage him to perform the marriage ceremony:

"Is your intended wife a spinster?"

"Oh, no, sir! She's a dressmaker."

Mrs. Thomas Johnson Smith was being married for the fourth time in the little country church in which she had been raised. The ceremony was proceeding with all solemnity until the minister reached the point:

"Who gives this woman to this man to be his wife?"

And a voice away back in the congregation replied, "I generally do."

The Western Handicap.

In writing the story of the Interstate Association's first Western Handicap, held in the city of Denver, Colo., the week of Aug. 21-23, the first thought that occurs to the chronicler is that Denver has made good in that large way which has come to be recognized the world over as characteristic of the West and Western enterprise. When Messrs. A. E. McKenzie and J. W. Garrett went to New York last winter with the special mission of inducing the Interstate Association to assign the 1906 Grand American Handicap to this city, they made large promises of what this great Western country would do if they were successful in bringing the greatest of all shooting events here. On the basis of these promises, and the enthusiasm they showed, they deserved to succeed in that laudable ambition; but when, for logical reasons, the Interstate Association cast a majority vote for Indianapolis, the West again showed its Spartan courage and magnanimity by endorsing this choice and then accepting the proffer of one of the four auxiliary handicaps. The delegates returned from the big metropolis and at once set to work to justify their prediction that even though they captured what in name was only a secondary event, they would make it a bigger shoot than the G. A. H. itself. This was a good deal to say; and if some of us believed that it could be done, there were many doubters. But Denver did not stop to argue the case; it went to work, and within a few weeks sent abroad the information that there would be $3,000 added money hung up here to make the Great Western the best shoot of the year. Then we began to understand how these big pledges were to be redeemed, and last Tuesday afternoon, when Secretary-Manager Elmer E. Shaner announced in stentorian tones that entries for the day had been closed with a total of 311 contestants, Denver and the West, and President McKenzie smiled the smile of satisfied accomplishment.

And so the first Western Handicap goes into history as by far the most successful shooting tournament of the year, and within twenty-two entries of the greatest target tourney in history, viz., the Great American of 1905, in which there were 333 starters. In analyzing condition that made this possible, two main points only need be considered. The one, which we can all appreciate, is large added money; and the other, which perhaps the East has been slow to realize, is that the sporting and shooting instinct of the West is much more fully developed, in proportion to population, than in the older sections of this large country of ours. If, in the States east of the Mississippi, it might be said that one man in every hundred is a lover of the gun, it would be well within the limit of comparison to say that in the West one man in every ten owns and knows all the enjoyment to be had from the use of the gun afield and at the trap. Hence it is true that the Horace Greeley axiom "Young man, go West," has been found as beneficial in this year of our Lord 1906 to the interests of the Interstate Association, as that grand old man's advice has been to hundreds of thousands of enterprising and courageous minds from that day to this. We believe that the business of the future in the sale of guns and ammunition lies in the country west of the Mississippi; therefore, we were not surprised to see the Great Western entries go above the 300 mark, and yet Denver already declares boldly that this is but the forerunner of much greater shooting events to follow. They want the Grand American Handicap here. They have wanted it for the past six years, and now they believe they have shown that they deserve this honor

The location for this big event was happily chosen at Berkeley Park, a beautiful tract of unimproved land five miles out from the center of the city, on a natural lake, from which the place takes its name. It is reached by rapid transit electric cars running every seven minutes, and thus has the main requisite of an event of this kind. Five Leggett traps were arranged in a row right on the shores of the lake, so that every target thrown fell into the clear water. The range faces almost north, the grounds are well shaded, and the scenery is inspiring, with Long's Peak, the monarch of the Rockies, and a hundred miles of lesser mountains, presenting a magnificent panorama of natural grandeur away to the west.

Monday, Aug. 20, was assigned for preliminary practice shooting, the first shot scheduled to be fired at 1 P. M. And right here Mr. Shaner got his first exact knowledge of what this shoot would develop into. Within a little while after cashier Whitney opened his books, 200 men had handed in their entrance fees over the counter, and it was found necessary to refuse nearly a hundred more entries, as it would be impossible to finish before night. The conditions were not altogether favorable, and a very bad light reduced scores, under a heavy storm cloud toward evening. The best work of the day was done by F. E. Rogers, winner of the recent Grand American Handicap, and the old war horse, W. R. Crosby, each of whom accounted for 98 of the 100 shot at. Other places were filled as follows: Second, Hirschy, N. J. Margott, T. Hubby and R. Proser; third, J. S. Thomas, L. I. Wade, and Wm. Veach; fourth, Young, Marshall, Spencer, Heer, Freeman, Plank, M. E. Atchinson, B. Johnson, Dr. Shattuck, R. Saucier, A. J. Lawton, O. N. Ford, and D. A. Upson.

The first day's shooting was a little slow, owing to the fact that the office and trap crews were practically all new at the work, and must learn those knacks of movement that make up the "go" of the truly successful shoot. But these young men were willing and apt scholars, and under the able direction of Shaner, Whitney and Charlie North, soon had everything moving in excellent shape.

Aug. 21, First Day.

The first day's work was begun under clear skies, and with all conditions favorable. At 9 o'clock Secretary-Manager Shaner called for attention, and stated that the Great Western Handicap was about to begin. Thereupon Mayor Speer, of Denver, through Judge Lindsey, welcomed the visiting shooters, and in behalf of the citizens of Denver, presented Mr. Shaner with the key to the city, which indeed looked large and strong enough to unlock the doors of the promised land. President McKenzie added some trite remarks, stating that this was in part a realization of the ambition of the sportsmen of the West, but that they hoped and expected yet greater triumphs in the not distant future. Mr. Shaner accepted all this in his usual happy manner, and then, at precisely a quarter past nine, Mr. C. D. Plank, of Denver, fired the first shot in the regular events of the tournament. Thenceforward it was a busy scene indeed, with never a stop along the whole line until darkness compelled the cessation of firing, with the programme only about two-thirds finished.

The weather was variable, and during a portion of the afternoon the wind blew severely ahead of a storm that threatened to descend from the mountains; but the shooting went merrily on. In the very first squad a pace was set by W. S. Hoon, an Iowa lad, who went out in the first 100 with 98. Shortly afterward, O. N. Ford set a new mark with 99, and this was followed by another amateur, H. G. Taylor, and two professionals, Crosby and Hirschy. Only seventeen squads were able to finish the entire programme, and while it was therefore impossible to gauge averages for the day, first place was safely landed by Crosby, who finished with the phenomenal score of 199 out of the possible 200. On Wednesday morning the conditions were again good, but with a clouded sky, the light was not the best, and this may have affected scores one or two percent. The scores, at 200 targets, follow:

C D Plank	187
W Shemwell	192
Mills	185
W S Hoon	191
Prose	190
J W Garrott	191
A J Lawton	193
J Roher	185
M Hensler	171
W A Matlock	165
W M Clayton	174
W J Rand	186
Chris Gottlieb	187
Wm McGee	174
C Bulwer	185
R R Barber	188
E G Wallace	182
F Weatherbee	187
Chas Myers	147
D Conaway	161
H Martens	175
H Hagerman	177
C A Hagerman	171
A H Goehring	173
Geo Reimers	177
C G Spencer	195
J M Day	180
J S Thomas	187
T F Norton	158
B Saucier	179
B Scott	183
I E Frazier	178
J Coulborn	175
J C Ramsey	176
F E Rogers	189
W H Heer	195
S A Huntley	195
O N Ford	191
D A Upson	187
R Thompson	180
Cap Hardy	176
Wm Veach	189
G A Schroeder	183
Dan Bray	189
D Lindeman	187
H D Freeman	190
H C Holmes	174
Guy Ward	186
H Faurote	168
P C Ward	189
Guy Burnside	178
W R Crosby	199
H C Hirschy	197
G Deering	191
P J Holohan	191
W H McCreary	183
J C Johnson	181
M Thompson	181
J W Swem	156
E C Sneed	172
A Olsen	183
R H Myers	159
W T Booking	183
J H Severson	165
A Keister	174
T E Hubby	195
H Bonsor	181
F C Riehl	186
G W Maxwell	185
Dr Carson	187
C H Ditto	131
F M Edwards	179
W M Jones	170
Dr Shattuck	178
F Hodges	174
E Confar	183
H Casey	169
M Storey	175
M McMillan	167
Kelly	180
C A Burt	172
A Corcander	172
W J Mayattie	185
R J Andrews	159
E R Browner	159
H McDonald	178
Geo Rogers	191
W D Townsend	158
Chas Thorpe	182
Chas Kleinhaus	175
E A Fisher	185
Elson	176
T A Marshall	173
C B Hagerman	181
T Hartman	183
G W Jenkins	176
F Durrak	196
E F Walton	179
E S Eastman	153
J A Gray	187
A Adebman	179
G W Anderson	145
W A Leach	125
O Porter	181
B A Robert	174
D C Sanderson	85
Daniels	173
G R Mackie	177
L G Sevanter	186
E W Arnold	191
J M McDonald	161
H C Hood	176
W H Nietmeyer	178
F B Ellet	181
B Johnson	185
Geo Snow	145
C G Rotnaur	184
H Waters	168
F H Sprague	187
C E Shaw	174
G G Pickett	174
C Hoffman	158
S F Linch	140
H F Tinnen	167
C A Mohr	173
M Hanly	171
M B Park	147
J Tarberry	163
W E Boys	166
T M Kellar	162
P Klein	152
F Weatherhead	163
D Elliott	164
J W Slusher	164
J W Lewis	165
G W Lewis	181
J G Sheldon	182
F O William	177
H C Gregg	158
T E Biddson	149
A H Windsam	142
R W Clancy	168
L J Capps	184
D D McKee	174
A W McKee	185
W H Clay, Jr	186
J Selzer	148
F A Sollar	136
A A Carlos	140
M L Kullman	160
R W Mason	173
Cal Calleson	180
W J Hughes	158
J H Keyes	174
E A McKenzie	161
C Younkman	164
N Powell	171
F King	177
C H Hoppy	157
M C Ramsey	172
C Van Horback	172
Jas McDonald	164
Dr Babcock	154
H A Coscilins	143
S Clark	131
J T Downs	184
F R Van Buren	166
W R Baumgardner	167
J L Jones	148
W M Buter	179
R J Jackson	171
D B Stephens	177
C A Farnsworth	176
C Rasthiel	184
L C Young	162
T M Zane	158
E D Shadick	183
W Mercer	180
M Stevenson	78
T J Cairius	148
P J Cairius	179
F Houston	178
J Appleman	187
D Herriman	161
T B Newton	174
W B Kennedy	177
H Thiele	38
Ira Green	150
W A Smith	177
J D Gilreath	169
C B Monahan	176
L Lamb	143
C B Eaton	154
A McLaughlin	178
W Seymour	151
W C Williams	179
J S Sherman	172
Dr E C Cook	179
C A Young	191
B F Cole	170
R Merrill	185
W Huff	193
L E Scofield	174
W A Mattson	171
F Brinson	177
F Ackerman	167
Dr Haughwort	158
R O Heikes	178
J H Noel	187
T McHenry	176
F L King	162
F P Fitzgerald	165
W H Reno	162
D W King, Jr	176
H Anderson	189
R Razee	175
J Remiatte	186
C A Bois	176
S Knight	153
J L Decker	166
G Hart	171
B C Strunk	167
W M Hayes	176
J H Sherman	163
F Runington	159
B E Metzer	174
J M Lower	154
H Hargens	162
W J Smith	156
H A Gayhart	186
E R Jacket	164
W R Morgan	157
L Wade	185
M E Atchison	184
M E Lens	185
Geo Tucker	191
A Holt	187
C B Adams	169
Geo Post	179
H W Kahler	187
B Conley	195
H Taylor	193
Ira Bansho	177
F P Metzker	168
F M Gooden	181
R Proser	186
A L Holder	160
Dr Sevier	161
Dr R W Murray	169
Andy Mann	156
L S Herrington	143
T Connerly	153
W R Thomas	189
A Glover	78
J W Price	171
W E Dingman	185
D H Curry	169
T S Dailly	187
L A Hayden	169
J T Skelly	174
E A W Everett	141
J C Den	159
D Houser	162
J B Warren	164
G Thebault	154
W B Miller	160
A A Mathews	168
A Olsen	192
R E Bailey	158
W E Crosby	191
B S Russell	175
C T Crosby	189
C T Wooley	169
J C Copeland	155
H Money	185
C Pankin	169
A Gregory	143
J Whitney	169
A Arnsworth	179
W R McKinnon	169
J T Beard	177
P Hughes	180
P L Collins	178
C H Morton	183
A R Kellar	168
F Armstrong	164
T C Stoner	169
J C Knight	159
W B Wolf	176
J C Carey	175
J J Blank	177
J A Blunt	178
J W Reger	168
W A Boettger	175
H McMurchy	185
Mrs N Bennett	130
Mrs H Bardsley	112
W A Shadduck	183
W G Carpenter	167
Fred Bell	186
W H Hume	172
T Ray	174
J Furdy	162
B Owen	159
W M Bowman	175
J W Bazebbe	176
S K Planck	165

Squad 18 took up the programme for the second 100 Wednesday morning, and it took until 2 o'clock in the afternoon to shoot through. Summarizing the day's work, the places were filled as follows: Crosby 199, Hirschy 197, Spencer, Heer, Hubby 195, professionals, and S. A. Huntley and Robert Conley, amateurs, 195; Huff, H. G. Taylor and A. J. Lawton 193.

Aug. 22 and 23—Second and Third Days.

The second day's programme was begun at 2:15 P. M., and it was possible to finish only 30 squads in the sweepstakes programme of 100 targets, the remaining squads and the preliminary handicap going over to Thursday. During the late afternoon a rainstorm interrupted the shooting for half an hour, and some of the squads that struck a bad few minutes suffered severe backsets to their ambition for high scores. One new world's record was made, however, by the expert squad composed of Crosby, Heer, Hirschy and Spencer. These four men, being handicapped at 21yds. for the preliminary, shot together in the sweeps also, and they went down the line of traps with but 5 targets missed in the 400 shots, breaking the last 295 straight, a feat never before approached by four men shooting in one squad in open competition.

Aug. 23—Third Day.

The programme was resumed Thursday morning, under threatening conditions, and a dark sky, but fortunately, the weather did not again interfere with the shooting. The second day's sweepstake programme was finished at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, there having been a total of 303 entries, a few of whom defaulted. On this day's work the four honor places were filled as follows: Crosby, Spencer, Taylor and Shemwell, 99; Heer, Huff, Hubby, Rogers, 98; Atchison, Dingman, 97; Thomas, Miller, C. F. Crosby, Wade, Upson, Arnold, Hoon, Lawton and Mackie 96.

At this point the tournament committee held a session and reviewed the situation, it being the unanimous decision that the sweepstake programme of 100 targets for the last day must be cut out in order to insure finishing the tourney on Saturday. This was accordingly done, and the Denver Trap Club generously donated $250 added to the five events cancelled to the fund to repay all amateurs who shot through and did not get their money back. This decision closed the average programme at 300 targets. Crosby is therefore the winner of the big shoot, with 298 breaks to his credit, Hirschy being second with 296, and Heer, Hubby and Spencer bunched right up close. In the amateur class H. G. Taylor wins first, with 292, W. W. Shemwell second with 291, and Garrett, Robt. Conley and A. J. Lawton tie for third.

From a trade standpoint, as well as many others, this was a most successful tourney, and all the trapshooting interests were well represented, the professional contingent being as follows:

For the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. and Remington Arms Co., Messrs. Marshall, Head, Sharp, Long, Ricker, Coolage, Heikes, Heer, Hubby, Riehl and Adams.

For the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Messrs. Hildreth, Frazier, Doty, Siefken, Whitney, Crosby, Hirschy, Gottlieb, and Money.

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For Ballistite Powder Co., Messrs. Vietmeyer, Plank and King.
For Robin Hood Co., Mr. Brinson.

Sweepstakes.

	Shot at.	Brk.
W H Heer	100	98
W R Crosby	100	99
C G Spencer	100	99
H C Hirschy	100	99
R R Barber	100	95
O N Ford	100	95
W Huff	100	98
T E Hubby	100	98
S A Huntley	100	93
C D Plank	100	95
H G Taylor	100	99
L Wade	100	96
Guy Ward	100	95
D A Upson	100	96
C A Young	100	92
E W Arnold	100	96
H Bonsor	100	92
C Callison	100	93
B T Cole	100	93
Guy Dering	100	97
H D Freeman	100	94
J W Garrett	1000	98
C Gottlieb	100	95
C D Hageman	100	85
H C Hood	100	93
W S Hoon	100	96
B Johnson	100	93
H W Kahler	100	92
D W King, Jr.	100	93
D Lindeman	100	97
A J Lawton	100	96
G K Mackie	100	96
G Maxwell	100	95
H Morey	100	94
R Merrill	100	94
H McMurchy	100	89
J H Rohrer	100	95
F C Riehl	100	91
F E Rogers	100	98
W Sherman	100	99
B Scott	100	89
Wm Veach	100	95
P C Ward	100	92
F Weatherhead	100	97
C B Adams	100	89
R O Heikes	100	92
L G Scranton	100	93
B Thompson	100	93
H Vietmeyer	100	94
H E Winans	100	82
F O Williams	100	92
T Ackerman	100	83
R J Andrews	100	86
G M Anderson	100	87
A Adelman	100	90
F Armstrong	100	82
J A Blunt	100	89
J Blanks	100	88
C E Biddeson	100	87
W M Bowman	100	62
G A Burt	100	92
A A Carlos	100	72
F J Carnes	100	77
J T Colburn	100	84
J C Corey	100	94
J E Copeland	100	76
H L Casey	100	80
D H Corey	100	84
D Conaway	100	88
M Daniels	100	84
J C Den	100	86
E A Everett	100	81
B S Eastman	100	73
F Fitzgerald	100	70
J E Frazier	100	88
H M Goelitz	100	73
H Goehring	100	72
C Hoffman	100	64
W J Hughes	100	78
A L Holden	100	79
C H Happy	100	86
C Van Horbock	100	82
L A Hayden	100	90
H Hagamann	100	87
C A Hagerman	100	84
Wm Hays	100	84
E Hargans	100	70
D Houser	100	91
W M Jones	80	59
Dr Houghwout	100	86
E R Jouckett	100	84
J C Knight	100	82
Ira Green	100	82
M Hardy	100	81
G Hart	100	90
P Hughes	100	87
Henderson	100	90
J S Thomas	100	96
W C Williams	100	89
E G Wallace	100	90
H Waters	100	85
C Younkman	60	53
W A Boettger	100	74
J F Beard	100	84
P J Carnes	100	86
R W Clancy	100	87
E D Chadick	100	89
L J Capps	100	91
F Dworak	100	88
C H Ditto	100	89
W E Dingman	100	97
F D Ellett	100	91
J H Elson	100	87
C Farnsworth	100	89
E V Fisher	100	89
J G Gray	100	90
F M Gooden	100	95
F Houston	100	88
A C Holmes	100	88
F Hodges	100	85
W T Irwin	100	89
A Kiester	100	92
M B Kelley	100	89
W McGee	100	93
M McKinnon	100	78
A E McKenzie	100	86
T McHenry	100	89
H S Mills	100	96
Dr R Murray	100	90
W A Matteson	100	91
N McMillan	100	93
G G Pickett	100	94
J Hemiatte	100	91
C Raithel	100	91
C G Rotnour	100	92
J C Ramsey	100	90
J D Slusher	100	66
W F Scott	60	51
D B Stephens	100	89
D Sheldon	100	84
C E Shaw	100	91
D Shattuck	100	92
M Storey	100	88
L E Scofield	100	90
Geo Tucker	100	77
A R Kellar	100	92
H Anderson	100	93
M E Atchison	100	97
J Appleman	100	90
W L Booking	100	95
F L King	100	65
Dr M Kullman	100	82
F King	100	94
W A Leach	100	79
F S Linch	100	86
H Martins	100	87
J McDonald	100	84
D D McKee	100	94
J M McKee	100	91
C Meyers	100	98
A Mann	100	87
W V Miller	100	86
W A Matlock	100	82
R H Myers	100	86
M Mercer	100	90
W R Mason	100	88
J W Price	100	91
P N Portor	100	94
B A Roberts	100	89
M C Ramsey	100	91
W H Reno	100	83
A Remiers	100	94
B S Russell	100	84
J H Sherman	100	84
W H Smith	100	84
J Salzer	100	77
F A Sollar	100	80
L C Stoner	100	93
W J Smith	100	66
E C Sneed	100	81
J M Swem	100	59
C A Thorpe	100	86
G Thibault	100	63
H F Tinnen	100	87
C W Wooley	100	83
E F Walton	100	86
L C Younge	100	86
J B Warren	100	83
L M Zane	100	75
J Lewis	100	76
L K Planck	100	87
D Herriman	100	89
S Knight	60	54
R O Kinsley	100	78
J H Keyse	100	90
P Klein	100	78
L Lamb	100	56
A McGlaughlin	100	89
C A Mohr	100	89
C B Monahan	100	86
W Munsternes	100	89
M B Park	100	88
F B Newton	100	92
J W Reger	100	61
R Razee	100	89
V C Strunk	100	90
D Sevier	100	85
A Lorsander	100	85
F Bell	100	91
D Bray	100	94
Guy Burnside	100	81
C Boulwer	100	95
F F Conerly	40	31
E F Confar	100	89
Dr Carson	100	93
W Clayton	100	90
R Connelly	100	94
W E Crosby	100	95
W H Clay	100	89
C T Crosby	100	96
Dr E C Cook	100	83
J S Day	100	94
F S Daily	100	92
D Elliott	100	80
O Sens	100	95
F M Edwards	100	91
H Faurote	100	88
H A Gayhart	100	94
Capt Hardy	100	95
R J Hollohan	100	91
T Hartman	100	93
M E Hensley	100	92
A Holt	100	93
G W Jenkins	100	90
R J Johnson	100	90
J C Johnson	100	80
C Kleinhaus	100	68
G W Lewis	100	94
M J Maryotte	100	97
T A Marshall	100	92
W H McCrary	100	89
H McDonald	100	91
J H Noel	100	86
A Olson	100	86
R Proser	100	86
A Proser	100	85
G Rogers	100	97
W J Rand	100	89
G A Schroeder	100	94
J T Skelly	80	63
R E Saucier	100	94
J S Sherman	100	87
M Thompson	100	86
W R Thomas	80	77
M Titterington	100	70
J H Windrum	100	83
M Powell	100	84
F Brinson	100	70
W E Boyd	100	86
Mrs Bardsley	100	65
Mrs N Bennett	100	79
E Wolfe	100	78
W W Butler	100	91
P Collins	100	95
H A Corcalins	100	84
J B Cole	100	92
C A Dehous	100	92
J A Decker	100	87
F H Sprague	100	91
C B Eaton	100	85
J Galbreaith	100	83
C Arthur	20	17
R Ainsworth	100	87
Dr Babcock	100	72
S Clark	100	71
J C Fairclo	100	82
A Gregory	100	91
W H Hume	100	88
J McDonald	100	75
B E Metzger	100	84
A A Wetners	100	81
J N Lower	100	86
T Norton	100	81
B Owen	100	83
A Olsen	100	82
C Rankin	100	82
T Ray	100	83
S Warren	100	90
J Whitney	100	87
W Baumgardner	100	81
J T Downs	100	90
W B Kennedy	100	85
G L Carter	100	89
J L Jones	100	77

The Preliminary Handicap—Aug. 23 and 24.

The Preliminary Handicap was started Thursday afternoon at a quarter to two, with exactly 246 entries. The sky was quite dark and a stiff wind swept across the lake for the first ten squads, making it anything but an easy game. Very early in the race, however, Walter W. Shemwell, of Salt Lake City, went down the five traps with a total of 97. This looked very good, indeed, and four 96s was the nearest any one came to it that day, only thirty squads being able to shoot. This left just 100 men to shoot on Friday, and among them were some promising ones. However, when the tourney was resumed Friday morning, with almost ideal weather con-

Peters AMMUNITION VICTORIOUS

To all other makes. At the Second Annual Meeting of the New England Military Rifle Association, Wakefield, Mass., July 23-28, the following matches were won with Peters Factory Loaded Cartridges:

INDIVIDUAL MATCH. 300 Yards, by Capt. Stuart W. Wise.
" " 600 " " "
GLINES MATCH, 800 " by Serg't H. Baptist.

At the Annual Competition of the New York State Rifle Association, Creedmoor, N. Y., July 25-31, these winnings were made with Peters Cartridges or Peters .30 Cal. Bullets:

RAPID FIRE RE-ENTRY REVOLVER MATCH, DISAPPEARING TARGET " " RE-ENTRY PISTOL MATCH, } Won by Thomas Anderton.

COMPANY TEAM MATCH, CRUIKSHANK TROPHY MATCH, OLD GUARD TROPHY MATCH, } Won by the 71st Regiment Team.

MEMBERS' MATCH, won by Serg't W. F. Leushner.

PETERS LOADED SHELLS

Carried off high honors at the Indian Shoot, Parkersburg, W. Va., August 7-9. Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, won high Amateur Average, 568 out of 600, using Peters Ideal Shells.

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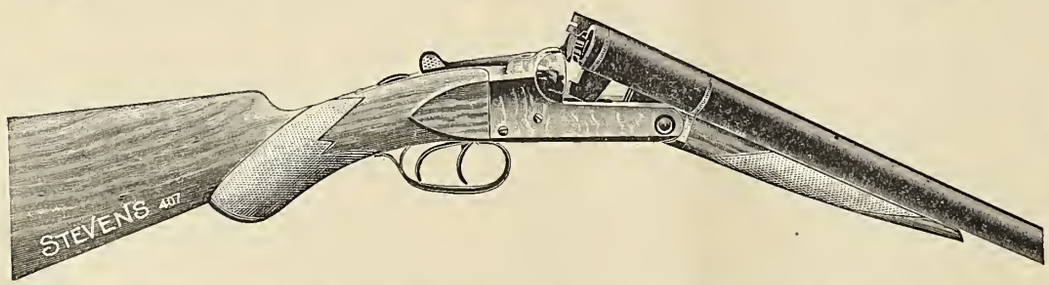

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THE WESTERN HANDICAP
FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE
FIRST AMATEUR AVERAGE

At the DENVER TOURNAMENT, August 21-24, were won by

"NEW E. C. (Improved)"

THE WESTERN HANDICAP was won by MR. W. R. CROSBY, who broke **97 out of 100** from the 21-YARDS MARK.

FIRST GENERAL AVERAGE was also won by MR. CROSBY.

FIRST AMATEUR AVERAGE was won by MR. H. G. TAYLOR, of Meckling, So. Dakota.

BOTH THESE GENTLEMEN USED

"NEW E. C. (Improved)"

ditions, only three men, C. W. Wooley, R. S. Russel and Tom Stoner, went to the fourth set of traps with a chance to win, and the best was one below. The event was finished at noon, Shemwell being the winner without a tie. In second place were M. J. Maryott, of Fort Collins, Colo.; R. Thompson, of Missouri; E. V. Fisher, of Oklahoma; A. R. Kellar, of Illinois, and C. W. Wooley, of Texas; in third place were Spencer, Money, Freeman, E. W. Arnold, P. J. Carnes, and H. S. Miller. The professionals were not fortunate in this event, the amateurs capturing about nine-tenths of the purse. Spencer, Money and H. D. Freeman led with 95; Cal. Callison was alone for second with 94, and Riehl, Gottlieb, Day, and Plank tied for third on 93. Another case of where the handicap got in its work effectively.

The purse in this event amounted to $1,215; add $30 for post entries and $200 donated to the club, made a total of $1,445. The lowest score that got a place was 92, and in all, fifty-six men were winners.

	Yards Rise.	Targets 1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	Total.
		20	20	20	20	20	
W H Heer	21	19	18	18	16	19	90
W R Crosby	21	18	19	19	16	19	91
C G Spencer	21	20	17	20	20	18	95
H C Hirschy	20	20	16	18	16	19	89
R Barber	20	19	17	18	17	18	89
O N Ford	20	19	14	19	18	17	87
R O Heikes	20	18	18	20	19	16	91
W Huff	20	19	15	16	20	18	88
T E Hubby	20	17	16	19	18	18	88
S A Huntley	20	19	18	18	19	19	93
C D Plank	20	20	17	18	17	20	92
H G Taylor	20	18	17	20	18	19	92
L Wade	20	19	16	18	19	18	90
Guy Ward	20	19	15	18	18	17	87
D A Upson	20	19	18	20	17	20	94
C A Young	20	14	18	17	18	20	87
E W Arnold	19	20	18	19	18	20	95
H Bonsor	19	17	18	20	20	17	92
Cal Callison	19	18	17	20	20	19	94
B T Cole	19	19	19	18	17	17	90
Guy Deering	19	17	14	19	17	18	85
H D Freeman	19	18	20	20	18	19	95
M W Garrett	19	20	18	19	17	19	93
C Gottlieb	19	18	19	19	19	18	93
C D Hagemann	19	16	14	18	17	15	80
H C Hood	19	19	18	17	20	19	93
W S Hoon	19	16	17	18	16	16	83
B Johnson	19	17	16	17	19	19	88
H W Kahler	19	17	19	19	18	19	92
D W King, Jr.	19	16	19	14	18	16	83
D Linderman	19	16	16	20	17	16	85
A J Lawton	19	19	19	19	19	18	94
G K Mackie	19	19	14	19	19	16	87
Geo Maxwell	19	17	16	20	18	19	90
H Money	19	20	19	18	19	19	95
R Merrill	19	18	16	20	19	18	91

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 17-19, 1906.

FIRST and SECOND MONEYS in the EASTERN HANDICAP.
FIRST and SECOND MONEYS in the PRELIMINARY HANDICAP.
HIGH AVERAGE for ENTIRE TOURNAMENT.
FIRST AND SECOND GENERAL AVERAGES.
THE LONG RUN of the Tournament—100 STRAIGHT.

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LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO., - 170 Broadway, New York.

H McMurchy	19	18	15	19	18	19	89
G H Rohrer	19	17	17	19	17	20	90
F C Riehl	19	19	20	18	18	18	93
F E Rogers	19	17	17	19	20	19	92
W Shemwell	19	20	18	20	20	19	97
Ben Scott	19	17	13	17	18	19	84
Wm Veach	19	18	18	16	19	18	89
P C Ward	19	18	14	19	18	20	89
F Weatherhead	19	18	17	19	19	19	92
C B Adams	18	18	17	17	16	17	85
H Anderson	18	18	14	18	18	19	87
M E Atchison	18	15	16	20	19	18	88
J Appleman	18	18	15	17	19	15	84
W T Booking	18	16	18	19	19	18	90
F Bell	18	19	15	20	20	17	91
Dan Bray	18	19	18	19	19	18	93
Guy Burnside	18	18	14	18	18	18	86
C Bulwer	18	18	12	18	17	20	85
F T Connerly	18	15	13	14	16	18	76
E F Confar	18	16	18	19	17	19	89
Dr Carson	18	20	18	19	18	19	94
W Clayton	18	17	18	17	20	17	89
R H Connely	18	18	18	18	18	17	89
W E Crosby	18	18	20	19	19	16	92
W H Clay, Jr	18	18	16	15	17	16	82
Dr E C Cook	18	19	16	18	18	17	88
C T Crosby	18	17	18	17	19	20	91
J S Day	18	18	16	20	20	19	93
T S Daily	18	14	15	18	17	16	80
D Elliott	18	14	14	17	17	15	77
F M Edwards	18	19	17	19	19	18	92
H Faurote	18	17	16	17	18	19	87
H A Gayhart	18	18	18	20	19	19	94
Capt Hardy	18	15	14	18	18	15	80
P J Holohan	18	18	17	20	18	20	93
M E Hensler	18	18	18	17	17	20	90
T Hartman	18	18	16	19	17	19	89
A Holt	18	19	15	19	19	19	91
G W Jenkins	18	18	18	17	15	15	83
R J Jackson	18	18	18	17	18	17	88
J C Johnson	18	15	13	16	11	16	71
C Kleinhaus	18	16	14	19	16	15	80
A W Lewis	18	17	17	20	19	18	91
M J Maryotte	18	20	18	20	20	18	96
T A Marshall	18	17	14	15	18	12	76
W H McCreary	18	17	20	19	19	17	92
H McDonald	18	20	19	17	15	17	88
J H Noel	18	18	17	20	19	19	93
A Olsen	18	19	19	19	19	16	92
R Prosser	18	18	17	20	19	19	93
A Prose	18	18	18	19	20	19	94
Geo Rogers	18	16	17	18	17	18	86
W J Rand	18	18	17	19	19	19	92
G A Schroeder	18	15	17	18	15	17	82
J T Skelly	18	17	17	18	18	17	87
R E Saucier	18	18	18	19	15	17	87
F H Sprague	18	16	19	18	18	19	90
Otto Sens	18	20	17	20	19	19	94
L G Scranton	18	18	16	17	17	18	88
R Thompson	18	20	20	19	17	20	96
J S Thomas	18	17	18	16	19	19	89
W C Williams	18	17	18	19	17	18	89
H Waters	18	13	17	13	16	14	73
E G Wallace	18	16	20	18	19	18	91
Chas Younkman	18	18	16	19	15	18	86
W A Boettger	17	16	14	18	13	15	76
J F Beard	17	18	18	16	18	17	87
R J Carnes	17	20	17	20	19	19	95
R W Clancy	17	17	14	17	17	18	83
E Chadwick	17	19	16	16	18	18	87
L J Copps	17	19	18	18	16	17	88
F Dworak	17	17	18	17	17	19	88
C H Ditto	17	17	18	20	19	18	92
W E Dingman	17	16	16	19	16	19	86
F D Ellett	17	13	15	17	16	15	76
J H Elson	17	14	13	16	19	18	80
C A Farnsworth	17	16	16	17	16	19	84
E V Fisher	17	18	19	20	19	20	96
J G Gray	17	20	18	20	16	20	94
F M Gooden	17	19	20	17	16	17	89
F Houston	17	18	16	17	18	17	84
A C Holmes	17	19	16	20	17	18	90
W T Erwin	17	15	17	16	14	12	74
F Hodges	17	18	15	19	19	17	83
A Kiester	17	19	16	18	16	20	89
M B Kelly	17	17	14	17	16	16	80
A R Kellar	17	18	20	20	18	20	96
W McGee	17	15	20	17	17	17	86
M McKinnon	17	15	15	14	12	17	73
A E McKinsey	17	17	17	20	18	18	90
F McHenry	17	14	17	18	12	16	77
H S Mills	17	19	19	20	19	18	95
Dr R W Murray	17	17	16	16	15	18	82
A W Mattison	17	17	14	19	15	15	80
N McMillan	17	19	18	19	17	20	93
G G Pickett	17	17	20	19	17	19	92
C Raithel	17	14	20	19	19	19	61
J Remiotte	17	20	18	20	18	14	90
C G Rotnour	17	19	19	19	18	18	73
J C Ramsey	17	17	16	19	18	17	87
J D Slusher	17	11	15	14	17	13	70
W F Scott	17	18	17	17	20	19	91
Dr Sheldon	17	18	17	18	19	18	90
D B Stepans	17	19	13	17	18	18	85
C E Shaw	17	19	14	17	17	19	86
Dr Shattuck	17	17	20	18	19	18	92
M Storey	17	16	16	20	18	18	88
L E Scofield	17	18	19	17	17	18	89
Geo Tucker	17	14	19	19	16	17	85
H Victmier	17	17	18	20	17	19	91
H E Winans	17	11	15	14	17	15	72
F Williams	17	16	18	16	14	19	83
T Ackerman	16	13	18	18	17	15	80
R J Andrews	16	17	15	19	15	14	80
G M Anderson	16	16	18	14	17	17	72
A Adelman	16	17	19	18	18	18	90
F Armstrong	16	16	19	17	17	17	86
J A Blunt	16	16	19	17	17	17	71
J Blanks	16	16	16	16	15	17	80
C E Biddeson	16	15	17	19	16	18	85
G A Burt	16	19	20	17	17	18	91
A A Carlos	16	..	17	15	11	11	54
F J Carnes	16	10	16	15	10	13	64
J T Coulborn	16	15	19	18	16	17	85

J C Corey.....16	19	18	19	18	19	93
J E Copeland.....16	15	16	15	12	20	78
H L Casey.....16	17	18	15	16	18	84
D H Corey.....16	20	18	17	16	17	88
D Conaway 16	18	17	20	18	17	90
M Daniels 16	17	15	17	19	16	84
J C Den.....16	16	16	17	15	18	82
E A W Everett.....16	18	17	14	16	15	80
B S Eastman.....16	12	15	12	12	10	61
T P Fitzgerald.....16	15	16	13	16	17	77
J E F Saucier.....16	19	16	19	18	17	89
A H Goehring.....16	14	18	15	12	16	75
C Hoffman 16	12	12	15	11	15	65
W J Hughes.....16	12	19	20	11	16	78
A L Holden.....16	15	15	17	11	15	73
C H Hoppy.....16	17	17	15	18	19	86
C Van Horback.....16	20	17	17	19	15	88
L A Hayden.....16	19	18	19	17	17	90
H Hagemann 16	14	15	16	20	17	82
C A Hagerman.....16	18	18	18	19	17	90
Wm Hayes 16	17	18	19	19	17	90
E Hargens 16	15	16	17	19	17	84
D Hanser 16	17	18	18	19	18	90
W M Jones.....16	13	16	13	16	16	74
Dr Haughwout 16	17	16	16	19	16	84
E R Huckett.....16	19	16	18	10	18	81
J C Knight.....16	14	17	19	19	18	87
F L King.....16	15	13	16	15	12	68
M L Kullman.....16	15	18	18	12	16	79
F King 16	18	18	20	17	19	92
W A Leach.....16	15	17	16	16	17	81
F S Linch.....16	18	17	16	19	20	90
H Martens 16	19	20	19	16	15	89
J McDonald 16	17	15	16	14	14	76
D D McKee.....16	17	17	17	15	19	85
J W McKee.....16	17	19	15	14	18	83
Andy Mann 16	13	18	17	13	17	78
W B Miller.....16	16	18	19	19	17	89
W A Matlock.....16	11	15	19	19	18	82
R H Myres.....16	14	16	18	18	18	84
H McMurchy 16	17	20	20	18	18	93
W R Mason.....16	17	20	17	17	20	91
J W Price.....16	15	20	19	19	19	92
T Porter 16	12	18	18	19	18	85
B A Roberts 16	16	18	18	18	19	89
M C Ramsey.....16	16	19	19	19	19	92
W S Reno.....16	15	18	19	19	17	88
G Remiers 16	18	18	18	19	19	92
B S Russell.....16	20	19	20	17	18	94
W H Smith.....16	18	15	16	19	17	85
J Salzer 16	17	16	18	15	15	81
F A Sollar.....16	13	20	14	12	18	77
F C Stoner.....16	18	19	20	20	17	94
W J Smith.....16	17	14	13	16	10	70
E C Sneed.....16	19	19	16	17	17	88
J M Swem.....16	14	16	16	17	14	77
C A Thorpe.....16	19	18	17	19	17	90
H F Finnin.....16	17	18	16	18	18	87
C W Wooley.....16	20	19	18	19	20	96
E T Walton.....16	19	17	15	18	17	86
L C Younge.....16	10	16	17	18	16	77
J B Warren.....16	17	16	18	13	19	83
T M Zane.....16	16	17	13	19	15	80
J L Jones.....16	15	15	17	18	18	83
S H Planck.....16	17	17	18	14	16	82
G L Jenkins.....17	15	13	12	13	15	68
C T Henderson.....17	18	17	17	18	17	87
W B Kennedy.....17	17	19	19	19	17	91
C H Martens.....17	16	19	18	18	19	90
W Baumgardner 16	16	19	15	20	17	87
D Babcock 16	17	18	16	19	17	87
S R Dearth.....16	14	14	15	13	15	71
H B Hubbard.....16	16	18	12	12	16	74
B E Metzger.....16	16	19	18	16	18	87
F R Van Buran.....16	19	20	18	17	18	92
C Rankin 16	19	16	20	19	18	92
J M Lamer.....16	15	17	18	15	15	70
W R Thomas.....18	16	19	18	19	18	90
J F Downs.....18	12	18	20	19	17	86

Western Handicap—Aug. 24.

The Western Handicap was begun promptly at noon with forty-six squads entered. Weather conditions were fine, but a variable wind all the afternoon cut into good scores in spots, and some of the best men went to the bad in this manner. In the very first squad, Crosby finished with 97 from the extreme handicap of 21yds. This looked like big odds to go against, but ere the race was half over, two amateurs, R. Thompson, of Missouri, and George G. Pickett, of Denver, tied the high score, and the race was finished at 5 o'clock with these three men at the top. In second place were Luther Wade, C. D. Linderman, of Nebraska, and C. G. Rotnour, of Illinois. In third place were W. S. Hoon, of Iowa, and W. H. Clay, of St. Louis, and tied for fourth were Heer, Guy Deering, of Wisconsin; Harry Taylor, H. A. Gayhart, of South Dakota.

At a few minutes past 5 the three possible winners of the Western faced the score for the shoot-off at 20 targets each, from their original handicaps, with a great and intensely interested crowd in attendance. Not a breath of air was stirring, which favored the long handicap. Crosby shot in magnificent form, while his opponents appeared to feel rather too strongly the fact that they were up against the greatest of all professionals. Each lost his first target, and Crosby was then in the lead for eight or ten targets. Pickett lost two up to the third position, and Thompson was down three; but at this point Crosby also skipped two close together, and Pickett was again in the tie with an even chance, but he overshot a rising target, his seventeenth, and Crosby finished out, winning the trophy. The result, therefore was: Crosby 18, Pickett 17, Thompson 16.

Immediately after the last shot was fired and congratulations passed, President McKenzie, for the Denver Trap Club, and Manager Shaner, for the Interstate Association, presented the trophies to winners in all the week's events. Then followed mutual felicitations, good cheer and well wishes, and so ended one of the best tournaments of the year.

	Yards	Targets 1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	Total.
	Rise.	20	20	20	20	20	
W H Heer.....21		19	20	19	18	18	94

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

GRAND { American Handicap—score 99-100
Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

and is already well started on its

VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN OF 1906

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O N Ford	20	17	18	19	19	18	91
R O Heikes	20	18	20	18	18	16	90
C D Plank	20	17	20	16	17	14	84
L Wade	20	18	19	20	20	19	96
Guy Ward	20	17	18	19	18	19	91
S A Huntley	20	17	18	18	19	18	90
D A Upson	20	18	19	16	19	16	88
E W Arnold	19	18	15	20	18	19	90
H R Bonsor	19	16	19	20	19	19	93
Cal Callison	19	18	17	18	18	17	88
B T Cole	19	19	16	18	18	20	91
G Deering	19	17	19	19	20	19	94
H D Freeman	19	17	29	20	19	17	92
J W Garrett	19	18	18	17	17	19	89
C Gottlieb	19	17	17	19	19	19	91
R R Barber	19	18	19	18	18	17	90
H C Hood	19	17	17	19	17	20	90
W S Hoon	19	18	19	19	20	19	95
W Huff	19	19	20	20	15	18	92
H W Kahler	19	19	19	19	18	18	93
C A Young	19	18	14	18	18	17	85
Dr C W Carson	19	16	18	19	18	16	87
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R J Maryott	19	17	20	18	18	18	91
Joe Rohrer	19	18	19	20	18	17	92
H McMurchy	19	15	15	17	20	17	84
F C Riehl	19	16	16	18	18	17	86
F E Rogers	19	18	18	18	18	14	86
P C Ward	19	18	16	16	17	16	83
T E Hubby	19	18	19	20	18	18	93
Frank Weatherhead	19	18	16	19	19	16	88
Wm Veach	19	19	18	18	17	18	90
H G Taylor	19	17	18	20	19	20	94
R Thompson	19	19	20	19	19	20	97
H Anderson	18	16	18	18	18	17	87
M E Atchison	18	18	19	19	14	18	88
C D Hagermann	18	16	20	19	18	18	91
G K Mackie	18	17	18	18	18	18	89
C B Adams	18	16	16	16	17	18	83
Dan Bray	18	17	17	18	18	17	87
Burnside	18	14	15	20	20	16	85
Lindeman	18	18	19	20	19	20	96
E T Confar	18	19	14	19	17	17	86
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W E Crosby	18	19	18	17	20	18	92
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A Prose	18	19	16	19	19	19	92
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L G Scranton	18	17	18	19	20	19	93
J S Thomas	18	16	17	19	18	18	88
W C Williams	18	19	17	16	18	18	88
C Bulwer	18	15	16	17	18	17	83
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J T Downes	18	17	18	19	18	19	91
A R Kellar	18	16	16	20	17	18	87
H S Mills	18	13	17	18	17	18	83
J A Gray	18	17	14	16	17	19	83
Geo Rogers	17	16	17	19	20	18	90
C H Ditto	17	18	16	18	18	18	88
H McDonald	17	17	18	18	17	17	87
G W Jenkins	17	19	15	17	18	14	83
W E Dingman	17	17	18	15	16	19	85
J W Price	17	16	16	19	16	18	85
L J Capps	17	15	18	19	17	18	87
E D Chadwick	17	18	13	17	16	19	83
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W R Baumgardner	17	12	15	18	17	17	79
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C E Cook	17	17	19	18	18	18	90
F F Conerly	17	17	18	17	16	16	84
P L Collins	17	18	16	19	18	18	89
T S Baily	17	18	16	20	19	19	92
D Elliott	17	17	14	17	17	19	84
F Ellett	17	17	14	17	20	19	87
H Faurote	17	14	15	15	17	19	80
F M Gooden	17	18	15	18	18	20	89
H C Gragg	17	18	15	18	18	20	90
A C Holmes	17	16	17	19	18	18	88
D Houser	17	19	15	18	17	18	87
M H Hume	17	18	18	19	17	19	91
T Hodges	17	18	15	17	18	17	85
G L Jenkins	17	8	9	13	15	17	62
A G Kiester	17	15	15	19	20	16	85
Chas Kleinhaus	17	12	18	19	14	19	82
G M Kazeeb	17	16	16	19	18	15	84
J H Keyes	17	19	16	17	17	19	88
Chas Myers	17	15	15	18	19	17	84
T A Marshall	17	20	17	17	17	17	88
J W McKee	17	20	16	18	17	20	91
C B Monohan	17	13	18	17	17	12	77
D D McKee	17	17	19	18	14	16	84
C E McKinsey	17	15	19	16	18	16	86
C H Morton	17	17	14	19	18	17	85
H Mercer	17	17	18	18	18	20	91
McMillan	17	15	17	20	17	20	89

Wm McGee 17	16	18	19	13	20	86
McGlaughlin 17	15	17	19	17	20	88
M R McKinnon.....17	12	14	16	15	14	71
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C Porter 17	17	19	19	17	17	89
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J Ramiotte 17	19	18	20	18	18	93
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J W Reger.....17	15	17	18	10	13	73
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C E Shaw.....17	18	17	18	19	15	87
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J H Severson.....17	17	16	19	18	18	88
J S Sherman.....17	16	17	20	16	18	87
M Thompson. 17	18	19	18	16	19	90
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H M Vietmeyer.....17	13	16	16	15	14	74
E F Warren.....17	12	13	17	20	18	80
H Waters 17	17	18	20	15	16	86
F C Williams.....17	17	19	19	18	19	92
F Armstron 16	17	16	17	13	19	82
G M Anderson.....16	16	16	18	17	20	87
R J Andrews.....16	16	16	16	19	14	81
L B Biddson.....16	17	16	18	15	15	81
F Brinson 16	19	17	14	17	17	84
J E Blunt.....16	18	14	19	16	15	82
Jeff Black 16	14	14	17	15	18	78
A A Carlos.....16	13	12	13	10	14	62
R N Clancy.....16	19	18	19	18	19	93
D Conaway 16	12	18	18	16	16	80
H Casey 16	16	18	17	19	18	88
J E Copeland.....16	18	12	14	12	15	71
J T Copeland.....16	15	18	19	15	19	86
D A Curry.....16	19	19	16	18	18	90
J C Den.....16	15	13	16	15	20	79
S R Dearth.....16	12	12	12	13	15	64
J H Elson.....16	16	18	18	17	14	83
C B Eaton.....16	12	16	18	17	18	81
C A Farnsworth.....16	18	17	18	18	19	90
F P Fitzgerald.....16	12	15	15	13	14	69
J E Frazer.....16	17	19	16	20	19	91
H Goehring 16	13	16	16	14	14	73
H Hagermann 16	18	19	17	18	19	91
C H Happy.....16	18	12	13	18	18	79
L A Haden.....16	17	16	20	18	20	91
C Van Horboch.....16	15	18	16	15	19	83
D Haughwout 16	19	19	18	17	20	93
A L Holter.....16	15	16	15	13	18	77
E Hargans 16	15	15	18	18	17	83
P Hughes 16	16	19	18	19	20	92
Wm Hayes 16	17	16	18	18	18	87
Dr W M Jones.....16	17	17	19	17	19	89
F L King.....16	15	16	17	15	19	82
K C Knight.....16	17	16	14	18	19	84
W B Kennedy.....16	15	19	16	19	15	84
Dr Kullman 16	14	16	16	16	17	79
M B Kelly.....16	18	17	20	17	19	91
C A Hagerman.....16	16	20	17	19	19	91
F S Linch.....16	17	13	16	17	14	77
J M Lower.....16	14	14	14	15	14	71
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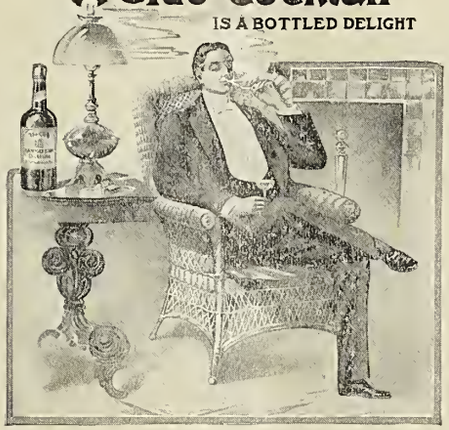

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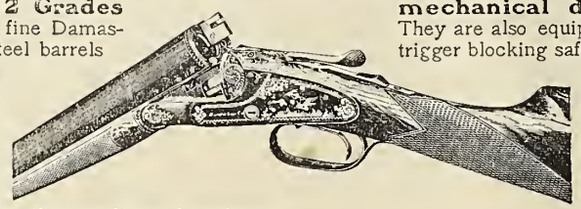

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H Martens	16	17	15	18	16	16	82
W A Matteson	16	14	17	19	15	18	83
Dr R Murray	16	14	16	18	16	16	80
R H Myers	16	14	14	13	18	18	77
Ben Owens	16	18	13	19	20	17	87
S K Planck	16	18	17	17	16	18	86
W H Reno	16	15	12	16	17	16	76
W R Mason	16	17	18	18	20	20	93
B S Russell	16	17	19	18	18	19	91
B A Roberts	16	18	17	19	18	16	88
E C Sneed	16	14	17	18	20	20	89
J D Slusher	16	15	18	15	16	17	81
F A Soller	16	12	17	17	15	17	78
J M Swem	16	5	11	17	15	14	62
J Selzer	16	16	17	17	16	14	80
G Thiebault	16	10	15	14	15	16	70
Geo Tucker	16	17	14	18	18	17	84
C Thorpe	16	16	19	18	19	15	87
H Tinnen	16	14	18	19	19	17	87
C W Wooley	16	14	16	18	18	17	83
E F Walton	16	16	15	17	16	19	83
L C Younge	16	17	16	18	16	15	82
F M Zane	16	12	14	13	16	17	72

Paskamansett Gun Club.

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 18.—The annual midsummer tournament of the Paskamansett Gun Club was held to-day, and was well patronized by both professionals and amateurs. A large assemblage of spectators witnessed the competition. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of New York, scored 197 out of 200, said to be the best performance ever recorded in southern Massachusetts or Rhode Island. He made a run of 103. The high amateur prize of the day, a Marlin rifle, was won by Mr. Roy Hodsdon, of Boston.

In the team race, the Paskamansett team defeated the Watertown team by a score of 185 to 176. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Brk.
J A R Elliott	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	15	19	25	173
R Hodsdon	15	15	19	15	15	19	14	14	20	25	171
Jordan	15	13	20	15	15	19	15	15	20	23	170
Dickey	15	13	18	14	15	20	15	14	19	25	168
Powell	14	14	20	13	14	19	14	14	19	25	166
Griffith	14	13	20	14	14	19	15	14	19	21	163
Dr Gleason	15	14	19	15	14	19	12	11	19	21	159
Bullard	11	10	18	15	15	19	12	14	17	24	155
Eggers	15	14	16	14	12	18	14	12	18	22	155
Dring	12	12	18	13	8	18	11	12	20	22	146
Sibley	12	12	18	13	13	15	12	13	15	21	144
Derby	13	13	15	15	10	17	11	12	18	20	144
C Letendre	12	13	14	12	13	17	11	11	17	20	140
A W Lewis	10	12	14	13	12	16	14	15	16	17	139
Hibbard	13	12	18	9	12	18	10	11	15	20	138
Thaw	8	11	16	12	11	15	12	14	18	19	136
Murray	13	13	15	9	9	14	9	7	13	17	119
Audette	6	8	11	10	8	13	9	5	7	12	89
Bowler	..	..	..	..	13	14	19	14	14	18	20	112
Knowles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	21	36
Woodward	11	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Stapleton	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	9	..	..	28
H Davis	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	8	..	..	29
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	8	13	..	42

Team match:

Paskamansett Gun Club—Roy Hodsdon 48, Powell 47, Eggers 45, Bullard 45; total 186.

Watertown Gun Club, of Boston—Griffith 48, Dr. Gleason 42, Jordan 50, Hibbard 36; total 176.

Magic City Gun Club.

Muncie, Ind., Aug. 23.—Herewith you will please find scores made at one weekly matinee shoot; the wind was high and scores quite low.

Event No. 1, 25 targets; Stevens arm event; prize, a fine rifle:

Johnson	20	Bender	19
Spencer	20	Shumack	20
Farrell	22	Thompson	19
Williamson	20		

Event No. 2, 25 targets; prize, a $6 Ithaca gun:

Johnson	23	Bender	21
Spencer	22	Shumack	21
Farrell	25	Thompson	20
Williamson	22		

Event No. 3, 50 targets; Ballistite event; prize a loving cup:

Johnson	43	Bender	40
Spencer	42	Shumack	41
Farrell	47	Thompson	39
Williamson	42		

J. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.

Piedmont Gun Club.

Piedmont, W. Va., Aug. 23.—The summer shoot of the Piedmont Gun Club had a programme which totalled 200 targets, twelve events at 15 targets and one merchandise event at 20 targets. Mr. Luther J. Squier was high professional, with a total of 193. Mr. Weidebusch was high amateur with 188. Mr. McNeily scored 97 out of his last 100.

Wiedebusch	188	Stuck	122
Lilly	165	Shaw	160
Amos	157	Hoover	169
Donelly	157	Williams	168
McNeily	184	McKay	136
Squier	193	Love	175
Taylor	151	Billmeyer	172
Leachman	142	*Ricker	120
Worden	152	Hohing	175

*Shot at 150.

H. Clay Shaw.

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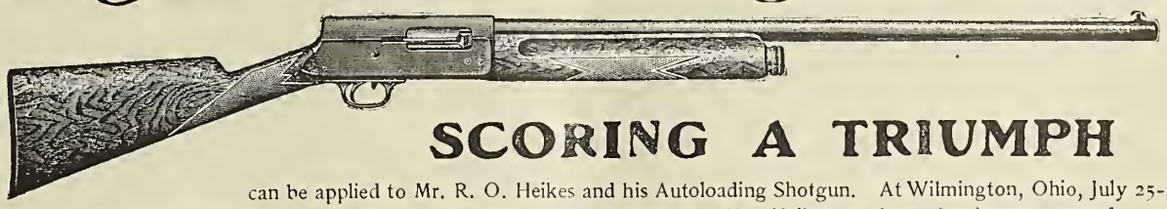

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Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The clambake and clay bird shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was very successful in every way, though at one time things looked bad for the shoot end of it. At 10 o'clock the Leggett trap broke down, which necessitated a delay of an hour and a half. Only 140 targets of a programme calling for 175 were shot, and the bake was delayed for the benefit of the shooters.

A lot of our old standbys failed to put in an appearance, but some new shooters took their places. Hope they'll come again. Hendricks is pronounced something of a shot with that new single trigger he won at Buffalo. Twenty straight was a "lobster" score, and Elliott got three of them at the bake. "Old Abe," the janitor, made a hit at the bake. Geo. Piercy didn't enter all the clam broth events. Somebody swiped Blandford's "gun bug." Who was the ventriloquist?

A lot of the town fellows came up at 3 o'clock, the hour set for the opening of the bake, and were obliged to wait. To their credit, let it be said, that they were very patient under trying circumstances, making the best of it by pulling the benches out near the firing line and making critical observations of the clay bird game.

There were five experts in attendance—Champion J. A. R. Elliott, who got high average with 128 out of 140; Harry Welles, Sim Glover, W. H. Haight and H. P. Fessenden. Mr. Geo. R. Ginn, was also on hand, and rendered valuable assistance to the office force.

First high amateur average money was won by Ray Hendricks, of Rye, 123; second went to D. D. Stever, of Middletown, 122; third, Geo. Piercy, of Jersey City, 121. C. G. Blandford was high of the Ossining bunch, with 116 breaks.

Three members of the Crescent A. C., of Brooklyn, shot through the programme, though not quite in their usual form; they were F. B. Stephenson, Jr., O. E. Grinnell, Jr., and Dr. Wynn.

Two shooters came all the way from Montclair, N. J., Mr. Edward Winslow, who, by the way, is a former resident of Ossining, having lived on the Griffin place at Briarcliff, and O. E. Bush, to arrange a series of team matches with the Ossining Gun Club. Mr. H. Coe, though had the record for distance, he being from Natchez, Miss. In all thirty-two shot in the events, while about 90 sat down to the bake, which, with the exception of a little rawness in the service, was first-class in every way.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Brk.
J A R Elliott	14	20	13	20	11	20	14	16	140	128
R Hendricks	14	18	15	17	13	16	13	17	140	123
D D Stever	13	17	13	16	15	16	14	18	140	122
G Piercy	13	18	15	17	12	19	13	14	140	121
H Welles	13	17	15	17	13	17	12	17	140	121
W Hopkins	13	18	13	17	12	16	14	16	140	119
H Coe	14	15	12	19	13	15	13	18	140	118
F B Stephenson	14	15	14	15	15	15	14	18	140	118
Kelly	12	16	10	12	13	18	14	17	140	117
C G Blandford	13	16	10	17	15	18	11	16	140	116
W H Coleman	12	13	12	14	12	17	14	19	140	113
J T Hyland	11	17	12	16	13	13	11	17	140	110
J Rhoades	10	10	11	17	8	17	14	15	140	102
O C Grinnell, Jr	11	15	8	10	14	14	12	13	140	97
W Haight	13	10	9	12	9	16	11	12	140	92
S Glover	13	18	14	16	11	14	8	..	120	94
Dr Wynn	13	17	13	17	12	16	10	..	120	98
Dr Hunter	13	17	11	15	15	17	11	..	120	99
A Bedell	8	16	10	15	13	15	12	..	120	89
E Winslow	13	12	10	14	9	12	11	..	120	81
C L Bush	11	11	14	14	10	18	14	..	120	92
H Fessenden	8	13	9	14	12	17	..	..	105	73
L G Wynant	9	8	5	9	6	8	..	..	105	43
W S Smith	12	11	7	12	9	10	..	..	105	61
G B Hubbell	..	20	10	16	15	17	..	..	90	73
W Clark	..	..	9	15	10	13	4	..	95	51
A Betti	14	17	12	14	9	..	..	..	85	66
Popes	14	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	70	58
C Barnard	10	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	50	36
R Quimby	10	11	..	..	12	..	..	..	50	33
A L Harris	..	..	..	..	13	8	8	..	55	29
A Aitchison	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
									C. G. B.	

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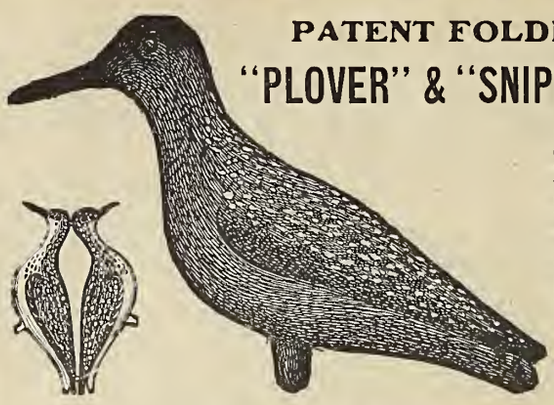

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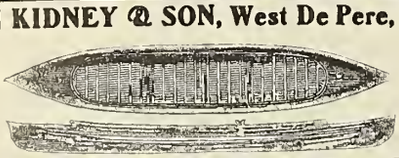

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John H., as is apt to be the case with whole-souled sportsmen, is a thoroughbred joker, and lets no opportunity go by when he can raise the laugh in a quiet way against any of the boys. Sitting in a hotel the other day conversing with a friend about a recent trip to Sandusky Bay, some remarks were made touching some extraordinary shots at ducks. These remarks caught the ear of a commercial traveler, who, all unasked, chipped in and immediately monopolized the whole conversation with glowing accounts of his wonderful skill with the gun. "Ninety-six glass balls straight was a bagatelle" to him. "Nine out of ten shots at grouse in the worst of cover, you know," had been his season's average for years; and the number of matches in which he came out victorious was simply countless. John listened attentively, and after the first lie or two sized his man; and when the fellow stopped for breath, asked in an innocent voice, "What charge did you use in that last match with Bogardus when you beat him ten birds?"

"O, just an ordinary charge," answered the C. T.

"Well, but how much by actual measurement? I would like to know."

"O, just the same as I use at all times."

"Well, what do you use at all times?"

"O, sometimes more and sometimes less, just as it happens." Then, thinking to see his way out of a difficulty, he continued, "How much do you use, Mr. H.?"

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The commercial man's face brightened, for he now saw his way out, and speaking up boldly, he said: "Well, you shoot a heavier gun than I do, so of course you can use a bigger load. Now I only dare use in my thirty-five bore, fifteen pound gun, sixteen drams of powder and three and a half drams of shot, and I tell you even then I have a pretty sore shoulder after an all-day's shoot."

The boys had by this time gathered around, and all saw the point, but the C. T., who, shouldering his gripsack, moved complacently out, scowling fiercely at the roaring crowd, as much as to say, "What in thunder are you laughing at?" H. W. D. L.

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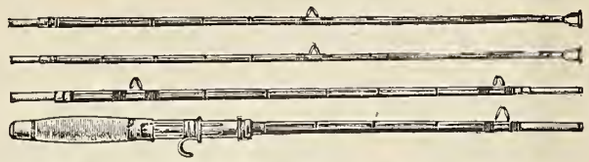

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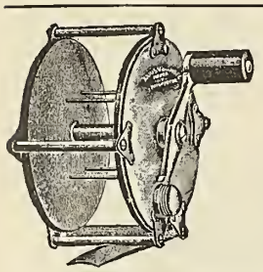

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Forest and Stream

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

TO WEEKLY PURCHASERS.

OWING to a change in the method of distributing the FOREST AND STREAM, readers who are accustomed to purchase the paper of newsdealers, at news stands, in book shops, and elsewhere, are advised to leave with the dealer from whom they buy a standing advance order to supply them regularly. If any reader has difficulty in procuring the paper, he is requested to communicate with the publishers.

FEDERAL GAME PROTECTION.

IT is only a few years ago that the United States Government began to take a hand in general game protection. Previous to that Congress had passed a law regulating the destruction of game in the Indian country, game laws for the District of Columbia and for the Yellowstone National Park, and a law designed to prevent the wanton destruction of fish and game in Mount Ranier National Park. But it was only in May, 1900, that a general protective law was enacted by Congress, the results of which have been most gratifying.

Ten years ago, in 1896, the Supreme Court in the case of Geer vs. Connecticut held that the game was the property of the State. The principle thus announced was so encouraging to all game protectors as to give a new impetus to game legislation by the States, and by Congress as well. A number of measures were introduced in Congress, many of which failed, but the Lacey bill passed both House and Senate twice and at last became a law.

The provisions of this bill are well understood. Its effect is to hold up the hands of State game protective officers by giving to the Federal Government a certain oversight of game after it had passed out of the jurisdiction of State officials. Many States had enacted non-export laws and already a number had nailed their flag to the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, "Forbid the sale of game." The dealers in game, however, had a thousand devices by which State laws and State officials were evaded, and from some States there were shipped many millions of game birds in trunks, barrels and boxes labeled, "poultry," "butter," "eggs," "household goods."

It was possible for the Federal authorities to watch this game as State authorities had not been able to do, and the two sets of officials working together have done a vast deal of good and have prevented the illegal shipment of great quantities of game. Their work has tended to the increase of game over much of the land.

Moreover, the Federal authorities have cooperated with the Audubon Societies, and have thus done a great deal of good in the protection of bird life generally. This has been an undoubted benefit to the farmer.

Since the year 1900 a number of game and bird refuges have been set aside. Previous to that year there were but two away from Washington, the Yellowstone Park in Wyoming and Afognac Island in Alaska. Now there are no less than eight; the Stump Lake Reservation in Dakota, two reservations on islands in the Great Lakes, the Wichita Forest Game Refuge, the Breton Island Reservation, Passage Key Reservation, and Pelican Island Reservation. Here birds or game are breeding undisturbed, greatly increasing in numbers and giving valuable object lessons to our people.

WILD RICE AND ITS PLANTING.

WILD rice (*Zizania aquatica*) is an annual plant, belonging to the grass family. It grows in great abundance in the Northwestern States, and in some portions of Canada, being also found in favorable localities in the New England and Middle States and in Virginia. Further south it gives way to another variety, the *Zizania miliacea,* which is of perennial growth, and distinguished from the *aquatica* by the ovate grain. The wild rice has various other local names, among them Indian rice, Canadian rice, wild oats and water oats.

The wild rice is a favorite food of water birds, mallards, black ducks, teal, wood ducks, and the Carolina rail. During the last few years much attention has been given to the introduction and propagation of the rice in the waters of different portions of the United States, to serve as an attraction for the wildfowl, the final object being "to improve the shooting." Our columns have contained many reports, good, bad and indifferent, of the attempts at wild rice culture. Some months ago we made extended inquiries of those who had engaged in the sowing of wild rice. The replies, which covered a very wide country, indicated that in the majority of instances the efforts had been unsuccessful. The failures were in many cases easily explained by the parsimony with which the seed had been sown. In other localities the rice had not grown, because the soil was not adapted to it. The familiar principle that certain soils are best fitted for the production of particular crops as wheat, oats, etc., is applicable to wild rice. It is not so much a condition of climate as of soil that determines the success of wild rice culture. Where the planting has been successful the promoters have been rewarded with the knowledge that they have in some measure added to the food supply for the water fowl, whose increase they so much desire. Among the obstacles to the introduction of this plant, are the muskrats, which are extremely fond of its leaves, devouring them as fast as they appear above water, thus preventing the germination. Deer, also, in the same manner impede its increase, and some kinds of fish feed on its seed.

We have from time to time chronicled several such favorable results of wild rice planting, where the enterprise of the individual or club has actually succeeded in attracting the fowl to waters which had for years been barren of all shooting. As a guide to others who are considering the enterprise of wild rice planting, reports of experience with it would be welcomed.

ADD THE GRAYLING.

THE announcement made some years ago that Dr. Henshall, of Montana, had discovered a method of successfully hatching and rearing grayling was most interesting to fly-fishermen who have had experience with this beautiful fish. Efforts made to hatch it in Michigan waters do not seem to have had any practical results, and recent accounts appear to show that it is there almost extinct.

The questions asked by our Beaverkill correspondent ought to be answered, and his suggestions acted on. Few things add more to the pleasure of fly-fishing than a feeling of uncertainty as to what fish is likely next to rise to the fly. Anglers in the Rocky Mountains have many of them experienced this delightful doubt, and we recall taking in three successive casts from a deep hole in Ross' Fork, in Montana, a trout, a grayling and a whitefish.

It is obvious that for the stocking of Michigan waters—which are accessible to most of us—Michigan grayling would be best. But there seems no reason why the fish fauna of a large number of the streams in the northern Rocky Mountains should not be enlarged by the addition of the grayling. It is only about twenty years ago that a large number of the lakes and streams of the Yellowstone Park were entirely barren of game fish, and we well recall a trip made through that delightful region in company with Commissioner Marshall McDonald, who investigated stream after stream and lake after lake with the utmost enthusiasm, and discovered in each stream and in each lake an abundance of fish food.

Soon after that the first stocking was had of some of these barren waters, and now many of them swarm with exotic trout of great size which afford great pleasure to the angler. The grayling is a very beautiful fish, with fighting qualities quite equal to a trout of the same size, but possesses much less endurance. It is also an excellent table fish, and is well worthy of introduction and cultivation wherever it will live.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Crusoe Land.

Its Tragic Fate—Its Thrilling Past.

BY DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

Juan Fernandez, the inspiration of Daniel Defoe, and therefore the true Robinson Crusoe's island, disappeared beneath the waves of the great western ocean in the terrible earthquake which convulsed the Chilean coast in the month of August of the current year. Such was the import of a message flashed round the world over the electric telegraph wires. This subsidence of land in the southern Pacific was preceded by the emergence of land in the northern in the month of June, in the Bogoslof group of islands. This volcanic, montane unheaval has attained an altitude of 900 feet and is still rising. It lies fifty miles west of Dutch Harbor, between Castle and Fire islands. The ocean boils around it and the steam clouds still hang and float above it.

The three Robinson Crusoe islands, Mas-a-Tierra, Mas-a-Fuera and Santa Catalina (Goat Island), of which the former is the true Crusoe island, have been earthquake riven for centuries, and were themselves volcanic peaks which in the remote past had risen above the waters of the South Pacific Ocean some 400 miles from the coast of Chile. The seismic quakes of 1751 and 1835 were unusually severe. During the latter, at a distance of one mile from the Crusoe land and in upward of 50 fathoms of water, smoke and water were ejected by day and the spot was marked at night by fire in the midst of a boiling ocean. The early navigators of those then unknown seas located the islands in latitude 33° 40′ South, longitude 79° West. They found evidences of former visits of the native South Americans, long antedating their discovery by Juan Fernandez in 1563. These primitive navigators, canoe men, were no doubt attracted by the great abundance of fish and seals. In regard to this abundance of fish, J. Ross Brown says in Harper's New Monthly Magazine for February, 1853, page 309: "Boat loads of the finest cod, rock-fish, mullet, lobsters and lamprey eels can be caught in a few hours. Some of the smaller ones will nibble at one's hand if it be put in the water alongside the boat, and a slight ripple made to attract their attention."

At a distance of seventy miles in the offing the highest peak of Mas-a-Tierra, or Juan Fernandez proper, which lies nearest to the coast of Chile, can be made out, and as the good ship holds her course, the flat-topped El Yunka peak, the Anvil, stands boldly out at an altitude of 3,000 feet. It appears to be inaccessible, by reason of the light, shallow, tufa, badlands soil, overlying the eldest formation of trap, basalt and green-stone rocks, which renders mountain scrambling exceedingly fatiguing, dangerous and difficult. From a mass of most interesting facts and grotesque fiction in regard to Mr. Brown's visit to these islands in May, 1849, which appeared as stated above, in the early Harper's under caption of "Crusoe Life," the writer has made the following excerpts:

The discoverer, himself, was the first settler, taking some families from Lima, with whom he resided for a short time. Eventually the colony was broken up, but the goats and pigs from Lima speedily stocked the island. For many years subsequently this group was the resort of pirates and buccaneers, who found it convenient in their cruising in the South Pacific to touch there for food and water. Capt. Tasman, a Dutch navigator, sailed from Batavia in 1642, and visited Juan Fernandez in 1643.

Ringrose, in his account of the voyages of Captain Sharpe and other buccaneers, mentions that a vessel was cast away here, from which only one man out of the whole ship's company escaped; and that this man lived five years alone upon this island, before he had any opportunity of getting away in another vessel.

Captain Waltin was chased from Juan Fernandez in 1681 by three Spanish ships. He left on the island a Musquito Indian, who was out hunting goats when the alarm was given, and was unable to reach the shore before the ship got under way and put to sea. This Indian, according to Dampier, whose narrative I quote, "had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot, which being spent, he contrived a way, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks and a long knife, heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun which he hardened, having learned to do that among the English." With such rude instruments as he made in that manner, he procured an abundant supply of provisions, chiefly goats and fish. In 1684, three years after, when Dampier again visited the island, they put out a canoe from the vessel and went to look for the Musquito man. When they saw him, "he had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Waltin's ship, but only a skin about his waist.

"He saw our ship, the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore killed two goats in the morning before we came to an anchor and dressed them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the seaside to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Musquito Indian, named Robin, first leaped ashore, and running to his brother Musquito man, threw himself flat on his face on the ground at his feet, who, helping him up and embracing him, fell flat on his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure," continues the famous buccaneer, "to behold the surprise and tenderness and solemnity of the interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also, that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him." (The writer believes that the two Musquito Indians were father and son, of whom the son was the Crusoe, and that, to distinguish them, the sailors called the younger man Robin's son, which Defoe changed to Robinson, using the new, strange term of Crusoe as a surname for his hero.)

Five Englishmen were left on the island at another time by Captain Davis. After the vessel had sailed they were attacked by a large body of Spaniards, who landed in one of the bays; but in consequence of the facilities for defense afforded by the cliffs, they were enabled successfully to maintain their position, although one of the party deserted and joined the Spaniards. They were afterward taken away by Captain Storey, of London.

Captain Woods Rodgers, commander of the Duke and Duchess, privateers belonging to Bristol, visited Juan Fernandez in February, 1709. The original, and perhaps most authentic account of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk is contained in a very curious and entertaining narrative of the voyage, written by Captain Rodgers himself, from which it appears that when the ships came near the land, a light was discovered, which, it was thought, must be on board of a ship at anchor. Two French vessels had been cruising in search of Captain Rodgers' vessel, and these vessels they supposed to be lying in wait for them close to the shore. The boats which had started for the shore returned, and preparations were made for action. On the following day, seeing no vessel there, they went ashore, where they found a man clothed in goat skins, looking, as the narative says, "wilder than the first wearers of them." He had been on the island four years and four months. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the Cinque Ports. Having quarreled with Captain Straddling, under whose command he sailed, he was left ashore at his own request, preferring solitude on an unknown island to the life he led on board this vessel. Before the boat that put him ashore left the beach, he repented of his resolution, and begged to be taken back again, but his companions cruelly mocked him, and left him to his fate. It was he that made the fire which had attracted the attention of the two privateers. They took him on board, and being a good officer, well recommended by Captain Dampier, he was appointed mate on board Captain Rodgers' vessel and taken to England. The account of his adventures during his long residence on the island is supposed to have formed the foundation of Robinson Crusoe, the most popular romance ever published in any language. A brief but very curious and graphic narrative of his adventures was published in London, soon after his arrival in England, under the quaint title of:

> "Providence displayed. Or a very Surprising Account of one Alexander Selkirk, Master of a Merchantman called The Cinque Ports; who dreaming that the Ship would soon after be lost, he desired to be left on a desolate Island in the South Seas, where he lived Four Years and Four Months, without seeing the Face of Man, the ship being afterwards cast away as he dreamed. As, also, How he came afterward to be miraculously preserved and redeemed from that fatal Place, by two Bristol Privateers, called the Duke and Duchess, that took the rich Acapulco Ship, worth one hundred ton of Gold, and brought it to England. To which is added, An Account of his Birth and Education. His description of the Island where he was cast; how he subsisted; the several strange things he saw, and how he used to spend his Time. With some pious Ejaculations that he used during his melancholly Residence there. Written by his own Hand, and attested by most of the eminent Merchants upon the Royal Exchange." Quarto, containing Twelve pages.

In 1868 the officers of H. M. S. "Topaze" erected a tablet at a point on the hill road called "Selkirk's Lookout," just where in a gap

in the trap rock a magnificent view may be had of the whole island, and of the sea north and south, over which the exile must have often and eagerly watched for an approaching sail. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo in the county of Fife, Scotland, who was on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the 'Cinque Ports' galley, 69 tons, 16 guns, 1794 A.D., and was taken off in the Duke, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died lieutenant of the 'Weymouth,' 1723 A.D., aged forty-seven years. This tablet is erected near "Selkirk's Lookout" by Commodore Powell and officers of H. M. S. 'Topaze.' 1868 A.D." (Encyclopedia Britannica.)

Lord Anson visited the islands in 1741, adding to both its animal and vegetable productions, and some accurate manuscripts of the place and its productions, delightfully edited by the chaplain of one of his vessels, the Centurian.

Ulloa, visiting the islands in 1743, says the dogs were put there in the buccaneer days, hoping to exterminate the goats, thus depriving the pirates of an appreciated meat supply. This scheme of the Chileans failed to work, for the dogs could only catch the old, the sick or the maimed of the goat herds, and the buccaneers continued to eat goat venison, drink the pure water of the islands, gamble and be merry at the expense of their fellow men, until the mother countries from which they sprung, suppressed them. Anent the wild dogs of Mas-a-Tierra, it is far more probable that the buccaneers themselves established the progenitors of the breed which they used in hounding the goats, shooting their game at stands on the runways. The buccaneers of old were sporting men in every thinkable sense of the term, and, of course, kept sporting dogs, to which the early explorers and settlers added mongrels from time to time. When the settlers required a large amount of meat at one time, they used to make surrounds and drive the animals over the beetling cliffs of Santa Catalina island into the surf below, where butchers in boats awaited their victims.

From the above and the Crusoe manuscripts it will be readily seen that Juan Fernandez, her castaways and her marooners, was the inspiration of Defoe, impelling him to write his Robinson Crusoe; that the great tale is fiction, founded on facts derived from the tales of seafaring men and travelers into the unknown, but more especially, Robin, the son of the Musquito Indian, and Alexander Selkirk. It has taught the youth of all nations who have pored over its pages to be strong of heart, and inculcates the great lessons of obedience, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice and an unswerving belief in the wisdom and mercy of the Creator. Defoe covered the trail which led to the source of his inspiration by laying the scene of it on one of the islands of the Caribbean Sea, off the northeastern coast of South America.

Adios, oh! vague, splendid magical isle, to which the youthful hearts of two centuries have turned, even as the magnetic needle turns to the pole. Gone are thy towering peaks of reddish rock, and the thousand ridges sweeping upward from the sea-cliffs to the higher inland peaks, flanked with buttes and walls, sparsely covered with a tufa badlands soil-formation, ever ready to yield to the unwary tread of brute or human, and interspersed with fruitful vales and patches of rich grass, wild oats and groves of myrtle, pimento, corkwood and other trees and shrubs. Gone is the ceaseless dash of the surf on thy rock-bound coast, and the two little coves and Cumberland Harbor, safe enough for a dinghy, and back of which was a none too safe anchorage for sea-going vessels. Thy Crusoe caves and convict cells are filled with the ocean mud and slime, or are the home of the deep-sea fishes. O! Juan Fernandez, you were, and you are not, for you have followed the lost Atlantis.

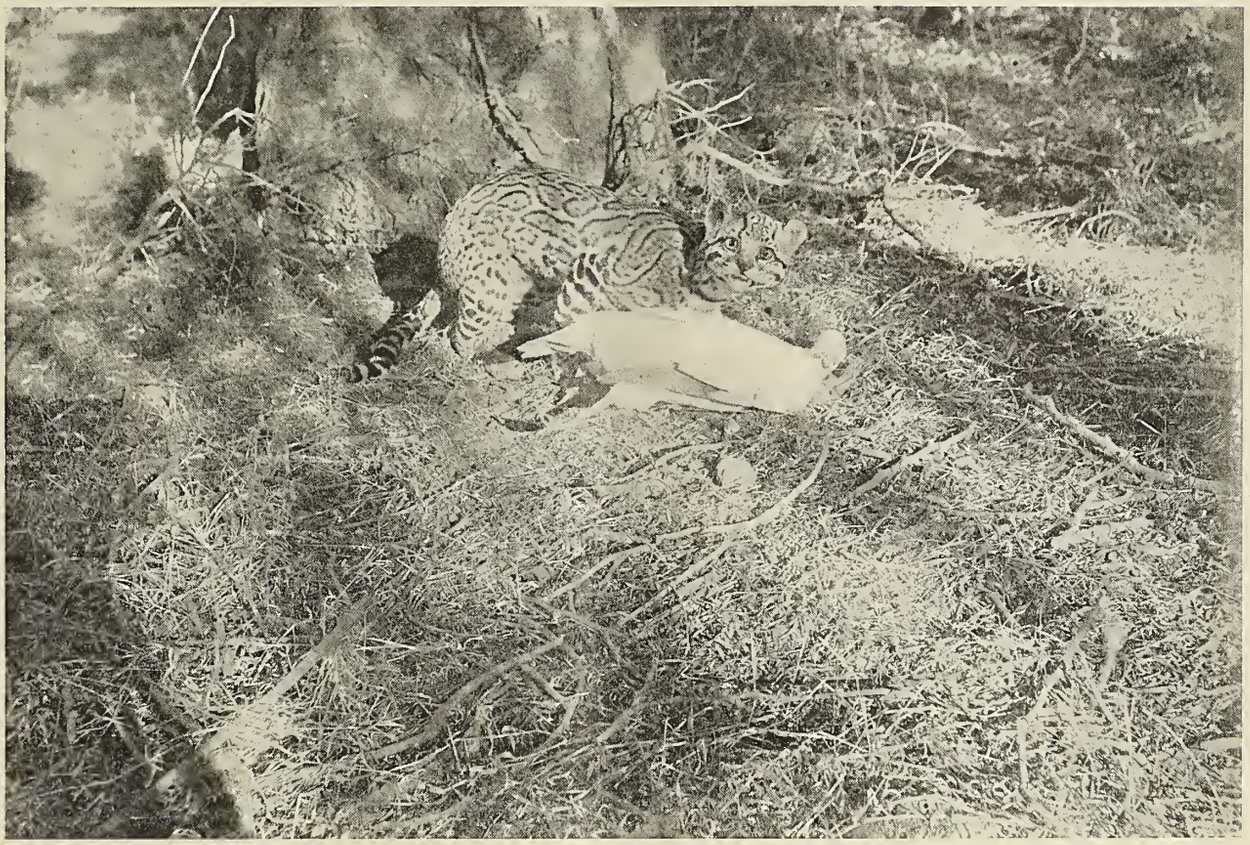


Photo by H. H. Dunn.

OCELOT AND GOOSE.

Mr. Wixon's Prize Deer Head.

The head here illustrated was that winning the first prize in the series offered by the Forest and Stream for the best heads killed in 1905. The head was taken by Mr. E. M. Wixon, of Wayne, N. Y., Nov. 15, at a point six miles north from Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks. The weight, "hog dressed" was 175 pounds.

The Isle Juan Fernandez.

THE STORY OF A VISIT IN THE YEAR 1680. FROM THE HISTORY OF THE BUCANIERS OF AMERICA.

This Day, being *Christmas-day*, we gave in the Morning early three Vollies of Shot, for Solemnization of that great Festival. I reckoned an E. by S. Way. By a clear Observation from the Middle of the Island, I found here Lat. 33 Deg. 45 S. and M. D. to be ninety-nine Leagues: In the Evening we came to an Anchor at the South-end of the Island, in a stately Bay, but which lies open to the South, and to the South-East Winds: We anchored in the Depth of eleven Fathom Water, and at the Distance of only one Furlong from the Shore. Here we saw Multitudes of Seals covering the Bay everywhere, insomuch, that we were forced to kill them, before we could set Foot on Shore.

Sunday, December the 26th. This Day we sent a Canoe to see if we could find any Riding secure from the Southerly Winds; these being the most constant Winds that blow on these Coasts: The Canoe being gone, our Commander sent likewise what Men we could spare on Shore, to drive Goats, whereof there is great Plenty in this Island. They caught and killed that Day to the Number of threescore, or thereabouts. The Canoe returning to the Ship, made report that there was good Riding in another Bay, situate on the North Side of the Island, in fourteen Fathom Water, and not above one Quarter of a Mile from the Shore: And that there was much Wood to be had; whereas, in the Place where we first anchored, not one Stick of Wood, nor Tuft of Grass was to be found.

The next Day, being the 27th, between two and four in the Morning, we had a Tempest of violent Winds, and fierce Showers of Rain; the same Day we got in two hundred Jars of Water, bringing them a full League from the Place of our Riding: Mean while, others were employed to catch Goats, as they had done the Day before.

On the 28th, of the said Month, in the Morning I went with ten more of our Company, and two Canoes, to fetch Water from the Land: Being come thither, and having filled our Jars, we

could not get back to the Ship, by reason of a Southerly Wind that blew from off the Ocean, and hindred our Return. Thus we were forced to lie still in a Water-hole, and wait till the Wind was over, for a safer Opportunity. While the Violence of the Wind increased, our Ship was forced to get under sail, and make away, not without Danger of being forced ashore. Hereupon, we sailed out of the Harbour, to seek another Place of Anchoring: At Noon I ventured out, to try if could follow the Ship, but was forced in again by the Wind and raging Sea; thus we lay still for some while longer, till the Evening came on: This being come, we ventured out again, both Canoes together; but the Winds were then so high, that we were forced to throw all our Jars of Water over-board to lighten our Boats, otherwise we had inevitably perished. I ought to bless Almighty God for this Deliverance; for in all human Reason, the least Wave of that Tempest might have sunk us: Nothwithstanding, we came that Night to our Place of Harbour, where we expected to have found our Ship (called *False wild Harbour*) but found her not. Hereupon not knowing what to do, we went ashore, and hauled up our Canoes dry. Having done this, we went higher up into the Island, along a Gully, for the Space of half a Mile, there to clear ourselves of the Noise and Company of the Seals, which were very troublesome on the Shore. Here we kindled a Fire, and dried our Clothes, and rested ourselves all Night, though with extream hungry Bellies, as having eaten very little or nothing all the Day before. In the Sides of the Hill, under which we lay, we observed many Holes like Coney-holes: These Holes are the Nests and roosting Places of Multitudes of Birds that breed in this Island, called by the *Spaniards Pardelas.* One of these Birds, as we lay drying and warming ourselves, fell down into our Fire.

The next Morning being come, very early before Sun-rise, we went farther to the Northward, to seek for our Ship, which we feared we had lost; but we were not gone far, when we espied her at Sea. Hereupon we passed a Point of Land, and entred a certain Bay, which was about a Mile deep, and not above half a League over; In this Bay we put, and instantly made a Fire, thereby to shew the Ship whereabouts we were. Here we found good Watering and Wooding close to the Shore. In this Bay we also saw another Sort of amphibious Animal, which I imagined to be the same, that by some Authors is called a *Sea-lion:* These Animals are like Times bigger than Seals: Their Heads are like that of a Lion, and they have four Fins not un like a Tortoise. The hinder Parts of these Creatures are much like Fins, but are drawn after them, as being useless upon the Shore: They roared as if they had been Lions, and were full of a short thick Hair, of a Mouse-colour; but that of the young Ones was something lighter: The old Ones are between twelve and fourteen Feet in Thickness, or Circumference. A Seal is very easily killed, as we often experimented; but two of our Men with great Stones could not kill one of these Animals.

That Day in the Afternoon there came a Canoe, from on board the Ship, with Provisions for us, they fearing lest we should be starved: Also the Launch came with Men to cut Wood. They told us that the Ship came to an Anchor in the other Bay, but that within half an Hour the Cable broke, and they were forced to leave their Anchor behind them, and get out to Sea again: Night being come, we made our Beds of Fern, whereof there is great Plenty upon this Island; together with great Multitudes of Trees like *English* Box, the which bore a Sort of green Berries, smelling like Pimento, or Pepper. All this Day the Ship was forced to ply off at Sea, not being able to get in.

December the 30th. The Morning of this Day we employed in filling Water, and cutting down Wood; but in the Afternoon, eight of us eleven went aboard the Ship, all in one and the same Canoe, sending her ashore again with Provisions for the Men that were there. This Day in like manner we could not get into the Harbour, for no sooner came the Ship within Land, but the Wind coming out of the Bay, blew us clear out again: Thus we were forced to ply out all that Night, and great Part of the following Day.

Next Day, having overcome all Difficulties, and many Dangers, we came to an Anchor in the Afternoon, in fifteen Fathom Water, at the Distance of a Cable's Length from Shore. Here it was observable, that we were forced to keep Men ashore on purpose to beat off the Seals, while our Men filled Water, at high Water Mark, because the Seals covet greatly to lie in fresh water. About this Island Fish is so plentiful, that in less then an Hour's Time, two Men caught enough for our whole Company.

Saturday, January 1st, 1680. This Day we put up a new Main-Top, larger than the old One; and we caught Craw-Fish that were bigger than our *English* Lobsters.

The next Day, being *January* the 2d, died a chief Man of our Company, whose Name was *John Hilliard:* This Man, till our weighing Anchor from the Port of *Coquimbo,* had been our Master all the Space of this Voyage: But from that time we chose *John Cox* for the Star-board, and *John Fall* for the Lar-board Watch. He died of the Dropsy. That Evening we buried our dead Companion, and gave him a Volley for his Funeral, according to the usual Custom.

January the 3d, we had terrible Gusts of Wind from the Shore every Hour: This Day our Pilot told us, that many Years ago a certain Ship was cast away upon this Island, and only one Man saved, who lived alone upon this Island five Years before any Ship came this Way to carry him off. The Island has excellent Land in many Valleys belonging thereto: This Day likewise we fetched our Anchor which we left in the other Bay, when the Ship broke her Cable.

Tuesday, January the 4th, 1680. This Day we had such terrible Flaws of Wind, that the Cable of our Ship broke, and we had undoubtedly been on Shore, had not the other held us fast: At last it came home, and we drove outwards: By the Way it caught hold of a Rock, and held some Time, but at last we hauled it up, and the Wind came with so much Violence, that the Waves flew as high as our Main-top, and made all the Water of a Foam.

January the 5th, nothwithstanding these great Gusts of Wind had continued all the Night past, yet this Day at Noon it was brave and calm: But in the Morning the Anchor of our Ship gave way again, and we drove to the Eastward more than half a Mile, till at last we happened to fasten again in the Depth of sixty Fathom Water. In this Bay where we rid at Anchor, ran a violent Current, sometimes into, and at other Times out of the Bay; so that all was uncertain with us: But our greatest Discomfort was, that our Men were all in Mutiny against each other, and much divided among themselves: Some of them being for going home towards *England,* or our foreign Plantations, and that round about America thro' the Streights of *Magallan,* as Captain *Sawkins* had designed to do; others of them being for staying longer, and searching farther into those Seas, till such time as they had got more Money. This Day at Noon our Anchor drove again; whereupon, to secure us from that dangerous Place, we sailed into the West Bay, and anchored there in twenty-five Fathom Water, and moored our Ship a Quarter of Mile from Shore.

Thursday, January the 6th. Our Dissentions being now grown to a great Height, the Mutineers made a new Election of a Person to be our chief Captain and Commander, by vertue whereof they deposed Captain *Sharp,* whom they protested they would obey no longer: They chose therefore one of our Company, whose Name was *John Watling,* to command in chief, he having been an old Privateer, and gained the Esteem of being a stout Seaman. The Election being made, all the Rest were forced to give their Assent to it, and Captain *Sharp* gave over his Command, whereupon, they immediately made Articles with *Watling,* and signed them.

The Day following, being the 7th, we burnt and tallowed the Star-board Side of our Ship. In this Bay we found a Cross cut in the Bark of a Tree, and several Letters besides: Hereupon, in another Tree up the Gully, I engraved the two first Letters of my Name, with a Cross over them. This Day likewise searching the Writings of *William Cook,* Servant to Captain *Edward Cook,* we found a Paper with all our Names in it, which it was suspected he designed to have given to the *Spanish* Prisoners: For these Reasons, this Evening our Captain thought it convenient to put him in Irons, which was accordingly done. *January* the 8th, we finished the other Side of our Ship.

Sunday, January the 9th. This was the first *Sunday* that ever we kept by Command and common Consent since the Loss and Death of our valiant Commander Captain *Sawkins,* who would throw the Dice over-board, if he found them in Use on that Day.

January the 10, the Weather was very clear and settled again: We caught every Day, in this Bay, great Plenty of Fish; and I saw this Day a Shoal of Fish a Mile and more long.

Next Day, being the 11th, we filled our Water, and carried our Wood on board the Ship. Our two Canoes went to the other Side of the Island to catch Goats; for on the barren Side thereof are found and caught the best; and by Land it is impossible to go from one Side of the Island to the other.

Wednesday, January the 12th. This Morning our Canoes returned from Catching of Goats, firing of Guns as they came towards us to give us warning: Being come on board, they told us they had espied three Sail of Ships, which they conceived to be Men of War coming about the Island. Within half an Hour after this notice given by our Boats, the Ships came in Sight to Leeward of the Island: Hereupon we immediately slipt our Cables, and put to Sea, taking all our Men on board, that were ashore at that time; only one *William,* a *Mosquito Indian,* was then left behind upon the Island, because he could not be found at this our sudden Departure. Upon the Island of *Juan Fernandez* grow certain Trees called Bilby-Trees. The Tops of these Trees we used as we do Cabbage in *England:* Here Fish abounds in such Quantities, that on the Surface of the Water, I have taken Fish with a bare Hook: Abundance of Fish is taken here of 20 Pound Weight; the smallest that is taken being almost two Pound: Very good Timber for building of Homes, and other Uses, is likewise found upon this Island. It is distant from the main Continent the Space of ninety-five Leagues, or thereabouts, being situate in 33 Deg. 40 S. The Plats of the Islands lie N. W. and S. E.

Being got out of the Bay, we stood off to Sea, and kept to Windward as close as we could. The biggest of these *Spanish* Men of War, for such they proved to be, was of the Burthen of 800 Tons, and was called *El Santo Christo,* being mounted with 12 Guns: The second, named *San Francisco,* carried 600 Tons, and 10 Guns: The third carried 350 Tons, whose Name I have forgot. As soon as they saw us, they instantly put out their bloody Flags; and we, to shew them that we were not as yet daunted, did the same with ours: We kept close under the Wind, and were, to confess the Truth, very unwilling to fight them, by reason they kept all in a Knot together, and we could not single out any one of them from the Rest; especially considering that our present Commander *Watling* had shewed himself at their Appearance to be faint-hearted. As for the *Spaniards* themselves, they might have easily come to us, by reason we lay by several times; but undoubtedly they were cowardly given, and peradventure as unwilling to engage us, as we were to engage them.

The Day following, being *January* the 13th, in the Morning, we could see one of the aforementioned Men of War, under the Leeward Side of the Island; and we believed that the Rest were at Anchor thereabouts.

At Noon that Day, we stood in towards the Island, making as if we intended to be with them. But in the Afternoon our Commander propounded the Question to us, Whether we were willing, now that the Fleet was to Windward, to bear away from them? To this we all agreed with one Consent: And hereupon, Night being come, with a fresh Wind at S. S. E., we stood away N. E. by N. and gave them handsomely the Slip, after having out-braved them that Day, and the Day before.

The Forest Service.

In his message read at the Irrigation Congress held at Boise, Idaho, Sept. 3 to 8, President Roosevelt wrote of the Forest Service:

"The forest policy of the Administration, which the Forest Service is engaged in carrying out, is based, as I have often said, on the vigorous purpose to make every resource of the forest reserves contribute in the highest degree to the permanent prosperity of the people who depend upon them. If ever the time should come when the western forests are destroyed, there will disappear with them the prosperity of the stockman, the miner, the lumberman, and the railroads, and, most important of all, the small ranchman who cultivates his own land. I know that you are with me in the intention to preserve the timber, the water, and the grass by using them fully, but wisely and conservatively. We propose to do this through the freest and most cordial co-operation between the Government and every man who is in sympathy with this policy, the wisdom of which no man who knows the facts can for a moment doubt.

"It is now less than two years since the Forest Service was established. It had a great task before it—to create or reorganize the Service on a hundred forest reserves and to ascertain and meet the very different local conditions and local needs all over the West. This task is not finished, and of course it could not have been finished in so short a time. But the work has been carried forward with energy and intelligence, and enough has been done to show how our forest policy is working out.

"The result of first importance to you as irrigators is this: The Forest Service has proved that forest fires can be controlled, by controlling them. Only one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the area of the forest reserves was burned over in 1905. This achievement was due both to the Forest Service and to the effective assistance of settlers and others in and near the reserves. Everything the Government has ever spent upon its forest work is a small price to pay for the knowledge that the streams which make your prosperity can be and are being freed from the ever-present threat of forest fires.

"The long-standing and formerly bitter differences between the stockmen and the forest officers are nearly all settled. Those which remain are in process of settlement.

"Lands in the forest reserves that are more valuable for argriculture than for forest purposes are being opened to settlement and entry as fast as their agricultural character can be ascertained. There is therefore no longer excuse for saying that the reserves retard the legitimate settlement and development of the country. On the contrary, they promote and sustain that development, and they will do so in no way more powerfully than through their direct contributions to the schools and roads. Ten per cent. of all the money received from the forest reserves goes to the States for the use of the counties in which the reserves lie, to be used for schools and roads. The amount of this contribution is nearly $70,000 for the first year. It will grow steadily larger, and will form a certain and permanent source of income, which would not have been the case with the taxes whose place it takes.

"Finally, a body of intelligent, practical, well-trained men, citizens of the West, is being built up—men in whose hands the public interests, including your own, are and will be safe.

"All these results are good; but they have not been achieved by the Forest Service alone. On the contrary, they represent also the needs and suggestions of the people of the whole West. They embody constant changes and adjustments to meet these suggestions and needs. The forest policy of the Government in the West has now become what the West desired it to be. It is a National policy—wider than the boundaries of any State, and larger than the interests of any single industry.

"By keeping the public forests in the public hands our forest policy substitutes the good of the whole people for the profits of the privileged few. With that result none will quarrel except the men who are losing the chance of personal profit at the public expense.

"Our western forest policy is based upon meeting the wishes of the best sentiment of the whole West. It proposes to create new reserves wherever forest lands still vacant are found in the public domain, and to give the reserves already made the highest possible usefulness to all the people. So far our promises to the people in regard to it have all been made good; and I have faith that this policy will be carried to successful completion, because I believe that the people of the West are behind it."

Photo by H. H. Dunn. OCELOT STALKING MOUNTED PARROT.

British Columbia Big Game.

Vancouver, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There have been two slight alterations in our game laws which, though they are not likely to affect anybody coming here to hunt, it is as well to have made public.

It is now unlawful to kill moose and wapiti (commonly called elk) in East Kootenay. Mountain sheep in that portion of the country to the south of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the coast as far east as the Columbia River from Revelstoke to the International boundary line.

The districts in which sheep are protected practically means the Okanagon and Similakmeen districts, as it is very doubtful if there are any sheep left in any other portion inside of the defined area. Sheep may still be killed as before in the Rockies, in East Kootenay, as that is the other side of the Columbia River.

I may say that anybody who had arranged to hunt sheep in the district that has lately been declared protected, would have stood a very poor chance of obtaining any sport, as the number of these animals left is extremely limited.

Wapiti (commonly called elk) have been protected in East Kootenay for the past two years, but was omitted in the last issue of the chart of seasons, and being an Order-in-Council would not appear in the regular game laws.

As a matter of fact I do not believe that there are more than twenty moose left in East Kootenay, and probably about double that number of wapiti, and the chances of finding a decent head would be small.

There are no other changes, and those that have been made should not in the least affect anybody coming here to hunt, as there are many far superior sheep and moose countries open to our visitors.

A. Bryan Williams,
Provincial Game and Forest Warden.

Missouri Quail.

Nevada, Mo.—I was out in the country Sunday and talked with a farmer who told me that he thought he had 500 young quail on his place. He said he had never seen so many young ones in his life. It was dry here this spring and fine for hatching, and we all look for fine sport this fall.

H. L. G.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Mexican Ocelot.

BY HARRY H. DUNN.

One of the most interesting animals of the new world, and yet one of which little seems to be written, even by sportsmen who have spent much time in Mexico and the Central American States, is the ocelot, the strange little spotted cat of the dense jungles of tropical parts of the two Americas.

In traveling south through our sister republic, either in the interior or along the coast, one does not meet with much obvious animal life until the Soñoran Desert has been passed. This desert is dignified by the name of a mesa, but it is indescribably barren, and while there are doubtless many deer in its mountains, and, I am told, not a few antelope on its rolling plains, it is a forbidding section, and one which the hunter, bound for the cooler regions of the central portion, is likely to avoid.

But, arrived on the Rio Balsas, or some similar stream, where the undergrowth is not too thick, and where wild life is sufficiently abundant, one will find, not only these interesting little cats, but an occasional jaguar, *el tigre* of the natives, as well. I speak of this stream because the surveying party with which I was supposed to be traveling was encamped on its shores, about equidistant from the small villages of Oropco, Churumuca and Apundarox, and it is of this region that I am best prepared to speak.

In this part of Mexico, at most seasons of the year, there are immense numbers of parrots. And in that country, wherever there are parrots, there the ocelots will be found. They are among the few arboreal cats in the world, catching their prey among the treetops as readily as on the ground. Their length is about two feet. They are seldom smaller when full grown, and only in extreme cases very much larger.

They are not nearly so heavy as the average lynx of the eastern woods, and are infinitely lighter on their feet. They run with the greatest agility up and down the almost perpendicular trunks of trees, and follow a crippled bird out on limbs too slender, it would seem, to bear the weight of the parrot, let alone the cat. Parrots are the ocelot's principal food, and their hunting is done almost altogether by day, though, like all the cat tribe, they are thoroughly at home in the blackest night.

The parrots which they hunt frequent the thickest of the forests, coming to the ground only in the rare open spaces and along the banks of the many small streams where they drink. In order to follow them, it is necessary that the ocelots be great jumpers, and so they are. When I was following the hounds through the Southern California hills after wildcats and an occasional mountain lion, I was wont to say that the latter was the greatest jumper on earth. The ocelot has any mountain lion that ever walked beaten a block, length for length and weight for weight.

I never saw a jaguar jump, and the stories of the native Mexicans concerning this huge cat are so greatly exaggerated that it is impossible to believe them, so I have no way of judging of the new world tiger's abilities as a leaper. But I have seen the ocelot jump, clearing spaces from slender limb to slender limb that would stagger a well-grown monkey by their width. Compared with this little spotted fellow from the Rio Balsas, the California lion is an amateur, not out of the chart class.

So far as I was able to observe, the ocelots—and there were a pair of them that lived in a little cave just back of our camp which I would not permit any one to shoot—did most of their hunting in that dull gray part of the day when light merges into darkness, and again when the darkness changes to daylight. I presume that they do hunt at night also, but I moved around mighty little through that black tangle after dark.

On the ground these cats are livelier than any lynx I have ever seen, and their stalking of one or two small rodents, presumably rats of some species, was the most artistic bit of work I have ever seen a wild animal do. Their climbinb among the treetops does not seem to hinder their movements on the ground, nor their pursuit of parrots and other birds to lessen their ability at rat and rabbit catching. I was told by our Mexican "boy" that, when game of larger size runs short, the ocelots will get after the lizards, and even the snakes, which are so plentiful throughout the lowlands of this warm region. To do this, of course, they must descend from the plateaus, where, for the most part, they make their dens.

A typical den which had apparently been occupied for some years, judging by the number of bones surrounding it, was located just back of our camp. Rising slowly from the river a well wooded oak flat led up to this equal-crested knoll in which was imbedded a huge rock conglomerate, evidently welded together when the earth was a few æons younger. In this rock were many small potholes, but only one of any depth. This ran in some ten feet and then, as far as could be seen from the outside, opened into a considerable chamber, where the den was located. This is shown in the photograph as about half hidden by the leaves of the shrub that grew up from the bottom of the huge rock.

DEN OF THE OCELOTS IN CAVE BACK OF OAK FLAT.

Our few visits to the mouth of the cave, taken at a time when we thought the cats were away, did not seem to disturb them, at least they did not leave the flat while we were encamped along the river, and we knew for certain that the cave was their home.

They hunted much over the flat below, on which, in years gone, woodchoppers had operated, leaving, in the center of the oak growth, quite a stump lot. In this, the rats and some small species of animal quite like a rabbit were very plentiful, and there the ocelots hunted much at evening. The two always hunted together; in fact, I have since had Mexican hunters tell me that these cats commonly follow their game in this manner. If their way of catching rats was any criterion, the scheme certainly is a success in every way.

There are many fallen stumps in this woodlot, and the rats would run through the holes made in these, seemingly trying to escape through this wooden tunnel from the sharp-clawed paws reaching in after them. But when the pair came out together, one would go to one end of the log, and the other to the opposite end. Whichever way the rat ran a paw fell on him and his life went out with a squeak. I judge that they caught a thousand rats in the short time—less than a month—that we were encamped there, and yet the rats did not seem to know enough to avoid the flat. Doubtless these ocelots, mayhap their ancestors, had been catching rats there for some years. I sincerely hope they are still catching them there, for they are right fine hunters, and among the most beautiful animals I have ever seen.

In view of the pictures which are reproduced herewith, it is useless for me to add any further description of the ocelots, but I may say that we had great sport hunting the cats on another occasion—on several occasions in fact, and in pursuit of quite another pair than those I have been describing.

Starting out one afternoon at about 2 o'clock, taking only the boy, Pablo, with me, and a 25.20 Winchester rifle, I struck up over the ridge toward the headwaters of an unnamed but pretty little stream, which emptied into the Rio Balsas some mile or two below our camp. Almost the entire distance was open country, covered with high trees, but with very little underbrush and gradually rising to a rocky ridge, covered with immense, deeply bedded boulders, such as the one in which the pair of ocelots had their den near our camp.

After we had walked some two or three miles

we dropped down in the shade of an especially large tree whose top quite overarched all the surrounding forest and took a good breathing spell. As we sat there I thought I saw a movement along the crest of the rocky ridge. Motioning to the boy to keep still, I made my way to the shelter of another tree, which gave me a bit better command of the ridge, and there, just behind a large and irregular boulder, lay an ocelot enjoying the cool shade of the rock. He lay flat on his belly, like any cat, his head stretched out on the rock, his paws sprawled apart, his flank turned toward me, possibly asleep.

For a moment I watched him, then the hunter asserted itself, the little rifle came to my shoulder, the bead rested just for a second over one of the black ocelli behind his foreleg, there was a sharp crack, and the spotted body rose straight up in the air, fell to the rock on all fours and crumpled down as if struck by a thunderbolt. I started forward on a run, when, out of the corner of my eye, so to speak, I saw another spotted form slipping toward the tree tangle. A sudden snapshot broke one foreleg and a second and third shot finished the first cat's mate.

But such ocelot hunting as this is mere chance; not one time in a hundred does a man come on these cats so openly. Probably my extreme good luck was due to the fact that this part of Mexico is hunted very little, and that the natives are extraordinarily indifferent hunters. At other times I tramped all day, doing nothing but looking for the spotted cats, and got not even the sight of one to repay me for my work.

Since then I have been asked why I did not use dogs. In the first place, I had none; in the second, I could get none suitable thereabouts, for the animals belonging to the natives are as absolutely worthless as dogs could well be; and, in the third place, I do not think that ocelots can be successfully hunted with hounds, no matter how well trained the latter may be.

As long as the ocelots run on the ground the dogs can follow them, but as soon as the cat takes to a tree, which he is going to do almost immediately, the dogs will stop and begin barking "treed" while the cat goes merrily on through the treetops, and, by the time the hunter comes up to his dog, is lost in a thousand miles of forest.

Still-hunting is about the only way for the ambitious sportsman to get one of these cats, and even then he will not get an ocelot to every five hunts, unless he goes into very new country, a thing by no means so hard to find in Western Mexico as many seem to believe. Possibly these cats could be baited, as tigers and lions and leopards are baited in Africa and in Asia, but that seems a rather small game to play on such little hunters as are these, and the practiced still-hunter will find the keenest sport in following these cats on foot, alone or with a guide, through what is practically virgin forest in the South Mexican and Central American States.

During my stay in the South I was unable to learn as much as I should have liked concerning the life histories of these ocelots, and I have since been able to find practically nothing of value about them in the best and most up-to-date natural histories. So far as I could find threads of knowledge from the younger Mexicans, I judge that each pair has but two young in a season, but that these cubs are indifferently a pair, or both of the same sex. They are said to make the most delightful pets if taken young and well broken to house rules; indeed, it was reported to me that on some of the large haciendas, a pair of ocelots were kept like dogs about the place, and that every one played with them. In appearance they are most amiable, even when engaged in the chase, but stories I had read when a boy of the Incas and the Tzins and how they used these same ocelots to hunt their game, as the rulers of India were wont to use cheetahs, flashed through my mind, and, somehow, I slightly doubted the story.

Shooting at Pinehurst.

Persons who propose to spend the winter or part of it in Pinehurst, N. C., will be interested to learn that the shooting there is reported to be improving every year. The birds are protected and increase naturally, and besides that about 100 dozen have been put out every year. This year the management of Pinehurst is breeding quail in captivity, and up to the present time has been very successful. About 100 pairs of birds are breeding and each pair occupies a separate inclosure.

Ruins of the Southwest Protected.

The preservation of natural things has always appeared to Forest and Stream one of the most important matters with which it has to deal. Closely allied to this preservation of natural things is the caring for and marking of historic or prehistoric objects, ruins or monuments.

The Americans are fond of calling themselves —with some pride—a practical people, which too often means that they care for nothing except the dollars and the cents. But there is a leaven in this country—and a constantly increasing one—which believes more and more in the keeping intact the natural things and the old things which we possess. How rapidly this feeling is growing is shown by what has been accomplished in the United States within the last few years in game and wild bird preservation and in forest protection. Most States—many even of the never States—have historical societies, whose objects are the perpetuation of the deeds of the pioneers, and the preservation of the monuments left by them.

RUINS OF THE JEMEZ PLATEAU, NEW MEXICO.

Happily the national Government has at last taken up this matter, and none too soon, Away off in the southwest, on the arid table lands of New Mexico and Arizona, still exist the stone dwellings and other works of a people which have largely passed away, though some of their descendants still inhabit the region, settled many centuries ago by their forefathers. These works, so much more permanent than many other relics left by the North American Indians, have long been a prey to whoever might wish to tear them down and carry away their contents. They have been visited by many careful students of antiquity, who, with painstaking care have unearthed their rare treasures of the past, and carried them away to be described at length and then to be deposited on the shelves of museums. But they have also been visited by vandals, who with pick, bar and shovel have torn down dwellings of the greatest interest, and have loaded wagons with priceless treasures which they have taken away and sold to railroad tourists and collectors of curiosities.

From time to time during the past few years efforts have been made to interest Congress in a bill which should make such depredations unlawful, and happily such a bill was passed by Congress this summer, which gives at least a nominal protection to these relics of the past.

This bill provides for the punishment of any one who shall appropriate, excavate, injure or destroy any monuments or ruins situated on lands owned by the Government of the United States. It authorizes the President to declare historic and prehistoric structures and other objects of scientific interest situated on Government lands, national monuments, and to establish about them national reservations. The Secretaries of the Departments under whose jurisdiction these monuments may chance to come may, in their discretion, issue permits for the examination of ruins to institutions.

The relics that are thus protected by law consist of houses, or groups of houses, of cave dwellings, of cliff dwellings, of various images carved in the natural rock, together with a great quantity of movable things, such as implements made of stone, clay, wood and fibre, and ceremonial objects, in great variety. Much of this material is pottery of many different sorts, and there are interesting forms of textiles.

It was high time that action such as that taken by Congress should have been had, and it is hoped that this legislation may put an end to the vandalism which the rapid settlement of the southwest has made so common.

One of the first questions likely to be asked by any one who sees these relics is as to the identity of the people who built these houses. It has long been believed that their builders were no other than the ancestors of the present Pueblo Indians who still inhabit many of them. But recent investigations seem to show that this is only partly true. There is a very wide difference between the pottery made by the Pueblos of to-day and that excavated from the graves of the ancient people, or found about their dwellings. In form, in color, in mode of ornamentation and in symbolism this pottery is very different from that of the modern people. Differences such as these might mean merely the change which might naturally enough take place from century to century, but there is other stronger proof of difference in the forms of the skulls of the two people. Of the living Pueblo the majority are short headed people—brachycephalic, the books call it—that is to say, their heads are broad, while the ancient people of the cliffs and the early rock dwellings are almost all, so far as comparison has been made, long headed or dolicocephalic.

The cliff dwellers and the Pueblo dwellers were undoubtedly the same people, and the cliff houses and the Pueblos were inhabited at the same time. It is believed that some of these Pueblos have been inhabited for from six to eight centuries. This approximation of the age of the ruins is reached by what we know of the history of the country since the Spanish conquest 400 years ago and by what the traditions of the dwellers in this land tell of the duration of residence there of their ancestors before the coming of the Spaniards.

More Pigeons Reported.

Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am just home this morning from the last fishing trip of the season. The trout will be past and gone, according to the Michigan statutes, by the first of September. We went to one of our old camping spots that I have not visited in several years; we drove in twenty-two miles, fixed up a splendid camp and had a fine time. We aimed to catch just fish enough to eat and bring home for our party of five, about forty fish for the folks at home.

With this little introduction, I want to say that on my return I find the inclosed on my desk, a clipping from the Duluth News and Tribune of Aug 21, which reads:

"Presumably driven from the north woods by the numerous forest fires and the scarcity of water, the millions of wild pigeons that recently returned to the Minnesota pineries after an absence of thirty years, are again winging their way south, probably going back to the dense jungles of South America where they are supposed to have lived in recent years. The flights of these birds were watched yesterday by many residents of Duluth. Several who saw the pigeons were here thirty years ago before they went away and recall that the present flight was made in the same manner. Flock after flock of the pigeons went sailing by yesterday, apparently following the north shore until reaching Duluth, then winging their way southwesterly across the bay until lost to view."

It almost takes one's breath away. But do not forget for a minute that there was a time when we used to hear of the wonderful appearance of the sea serpent, first in one locality and then another, and the newspapers were full of the sea serpent. I am inclined to believe that there was as much basis for one report as the other. Understand, I do not contend, for one minute, that the reports of small flocks of wild pigeons, half a dozen or a dozen, are without foundation, for I myself believe that George King saw half a dozen wild pigeons a year ago in Northern Michigan; but I do not believe that these great big flights that are reported these days are accurate reports. I hope I am mistaken.

I am glad to see Old Angler in print once more, for I always feel he knows what he is talking about. W. B. Mershon.

Fluid Lenses.

Of interest in connection with Mr. Ames' letter about a lens made of ice which should serve as a burning glass, is the fact that a Hungarian chemist is reported to have succeeded in producing optical lenses by a simple and cheap process.

These lenses are not only quite as good as the best massive glass lenses in use at present, but they can be manufactured of a size three times as great as the largest glass lense heretofore made. The largest glass lens for use in astronomical observation that has been made from massive glass has a diameter of about five feet. Several years were required for its manufacture, while the cost was very great. It is said that, by the new process, such a lens can be manufactured at a cost of under one per cent. of the solid glass lens. The price of the very best German lenses, about ten inches in diameter, is now about $1,400, while the price of a similar lense made by the new process would be not far from $30. Lenses for use in photography, for opera glasses, reading glasses and so on, can be produced at a correspondingly small cost.

The new lenses consist of a fluid inclosed between two unusually hard glass surfaces similar to watch crystals. The combination of the glass and the fluid is such that the two unite to overcome the defects which are common in ordinary lenses. The fluid inclosed within the glass is, of course, so protected that it cannot escape, and that no air can reach it. It does not evaporate and is not affected by time or by temperature.

The lenses described are the outcome of years of experimentation, and are announced as in all respects successful. They are already manufactured in Austria and are attracting attention both on account of their utility and the small price at which they are sold. It is understood that they have been patented in other countries and will soon be introduced.

Mr. Bryan and the Crows.

Visitors are requested not to leave articles of jewelry, etc., on the dressing table, or near the open windows, as they are liable to be carried away by the crows.

This notice posted in all the bedrooms of the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo, Ceylon, is quite important, as visitors soon discover. It is emphasized by the groups of sable-hued monster crows visible from every window.

It is related at the hotel that one woman guest lost a diamond ring, another a gold watch and chain, and a gold chain purse. The crows flew in and stole them right before the women's eyes.

The purse and watch were recovered, but the ring could not be found, although a tame crow, who acts as a sort of private detective for the hotel, searched the trees and the beach for days and put the most hardened crows through a severe cross-examination in Ceylon crowese.

Now the clerk may or may not have mentioned these things to William Jennings Bryan when he stayed at the hotel. If they did, he omitted to mention to Mr. Bryan that another trick of the crows was to share the "Chota Hazin" early morning breakfast with the hotel guests. Mr. Bryan's breakfast went mostly to the crows, anyway.

The Nebraskan statesman was sitting in his room garbed in heliotrope silk pajamas when the soft-footed native servant brought in breakfast. It consisted of tea, bananas, papeii and toast. Mr. Bryan, absorbed, forgot about the meal after the servant retired.

Suddenly there was a loud flapping of wings, and a dusky object flew in at the window, seized a banana and got away.

Before Mr. Bryan could recover from his astonishment, a second crow had got away with the toast, and four others sat on the broad window ledge looking for a chance at the remainder of the fruit. When Mr. Bryan seized a malacca cane and made passes at them, the birds flew to the tops of the neighboring palm trees, and said dreadful things in the crow tongue.

While Mr. Bryan ate what was left the quartet and chorus sat in the trees and told each other their opinion of him.—New York Times.

The Mongoose in Hawaii.

Some years ago the mongoose was imported into the islands for the purpose of exterminating rats in the cane fields. Various methods were adopted to rid the fields of the vermin, but all signally failed until the little animals were brought from Jamaica. They are repeating in Hawaii what was done by them in the island of Jamaica.

After destroying rats in the cane fields the mongoose have attacked birds and fowls, materially decreasing their number by eating eggs and the young. As a consequence there are but few quail and turkey on the islands. Especially is this noticeable in Hawaii, in the vicinity of the volcano, where previous to the introduction of the mongoose species of this game were plentiful. The country in that locality is simply alive with the pests, for they have proven to be that. They attack as well young fowl and sucking pigs, and have been known to attempt to carry off grown animals, after first causing their death by strangulation.

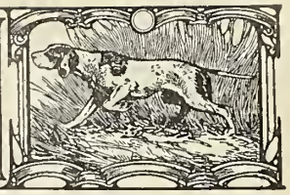
As the mongoose finds the rats, toads, and crabs disappearing, it attacks sitting fowls and carries off their eggs, and kills young pigs, kids, lambs, calves, pups, kittens, poultry and game birds, destroys fruits and vegetables, and is suspected of sucking sugar cane, eats meat and salt provisions, and catches fish.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

The Mad Barber.

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush (says a traveler), when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber; and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight, we gave him half-a-day's work. About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up, and the leader inquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man, and exclaimed: "Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!" "Yes, we gave the barber a job." "And he shaved every one of you?" "He did, and did it well." "Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man, as he turned to his companions. "What of it?" asked one of our party. "Why, he went mad yesterday, and killed a man in a barber's over at Unadilla; and we're after him to put him in an asylum." They rode away at a gallop, and next morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight, and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water; and as he handed the cup back, he quietly remarked: "I say, gentlemen, please excuse me, I meant to finish off the last man I shaved, but I got thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind."—Public Opinion.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

GAME BAG AND GUN



All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

In the Antelope Country.

Extracts from a sportsman's letters from the Western plains.

We rode to our buck, not with the intention of getting him upon our pony, for without assistance we knew that would be impossible. What we did intend, though, was to fasten our lariat about his horns and make our pony drag him home. Unfastening our picket pin, we dismounted, being careful to keep a good hold of the rope, so that our pony might not desert us, which he was anxious to do if he got the chance. We now fastened the end about the horns of the buck, then loosened the end about the pony's neck, and taking the rope in one hand, mounted, taking a couple of turns with the end of it about the horn of our saddle, we were ready to travel. Our pony moved off readily, being quite content to drag his load, if unwilling to carry it. It is a curious fact that these ponies will pull readily with all their might in this way, when with a collar and harness they would not pull an old hen off her nest. After a short distance, we stopped, took our compass and carefully noted our direction. As to the surrounding objects, there were none, except the draw, and that could not be seen at any distance. Our intention was to proceed to a neighbor's house, which we judged to be about five miles away, and, fortunately, toward home. Our object in noting our course so carefully was that we might be able to find our dead antelope on our return, something not easily done, even by the natives.

Since writing the above, a friend who had called and looked it over, remarked, "Why not put a stick in the ground with a rag on it?" That might do, but where would you get your stick? One raised and living in a timbered country can hardly conceive of the nakedness of the plains. The fact that there are no objects for miles is difficult to appreciate. In one of our first rambles alone an incident occurred which illustrated this fact, and the force of habit quite forcibly. We observed a rattlesnake a few feet in front of our horse. We immediately dismounted, all the while thinking "We will take a stick and kill him." It was not until we began looking for a club that we realized the fact that such a thing has no existence on the plains—not even a stone within miles of us. So we took our rifle and shot him. The rattles we have still. We had often heard it stated that an antelope could not be dragged along the ground without all the hair and skin being scraped off, so, after having dragged our buck about a mile, we concluded to turn him over and see how matters were, for we were doubtful to believe such a thing could occur on such a beautiful smooth sod. Much to our surprise, we found it true; all the hair and part of the skin was gone already. We were loth to leave him, so turned him over and dragged him a mile further on the other side, with a like result. As we did not wish to disfigure him more, we left him. We thought of leaving our gun standing erect against his body, with our handkerchief on top, as a mark to find the place, but concluded finally not to risk the chance of being unable to find it again. We now galloped away, after again noting our compass carefully, and in half an hour we reached the ranch we were in search of, found the proprietor at home, and asked if he would take his team and wagon and bring in our game. He readily assented, but the first question he asked was, "Do you believe that you can go back to where they are?" We replied that we thought we could, and explained our frequent use of the compass on our way in. He said, "Well, you may be able to return to the spot by that means, but without something of the kind I would not give much for your chance of finding them again. No tenderfoot can ever return to the same spot on these plains without some kind of assistance."

This man had lived there about eight years, and knew by experience the difficulties of the situation. We were soon on our way, he in the wagon and I on my pony. We carried our compass in our hand, constantly directing our course by it, and in about an hour we judged that we must be near where we had left the buck. Our friend stood up in the wagon and carefully surveyed the surface of the plain in every direction, but could see no buck. We knew that this did not necessarily show that we might not be near it, for it is very difficult to detect the body of a dead animal from the brown grass which covered the ground, the color of the antelope being almost the same. We went perhaps half a mile further without result, when it began to look as if we should not succeed, though I assured him I was confident we must be near the spot. Finally after much searching and riding about in every direction, I told him I knew of one way I was sure to find it, viz.: ride over to the draw, about two miles from there, then go up it to the point of shooting, and take the trail left on the grass, where the body of the buck had been dragged. This I did, he awaiting my return. I found the trail without trouble, and rode at a rapid gallop along it, as it was plainly visible. I finally came to my dead buck not more than half a mile from where the wagon had stopped. We soon had him in the wagon, and then followed the trail back to where the others lay. We then returned without further trouble.

We have before alluded to our surprise that an antelope does not wince or start a particle upon being struck by a ball. In this they seem to differ from all animals we know anything of, and, on comparing our experience in this respect with that of others, we found it the same. Why it is so, we cannot explain. There is something in their nature apparently different in this respect from other animals, especially the deer, which will make a sudden spring if struck when standing still; and if on the run will generally make a perceptible flinch and flirt his tail about. Apparently the nervous system of the antelope is not very sensitive. In starting to run, they move off differently from other wild animals that we have been enabled to observe. They always start in a walk, then trot, lope, and gallop. We never saw one

UP A STUMP.
Photo of bear cubs, by S. A. L.

start off on a jump. The buck we struck standing still at 90 yards, first walked a short distance, then trotted a little way, and finally ran at full speed. This peculiarity can perhaps be accounted for from the nature of the country they inhabit, seldom being in position where they cannot see all objects for miles about them—except occasionally when they are near a draw, or in the depression between two swells—it necessarily follows that nothing can approach near enough to startle them, being accustomed usually to see all objects approach from a distance, they are not in the habit of starting to run from an object suddenly, because of its near approach unseen; and, when this does occasionally happen, they seem to be controlled by their normal habit of moving off leisurely at first.

We shall now relate some of our experiences in pursuing them with the greyhound. Many of the settlers on the plains are sportsmen, and as there is no game but antelope, jack-rabbits and coyotes (excepting a few ducks in their season), the greyhound is the only dog kept for hunting purposes. We frequently chased the antelope with them, but always without success. General Custer, who hunted them often, regarded them as among the swiftest of animals. The greyhound depends solely upon his speed and eyesight to catch an animal, and if the pursued animal gets over a swell, or into a draw out of his sight for a short time, he will find it again only by chance, having no scent or ability to trail. His forte in overtaking game lies in his wonderful burst of speed at the commencement of the chase. He has comparatively little bottom, and if his quarry is not overtaken in the first two or three miles, the chances are that it will escape. The greatest difficulty in chasing antelope with the greyhound is to get a fair start, which is next to impossible, because the hunter is usually perceived at a distance. From a half mile to a mile is as close as they will permit one to approach before running; often not that near. The difficulty in overtaking them even with the greyhound, when they have a start of a mile, will readily be perceived. Their bottom fully equals their speed. From the chases we had we were led to believe that they are capable of maintaining great speed for ten miles or more. This is something no greyhound we have seen can do, so that if you cannot approach them closely, say, within one or two hundred yards, before detection, your chances of outrunning them are poor, at least this was out experience.

After numerous failures to catch one with the two dogs belonging to our friend, one a brindle and the other a mouse-color—the former the fastest dog we ever saw—we arranged a chase on a much larger scale. Having collected eight greyhounds and two staghounds, accompanied by half a dozen other sportsmen, we started one morning for Antelope Flat, for a grand chase. "The dogs of all our sporting friends could catch an antelope, of course, and several of them had done so," so their owners said. Our plan was to surround the herd and chase them in detail; that is, two riders with two dogs would start them, and after running them several miles, would be relieved by two other fresh riders, and dogs, provided they ran so that the fresh force could be put in, which we thought they would do, for they, like most animals which depend upon their heels for safety, run in a circle, for a while at least. The circle of the antelope is usually much larger than that of the fox or deer, for they have no concealment except distance, and can rarely make a short turn unperceived, if they would. Therefore, they run in a much larger circle. No better ground for a chase could be desired than this, in extent about eight miles by ten, and nearly level, covered with a beautiful buffalo grass sod, which afforded a sure and safe footing for our horses, the only danger in safe and rapid riding being the holes of an occasional prairie dog town, and a few badger holes. The former will usually be noticed in time for caution, and the latter are not frequent. A better country for a chase could hardly be found. We started across the Flat from the south, and when near the center we discovered the herd about two miles away. We now proceeded to surround them, as they would not run. So long as we kept at this distance from them, we had every opportunity to take our desired positions. Two riders with two dogs remained where we were, four took a wide circuit to the east, two stopping when they arrived at a point directly east of the herd, and two continuing on to a point just north of it; the last two (the writer being one of them) with one staghound and one greyhound, taking their positions directly west of them. All reached their positions without alarming the herd. The distance between the north and south, east and west parties was about four miles in each case, the herd being in the center. The southern party now, according to previous arrangement, rode toward them. They soon started to run, going north, but perceiving the hunters in that direction, they bore northeast, passing between the north and east parties, the east party joining in the chase. Away they went beyond our sight to the east. They made a wide circle toward the north, eventually bearing around to the west.

The chase during all this time was beyond our view, and we impatiently awaited some indication of their whereabouts. After perhaps an hour had elapsed, we saw several antelope in the distance, coming round from the north toward our position, with two riders a mile astern of them, the other riders and all the dogs having been thrown out ere this. As they came nearer, we saw that there were three dogs and two kids in this bunch. Seeing that they were not going to pass very near us, we ran our horses to cross their course as near to them as possible. We were within a quarter of a mile of them, then they passed in front of us, and now our stern chase commenced. Urging our horses to their utmost, we were enabled to keep well up with the dogs, which were now making a terrific burst of speed, and gaining on the antelope very perceptibly. At this stage of the chase, it looked as if we would soon overtake them, for we knew they had already been run for ten or twelve miles at least. By the time we had run three miles, we were within 300 yards of them, and up to the dogs; but now, with all the spurring of our horses and shouting to the dogs, enabled neither to close the gap, as both were badly winded, for the pace had been tremendous. We now soon began to lose ground, the antelope slowly drawing away from us, although we still continued to urge both horses and dogs to their utmost. After possibly five miles had thus been passed over, the dogs threw up the sponge, actually stopping, being completely exhausted with fatigue and heat. This ended our chase for that day, and we were forced to confess that the antelope, even at the disadvantage of being pursued in detail by fresh forces, had proved themselves speedier and of much greater bottom than either horses or dogs, on this occasion at least. We could not help but admire them as with their two half-grown kids they gallantly sailed away out of sight with much speed still, having fairly won the race for their lives and earned their freedom. The day was hot, and our dogs had had no water since early morning, it being 12 when the chase terminated; so they labored under a great disadvantage in this respect, as the heat and want of water did not affect the antelope in an equal degree, they being more accustomed to it. Had the day been cool and cloudy we believe that we should have overhauled them in the last heat. We think, however, that few Texas ponies are capable of outrunning an antelope. Had we been mounted on blooded horses, we should probably have succeeded in overtaking them.

We now returned, soon meeting the other parties. Both were confident that each had chased them ten or fifteen miles. If this was correct, they must have run twenty miles at least before we put in the chase. We beg leave, however, to doubt the correctness of these estimates. We have no doubt the boys thought so, but from the time of starting to the point where we joined in the race, was not over an hour at the furthest, and twenty or thirty miles in that time is a little too fast, even for an antelope. At one point in the chase one of the party, by short cut, ran through the herd, banging at them with his revolver, killing none, but scattering the herd in several directions. This is why only three of them came our way. Two of the greyhounds were so completely fagged out that we were obliged to carry them home on horseback, and most of them did not fully recover from the effects of this chase for several days, the brindle dog, before mentioned, being one of the exceptions, doing fine work next day after jack-rabbits.

Several days after the termination of this chase, a party of four of us with six greyhounds concluded to give them another run. Not having force sufficient to surround them, this must necessarily be a straightaway race. Starting on a cool, foggy morning, we approached Antelope Flat from the north, moving up one of the large draws on that side. As we came to the head of the draw, and upon the surface of the Flat, we saw this same herd within a quarter of a mile of us. We immediately started toward them and gained on them considerably before they got under full headway. The spectacle now presented was most exhilarating; ten antelope flying across the level plain with six greyhounds at their heels, and four riders closely following, shouting to the full capacity of their lungs, and spurring their horses at every jump. Away we flew, being determined to overtake them this time, if possible. They ran straight across the Flat at their utmost speed. Some of our swiftest dogs got within 100 yards of them in the first two miles, but that was the nearest approach made during the chase. They did not circle, perhaps because we were pushing them so closely, but went directly across to the opposite side, about eight miles from the starting place. Before reaching this side, we had passed all the dogs, most of them being some distance behind. The antelope now plunged into a succession of draws and ridges, soon leaving all behind, and thus terminating the quickest and most furious chase we ever saw.

Opening of the Rail Season.

Milford, Conn., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season opened in Connecticut September 1, and as is often the case on the first day, fair bags—for these days—were made. The birds taken were almost all of them natives, bred in the marshes where they were shot. The migrating rail will come a little later, though the cool weather that is prevailing now, together with the full moon which shines almost all night, may before long bring on a flight of migrants from the north. On the Essex marshes the shooting should be good, but on the North Haven meadows, as is well known, a high tide, usually following an easterly storm, is needed to enable the boats to pass through the reedy thickets where the rail hide.

On the Housatonic meadows, near Stratford and Milford, the bags made on Saturday were 21, 18, 17, and 5 per boat. Ramon.

Washington Indians on a Foray.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 26.—Indians of the Nez Perce tribe are gathering in large numbers at North Lapwai, Ida., southeast of Spokane, on the Clearwater River, for their annual harvest moon foray into the hills in search of big game, thus perpetuating a custom that had its origin long before Lewis and Clark crossed the trail in the Northwest, more than 100 years ago. The Indians are preparing for the biggest hunt in years, and, despite the restrictions of license and the limited number of deer, elk and bear that can be taken, they are out in force. Some of the old-timers will not shoulder their rifles this season, as many of them have become civilized and are working in the harvest fields, earning from $3 to $4 a day.

Washington Shooting Prospects.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 20.—Prairie chickens, pheasants and grouse are plentiful in northwestern Washington, where the season opened Aug. 15, but until the grain is cut there will be little or no good shooting in the vicinity of Spokane. That is the view of Al. Wiesemann and scores of sportsmen in Spokane, who have looked over the ground during the last few days.

Quail and Chinese pheasants were also seen in large numbers, but the shooting of these game birds is prohibited, the laws of Washington protecting them until the season of 1908.

Some good bags have been secured by hunters north and west of Spokane, the big ones going to Al Wiesemann, John Clark and Andrew Johnson, who bagged fourteen birds the day the season opened in the vicinity of Reardon near Deep Creek, while parties headed by John Condron, S. Wittenberg, C. C. Yancey, A. F. Gill, D. D. McPhee, C. C. McKay and "Deep Creek" Jones, made good showings near Medical Lake, Saltese Lake, Sprague Lake and Newman Lake.

"In about two weeks, when the grain is cut in the Spokane valley," said Mr. Wiesemann, "there will be all kinds of good sport in this part of the country, and I believe, judging from the sale of shells at one store alone, where 350,000 have already been disposed of, every man who owns a gun and a dog and is not laid up with rheumatism, will be out after chicken and grouse in September."

Hunters in Clark county are in favor of a later season, and it is likely that lovers of the gun will join them in urging the coming Legislature of Washington to make the closed season for upland birds from Dec. 1 to Sept. 1, and limit nimrods to ten birds a day. It is also proposed to prohibit deer hunting with dogs between Dec. 15 and Sept. 15 following. They also desire that a bounty of $20 be placed on cougar or mountain lions, and $5 be paid for the killing of wildcats and lynx. Five cents bounty is asked on crows and one cent for bluejays. The killing of wild ducks is to be restricted to forty a week, and it is proposed to limit the number of brook or mountain trout to seventy-five a day, with stricter regulations governing the sale of fish.

More than 500 hunters' licenses have already been issued by Robert A. Koontz, Clerk of Spokane county, and it is expected there will be several hundred others before the season is well under way.

"A Scarlet Chapter."

From Iron Ore, Ishpenning, Mich., Aug. 25.

The first tragedy of the deer hunting of 1906 is indeed a scarlet chapter. A cowardly run from a dying victim forms part of the story.

That Guy Harlowe, who was shot by a careless hunter on Warner's creek, nine miles north of Lathrop, on Sunday, was drowned and might not have died from the bullet wound which he sustained, is shown by complete reports of the tragedy which were received in the city last night.

The man who fired the shot was Ed Shipley, a homesteader, and he has given himself up to the Alger county officials and is now being held in the jail at Munising. Shipley was accompanied, when the young fisherman was shot, by his brother-in-law. Charles Rabideau, of Rapid River, and who fled with Shipley nearly two miles down the creek where they met a party of fishermen. The men told the fishermen that they believed that Shipley had killed a man, and accompanied by the party they returned to the spot where Harlowe had been seen to fall.

The body was discovered at once and was pulled to the shore, where it was allowed to remain lying directly under the hot rays of the sun until Shipley and his companions had gone to Lathrop for help. The members of the party from Lathrop did not arrive at the scene of the shooting until early in the evening, and the entire night was consumed by the party in making their way with the body through the tangle of underbrush back to Lathrop, where they arrived early yesterday morning.

According to the story told by Shipley, he with Rabideau had been going through the brush hunting for deer and struck the creek near a bend, where they expected deer would be attracted to drink. They had been at the spot for but a few minutes when immediately around a bend in the creek less than forty feet away, they heard a splash in the water which was followed by a movement behind the bushes. Thinking that it was a deer Shipley raised his rifle and fired. The young fisherman, who was standing in the water at the edge of the stream, and with the upper portion of his body secreted from view by a tangle of underbrush, fell forward into the water. It is claimed by one of the men that he called once for help and then sank in the shallow water.

Neither Shipley nor Rabideau attempted to go to his assistance but, becoming excited, ran in the opposite direction, as it was realized by them that a man and not a deer had been shot. They continued to run along the bank of the creek for nearly two miles, until they encountered another party of fishermen, and to them related the story of the accident.

MR. E. M. WIXON'S DEER HEAD.
Winning first prize in the Forest and Stream competition.

Pump Guns and Other Kinds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As discussion has been invited as to why people will insist on using what some choose to call "pump guns," I wish to have my brief say why I do so. In the beginning of my shooting days, when I was a twelve-year-old boy, I used a single-barreled gun. It was so big and heavy, and I was so small that I had to lean it through the forks of a sapling, or over a rail fence, to shoot at birds. During the late unpleasantness down south, when I was a young man, I used a single-barreled gun, but for thirty years afterward I didn't do much shooting. When I tried to begin shooting again, I took up with the double-barreled idea, but found I could not use that kind of a gun effectively. I had never been accustomed to it. Hence I got a repeating gun which is the same to me as a single barrel. I did not want to use a single-shot gun.

As it is very rare that a man can get more than two shots at fleeing game, I do not see the sense in the cry that the scarcity of game is due to the man with a pump gun filling the air with lead between him and a whirling bevy of quail, or a rabbit doing his best to get away, or a flock of ducks cleaving the atmosphere eighty miles an hour. They all get beyond the range of a second shot. Besides, one shot in the barrel and six in the magazine, make the gun too heavy to carry all day.

I have attended target shoots where men accustomed to a repeating gun tried the double barrel, and could not hit more than half; but when handed a repeater, smashed every target. It is just simply that a man can do best with the kind of a gun he has been accustomed to. If a man wants to use a double barrel, it is all right for him; but do not find fault with the man who uses a single barrel with a magazine under it, into which he can shove two shells, which are as many as he will need to at any time. I am sixty-seven years old, and still as fond of a gun as any expert youngster who carries a double barrel. Am too old to change my habits, as you know, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

R. L. Blair.

Des Moines, Ia.

ROUGHING IT

soon grows tiresome unless the food is good. Good milk is one item indispensable to a cheerful camp, and Borden's solves the problem. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated Cream keep indefinitely, anywhere, and fill every milk requirement. Beware of cheap imitations.—*Adv.*

Some Salmon Freaks.

Why do salmon take improbable lures when they refuse to look at the most attractive and popular fly for that particular river? There were several cases as to salmon taking curious things for his amusement—I can call it by no other name—during my summer outing in Newfoundland this season. I give detail account of there curious freak takes, as told me by responsible fishermen. A Mr. Ross, of New York, and a friend from Philadelphia, while fishing the Salmonier, saw a salmon take a large devil's darling-needle, or dragon-fly, while it was passing over the surface of a pool, where they had taken two grilse but no big salmon, after having fished for some hours. They said it was a clean break and a sudden disappearance of the dragon-fly.

The second on my record happened to myself while fishing Harry's Brook. After fishing all the afternoon without success, using all of my most taking flies and tried patterns, I was about giving the pool up for the day, as it was about 7 P. M., when a small trout became entangled on my fly while slowly reeling in to clear the hook. I was astonished to see a big swirl, and a rush of a fish for the trout. The trout was taken as clean off my hook as if it had been a minnow in the mouth of a black bass. From what I could see of the salmon as he rushed the trout head on, I should think he would have touched the scales at 20 pounds.

The other cases were told me by Mr. Dagget, of Boston, a well-known salmon fisherman, who makes his headquarters at Tomkin's, on the Little Codroy. He stated to me as an actual fact, that one of the Tomkin boys, who act as guides, and whom he had always considered truthful in his statements as to fish and fish stories, told him he saw a large salmon take a swallow and kill it as it flew over the surface of the pool he was fishing on this season. He also related to me a story of a big one he took on the Codroy. It seems that Mrs. Dagget held high hook as to salmon caught as to weight. Not to be outdone, he found a pool where there reposed a big fish, which had been fished for for a number of days; but nothing seemed to appeal to his refined tastes. Mr. Dagget told his wife to come to the pool with him and see him take the fish. He tried his whole outfifit of flies without a sign. If anything, the salmon backed away from the fly. He was about to give him up in disgust, when his eye caught on a great, gaudy fly only used as a sign in a fishing tackle window, and which he only used to show strangers as a joke. He told his wife, "I will give that salmon a good scare." No sooner had it struck the water, than there was a rush and a splash, and after a short half hour the big one had succumbed to a great, gawky, hideous monstrosity in the shape of a fly.

Why are these things thusly? C. D. W. B.

Babylon, L. I.

[Our correspondent is not the first angler to be puzzled by the freaky ways of the salmon. Indeed these idiosyncrasies of his majesty—this frequent happening of the unexpected, the novelty of experience, the movements prompted by inexplicable reasons—make up in large part the fascination of salmon fishing. Perhaps out of their abundant experiences on the rivers, some of our salmon fishing readers may throw light on the problem presented. As pertinent we quote a communication from Viscount de Poncins recently published in the London Field, as follows:

"We can, I think, take for granted that: (1) a salmon, given his rapid growth, is of necessity a very greedy brute; (2) nobody knows what he is feeding upon in the depths of the sea; (3) he never takes a fly at sea; (4) he takes the salmon fly in rivers; (5) he takes better when newly arrived in the river. I would not dare to say that it does not happen sometimes that a salmon will take a fly out of sheer curiosity, but if teasing them was of any use. I think the golden rule not to cast too often over a fish, but rather to 'give him a rest' every now and then, would hardly hold good.

"I think that the strange thing which is called a salmon fly is the representation of nothing at all to them. But one thing is sure: the food they can get in a river is certainly quite different in appearance from what they are accustomed to get in the sea. If not, they would take a fly, i. e., be deceived, just as well in the sea as anywhere else. It is because it is quite unlike anything they are accustomed to get that they do not take it at sea. Given that there they have their own regular food, whose appearance and general aspect they know too well, they do not venture to try anything new, however, gorgeous and attractive it may look in our tackle box.

"When a salmon is making his way up a river he must think that he is in a very strange place, and that nothing can be compared to what he has been used to in the sea. If looking for food, he must, at first, look for his own ordinary food. There is none in the river; then he is obliged to change his diet and find out what may be got there for himself. There is our chance with the fly, because, before he has found out what may do for dinner, he is found, in the midst of so many new things passing by him, of which none is known to him, to find out which are the good ones; he is trying to aquire the knowledge of how to live in this new place, and what is the new food he will have in future on his menu. A little gorgeous thing, wonderfully alive, is just passing over him. For some days he has been trying any amount of things he had never seen before; some of them were good enough, some no good at all (these last have been rejected after trying them), and our fly is just another experiment and that is all.

"To strengthen my theory I will mention an experience which I once had with a trout. One Sunday I was passing over a little river when I spotted a trout poised just under the bridge. What is one to do on a Sunday if not remember that, after all, one has been a boy, and that a boy is always keen on playing any trick with something alive? So, under shelter of a fortunately placed rock, I stationed myself carefully just over the trout, and began to watch it about one yard away. Some house flies were about; I caught one and dropped it carefully into the stream, so that it floated down just over the trout. It was taken at once, and the trout came back to his former place. Then I went to catch any insect I could lay hands on—a black spider, one or two gray spiders, some flies of different colors, and even some small flowers, bright yellow, blue, red, in fact anything. Then I came back to my trout, and began with the insects. Every one of them, no matter what was its color, was swallowed at once, as long as it passed within some twenty inches of the fish. Further away than that the little brute would not trouble to take them. Then I meanly sent a little piece of bright yellow flower just over the trout; it was taken at once, but soon after was ejected. Then another one; the trout looked at it, but was not to be deceived twice. Then another insect; after a little hesitation it was swallowed. Then a small piece of bright-colored flower, which was caught and spat out in no time. To sum up briefly, this trout in about half an hour's time actually took nineteen different things, spitting out any one not good for food after trying it. Moreover, after having found several morsels to be edible, it always took at once anything coming exactly in the same place, even though it were not edible at all. Various good things of different patterns induced the fish to try anything.

"Of course, a trout and a salmon are different, and what is true for one may be not true for the other. But I think that there are common rules in the ways of every fish, and that what is true for one, if one of these general rules, is true for the other. When a fish is in his own water he knows his food and sticks to it; when in a strange place, he has to take to some other food, if the ordinary supply is no more to be found. Before he is used to his new diet he is obliged to try anything, until the selection between good and no good is made at the first glance. That is why we see salmon never taking a fly at sea; it is not like their customary food. They take it in the rivers because in the rivers they have to find out new things for food which are unknown to them. They take it better at their first coming up the rivers, because then they have not yet learned to judge at a glance what is good or not, and they have to find out. They do not at all take it on account of its likeness to something that they know, but as being a lifelike thing which, although unknown, may be good.

"That is my idea about this question. To say whether it is the right one or not for me; more experienced salmon fishermen can tell better. But till I am told anything which will seem to me more likely, I ask permission to think that, true or not, it is a likely explanation of this much-discussed problem."

The Tuna Grounds.

Santa Cruz, Cal., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the Forest and Stream there is an interesting article on the tuna, in which a correspondent of the London Field complains to the moon that tuna fishing in Southern California has been too much talked and written about, as tunas are found all over the world, etc.

The writer misses the point entirely. The tuna is a world-wide fish. You may see it from Cape Cod to Newfoundland and from Naples to Norway, and from Los Angeles county, California, around to China. There was a tuna or horse-mackerel fishery at Provincetown, Mass., a century ago, and you may see the tail nailed against many a fish house in Maine. No fish is so common or so well known. There are more tunas in the Mediterranean or Madeira in a week than you will see at the Channel Islands of California in five years; but in Southern California, or between Avalon Bay and Long Point, Santa Catalina Island, a distance of four miles, lies the only successful rod fishing ground for tuna in the world, and for this reason, and this alone, writers on angling or rod fishing have so much to say about it.

I know personally that extraordinary efforts have been made to find good tuna fishing with rod and reel at a dozen places where tunas are common, at Naples, or vicinity, the Madeira Islands, St. Johns (Newfoundland), Cape Cod, Monteroy Bay (Cal.), Japan; but in all these cases something happened, or did not happen, and the attempts so far to establish a rod and reel tuna fishing ground, outside of the one mentioned, have proven failures. The essentials are smooth water out at sea, perfect fishing tools, tunas of catchable size—that is, from 100 to 300 pounds in weight—reasonable proximity to a town or city, transportation facilities. Doubtless there is fine tuna hand-line fishing, or with the harpoon, or bomb, in North Australia; but the location is a little too remote.

WHIPPING DOG RIVER FALLS, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.
Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

The members of the Tuna Club come from every State in the Union, and would welcome a new ground on the Atlantic Coast; and if the Field correspondent will discover such and prove up, he will be given a blue button doubtless and a hearty welcome.

Last year the tuna fishing at Santa Catalina was very poor, but in September the Japanese tuna came in, all weighing about 50 pounds, affording great sport. The tuna is an ocean wanderer, roaming about, and may entirely skip certain resorts for a year or so, then, without warning, come back to play havoc with rod and reel.

TUNA CLUB.

Bluefishing with Rod and Reel from a Gasolene Launch.

JUST a few lines by way of preface will suffice on that inexhaustible subject, the gasolene launch. This is the ninth year mine has been in commission, being the first gasolene launch to make her mooring in the Great Kills. My trials the first year, incident to running the motor on a theoretical instruction—book knowledge—were numerous, there being many times that I could not sit in the launch and see myself propelled through the water without turning a hair or wheel, as is the case today, when the motor does all the work without a "kick." I have always contended that the operator of a gasolene motor was responsible for at least two-thirds of the trouble experienced, and in later days have not changed my mind.

There was considerable protest and some bad language used by the men who fished from the old Whitehall rowboats at the puff-puff of the motor, it being generally conceded that there would not be a fish this side of Sandy Hook in a short time if I was permitted to run the "infernal thing." However, I was getting on in years and not so fond of rowing as in former days; I and the launch had come to stay; we are there to-day, and with us some twenty-five power boats, some of them being owned by the fishermen who protested so loudly the first year my launch was in commission.

It is an admitted fact that we do not catch so large fish as in former years, having to go further away from the Kills for them. If we confine ourselves to this particular locality, the above fact is not so surprising, if one considers the march of civilization, the pound-nets on the New Jersey coast, the oystermen and clammers, who are constantly churning up the bottom of a once famous feeding ground for all kinds of fish, to say nothing of the sixty odd sloops which to-day make their mooring in the Kills, where years ago there was less than one-tenth that number. It is not wholly the motor boat, I am thinking that is responsible, But, be that as it may, I have something to say of a day at bluefishing with rod and reel from this same gasolene launch.

It is possibly some five years ago as I sat upon the veranda of the hotel late one afternoon, watching the sloops, one after another, in the Kills, that an old captain, whom I had known several years, hailed me:

"Hello, Oscar! What you doing on that piazza? Why ain't you out there in the Bay catching some of those bluefish?"

"Hello, Captain Tom. I did not know there was a bluefish in the Bay. I have not seen one this year."

"Well, they were breaking offshore to 'beat the band' as I came in with the sloop. You take my word for it this time, and give them a try in the morning."

"All right, Captain Tom, thank you, I will. What you going to have to drink?"

"Oh, guess I'll take a little plain whisky."

Good luck and good-night exchanged, I had a pull at the pipe before bedtime, and soon thereafter was in the land of nod, dreaming of the fish butchers of the sea.

As the tide served right next morning, I was up early, boarded the launch, soon under way clear of the oyster stakes in the Kills that render trolling next to impossible. My rod had been previously rigged, a swivel, a four-ply leader and a small lead squid comprising the business end, leaving nothing to do but get them overboard and regulate the speed of the motor to fit requirements.

I had not seen a break of any kind; however, I was not dismayed. Standing up in the launch facing the stern, I started across the tide, paying out about a hundred feet of line from the reel, steering the launch by listing it from side to side, the tiller remaining perfectly at rest. I had made quite a stretch, with no signs of a fish. Just at this time the motor was running unevenly, requiring a little adjustment. With line overboard and rod in left hand, I stooped to reach the throttle valve, when whiz, when the line from the reel under my thunmb I had hooked, and had coming toward the boat my first fish. Such mad breaks and plunges as the fish made were a menace to my light tackle, yet I was cautious and shortly landed a 4½-pounder. After getting my nerves quieted down a bit, I came about with the launch and ran over the ground again, the sport continuing until I had taken seven of those hard fighters of about equal weight (confessing to you on the quiet that I did not land all I had hooked), when I concluded to call it quits until some breakfast could be obtained.

Arriving at the dock, the boatman cleaned two of the fish, which I took to the kitchen of the hotel, with instructions to broil and

FLY-FISHING ON THE GARGANTUA RIVER, NORTH SRORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.
Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

serve at 7:30 A. M. for myself and some fishing companions, who were still in bed. On being called, the boys came tumbling out of bed one after the other, enjoyed a hearty meal of broiled bluefish that had been only an hour out of the water to table, and plied me with all sorts of questions. The story was told at the breakfast table. Nothing would satisfy; I must take them out in the launch. I did, acting as captain, pilot and engineer.

A police captain, a detective and a very dear friend made up the complement, who were all novices at this kind of sport with rod and reel. Suffice it to say, these three men took thirty-two of those large fish before their outfits were crippled beyond repair, and were actually obliged to go ashore. No clown in a circus ever afforded such amusement as did these three men with their doings and sayings. The excitement ran so high, that after dinner and a long rest until the tide again served right, we concluded to try it once more, with new and repaired outfits. Twenty-eight fish were added to the score, our last squid actually being devoured by a large bluefish.

The news of our catch traveled rapidly, and every available craft was put in service, all getting more or less fish.

Every year has its season of bluefish at the Kills, but I have never had many days like the one here related. Late in June of that year (1905) I took twenty-seven on nearly the same ground as the big catch, none of which would weigh over two pounds.

To my mind, there is no salt-water fishing in our immediate waters that compares with trolling for bluefish with rod and reel from a gasolene launch. Try it some time.

OSCAR.

From the Beaverkill.

End of the Trout Season.

THE last days of the trout season are slipping by with great rapidity, and from present indications, will be lost to the angler in this neighborhood. The river is discolored by heavy rain, and a gloomy sky, with heavy banks of clouds on the horizon, gives promise of another downpour; in fact, I hear the pelting drops on the roof as I write. I confess I am a little disappointed. Yesterday I saw a magnificent trout which must have arrived on the high water last week, and hoped to try my hand at deluding it before the season closed. This fish is, I should say, full 22 inches long, and is one of those beautiful yellow trout. Many of the big, brown trout are very dark in color, probably from lying hidden much of the time, under rocks or in deep, dark pools. They are not nearly as handsome as the yellow variety; in fact, I have seen specimens of these which were as lovely as it is possible for a fish to be.

Last Thursday I journeyed up the river a long distance to visit a friend who is located on a fine stretch of water nearly two miles in length. There, in this happy valley, but at an elevation of more than 2,000 feet, he spends a months every summer, with trout at his door, and the voice of the hurrying river ever in his ears. It is a happy, care-free existence, a time of sport and recreation in the truest sense. Earlier in the week the stream had been high and roily, and one night it rose again without apparent cause. However, the water had become clear enough for good fly-fishing, and the trout were there and willing to be tempted. I was anxious to bring enough to give every one who is fond of trout a bit of fish for supper, and was able to do this in the last day and a half of fishing. Unless one is staying at a large hotel, it is very pleasant to be able to share one's spoils with all hands, but it is not often that this can be done late in the season.

The Beaverkill is certainly a wonderful trout river. For a distance of at least thirty miles it is perfectly adapted to the habits and tastes of these fish, and in good seasons they fairly swarm therein. Once or twice in the past fifty years it has suffered greatly from tremendous freshets or floods, when there was heavy ice or ice jams in the river, but it soon recovered its ancient prestige, even before restocking from the State hatcheries made this comparatively easy and rapid.

Does any one of your readers know of a safe and sure method of exterminating pickerel in a small lake? It seems to me that I have heard of copper being used for this purpose, but am not sure. There is a small spring lake near here which is perfectly adapted to trout, and recently some thousands of small fish were introduced. Unfortunately, the lake was stocked with pickerel many years ago, and I do not think that trout can be established there until these sharks have been in some way eliminated. The black bass is the only fish that seems to be able and willing to knock out pickerel. The small-mouth will take root in a pickerel lake and after a time get the best of the long-nosed gentry. In some cases it has taken many years for them to do this, but in the end, if the water is suited to them, the bass comes out on top.

MICHIGAN RECORD BLACK BASS.

Caught in Long Lake by Wm. E. Shoemaker, Aug. 16, 1906. Weight, 9lbs. Length, 24in. Girth, 19in.

In virgin water the growth of fish is sometimes very remarkable. A little over two years ago a fine dam was built in such a way as to back up the water, which came from a number of small springs, over a swamp, thus creating a pond of about twenty acres. A few thousand fingerling trout were then turned in, and this spring (1906) fish up to a pound and a half were caught. One of the men who fished this new water told me that on a very cold, unfavorable day he took forty fine trout out of it in a short time. I understand that this new lake is for sale, but it is a long distance from the railroad, twenty miles at least, I think. I only mention this to show what can be done by any one who has some waste land in which spring water can be found in any quantity.

I remember being told by an expert pisciculturist that with the water from a single spring near the Neversink he could hatch and raise to fingerlings, 500,000 trout per annum, a big crop from a little water.

I have not seen anything recently in regard to Dr. Henshall's success in hatching artificially and raising grayling. About a year ago I read somewhere that he had succeeded, but since then have seen nothing more in regard to a matter in which I am much interested. Grayling have been successfully introduced into many streams in the old country, the Clyde and Eden in Scotland, for instance, and there is no reason, apparently, why they should not do well in some of our eastern streams. In Michigan they have been almost exterminated. There, for some reason, they seem to have given way before the trout. This is probably due to the fact that trout were hatched artificially and stocked in great numbers, while nothing was done to keep up the supply of grayling. If Dr. Henshall has solved the problem of hatching and raising grayling to fingerling size, I should think that the old grayling rivers of Michigan might be restocked with this fine fish and recover the reputation they had twenty years or more ago. Trout and grayling live and thrive together in the same rivers in England and Scotland. Why not in America?

Any addition to the number of game fish which are inside feeders and rise freely at the artificial fly would be welcome. I think that it adds considerably to the interest of fishing when more than one species of trout is found in the basket at the end of the day. Here we have *fario* and *fontinalis*, and some years ago I killed a fine rainbow trout in the Beaverkill. A few rainbows have also been taken in the Neversink, and I remember just one occasion when I killed three species of trout in one day. If I could afford to do so, I would like to try stocking the Beaverkill with 10,000 yearling rainbows, as I can not imagine a stream better suited to them. They might go to sea in the second year, that is the risk one would have to run.

The Esopus is the only stream I know of where they actually remained and multiplied for many years, and that has two high falls upon it. I have fancied that possibly the trout dared not descend these falls, but there may be nothing in this notion. The Beaverkill offers a home that would, it seems to me, meet the needs of every variety of river trout, large or small, and grayling, also.

The water is high and very much discolored this evening, but I hope that we may have one more day of fishing before the season closes Aug. 31.

Later.—Wind northwest, river clearing fast. We may have one good day at any rate.

THEODORE GORDON.

BEAVERKILL, Sullivan County, N. Y.

Michigan's Record Bass.

CHEBOYGAN, Mich., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please find inclosed photo of the record-breaking, small-mouthed black bass ever caught in this State. This bass was caught in Long Lake, Cheboygan county, Michigan, Aug. 16, 1906, by Wm. E. Shoemaker, of Cheboygan. The large fish weighed 9½ pounds when caught, and when weighed the second day, it weighed 8½ pounds full.

It was 24 inches long, and measured 9 inches around. It is being mounted by the Michigan Fish Commission at Detroit. They pronounced it the largest bass of the kind, by over one pound, ever caught in Michigan.

The bass was caught on a Bristol 9-foot steel rod, Kingfisher line, Hendrix reel, and No. 18 Cincinnati bass hook with live frog.

WM. E. SHOEMAKER.

A Washington Fish Hatchery.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 26.—T. K. Korner, formerly connected with the Government fish hatchery at Spearfish, S. D., has bought land near Spokane for the establishment of a large aquarium to cost $3,000. He will have a plant ten miles down the Spokane River, where there is a perpetual spring on his land. He will raise trout, pike and bass and expects to market 1,000,000 fish a year in two or three years. Work on the plant, which is to be constructed on the most modern lines, will begin in a short time and will be in operation before the end of the year.

Fish and Fishing.

Some More Ouananiche Problems.

If, as now pretty generally believed, the ouananiche is the original parent stock of its sea-going variety—*Salmo salar*—then the presence together in some of the rivers of the Canadian Labrador, of both varieties, would seem to afford another illustration of the fact that the operations of evolution are still in progress among the finny inhabitants of our waters. On account of their somewhat inaccessible character, except to those having plenty of time upon their hands, it is scarcely probable that very many anglers for some years to come, will cast a fly for the ouananiche of far northeastern Canada, yet they are to be found in the following among a number of northern salmon rivers: Washecootai, Musquarro, Goynish, George, Koksoak and Hamilton. After spawning, which, as in the case of *Salmo salar,* occurs on the gravelly bottom of running water, the ouananiche seeks larger bodies of water containing greater quantities of fish food, just as the salmon does the sea, and hence the prevalence in Lake St. John of one colony of fish which spawns in the Metabetchouan, the Salmon River and other comparatively near-by streams; in Lac a Jim of another colony which finds its spawning beds in tributary rivers, while there is good reason to believe that the fish of Tschotagama and Manouan Lakes never descend to Lake St. John at all, though there is no reason why they should not do so, if so inclined. But the darker colored and non-spawning fish are found in these lakes nearly all the year round, and particularly at the very season that similar fish of the Lake St. John are found in Lake St. John itself.

The habits of the fish in Newfoundland and Labrador Rivers, which I have visited, are exactly similar to those of the Lake St. John country. The dark colored ouananiche are found in the lake-like expansions of the rivers, and the brighter ones in the streams. *Salmo salar* derives his silvery sheen from the salt of the sea. What arrays the spawning ouananiche with the brilliant livery denied its spent or barren relatives, seeing that it is not supposed to visit the sea at all, and in some instances could not possibly ascend from it to the waters in which it is found? Is the change simply a merciful provision of Nature for adapting the color of the fish to those of its actual surroundings, for aiding it in the work of self preservation? Everybody is familiar with the change of coloring in the coats of many fur-bearing animals of the far north at the approach of winter, and while the chemistry of the change may not be understood, there is no apparent doubt of Nature's intention in the matter. And while it may not be easy to understand why the dark water of the lakes, which it sometimes inhabits, should communicate its own tint to the ouananiche remaining in it for any considerable time, or why the fish should take on the silvery lustre of running water while ascending it to its spawning grounds, there is no doubt whatever that the change actually takes place.

It is chiefly in the rivers, and in or near the rapids, that the ouananiche best take the fly. In the body of most of the large lakes which they inhabit, such as Lake St.John, Lac a Jim and Lake Tschotagama, they are mostly taken with bait or by trolling.

September Trout Fishing.

The cold spell which set in between the 20th and 25th of August, in northern Canada, proved a great boon to trout fishermen. At present writing, the water is still low in many of the brooks and in some of the rivers, but the lowering of the temperature has very materially improved the fishing in the lakes. The members of the Wayagamack club have been having exceptionally good sport, and Mr. Herrick took a 9½ pound trout out of Lake Wayagamack last week. Lake Edward has also been yielding some extra good fishing during the last few days. Mr. A. W. Hooper has gone to the Nonamtum club preserve at Lac des Commissaires for the remainder of the fishing season, and there are almost daily additions to the members of the Triton and Tourilli clubs now in camp. Among those who have gone to the preserve of the Tourilli club for a long vacation are Mr. Etterbury, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railway, accompanied by Mrs. Etterbury, and Mr. Maurice C. Kennedy, Vice-President of the Chambersburg Railway.

Gradual Dissappearance of the Whitefish.

Canadian fishermen along the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair are complaining of the present scarcity of fish, and claiming that they are not doing sufficient business to pay expenses. The scarcity of whitefish and perch is most severely felt. Both these fish are much in demand, and the fishermen are unable to supply their customers, though a few years ago both species were found in abundance in the Detroit River. The war of extermination being waged against them, by both man and other fishes, goes rapidly on however, and the whitefish, in particular, is disappearing so fast, that it is feared that it will be soon as rare as the buffalo. It is asserted that the supply of 25,000,000 fry of the whitefish sent out by the Sandwich hatchery to replenish the stock of fish in the Great Lakes is not nearly sufficient to meet the depletion of this variety caused by excessive fishing and by the destructiveness of other aquatic inhabitants of the lakes. When the whitefish deposit their eggs, the rocky beds are literally covered with spawn, but schools of soft fish suddenly appear and the eggs immediately disappear, only a fraction of them being left in the crevices of the rocks. Millions of mullet, suckers, carp and other varieties feed upon the whitefish fry, and it is estimated that not more than one of the latter out of a thousand reaches maturity. Another factor in the destruction of the fish is said to be the dredging work going on at Amherstburg. The hatchery at Sandwich has a capacity for handling over a hundred million whitefish fry, but there seems to be difficulty in capturing a sufficient number of parent fish during the spawning season to extract the required number of eggs.

New Trout Waters Opened Up.

The other day I visited some newly opened-up trout waters, within about seven hours' journey of the city of Quebec, and had some capital sport. The territory containing these waters is situated to the north of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, which is just one hour's run from Quebec by electric railway. The fishing in these waters is controlled by a club, of which Mr. Baker, manager of the Kent House, Montmorenci Falls, has charge, and issues permits. Arrived at Ste. Anne's there is a drive back in the country for about ten miles before the actual portaging begins. There are a number of hills to climb, one of which is a veritable mountain. The portage is quite a good one, however, and that part of it which ascends the highest mountain can be ridden over on a saddle horse. A portage of about two hours brings the angler to Lake St. Hilaire, a pretty little body of water about a third of a mile across and nearly circular in shape. It is swarming with small trout which rise greedily to the fly, and there is a comfortable camp upon one of its shores. Beyond St. Hilaire there is Lake Bonnet, reached over a portage some two miles long, and here the scenery is exceedingly pretty, and the trout both plentiful and larger than those of Lake St. Hilaire, some of them exceeding ½ pound in weight. Four miles beyond Bonnet is Lake George, a still larger lake, containing trout up to two pounds weight and over; while a couple of days' journey brings the sportsman to Snow Lake, the headwaters of the Montmorenci River. Previous to the cutting out of the portages herein described, Snow Lake was almost inaccessible. It is the center of a great big-game country, where both moose and caribou are abundant. It also contains enormous trout, both *fontinalis* and *namaycush.* The latter have been taken up to thirty pounds weight here, while the brook trout run as large as those in the Great Lake Jacques Cartier, described by Mr. John Burroughs, and attaining a weight of seven or eight pounds. The distance from Snow Lake to Lake Jacques Cartier is only a few miles, but dense forest surrounds them both.

E. T. D. Chambers.

The Pleasures of Angling.

The pleasures of fishing. How can we describe them? Are they in the beauty of the scenery—the mystery that broods beneath the dark pools, the hope that flashes from every sunlit stickle, from every tinkling cascade, from every circling eddy? Are they in the leap of the heart that answers the leap of the twelve inches of the golden life and energy, sprung from the depths, as if to show us what glory the waters hide—glories of shape and color that no earth-born creature can surpass; glories of strength and activity, of pluck and resource? Are they in the daintiness of the fisherman's weapons, the grace of his bending rod, the perfection of his flies, the well nigh invisible fineness of his lash of transparent gut? Are they in the solitude, the swish of the line through the long hours, the peace of the day, and the sigh that is not far from tears in the loveliness of the summer evening? They are in all these, and yet in none of them. They are in the inexplicable, in the secret natures of man, of earth and water, of color, of silence, and all the things that whelm a man until he, least of any, could tell you what they mean. Were he to try they might vanish at the mere endeavor. Reader, smile if you will; but forgive our enthusiasm. There is not a great amount of perfect peace in the world; it is hard to find. Many, alas! will never find it this side of Styx. But we have found it, and pray we may find it again, by the riverside alone.

If you would seek it, too; if the worry and wear of the world have been scraping with restless file on your soul, grating at your nerves, take my advice, and creep away from it all. There are still quiet corners in this great blaring world of ours, cool shadows unswept by electric light; miles of green, dewy beauty on which the great sun smiles down as if he knew naught of stifling street and square. There you can toil all day, and yet be at rest; can think, and yet forget all thought; can dream, and yet be awake to influences that fill your soul with regret at not having been blessed with them long ago. The glimmer of the afterglow will light you better than the gas lamps; the evening call of the partridge across the fields will strike upon your listening ear more gratefully than the dull rolling of the city traffic. Never mind the ethics, they are but the business of fishing. You have had enough of business; you will be a fisherman possessing peace and the contentment of soul which is *piscatoribus sacrum.*

—M. H. Grant in London Fishing Gazette.

A Philippine Fish Catcher.

An odd sort of fish catching contrivance used in the Philippine Islands may be seen at the New York Aquarium.

It is an open work, dome shaped thing about two feet in height and two feet across in its widest part, at the bottom, made of thin strips of a native wood. The upper ends of these strips are brought closely together around a circle of wood at the top, while from there they spread out uniformly wider and wider apart like the wires in the top part of a round top bird cage.

Up under these strips, about six inches below the top, is set a wooden hoop, to which each of the slats is bound, and over this hoop the slats are strung with a slight curve to be held in shape and at uniform distances apart by a tie run around a couple of inches above their bottom ends. So that this is an open dome-shaped contrivance made of slender curving vertical ribs; and in its construction it shows nice workmanship.

The island fisherman uses this fish catcher in catching fish much as a boy uses his hat in catching butterflies; he claps it down over such comparatively sluggish and bottom feeding fish as he can get near enough to for that purpose and through an opening in the top of the catcher he reaches down inside of it to seize the fishes thus caught.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

8. Larchmont, Manhasset Bay.
8. Boston, club, Hull.
8. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup.
8. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
8. Hingham, club.
8. Beverly, Corinthian, Buzzard's Bay.
8. Wollaston-Squantum, inter-club.
8. Atlantic, open, championship Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, 3 P. M.
8. Brooklyn.
8. Keystone, consolation.
8. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta.
8. Squantum, interclub.
8. Winthrop, 18-footers.
8. Kennebec, Bath, championships.
8. American, Newburyport, cruise.
8. Edgewood, club.
9. Massachusetts Y. R. A., rendezvous Hull.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta.
13-15. Atlantic, series for special schooner and sloop classes, Sandy Hook.
15. Atlantic, championship.
15. Seawanhaka.
15. Knickerbocker, ladies' race, power boats.
15. Middletown, power boats.
15. Eastern, Roosevelt cup.
16. Lynn, club run.
19. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.
22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker, club closing.

SHOULD AN OWNER SAIL HIS OWN VESSEL?

With the appearance of the new boats this year, there was naturally a certain amount of unobtrusive speculation among racing men, who understand the vagaries of yacht racing, as to who would command them. The engagement of prominent skippers early in the season put an end to further speculation in some directions.

There are but few races left before the end of the season, and it seems proper, both from an amateur and professional point of view, to ask an opinion on the question expressed above.

In considering the advisability of an owner sailing his own boat, we refer only to boats above 60ft. waterline. The handling of these boats is an art, acquired by many years of application and hard work, coupled with an ability emanating from natural talent and aptitude. The men who have owned large yachts, and sailed them persistently, have been few. Wider interests have occupied their time and attention, and their yachting has been taken as a recreation and diversion from daily cares. Except in an enthusiast, the taste for the sea would scarcely bring out such assiduous devotion to sailing as would enable an amateur owner to rank with a professional skipper. The professional is very often descended from fisher folk, and from boyhood has spent his time among boats; to him the life is second nature, and it breeds in him that use and readiness which will keep him calm and clearheaded when one not to the manner born would go to pieces.

That the owner of a large yacht should desire to sail and race his own boat is a most laudable and sportsmanlike ambition; on the other hand, if his ability is not equal to obtaining the best that is in his vessel, is not his handling it likely to reflect somewhat upon the designer and builder? They have done their part and are certainly entitled to credit for it; something which in yachting is a fleeting asset at best. However, with a good boat, an owner unable to make her go, would lose none of his sportsmanship by giving up the stick to one more able by long practice—a professional—to get the most out of the yacht. The owner in such a case would still enjoy part of the glory which attaches to the brilliant winning of racing honors.

Nothing finer can be imagined than a fleet of large sloops or schooners, each one handled by its owner, sailing in a match. This is done altogether in small classes. May it not yet be done in the large classes as our yachting knowledge and prosperity grows?

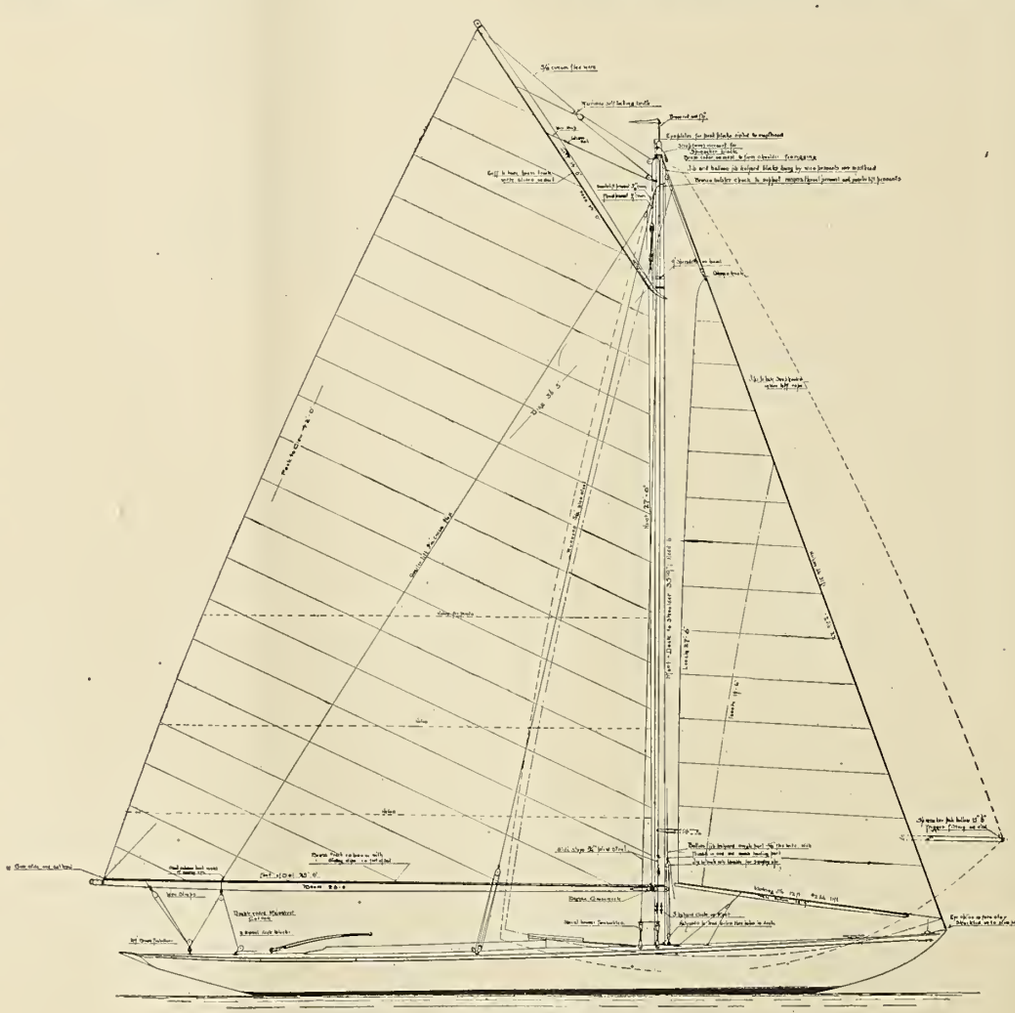
There is no mystery about the sailing of a yacht. As in all other matters, judgment and ability count; and the decision of a question such as this must be left to the common sense of each owner.

Larchmont Y. C. Power Boat Race.

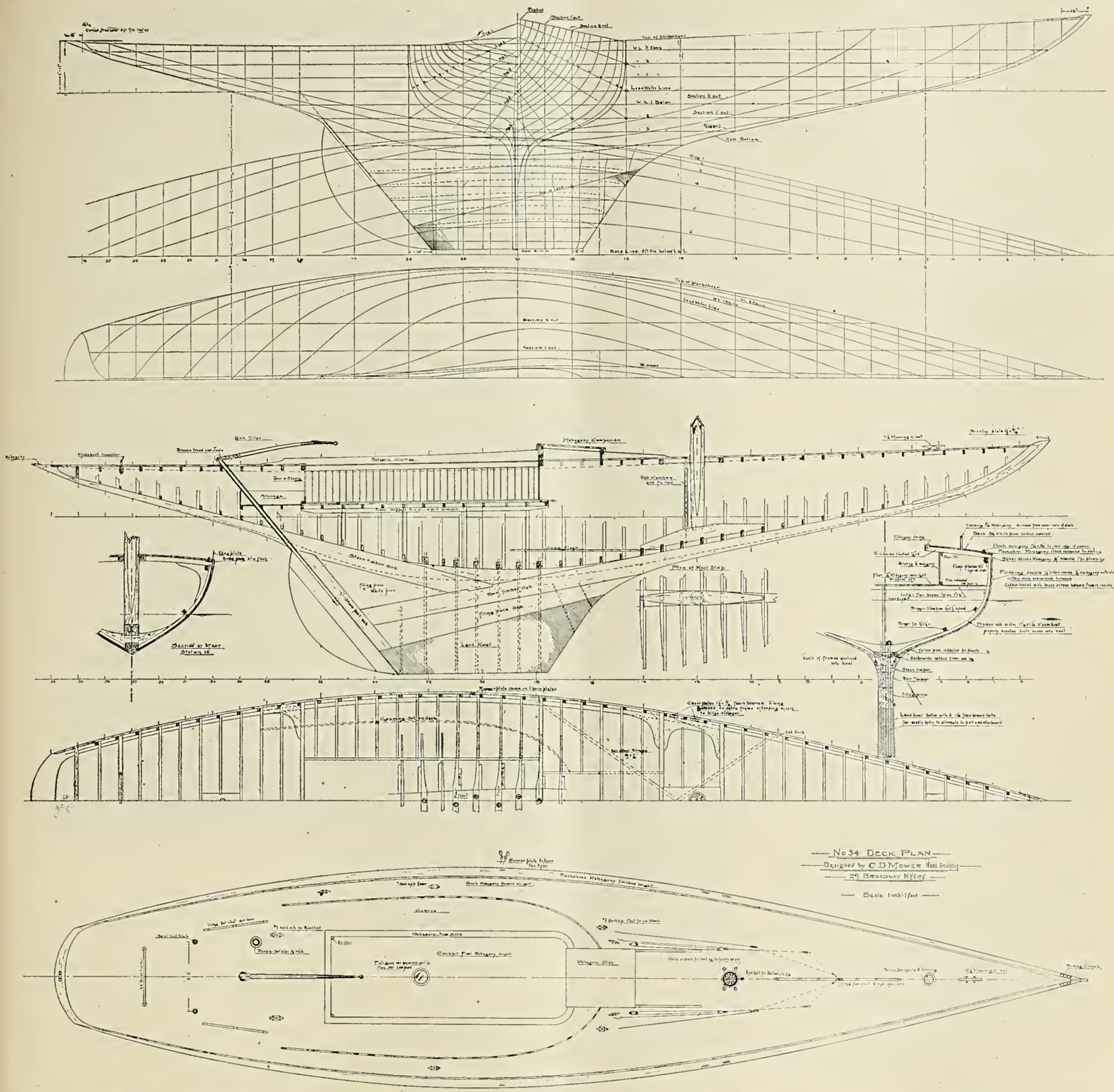
The Larchmont Y. C. announced yesterday that the races for the amateur challenge trophy for auto boats will be contested on Oct. 12 and 13 on a course on Long Island Sound. The trophy, which is held by the club by virtue of the victory of Vingt-et-Un II. in the first race for the cup, has been challenged for by both E. J. Schroeder, of the New York Athletic Club, on behalf of Dixie, and by George Gillig, of the Newark Bay Y. C., on behalf of Xpdnc.

Willis Sharpe Kilmer announced at the time of the receipt of the challenge that Ving-et-Un II. would defend the cup, so that these three boats will surely start. Under the terms of the deed of gift any other boats may enter the race, provided they qualify a month preceding the date set for the race, and all will start under the time allowance scale of the American Power Boat Association.

It is expected that several of the fast boats that aspire to championship honors will be entered before the expiration of the time limit, on Sept. 12. These include J. R. Hoadley's Den II., Richard Croker, Jr.'s new Herreshoff racer, L. W. Armstrong's Irene of the Philadelphia Corinthian Club, Charles J. Swain's Sparrow of the Riverton Club and possibly George W. Child Drexel's Argo. Outside of the races for the championship to be held on the Hudson River next month, the Larchmont cup races will be the most interesting of the year.



JOY—CLASS Q 22-FOOTER—SAIL PLAN.



JOY—CLASS Q 22-FOOTER—LINES, CONSTRUCTION AND DECK PLANS—DESIGNED BY CHAS. D. MOWER FOR COMMODORE CHILDS.

Joy—22-Footer.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Chas. D. Mower we are able to publish the plans of Joy, a boat to suit the requirements of Class Q 22-footers, under the Universal Rule for Gravesend Bay. The boat was built at Lawley's, in Boston, to the order of Commodore W. H. Childs, of the Bensonhurst Y. C., who has raced her persistently during the summer. Out of thirty starts, Joy is credited with 16 firsts, 4 seconds, and 3 thirds, which include Childs trophy, Havens cup, Larchmont series, and Stratford Shoal cruising race.

Joy is a nicely formed boat, perhaps a little too beamy for the waters where her racing is done, but in light airs has done very well. The design of the hull is good and Joy is one of the best looking boats in the class; her ends are well balanced and not too long. The fittings and deck work were laid out with particular care, and it is plain to see the resemblance of Joy to some of the best English small boats. The cockpit arrangement and hatch to the hold is good and there is plenty of room below for sleeping two men and stowing light sails. The interest attaching to the class just now, that a match race is being arranged with the owners of Orestes, a Massachusetts Bay boat, and the encouragement that is being given in the East, make the publication of Joy's plans interesting, and no doubt Mr. Mower's boat will be most carefully studied.

Dimensions:

Length—	
Over all	38.33
Water line	25.38
Overhang—	
Forward	6.16
Aft	6.79
Breadth—	
Water line	7.50
Extreme	8.00
Draft	5.80
L (length by rule)	22.37
Sail area	784.00
Square root sail area	28.00
Displacement, cubic feet	143.00

Boston Letter.

Quincy Cup Races End in Row.

With Auk, eliminated by her failure to score a win in the first four races, there came to the line for the fifth race the Bonidrei, Manchester and Windrim Kid. The last named, although announced by her owner to have been rechristened Chewink VII., still bears the original lettering on her sternboard and is still officially known by her baptismal name.

The course for this race was 2¾ miles to windward and leeward and repeat once. There was a smashing S.W. breeze, and quite a sea running, promising a real contest such as the Sonder class boats have not had for over three weeks. When the boats were off, each with a single-reefed mainsail, the Manchester and Bonidrei slowly pulled away into the lead with the Bonidrei holding the pride of place, and reaching the weather turn 19s. ahead of Manchester and 1m. 12s. before Kid. On the run Manchester gained, but the order at the end of the first round was not changed. In the meantime a nasty squall made up in the N.W., but when it broke it proved quite mild and, by converting the beat to a broad reach, let the stern boats up. Manchester cleverly passed Bonidrei and started the home stretch with a lead of 26s. The wind now dropped fast and became fluky, furnishing a hair raising finish right on the line. Within a length of the judges' boat, Manchester stopped dead in a calm spot with the ebb tide holding her back. Bonidrei slid alongside and also stopped. Then came Kid with a little puff and she too stopped. The situation was tense until a little, private and highly partial puff struck Kid's sails with just enough force to shoot her across the line. The times:

Windrim Kid	2 25 23	Bonidrei	2 26 00
Manchester	2 25 47		

On Tuesday, the 28th, came the sixth, final and most-highly-to-be-deplored race of the whole series. The course was twice around a triangle, each leg being approximately 1½ miles, the first being to windward. The breeze was light and so a bit streaky. The boats kept well bunched going uphill. Near the first turn Bonidrei and Windrim Kid had a slight lead on Manchester, and when the first named took the starboard tack for the mark, she met and forced Windrim Kid about, the latter tacking under Bonidrei's lee and slightly ahead. As they reached the mark Bonidrei had an overlap and Kid was unable to fetch by the mark without luffing out around it. In this situation Windrim Kid called for room. Mr. Sumner H. Foster, on Bonidrei, and one of our best informed as well as fairest racing men was opposed to giving an inch, but her owner George W. Wightman had the stick and luffed her hard to avoid all possibility of trouble. He luffed so far that he was nearly in irons and Foster had to go forward and back the jib to get her again on her course. But before this was done Kid, in luffing, barely grazed Bonidrei. It is claimed that she also grazed the buoy. One member of Windrim Kid's crew, with zeal worthy of a professional, jumped aboard Bonidrei and endeavored to push Kid ahead. The whole affair happened so quickly, however, that many of the spectators hardly took it in.

On the reach Manchester jumped into the lead which she maintained to the end of the round, although hard pushed by both her rivals. On the second time up the wind, however, Bonidrei opened up a splendid gap and Windrim Kid also passed Manchester. The three maintained this order on the last two legs with the distances widening, and Bonidrei came home for her third win with the cup apparently destined for a trip to the Boston Y. C.

The times:

Bonidrei, George W. Wightman	2 47 00
Windrim Kid, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 50 50
Manchester, John L. Bremer	2 54 30

Soon after the race was finished Mr. Macomber filed this protest with the judges: "The Windrim Kid protests Bonidrei for not giving sea room at the windward mark." The protest was heard on Thursday by the three Manchester Y. C. members of the committee, the remaining member, representing the Quincy Y. C., being unavoidably absent. Evidence was heard from the crews of all three boats, and from members of the press whose boat was close at hand at the time of the alleged foul. After three hours spent in taking testimony, and a short deliberation, the protest was sustained, the race awarded to Windrim Kid and the Quincy cup therefore passes into the custody of the Corinthian Y. C.

TILLY VI.—GERMAN SONDER CLASS.
Photo by G. Jackson.

We of this region have been accustomed to regard our methods of conducting this sport, to view our own status as sportsmen with a certain bland egotism, a semi-provincial self-consciousness of our own merit (varying in intensity in certain localities) which, while it may have irritated outsiders, served but the more to increase our self esteem. When, in the past, we read of squabbles over the America's cup, of heart burnings engendered in the "Canada's cup" races, and of rows over Chicago's Lipton cup, we smiled complacently, feeling assured that such things could never happen in Boston waters. We were pleased, but not surprised, when the mere appearances of our representatives at Montreal provoked a sigh of relief at the Seawanhaka cup dinner. We have a few bounders in our racing ranks but good example has given them the veneer, if not the actual substance of gentlemen sportsmen.

In the heat of a contest there often have been hot looks and malodorous language exchanged which at the finish line, however, cleared up in good natured jolly and banter. Many a congested start has seen the boats in a wild jumble of bumping matches, or even witnessed boats on the port tack forcing others on the starboard. Yet protests have seldom resulted unless the fouling clearly had a material effect upon the results. Ill considered protests have been diplomatically pigeon-holed by regatta committees and the spirit of "sport for its own sake" has flourished like the traditional green bay tree. "If I cannot win on the water, I will not take victory from the hands of any committee" has unconsciously become our creed.

And now, the very men who by birth and training should be the last to indulge in unseemly bickering, or to foster strife, are the ones who are responsible for the lamentable wind-up of this year's races for the Quincy cup.

Manchester had scored one win by good judgment and a little luck; Bonidrei one by careful handling, and one on a fluke; and Windrim Kid won a race on merit and another on an arrant fluke. The last race resulted in a clean cut victory for Bonidrei, and the result was in no way whatever affected by the alleged foul. In a previous race where a stupid committee had issued circulars naming different turning points, Mr. Adams would have been perfectly justified had he asked to have the race resailed, but he dismissed the suggestion with the statement that Bonideri would have beaten Auk anyway. Why could not have Mr. Macomber given the same answer? Is it true that the crew of Manchester egged him on in the hope that with the protest once made both boats would be disqualified, the

race awarded to Manchester and she have one more chance to defend successfully? The testimony of one of them was to the effect that first he thought Bonidrei to blame, then he thought Windrim Kid in error, he wasn't positive, perhaps they were both to blame.

Here we have mistake number one by the committee. They should have confined the evidence to what the witnesses saw, not what they thought. What they needed was facts, not opinions. There are rules enough the Lord knows, and the interested clubs could supply the necessary interpretation of those rules. Here we come to a fault in the deed of gift; only the defending club and the first challenger are entitled to representation on the committee, subsequent challengers may race but not deliberate. Thus a dispute, in such a case as the present one, loses its inter-club aspect and becomes a purely individual controversy. The clubs most interested have no vote, and the individuals belong to both clubs.

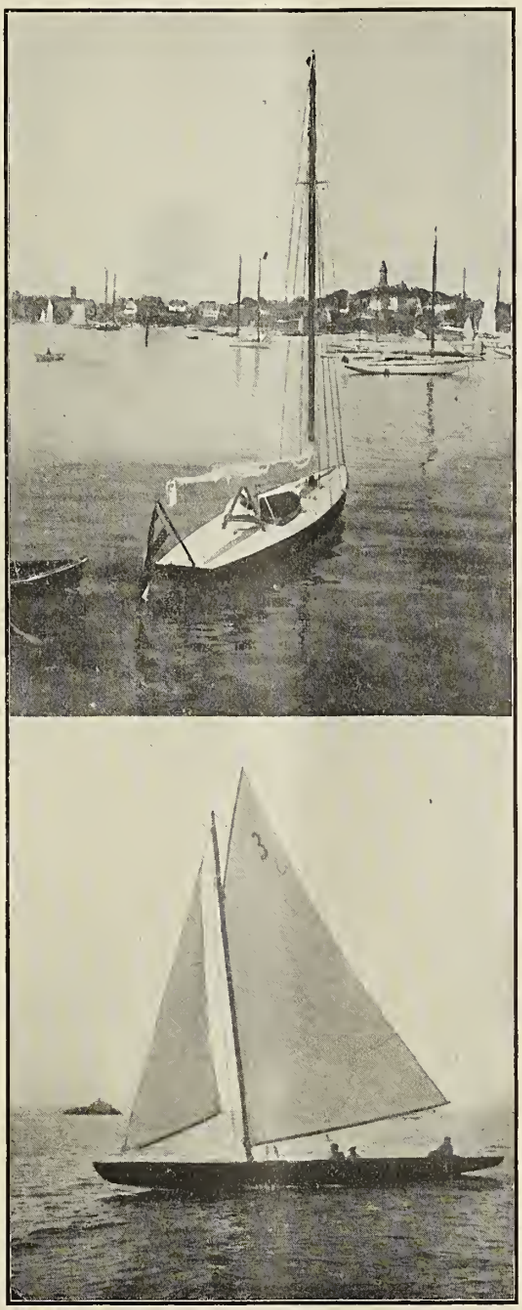
As the matter stood, it was the duty of the committee to hear the evidence, make due allowance for the bias of witnesses, determining the true facts, apply them to the protest as made and determine the issue by the rules framed for such cases. Assuming (without admitting) that the crew of Bonidrei were biassed; was there any one on the Windrim Kid whose professional reputation would be enhanced by the win, to whom the result meant dollars and cents in future orders? There we have one of the unfortunate results of present conditions. We admit professionalism to be hurtful to the sport, yet fail to recognize that the builder, sailmaker and designer are as dependent upon results for success in business as is the paid skipper himself. The best of us become unconsciously blind under such circumstances.

Did the committee fit the facts to the protest or to the proper rules? Adjacent shoals, rocks or shore entitle a boat to sea room, but a turning mark? never! We all admit that when two boats are converging close hauled on the same tack by reason of the leeward boat holding the better wind, then the weather boat shall keep clear, and that when an overlap exists between two boats when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on a required side the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room. Did the facts justify application of the first rule?

Of what avail is an overlap if the rule is to be so strained that the leeward boat can luff after the overlap is established? Time and again it has been decided that with two boats lapping and standing for the finish, if the leeward boat cannot fetch, the weather boat can run her by the mark and then, herself luffing, cross a winner. To hold then that a boat taking the starboard tack near to, and just able to fetch, the mark, can be displaced by having a boat come up on the port tack, tack under her lee and then claim room for a mark which she can only fetch by luffing is the height of absurd injustice. The decision deprives the starboard tack of the advantage universally accorded it. Windrim Kid had her choice of trying to outfoot Bonidrei and thus reach the mark with no overlap, or to pass astern to a position from which she could fetch; and having made her election and failed to accomplish the desired result, she should have philosophically borne the penalty.

The really deplorable feature of the incident, however, is not to be met by fine argument and analysis of technicalities. The issue is lack of real sporting instinct—the presence of materialism. A man who, fairly and unequivocally defeated, seeks an undeserved prize for that prize's sake is sadly lacking in breadth; he may be a sailor, but he is no sportsman.

It is futile talk for well intentioned sportsmen to seek to remedy matters by suggesting that Mr. Macomber offer the Bonidrei a sail off. The cup, as such, is now the property of the Corinthian Y. C., and only to be wrested therefrom by another formal challenge and contest. The superiority in speed has been decided without the aid of committees. The honor, the empty honor, of owning the decisional winner, belongs



WANNSEE.
BONIDREI.
Photo by W. L. Barnard.

to Mr. Macomber, and such satisfaction as that can confer, let him and those who abetted his protests, hug to their bosoms in secret consolation.

Three, possibly four, races for the Roosevelt cup will have been sailed ere this screed sees the light of day. Both parties approach the contest with high hopes and firm confidence. The Germans are very quiet, but equally positive of a successful result. The Americans have a secret dread in their hearts lest their chosen representatives encounter weather in which they have had no chance to prove their ability. The boats have been officially measured, weighed and inspected, numerous borings having been made to ascertain whether or not their planking was of required thickness. Their measurements and rating are as follows:

	L.O.A.	L.W.L.	Ex. Bre'dth.	Ex. Draft.	Rating.	Displacement.
Auk	36.00	19.10	6.10	6.20	31.40	4060
Caramba	37.00	19.25	7.18	5.50	31.93	4220
Gluckauf IV.	32.41	20.56	6.00	4.90	31.41	4185
Vim	35.55	19.88	6.68	5.00	31.56	4485
Tilly VI.	32.80	21.10	5.94	4.55	31.59	4095
Wannsee	33.55	20.85	5.98	4.95	31.78	4290

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greater breadth and draft than their rivals. All rate well up to the maximum 32ft., and the displacement varies. The matter of a few hundred pounds weight of hull is of no real moment in a well proportioned boat, so this matters little.

William Lambert Barnard.

Tilford Cup.

The Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Y. C. announces the presentation of a valuable cup for a contest between yachts not under 110ft. nor exceeding 150ft. waterline length, by Vice-Commodore Frank L. Tilford. This cup, value $500, is to become the property of the owner of the winning yacht. Yachts of the screw schooner-rig type, clipper stem and fantail stern, propelled by reciprocating engines, enrolled in any recognized yacht club are eligible to enter. Entries must be filed with the Regatta Committee by 12 noon Sept. 10. The day selected for this race is Sept. 15. The course will be from the Atlantic Y. C. to the Scotland Light Vessel and return, twice around, distance 52 nautical miles.

National Motor Boat Carnival.

The National Motor Boat Carnival, the great national event in the motor boat sport, will without doubt prove the greatest event of the year, from the great and increasing interest that is shown by the larger number of requests made from day to day for entry blanks. The carnival occurs during the race week of the Motor Boat Club of America, whose club station is located at 112th street and Hudson River, New York city. It will be from this point that all races will start from and finish. One of the many who have requested that their boat be entered is Mr. Richard Croker, Jr., who desires to secure the blue ribbon event in motor boating, the world's championship international trophy, which was won last year by Dixie, then owned by Mr. E. R. Thomas. Mr. Croker's boat was designed and built by Capt. Nat Herreshoff; and if all reports are true, will be a hard one to beat. Another fast boat is said to be the challenger this year for this trophy, Irene, owned by Mr. John F. Anderson, of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, for which thirty miles has been claimed as her speed. Others who will be found in the same class will be Dixie, Sparrow, Den, Panhard and several others who have not appeared this season in any event, and this particular event should prove one of the most interesting, as well as hotly contested, that has ever taken place in this or possibly any other country.

All events are to be held on the Hudson River, commencing the week of Sept. 10. Reliability trials for all types of boats wil start the week's sport on Monday; on Tuesday, Sept. 11, will be the long distance races for both high-speed boats and pleasure craft, the high-speed boats taking the longer course to Poughkeepsie and return, and the slower boats going but half the distance and returning. The record for the longer distance established by Xpdnc two years ago, when she traveled 118.6 nautical miles at an average speed of 26.29 statute miles, has never been broken, and every attempt will be made on this occasion to lower the record. Xpdnc will, however, be one of the contestants, and from all accounts will be able to lower her former mark. Wednesday, Sept 12, will be Ladies' Day, the events being water sports of all kinds; races for yacht tenders, dinghies, etc. Also the following championship events: Mile, with standing and flying starts. Record for the distance made at Monaco, 2m. 25s., or 28.6 statute miles —standing start. Kilometer, both standing and flying starts. Record for the distance, 1m. 10 3-5s., or an average of 31.8 statute miles. The boat taking part in these latter events that wins and succeeds in breaking these records will be awarded a special prize.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13 to 15, will be races for the world's international, national and interstate championship; national motor yacht championship, and national cabin launch championship, as well as numerous other events for boats other than of the high-speed type.

On the evening of Saturday, Sept. 15, will be held a Venetian fete, in which will be included a nautical parade of all types of craft, steam yachts, auxiliary craft, tenders, and all types of motor boats. Handsome prizes are to be awarded the two best illuminated boats in the entire fleet, and handsome prizes also to be awarded the boats making the finest decorative display. It is expected that there will be at least 150 or more boats in line. The week's event will be closed with a grand pyrotechnic display. Entry blanks and full particulars will be gladly furnished on application to Mr. Hugh S. Gambel, Secretary, 314 Madison avenue, New York city, or at the club station, 112th street and Hudson River.

H. S. Gambel.

Yachts Changing Hands.

The Gas Engine & Power Co. & C. L. Seabury & Co., Morris Heights, have sold the following: The steam yacht Corinthia, for Mr. J. A. Mollenhauer, to Mr. T. A. Turner; the 45ft. open motor boat Speedway, to Mr. Robert Collier, Jr., which has been shipped to Saranac Lake, and the motor boat Esther, to Mr. Frederick Southack, Islip, L. I., for use on Great South Bay.

Ariadne, auxiliary steel schooner yacht, designed in 1902 by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. H. W. Putnam, Jr., has been sold to Mr. James Laughlin, Jr. Mr. Laughlin is a veteran yachtsman, and has made many cruises in Yaul. Mr. Putnam, it is rumored, contemplates the building of a 3-masted schooner yacht, 145ft. waterline, from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

Mr. C. D. Freeman has sold his Gielow-designed launch Fern, to Mrs. A. H. Alden, a resident of Larchmont.

Newport 15-Footers.

Wednesday, Aug. 29.

In a race between 15-footers at Newport yesterday afternoon Eaglet, owned and sailed by William Grosvenor, was the winner. There were six boats in the race, which was sailed over a triangular course of 8 miles in a light S.W. wind. The boats were well bunched, and it was hard to pick a winner until the little racers hauled on the wind, when Eaglet forged into the windward position, which place she held to the finish.

One of the boats was sailed by a young lady, Miss Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan, and although she did not get a place in the race, she showed that she knew how to handle a boat. The summary follows, start, 3:12:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor	4 44 53	1 32 53
Wenonah, J. Wetherell	4 44 59	1 32 59
Snipe, H. Lippitt	4 45 01	1 33 01
Whisper, E. D. Morgan, Jr.	4 45 24	1 33 24
Echo, Miss Morgan	4 46 46	1 34 46
Dixie, P. Jones, Jr.	4 54 30	1 42 30

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

Fall Regatta—Bay Shore, Aug. 25.

The yachting season came to a close on Saturday last with the fall regatta of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. The wind was fresh from the east. The times follow:

Cruising Class.

	Elapsed.
Nindah, C. A. O'Donohue	2 14 19
Emla I., F. A. Williams	2 01 37

Fifth Class.

Medler, W. C. Candee	1 28 57
Fidget, T. Haywood	1 36 12
Toby, Horace O. Havemeycr	1 23 30

One-Design Class.

Emla III., F. A. Williams	1 35 24
Ripple, W. K. Dick	1 37 58
Nat, F. H. Hutton	1 38 33
Let Her Be, F. H. Ballard	1 34 37
Alice, S. F. Rothschild	1 36 00
Dall, W. C. Candee	1 38 05

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Gravesend Bay—Thursday, Aug. 30.

On Thursday, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C., a race was sailed to count in the championship series. Two classes—P and Q—were started. In Class P the race was the resail of the race of Aug. 11, when all the boats were disqualified. Class Q sailed for a prize, offered by W. Barstow, owner of Soya and the Bensonhurst Club. Jigstep and Joy won.

Class P—Sloops—Start, 2:10—Course 13 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 52 04	2 42 04
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 52 38	2 42 38
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	4 53 07	2 43 07

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:15—Course 13 Miles.

Joy, W. H. Childs	5 04 42	2 40 42
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 13 21	2 58 21
Spider, H. Chubb	5 14 38	2 59 38
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 22 32	3 07 32
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 24 21	3 09 21

Underwood Cup.

Second Race—Atlantic Y. C.—Aug. 29.

The second race for the Urderwood cup was sailed on Wednesday. A most unfortunate situation arose from the drifting away of the markboat, miles out of position. There is no doubt the race will be resailed. The times, such as they are, follow:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:00—Course, 10½ Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spider, H. Chubb	4 59 47	1 59 47
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 09 13	2 09 13
Saetta, W. H. Church	5 13 12	2 13 12
Joy, W. H. Childs	Did not finish.	
Mary, Max Grundner	Did not finish.	

Newport 30-Footers.

Wednesday, Aug. 29.

In a light S.W. breeze on Wednesday the Newport thirties sailed a race to Dyers Island and return, 14 miles. Mrs. Vanderbilt made her debut as a helmswoman, sailing her own boat, Caprice, over the course. The times follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	6 15 00	2 42 00
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 18 30	2 45 30
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 20 07	2 47 07
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney	6 20 11	2 47 11
Caprice, Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt	6 21 14	2 48 14

Mr. Guy Norman, of Boston, who two years ago built the auxiliary power boat Limit, has recently sailed to England. Mr. Norman is to investigate the producer gas systems and machines, with a view to installation in his next yacht.

A. C. A.

The twenty-seventh annual camp of the American Canoe Association, held at Sugar Island in the St. Lawrence, closed on Friday, August 24, after two weeks of thoroughly enjoyable racing, camping and general fun. The weather was perfect, save for one afternoon and one night when rain and high winds prevailed.

Commodore Quick proved to be all that was expected of him, and his camp will long live in the memory of those who attended as one ruled by loyalty, rather than discipline. The best of feeling prevailed at all times, and many jolly reunions were held, due in a large measure to the presence of many of the older members of the Association.

The Commodore-elect, George P. Douglass, is well known to the A. C. A. at large, having been a sailor in the early '90's, the winner of the Record in 1890, 1893 and 1897, and Secretary-Treasurer in 1894. His election, and that of W. A. Furman, of the Park Island Canoe Association, of Trenton, N. J., as Secretary, with the choice of Sugar Island for the camp of 1907, insure another successful year from every point of view.

The Atlantic Division elected these officers: Vice-Commodore, Mat. Ohlmeyer, Knickerbocker C. C., New York; Rear-Commodore, Clifton T. Mitchell, Red Dragon C. C., Philadelphia; Purser, George A. Stark, Hiawatha C. C., New York City; Executive Committee, H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.; L. C. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C.; P. F. Hogan, Brooklyn C. C.; D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C.

The sailing trophy was won by W. J. Ladd, of Winchester, Mass., second and third places going to Messrs. Murphy and Moot of the same club.

The new Mab sailing trophy, presented by Charles E. Archbald, of Montreal, was won by H. Lansing Quick. The A. C. A. paddling trophy was won by J. R. Dickson of the Admiralty Canoe Club, A. G. Mather of the Medford Boat Club being second. Note: Complete report of the races in detail will appear in the next issue. The Dolphin trophy was presented to F. C. Moore of the N. Y. C. C., he having won it more years than any other competitor. The number of entries in the several races were unusually large; in fact the regatta was more successful than any held within the last decade.

The annual executive committee will be held in New York on some date in October to be announced.

U. M. C. SHOT SHELLS

September is the hunter's month. 1906 will be a banner year in the game field if the reports which are coming in from all over the country prove true. Better game protection throughout the country has increased ducks in the North and quail in the South. Favorable weather has allowed birds to hatch. All is ready for the sportsman. There is a U. M. C. Shell for every game bird and a cartridge especially adapted for all big game. The hard and uniform shooting quality of U. M. C. shells is produced by the perfection of manufacture, standard and time-tested powders used, uniform pressure on the exactly gauged wads, the firm crimp, etc., but back of it all, the U. M. C. primer, which has never been equaled.

U. M. C. Shells at the start mean heavy pockets at the finish.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 7-8.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seaside Gun Club. Harry Johnson, Sec'y., Pacific and Albany Avenues, Atlantic City, N. J.
Sept. 6.—Newton (Ill.) G. C. tournament. J. A. Batman, Sec'y.
Sept. 8-10.—Los Angeles, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap tournament, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
Sept. 10-11.—Indianapolis (Ind.) G. C. fall tournament. Wm. Armstrong, Sec'y.
Sept. 11-12.—Scammon, Kans.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
*Sept. 12.—Brownsville (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 12-13.—Marshalltown (Ia.) G. C. amateur tournament.
Sept. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $100 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 13.—Hartford, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club Association of Connecticut, under auspices of Colt Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester.
Sept. 13-14.—Columbus (O.) G. C. fall tournament. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-19.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $10 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 18-19.—Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club fall tournament. F. H. Koch, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 21-22.—Bradford (Pa.) G. C. green corn shoot. R. S. Pringle, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-23.—Tucson, Ariz., Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Sept. 22.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club tournament and Eastern Connecticut championship. Albert S. Brown, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—St. Louis Sportsman's Shooting Park tournament.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Sept. 29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 5-6.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual live-bird championship, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y K. T. S. L.
Oct. 8-10.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association sixteenth annual meeting and tournament. J. P. Wright, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Open to State shooters only. J. P. Wright, Sec'y, Camden, Ark.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Yazoo City, Miss., Gun Club has changed the dates of its tournament from Oct. 9-11 to Oct. 8-10.

Manager J. A. Batman informs us that the Newton, Ill., Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament on Oct. 12.

In the shoot-off for the Wawaset trophy, which took place at Betterton, Md., at Capt. Malone's annual, Aug. 31, it was won by Mr. Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, with a score of 98 to Mr. Ed. Banks' score of 83.

Secretary A. S. Brown writes us that the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club will hold a tournament Saturday, Sept. 22. The eastern Connecticut championship at 100 targets will be shot for as part of the programme. For programmes and further information, address Albert S. Brown, Secretary, Box 497, Norwich, Conn.

In the final contest for the English Hotel cup, at the tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Sept. 1, Mr. George Bowen, of Carmel, Ind., won it with a score of 92, and with it the $50 purse. He immediately surrendered it to the Indianapolis Gun Club for open competition in the fall tournament, Sept. 10 and 11.

The Spokane Rod and Gun Club has received a silver cup, to be known as the Dupont trophy, 1906, which will be contested for at the traps before the end of the year, probably the latter part of November. The club will hold its annual meeting in October, when the exact dates will be fixed. The cup is 10in. high, and is 8in. in diameter. It is of solid silver, lined with gold.

The annual fall tournament of the Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 18 and 19, has a programme of twelve 15-target events on the first day, $1.30 entrance, and a like programme for the second day, excepting that event 8 is at 25 targets, $2 entrance. A special purse is provided from the profits to repay the amateurs who do not win their entrance back. Ship guns, etc., to G. Dal Fox & Bros. Rose system. F. A. Godcharles, Capt.

Bernard Waters.

South Dakota State Tournament.

Hot Springs, S. D., Aug. 30.—The past two days have been busy ones at the gun club grounds, as the club here has been entertaining the visitors from abroad who were present at their invitation to hold the annual South Dakota shooting tournament.

The weather was good; the attendance fair—that is, the traveling men were out in full force, there being ten of these good fellows present; but the amateurs and State shooters were not present in as large numbers as expected when the divisions of moneys is considered.

There were four equal divisions, with the express understanding that every man shooting into the money should receive his money back; that is, the amount paid in for that event.

Those present: H. C. Rinkle, Aberdeen, S. D.; Marshall Sharp, Omaha, Neb.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kans.; Frank Riehl, Alton, Ill.; F. O. Soller, Sheridan, Wyoming; Ted Ackerman, Ballerino, S. D.; R. Kline, Spirit Lake, Ia.; H. G. Taylor, Meckling, S. D.; S. A. Huntley, Omaha; C. A. Young, Columbus, O.; H. W. Kahler, Davenport, Ia.; Tom Hartman, Deer Creek, Oklahoma; Charles Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.; Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.; R. R. Barber, Paulina, Ia.; E. R. Jackett, M. R. Morgan, G. C. Wooster, H. Gayhart, D. McNeal and Emil Hargroves, Hot Springs, S. D.; R. J. McNish and George Coats, Hill City, S. D.; R. Walker, Deadwood, S. D.; G. L. Pitt, Crawford, Neb.

Most of the visitors were not well pleased with the background and the way the targets were thrown. The traps worked very poorly, and when a perfect target was sprung, it went up against a red sandstone bluff and was hard to see. Only men with a "hye like han heagle" could get them. Heer, Spencer and H. Taylor seemed to catch on, and they alone made their average.

The shoot-off for the trophy was a lively one, as Ackerman and Huntley tied on 48, and Ackerman won on shoot-off. This was known as the G. W. Hiller trophy, and Walker, Pitt, Taylor and Gayhart made 47.

On the second day Heer came away with a fine meerschaum pipe, as he easily won high—and deserved to win it—with a run of 131 on such conditions.

The next shoot will be held at either Deadwood or Belle Fourche. H. G. Taylor was elected President, and Bert Rogers, of Deadwood, Secretary. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Brk.
Riehl	10	14	14	12	12	12	14	14	13	12	11	138
Soller	8	11	13	9	8	14	12	6	11	14	13	119
Ackerman	11	14	12	9	10	14	13	12	14	10	13	132
Klein	5	9	10	9	13	11	13	9	8	7	11	105
Taylor	13	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	13	15	14	159
Hardy	13	14	13	11	11	13	14	13	13	15	12	142
Heer	15	15	14	15	15	15	13	14	15	14	15	160
Huntley	13	13	13	10	15	14	15	13	15	13	15	149
Young	12	14	13	12	14	13	15	13	15	13	14	148
Kahler	13	13	13	12	13	13	14	14	11	15	15	146
Doodle	9	13	12	11	12	10	12	10	14	14	13	130
Spencer	13	15	13	14	14	15	13	15	15	14	15	156
Gottlieb	10	14	11	14	13	13	14	15	15	15	13	147
Barber	12	13	15	14	13	12	14	13	15	11	13	145
Juckett	12	12	12	12	7	13	13	15	15	13	10	134
Morgan	12	14	13	11	10	13	8	7	10	12	13	123
Wooster	9	10	9	7	8	10	9	13	14	12	13	114
Pitt	13	15	10	13	12	13	12	14	13	13	15	143
Smith	7	13	7	10	8	8	12	11	10	12	9	107
Newcomb	5	10	3	5	6	10	9	7	8	8	7	78
E Dunkirk	6	11	10	7	6	7	6	14	14	13	12	106
Coats	8	13	10	11	11	13	8	15	12	15	14	130
Walker	11	12	8	12	10	14	13	13	12	12	14	131
McNish	10	13	14	12	9	11	11	14	13	11	14	132
Gayhart	13	13	11	12	14	11	10	13	13	15	15	140
Organ	11	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McNeil	..	10	12	11	8	13	10	10	12	10	11	...
Hargens	..	12	13	11	12	11	13	13	14	13	12	...
Hand	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	7	6	.. ...

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Brk.
Riehl	12	11	14	13	13	13	13	14	15	12	12	142
Soller	14	11	11	14	10	13	12	14	14	14	14	141
Ackerman	12	14	11	15	13	11	13	13	12	15	14	143
Klein	15	13	13	14	15	12	11	13	12	14	13	145
Taylor	12	15	13	15	13	14	15	14	14	15	15	150
Hardy	13	15	14	11	13	14	15	15	14	13	15	152
Heer	14	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	163
Huntley	14	15	13	13	14	14	13	15	13	14	13	151
Young	11	13	13	14	11	13	12	14	13	14	15	143
Kahler	14	13	14	11	14	12	13	15	13	12	14	145
Doodle	13	15	11	14	14	14	14	14	15	14	13	151
Spencer	14	15	13	13	11	15	15	15	15	14	14	157
Gottlieb	11	14	13	13	11	15	15	15	14	14	15	150
Barber	12	14	13	15	13	14	14	14	14	14	13	150
Juckett	13	13	13	14	12	9	12	14	13	10	14	137
Morgan	11	13	10	12	13	12	12	14	13	13	11	134
Wooster	13	12	15	12	13	14	13	11	10	14	11	138
Pitt	13	13	13	15	14	14	13	14	14	15	15	153
Smith	12	13	10	13	11	14	12	8	14	13	15	135
Hargens	14	14	14	9	11	14	15	14	14	14	12	145
Dunkin	11	14	10	12	13	13	9	10	9	13	13	127
Coats	13	14	14	12	13	14	12	15	14	14	15	150
Walker	13	14	11	11	13	14	10	13	11	15	14	139
Organ	1	111	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gayhart	15	12	14	14	15	13	15	12	12	15	15	152

Championship race, 25 targets: Taylor 23, Huntley 23, Ackerman 21, Smith 17, Hargens 22, Pitt 23, Coats 22, Gayhart 24, Wooster 25, Walker, 25.

Wooster won on shoot-off, on twelfth round.

Professional averages, 330 shot at: Heer 323, Spencer 313, Gottlieb 297, Barber 295, Hardy 294, Kahler 291, Young 291, Riehl 280.

Amateurs: H. Taylor 314, Huntley 300, Pitt, 296, Gayhart, 292, Doolcy 281, Coats 280.

Bob White Gun Club.

Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 25.—The fifth and last shoot of the Lancaster County League of Trapshooters was held Aug. 25, on the grounds of the Bob White Gun Club.

The interest taken by the gunners in this section brought thirty-eight men out to face the trap, regardless of the falling rain, which kept up all day.

Among the professional men was L. J. Squier, who had an excellent score, considering the conditions.

A. C. Krueger, of Columbia, amateur, and E. H. Adams divided high average, Mr. Krueger breaking the greatest number of targets during the series of shoots, decided him the champion shot of Lancaster county. This is the second year that he has won this honor. The Excelsior Gun Club, of which he is a member, carried off the Dupont trophy. They were but six targets ahead of the Bob White Club.

In the total count, this was a close and interesting chase. Every club was present with a full team to see the finish. The team scores of to-day's shoot are as follows:

Five-man team shoot:

Bob White.		Pequea.	
H Barr	22	F Clark	22
H C Bonham	21	N Ressler	20
B Reese	21	W Grube	19
L Phillip	21	Anderson	18
A Krick	15—100	Andrews	18— 97
Excelsior.		**Blue Bird.**	
A C Krueger	22	Allison	14
S Hoffman	16	Sides	17
Flickenstein	20	Hardnell	15
Stevenson	22	Friend	21
Kline	17— 97	Billet	19— 86

Elizabethtown.			
R A Coble	19	Kersey	6
Lindemuth	12	Rutherford	12— 61
Westfer	12		

There was a full squad here from the South End Gun Club, of Reading. They were welcome visitors, and they all shot very well.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	Brk.
J Andrews	8	11	10	12	12	12	12	11	12	18	12	9	14	153
L J Squier	8	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	12	24	15	13	12	185
R A Coble	8	10	10	15	10	13	9	11	10	19	10	14	8	146
H B Barr	7	14	14	15	11	12	11	13	10	22	12	7	12	160
N Ressler	9	11	12	14	12	11	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	...
W W Essick	6	11	7	11	11	10	10	10	6	..	8	11	10	...
C M Hain	6	10	10	10	11	12	12	14	11	..	12	9	10	...
H Ball	10	12	14	12	13	13	14	14	13	19	9	10	10	162
E H Adams	10	13	12	14	13	11	13	14	15	19	10	13	14	171
F Gerhart	7	8	11	10	13	11	13	13	13	21	13	9	12	159
L Lewis	7	12	13	14	13	12	14	10	13	18	12	9	12	159
W T Krick	6	8	12	12	12	12	11	13	11	15	10	11	11	144
H C Bonham	8	12	11	15	12	12	13	13	9	21	11	7	11	155
J N Jones	6	9	11	12	9	..	..	..	..	18	10	..	..	...
B P Reese	8	14	14	13	12	12	11	14	7	21	12	10	10	158
S Hoffman	9	10	13	10	10	14	12	11	9	16	8	10	10	142
A C Krueger	9	14	13	12	15	13	12	14	14	22	12	10	11	171
L Phillips	6	14	13	13	11	12	5	12	7	21	8	9	11	142
J Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	9	..	14	..	..	...
T Sides	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	11	..	17	..	..	...
E Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	11	17	..	..	..	...
Hammicker	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	8	..	..	..	..	...
Flickenstein	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	11	20	10	..	..	...
Hardsock	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	14	..	..	..	...
Jamison	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	8	..	..	..	..	...
W Grube	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	10	19	9	..	..	...
F Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	22	..	..	..	..	...
Stephens	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	22	10	..	..	..	...
Hardneel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...
Friend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	...
Billet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	...
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...
Mylin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	...

H. C. Bonham, Sec'y.

SEA GIRT—LEECH CUP MATCH.

Western Handicap Notes.

The Grand Western Handicap is now a matter of history, but the memory of the many ladies present, charmingly gowned, bright-eyed and vivacious, lending beauty, grace and wit to the large gathering, will never be forgotten by the shooters from all over the country, who were fortunate enough to be in Denver. There was a social feature at Berkeley seldon found at the traps, and the wives of the shooters held a reception each day.

Among those present were Mrs. T. E. Hubby, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. R. J. Jackson, Mexia, Tex.; Mrs. Louis Erhardt, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.; Mrs. Reese Prosser, Helena, Mont.; Mrs. G. G. Picket, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. F. H. Sprague, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Geo. Mackie, Scammon, Kans.; Mrs. L. G. Scranton, Weir City, Kans.; Mrs. Fred Bell, Arkansas City, Kans.; Mrs. J. C. Fairelo, Arkansas City, Kans.; Mrs. John Den, Arapahq, Neb.; Mrs. Dr. C. W. Carson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Reimatte, Salina, Kans.; Mrs. H. Bardsley, Telluride, Colo.; Mrs. H. Anderson, Salina, Kans.; Mrs. Ed. Wallace, Marshalltown, Ia.; Mrs. Geo. Jenkins, Los Vegas, Mex.; Mrs. W. J. Hughes, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. A. E. McKenzie, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Chas. E. Younkman, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kans.; Mrs. W. M. McGee, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Nellie Bennett, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Richard Curry, Cripple Creek; Mrs. Hood Waters, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. S. McDonald, Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who is wonderfully well fitted to organize, manage and run a shoot, and has had years of experience in that line, was told by a friend, Mr. McKenzie had said he was here to work under his instructions. Mr. Shaner merely smiled, and took off his hat to his new boss (?).

Mr. J. T. Skelly, the popular manager of the smokeless department of the E. I. DuPont Co., arrived early Tuesday morning, but his trunk did not. Mr. Skelly attended the preliminary shoot in a "peek-a-boo" shirt that for coolness and comfort could not be equaled.

Captain Hardy is indeed versatile, and demonstrated to the crowd he could dance, play the violin, flirt with a pretty girl or ride a burro with the same skill he handles a rifle.

Mr. W. F. Scott, from Helena, Mont., was certainly traveling with a "hoodoo." His train broke down and he was four days en route to Denver. Arrived too late to enter the preliminary handicap, but put up his entrance fee for the Great Western. Left the Brown Palace early Friday morning, with a chauffeur, who promised to have him at Berkeley in thirty minutes. Hours elapsed. The man was not as familiar with Denver as he thought, and when Mr. Scott finally reached the shooting grounds his squad had broken 20 targets, and he was out of the handicap. Hard luck to travel such a long distance and then not have an opportunity to shoot.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett, with her usual grace and tact, presented each shooter with a beautiful gold scarfpin, souvenirs given by the DuPont Company.

Walter Huff, as usual, selected the prettiest and most attractive girl at the shoot to play the devoted to, and it was the general impression that the invulnerable Walter "meant business" this time.

Tom Marshall was in a musical frame of mind all week, and the orchestra at the Albany Hotel, composed of five attractive young women, played their sweetest strains when Tom was their leader.

Mr. D. W. King, a Ballistite representative from the Coast, had the misfortune to lose his trunk en route to Denver, but we hope he will yet find it.

Freeman, from Atlanta, Ga., with his red hat and Southern brogue, was an expert at smashing targets, and gave his competitors a few disquieting moments.

Jim Head and John W. Garrett did a musical stunt that caused much merriment. Mr. Garrett imitated a hand-organ with wonderful success, while Uncle Jim danced rag-time. The hat was passed round and many coins dropped in, which these gallant shooters spent for fruit and soft drinks for the fair sex.

Chris. Gottlieb shot in rubber boots when the dust was flying and the sun brightly shining; but Chris. knew the deluge would come later, for it poured rain every afternoon during the shoot.

Mr. Ed. O'Brien's unfortunate accident did not keep him from attending the shoot daily, and he managed his crutches wonderfully well for a heavy-weight.

One of the shooters who had been quite ill and was rather particular about his diet, had his wife prepare lunch at home for himself and his friends and bring it out to Berkeley. An observing woman had noticed this, and asked the wife, "If she furnished lunches?" Mrs. ——, with an overweaning ambition to be pleasant, replied, "Yes. I feed the hungry." The questioner then remarked she had tried it several years ago at one of the shoots for the benefit of her church, but the shooters ate so much she didn't make any money. A pat on the back was all that prevented the young Englishman, who was then partaking of the repast, from choking with laughter, and his hostess wanted to know if she looked poverty-stricken, or angelic enough to be a church worker?

Harvey McMurchy enjoyed the distinction of being in the squad with the ladies, and it was difficult to tell whether he was watching right angle targets at the start or bestowing glances of appreciation on the fair sex.

A gloom was cast over the shooters Friday by the death of Dwight Bowman, brother of Billy Bowman, a young and successful shooter. Billy had made a good score Thursday, and was keen to take part in his first handicap. The news of his brother's sudden death was a great shock to him and his friends, who extend their deepest sympathy in his time of sorrow.

The joy depicted on Mrs. Shemwell's face when her husband won the Preliminary Handicap was worth going miles to see.

Mr. Frank C. Riehl, author of that delightful volume, "Runes of the Red Race," was being congratulated by his friends, who had been fortunate enough to secure a copy of his poems.

No man worked harder than Jim Hildreth, especially when he applauded the speeches made by Mr. McKenzie and Tom Marshall, and I will say just here, they were both works of art.

Mr. McKenzie paid a pretty tribute to the "silent man," Bill Crosby and the honors he won in foreign lands for the Stars and Stripes.

In addition to the trophies won by Mr. Crosby, the DuPont Powder Co. will present both him and Mr. Harry G. Taylor, winner of the high amateur average, with beautiful trophies.

Much credit is due Mr. Shaner and Mr. C. A. North for the rapid way they put things to rights after reaching Denver. Had they not arrived as soon as they did, I very much fear there would have been some delay in starting the shoot. Many tangled threads had to be straightened out, and Mr. Shaner had the carpenter working at Berkeley all Sunday and Monday.

Tom Marshall won much applause as a speech-maker. When that old war horse, honest Bill Crosby was presented with the trophies he had won, speech! speech! speech! came from the throats of the many enthusiastic spectators. Mr. Crosby, in his cool, calm way, accepted the beautiful silver vase and tray with the very apropos remark, "I do the shooting; Tom does the talking." Mr. Marshall made a charming little speech of acceptance for both Mr. Crosby and Mr. Taylor.

R. E. Thompson, who tied for the Grand Western, is known as the Canesville, Mo., farmer shot, he being a rancher and taking up shooting merely for pastime. He is a comparatively new man, having been handling the shotgun only four years. Once before he was heard from, and that was two years ago, when he won two small events at a tournament in New London.

G. Gordon Pickett, the Denver expert, who came within an ace of winning the Grand Western Handicap, was one of the handsomest and most distinguished looking men on the grounds. He has been recognized as one of Colorado's best shots for years, and his charge of the sporting goods department of the Tritch Hardware Company.

Mr. H. C. Hirschy certainly worked over-time, for when he was not shooting, he rendered valuable assistance in the office, and several mornings it was after 2 before he had finished figuring up the moneys.

George Maxwell, the Holstein wonder, did excellent work, but was not up to his usual good form.

They all knew Bob Connerly from Austin, Tex., was at the shoot when he broke 99 out of 100.

Myles J. Marriott, of Fort Collins, had the boys watching him down the line in the Preliminary Handicap. Losing two targets in his last 20, gave Shemwell the much-coveted trophy.

Mr. Dutton, the popular manager of the Albany, gave

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

WIN THE

WESTERN HANDICAP

W. R. Crosby, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells, won The Western Handicap—the all-important event of the big Denver tournament. Crosby also won high average for the shoot. This adds another to the long list of Winchester victories, which includes The Southern Handicap, Grand American Handicap, and The "Indian" Shoot. In fact, substantially every event of importance this year has been won with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

TO WIN IS THE THING

WINCHESTER SHELLS DO WIN

a dance to the shooters and their friends in the large ball room of the hotel, Wednesday evening. Charlie Spencer, by request, played the piano, and Captain Hardy the violin, to give the young women, who composed the orchestra, a chance to dance. The young women were to select their partners, and Hood Waters and Tom Marshall were the first men on the floor. Mr. Spencer and Captain Hardy are both good musicians, and many couples who had on their wraps to go home, returned and joined in the dance.

The boys who attended the shoot pronounced it "the best ever" and will return in 1907.

Mr. McKenzie should feel very proud, and much gratified, over the success of the first Grand Western Handicap, and the large number of shooters present.

A Social Tramp.

Malone's Annual.

The twelfth annual tournament of Capt. James R. Malone was held at Betterton, Md., on Aug. 27-30. There was a large attendance, and it was the most successful of Malone's annuals. Monday was practice day. On Tuesday, the programme consisted of six events at 15 and three at 20 targets. Mr. Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, was high for the day with a score of 132 out of a total of 150 targets shot at. Mr. William H. Foord, of Wilmington, Del.; J. Hoffman and Sim Glover were next, with 127, and L. J. Squier, Coe, Barr and Watts were third, with 125 each. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	
Hawkins	10	12	15	12	14	17	15	13	16	124
German	14	12	15	14	13	17	14	13	20	132
Squier	13	13	19	12	12	13	13	11	19	125
Foord	12	12	18	13	15	16	13	15	13	127
Lupus	12	10	14	11	12	14	8	14	14	109
Coe	12	12	18	12	13	17	13	12	16	125
Shorty	14	9	18	12	14	16	10	14	15	122
Hoffman	13	11	17	13	13	18	12	13	17	127
Glover	13	14	19	13	13	18	12	12	13	127
Malone	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Taylor	11	13	18	10	9	18	12	7	12	110
Barr	11	14	15	14	11	13	14	15	18	125
Hunter	12	12	11	10	12	16	10	11	15	109
Steubner	11	9	18	11	14	16	13	12	16	120
Gufford	13	11	19	9	12	15	15	10	16	120
Keller	12	10	16	14	13	16	13	12	13	119
Chew	9	9	15	11	9	11	9	8	14	95
Watts	10	12	17	11	15	16	11	14	19	125
Levy	11	11	15	11	11	14	10	11	16	110
England	11	10	15	11	11	16	14	11	19	118
Dean	15	12	17	12	14	11	9	14	..	...
Rasin	6	10	15	10	9	14	13	6	..	...
Mann	9	7	11	6	7	10	8	7	..	...
Silver King	12	11	13	8	12	16	15	10	..	...
Fieles	12	11	17	12	14	13	12	12	..	...
Brice	13	7	16	10	13	20	11	11	..	...
Oldfield	12	8	16	13	12	14	14	8	..	...
Keen	14	13	16	11	12	18	11	13	..	...
Jackson	8	9	14	11	9	11	8	9	..	...
Hartenstine	6	7	11	11	6	13	..	..	..	...
Moxley	11	9	17	11	13	14	14	13	..	...
France	12	13	12	14	13	15	13	14	..	...
Smith	14	12	14	11	13	13	10	10	..	...
C Jackson	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	...
C Williams	..	..	..	..	9	12	8	..	..	...
G Bolt	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	9	..	...
C A Stephens	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	...
R Reese	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...
W P Stephens	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...

On Tuesday evening, there was a badger fight, of which Mr. J. H. Moxley was an impartial and satisfactory referee, and the renowned New Jersey shooter, Mr. J. W. Hoffman, acted as timekeeper. Each was mounted on tables and chairs, and clothed with overalls and leggins to guard their clothes. It was decided a draw.

Aug. 29, Second Day.

There were thirty-six participants on the second day, notwithstanding mud and bad weather. There were six events, five at 20 and one at 25 targets. The baseball match, between teams of shooters, was postponed on account of the rain and bad condition of the grounds. Mr. Luther J. Squier was high for the day with 114 out of 125. Messrs. J. Mowell Hawkins and Lester S. German tied for second place, both breaking 111. Dr. H. E. Lupus and England tied for third place, each breaking 108. Here are the day's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	
Squier	19	17	19	17	19	23	114
Hawkins	19	17	20	18	18	19	111
German	16	18	18	19	18	22	111
Foord	17	19	16	16	17	19	104
Glover	18	17	20	12	15	18	101
Coe	17	18	18	17	15	22	107
Hoffman	16	16	12	11	18	18	91
Schorty	14	18	13	16	15	19	95
Barr	17	14	15	17	18	22	103
Moxley	16	15	15	14	18	21	99
Gifford	15	19	18	17	14	23	106
Watts	15	13	15	14	18	21	96
Taylor	14	17	16	17	16	17	97
Hunter	17	15	17	17	17	18	101
L Smith	15	14	17	12	17	17	92
Lupus	19	17	17	17	16	22	108
Steubner	16	17	18	16	19	19	105
France	15	12	16	12	17	20	92
Dean	16	14	15	10	13	15	83
Keller	18	15	13	16	15	19	96
Levy	11	11	14	14	15	17	82
Chew	12	10	17	11	16	15	81
England	17	15	18	18	18	22	108
Rasin	10	12	13	13	12	14	74
Keen	16	15	19	14	13	20	97
Brice	16	16	20	18	12	16	98
Jackson	15	13	16	15	10	12	81
Mann	13	10	13	8	11	10	65
S. King	18	14	15	14	17	18	96
Malone	15	14	16	10	..	..	55
Oldfield	17	13	16	16	10	15	87
G Bolt	16	8	12	10	13	14	73
Fieles	16	15	14	15	15	17	92
Thompson	13	10	11	11	11	..	56
Woodlawn	..	..	16	15	12	18	61
Roberts	..	..	15	16	11	18	62

SEA GIRT—MR. AND MRS. TOPPERWEIN, FAMOUS RIFLE AND SHOTGUN EXPERTS.

The revised total scores for Tuesday's shoot at Betterton are as follows:

Hawkins 168, German 172, Squier 170, Ford 169, Lupus 144, Coe 167, Shorty 164, Hoffman 163, Glover 172, Malone 17, Taylor 147, Barr 169, Hunter 151, Steubner 159, Gifford 154, Keller 154, Chew 126, Watts 168, Levy 144 England 162, Dean 155, Rasin 126, Mann 98, Silver King 147, Fieles 148, Brice 151, Oldfield 143, Keen 164, Jackson 120, Hartenstine 67, Moxley 160, France 162, Smith 150, C. Jackson 3, C. Williams 29, G. Bolt 30, C. A. Stephens 11, R. Reese 8, W. P. Stephens 5.

Aug. 30, Third Day.

The programme of the third day was similar to that of the second day.

German led for the day, with 121 out of 125; Shorty, second, with 117; Hawkins, third, with 116; Steubner, fourth, with 115, and Squier, who led in Wednesday's shooting, fifth, with 112. Hawkins, Squier and German shot from 20yds., while the others shot from 18yds. German missed only 2 out of 80 targets in the first four events. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25		
Hawkins, 20	18	18	19	19	19	23	125	116
Squier, 20	16	19	18	18	17	24	125	112
German, 20	19	20	19	20	19	24	125	121
Coe, 18	15	18	17	16	18	19	125	103
Barr, 18	13	17	17	15	18	20	125	100
Clifford, 18	15	11	17	16	17	21	125	97
Hunter	16	12	17	17	16	17	125	95
Taylor	16	15	16	15	16	16	125	94
Steubner	18	18	18	18	20	23	125	115
Lupus, 18	20	13	15	14	16	19	125	97
Keller	19	16	19	19	15	19	125	107
Chew	13	15	15	18	13	..	100	74
Fieles	16	15	16	13	17	18	125	95
France	17	15	16	14	18	20	125	100
Shorty	19	20	17	18	19	24	125	117
Moxley	19	17	15	15	19	24	125	109
Watts	16	16	14	18	18	23	125	105
Hoffman	17	12	16	17	18	21	125	101
Rasin	10	6	14	11	15	21	125	77
E W Jackson	10	11	10	8	18	16	125	73
L Smith	19	17	13	18	17	23	125	107
Oldfield	14	15	15	12	15	16	125	87
Levy	14	12	15	14	15	21	125	91
Silver King	16	8	14	11	15	19	125	83
Kean	17	17	16	15	12	17	125	94
England, 18	19	13	18	14	17	17	125	98
Mann	9	10	13	12	11	10	125	65
Brice	18	16	17	15	16	19	125	101
C Williams	12	13	13	12	..	..	80	50
Malone	17	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
Antique	17	..	..	..	..	..	20	17
Banks	..	14	17	16	19	22	105	88
Atwell	..	10	18	17	18	20	105	83
Bowen	..	..	16	20	17	22	85	75
T Francis	..	..	18	19	18	20	85	75
Howard	..	..	16	14	19	14	85	63
Brehm	..	..	12	9	12	15	85	48
Allen	..	..	8	7	..	..	40	15
G Francis	..	..	15	9	11	15	85	50
Bauer	..	..	..	..	..	16	25	16

The team race, 50 targets per man, was shot Wednesday afternoon, and was won by the Baltimore Shooting Association with a total of 177 out of 200 targets shot at. Rising Sun was second with 161; Washington with 158 was third; Arlington fourth, with 155, and Betterton fifth, with 128. The Annapolis, Prospect Park; Colgate, Wilmington and Philadelphia Shooting Associations each had teams entered, but they were unable to get enough men to shoot.

German, for the Baltimore Shooting Association, scored 49 out of 50 targets. Lupus, for the Baltimore Shooting Association, and Moxley, for the Arlington, each made 44. The scores:

Team race, 50 targets per man:

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

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B. S. A.	
Roberts	22 19—41
German	25 24—49
Lupus	23 21—44
Coe	21 22—43—177
Arlington.	
Woodlawn	18 18—36
Moxley	22 22—44
Smith	20 21—41
France	20 14—34—155
Rising Sun.	
Gifford	22 19—41
Watson.	24 16—30
England	21 22—43
Keen	21 16—37—161
Betterton.	
Rasin	20 11—31
Mann	18 15—33
Schofield	17 14—31
Attwell	14 19—33—128
Washington.	
Barr	22 20—42
Taylor	21 16—37
Steubner	25 20—45
Hunter	18 16—34—158

Aug. 31, Fourth Day.

The Wawaset Gun Club trophy was won by Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, who defeated Ed. Banks, of Wilmington, by a score of 98 out of 100 targets, Banks, making 83.

This match was at 100 targets in strings of 25 targets each. The scores:

Banks .....22 23 20 18—83 German ....25 25 25 23—98

The 20 white flyer contest, entrance $10, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., was won by Malone.

The old men's shoot, at 50 targets, was made an open sweepstakes of $1 on each 25. Only those who had been shooting for twenty years or more were eligible for the gold and leather medals. The high score, 45, was made by J. W. Hoffman, of Basting Ridge, N. J. He claims by J. W. Hoffman, of Basking Ridge, N.J. He claims that he has been shooting for twenty-one years. His claim will be investigated by Captain Malone before he awards the gold medal. Coe and Fields were tied for second place, each having 44. There were twenty-one entries. The old men were Coe, Gifford, Lupus, Hoffman, Silver King and Antique. The scores were:

Coe	22 22—44	England	18 ..—18
Gifford	21 20—41	Malone	21 18—39
Lupus	21 20—41	Antique	14 17—31
Fieles	24 20—44	Atwell	22 17—39
Moxley	23 23—46	T Francis	21 21—42
Watts	25 21—46	Brehm	18 14—32
Hoffman	22 23—45	G Francis	17 12—29
L Smith	20 21—41	Bauer	18 11—29
Levy	20 17—37	Bolt	18 18—36
Silver King	20 14—34	J S Owens	8 22—30
Keen	19 13—32	Overman	25—25

On Wednesday afternoon a baseball game was played between two teams made up from the shooters. It went five innings, when the men became tired and stopped it. Capt. J. R. Malone had charge of one team and J. M. Hawkins had charge of the other. H. Brehm made a home run for Capt. Malone's team.

Dr. H. E. Lupus ageed to umpire the game, provided he was allowed to have his pump gun with him. He had the gun, but had no occasion to use it, there being few kicks made. The teams were:

Capt. Malone's Team—P. Malone, c.; German, p.; Moxley, 1b.; Coe 2b; J. Malone, s.s.; Fieles, 3b; Brehm, c.f.; England, r.f.; Keen, l.f.

Hawkins' Team—Worthington, c.; Hawkins, p.; Francis 1b.; Rasin, 2b.; Rose, 3b.; Smith, s.s.; Mordecai, l.f.; Howard, c.f.; and Watts, r.f.

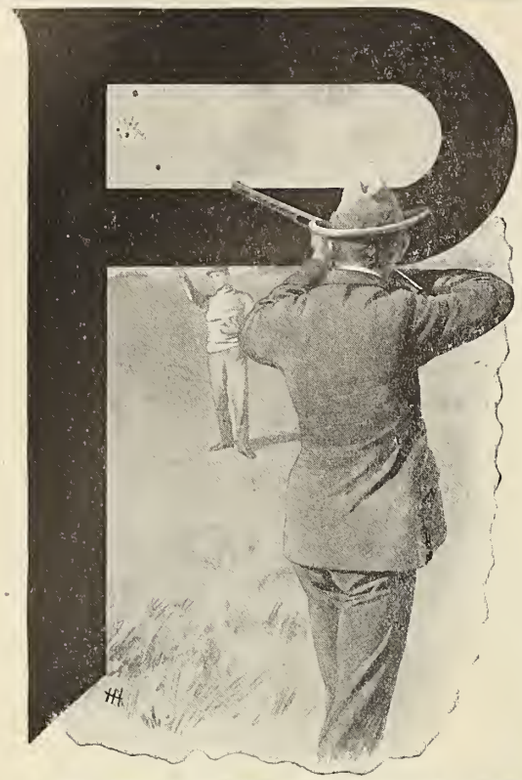
The scores:

							R.	H.	E.
Capt Malone's team	3	0	1	2	0	0—6	9	3
Hawkins' team	0	0	2	0	1	1—3	8	2

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

The sixteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held in Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club. This organization, which has been badly handicapped all season, for lack of grounds, and so has done no shooting, has finally succeeded in securing a good location at Forest Park, and henceforth will shoot every Friday afternoon, or any time whenever any of the members are inclined to do so. This has materially revived the interest, and the club will offer the sportsmen an attractive programme with a liberal amount of added money. This tournament will be for State shooters only, as none but residents of

SEA GIRT-HALE MATCH.



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PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 7-9.

High Amateur Average won by Mr. L. B. Fleming, Pittsburg, Pa. Score 568 x 600.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 13-17.

High Score, 25 straight, in Amateur Live-Bird Championship race, made by C. A. Young, who also killed them all in the Interstate Live-Bird Championship Match and made a run of 60 straight live birds.

Interstate Live-Bird Match won by Wm. Veach, amateur, score 25 straight.

Diamond Stud won by S. A. Huntley, 121 x 125.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Aug. 22-23.

High Amateur Average and Second General Average won by Mr. George L. Lyon, 369 x 400.

Second Professional Average won by Mr. E. H. Storr.

Second Amateur Average won by Mr. W. Simms.

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the State will be permitted to contest for the purses. The Rose-Jack Rabbit system will be in vogue, and everything will be done to further the interest of the weaker shooter, with a view of inducing as many of these to attend as possible.

The officers of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association are: George W. Clements, Pine Bluff, President, and J. P. Wright, Camden, Secretary. Those of the Capital City Gun Club, are: W. P. Bird, President, and Talbot Field, Secretary. All communications and requests for programmes should be addressed to the latter.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O.—With Annie Oakley and Frank Butler at the Columbus Gun Club on Monday and Wednesday, a lively week was on for the shooters.

On Monday four hundred were out, and on Wednesday seven hundred spectators came in autos, carriages and cars, and the exhibition was very fine and brought frequent applause.

A large attendance of ladies enjoyed the difficult shots made by Annie Oakley. Marbles, pennies and even a small .22 rifle cartridge were hit in mid air by a single bullet. Cutting cards held edgewise and with a Remington auto loading shotgun five blue rocks were broken in mid air all thrown at the same time. A tin can was hit five times in succession, each shot driving the can 15yds. higher into the air.

The prospects for a large crowd at the September tournament, Sept. 13 and 14, is very flattering; $125 average money added, and $100 in merchandise prizes.

D. D. Gross is back from the West. The boys were all glad to see him. W. V. Baker and Harry Holton just returned from Colorado. Shooting will now begin in earnest. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	30	25
F Butler	8	9	10	8	15	12	21	22	17	19	17	18	..	..
Bassell	8	8	9	8	13	12	17	19	22	22	22	18	12	..
J T Wells	7	7	8	9	12	11	16	12	19	..	..	..	..	..
J C Pancake	8	8	7	9	12	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J H Smith	8	9	8	10	14	12	21	19	18	23	..	..	..	..
R S Rhoads	9	10	8	9	14	13	20	21	20	24	21	24	26	20
Buchanan	6	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	24	20	25	..
Gross	7	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	18	21	24	..
Frambes	9	8	7	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R C Pancake	8	9	7	..	..	21	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	9	8	9	10	13	14	22	20	22	21	19	..	..	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Fossen	9	8	9	8	13	14	18	21	20	24	21	..	..	..
H E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	21	22	22	..	..	..	25	..	..
R W Condit	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	20	16	..	..	..	..	..
W. S. Condit	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	21	17	..	..	..	..	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	20	20	22	..	..	..	..
Teachner	8	7	6	7	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Campbell	8	9	9	8	..	19	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vaughan	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wendall	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walcutt	8	7	7	8	..	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Maxwell	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hollman	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kinderman	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	..	14	12	5	..	..	..

Peters trophy shoot, 50 singles:

	Brk.	Per Cent.		Brk.	Per Cent.
J H Smith	41	82	Kinderman	17	34
R S Rhoads	44	88	Gross	44	88
Bassell	30	60	Buchanan	44	88

Hunter Arms Co. trophy, 30 singles and 10 pairs:

	Brk.	Per Cent.		Brk.	Per Cent.
Rhoads	42	84	J H Smith	44	88
Buchanan	40	80	Gross	40	80

George Buchanan and R. S. Rhoads tied for first place in the Peters trophy.

J. H. Smith was high with 44 in the Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot.

Magic City Gun Club.

MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 30.—Herewith you will please find scores made at our weekly matinee shoot:

Event No. 1, 25 targets; prize, a Stevens rifle:

Spencer	20	Thompson	20
Farrell	20	Bender	20
Williamson	22	Shumack	20
Johnson	20		

Event No. 2, 25 targets; prize an Ithaca hammerless:

Spencer	19	Thompson	18
Farrell	21	Bender	19
Williamson	22	Shumack	20
Johnson	19		

Event No. 3, 50 targets; prize Ballistite loving cup:

Spencer	39	Thompson	38
Farrell	41	Bender	37
Williamson	44	Shumack	40
Johnson	39		

F. L. WACHTEL, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—In the English Hotel cup final contest there were sixteen qualified, and fifteen to finish. Mr. Geo. Bowen, of Carmel, Ind., won on a score of 92, and also won the $50 purse cup, which he immediately surrendered to the club for open competition in the fall tournament, Sept. 10 and 11, 1906.

Cup scores:

Moller	85	Brittan	83
Trout	79	Gregory	87
Wise	72	Wands	75
S H Moore	71	Dixon	69
Nash	79	Southern	85
H A Comstock	79	Farrell	89
Michaelis	75	Bowen	92
Hershey	77		

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Mr. Hammond believes that more dogs are killed by injudicious doctoring than by disease, and the present work is a protest against the too free use of medicine when dogs are sick. The author has given especial attention to many of the troubles which especially afflict small dogs kept in the house, and likely to suffer from lack of exercise, and from over-feeding; and boys and girls owning dogs—as well as children of larger growth—may profitably study and ponder this volume.

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

The hot weather of the past two weeks or more was continued on Aug. 25, and the attendance was small in consequence. There was not a breath of air to make the heat endurable, until late in the afternoon, when the wind began to blow and black clouds threatened a downpour. The light was poor, and low scores were made. Pohlar shot his score in the seventh contest of the Peters trophy series on the 24th, and leads the bunch for this week with 53 out of 60, standing 17 and 18yds. Bullerdick, from 16 and 18yds., was second with 50. Third man was "23" with 49 from 16 and 17yds.; Fultz got 46 from 16yds., and will start in next week at 17.

Ohio Trap Notes.

Dr. D. W. Greene, of Dayton, leaves on Sept. 13 for a two weeks' hunt in New Brunswick.

John S. McIntire, James M. Cox, and several other hunters of Dayton and vicinity, will start on their annual hunt about Sept. 27. They will have the same guide, "Old Ben."

Byron Stedman, Dayton's veteran big game hunter, has not yet fully mapped out his route, but intends to go for caribou.

Wm. H. Orth will take a party into western Ontario on their annual fall hunt. Reports from this region state that prospects are good. Mr. Orth's place of business in Dayton is pretty well filled with moose heads and other trophies of his hunting skill.

The traps and rifle ranges will be pretty nearly deserted for a while, as the open season for squirrel, coon, woodcock, doves, snipe, plover, ducks and geese, begins in Ohio on Sept. 1, and the shooters will be after the real thing.

The Greenville Gun Club held the last of the series of handicap shoots for prizes this season on Aug. 20. Will Kirby won first prize, a $50 Ithaca shotgun, with a score of 905 out of 1,000 or 90.5 per cent. He also won the Peters cup for high average of actual breaks with 80.05 per cent. Second prize, a .21-25 Stevens rifle, was won by H. A. McCaughey with 903 out of 1,000, or 90.3 per cent. The Peters cup for high amateur average of actual breaks, went to McCaughey on 79.03.

There has been something doing at the grounds all the week, and in spite of the fact that the dove season opened on Saturday, Sept. 1, there was a very good attendance. The weather conditions were a vast improvement on those of a week ago, and the scores made were much better. Bonser was high gun in the eighth contest for the Peters trophy, with 56. Gambell was a close second with 55. Then came Herman and Barker with 54 and 53 respectively. Hightower, a visitor, broke 52. Dreihs 49, Fultz 47, Bullerdick 44, Williams 26 and Martin 17. In the practice events, eighteen shooters faced the traps, Fultz making high score of 214 out of 275, Herman 160 out of 215, Gambell 185 out of 215, Chadick 175 out of 200, Roll 152 out of 220. Hightower, Barker and Pohlar also did fine work. Several team matches were shot. Bonser, Gambell and Bullerdick defeated Fultz, Hightower and Dreihs in two 50-target matches by 8 points, the scores being 132, 137 to 128, 133. In these matches Bonser was high man with 99 out of 100; Hightower second with 91. In the 100-target race, Bonser won with 92, Gambell close up with 91. Maynard was absent again to-day and his friends will be sorry to learn that he is confined to the house by illness. The team matches are getting to be a very popular way of shooting here, and as a general thing, Gambell classes the shooters about right, and the races are close. To-day Bonser made a straight run of 102, missing his 103d target, which seemed an easy one. Programmes of the tournament will be ready in a few days. The scores:

Peters trophy, 60 targets:

	Yards.			Scores.			Total.
Bonser	19	18	18	18	18	20	56
Gambell	17	18	19	18	19	18	55
Herman	16	19	16	19	16	19	54
Barker	18	17	17	17	17	18	53
Hightower	16	18	16	18	15	19	52
Dreihs	16	18	19	18	19	18	49
Fultz	17	19	16	19	13	15	47
Bullerdick	17	16	18	14	18	12	44
Williams	16	..	..	9	8	9	26
Martin	16	..	..	6	4	7	17

Team race, 100 targets:

Chadick	87	Pohlar	93
Bullerdick	83	Barker	91
Fultz	79	Gambell	87
Roll	73—322	Herman.	70—341

Team race, 50 targets:

Gambell	42	Chadick	44
Herman	41	Fultz	40
Bullerdick	39	Roll	31—115

Team race, 50 targets:

Bonser	49	Hightower	46
Gambell	45	Fultz	42
Bullerdick	38—132	Dreihs	40—128

Team race, 50 targets:

Bonser	50	Fultz	45
Gambell	44	Hightowevr	45
Bullerdick	43—137	Dreihs	43—133

One hundred target race:

Bonser	92	Fultz	81
Gambell	91	Dreihs	79
Hightower	89	Bullerdick	74
Herman	88	Williams	47

Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League.

The Western Pensylvania Trapshooters' League held their ninth tournament on the grounds of the Ambridge Gun Club on Thursday, Aug. 23, and a very successful tournament was pulled off.

Owing to the extremely hot weather in this vicinity, the attendance was the smallest of the season at any of the League tournaments, but some good shooting was done nevertheless. The trade was represented by Jas. Lewis, Mr. White, of St. Louis, and E. Reed Shaner, of the Sportsmen's Supply Co. Mr. Shaner also looked after the cashier's office in a very satisfactory manner. Following are the scores:

Bower	13	14	13	15	15	12	12	12	12	14	12	10	154
Calhoun	14	11	13	15	14	14	14	14	15	12	13	13	162
Fleming	14	15	12	14	14	14	13	15	14	15	15	14	169
Baker	13	11	13	12	13	14	15	15	15	15	15	14	165
Montgomery	9	11	13	13	13	9	12	14	13	15	14	12	148
Kingsbury	11	13	10	9	13	13	13	13	13	11	13	12	144
Bilsing	14	15	12	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	15	14	166
Rosencram	9	15	11	12	15	13	14	14	13	12	14	11	143
Armstrong	9	11	9	9	11	13	14	14	10	12	11	13	136
Reed	11	6	8	12	10	6	9	9	12	12	10	12	125
Hickey	13	15	15	15	13	14	11	15	14	13	14	15	167
Cochran	10	13	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	14	13	14	...
Packer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	11	12	13	...
Rahm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	14	15	...
Pontefract	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	12	9	10	...

Next tournament to be held at Brownsville, Pa., Sept. 12.

E. Reed Shaner, Cor. Sec'y.

Norwich Shooting Club.

Norwich, Conn., Aug. 25.—The Norwich Shooting Club was favored with pleasant weather and a good attendance, of whom a number were visitors.

The principal event was at 100 targets. Albert S. Brown, of Norwich, was high gun, 92 out of 100. I. P. Tafft, of Norwich, broke 90, taking second. Watrous, of New London, was third, with 87. Mitchell, of Norwich; Prest and Ockford, of New London, were tied for fourth, with 85 each. Dolbeare, of Norwich, and Jordan of Willimantic tied with 83 for fifth. Goddard, of New London, took sixth with 81. The total scores are:

Brown	92	Jordan	81
Tafft	90	Goddard	81
Watrous	87	Noble	74
Ockford	85	Dudley	69
Prest	85	Moran	66
Mitchell	85	Ulmer	65
Dolbeare	83	Fenton	65

Shoot-off for fourth prize: Ockford 3, Prest 2, Mitchell 0.

Shoot-off for fifth price: Dolbeare 1, Jordan 0.

First, a Savage .22 rifle, to Brown, Norwich; second, a leather gun case, to Tafft, Norwich; third, one-half dozen silver spoons, to Watrous, New London; fourth, silver mug and brush, to Ockford, New London; fifth, safety razor, to Dolbeare, Norwich; sixth, hunting knife, to Goddard, New London.

Montpelier Gun Club.

Aug. 25.—At the shoot of the Monpelier, Vt., Gun Club to-day the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	
H H Stevens	12	12	15	14	10	11	15	15	20	16	140
Jack Fanning	13	14	14	13	13	13	14	10	15	18	137
G M Wheeler	11	9	8	13	11	11	13	13	16	19	124
Dr Burr	10	12	12	15	12	9	12	12	12	13	123
J R Hull	13	12	14	11	12	13	14	13	18	14	134
McGrath	6	12	7	11	8	14	8	12	14	13	101
Springer	12	12	10	11	14	14	13	13	13	15	129
Stratton	6	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Newcomb	10	5	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	39
Abbott	8	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Richardson	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16
Templeton	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Blake	5	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Leland	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Jackson	12	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	31
Eastman	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Haughton	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Stoddard	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Wheeler	..	..	..	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	28

Dr. C. H. Burr, Sec'y.

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

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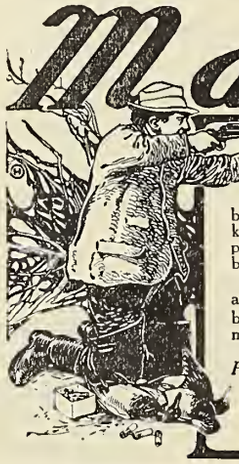

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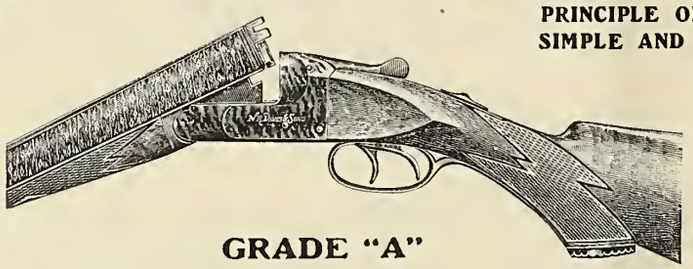

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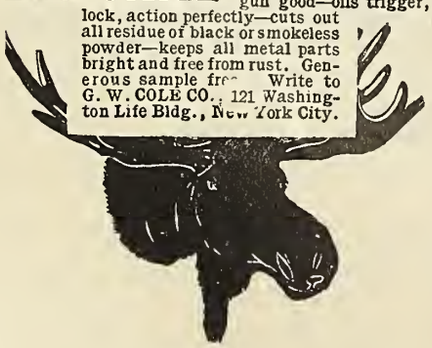

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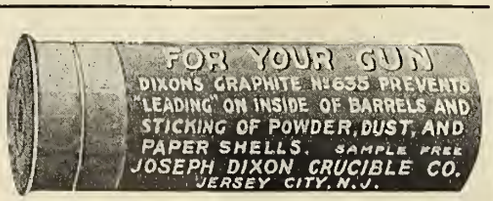
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Sea Girt Rifle Tournament.

THE great Sea Girt shooting tournament of 1906 afforded varied competition with rifle, carbine, revolver and pistol. The greater number of matches had military conditions and significance, yet there was a number of interesting matches open to all comers.

The programme consisted of the fourth annual matches of the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice, the thirty-fourth annual matches of the National Rifle Association of America, and the sixteenth annual matches of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. The dates were Aug. 27 to Sept. 6, inclusive.

The matches of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice were termed National matches, and were as follows: The National twelve-man team match, the National individual match, and the National pistol match.

The matches of the National Rifle Association of America were as follows: Wimbledon cup match, President's match, members' match, regimental championship team match, championship regimental skirmish match, intercollegiate match, interclub match, National marksman's match, championship revolver team match, and Leech cup match.

The matches of the New Jersey State Rifle Association were as follows: The Dryden trophy match, company team match, company team match (tyro), Columbia trophy match, carbine team match, Veteran Organization team match, "Ideal" regimental team match, individual rapid-fire match, all comers' military match, Hayes match, General E. P. Meany match, N. J. S. R. A. match, Spencer match, members' match, Reading match, Kuser trophy rapid fire match, consolation match, souvenir medal match, Dupont tyro match, grand Dupont aggregate offhand match, Hale match, Press Match; and the revolver and pistol matches, entries unlimited, were the novice military revolver match, all comers' military revolver match, all comers' rapid-fire military match, any revolver match, pistol match, disappearing target revolver match, and Bobber match.

The excellent shooting by Mrs. A. Topperwein, of San Antonio, Tex., was a feature of special interest. She qualified on the second day for enrollment as a member of the National Marksman's Reserve, with a score of 59 out of a possible 75, at 200, 300 and 500yds. Mr. A. Topperwein, the famous fancy rifle shot, also did excellent shooting, but owing to the restrictions governing the shooting, he had no opportunity to display his marvelous skill at his specialty. With the shotgun, his wife is also an expert, a recent performance in Texas being a general average of 485 targets out of a possible 500, in competition.

The annual meeting was held on Thursday evening, at which it was decided that the tournament of 1907 shall be held at a more central point geographically, and Fort Clinton, O., was fixed upon in that relation. The election of directors was warmly contested, there being two tickets. A large number of proxies were rejected, which had a material result on the election. It was claimed that the directors should be more widely distributed as to domicile. The successful ticket was as follows: For term expiring 1909: Maj.-Gen. J. Clifford R. Foster, Adjutant General, Florida; Brig.-Gen. Wm. T. McGurrin, Adjutant-General, Michigan; Col. C. A. Kelley, Assistant Adjutant-General, Colorado; Gen. Wm. E. Finzer, Adjutant-General, Oregon; Capt. John Caswell, Inspector of Rifle Practice, Eighth Infantry, M. V. M.; Brig.-Gen. J. W. F. Hughes, Adjutant-General, Kansas; Col. Joseph G. Ewing, Inspector General of Rifle Practice, Delaware; Brig.-Gen. Carl Wagner, Inspector-General, Michigan; Lieut.-Col. Joseph Van Holt Nash, Ordnance Officer, Georgia; Brig.-Gen. George H. Harries, Commanding District of Columbia, N. G.; Lieut.-Col. Thomas Talbot, Commanding First Corps Cadets, M. V. M.; Maj. Ernest L. Isbell, Second Infantry, Connecticut National Guard.

To fill vacancy caused by the resignation of R. H. Hale, term expiring 1907, Gen. Arthur Fridge, Adjutant-General, Mississippi. To fill vacancy caused by Col. Coney not accepting election, term expiring 1908, Lieut.-Col. J. Hollis Wells, 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

The opposition ticket was as follows: Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Gen. Geo. H. Harries, Gen. Geo. E. P. Howard, Maj. James E. Bell, Lieut.-Col. N. B. Thurston, Lieut. R. H. Sayre, Capt. Wm. H. Palmer, Gen. Carl A. Wagner, Gen. J. F. Wade, Gen. W. P. Hall.

The weather as a whole was unfavorable for good scores, and especially so for comfort. There was much cloudy and rainy weather, with all the attendant variation of light and its absence, and the consequent poor performance of many excellent riflemen.

The long list of programme events were generously supported, a number of them having very large entries.

The Columbia trophy match, twenty-three contestants, was first on the programme of the first day, Aug. 27, and was for teams of six men from each regiment, troop, battery and separate company of the National Guard, or battalion of the Naval Reserve of New Jersey. Conditions: 10 shots at 200, 600 and 1,000yds., and one skirmish run of 20 shots; service rifle and Government ammunition. To first, the Columbia trophy, a medal to each member of winning team and $100; second, $50; third, $25.

The weather conditions were a cross wind, variable light and rain at intervals through the day. The team of the Fourth Regiment, N. J. N. G., won first with a score of 967. The team of the Second Regiment, N. J. N. G. was second, with 964. Private Minervini made high individual score, 188.

The company team match was open to teams of three from any company of the U. S. Army, a ship's company of the U. S. Navy, and Marine Corps.; the U. S. Military and Naval academies, and the National Guard of any State, Territory or District of Columbia. Conditions: 7 shots at 200 and 500yds. Company H, Sixth

Regiment, Massachusetts, won, with a total of 292.

On Aug. 28 the Leech cup (245 contestants) competition was finished. It was won by Capt. Stewart W. Wise, of the Eighth Massachusetts, with a total of 100. The conditions were: Open to all, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; 7 shots at each distance; any military rifle and any ammunition. First, cup and gold badge; second, $25; third, $15; fourth, $10; fifth, $5.

The scores in detail of the nine highest competitors for the Leech cup were:

	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total.
Wise	34	34	32	100
Eastman	30	35	34	99
Martin	32	34	33	99
Parker	35	32	31	98
Price	31	32	34	97
Anderton, Mass.	32	32	33	97
W. A. Warner, Navy	34	31	32	97
Capt Semon, Ohio	35	31	31	97
Lt. K. K. V. Casey, Del.	34	33	29	96

The Hale match was open to all comers, for the Hale trophy and $75 added by the N. J. S. R. A. Conditions: Any military rifle, and any ammunition, 10 shots, 600yds. Second to fifth prizes, $10 each; sixth to twelfth prizes, $5. This prize was won by Lieut. W. A. Baker, Fourth N. J. Regiment, with a perfect score of 50. Hence each shot was a bullseye. Private F. W. Allen, Second Massachusetts, was second with 49. Capt. F. T. Graham, of the Porto Rican Regiment, U. S. A., was third with 49; Sergt. C. E. Groome, of the District of Columbia, was fourth with 49. Other winners were:

Fifth, Corporal Eastman, Ohio, 48; Sixth, Capt. A. E. Wells, New York; Seventh, Pvt. P. E. Lang, Minnesota, 48; Eighth, Sergt. M. W. Parker, Massachusetts, 48; Ninth, Capt. S. W. Wise, Massachusetts, 48; tenth, Sergt. Orr, Ohio, 48; Eleventh, Pvt. Minervini, New Jersey, 48, and Twelfth, Sergt. Scott, U. S. Marine Corps, 48.

Other good scores were as follows: Lieut. Wilson, New York, 48; Lieut. C. F. Sylvester, Second New Jersey, 48; Capt. Corwin, New York, 48; Pvt. Jefts, Massachusetts, 47; Seaman Cline, U. S. Navy, 47; Sergt. Johnson, U. S. Cavalry, 47; Lieut. Schweda, Ohio, 47; Capt. W. A. Tewes, Fourth New Jersey, 47; Sergt. Emmerson, Ohio, 47; Sergt. Howe, Second New Jersey, 47; Sergt. Williams, Second New Jersey, 47; Corp. Curtis, U. S. M. C., 47; Corp. Stemple, Ohio, 47.

The Old Guard of New York was defeated by the Veterans of Massachusetts, the score being 260 to 228. The conditions were: Open to teams of six from any Veteran National Guard Organization of any State, 10 shots at 200yds; any military rifle and any ammunition. The scores of the winning team for the Veteran cup were: Capt. Dunton 45, Capt. Stewart 45, Capt. Wise 41, Maj. Hinman 42, Capt. Gannon 44, Lieut. Tornrose 45; total 260.

Aug. 29 was a day of bad weather. There were more or less showers in the forenoon, with a steady downpour in the afternoon, forcing a postponement of the Wimbledon cup till Friday. This event was well begun, but owing to the rain and inequity of the conditions, the Wimbledon cup competition, begun on Wednesday, was cancelled, and the match reduced to 10 shots from 20 shots. The officers decided to continue the match on Wednesday, but as the majority of the contestants refused to continue, it was postponed as above-mentioned.

The company tyro match, similar in conditions to the company team match, except that members of any winning team in any team match at Sea Girt prior to 1906 were ineligible, and that the shots at 200 and 500 were

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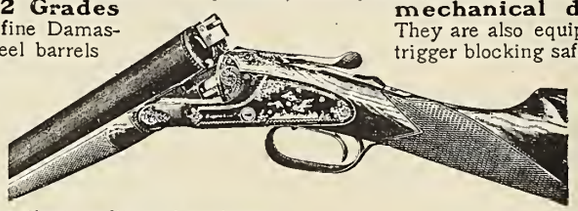

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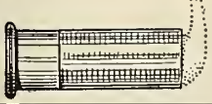

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five at each, was shot under most unpleasant weather conditions, there being a steady rainfall. This match was won by the team of the Gatling Gun Platoon, Illinois N. G., with a score of 139 out of a possible 150. First prize, the Peters trophy and gold medals to the members. Second, silver medals, was won by the First Denver City Troop with a score of 38; third, bronze medals, Company H, Sixth Massachusetts.

Thursday, Aug. 30, opened foggy, but cleared up nicely in the early forenoon. The weather was very close and warm. The offhand military match was won by Seaman John Kethley of the battleship Illinois, with a score of 95 out of a possible 100. The conditions were: Open to all, 20 shots, offhand at 200yds.; any military rifle, any ammunition. First prize, $25. There were nine prizes ranging from $25 to $5. Scores:

Seaman J. Kethley, U. S. N., 95; Lieut. Semon, Ohio, 94; Sergt. Emmerson, O., 94; Sergt. Orr, Ohio, 93; Lieut. Benedict, Ohio, 92; Capt. Semon, Ohio, 92; Capt. Cavanaugh, Tenth Cavalry, 92; Pvt. Tolson, Minnesota, 92; Lieut. Van Way, Twelfth Infantry, 91.

The carbine team match was for teams of five from any regiment, squadron or troop of cavalry, or any military organization, armed with a carbine of the army, organized militia of any State, Territory or District of Columbia. Carbine, U. S. Service; ammunition, any; seven shots at 200 and 500yds. First team, gold medals to members and $50. Second, medals and $25; third, bronze medals. Eight teams contested. The second troop of the Philadelphia City Cavalry won with a total of 299. Scores:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Second Troop, Phila. City Cavalry	145	154	299
Denver City Troop	144	148	292
Squadron A, N. Y., 1st team	140	147	287
Second Troop, New Jersey	144	143	287
First Troop, Phila. City Cavalry	138	142	280
First Squadron Cavalry, Colorado	138	141	279
Squadron A, N. Y., 2d team	135	136	271
Second Troop, N. J., 2d team	132	139	271

The regimental skirmish team match had fifty teams entered. It was open to teams of regiments, battalions, and separate organizations of the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy, U. S. Marine Corps and organized militia and naval reserves of the States, Territories and District of Columbia. Conditions: One skirmish run of 20 shots; arms, those issued to the Army and Navy, to the States and Territories and those viewed and stamped by the National Rifle Association, with trigger pull not less than three pounds. Ammunition, any. First, solid silver trophy, value $250, presented by the E. I. Dupont Company. The team of the First United States Engineers won, with a score of 438. The ten highest teams had scores as follows:

First U. S. Engineers, 438; U. S. Marine Corps, second team, 417; Ninth Infantry, Ohio, 400; Seventy-first, New York, 384; U. S. Marine Corps, first team, 380; U. S. Infantry, second team, 372; U. S. Infantry, first team, 365; First Wisconsin, 359; Second Washington, first team, 357; First Illinois, 354.

The Wimbledon cup match, 267 entries, was shot for on Friday. The conditions were: 10 shots, 1,000yds.; open to all citizens and residents of the United States, any rifle and ammunition; any position without artificial rest. To first, the Wimbledon cup, value, $500, a medal and $25; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5. The cup to be held during the year by the winner. Capt. Semon and Licut. Benedict, of Ohio, tied with a total of 46. The former had a better score with his last shot, which determined him to be the winner.

The Intercollegiate match, shot on Saturday, was for teams of five from the U. S. Military Academy, the U. S. Naval Academy, and any male university. Distances, 200, 300 and 500yds., 7 shots at each range; positions, kneeling at 200yds.; prone with head toward target at 300 and 500yds. Any military rifle and any ammunition. Prize, intercollegiate trophy, a medal to each member of winning team and $25; second, $10. Princeton University was the winner in 1905. George Washington University, of Washington, D. C., won with a score of 400. Princeton was second with 366.

The regimental team match was won by Massachusetts, the conditions of which were: Teams of six from any teams in the U. S. Army, Marine Corps or organized militia of any State, Territory and District of Columbia. Conditions, 10 shots at 200, 600 and 1,000yds., slow fire; service rifle and any ammunition.

The Dryden trophy match was for teams of eight from the U. S. Army, Marine Corps, Military and Naval Academies, National Guard and uniformed militia, one from each, except U. S. Army, which has two teams, one infantry, one cavalry; distances 200, 600 and 1,000yds.; positions, standing at 200yds., prone with head toward target at 600 and 1,000yds., service rifles, Government ammunition. This trophy was won by the U. S. Infantry in 1903; in 1904 by New Jersey; in 1905 by Ohio. New Jersey was victorious this year. The thirteen leading teams made scores as follows:

	200yds.	600yds.	1000yds.	Total.
New Jersey	334	351	306	991
Columbia	346	349	364	959
Cavalry	320	344	280	944
Illinois	323	341	280	944
Navy	331	321	288	940
Infantry	333	341	266	940
Marines	329	345	255	929
New York	325	347	252	924

Maryland 921, Washington 915, Minnesota 913, Wisconsin 897, Ohio 887.

The members of the New Jersey team and their scores were:

	200yds.	600yds.	1000yds.	Total.
Major Bowland	41	42	35	118
Captain Tewes	42	47	38	127
Lieut. Silvester	43	48	36	127
Sergt. Williams	43	44	39	125
Lieut Baker	39	42	39	120
Lieut Smith	43	43	40	126
Major Price	39	45	43	127
Capt Martin	44	40	37	121
	334	351	306	991

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The championship revolver five-man team match for military organizations, distance 50yds., Standard American target, for Hale trophy, was won by Squadron A, of New York, with a score of 960. The Battery of New Jersey was second with 732, and the Kansas team was third with 604. Each man had 15 shots, deliberate fire, one shot per minute, and 15 shots in three strings of five shots each, 10 seconds for each string.

On Monday, Sept. 3, the President's cup was won by Private E. C. Simpson, of Connecticut, with a total of 193. Rain fell betimes, and there was a disturbing wind. The President's match was open to members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Naval Reserve, State Militia or National Guard. Service rifle and any ammunition were used. The conditions were 200yds., 600yds., and 1,000yds., slow fire, 7 shots at each distance; 200yds., rapid fire, 10 shots; one skirmish run, 20 shots; to be shot in two stages; first stage, 200 and 600yds., slow fire, and 200yds. rapid fire; second stage, one skirmish run and 1,000yds. slow fire; same rifle to be used at all distances. The competitor making the highest score at all ranges, to be the military champion of America for one year.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

TARGET practice has been dull of late, owing to rain or excessive heat and absence from the city of most of our enthusiasts on vacations or business trips.

Both the outdoor and indoor ranges are being used, however, as there are always a few who keep up their practice, and the absence of the usual number of good shots gives an opportunity for the lesser lights to get in their work, but no scores for publication.

At last Saturday's shoot Mr. Parkhurst was high man, making within one point of this year's range record (93), and securing ten consecutive bullseyes with his Colt.

Labor Day we shoot for the National Rifle Association medal at 200, 300 and 500yds.

The following scores have been made recently:

Revolver, Standard target, 50yds.: F. F. Eddy (.38 military), 75, 82, 81, 83, 80, 75, 83, 86, 76, 73, 77, 76, 78, 84, 83, 81, 85, 86, 86, 8; E. C. Parkhurst, (.38 officer's model), 74, 82, 78, 76, 85, 83, 75, 84, 84, 81, 76; A. B. Coulters (.38 officer's model) 61, 60, 63, 73, 52; H. C. Miller (.38 officer's model) 82, 80, 78, 73, 72; Arno Argus (.45 new Service) 79, 79, 73, 87.

Revolver, Creedmoor target, 50yds.: Wm. F. Eddy 47, 47, 47, 46, 45, 46, 48, 44, 45, 46, 44, 46, 47, 46, 47, 48, 48, 48, 48; E. C. Parkhurst 45, 46, 46, 45, 48, 47, 48, 48, 45, 45, 48, 46, 47, 48, 48, 47, 48, 50, 47; H. C. Miller 46, 46, 45, 44, 43, 44, 44, 44, 46; A. B. Coulters 41, 42, 42, 42, 36; Arno Argus 47, 47, 43, 49.

Rifle, standard target, 50yds.: F. S. Mayo 77, 80, 80, 76, 82, 79, 81, 84, 79.

Rifle, 50yds., reduced Creedmoor target and miniature load: A. B. Coulters 41, 42, 42.

Rifle, 25yds., Standard target, 5 shots, possible 50: Mayo 45, Hurlburt 45.

Rifle, 25yds., ¼in. ring target: F. S. Mayo 234, 234, 243, 234, 240, 236, 237, 238, 243, 238, 237, 234, 235, 240, 241, 239; Mrs. Mayo (muzzle rest) 235, 235, 242; W. B. Gardiner 234, 235, 239, 238, 237.

Rifle, 25yds., Standard target: F. S. Mayo 75, 84, 83, 85, 78, 78; Mrs. Mayo (muzzle rest) 84.

Rifle, 25yds., Creedmoor target: C. H. Jefferds, Jr., 36, 41, 40, 40.

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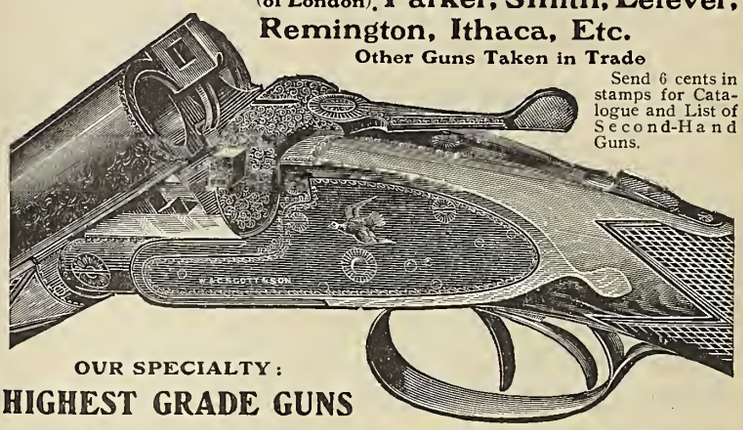

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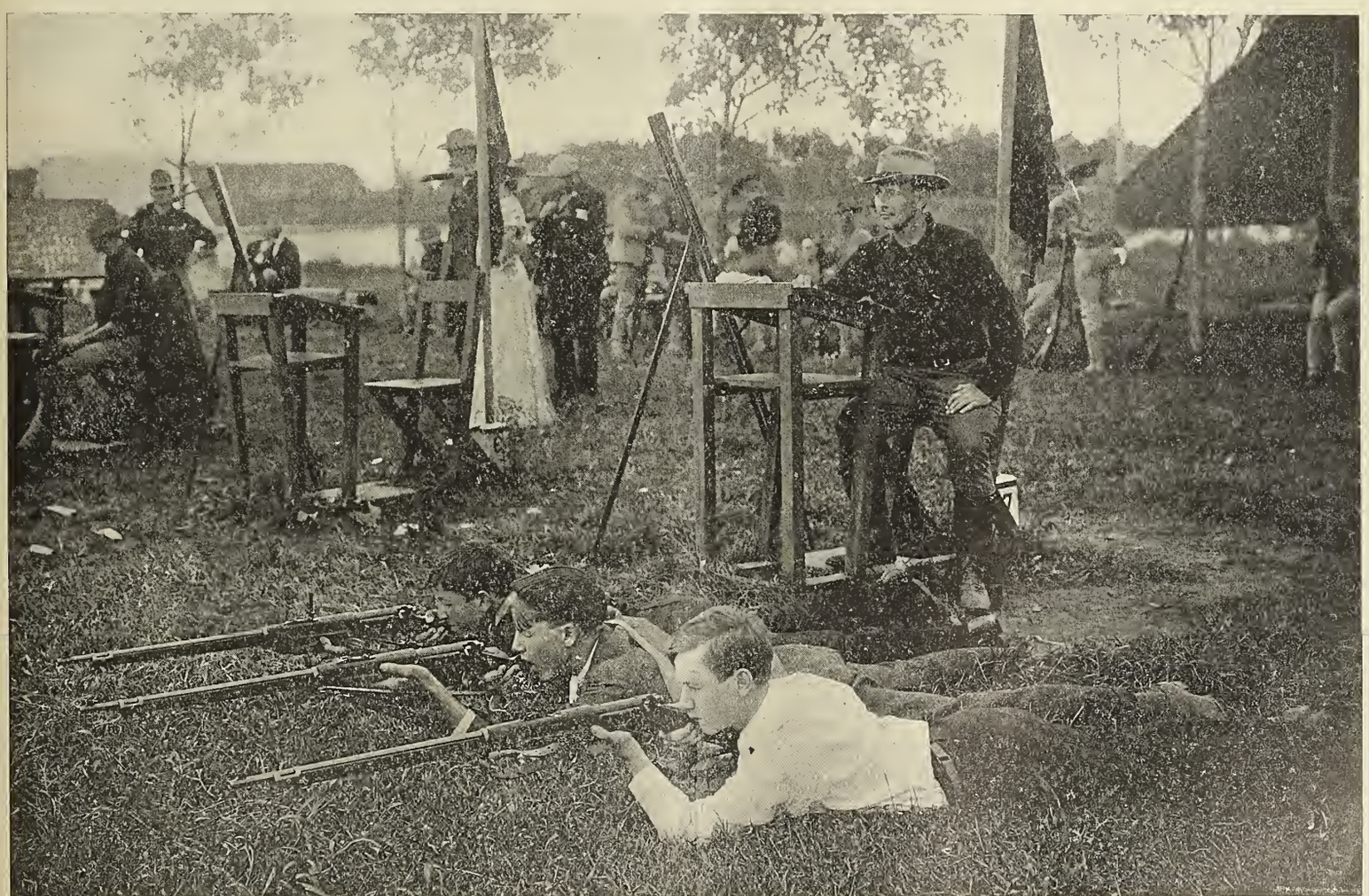

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The British team will sail on the steamship Minnetonka, Sept. 15, and will arrive in New York on Sept. 23 or 24.

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Capt. McAlpin, Lieut. Crall, Sergt. Short and Pvt. Beach and Pvt. Meyer shot on the Seventh's team last year, which lost by only ten points in a score of 1,490 to 1,480. Capt. Underwood accompanied last year's team to England as substitute. The captain of the team will again be Capt. Robert McLean, of Company K. His cracking assistant will be Pvt. E. C. Robinson, of Co. E. The conditions will be like those of the previous match; that is, at four ranges, 500, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards; six-man teams, 15 shots per man at each range.

Four members of last year's English team will participate in this match, namely, Sergt. E. Tyrrell, Lance Corp. A. G. Fulton, Bugler W. A. Halls, and Pvt. F. C. Sheppard, and the other members, including substitutes, will be Pvt. C. Gill, R. De R. Roche, H. Stocker and H. Thompson. Sir Howard Vincent will represent the Westminsters in the absence of Col. Trollope, his successor in the active command. The latter will be unable to come. Among others accompanying the English team will be Capt. Montagu M. Shattock, team captain; Lieut. E. Roy Bird, team adjutant; Capt. Arthur Moy, paymaster, and Capt. E. B. Glazier, Lieut. S. C. Probyn, Sergt. Power and Pvt. Schmidt.

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A moment later he rose to the surface, the pike still thrashing the water about his foot, and it was seen that the fish was caught on the spur. The jack was a huge fellow and very strong, and in its struggles for freedom it plunged toward the bottom of the lake, dragging the man feet foremost after it. His weight, however, was too much for the fish, and it made small headway. The fishermen now went to the assistance of their luckless companion, and one of them struck the jack with an oar and stunned it. The man was pulled into the boat and the fish dispatched. The big fish had jumped for the gudgeon, fixed its teeth in its body, and had somehow been caught by the gill on the crane-necked spur!

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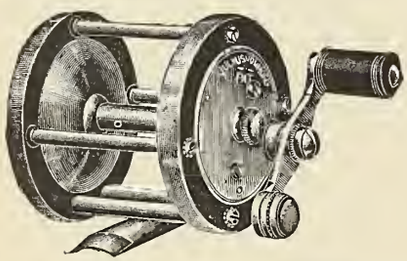

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 11. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

INTERSCHOLASTIC RIFLE SHOOTING.

Rifle shooting, both in theory and practice, has come conspicuously to the fore, and with every indication that it is progressively permanent.

Within recent years there had been a general revival of popular interest and support in respect to it, and its growth has been gratifyingly broad and constant.

For many years, in its general phases, the practice and promotion of it in a national sense was left almost entirely to the military. But now the civilian rifleman has manifested his indorsement of it by his hearty participation and advocacy.

The National Government, which is justly presumed to act according to the manifest wishes of the nation, has extended to it moral support and material aid, much to its great gain and prestige. As a consequence, the civilian competitor, in its military significance, has been enlarged to important proportions, such being the worthy ulterior purposes of its most active promoters and the justification for the appropriation of moneys for it by the Government. The able-bodied civilian is designed to be, as much as is consistently possible to be, an available defender of the nation in times of war. Without trained riflemen, any nation is practically defenseless, and a prey to all marauding powers. With soldier and civilian alike skilful in the use of military arms, a nation is safe from all attacks.

With such obvious benefits accruing during the past few years from the modest Governmental appropriations for the promotion of rifle shooting, there is every reason to justify even more liberal appropriations for that purpose in the future. The man behind the gun is the deciding factor in battle. The skilled rifleman is not the product of an idle moment. The times of peace are the times for his proper education. A time of war has its own troubles in abundance, which are many times multiplied if then the education of its riflemen is in the primary stages.

Recently the importance of educating the boys of the public schools in the art of rifle shooting has been appreciated by Government officials, civic and military, and by public-spirited citizens at large. To this end, earnest effort has been directed. Organized methods have been established, and the boys have responded with a promptness and enthusiasm which augurs well for full success. But the education of the schoolboy, with an ulterior view to military purposes, should not be perfunctory. At Sea Girt this year the interscholastic competition was delayed from day to day, because the ranges were occupied by the competitors of other events. Boys fret over such delays, their ardor is chilled, and days of waiting under such circumstances entail an expense that many boys can ill afford to stand. Provision should be made amply to give the boys an equal opportunity with all other contestants at the ranges, instead of being subordinate to them. Without such, all the prior training and expense of them in rifle shooting will be largely a failure. The illustration on Forest and Stream cover this week shows how enthralling is the sport to the boys, and what excellent material they are as apt pupils in the acquirement of the art.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

The coming of a valiant team of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, one of the finest, most skillful and renowned of London's volunteer military organizations, to contest with a team of the Seventh Regiment of New York in an international match, is an event of unusual public interest, but much more is it an event of keen special interest to the military organizations of the world. The Queen's Westminster Volunteers and the Seventh Regiment are both crack military organizations, the pride of their respective countries, and both have equally achieved renown for skill with the rifle in the best competition that the world has offered.

The expert riflemen of the Seventh Regiment have been practicing earnestly for the forthcoming contest, and have worthily prepared themselves for a steadfast endeavor to capture the prize and honors, the former being the Sir Howard Vincent challenge shield, which the Queen's Westminster team won not long since at Bisley in the hottest of competition.

The Seventh Regiment team will be eight of twelve men already selected, six of whom constitute the team proper, the other two being in reserve as substitutes.

The English team, according to present arrangements, will sail on the S. S. Minnetonka, Sept. 15, arriving here on Sept. 24 or 25, and betaking themselves to Creedmoor where they will stay in the headquarters of the Seventh Regiment, practicing till the match, Oct. 2 and 3. Sir Howard Vincent, the donor of the shield, will be with the visiting team.

The Seventh Regiment is raising a fund to entertain the distinguished visitors during their stay in America. They will, as a special act of courtesy, be permitted by the Government to land in uniform and carry their arms. The only entertainment before the match will be a mess dinner at the Seventh Regiment armory on Sept. 24 tendered to the visitors by the Seventh's officers. After the match, more elaborate entertainments are contemplated, and there is no doubt that attentions and honors will be bestowed on them according to their distinguished merits.

ADVERTISING VALUES.

What constitutes the real value of a publication as an advertising medium? The intrinsic value of a publication as an advertising medium must of necessity rest upon the character of its readers—the quality and kind more than on the extent of its circulation.

The sagacious advertiser spends his money for a purpose, and rightly considers judicious advertising one of his most necessary, as well as most profitable investments—as much a stock in trade as any other asset. Experience has taught him the importance of publicity, and that in these days of push and progress forceful and persistent advertising in wisely selected mediums is at once an assurance and indispensable adjunct of success.

Given an article worth advertising, the character of the people to whose knowledge it is to be brought is a first consideration, and a selection of the mediums for doing this will be made with this end in view.

A publication which is read by the people whose patronage is desired is the one which will most surely bring direct and substantial results; 25,000 readers of refined tastes, with the means to gratify those tastes, are of infinitely greater value to an advertiser of reliable goods than 100,000 whose ideas and disposition to spend never get above the bargain counter.

Real merit is that which approaches perfection in the ideal; and this applies both to the article advertised and to the medium used for placing it before the people. A combination of the two is the shortest and surest road to success. This is why successful advertisers are so careful in the selection of papers of special character, and why select publications in any given line have a value for their advertisers beyond computation in dollars and cents; and this is why Forest and Stream is the recognized medium among sportsmen and manufacturers and sellers of sporting goods, constituting a bond between the seller and buyer—the man with the goods and the man who wants them—sentimentally interesting and immensely profitable to both; while those interested in other lines of goods know well the commercial advantage of reaching so auspiciously the homes of wealth and refinement represented by the lovers of health-giving sports.

The fifty odd thousand readers of Forest and Stream are an intelligent and discriminating class, and are liberal purchasers of articles of merit.

Mr. Kephart's story of the moonshining folk of the North Carolina mountains is not only an interesting recital of personal adventure, but an intimate and sympathetic, and therefore enlightening, study of a people little understood and popularly misjudged. This first paper and the chapters which are to follow will not fail to excite wide interest and common attention.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Mountain Moonshiner.

I.—Getting Acquainted.

I was hunting alone in the mountains, and exploring the ground that was new to me. About noon, while descending from a high ridge into a creek valley, to get some water, I became enmeshed in a rhododendron "slick," and, to some extent, lost my bearings.

After floundering about for an hour or two, I suddenly came out upon a little clearing. Giant hemlocks, girdled and gaunt, rose from a steep cornfield of ten acres, beyond which loomed the primeval forest of the Great Smoky Mountains. Squat in the foreground sat one of the rudest log huts I had ever seen, a tiny one-room shack, without window, cellar, or loft, and without a sawed board showing in its construction. A thin curl of smoke rose from one end of the cabin, not from a chimney, but from a mere semi-circle of stones piled four feet high around a hole cut through the log wall. The stones of this fireplace were not even plastered together with mud, nor had the builder ever intended to raise the pile as high as the roof to guard his premises against the imminent risk of fire. Two low doors of riven boards stood wide open, opposite each other. These, helped by wide crevices between the unchinked logs, served to let in some sunlight, and quite too much of the raw November air. The surroundings were squalid and filthy beyond anything I had hitherto witnessed in the mountains. As I approached, wading ankle-deep in muck that reached to the doorsill, two pigs scampered out through the opposite door.

Within the hut I found only a slip of a girl, rocking a baby almost as big as herself, and trying to knit a sock at the same time. She was toasting her bare toes before the fire, and crooning in a weird minor some mountain ditty that may have been centuries old.

I shivered as I looked at this midget, comparing her only garment, a torn calico dress, with my own stout hunter's garb that seemed none too warm for such a day as this; but my sympathy was wasted; she was of a breed that, although pure white and of colonial ancestry, can go half naked through the severe winters of the Appalachians and suffer little discomfort.

Knowing that the sudden appearance of a stranger would startle the girl, I chose the quickest way to reassure her by saluting in the vernacular:

"Howdy?"

"Howdy?" she gasped.

"Who lives here?"

"Bill Kirby."

"Kirby? Oh! yes, I know him—we've been bear hunting together. Is your father at home?"

"No, he's out somewhars."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's in the field, up yan, gittin' roughness."

I took some pride in not being stumped by this answer. "Roughness," in mountain lingo, is any kind of rough fodder, specifically corn fodder.

"How far is it to the next house?"

"I don't know; maw, she knows.'

"All right; I'll find her."

I went up to the field. No one was in sight; but a shock of fodder was walking away from me, and I conjectured that "maw's" feet were under it; so I hailed:

"Hello!"

The shock turned around, then tumbled over, and there stood revealed a bare-headed, barefooted woman, coarse featured but of superb physique—one of those mountain giantesses who think nothing of shouldering a two-bushel sack of corn and carrying it a mile or two without letting it down.

She flushed, then paled, staring at me round-eyed—frightened, I thought, by this apparition of a stranger whose approach she had not detected. To these people of the far backwoods every one from outside their mountains, whether he be from north, south, east or west, is a "furriner," which is as much as saying a barbarian, a doubtful character at best.

However, Mistress Kirby quickly recovered her aplomb. Her mouth straightened to a thin slit. She planted herself squarely across my path, now regarding me with contracted lids and a hard glint, till I felt fairly bayoneted by those steel-gray eyes.

"Good morning. Is Mr. Kirby about?" I inquired.

There was no answer. Instead, the thin slit opened and let out a yell of almost yodel quality, penetrating as a warwhoop—a yell that would carry near half a mile. I wondered what she meant by this; but she did not enlighten me by so much as a single word. It was puzzling, not to say disconcerting; but, charging it to the custom of a country that still was new to me, I found my own tongue again, and started to give credentials.

"My name is Kephart. I am staying at the Everett Mine on Sugar Fork——"

Another yell that set the wild echoes flying.

"I am acquainted with your husband; we've hunted together. Perhaps he has told you——"

Yell number three, same pitch and vigor as before.

By this time I was quite nonplussed. I waited for her to speak; but never a word did the woman deign. So there we stood and stared at each other in silence—I leaning on my rifle, she with red arms akimbo——till I grew embarrassed, half wondering, too, if the creature were demented.

Suddenly a light flashed upon my groping wits. This amazon was on picket. Her three shrieks had been a signal to some one up the branch. Her attitude showed that there was no thoroughfare in that direction at present. Circumstances, whatever they were, forbade explanation. Clearly, the woman thought that I could not help seeing how matters stood. Not for a moment did she suspect but that her yells, her belligerent attitude, and her refusal to speak, were the conventional way, this world over, of intimating that there was a *contretemps*. She considered that if I was what I claimed to be, an acquaintance of her husband and on friendly footing, I would be gentleman enough to retire. If I was something else—an officer, a spy—well, she was there to stop me until the captain of the guard arrived.

For one silly moment I was tempted to advance and see what this martial spouse would do if I tried to pass her on the trail. But a hunter's instinct made me glance forward to the upper corner of the field. There was thick cover beyond the fence, with a clear range of a hundred and fifty yards between it and me—too far for Bill to recognize me, I thought, but deadly range for his Winchester, I knew. One forward step of mine would put me in the status of an armed intruder. So I concluded that common sense would better become me at this juncture than a bit of fooling that surely would be misinterpreted, and that might end ingloriously.

"Ah! well," I remarked, "when your husband gets back, tell him, please, that I was sorry to miss him; though I did not call on any special business—just wanted to say 'Howdy?' you know. Good day!"

I turned and went down the valley.

All the way home I speculated on this queer adventure. What was going on "up yan"?

A month before, when I had started for this wildest nook of the Smokies, to spend a year alone in its solitudes, a friend had intimated that I was venturing into a dubious district—Moonshine Land. It is but frank to confess that this prospect was not unpleasant. My only fear had been that I might not find any moonshiners, or that, having found them, I might not succeed in winning their confidence to the extent of learning their own side of an interesting story. As to how I could do this without getting tarred with the same stick, I was by no means clear; but I hoped that good luck might find a way. And now it seemed as if luck had indeed favored me with an excuse for broaching the topic to some friendly mountaineer, so I could at least see how he would take it.

And it chanced (or was it chance?) that I had no more than finished supper, that evening, when a man called at my lonely cabin. He was the one that I knew best among my scattered neighbors. I gave him a rather humorous account of my reception by Madame Kirby, and asked him what he thought she was yelling about.

There was no answering smile on my visitor's face. He pondered in silence, weighing many contingencies, it seemed, and ventured no more than a helpless "Wall, now I wonder!"

It did not suit me to let the matter go at that; so, on a sudden impulse, I fired the question point-blank at him: "Do you suppose that Bill is running a still up there at the head of that little cove?"

The man's face hardened, and there came a glint into his eyes as I had noticed in Mistress Kirby's.

"Jedgmatically, I don't know."

"Excuse me! I don't want to know, either. But let me explain just what I am driving at. People up North, and in the lowlands of the South as well, have a notion that there is little or nothing going on in these mountains except feuds and moonshining. They think that a stranger traveling here alone is in danger of being potted by a bullet from almost any laurel thicket that he passes, on mere suspicion that he may be a revenue officer or spy. Of course, that is nonsense; but there is one thing that I'm as ignorant about as any novel-reader of them all. You know my habits; I like to explore—I never take a guide—and when I come to a place that's particularly wild and primitive, that's just the place I want to peer into. Now the dubious point is this: Suppose that, one of these days when I'm out hunting, or looking for rare plants, I should stumble upon a moonshine still in full operation—what would happen? What would they do?

"Wall, sir, I'll tell you whut they'd do. They'd fust-place ask you some questions about yourself, and whut you'uns was doin' in that thar neck o' the woods. Then they'd git you to do some triflin' work about the still—feed the

furnace, or stir the mash—jest so 's 't they could prove that you took a hand in it your own self."

"What good would that do?"

"Hit would make you one o' them in the eyes of the law."

"I see. But, really, doesn't that seem rather childish? I could easily convince any court that I did it under compulsion; for that's what it would amount to."

"I reckon you-uns would find a United States court purty hard to convince. The judge 'd right up and want to know why you let grass go to seed afore you came and informed on them."

He paused, watched my expression, and then continued quizzically: "I reckon you wouldn't be in no great hurry to do *that*."

"Then, if I stirred the mash and sampled their liquor, nobody would mistreat me?"

"Shucks! Why, man, whut could they gain by hurtin' you? At the wust, s'posin' they was convicted by your own evidence, they'd only git a month or two in the pen. So why should they murder you and get hung for it? Hit's all 'tarnal foolishness, the notions some folks has!"

MY CABIN IN THE SMOKIES.

"I thought so. Now, here! the publ c has been fed all sorts of nonsense about this moonshining business. I'd like to learn the plain truth about it, without bias one way or the other. I have no curiosity about personal affairs, and don't want to learn incriminating details; but I would like to learn how the business is conducted, and especially how it is regarded from the mountain people's own point of view. I have already learned that there are no feuds here in the Carolina mountains, such as they have in Kentucky, and that a stranger's life and property are safer here than they would be on the streets of Chicago or of St. Louis. It will do your country good to have that known. But I can't say that there is no moonshining going on here; for a man with a wooden nose could smell it. Now what is your excuse for defying the law? You don't seem ashamed of it."

The man's face turned an angry red.

"Mister, we-uns hain't no call to be ashamed of ourselves, nor of ary thing we do. We're poor; but we don't ax no favors. We stay 'way up hyar in these coves, and mind our own business. When a stranger comes along, he's welcome to the best we've got, such as 'tis; but if he imposes on us, he gits his medicine purty d—— quick!"

"And you think the Government tax on whiskey is an imposition."

"Hit is, under some sarcumstances."

My guest stretched his legs, and "jedgmatically" proceeded to enlighten me.

"Thar's plenty o' men and women grown, in these mountains, who don't know that the Government is ary thing but a president in a biled shirt who commands two-three judges and a gang o' revenoo officers. They know thar's a president, because the men folkes 's voted for him, and the women folks 's seen his pictur. They've heered tell about the judges; and they've seen the revenoo in flesh and blood. They believe in supportin' the Government, because hit's the law. Nobody refuses to pay his taxes, for taxes is fair and square. Taxes cost mebbe three cents on the dollar; and that's all right. But revenoo costs a dollar and ten cents on twenty cents' worth o' liquor; and that's robbin' the people with a gun to their faces.

"Of course, I ain't so ignorant as all that—I've traveled about the country, been to Asheville oncet, and to Waynesville a heap o' times—and I know the theory. Theory says 't revenoo is a tax on luxury. Wall, that's all right—anything in reason. The big fellers that makes lots of money out o' stillin', and lives in luxury, ought to pay handsome for it. But who ever seen luxury cavortin' around in these Smoky Mountains?"

He paused for a reply. Even then, with my limited experience in the mountains, I could not help laughing at the idea. Often, in later times, this man's question came back to me with peculiar force. Luxury! in a land where the little stores were often out of coffee, sugar, kerosene, and even salt; where, in dead of winter, there was no meal, much less flour, to be had for love or money. Luxury! where I had to live on bear-meat (tough old sow bear) for six weeks, because the only side of pork that I could find for sale was full of maggots.

My friend continued: "Whiskey means more to us mountain folks than hit does to folks in town, whar thar's drug-stores and doctors. Let ary thing go wrong in the fam'ly—fever, or snake bite, or somethin'—and we can't git a doctor up hyar less'n three days; and it costs scand'lous. The only medicines we-uns has is yarbs, which customarily ain't no good 'thout a leetle grain o' whiskey. Now, th'r ain't no saloons allowed in all these western counties. The nighest State dispensary, even, is sixty miles away. The law wunt let us have liquor shipped to us from anywhars in the State. If we git it sent to us from outside the State it has to come by express—and reg'lar old pop-skull it is, too. So, to be good, law-abiding citizens, we-uns must travel back and forth at a heap of expense, or pay express rates on pizened liquor—and we are too durned poor to do ary one or t'other.

"Now, yan's my field o' corn. I gather the corn, and shuck hit and grind hit my own self, and the woman she bakes us a pone o' bread to eat—and I don't pay no tax, do I? Then why can't I make some o' my corn into pure whiskey to drink, without payin' tax? I tell you, *'tain't fair*, this way the Government does!

"But, when all's said and done, the main reason for this 'moonshining,' as you-uns calls it, is bad roads."

"Bad roads!" I exclaimed. "What the——"

"Jest thisaway: From hyar to the railroad is seventeen miles, with two mountains to cross; and you've seen that road! I recollect you-uns said every one o' them miles was a thousand rods long. Wall, nobody's ever measured them, except by mountain man's foot-rule—big feet, and a long stride between 'em. Seven hundred pounds is all the load a good team can haul over that road, when the weather's good. Hit takes three days to make the round trip, less'n you break an axle, and then hit takes four. When you do git to the railroad, th'r ain't no town of a thousand people within fifty mile. Now us folks ain't even got wagons. Thar's only one sarviceable wagon in this whole settlement, and you can't hire it without team and driver, which is two dollars and a half a day. Whar one o' our leetle sleds can't go, we haffter pack on mule-back or tussle it on our own wethers. Look, then! The only farm produce we-uns can sell is corn. You see for yourself that corn can't be shipped outen hyar. We-uns can trade hit for store credit—that's all. Corn *juice* is about all we can tote around over the country and git cash money for. Why, man, that's the only way some folks has o' payin' their taxes!"

A smile escaped my lips, though my guest was severely earnest, and I felt the pathos lurking in his story.

"But, aside from the work and the worry," I remarked, "there is the danger of being shot, in this business."

"Oh, we-uns don't lay *that* up again the Government! Hit's as fair for one as 'tis for 'tother. When a revenoo comes sneakin' around, why, whut he gits, or whut we-uns gits, that's a 'fortune of war,' as the old sayin' is."

* * * * * * *

There is no telegraph, wired or wireless, in the mountains, but there is an efficient substitute. It seemed as though, in one night, the news traveled from valley to cove, and from cove to nook, that I was investigating the moonshining business, and that I was apparently "safe." Each individual interpreted that word to suit himself. Some regarded me askance, others were so confiding that their very frankness threatened at times to become embarrassing.

Thereafter I had many talks and adventures with men who, at one time or other, had been engaged in the moonshining industry. Some of these men had known the inside of the penitentiary; some were not without blood-guilt. I doubt not that more than one of them could, even now, find his way through night and fog and laurel thicket to some "beautiful piece of copper" that has not yet been punched full of holes. They knew that I was on friendly terms with revenue agents. What was worse, they knew that I was a scribbler. More than once I took notes in their presence while interviewing them, and we had the frankest understanding as to what would become of those notes.

My imunity was not due to any promise made or hostages given. I did not even pose as these men's apologist. I merely volunteered to give a fair report of what I heard and saw. They took me at my word. Had I used such representations as a mask, and secretly played the spy upon them, no doubt I would have been shot—and would have richly deserved it. As it was, I never met with any but the most respectful treatment from these gentry, nor, to the best of my belief, did they ever tell me a lie.

I have said that the very frankness of some of these men was at times embarrassing. One day there came, by a roundabout but reliable channel, an intimation that I had an opportunity to photograph a moonshine still in full swing. Any newspaper man will appreciate the temptation. I declined; not from fear of possible consequences—that cut no figure—but simply because I did not wish to carry around with me

the hang-dog feeling of a virtual accessory, even though the crime of moonshining is only *malum prohibitum*, not *malum in se*. Well, it chanced that I was called north about this time. While there, I received a letter from a friend in the mountains, which is here reproduced verbatim, save for the omission of personal names:

"Dear sir I was Proud to Her from you. I am well as common Hope your the same. the tempeture is nice her now but the Elements looks som like Rain. the soft Maples is Bloomin out now. ther is nothing New in the Mountings at present. but —— ——— got his bier tubs cut Down by the Revnew oficers. my Black hound has pups.

"yours Truly,

"——— ———."

There will never be any picture taken of that still-house, but the still itself seems to have escaped on its wily owner's back, for only the tubs were cut down. What beer-tubs are, in a whiskey distillery, will be explained in the next chapter. Horace Kephart.

[To be continued.]

The Kaffir Telegraph.

Mention has been frequently made during the recent native troubles in South Africa of the "Kaffir telegraph," the strange system by which news of any importance is communicated from one extreme of the native territories to the other with almost incredible rapidity, and the working of which, it has been stated, is still a mystery to the white man. This latter statement is scarcely correct. It is true that the whole workings of this secret system are not fully known, but numbers of up-country residents, traders, and the like are well acquainted with many of the ways in which communication passes from tribe to tribe. Any news that is spread in this way is news that it is desirable to keep from the European, and for this reason Kaffirs will never go into full details; but enough has leaked out to give a good inkling of many of the means adopted.

The trading store is the meeting place for the natives, where they come, not only to purchase and sell, but to meet others. Men cross the border into another tribe's country to attend at the general gatherings which take place from morning to night outside these stores, and a good deal of news is carried forward by this means. In most cases the news, if important, is not made public to the whole tribe until it is necessary to do so. A headman has been told by his chief to despatch a certain item of information onward. This man comes to the store, which, for the sake of argument, we will say is in Fingoland. He looks round at the group outside the building, and notes what strangers are present, for a Kaffir can tell at a glance to what tribes any men he meet belongs, though no white man can certainly do this. The bearer of the message picks out two or three Gealekas, and goes to them and inquires their standing in their tribe. If one of those he speaks to is a headman the information is passed to him to carry to his chief, with a request that the chief will pass it on again; if, on the other hand, those he addresses are none of them headmen, he selects the oldest man, and takes him aside and imparts the news to him. "You are the messenger of the chief," says the headman. "A man who carries a chief's message must keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth closed, or ill may happen"; and the native accepts the hint and acts on it. He leaves at once, and, starting off on the peculiar jog-trot which Kaffirs always adopt when in a hurry, or on important business, he soon has impressed himself with the vast responsibility, for such it appears to him. The same procedure is done with the other strangers present, and by this means before the night three or four chiefs are acquainted with the news.

This is the usual way in which the news is first spread, and for this reason I have selected Fingoland as a starting point, as it is the first country over the border. When the chiefs receive the message they will no doubt act in different ways to pass it on. One selects a fast runner, and gives him the words, and instructs this man to run in a given direction as fast as he can—horses are never used at this work—until he is exhausted. When he can run no longer he enters the nearest kraal, selects the chief man, gives him the words, and this man in his turn picks out his fastest runner, who at once starts off until he also is exhausted, when he acts in a similar way.

It is not an enviable task carrying a chief's message at night, for the native is always suspicious of cattle thieves. Assegais and guns are handy, and the man who dashes past a kraal in the dark may possibly come to a sudden stop with an assegai or a bullet through him; but, failing this extreme method, he is liable, when near the borders, to be seized by the native police as a suspicious character, and though his detention might be for only a day or so, it is almost as bad as the more summary punishment, for the native holds his chief in such awe that, should he not be able to follow his instructions, it is doubtful if he would dare to return to his tribe. I have been told that even the Kaffir police, who are most loyal, are still so under the spell of the chiefs that, should the runner inform them of the object of his journey, they would not detain him; but I have my doubts as to whether this is so. With relays of runners like this a hundred miles can be covered in twenty-four hours.

Returning to our starting point, Fingoland, the message would be carried a hundred miles in a straight line by the next morning, but as the Kaffir country is further penetrated tribes (?) spread out from the main line to the sea, the Pondos and Pondo Mesies on the one hand, the Bacas and Xesibes on the other, and these would have been all reached by the other messengers, and in this way four or five separate chiefs would have known the news by them.

The system of "calling messages" is largely used by the natives in war-time. The air in South Africa is so dry that sound carries a very long way. Native messengers are stationed at the tops of hills to call messages to each other. It is no exaggeration to say that they can make themselves heard and carry on conversation a quarter of a mile distant; but for obvious reasons they cannot be stationed so close together, so a system of signalling by smoke is carried on at night, but this means is not followed in such a case as I am trying to describe.

In an article I wrote for the Field a few years ago I mentioned the case of a white man (named Groom) who had settled down among the Pondos and had adopted their ways, and, except for the trifling difference of color, was to all intent a Kaffir himself. This man once, in answer to an argument which took place outside the store in Mount Frese, offered to have a message delivered in Komgla (about 200 miles away) on the day after the one on which we were speaking, and a note was accordingly written to a storekeeper in that village and given him. On the second morning a Kaffir walked into the store in Kamgha and placed the paper in the storekeeper's hand and walked out; but we never found out how this had been accomplished. In this connection I may mention an amusing incident which occurred. A visitor to Kaffirland who had been informed of the way in which messages could be transmitted, and the saving of time such a system effected, was so struck with the idea that he wrote, suggesting to the colonial Government that the up-country mails should be handed over to the chiefs for them to rush through. It is, perhaps, needless to say that his suggestion was not adopted.—Ormond Lodge in London Field.

THE CAMPER'S FRIEND.

Pure Milk is desirable wherever you camp, one or one thousand miles from civilization. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk always opens up perfectly fresh, pure and satisfactory. It is the first item thought of by the veteran camper.—*Adv.*

Piovano Arlotto.

Piovano (a parson) Arlotto was a village clergyman who had a small living and church a few miles from Florence. He had traveled as a ship's chaplain to many countries, even to England, leaving in every land memories of rare jests and droll adventures. He was, however, at heart a really good man, proverbial in his day as "a priest who was not avaricious, and very hospitable."

And this virtue of hospitality was sometimes to him a source of great annoyance. For, according to the custom of the time, every parish priest was supposed to keep an open table for all comers; and those who did not, suffered severely in reputation. No matter how pious a *parroco* might be, if he gave not good wine, people said: "He is good, but wants the best."

Thus it befell that there came to his house certain sportsmen, who made themselves even more at home than the license of that free-and-easy age permitted. Thus runs the chronicle:

"Four catchers of birds, with eight companions, four horses, four hawks, and sixteen dogs, went forth to hunt, and quartered themselves on Piovano Arlotto for five days.

"Then they departed for Florence, leaving their dogs in care of Piovano, saying, 'We beg you to take as good care of these dogs as you would of us. We shall remain in Florence a week, and then return and be your guests for four days more.'

"Then Piovano, who, though a very good man, could be slyer than a fox, replied, 'Leave them. I will indeed treat them as if they were mine own.'

"Then he considered unto himself, and said, 'With what ingratitude do they behave! Thirty-six mouths must I fill for them every day. They go to Florence to enjoy themselves—children of the devil!—and leave their sixteen dogs for me to feed. While here they've taken forty partridges, yet have not given me a single bird!'

"When his guests were gone, Piovano Arlotto proceeded to show bread to the dogs after this fashion: twice or three times every day he went, bearing a *bastone*, or stick, in the right hand and three or four loaves in the left; entering the room in which the hounds were kept, he threw down the bread, but when they would devour it, he beat them.

"And when three days were past, the sportsmen returned, and, looking at the dogs, said, 'Why are these dogs so lean and miserable?'

"Piovano replied, 'I know not why; but they refuse to eat bread, and truly it is a wonderful thing.'

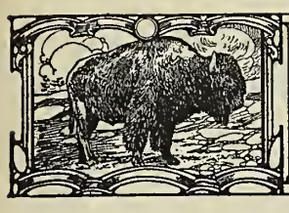
"Then he brought bread and threw it to the hounds; but they, fearing lest they should be beaten, were afraid to touch it. And when he drew near, they howled and fled, and hid themselves for fright, and when a door was opened, they ran away through it as for their lives, and the sportsmen had enough to do to take them, nor did they return to that house.

"'I won the game that time,' said Arlotto, as he watched the flight."

The Elder's Prairie Chicken.

Rev. J. J. Pearce, D.D., of Pennsylvania, is an eminent minister of the gospel, a successful politician (he has been a member of Congress), a true sportsman, and a noble specimen of a man.

While on a visit to friends in Iowa a few years ago he expressed a great desire to have a chicken hunt, and to be able to say on his return that he had dined on the noble bird of the prairie. A hunt was organized and he put himself at its head; and after a hard day's work and many miles' travel, the shooters returned with a half dozen birds. These were given to the wife of one of the party to be prepared for supper, and the Elder was invited. Supper time came; there were pies, cakes, preserves, meats of every kind and variety, but no prairie chicken. The Elder was puzzled as well as disappointed. The woman being interviewed about it afterward, said that she had been better raised than to set the likes of a prairie chicken before a nice gentleman like Mr. Pearce.



NATURAL HISTORY

Birds of a City Marsh.

BY B. S. BOWDISH.

Greater New York is a wonderful, cosmopolitan metropolis. Almost all kinds of inhabitants, and all sorts of chattels are to be found in the city limits that are known elsewhere. Even those to whom the city is a big, dreary prison are willing to admit this wonderful variety of contents. Yet those who are at all familiar with the habits of the shy, retiring marsh birds, would hardly expect that in all this heterogenous mass of animation and inanimation, the greater city could boast a breeding ground of these birds, and that not in the outskirts, the suburbs, but right in the midst of busy city streets.

When the writer was invited to investigate such conditions in Long Island City, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and hoped to be able to secure some photographs, but he fully expected that the marshes would be at the outskirts of the city, in some situation where they could secure to their feathered denizens something approaching the conditions of life they are normally accustomed to.

It was June 4 when the trip was made. An ideal forenoon, and a light wind in the afternoon as the only drawback, furnished favorable conditions for the project. Seven-thirty in the morning found the hopeful photographer at the home of Messrs. W. F. and John H. Hendrickson, having crossed by the 34th Street Ferry, and reached the house by a short ride on the street car to 12th street.

Mr. W. F. Hendrickson guided the visitor to two of the nearby marshes. The first was a hole about the size of a city block, with some six feet depth of water, and perhaps as much more of mud, and a considerable growth of cattails. But imagine, you readers who have visited the gallinule in his native haunts, this little swale was bounded on its four sides by busy city streets, and at one corner a large building was being erected, yet this was the home of gallinules! Mr. Hendrickson said so, and one of the birds promptly confirmed him.

The writer's previous experience with marsh birds had led him to believe that this was a favorable date to expect the rails to be housekeeping, but rather too early to find nests of the gallinules, and a later trip had been planned for them. Hence after surveying the strange gallinule abiding place, a couple of vacant lots were crossed, and the marsh reached where Mr. Hendrickson had seen rails. This had a much larger area than the first, stretching away in irregular shape for perhaps a half mile, with the piers of the Blackwell's Island Bridge in the background. It was for the most part much shallower than the other, high rubber boots being sufficient to keep one dryshod, by using care.

A half hour's investigation of this marsh brought the explorer suddenly on a nest of the Florida gallinule, containing nine eggs. Among the cattails, the dead leaves and stems of last year's crop had been used to construct a foundation raising the nest, which was built of the same material, nicely above the water. A photographic record of the find was soon secured, and the camera focussed on the nest, and partly concealed, was left to be tripped by a long tube and bicycle pump, when the bird should return to the nest—if she would. Notwithstanding care, however, she refused to come to her home while the camera was there, preferring to remain hidden in the cattails, and from this vantage ground to protest against the proceedings, so the camera was removed. Neither was the writer successful in finding nests of rails, nor, in fact, locating anything else, save the red-winged blackbirds and marsh wrens. Nevertheless there are many wonderful and interesting facts regarding marsh bird life centering about these marshes.

The incongruity of photographing the nest and eggs of such a retiring bird as the gallinule, while the cry of the huckster rings in one's ears from the city street a few rods distant, is indescribable. About these spots the sora and the Virginia rail, least American bitterns, and the American coot have all been observed, and there are records of nests for all of these except the American bittern, which has been seen in the nesting season, and doubtless breeds here, too. Formerly a great salty marsh covered the area between 4th street and Thompson avenue; streets were filled in, and the marsh thus cut up into smaller sloughs. As the supply of salt water was cut off and the influx of fresh water continued, these ponds gradually became fresh. One after another these spots that have been the homes of wildfowl have become the sites of houses and factories. The present season may see the last of these marshes and their wild life. Mr. Hendrickson has seen a gallinule in the back yard of a dwelling house in the spring, crossing and recrossing it, seeking the cattails that it left there the previous fall, calling dismally for the mud and water, and the wild, free life that it should find there nevermore. Muskrats have been killed by trolley cars while crossing from one pond to another. It is inevitable that civilization must take its course, with the attendant settling of once wild land, and the driving back, perhaps to eventual extermination of the creatures that formerly roamed such areas, "monarchs of all they surveyed," but for many nature lovers these changes must bring sore hearts.

Mr. John Hendrickson, who is a genuine sportsman and a champion shot, remembers when in his boyhood days these ponds abounded in almost every species of "bay birds," yellowlegs, plover and many kinds of ducks. Even yet several species of ducks and some plover are taken there. Where one can make the acquaintance of the marsh birds during the nesting period, many delightful experiences are in store. The Virginia rail lays from nine to sixteen or eighteen eggs, and possibly in some cases more. The birds sit from the laying of the first egg, at least in some cases, and the eggs accordingly hatch in the same order in which they are laid. The newly hatched chicks have no resemblance to the parents, having short beaks and a thick covering of black down. They look like tiny domestic chicks, and they run from the nest in a short time after hatching. Consequently one parent usually takes charge of the brood as they hatch, while the other continues the duty of incubation. The young will take to the water quite readily, and swim with surprising strength for such tiny creatures; in fact, much stronger proportionately than do the parents. The parent with a brood, wishing to cross a bit of open water, flies laboriously across, the feet dragging in the water, and calls to the young, who plunge in and swim bravely to the opposite side. Like most young birds of the sort known as precocious, the rail chicks are adepts at hiding. I have seen nine young rails brought forth from their hiding places in grass scarcely more than an inch high, and where one would have said their jet black little forms would have been most conspicuous, yet until carefully searched for they remained well concealed in this scant cover.

The sora seldom seeks the same location for a home as that where the Virginia rail is residing, as far as my experience goes, nor is more than one pair apt to be found nesting within a limited area, while the Virginia is sometimes found nesting in small settlements of several pairs. The sora is much more apt to nest in

SMALL MARSH—LONG ISLAND CITY, GREATER NEW YORK.

LARGE MARSH—LONG ISLAND CITY, GREATER NEW YORK.

NEST AND EGGS OF GALLINULE—IN GREATER NEW YORK.

NEST AND EGGS OF GALLINULE—IN GREATER NEW YORK.

the small sloughs, instead of the large marshes than is the Virginia.

The only time I ever had experience with the housekeeping arrangements of the American bittern was in the summer of 1901, while camping with a friend in the extensive marshes at Cayuga Lake. At that time we had never thought of the use of the camera in connection with bird study, else we might have had some very pleasing photographs of this and other marsh birds. Two nests of the bittern were found there, each containing five eggs. The nest, like those of all marsh birds that I have examined, were built of the leaves and stems of the reeds and cattails, and were constructed among the dead growth of last year's cattails, in a portion of the marsh that was quite dry at the time. On the other hand, the least bittern built a platform of green cattail leaves, fastened to the stems of the growing cattails at a height of some three feet above the water, and in a portion of the marsh where the water was up to the arm-pits. The American bittern in the first week of June had eggs nearly hatched, while the least bittern, at the last of this week was just finishing laying. The eggs of the latter bird are much like those of other members of the heron order, pale blue, but those of the larger American bittern are a wide departure from the type, being a beautiful rich chocolate brown. Both birds lay from three to five eggs, clutches of the least bittern being usually four, while the American more often lays only three. Both bitterns have the habit of standing motionless among the dead cattails stalks, beak pointed straight up, body and neck very erect, and the whole bird blending wonderfully with its surroundings. The larger bird also has a habit of immersing the bill in water and producing a booming, "pumping" sound heard for a long distance, and from which the local name has been derived of "thunder pump."

To pitch camp in the very midst of the homes of the marsh birds is a novel experience, and a most delightful one to the enthusiast. One must needs be an enthusiast to face the discomforts of such a situation, not the least of which is furnished by the constant and persistent attentions of the innumerable mosquitoes. We were equal to the occasion, however, when, on the above mentioned occasion we camped at the Cayuga marshes, and pitched our tent on a narrow strip of solid land surrounded by an extensive marsh. How well we selected may be judged by the fact that three or four rods back of the tent was one of the American bittern homes, while across the open water in front of the tent, beginning not twenty feet from us, was breeding colony of Virginia rails.

When evening drew on, and we had prepared our beds of dry reeds, and had smoked the mosquitoes from the tent and fastened it up, the chorus of frog voices from countless throats was in full swing all about us, varied from time to time by the weird cry of the green heron, the diabolical "laugh" of the gallinule, and the vesper notes of other birds. This was the lullaby that wafted us to dreamland, and I doubt if royal couch and king's orchestra ever combined to give honored recipient such deep content and restful slumber.

He who has dwelt among the homes of the marsh birds, has observed their household affairs, and has almost conversed with them, when he comes to try to relate his experiences, finds himself weakly wishing that he had the power to give the hearer the actual experience. Unless the marsh birds shall change their habits to suit changing environment, the time must come when one must go far afield to find them "at home." Those who have viewed the city remnant of the former rich avifauna of the marshes, now in a part of Long Island City, can feel well repaid for the trouble.

NEST AND EGGS OF MARSH WREN.

The Library of Natural History.

The Library of Natural History is astonishing for the wealth of illustration which it displays. This may be better understood when it is stated that, in the five large volumes which comprise the work, there are nearly 2,000 illustrations, and of these a number are in colors. It is well called a portrait gallery of actual life, which shows pictures of wild animals and savage men, and these pictures consist entirely of reproductions of photographs. The personal equation of the artist does not at all come in play, but instead we have the fidelity to truth of the unchanging camera.

Moreover, the Library of Natural History is brought down to date. Its cover contains a picture and some descriptive matter about that newest of mammals, okapi, discovered in the heart of Africa only a few years ago by Sir Harry Johnston, who, by the way, is named on the title page of the library as one of the contributors to the work. Among his coworkers are Ernest Ingersoll, R. Lydekker, J. W. Gregory, W. Saville-Kent and many others.

The illustrations of the volume deserve high praise. The reading matter is interesting, in part because it differs so widely from most natural histories. The accounts of men, beasts, birds and reptiles deal chiefly with the lives and habits of the animals described, and say comparatively little of their systematic relation. There is but little "science" in the volumes, and Latin names are conspicuous by their absence; but there is much about how the animals live and move and have their being. The work has a distinct place in the education of the land, for it contains a multitude of animal stories that cannot fail to interest young persons and to lead them to inquire more particularly about animal life in nature.

As an example of the style of the book, we may quote the following lines which deal with a famous chimpanzee known as Sallie, which lived for six years in the London Zoo, and about which Dr. G. J. Romanes said:

"Her intelligence was conspicuously displayed by the remarkable degree in which she was able to understand the meaning of spoken language—a degree fully equal to that presented by an infant a few months before emerging from infancy, and therefore higher than that which is presented by any brute, so far at least as I have evidence to show. Having enlisted the co-operation of the keepers, I requested them to ask the ape repeatedly for one straw, two straws, three

straws. These she was to pick up and hand out from among the litter of her cage. No constant order was to be observed in making these requests; but whenever she handed a number not asked for her offer was to be refused, while if she gave the proper number her offer was to be accepted, and she was to receive a piece of fruit in payment. In this way the ape had learned to associate these three numbers with the names. As soon as the animal understood what was required, she never failed to give the number of straws asked for. Her education was then completed in a similar manner from three to four, and from four to five straws. Sally rarely made mistakes up to that number; but above five and up to ten, to which one of the keepers endeavored to advance her education, the result is uncertain. It is evident that she understands the words seven, eight, nine and ten to betoken numbers higher than those below them. When she was asked for any number above six, she always gave some number over six and under ten. She sometimes doubled over a straw to make it present two ends, and was supposed (thus) to hasten the attainment of her task."

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Some Common Insects.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

III.—The Potter Wasps.

One of the most curious and interesting of all the architectural devices made by insects is found in the earthen cells shown in the accompanying picture, from a photograph taken by Mr. A. H. Verrill. These strange cells are made of clay by the species of wasp illustrated above them, and are constructed with much architectural skill. They are to be found every summer in a great variety of situations, the insects apparently choosing almost any slender support on which there are projections that will help to hold the clay walls in place. They are frequently to be found upon various brier-bearing plants, and occasionally I have found them upon wire netting.

This insect is called the fraternal potter wasp and it belongs to the genus *Eumenes*. It is an interesting and rather pretty little insect about three-quarters of an inch long, black except for various yellow markings, with the waist very slender and thread-like. The mother wasps build the curious cells out of bits of sand cemented together by the saliva of the insect, often having a curiously projecting rim which is suggestive of the mouth of a jug, like the one shown in the lower cell of the illustration.

As is the case with so many of the wasps that work in clay, these cells are made for holding the victims upon which the larva are to feed. When the little tenement is nearly finished, the mother wasp searches leaves and stems to find small caterpillars, which she paralyzes by stinging, and carries to the earthen cell, crowding them inside until the cell is nearly full. Then just within the top of the cell she deposits an egg and closes the cell by cementing over the open hole a firm cap.

Shortly after the hole has thus been closed, the egg laid by the mother wasp hatches into a tiny whitish larva that immediately begins to feed upon the helpless victims immured beside it. It continues to suck their juices for weeks, gradually increasing in size until at last, when it has reached the end of its provisions, it is large enough to change to the pupal or chrysalis state. This change takes place within the earthen cell, which thus serves as a protective covering during the quiet period that is to ensue between the time when the larva casts its skin to become a pupa, and the pupa casts its skin to become an adult wasp. Within this period the body of the larva is rebuilt in so wonderful a way that the hard-bodied beautiful wasp is able to emerge from the pupa with sharp teeth, by means of which it gnaws a hole in the wall of its tenement and emerges to the outer world to fly in the hot sunshine and visit various flowers, as well as to continue the cycle of insect life.

Some exceedingly interesting observations upon the life history of the European potter wasps have been made by a noted French entomologist, J. H. Favre. He discovered that the egg is hung

CELLS OF POTTER WASP.
Photographed by A. H. Verrill.

from the top of the cell, being attached by a thread as fine as a spider's web. This serves to keep it out of the reach of the mass of semi-paralyzed caterpillars, and when the egg hatches into a tiny maggot the latter utilizes the empty egg shell as a sort of sheath to hold it in position while it feeds upon the victims below. After the wasp larva gets large enough to shift for itself among the caterpillars without danger of injury, it no longer utilizes the empty egg shell for its protection.

The Autumn Choristers.

On the evening of August 7 we had the heaviest storm of the season. Such a play of lightning, crashing of thunder and downpour of rain are seldom seen. Yet during it all the locusts did not intermit their songs. It was most curious and impressive in a way to hear between the deafening peals of thunder the soft drowsy cadence of the insects. The words of an old Japanese poet fitted the situation almost exactly: "Hark! how the thunder god rages! And lo! how his eye flashes across the heavens! Destruction seems impending o'er the world. Yet the locusts and the cicadæ calmly sing on. They seem only to be conscious that it is the season of love."

On the evening following the storm the katydid was heard the first time. But for several evenings after it was silent. Why was this? Possibly a change in the temperature was the cause.

The snowy tree cricket commenced its concert unusually early this year. But none too soon, for albeit its "song" is so suggestive of the waning year it is always a delight to the ear. I said "song," but as a matter of fact, the insect has two songs, one for the day and the other for the night. The latter, however, is the one with which we are most familiar and is far superior to the former. It has in it something of the very spirit of night and sleep and peace. It hardly seems a sound. Rather is it, as Hawthorne expressed it, "audible stillness." Withal it is particularly audible in the neighborhood of large woods—suggesting the continuous ringing of sleighbells at a distance, or in a measure the rolling of small stones over a sheet of clear ice. The effect is soothing in the extreme.

While the snowy cricket sings, the other crickets are not silent. The common field cricket is very musical at night. Its song, which is high-pitched, is at once cheery and sad. It lasts long after the nights have commenced to get chill. Another little field cricket sings a persistent song, which reminds one of the Italian fruit vendor's chestnut, which he uses as a steam valve. The mole cricket sings a decidedly plaintive ditty. But it is not heard so often as the others. The house cricket (*Gryllus domesticus*), which is so well-known in Europe, is not common in this country and is rarely met with around a house. Perhaps the absence of the hearth in our houses will explain this. In the old countries the insect is generally found in the neighborhood of the hearth, which it appears to love. Its song, by association, has become the musical symbol of domestic cheer and comfort—in Europe, that is. Here we only hear it, as a rule, by the wayside, and it makes no particular impression on us, for it is not especially musical—a jerky, intermittent *cri-cri* or *cri-kt*, that is all. It need hardly be added that it is from this cry the word cricket is derived.

One of the most extraordinary things connected with the *Gryllidæ* family is their power of maintaining their song. If, as an eminent authority (Scudder) has stated, the katydid makes 200 notes per minute, how many must the field cricket make? Probably three or four times as many. And this not for a short time but for hour after hour! What a tremendous energy is stored in that minute little body! The only parallel we can find for it is in the electric wire.

The chief characteristic of the grand autumn chorus is its harmony. The notes of the various *Locustidæ* and *Gryllidæ* blend admirably. Even the somewhat strident iterations of the katydid, being perfectly rhythmic, form a base to the treble of the crickets.

But jarring notes are occasionally heard—not from the insects, however, but from the feathered tribe, who have now ceased to sing and seem possessed of a spirit of unrest and discontent. The robin utters a sullen *kuk-kuk*—the thrush an anxious *twit-twit*—the catbird a fretful *mew*. Still more unpleasant than these are the harsh guttural call of the fish crow, or the wailing uncanny cry of the screech owl.

As evening closes in, you observe vaguely against the sky a dark bird winging its way slowly toward the woods and uttering an occasional *qu-aak!* It is *Corvus ossifragus* returning from his fishing in the creeks and bays. What a discordant bird! you think. But presently, when with the rising of the moon you hear that other cry floating weirdly on the waste air, you think the *qu-aak* of the fish crow decidedly musical by comparison.

They pass, as do other jarring notes of nightfall, and the song of the crickets alone is heard—filling the air and seeming to emphasize the silence and peace. Frank Moonan

New York, September.

Pigeons Reported in Pennsylvania.

A letter has been received by Secretary Kalbfus, of the State Game Commission, from H. H. Rishel, of Clearfield county, Pa., saying that wild pigeons are returning to that State, and for the past season a flock of 300 have roosted near his home. These birds disappeared twenty-five years ago, and were supposed to be extinct in that county. Dr. Kalbfus says the indications are that they may return. Time was when there were millions of these birds in every part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey every spring and fall.—Dover (N. J.) Index.

GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

The Adirondack Deer Situation.

The Adirondack hotel proprietors, boarding house keepers and guides, as well as the summer residents of that region who usually remain for a week or two in September, and the sportsmen who are accustomed to visit the wilderness early in the fall, find themselves confronted by an entirely new proposition, now that the deer shooting season has been shortened four weeks on the first end. The point is that with deer hunting barred there is comparatively little to attract sportsmen to the woods in September. The season for trout fishing closes on the last day of August and consequently the great attraction for anglers is at that time withdrawn until the following spring. To be sure, the season for lake trout is still open and it is legal to catch these fish up to October 1, but they do not bite well in the fall, as a rule, and few anglers care to spend their time in an effort to capture them. There are also black bass in certain of the lakes and streams, too many of them, in fact, but as a general thing bass are not what people go into the woods after, for if they want this kind of fishing there are lots of places easier of access where much better sport can be had. The fact is that the majority of those who visit the wilderness are attracted by the prospects of catching speckled trout or hunting deer, and when both of these are out of the question, as is now the case during the entire month of September, it is thought there may be something of a falling off in the number of people who go into the woods at this particular time and, perhaps, an earlier exodus than usual of the city folks who have been spending the summer there. It is undoubtedly true that a great many of those who have summer homes in the Adirondacks, and those who pass weeks and months at the hotels, have been in the habit of counting a good deal on getting a few days deer shooting before leaving for their city homes at the close of their annual outings, and for this reason they have often lengthened out their stay well into September. Now that there is no longer this inducement it seems quite likely that in not a few instances their sojourn in the woods will be abbreviated. Of course it cannot be said that there is absolutely no hunting to be had in September, for the season for grouse and woodcock shooting opens the middle of the month, but this sport does not cut much of a figure in the Adirondacks, as it is not an easy matter to make a good bag of birds there. The woods are too big and the birds too scattering to furnish much sport, and the hunters do not dare to take their dogs there for fear that they will encounter a hedgehog and have their noses filled with quills. Lovers of wing shooting can readily find places nearer by where there are just as many partridges and woodcock, and where the game can be hunted to much better advantage than it can in the Adirondacks. Such being the case, comparatively few if any hunters are attracted to the great woods by the hope of having satisfactory bird shooting.

Black bears cannot be legally hunted until Oct. 1. Duck shooting does not amount to much in this part of the country and there is no small game worth the powder prior to the middle of September at the earliest. In view of all these facts, there really seems to be nothing whatever for the sportsman to occupy himself with in the Adirondacks during a good share of the month, and for this reason there is some talk of an effort to repeal the act passed this year which extends the close season for deer by including therein the first month of autumn, the claim being advanced that it is detrimental to the business interests of the hotel men, boarding house keepers and guides of that region as well as a hardship to the many sportsmen who ordinarily have a few days early in September which they can devote to hunting, but who are unable to get away from business duties for a trip in the woods later in the fall.

On the other hand, many strong arguments in support of the existing law are advanced and it is certain that any attempt to cause its repeal would meet with strenuous opposition from those who were instrumental in framing the act and securing its passage. The friends of protection advanced reasons for the enactment of the law which the legislature evidently considered were good and sufficient ones, and it is safe to assume that these would have much weight should the matter come up for discussion again. It was deemed essential for the proper protection of the deer and the conservation of these animals that the month of September should be cut off from the open season, and it was on this account, and for no other reason, that the act was passed, therefore anyone who strives to have it repealed will be under the necessity of presenting quite an ingenious argument in order to reverse the sentiment of the legislature as expressed at its last session, and secure the annulment of a law which has not yet been in force a year. It must necessarily be apparent to everyone who gives the subject a moment's thought, that the merits or possible demerits of the measure cannot be clearly determined on such a brief trial, and now that it is on the statute books, it would be absurd to repeal it until sufficient time has elapsed to enable the public to judge as to whether it is wise or otherwise. If there were any good reasons for the enactment of such a law, as there assuredly were or it would not have been passed, there are the best of reasons why it should not be rendered null and void before it has been given a fair trial. Furthermore, it may pointedly be said that the proper time for objecting to the measure, in case anyone had objections to raise, was when the bill was in the legislature and before it had attained to the dignity of a statute of the Empire State. Having been incorporated in the laws of the commonwealth, the measure is justly entitled to proper recognition and a fair test before any proposition for its repeal is seriously considered.

Of course it would be unfortunate if the Adirondack hotels, boarding houses or guides should lose any considerable number of their patrons because of the new law, but it has not been clearly demonstrated as yet that they are likely to do so, and is it not possible that if they do lose a little business on this account, they now more than make up for it in other ways? It seems quite probable that they will obtain a certain amount of additional patronage in September simply because of the fact that deer hunting is not permitted. This is a delightful month to be in the woods, but of late years many people have hesitated about going there for the reason that there has been so much reckless shooting on the part of those who are hunting deer. It is by no means pleasant when one is sojourning in the wilderness to be constantly thinking that some over-anxious and careless hunter may have his rifle leveled at you ready to pull the trigger at any moment and shoot you down because he has mistaken you for a deer, and it is not to be wondered at that a great many people have been deterred from visiting the Adirondacks in September on this account. Now that men no longer have an excuse for carrying a gun at this time in the year, is it not reasonable to suppose that there will be an increased number of visitors, rather than a deficiency in this respect, and consequently an augmented patronage of the hotels, boarding houses and guides? This seems to be among the possibilities, at any rate, and before any active move is made by anyone, looking toward the repeal of the present law, it is to be hoped that the most careful consideration will be given to the subject from every point of view.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y. Sept. 10.

In Newfoundland.

And now the men in quest of heads begin to arrive. Each time the good ship Bruce crosses from the mainland, she brings a goodly quota of nimrods who are out for the unsuspecting caribou.

Nearly all the guides are engaged, and it is safe to say that sportsmen will get all the caribou they want. Reports from various centers foreshadow good sport.

The train hands have been reporting herds of caribou near the railway line all the season. Many a noble stag will surrender his most valuable possession within the next couple of months, and many a noble yarn will be spun by the intrepid hunter, who will point in his den to the head of heads to substantiate his statements.

September is a grand month in the woods in Newfoundland. It is not as hot as August, and the flies are all laid to rest. The air is bracing and invigorating, and the Great Artist begins to tint in the most gorgeous coloring woods and hill, barrens and hillside. For the sportsman who sees things, the woods in September offer an unrivalled spectacle.

The close season for caribou in autumn is from Oct. 1 to Oct. 20. Non-resident sportsmen pay $50 for license to kill caribou. Each hunter is entitled to two stag and one doe caribou. The penalty for violation of the game laws is a fine not exceeding $200, or in default, imprisonment not exceeding two months. I think this is the gist of the law relating to caribou; any other information can be had from one's guides.

Last year there was a very warm discussion among local sportsmen, as to the desirability of levying a rod tax on non-residents. A very influential proportion, led on by one of our leading local papers, advocated a tax. Others were against it, on the grounds that as our fishing is illimitable, all the anglers likely to come for some years could do no possible harm, and further, it would be a great inducement to hold out to foreign sportsmen that there was no restriction whatever as to fishing rights. This gave every angler a fair chance and was the means of bringing along many visitors. Now this island is going to cater to such visitors in the future; many are beginning to realize that it is well worth while to do so. As the island is further away from the center of things than Maine or Quebec, or other resorts, many other local sportsmen advised that no tax be levied for some time to come. The latter element prevailed, and the fishing is free.

This season there have been many abuses. One party of "sportsmen" caught and killed over 300 salmon and left them on the bank to rot. The ringleader was a gentleman from Scotland. Just imagine the howl of indignation that would arise if such an atrocity were perpetrated on a Scotch river.

This party afterward explained that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, he could not save his catch; but he did not try to explain why he continued catching them after he had had reasonable sport. This hog-fishing caused a good deal of disgust among those who were advocating free fishing.

Another case was reported where it was alleged that a foreigner, named Nottman, built a camp on a grand pool at St. George. This

gentleman assumed proprietorship over the adjacent river, and had the gall to warn off some local men who trespassed on his preserves. A local angler who knew the law very well, and resented the impudence of this kind of sportsman, started up the river one day last season with two guides to tell this gentleman what the law was; but, unfortunately, his train came along too soon, and the sportsman with the German notion of preserves did not get the needed lesson. It is asserted since that he sold his camp with his "rights" to the adjacent pools.

This kind of thing disgusts local anglers, and it knocks the ground from under the feet of those who advocate the greatest liberty for visiting sportsmen. There is a disposition among this latter class to urge legislation that will effectually bar both fish-hogs and squireens. Sportsmen of this kind make it necessary, in defense of our own interests and those of decent sportsmen, that laws be made limiting the catch and punishing fellows whose sole object seems to be the destruction of noble fish that would now and in the future supply kingly sport to large numbers of legitimate anglers.

It is likely that advocates of the rod tax and other restrictions will have their way the coming season. The writer and others opposed it last year, and succeeded in having it postponed; but what can be urged in face of the facts quoted above?

Any person who would oppose laws regulating "sportsmen" like these, would deserve to be ranked in the same class. The fact that a tax may be levied, while it will encourage many to come, will act as a deterrent to many other decent sportsmen. The law has not yet been enacted, but a large number of local sportsmen, backed by one of our leading local papers, are advocating it, and the advocates of free fishing are left with very little to say in face of the disgraceful conduct of some of our visitors.

W. J. CARROLL.

Bloodless Sport.

THERE has developed in recent years a sentiment which has declared itself strongly in opposition to taking animal life for the sake of sport. The camera has been recommended as a substitute for the death dealing firearm. A great many people have discussed this subject without possessiong a clear idea of what constitutes real sport. In order to obtain a bettter understanding of the subject, we may classify those who hunt for the purpose of destroying wild life, under three divisions: sportsmen, market hunters and butchers. The last expression I have employed in a peculiar sense as indicating a very objectionable class in itself. By a process of elimination one may arrive at the true conception of a sportsman after first grasping the meaning of the term market hunter and butcher, and then disabusing the mind of both of those conceptions. The term butcher is applicable to whoever engages in the wanton and wasteful destruction of animal life with no idea of utilizing the remains. To the mind of such persons a sportsman's goal is a slaughter pen. The game butcher recognizes no rules, but prides himself on the amount of havoc he can produce in a flock of birds or a herd of wild animals, and speaks with glee of the quantity of game he has destroyed. The market hunter, as the name implies, is out for business. The rules of sport do not interest him; it is merely a question of dollars and cents; he kills when it pays to kill, and tries to make certain every shot regarding any advantage he can take as perfectly legitimate. The worst qualities of the butcher and the market hunter combine in the person who hunts elk for the purpose of securing the teeth, allowing the antlers and carcass to remain unused. The sins of these two classes are indiscriminately laid on the shoulders of the sportsman by people who have a misty idea about real sport. The desire to kill is instinctive; this desire refined under civilizing influences produces the sportsman. The mere love of killing for the sake of doing so, soon palled on people who had any conception of sport. The true theory of sport, whether in playing games or in hunting, necessarily involves the idea of a contest or trial of skill wherein there is a certain element of chance. The rapid destruction of game, consequent upon the easy mastery of nature by man, led in quite early times to the establishment of game preserves and the enactment of laws for the preservation of game. The killing of game developed into a pastime, and rules regulating its enjoyment readily grew out of this method of recreation. In other words, it came to be regarded as a sport or game wherein the hunted had rights or privileges which had to be respected the same as those of a contestant in any other game; the huntsman must exercise his ingenuity and sometimes his daring and endurance against the cunning and desperation of the wild beast. It is obvious from the foregoing explanation that no sportsman countenances killing, except for a purpose, and prefers to give the game a chance to exercise its cleverness and adroitness in making good its escape; if it fails, it has been outwitted. The observance of game laws for the preservation of game, find no stronger advocates anywhere than among sportsmen, and it is to their interest to prevent the extermination of wild life, because if that should take place, their pastime would be gone.

There are a number of enlightened people, however, who distinctly disapprove of a sportsman's favorite amusement and regard hunting and killing game for recreation altogether wrong. An extermination into this state of feeling with a view of ascertaining whether it is based upon a clearly defined reason, or merely a capricious sentiment, may be instructive. All animal life in one way or another exists or is sacrificed for the benefit of humanity. No one can reasonably combat this assertion. By the very instinct of his being, man assumes to have an unquestioned right to subject the lower order of created life to his use. This assertion of his authority dates from the beginning when the fiat was delivered—"Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth!" In what way shall this authority be exercised? Human necessity or convenience alone has determined that question without the brute creation being considered. The beast that is reduced to servitude, and compelled to work the balance of his existence, finds no advocate for his emancipation; no protest is made against the wholesale slaughter of cattle to supply the meat market. But when the sportsman goes forth to exercise his skill, allowing the hunted prey a chance for its life and freedom, the sentimentalist, who is generally someone who never took pleasure in that form of amusement, throws up his hands and exclaims, How brutal! It is easy to discriminate against a practice in which one does not participate. Self denial, when you deny yourself nothing, is an easy and convenient morality. The brute creation is sacrificed for man's enjoyment, and it is useless to offer capricious objections to a form of sacrifice which pleases another and which does not happen to appeal to one's own idea of pleasure.

There is a great deal of inconsistency displayed by many who deprecate hunting with a rifle or shotgun as the case may be. Cruelty to animals seems to include birds and quadrupeds but not fish. I have heard people, who are fond of angling, expatiate upon the wickedness of destroying animal life and yet see no harm in catching fish with a light rod and play their quarry for a long time.

The huntsman endeavors to kill his game as soon as possible; he does not prolong its agony for his amusement. No protest is made against fishing as a sport so far as I have observed. The reason for this is not hard to discover. The fish is a cold-blooded creature to whom the heart does not seem to go out in sympathy to any extent; the slimy scales do not invite the contact of the fingers like the warm fur of a deer or the soft down of a duck; there is nothing in its "yellow orbs" to excite sentimental regard; it is not an object one would pet or fondle like a spotted fawn, wanting in qualities which appeal to the fancy; no plea is set up in its behalf. In further evidence of the inconsistency in question, I have heard ladies almost melt with emotion while deprecating the destruction of animal life by the sportsman, and yet seem little affected by the recital of the lingering death agony of the poor creatures caught in traps to furnish the furs which minister to female vanity.

The universal custom of sacrificing animal life in some form or another makes it impossible for one to condemn the sportsman's method of destroying it without the charge of inconsistency. Once concede that the right to take the life of dumb creatures exists, and the individual must decide in what way that right shall be exercised, with the limitations which civilization places upon the exercise of all natural rights.

EDGAR F. RANDOLPH.

Massachusetts Game.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The number of quail hatched at the Sutton aviary, connected with the trout hatchery there, has been increased since my last writing from 23 to 53, and the birds are said to be in fine condition. It goes without saying that the result of the efforts of the commissioners in their attempt to rear quail in captivity will be watched with much interest by our sportsmen.

Many encouraging reports on the quail and ruffed grouse in Massachusetts covers continue to come in. While there were not the usual number of quail at the end of the shooting season last December, on account of the two severe winters of 1904 and 1905, is is believed that very few if any succumbed to cold or starvation last winter, and that the large number liberated last spring, together with the natives which survived, made the breeding stock last spring decidedly more numerous than it was in the spring of 1905. Since the sad destruction of bird life in the two winters above mentioned, not a few of the gunners have refrained from the killing of any quail, while others have practiced praiseworthy self-denial by returning from a hunt with but two or three birds.

In an interview yesterday with President Brewster, he expressed a deep interest in the efforts being made to save the remnant of heathhens on Martha's Vineyard.

The law on ducks is off to-day, and preparations have been completed at the various gunning stands for shooting them. Wood ducks must be spared, a five years' close time having been put on them last winter.

It is known that some of the stands figure on making them a source of profit. In the Boston market ducks may be sold at from $1 to $1.25 a pair almost any time. The person buying of the dealer has to pay a large per cent, profit above those prices.

Shore and marsh birds have not been plentiful in the Boston market at any time since the season opened on July 15.

Another month must be allowed to pass before the opening of the season on quail, grouse and woodcock.

Foxes are plentiful everywhere, and some of the foxhunters' clubs will be out very soon for their first fall shoot, among them the Plymouth and the Assawampsett clubs. Both clubs have been breaking new dogs for the hunt. Farmers with growing chickens are hoping they will have good success in clearing up some of the hungry prowlers that rob their hen-yards.

A raccoon hunt will be in order now at any time, but rabbits, hares and gray squirrels are immune till Oct. 1.

The opening of the duck season is of special interest to the gunners of the eastern section of the State, where on the fresh-water ponds are located scores of gunning stands equipped, some of them at least, with the most elaborate outfit for wholesale slaughter imaginable. To the gunners of the central and western sections of the State duck shooting is not a prominent feature of sport.

During this month our friends of the inland cities and towns must wait patiently for the opening on upland birds the first of October. While the season for quail shooting lasts it will be lawful this year to shoot male pheasants. I hear some of the gunners declare they will do their best to get one cock pheasant at least. The man who is fortunate enough to get one of

those birds can well afford to let the quail live. In that way it may be pheasants will prove the salvation of some of the native birds, and atone in part for the crimes with which they have been charged.

From Middleboro I learn that the owners of property on Lake Assawampsett are determined to make a stand for what they believe to be their rights on the waters of the lake. There is said to be plenty of financial backing to carry the matter to the highest tribunal. Fishing at "Sampson's Cove" and the "Deep Hole," where the brook from Long Pond enters the lake—the two best places in the lake—has been debarred, causing much indignation among the members of the Assawampsett Country Club.

H. H. Kimball.

The History of Deer in Vermont.

From the report of Fish and Game Commissioner Henry G. Thomas.

History of Deer in Vermont.

Within the past two years this department received several requests to furnish a history of deer in Vermont. On December 20, 1905, Hon. John F. Lacey, Representative in Congress from Iowa, who is especially interested in the preservation of game, made a request, through Senator Proctor, that this department furnish a history of deer in Vermont for an article which he was preparing at that time. I took all possible pains to look the matter up, and it will be of more or less interest to learn the rapid increase since the first deer were liberated in our State.

Previous to 1878 to see a deer in Vermont was certainly a rarity, and if one was seen it was of so much importance it was published by the press throughout the State. On April 27, 1878, a herd of ten deer, and on the 5th of May following, three more, and about the same date, four more were liberated in Rutland and Bennington counties. The first ten deer were purchased from one of the keepers of the New York State's Prison at Dannemora. Seven were purchased from other sources or donated.

Legislation was obtained, making a closed season on deer throughout the State for a term of years. In 1896 a law was passed allowing the month of October for an open season, during which time deer with horns might be hunted. It was thought by many that this length of open season would soon deplete or exterminate the entire stock, when laws were enacted cutting the season to the last ten days of October, then again to the last week in October, containing six working days.

The commissioner has received information throughout the State that deer are numerous, and some very large herds have been seen, thirty-seven being the largest reported in one herd; many others from twelve to twenty. The taking of bucks alone has not had a tendency to lessen the increase. Herds have been reported where there were more bucks than does.

Deer and the Farmer.

During the last biennial term numerous complaints by farmers have been made at this office. A majority of these claims have been paid or partially paid. Some of the claimants have not treated the commissioner with fair consideration. For an illustration:

Very late in the fall or during the winter, long after his crops are harvested and out of sight, he writes the commissioner that the past season or the year previous, deer had damaged or destroyed his crops. Not giving the commissioner an opportunity to examine his crops when the damage is being done, which is either through neglect or for the purpose of obtaining money fraudulently. The farmer should be protected or reimbursed for actual damage and will at all times receive fair treatment from the commissioner, but, at the same time, the commissioner will insist on a fair adjustment and will not allow exorbitant claim or claims presented after crops have been harvested and out of sight. The commissioner will not neglect to investigate any claim for damage if presented when it should be. This is a fair and business proposition. I have personally examined crops and fruit trees that had been damaged by deer, and in every instance a satisfactory adjustment was made. Some farmers were actually damaged more than they claimed and were more than fair and liberal, when in many other cases it was right the reverse. Just so long as Vermont protects the deer the farmer should be protected from loss.

There have been paid out of the Wheeler fund to claimants for damage done by deer sums aggregating $224.25.

Deer and Dogs.

Amending the law to impose a fine against the owner of a dog that was known to chase deer, instead of killing the dog when in the act, has caused a source of annoyance and created much more havoc among deer than previous to this amendment. The difficulty is to catch the dog when chasing deer, so as to be able to prosecute the owner. Most of the does when heavy with fawn, after being chased by dogs if not caught and killed will die, but the commissioner does not uphold the promiscuous killing of dogs. Valuable dogs have been killed through spite, the claim being made that they were killed while in the act of chasing deer, when in court it was proven otherwise. The fines paid by owners of dogs for chasing deer are in no comparison to the damage done. It occurs to the commissioner this could in a measure be remedied by statute, compelling all hunters, or the owner of a gun, to take out a license.

The State has been imposed upon by non-resident hunters claiming they were residents of the State. During the open season for deer a hunter from Massachusetts hunted deer and other game in Washington county, claiming to be a resident of Rutland, and similar cases occurred throughout the State. The open season being only six days, before the commissioner can investigate such cases, the hunter has departed without paying his license. Every hunter should carry a license in order to carry out the purpose and intent of the law. A large appropriation by the State for the department of fish and game is unnecessary. Let the sportsmen, both resident and non-resident, that enjoy the privilege, take out a hunter's license, applying the same to increase and protect fish and game.

There were 1,500 sporting rifles sold in the State of Vermont during the season of 1905.

Sale of Live Deer.

There are quite a number of tame deer in captivity belonging to the State. They were picked up when very young, apparently without protection, for the purpose of saving them from being killed by dogs or dying from exposure. The people who have them were allowed to keep them with the understanding that they remain the property of the State, and no expense to the State for their care. There are those who would like to purchase these deer, but sale has been refused, there being no provision made by law authorizing the commissioner to dispose of them.

Sunday Hunting.

The law making Sunday a close season will prove to be a benefit in many ways. It is the province of the commissioner to protect for the population of our State, both permanent and transient, our native game birds and others introduced. The majority of our insectivorous birds are of inestimable benefit and value to the farmer. They are the best possible protection against pests which are injurious to vegetation. Previous to this act of the Legislature, it was the common practice of many of our natives to hunt on the Sabbath day, but more especially among the foreign element this was done. Any and everything wild that came within their range was shot. Robins especially seemed to be their favorite. This slaughter of birds was carried on right in the larger towns and cities, which was a violation of law. Many were prosecuted, but this did not bring about desired results. The foreigner seemed to think that in free America Sunday was a legal holiday; it was a day for recreation and for supplying the family larder. Under the present act, making Sunday a close season, it has practically stopped the killing of insectivorous birds, and will give more and better protection to game birds.

Canadian Fur Trade.

The Last Great Fur Preserve of the World.

Consul Gabriel Bie Ravndal, of Dawson City, furnishes an interesting report on the fur trade of northern Canada. He believes there is no immediate danger of the fur-bearing animals being destroyed, and declares that there are vast unexplored regions in which fur-bearing animals abound. He writes:

"Inasmuch as northern Canada is frequently designated 'the last great fur preserve of the world,' it is worth while to study the character of the supply in these parts, its permanency, as well as the number and proportion of the skins obtained. Complete statistics are not available. However, some light is thrown upon the subject by the following table, purporting to show the annual sales of the Hudson's Bay Company at intervals of ten years, representing a fair average, it is claimed, of the annual product:

Name of skin.	1853	1863	1873	1883	1893
Badger	1,754	1,545	2,705	1,510	2,518
Bear	7,484	7,571	8,172	11,188	11,775
Beaver	55,456	114,149	149,163	109,462	56,508
Ermine	2,002	1,178	4,012	5,112	9,120
Fisher	5,861	6,053	3,639	4,640	4,828
Fox, blue	46	29	90	37	51
Fox, cross	2,307	1,946	2,315	1,762	2,673
Fox, kitt	2,563	5,542	6,930	491	299
Fox, red	6,869	6,402	8,339	5,869	11,964
Fox, silver	847	588	694	506	615
Fox, white	3,966	3,365	7,325	5,886	4,708
Lynx	5,361	4,448	5,123	7,599	8,659
Marten	73,055	79,979	66,841	62,711	100,257
Mink	25,152	43,961	44,740	47,508	58,171
Muskrat	493,952	357,060	767,896	1,069,183	806,103
Musk ox	.....	.....	.....	368	888
Otter, land	8,991	13,331	11,263	11,992	8,671
Otter, sea	214	106	99	7	8
Porpoise	.....	5	.....	176	323
Rabbit	54,858	39,510	10,064	17,830	50,281
Raccoon	1,695	3,883	3,636	841	194
Seal, fur	.....	403	2,073	652	404
Seal, hair	1,425	16,933	9,862	3,888	1,366
Skunk	1,619	1,969	1,759	7,178	9,214
Swan	1,016	877	338	222	28
Wolf	8,508	3,932	6,413	2,121	1,577
Wolverine	1,302	1,426	2,095	1,883	1,017

Effect of Civilization.

"For more than two centuries the fur trade has been vigorously prosecuted in northern Canada, and yet the supply, save in the case of two or three varieties of animals, shows no formidable signs of exhaustion. The buffalo, whose hide was once an important article of commerce, has disappeared before the advance of civilization. The beaver can apparently only be saved from a similar fate by extraordinary measures of protection; so, too, the fur seal of the islands and waters of the Pacific. Sea otter and silver fox have been rare for many years. The figures given do not represent the total output of the country, as the Hudson's Bay Company no longer holds a monopoly of the fur trade. Large quantities of furs reach the market through other channels, the proportions of the various kinds not differing much from what appears in the statistics of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Home Consumption.

"What the home consumption amounts to can only be surmised. According to the Statistical Yearbook of Canada the exports of furs to Great Britain and the United States amounted, respectively, to $1,256,306 and $271,483, in 1898, $1,245,499 and $394,290 in 1901, $1,147,133 and $653,298 in 1902, $1,444,619 and $840,770 in 1903, $1,425,486 and $629,994 in 1904. The total value of furs exported from Canada amounted to $1,575,554 in 1895, $1,799,658 in 1896, $1,694,306 in 1897, $1,529,897 in 1898, $1,556,287 in 1899, $1,806,966 in 1900, $1,645,831 in 1901, $1,796,878 in 1902, $2,398,498 in 1903, $2,147,958 in 1904. Besides Great Britain and the United States, France and Germany are importers of Canadian furs. From Dawson, according to our consular returns, furs were exported to the United States as follows: 1902-3, $39,543.50; 1903-4, $27,028.50; 1904-5, $45,805.80; 1905-6, $9,039.50.

Effects of Competition.

"Competition from such influential sources as the Hudson's Bay Company, operating from Winnipeg; Revillon Freres, operating from Edmonton, and other extensive fur buyers main-

taining posts all over the north from Labrador to Mackenzie River and beyond, has cut down the local trade in furs and introduced arbitrary rates and precarious dealings, rendering trade on a small scale hazardous. In Yukon Territory, the marten has recently migrated, owing, it is said, to the appearance upon the scene of unusual numbers of lynx. This condition is probably only passing and temporary. Fur buyers seem to agree that the fur-bearing animals of the north, with the exceptions noted, are not 'playing out.' Vast extents of territory still remain approximately virgin and unexploited, and the Indians are proving surprisingly careful in preserving the game.

"The Indians bring the skins to the various posts and exchange them for merchandise; it is all a matter of barter. The standard of value in some parts is a beaver skin, in others the skin of the red fox. In the interior of Alaska, the prices paid for furs and supplies are regulated by the price of the red fox or of the marten, called one skin.

Extent and Value of the Industry.

"London continues to rank as the principal fur market of the world, to which are shipped furs from Asia, including Siberia, Europe, and America. Subsidiary markets are Tacoma, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Paris, Leipzig, Novgorod, and Kiakhta. In the world's fur trade, Alaska plays no insignificant part.

"Lieut. Ivan Petrop, in his report (1880) on the population, resources, etc., of Alaska, estimated the market value (London) of the annual yield of furs in Alaska at $2,181,832, conservatively calculated, 'which amount may be swelled a little by the arctic fur trade,' of which he had no returns. According to Lieutenant Petrop, western Alaska alone in a year would make the following showing:

Classes of fur.	Number.	Price.	Value.
Sea otter	4,500	$100.00	$450,000
Fur seal	100,000	15.00	1,500,000
Land otter	2,500	3.00	7,500
Beaver	5,800	3.00	17,400
Black fox	920	30.00	27,600
Cross fox	2,560	3.00	7,680
Red fox	11,400	1.50	17,100
Arctic fox (blue)	1,190	4.00	4,760
Arctic fox (white)	1,580	3.00	4,740
Bear, black	100	5.00	500
Bear, brown	711	2.00	1,422
Mink	10,300	.30	3,090
Marten (sable)	10,500	3.50	36,750
Muskrat	6,800	.10	680
Lynx	870	3.00	2,610

Collection and Exportation.

"The exportation of Alaskan furs for the twelve months ended June 30, 1903, amounted to $423,606; for the following year, $449,497, and for 1904-5, $494,764. Great quantities of furs are taken in Alaska, embracing those of the polar bear, black bear, brown bear, black wolf, white, red, blue and silver-gray foxes, badger, beaver, sables, and seals. It is known that Alaska has yielded great wealth to this industry, but the extent cannot be stated with any certainty, as it has been the policy of the fur trader to conceal his operations, and the conditions of the trade are such that he is able to do so.

"The annual collection of furs is a matter of ceaseless change. Fashion, fastidious and fickle, neglects the use of certain kinds of furs for a season; the market price of the pelt no longer repays the outfit of the trapper; the hunt is intermitted, and in two of three years the animal regains its numbers and strength. Owing to the steady growth in the demand for furs as a wearing apparel in nearly all countries, including those in which they are worn as a protection against the elements, as well as in countries and climes where their use is dictated by fashion, and in consequence of the general prosperity of the people on this side of the Atlantic as well as in Europe, and also as a result of the establishment of peace between Japan and Russia (the latter country being ordinarily a heavy consumer of furs), fur merchants appear fairly satisfied with the outlook, fearing no serious setback, provided fictitious boom conditions and inflation do not interfere."

Shooting Season in Town.

From the New York Evening Post.

THERE is something in the autumn atmosphere which affects certain men in a very singular way, and at this time a person of delicate feeling will be careful not to pry too closely into the precise significance of their actions.

For example, early in the month, a well-known single gentleman of sixty was observed breakfasting at his club, an undeniable gun-case on the floor by his side, and a war-worn pointer with broken tail and shot-fringed ear attached to the back of his chair. His posture was square and upright, there was a noticeable decision in the way he disposed of his bacon and eggs, and when accosted he returned very crisp replies. It was naturally supposed that he was off for Charlotte county, Virginia, where seventeen years previously he had experienced the joy of shooting quail. He had recounted this experience the night before, and it was known that for seventeen Novembers he had not failed to mention the pleasure it had afforded him. So at last he was off for Charlotte county, and would return, it was hoped, with some fresher anecdotes of the field.

But indiscret investigation revealed the fact that actually the old boy was bound no further than to Riverdale on the Hudson, where he was to pass Sunday with a devout female friend.

Phenomena of this sort are very common at about this season of the year, and thoughtful observers have discerned in them the symptoms of a specific malady having characteristics of infection. It steals upon the town as insidiously as the grip or puffed sleeves, and strikes those who are predisposed to its attacks. Predisposition in some cases—and these are generally the most interesting—comes apparently from some slight indulgence, at some time past, in actual shooting; but there is also a well-recognized form of the malady which lays hold of those who have never done any shooting at all. This last is acquired, under favoring conditions, by contact with shooting-men, and is communicated through the ear. The conversation of shooters who are closely confined to town during the season is known to become exceedingly virulent. The vicinity of a group of them when so confined is decidedly what in English grouse-driving slang is called a "hot corner"; listening to them, you have a lively impression that that great sportsman, the Maharajah Thuleep Singh, has come to town with several of his largest "bags," or indeed, Tartarin of Tarascon with trunks; belief is irresistible that there is better shooting within a stone's throw of Madison Square than there has ever been in any more rural region. The society of shooting-men when in this state is highly favorable to the propagation of the malady.

But the complaint thus communicated affects only the young and is perfectly curable. It amounts to little more than a nameless longing, a wish that they hardly dare to own. In obstinate cases, some physicians prescribe the purchase of a gun. Depletion of the pocket-book has a lowering effect upon the system, adverse to the progress of fever, and when, as a consequence of his dealings with the gun-man, the youth has passed through a severe winter in a spring overcoat, he may be regarded as quite safe against any recurrence of the trouble. At the climax of his brief illness, he will probably find it necessary to take his gun down-town with him in a canvas bag, carefully concealing it under the office-desk, and mounting guard over the spot on a high stool. At favorable moments during the day he will exhibit it to chosen friends, and explain his intentions with regard to it, thereby, very possibly, communicating a mild secondary form of the disease. The lingering virus thus oozes from his system. As for the gun, after standing the wear and tear of a number of shooting seasons in town, decorating a succession of hall bedrooms, and having its merits thoroughly discussed in all the neighboring beer-haunts, it may be looked for with some confidence in the window of one of those strange, silent shops on sidelong avenues, which no one is ever seen to enter or leave, reposing in the companionship of a dingy lace parasol, violins, fans, and a German flute, interspersed with watches and jewelry.

But the other type of the trouble, which is acquired by previous indulgence in shooting, is quite another matter. It is unfailingly recurrent. With the first light frost, the predestined victim feels it gradually stealing upon him, and knows that all his strength will avail nothing to resist its subtle advances. By November the mind of the poor suffrer is suffused with a kind of autumnal haze. He tells you that he means to "get a week's shooting this season," without any realizing sense of what the words convey. He asks you, pathetically enough, if you are so situated that a present of birds would be agreeable to you. Calling on him of a Saturday evening, you find him in the act of cleaning a gun, assisted by his children, who sequester the rags and fall into the hot water. His eye has an unnatural lustre, and his color is high. It is easy to see that at the mement you enter he has just flushed another covey. Do not at such a time commit the error of pressing to be informed if this preparation is for Carolina or Havre de Grace. On the contrary, let your conversation take on a reminiscent tone, and lead away from the critical present to the storied past. Inquire with effusion if this is positively the identical weapon with which he wiped the judge's eye in the fall of '71. Induce him, if possible, to repeat the tale. Remark how imperceptible has been the improvement in firearms since the days of Patrick Mullins, and ask him what is the least sum he would take for his gun. In short, do everything to avoid the painful crisis which at this stage is sure to result from any contact with actuality.

If this course is carefully followed by those about him, the patient should go on well. On the morrow, when others are at church, he will steal away with the family setter, who wears a large bow of blue ribbon at the throat and has been thoroughly broken to girls on Fifth avenue, and will pass some time in his sympathetic society. They are both filled with a sense of the perversity of things, and a common home-sick yearning is in the heart of each. In the more secluded upper reaches of the park they will, when the policeman is not looking, slip across the unnaturally verdant lawn, past where stands the single naked maple, its yellow garments all upon the ground, toward the gray and tan, smoky blur of underwood; along its side they linger and sniff and listen for the whirr of wings. On his return it is apparent that a change has set in for the better. He is peevish and impracticable as is the case in convalescence. At lunch he makes appalling assaults upon the slender fabric of society, and breathes fire and slaughter upon the wretched customs of city life. By no means oppose the arguments by which he conclusively proves that aggregations of more than two or three human beings to the square mile are hotbeds of corruption. Nature, whose promptings are always healthy, dictates that he be left alone. Night will supervene, and Monday will find him, not, to be sure, of such sound mind that his heirs should respect his will, but probably sufficiently rational for his ordinary avocations.

Such is about the course of things in the milder cases, while in others the characteristics of hallucination are as pronounced as in the instance of the single gentleman first mentioned. A noticeable feature of the malady is this same tendency to seize most violently just these elderly bachelors whose solitary habits and romantic turn of mind lay them peculiarly open to its assaults. It is one of these who annually, at this season, assures the writer that woodcock have not yet left the island of Manhattan, and that a "very good bag" can be made in the "morasses" between Edgecombe Road and the Hudson River. He believes, also, that quail visit the patches of the market-gardeners near 150th street and the Boulevard, and means to "put his dog in there" with the owner's consent. He is naturally a source of anxiety to his friends until the winter is well advanced.

But the troubles of bachelors can never be so interesting as those of married men, and it is desirable to note the effect of the shooting season in town upon the martial relations. Actual shooting excursions are a well-known cause of strain. The man at such times so evidently prefers his men, his dogs, his guns, his coat, his

hat, his boots, to his wife, that heart-burnings are natural enough. The student is therefore not surprised to find the season in town giving rise to somewhat similar emotions. A recently wedded pair had found the honeymoon delightfully reassuring, and were looking forward with confidence to the future, when the jealousies awakened by the strange conduct of the husband while under the influence of the malady, nearly brought about disaster. In the autumn, soon after their return to town, she awoke one Saturday night to discover that he was not there. She called his name lightly without response, and rising, whispered it repeatedly in the dark hall and adjoining rooms, returning at length, shivering and distressed. Toward morning he stole back to her side.

On the next Saturday this was repeated. This time she lit a candle and descended as far as the landing of the stairs, where an alarming grating and tapping sound assailed her ear, like a large rat in the wall, and she fled back to her couch. At breakfast she challenged his secret. He flushed, laughed foolishly, lost his temper, and silenced her with brusque words. The following Saturday he did not retire at all till four in the morning. She again assailed him with questions, and threw him into embarrassment. He was plainly concealing something he was ashamed of. Her fancy broke loose, and flew from surmise to surmise. Bitter language passed between them, and serious estrangement set in, during which he continued his strange nocturnal habits. It was clear that she had ceased to be the absorbing interest of his life. The situation culminated in a heart-rending scene, in which she was only restrained from going back to her mother by his breaking down and confessing that he had been loading cartridges. Probably he should not get shooting; somehow he never did. Only, when November came around and those men with bunches of grouse began to be seen again upon the streets, and particularly when Chokebore began again upon those stories at the club, he really could not help loading a few shells. Needless to say, the discovery of this one flaw in an otherwise perfect character only bound the wife more closely to the afflicted man. With all a woman's tact she screened his weakness from the world. Years have passed, children have been born to them, and hers is the fond but difficult duty of explaining to the piercing mind of childhood why, at each returning November, father finds it necessary to load shells.

It should be said in conclusion that the indulgence which predisposes to the attacks of this malady is frequently found to have been of the most trifling description. A case may be mentioned to show how lightly one may nibble at the insane root, and yet the mind be for ever poisoned. This man had but one field-day, and that was such as Connecticut affords. Birds are not numerous in that respectable state, and the shooting-party had passed the day very enjoyably admiring the landscape, which had already begun to take on the first hues of evening, when actually the dog stood a quail. Ponto's rigid figure exhaled a degree of electricity sensible a field off. Everybody felt the delicious thrill. The bird was flushed directly under our friend's feet and, flying off with unusual languor, constituted one of those cases in which it is customary among true sportsmen to repeat a verse of some familiar hymn before shooting, in order that there may be a certain necessary interval between the gun and its object. But the rash neophyte went off promptly with both barrels—he gave quickly and gave twice. The result was all that could be wished. Little Bob White span away like a peg-top defying the laws of gravity, swooped upward to take the crest of a swale, lay for a moment a black spot against the golden rim of the sky, and vanished. The marksman was observed to gaze after him with his mouth slightly open, and it is supposed that at this moment the ineradicable germ of the autumn trouble entered his system.

Now, singularly enough, with this man the malady takes the form of recounting, several times during the season, how he killed that Bob White, which has now become four—two for each barrel; and it is confidently predicted by admiring friends that, with the lapse of time, his relation to the birds of Connecticut will be similar to that of St. Patrick to the snakes of Ireland.

Hints on Handling Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been asked by friends frequently for advice for their boys in handling guns, I send you a digest of same. Perhaps, as the shooting season will now be on soon, you might think them worth publication:

1. Empty or loaded, never point a gun toward yourself or any other person.
2. When afield carry your gun at the half-cock. If in cover let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs.
3. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, if a breechloader, it being so easy to replace them. If a muzzleloader, remove the caps, brush off the nipples and place a wad on nipple, letting down the hammers on wads—simply removing caps sometimes leaves a little fulminate on the nipple, and a blow on the hammer when down discharges it.
4. Never draw a gun toward you by the barrels.
5. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere; the limited space, confined action and uncertain motion making it dangerous at the best. If possible, no more than two persons should occupy a boat.
6. Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport, no matter how tired you feel; the consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes' irksome labor. Reignolds.

Bonded Game.

The following notice has been sent to dealers in game by Commissioner J. S. Whipple:

"Take notice: That under Section 27 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law of the State of New York, all persons handling woodcock and grouse, taken from without the State, will be required to furnish a bond in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. This includes hotels, restaurants, clubs and all places that handle game. Woodcock and grouse taken within the State of New York cannot be legally sold.

"Blank bonds will be furnished by this Department to all persons making application for the same, and said bonds, when filed in the office of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, must qualify with some bonding company as surety, and no individual bonds will be accepted, as the Department cannot readily ascertain their standing.

"J. S. Whipple,
"Commissioner."

North Dakota Prairie Chickens.

Wimbledon, N. D., Sept. 8.—I report weather hot and dry, 99 degrees day before yesterday, 101 degrees yesterday, and a promise of another scorcher to-day; chickens scarce; my limit of twelve to two guns is quite a big bag now.

Reports from towns in this and three adjoining counties are alike—ducks are still plenty—and from Sask. in Canada, where I am going later, say chickens scarce, ducks and geese plenty.

Not quite as big a crop of grain as expected, but crop of signs—"No Hunting Allowed"—in great abundance. Pink Edge.

Modern Dogs.

The third edition of "Modern Dogs," by Rawdon B. Lee, has been issued with some improving changes, which the able author, in his preface, refers to as an endeavor to summarize the progress and describes the varieties of the dog, as they are at present known, in the British Isles. An important change has been introduced in the matter of illustrations, which are from the brush of the renowned painter, Mr. Arthur Wardle. Actual portraits of individual dogs have been superceded by pictures of ideal dogs, though the latter have a substantial fidelity to living specimens, and may be accepted as the true type of the different breeds which they respectively represent.

It is pointed out that the existence of the individual dog is relatively ephemeral, while the race type should be reasonably permanent, and that therefore a representation of the ideal type is much more pertinent and instructive. The different breeds are treated in the masterful manner, clear, full and direct, which distinguish Mr. Lee's writings on canine subjects.

Modern Dogs is, in fact, an encyclopedia on the dog as a companion of man, and as to the distinctive features of the different breeds of dogs, treated under the three generic heads, sporting and non-sporting divisions and terriers. They are treated accordingly in separate volumes, of which volume one is devoted to sporting dogs. The prices are as follows: Vol. I., $??; Vol. II., $?; Vol. III., $?. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

National Beagle Club of America.

At a recent meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, held in New York City, it was ordered that the seventh annual field trials of this club be held at Stevenson, Baltimore county, Maryland, during the week commencing Oct. 29, 1906.

At the same meeting the following committees were appointed:

Field Trial Committee—Charles R. Stevenson, Chairman, Eaddonfield, N. J.; Henry Dickson Bruns, M.D., Howardsville, Va.; John Caswell, Prides Crossing, Mass.; A. J. Purinton, Fairmount, W. Va.; George B. Post, Jr., New York city; George F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; William G. Rockefeller, New York city; James W. Appleton, New York city; C. Staley Doub, Frederick, Md.; Ramsay Turnbull, Bernardsville, N. J.; T. Budley Riggs, Stevenson, Md.; Charles F. Brooks, Sandy Spring, Md.; Thomas D. Griffith, Redland, Md.; Henry W. Warner, New York city; Le Page Cronmiller, Laurel, Md.

Committee on Arrangements—T. Dudley Riggs, Stevenson, Md.; Ernest Gill, Baltimore, Md.; C. Staley Doub, Frederick, Md.; Le Page Cronmiller, Laurel, Md.

Judges—Thomas Shallcross, Providence, R. I.; James MacAleer, Bellevue, Pa.

Charles R. Sevenson, Sec'y.
106 Market St., Camden, N J.

That Thankful Texas Dog.

Yesterday afternoon a small poodle dog, running at large on Waller street near Fourth street, caused some excitement and a telephone message was sent to the police station asking that an officer be sent to the scene, as a mad dog was terrorizing the residents in that neighborhood. Officer Stanford was detailed to make an investigation and went over. He found that the dog was only overheated and excited. The animal was evidently a pet and had strayed from home and was trying to make friends with some one when some boys began stoning him, with the result that he became very much excited and led to the belief that he was mad. The pup was allowed to rest for a short time and given some water, when he made off, presumably for his master's residence.—Austin (Tex.) Tribune.

"They say those costly Pomeranian dogs make excellent watchdogs."

"Yes, a friend of mine had a fine Pomeranian in the house the other night when burglars broke in."

"Did they steal anything?"

"Nothing but the dog."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Fish and Fishing.

Low Water Protects Ouananiche.

THE ouananiche season of 1906, which opened so auspiciously and proved so successful during its first three or four months, has ended very poorly in the immediate vicinity of Lake St. John, and two or three weeks earlier than it should have done. The cause is the extreme lowness of the water in the lake and in the Grand Discharge, due to the extremely hot summer and lack of rain. So low is the water in the lake that the steamers have been unable to follow some of their usual routes. The result has been considerable disappointment to anglers, though this has been obviated as much as possible by the action of the hotel people in advising the railway agents in Quebec, some days ago, that they could no longer guarantee good fishing there. This line of policy is a great improvement upon that sometimes followed there in the past, and will tend to increase the confidence of sportsmen in the reports sent out from the ouananiche country.

The fish are to be seen in the Discharge in great abundance, I hear, but in the water as low as it has been for some days past, they will certainly not take the fly. It will not be surprising, however, if the rain of the last few days should afford good sport to any anglers who may chance to try their luck in ouananiche fishing during the last two weeks of the season which closes on the 30th instant.

Except in the shallowest pools, trout fishing in the Lake St. John country is becoming quite good, and the number of American anglers in camp in northern Quebec is exceedingly large. Very big fish are again being taken both in Lake Edward and also in its discharge, the Jeannotte River. The camps on the Metabetchouan, the Triton, the Tourilli, the Stadacona, and the Laurentides clubs are fast filling up.

Anglers are Hunters Too.

I notice that almost all the fishermen now going into the woods are carrying guns and rifles as well as fishing rods, and some of them have already found good use for their firearms. The open season for ducks, partridges and big game commenced on the 1st of September in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec, and while I have not heard that many partridges have yet been killed, owing to the fact that the leaves are still quite thick upon the trees, yet ducks are plentiful enough and have already afforded good sport. Big game in the country north of Quebec is exceedingly abundant, but it is a strange fact that more moose and caribou are met in the woods by sportsmen when armed only with a fishing rod than when carrying a rifle. However, within the first two or three days of the open season, Messrs. Wells and Harry Holmes, both American, the latter-mentioned being from Troy, New York, secured a moose each on the Laurentides tract, and Messrs. H. R. Goodday and Allan Boswell, both Quebecers, each bagged a caribou on the same preserve. In the Lake Edward district, as well as in the Squatteck territory, big game is equally plentiful at present, and similar reports come from the back of L'Islet county, near the frontier of Maine.

Bears are Fishers Too.

There is a big temptation at this time of the year to discourse of wild game while ostensibly writing of fish and fishing; but the angler is certainly not to blame when his way across a portage is blocked by a bull moose or a black bear, or when caribou come down to bathe in the lake in which he is fishing, and the red deer undertake to swim across the bow of his canoe. Incidents of this kind are almost every day occurrences in Quebec's north country in the month of September. Two of my friends, who were paddling up the Jeannotte River some time ago, where the stream is very narrow, were confronted all at once, around a sharp turn of the stream by a combative-looking female moose, who pawed the ground as she challenged their further approach, as if confident of her position in the knowledge of the fact that the law protected her from molestation. As a matter of fact, the fishermen were unarmed and compelled to retreat, since the moose declined to budge, and showed signs of fight whenever the canoeists made any attempt to further advance.

It is a common occurrence in this part of the country to come across moose standing up to their middle in water, feeding upon lilypads, and I saw no less than half a dozen of these animals, thus engaged, in different lakes, during a recent fishing excursion in the Temagami region of New Ontario.

One of my friends was on a small steamboat on Lake Edward some time ago, when a moose was seen swimming not far away. The steamer soon caught up to the moose, which was lassooed by his horns by those on board. The big brute towed the little launch without the slightest difficulty, until he reached the shore, when he shook off the tow line, and tossing his head proudly in the air, trotted off through the woods, leaving the steamer grounded on the beach.

While fishing in Little Lake St. John, behind Capes Trinity and Eternity in the Saguenay, I have watched a herd of caribou, nearly a score in number, cross an arm of the lake; and only a few days ago, while whipping a small brook near Lake Beauport for trout, accompanied by some of the officers of H. M. S. Dominion, I was astonished to see three red deer come down to the stream close by us to drink. Catching sight of us, however, they immediately took flight, clearing a barb wire fence together, exactly like three horses taking a hurdle in a closely contested race. It was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw or ever expect to see.

The Natashquan River, which I fished for salmon in the latter part of July, drains a good bear country. On our way up and down the stream, to and from some of the upper pools, we followed many bears' tracks on the sand bars in the rivers and on the shores. We were curious enough to examine them all, in order to see if we could find that of the animal with only three toes on one of its paws; for John Hounsell, the guardian of the river, had just previously found the other two toes in one of his traps, where they had been left by bruin as a ransom in order to obtain his own release.

On Thursday, the 26th of July, I was fishing the pool near the sand bar about a thousand feet below the second falls of the Natashquan, when one of the guides in the canoe quietly called my attention to a black bear which was apparently drinking near the head of the falls. We had no rifle in the canoe, but I had my kodak with me; and so no time was lost in taking up the anchor and exchanging the rod for the camera. At the distance which separated us from the bear there was of course no opportunity for securing bruin's portrait, and the canoemen therefore paddled as quietly and as rapidly as possible toward the fall. Almost at the same moment as we had started, the bear had also moved. He had not seen or heard us, nor had he got our wind, but was slowly walking away from the ledge of rock upon which he had been sitting, carefully watching only his feet as he clambered down over the rough rocks at the side of the fall, in the direction of the woods. We had gained considerably upon him before he turned his head and saw us, when he immediately scampered off at full speed for the bush, giving me no better opportunity of a picture than a snapshot, at such a distance, that bruin's image can barely be distinguished upon the print with the naked eye. We looked in vain for a sandy spot in the route which the bear followed, in order that we might count the number of his toes in the imprint of his feet; for John Hounsell's son, who was with me in the canoe, had fully made up his mind that he was a bear with a sore foot, because of the caution with which he picked out his steps. In following his course, we got as near as we could, for the presence of the falling water, to the ledge of rock where bruin had first been seen, and then I made up my mind that that bear was no more out for drinking water that day than we were, but that his business, like our's, was salmon fishing. The ledge of rock upon which bruin sat when first we saw him, bordered a small, shallow pool, about two-thirds of the way up the falls, in which some twenty salmon were resting in their ascent of the cataract. If there was not at least one salmon less there that day, because of bruin's visit, then he must have gone away a very disappointed bear.

As is pretty well known, *Ursus canadensis* is quite a successful angler. On the Pacific slope, where salmon are plentiful, fish forms a large proportion of the food of bears. In eastern salmon rivers the conditions are not always favorable for the success of bruin's fishing. He can only catch such lively fish as salmon in small and shallow pools, like those already described in the rocks of a waterfall. His greatest success as an angler is in catching suckers, and his best season is the spawning time, when the fish resort to shallow places in small rivers and brooks. Then it is that he squats as still as a statue upon the shallow of the brook, waiting till the silly suckers swim lazily against his sides, when quickly as lightning, his paw dashes in among the fish dragging out a struggling, splashing sucker for dinner or luncheon. Not infrequently, madame bruin and the family go out fishing with the head of the household, the little ones soon learning by example and practice, the secrets of successful angling.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

From the Beaverkill.

Taking Notice of Yonkers' Growl.

I AM sorry for Yonkers, whose letter appears in FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 1; but his bad luck and disappointment were due to his carelessness and want of forethought. If he had written to FOREST AND STREAM, or had consulted any one who had fished the Beaverkill, he would have learned that there is no trout fishing at Cook's Falls, except, possibly, for a short time early in the season, before the water becomes warm. The Beaverkill below its junction with the Willowemoc at Roscoe or Rockland is a river, with pools large enough for the biggest salmon, and right where the two streams join large trout are killed early in the season. It is a noble pool; but when I last visited it in the month of June, it was rather too late in the season for sport. However, we caught trout all the way down to the "Hatchery" above Rockland.

There is no trout fishing in the lower Beaverkill after June, except at spring holes. In July and August the angler must go up stream. He formerly had thirty miles of water at his disposal, but now there are several preserves, and

he should make inquiries in regard to the fishing before locating anywhere. Beaverkill P. O., where I am staying, is eight miles above Rockland, but in very hot weather the fishing is indifferent. The trout are hidden away mostly, although a few fine schools may be seen where cold brooks enter the river. Yonkers might have tried his hand on the big trout below the wooden bridge here. This fish can be seen any morning before he has been stared out of countenance by people on the bridge. This fish must weigh nearly four pounds, and is a bright, handsome specimen.

If Yonkers wants trout fishing in August, he must go where the water is cool, not way down stream near the Delaware River. He was near really first-rate black bass fishing, I believe. In July and August, if a man wants trout, he has to work for them. This is the case everywhere; but very fair fishing may be had in the upper reaches of many trout streams, particularly in the evening and early morning. Sport is apt to be poor when the summer sun is blazing down upon the water. It is hard to travel a long distance for a little fly-fishing and then have no success, but no one is to blame for Yonkers' disappointment, except himself. He appears to have taken a train to the first railroad station on the Beaverkill and expected to find good trout fishing on leaving the cars.

The good season of 1906 is past, and it is a long time until April 16, 1907. One thing we know is that there are lots of trout in the stream for breeding purposes. I fished three times in the last five days of the season. Once I came in from an attack on the life and liberty of the big trout below the bridge with nothing in hand except a regular buster of a chub. I did hook one very fine trout in the big pool, but when nearly exhausted, it rushed into the submerged branches of a small tree, which had come down in some freshet, wound the casting line in them, and pulled the hook out just when I thought he was mine.

I killed ten fine trout on Tuesday, but the last day of the season was not so satisfactory. I made a late start, several fishermen were in advance, and more sawdust was running than I ever saw in the Beaverkill before. It was not a blank day, however, as I basketed three brown trout and one *fontinalis*. The former were good fish, one of them weighing a pound. You see, I go on telling the fish stories which Yonkers complains of; but the good people who have eaten the fish do not complain—they are sorry that the season is over.

After my trip way up stream, I was able to give all hands a fish supper. The Beaverkill has been known to at least three generations of anglers as one of the best trout streams in the State of New York, and it would be hard to find anywhere a more beautiful one.

The past summer was unusually warm for this part of the country, and if we had not had heavy rain at intervals and occasional cool waves from the northwest, sport would have been poor indeed. If the temperature of the water rises above a certain degree, trout cease to feed and disappear in a puzzling way. No doubt some of them run up, but many remain, as they appear again in their old haunts after a few cool days and nights.

I have watched two trout in a long, shallow pool on one side of an island all summer. When the weather was very warm they were under the rocks and right on the bottom. At other times they were out in the stream, poised an inch or two above the gravel and small stones. These fish were in a very public place, and had been disturbed and angled for so much, that it was impossible, apparently, to take them by fair fishing.

The big trout below the bridge only came into the pool about two weeks ago, on a rise of water, and from its color must have been out in a sunny exposed place all summer. Probably it had begun to think of finding a mate to enjoy a honeymoon with. The lower portion of the bridge pool has shoaled a good deal; formerly it was much deeper, and several years ago there were four big trout in the same place near a flat rock. These large fish like plenty of water or, at least, a first-rate place to hide. Unless they have shelter where they are invisible, they are not safe during low water from the poacher.

In 1894 three trout, weighing 2¾ to 5 pounds, were snared out of one pool on the Neversink by two farmers who were experts with the wire. I saw the men and two of the trout running as I passed up stream, but never dreamed that they could take the fish out of such a large body of water by snaring. The stream was very low and clear, and I learned afterward that there was no secure hiding place for the trout.

The big Indian 7-pounder lived in the same small pool for four years at least, but this trout had a hole in the abutment of a bridge into which he returned when disturbed, and out of which he could not be poked. At last a scoundrel shot the old fellow with a rifle. It was very amusing to watch the behavior of strangers when they caught sight of that trout. Some men would go wild with excitement and longing. They would put off for their rods, miles perhaps, and return in haste; they had little doubt of taking the great fish in a minute. If still in position when they returned, the first cast of fly or bait sent the shy monster to his den. In four or five years of residence, he was hooked four times. THEODORE GORDON.

BEAVERKILL, Sullivan County, N. Y.

Trout Food.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose the following from your issue of Sept. 1:

"A hunter and I were reading about the trout destroying minnows in Sullivan county and he said: 'I have fished for brook trout for twenty years in New York State and have dressed thousands of them and never yet did I find a minnow or any kind of a fish except crawfish in their maws.' I quickly replied that that had been my own experience in Essex county, N. Y., through a period of nearly forty years catching many large speckled trout in brooks, creeks and rivulets. I don't doubt that brown and rainbow trout are shiner-eaters and I believe that they cut down the supply of young *fontinalis* wherever introduced. Would like to hear more on alleged cannibalism of *fontinalis*.

"PETER FLINT."

In the Outlook of the same date Spectator tells of seeing the trout fed in the New York Aquarium. The following is a part of his article:

"A truly high-minded and gamy fish, like the trout, takes his food after quite another fashion. When the quartermaster gets to the trout tank, he sets down his tray of chopped clams, liver, raw meat, and dead fish, and sends for a bucket of lively minnows. These he spills, one silvery handful after another, into the pool. The Spectator is no hunter, and he feels that his sympathies ought normally to go with the minnowlings. But even he cannot restrain his admiration of the pure skill the trout show in running down their prey. Little as he is, the minnow is no despicable quarry; for he cannot be taken from behind. The Spectator has seen more than one unhappy trout that had attempted a minnow tail-end first, and was repenting at leisure with a sharp dorsal fin jammed across his throat, scuttling about the tank with the fore-half of the minnow protruding unconcernedly from his gaping jaws. He could neither swallow the awkward morsel nor spew it out. The Spectator fancies he has seen a twinkle in the eye of the minnow and chagrin in that of the trout. But the incident has usually closed with the discomfiture of the quarry, a second trout obligingly coming to the rescue and swallowing the minnow head first."

Here in Maine I have caught *fontinalis* on live bait, both when fishing for them and also when fishing for pickerel in winter. I have also caught large trout on live bait early in June in the West Branch of the Penobscot, when they refused both flies and angleworms. Trout taken in winter at Alligator Lake are usually full of pond smelts. At Branch Pond in Ellsworth, Maine, the trout late in March come into shallow water at the mouth of brooks to feed on pond smelts, and some of three to four pounds are caught in only three to four feet of water. These are caught on live bait.

My son saw a *fontinalis* come into a pool on a small brook where there was a smaller one. The large one chased the small one, as a cat would a rat, until he captured it. He had about the same difficulty in swallowing it that the Spectator describes, but finally succeeded. There is no question of this being a *fontinalis*, as there are none but our native trout in this brook or any connecting water, and, moreover, this same trout took my son's hook in the same place less than an hour after. M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see Mr. Flint raises the question whether or not the ordinary brook trout eats minnows. I have taken at least two genuine specimens of *fontinalis* here in northeastern New Jersey with their stomachs containing the partly digested remains of what are known hereabouts as "darters," the little stiff-finned fellows from one to two inches long, which move so suddenly from place to place along the bottom. The first of these fish was taken on opening day, 1905, and weighed slightly over a pound. He was lying at the head of a deep pool just below an old broken dam in a small swamp brook, which contains a plentiful supply of the little minnows in question, as well as many caddis. On landing the fish, I opened him to see what he had had for his dinner, and found among the mass of worms, caddis and other matter, parts of three darters, the largest about 1¾ inches long.

The second trout was caught in the same pool a couple of weeks later, and weighed 7 ounces. As the hook was being removed, I noticed part of a small fish in his throat, and on investigating, found the stomach to contain the remains of nine darters, a couple of them having evidently just been swallowed. Naturally the fish's belly was much distended by the mass of food.

The trout in this particular stream are almost exclusively bottom feeders, very seldom rising to the fly, which may account for the kind of meals they seem to be in the habit of making.

ROBERT S. LEMMON.

The Young Angler's Complaint.

THE Young Angler was exceedingly anxious to win out. He knew that he could not hold with his delicate tackle the very large trout that lay in the swiftest water or in the deepest pools and that were the special game of the Old Angler, but he hoped to have a run of luck some day and to bring to net a fair proportion of the big trout he hooked, and may be beat just once. He was a very skilful fisherman, and had repeatedly, when fishing with his father, caught more pounds of trout than the old gentleman had caught, but never, on any occasion, had he been able to equal his father's catch for size of fish. If he could only for one evening sit among the other fishermen at the supper table of the little mountain hotel where they made their headquarters on their fishing trip and be able to crow a little over the Old Angler, it would make up for a good many hours of secret chagrin.

The Old Angler fished with a minnow and caught only the largest trout. He had a sort of half-concealed contempt for a fly-fisherman who hooked little trout, and who led them around, as he said, with a reel and limber rod and finaly scooped them up with a net. He had never fished with a reel, and when he hooked a trout less than a foot long on his stout rigging, he threw it out; and if less than 15 inches long, he towed it out. "Prying them out with a lift," the Young Angler styled it. It was only very large trout that he condescended to fool away any time with. The merry twinkle in his sharp, old, gray eyes, his own invariable success as an angler, and his shrewd comments on fishing that yielded only small trout made him a wonderfully entertaining but not always pleasant companion for a fishing trip. For years he had held the season's record for large trout, and he would not yield it now if he could possibly help it,

especially to a fly-fisherman. His fondness for the fly-fisherman would not alter the case one bit. Some men are captains of finance and others great statesmen, but the Old Angler laid his sole claim to posterity on his record of having caught more big trout than had ever been caught by any other man in the State. He was getting pretty well on in years now, and each season saw him more ambitious than ever to be reckoned with when records were being made.

The four days' trip was nearly over and the Young Angler was still behind. The last afternoon had come, and he must win out in the next six hours or permit the Old Angled to wear the laurels of another season. All through the trip fortune had favored the Old Angler until his confident and aggressive air of superiority had become almost unbearable. If the Young Angler could end up the trip, which was the last one of the season, with a record-breaking catch, life would not have been spent in vain.

It was a perfect afternoon for fly-fishing. There had been several sharp dashes of rain during the morning, but by mid-day the rain had subsided to a soft drizzle. There was no wind and the bunches of white fog hung almost motionless in the hollows and against the deep green of the mountain sides. There were no natural flies on the water, and the Young Angler expected the trout to rise greedily. The dark day would make it possible for him to use his largest and brightest flies, and so increase his chances not only of rising big trout, but of holding them when hooked. The water under the low, heavy clouds was almost black and seemed to extend anglers an invitation to seek for prizes in its depths.

After a comfortable dinner, a boy from the hotel took the Young Angler down the road in the buckboard and left him at Lewis Riffle. This is really more than a riffle; it is a rapid, as is most of the swift water in this great stream that comes down from among the mountains in the north, and that has been a famous trout stream since the time of the Indians' occupation of the country. The riffle is more than a hundred yards long, and where the water runs swiftly over the uneven rocky bottom, it rises and falls in billows nearly a foot high. The Young Angler found it stiff wading to cross the head of the riffle, and come at the little beach on the edge of the long eddy that is always found on one side or the other of such water. He began to fish at the very top of the riffle, casting diagonally across the stream, so that the current swept his flies down and back on a taut line. He had worked thoroughly two-thirds of the riffle, when a brown trout fully twenty inches long and half a foot broad rose and took the dropper fly that had been bouncing from crest to crest like a live insect just starting to fly. The trout rose into the very top of the billow, and the Young Angler could see its color and size as plainly as through plate glass. When hooked it sank to the bottom and then came so swiftly up stream that the angler could not take in line fast enough, and in ten seconds it was loose. But then the water was so swift and the fish so enormous that he never could have held it anyway, and he was thankful to save his tackle. He finished the riffle with three ten-inch trout to the good.

At the Mountain Hole a current running smoothly and rapidly as through the chute in a dam plows it way into the head of a large circular pool. A wide eddy on the left and bushes that interfere with his back-cast forced him to work down the middle of the stream in the stiff current until he could reach the comparatively easy water, where the bottom shelved off abruptly into the depths of the pool. The current was so strong that the water piled up behind him and shoved until the small, round stones rolled under his wading shoes. But he was vigorous and active and an expert wader, and he held his ground until he rose and hooked on the tail fly, a big, brown-hackle, a sixteen-inch, broad, pink-sided, brook trout with a wide, square tail. It took the fly quietly, but when hooked it made a leap clear of the water and showed itself in all its beauty of coloring and proportion. Before he could work back up the current for a firmer footing, so that he might swing his trout into the eddy, a second trout that could have been smaller by not more than an inch took the dropper fly. When he finally reached the bar at the head of the pool he found, somewhat to his relief, that the big trout was gone, but he was bitterly disappointed when, after a few minutes' play with the smaller trout, it, too, broke loose. It had doubtless loosened the fly while it had the big trout to pull against. This pool yielded him for his basket a single trout a foot long.

When he reached the pool called the Cold Watch, a boy was wading the broad, shallow riffle at its head, catching chubs for eel bait, and when asked whether or not he had caught any trout, he said he did not fish for trout; "Pap and Mam wouldn't eat 'em." The Young Angler began his casting over under the high wall of rock at the mountain's foot, where a stronger current gave some little motion to the water. He had put on a big coachman in place of a stone fly, and he could see its white wings riding the surface of the deep, black water when fifty feet away. He had fished all of the likely water, and was finally fishing the pool some seventy-five feet below the riffle, where the depth must have been fifteen feet, when a great wide trout rolled over on top of the water and struck the coachman with a mighty thud. He could not tell the length of the trout, for he had seen only its round, red side as it curved over the fly, but he knew that it was second in size only to the brown trout of Lewis Riffle. He could not have asked for a better place to hook a big trout. The pool was so broad and deep and clear of all obstructions, the current was so gentle, and the landing place so gradual and smooth that he need only hold his fish until exhausted and then tow it quietly to his net. But the joint of the hook must have struck the bony rim of the big mouth instead of the tough gristle at the corner or under the tongue, for with a few heavy tugs the fish was gone, and he was forced to leave this pool without a trout, while the boy kept on a-fishing.

He had one more chance on the Hess riffle before it was too dark to see his cast, and here fortune favored him, although meagerly, to his thinking. About half way down the riffle Buffalo Rock, a round, white granite boulder, as big as an omnibus, lay just in the edge of the stream at the bottom of a low bank. The current had scooped out a deep, short pool just on the outside of the boulder, and in this pool he hooked a fifteen-inch trout that he was compelled literally to drag, without any preliminary playing, up the four-foot bank to his feet on the bar above. Where he had expected a small fish to rise, a big one had come with a rush, and had hooked itself so firmly that it took some time to extract the hook. This riffle added two other trout of medium size to his catch, and then the afternoon was over. But the fragrance of the ferns and the wet woods, the murmuring of the stream and the plaintive whistle of the whip-poor-will, and the solemn grandeur and the lonely beauty of his beloved mountains in the deepening twilight had no charms for him as he went plodding up the muddy road to the hotel. Oh, if he could have but held two of the four big trout! Was it not foolish always to say that the big trout get away? Why, of course, they get away. Their chances of escape increase as the cube of their length in inches. He had put all of his skill and knowledge into the struggle and still lost four trout out of the five. The contest was not a fair one.

The Old Angler came in an hour late that evening, and in his basket were a twenty-inch brown trout and three thick, heavy brook trout that measured respectively fifteen, sixteen and eighteen inches. Where had he caught them, did they want to know? Why he had caught the brown trout on Lewis Riffle, the eighteen-inch trout at the Cold Watch and the other two at the Mountain Hole. Did he have any trouble landing them? Why, of course not. When a trout that was big enough to swallow a minnow bit for him it was headed straight for the frying-pan. And what did they think? Some fool fly-fisherman had hooked and lost every one of the four trout not more than an hour before he had come along to rescue them from such kind of fishing. Fly-fishermen ought to fish runs and not the big streams where they just make the trout mad. Had any one beaten his record for the day? with a sly glance at the Young Angler; if not, he was still the champion trout fisherman of his part of the State.

The Young Angler said little about the trout that he had caught and less about those he had lost. Maybe, it was all right that the Old Angler was still the champion. He thought his years for fishing were getting few and his activity and endurance were fast waning, while for himself, he was just coming into his prime and had before him many great days of curling waters and leaping trout when, perhaps, the big ones would not all get away.

CHAS. LOSE.

New York Casting Tournament.

THE Anglers' Club of New York will hold an open fly and bait-casting tournament in New York Oct. 12 and 13. For the purpose it is anticipated that permission can be obtained from Commissioner Herrman of the Park Department, to hold the tournament on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, as the pool, where the club practice casting is held, is not suitable for such an affair, and the park authorities would not consent to the attraction of a large crowd of contestants and spectators to the shores of this little lake, because of the damage likely to result to the grass and shrubbery. Harlem Mere is larger, more open, and granitoid walks are near the water's edge, so that it is an ideal location for the holding of a tournament.

It is announced that John Enright, of Castleconnell, Ireland, one of the world's most famous fly-casters, and Walter D. Mansfield, of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, and holder of the record for long distance tournament fly-casting, will be in New York city at the time of the tournament. As Reuben Leonard and E. J. Mills are anxious to compete with other noted anglers for the salmon fly-casting record, it is the hope of the Anglers' Club to bring these and other casters into competition, and to this end handsome prizes will be offered, while the bass and trout fly-casters, and the bait-casters will not be overlooked.

At the September business meeting of the club action will be taken to affiliate with the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, recently organized, and the rules governing the club's tournament will be those of the national body.

Circulars are being prepared, giving the details of the coming tournament, and these may be obtained from G. M. L. LaBranche, 30 Broad street, or the Secretary, Perry D. Frazer, FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York city.

A Connecticut 250-Pound Tarpon.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed is a clipping from the New London Day of the above date:

"Niantic, Sept. 7.—Capt. Edward Horton caught a tarpon in his fish trap near Crescent beach Thursday. This species of the finny tribe is very uncommon in the waters in this vicinity, but are found quite plentiful in southern waters, especially in the Gulf of Mexico. This specimen weighed 250 pounds and measured seven feet in length and was well proportioned. A sample of the scales taken from this monster fish are on exhibition at Captain Horton's market. They are as large as the palm of a man's hand. The big fish was cut up and used for bait after being photographed by Captain Horton."

I do not vouch for the truth of it, but if it be true, think it is the record. At least I never heard of one of that weight before, nor have I ever heard of one being taken so far north.

J. ROBERT MEAD.

Barnegat Bay Striped Bass.

SUNSET INN, Barnegat City, N. J., Sept. 3.—Mr. Dam, of New York, to-day caught twenty-two striped bass, all good size, in Barnegat Bay.

J. H. R.

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta.
13-15. Atlantic, series for special schooner and sloop classes, Sandy Hook.
15. Atlantic, championship.
15. Seawanhaka.
15. Knickerbocker, ladies' race, power boats.
15. Middletown, power boats.
15. Eastern, Roosevelt cup.
16. Lynn, club run.
19. Atlantic, open, 3 P. M.
20, 21, 22. Atlantic, Class Q match.
22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.
22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker, club closing.

ROOSEVELT CUP.

The fifth race in the series for the Roosevelt Cup, in the Sonder Class, was the third victory for Vim, the only entry from New York out of seventeen aspirants. Vim was designed by Mr. William Gardner, and is owned by Mr. Trenor L. Park, of the American Y. C.

The winning of the cup by Vim is most popular, as it has shown that a good looking and altogether reasonable boat can win out in such a crowd of boats—some freaks, and some but little better.

The sportsmanship displayed by those in command of the boats has been of such a high order, as never before to have been known in the history of yachting; and its effect on future contests will tend to bring out the real meaning of what yachting stands for.

Our German opponents have been good men and true, and it is a matter of regret that their boats were not more powerful—they certainly were handicapped in the matter of sails. They will take home with them much experience that will have the effect of broadening their views on this type of boat.

The committee's work—in charge of the races and in carrying out of the multitudinous detail attendant on bringing to a satisfactory conclusion such events—deserves the highest praise, and Capt. Hebbinghaus, of the Kaiserlicher Y. C., and Mr. Henry Howard, of the Eastern Y. C., and his fellow committeemen may well feel proud of the good work they have done during the races, trial races, and during the long, arduous and patient negotiations necessary in such matches.

That the best boat has won is conceded on all sides. The favor for this type of boat, which at one time did not seem to receive much encouragement, has now changed to a better prospect. One of the ends of yachting, is to bring out the man, and the more there are that may be induced to take up a sport, whose initial outlay is not great—in a class as the Sonder or special class—the better it will be to promote a desire for outdoor life and a love of fair play and rivalry that are all-important in the proper development of any race. The races for the Roosevelt Cup—a cup presented by the Eastern Y. C., and for which the German Emperor and President Roosevelt stood as sponsors—marks one of the brightest pages in yachting history; and is significant as the first yachting competition between a country of Continental Europe and the United States.

THE CLASS Q MATCH.

The contest between the champion of the Massachusetts Bay Q Class and the champion of Gravesend Bay is assured, and the races will

THE ROOSEVELT CUP—WON BY VIM.
Designed by W. Gardner. Owned by T. L. Park, A.Y.C.

be run off on the 20th, 21st and 22d of this month. That such a satisfactory achievement will take place is due to the efforts of Theo. D. Wells, chairman of the Atlantic Y. C., who took the matter up promptly and decisively.

Orestes was designed by W. Starling Burgess, a son of Edward Burgess, whose name is so intimately linked with that of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer. The Orestes was built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard for Cabeb Loring..

Orestes in her races on the Lower Bay will be sailed by Chas. Francis Adams 2d, owner and helmsman of Auk, who figured in the finals of the Sonder Class races at Marblehead.

Mr. Adams is well known about Massachusetts Bay as a very clever sailor and a man possessing the absolute qualities of a true sportsman.

Commodore Ried, of the Atlantic Y. C., has presented a five hundred dollar cup for the best two out of three races, and the idea is to encourage the building and racing of small boats in the Q Class between the champions of Massachusetts Bay and New York. This plan was first mooted in the columns of Forest and Stream, and bids fair to have a happy culmination.

The corinthian small boat sailor is the one who is the mainstay of the sport; and yachting is the field in which the man's ability and his claims to being a sportsman can well be shown. It is not in the contention for or against rules that the spirit of sportsmanship may be shown. It is by sailing and sailing for sport's sake, winning and losing, taking victory or defeat calmly and gracefully.

And when the Q Class races are over, we shall see what we shall see; but at all events, the opportunity is here and now to foster those amicable relations and that spirit of sportsmanship which are finding expression in the owning and sailing of small boats.

Boston Letter.

German-American Races.

After a series of five races, in which every desirable set of weather conditions was offered, the contestants, and especially so in view of those with which our German friends are most familiar, the Gardner-designed, Lawley-built, Vim has won the cup offered by the Eastern Y. C. and for which President Roosevelt stood sponsor. This is all the more pleasurable to lovers of good boats since Vim is the most sane in design of any of our representatives. She is a sweetly turned boat, clean lined, perfectly portioned, beautifully rigged and canvassed. That she is a New York boat does not in any way detract from the admiration which her performances have evoked among Marblehead yachtsmen. We would have preferred to see our own clever designer and skipper, Mr. Boardman, triumph, but we all heartily acclaim the successes of Vim.

The contestants were:

Auk, C. F. Adams 2d, owner; C. F. Adams 2d, skipper; Eastern Y. C. Caramba, C. H. W. Foster, owner; E. A. Broadman, skipper; Eastern Y. C. Gluckauf IV., G. Stinnes, owner; Harry Wustrau, skipper; Imperial Y. C. of Kiel. Tilly VI., Krogman & Dollman, owners; E. T. Weitzmann, skipper; North German R. U. Vim, Trenor L. Park, owner; Clifford Bucknam, skipper; American Y. C. Wannsee, Wannsee Sailing Club, owner; Otto Protzen, skipper; Wannsee S. C.

The first race was sailed on Monday, Labor Day, Sept. 3, in a very creditable reproduction of "Kiel weather." The S.W. wind increased steadily from a velocity of twelve miles at the start to one of twenty miles on the second leg to windward, and in many of the slamming puffs the breeze ran up too close on thirty miles velocity. The sea was short, hilly and punished the boats severely, especially on the second round when it was under shot by the ebb tide. The course was triangular, 2½ miles to a leg, twice around, the first leg to windward. All started with whole sail which Vim and Caramba maintained to the end. Auk tied in one reef just before the second windward leg and shook it

VIM—WINNER OF ROOSEVELT CUP.
Photo by W. Jackson.

out immediately thereafter, her crew handling the work in each case with remarkable rapidity. She and Vim went at once to the fore, with Wannsee a poor third and Caramba a bad fourth. Tilly VI. was sixth at the first weather mark, but did better thereafter, but Auk gained on all of her competitors on every leg but the second beat, where Vim picked up nearly a minute, Auk's win was clearly due to superb handling on the wind, and the fact that her longer, lower ends enabled her to out-distance Vim on the quartering runs. Spinnakers were carried on one stretch only, the second leg of the second round. The Germans all used their roller reefing gear on the second round, but with a too sparing hand, and like Caramba, were over-powered by the breeze. The times:

	Elapsed.
Auk, Chas. Francis Adams 2d	2 41 45
Vim, Trenor L. Park	2 45 13
Wannsee, Wannsee S. C.	2 54 05
Caramba, Chas. H. W. Foster	2 59 31
Tilly VI., Dollman & Krogman	3 02 59
Gluckauf IV., G. Stinnes	3 07 36

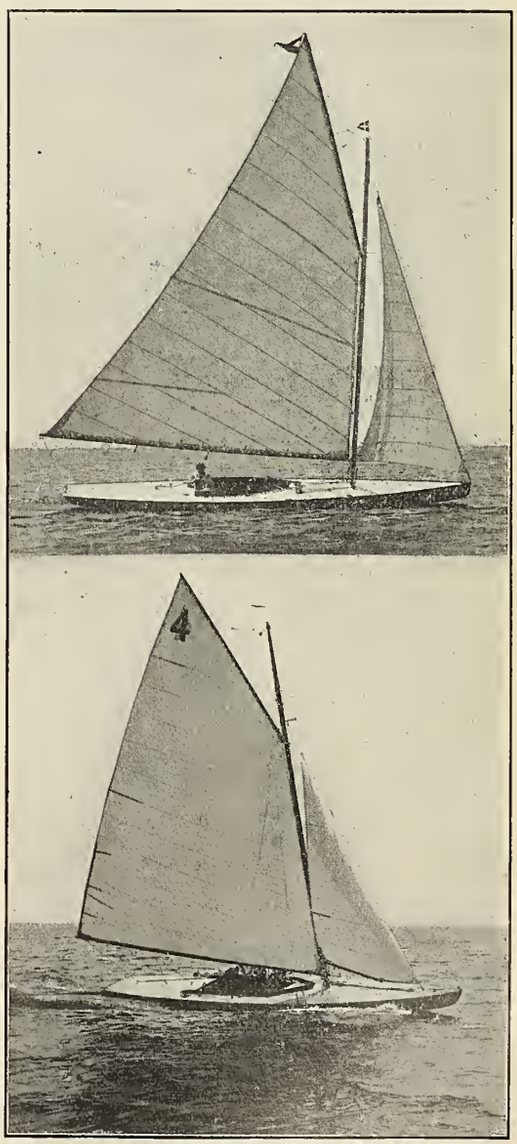
The course for the second race, Wednesday, Sept. 5, was to windward and leeward, 3 miles to a leg, twice around, with first leg to windward. The wind was S., but was quite light on the first round, and a medium wholesail breeze on the last round. The sea was smooth, but became slightly choppy during the second round, when the tide ebbed. A fleet of over 180 boats, ranging from a 14ft. power tender to the excursion steamer Myles Standish, and from the schooner yacht Constellation to a 13ft. catboat, was present as spectators. Wannsee had the lead at one time on the first beat, but was passed by all three Americans, Auk squaring away with a lead of 54s. over Caramba which led Vim 13s. Caramba soon took the lead, then Wannsee and finally Gluckauf, passed Auk and Vim, taking second and third places respectively, close upon Caramba. But Auk and Vim repassed the Germans before reaching the mark. On the wind Vim took the lead, thanks to the increased breeze and slightly sloppy sea, rounding 20s. ahead of Auk and 55s. before Caramba. The latter again outran her American rivals and all three Germans gained on the local trio, but Vim maintained her lead. The times:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Vim	1 48 30	1 15 24	3 03 54
Caramba	1 47 25	1 17 01	3 04 26
Auk	1 48 03	1 16 45	3 04 48
Wannsee	1 43 40	1 18 34	3 07 14
Gluckauf IV.,	1 48 44	1 19 07	3 07 51
Tilly VI.	1 56 02	1 16 52	3 12 54

The following day the boats met for the third race, the second over the triangular course. There was a strong wholesail S.W. breeze, which faded a bit toward the last, and rather a lumpy sea, sufficiently short and steep to try the flat bows of Caramba and Auk. Vim had the best of the start as Gluckauf was too soon and had to recross, while Tilly on the port tack just failed to cross Wannsee on the starboard tack, and so fouled her. The Americans worked the Tinkers island side of the course for smoother water and a slight lift from the breeze and Vim was first at the weather mark, leading Auk 1m. 43s. The chop was too much for Caramba which yielded third place to Tilly. Auk gained 58s. on the run and passed Vim on the reach home, but after a pretty struggle on the wind, Vim again resumed first place turning 15s. ahead. To the surprise of all, she now held Auk very well losing only 3s., but on the reach in, Auk jumped up on her by leaps and bounds. And then, when the race seemed almost won, Mr. Adams misjudged his distance and in trying to luff across Vim's stern his forstay struck her boom making her turn a complete circle. Auk at once withdrew of her own accord. Mr. Adams again demonstrating in a quiet gentlemanly way that he is first, last and always a true sportsman. His conduct struck a chord of hearty commendation that has not yet ceased to resound, and will inevitably have a beneficial effect upon the conduct of our yachting events. Vim lost a minute or two in the mix up, but won handily. The times:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Vim	1 26 01	1 25 30	2 51 31
Tilly VI.	1 26 42	1 26 37	2 53 19
Caramba	1 28 51	1 30 08	2 58 59
Wannsee	1 31 01	1 28 49	2 59 50
Gluckauf IV.	1 32 42	1 28 59	3 01 41
Auk	1 25 52	Withdrew.	

Wannsee protested Tilly for fouling so Caramba took second prize. The boats did not race again until Saturday the 8th, when they met for the second windward and leeward race. The wind was E.S.E. and there was a high sea running about 4 feet from hollow to crest, rather short, and making in from the east, while it was cross run during the first run by a small sea true to the wind. Vim fouled Caramba at the start and at once withdrew, another exhibition of clean cut sportsmanship, especially as it was just her weather and the win would give her the cup. The Germans put up a great fight on the wind, Wannsee taking second place to Auk, while the others were well up in distance, although the slow going made their times seem far apart. The run became a broad reach, owing to the wind hauling to S. by W. This may have favored Wannsee a bit, but they all caught it about the same time. She took the lead at the end of the round and held it up the wind to the very turn where keen handling by Mr. Adams put Auk around first. The wind was now S.E., and Wannsee speedily outran Auk, as did Caramba, both making a show of her under the conditions prevailing. Wannsee's win was a popular one and received a more tumultuous greet-



TILLY VI.
CARAMBA—C. H. W. FOSTER, DESIGNED BY BOARDMAN.
Photo by W. Jackson.

AUK—C. F. ADAMS 2D, DESIGNED BY BOARDMAN.
Photo by W. Jackson.

ing from the attendant fleet than previous salutes accorded Auk and Vim. The times:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Wannsee	1 52 42	1 42 07	3 34 49
Caramba	1 54 49	1 41 18	3 36 07
Auk	1 54 01	1 43 28	3 37 29
Tilly VI.	1 57 08	1 42 58	3 40 06
Gluckauf IV.	1 56 16	1 44 25	3 40 40
Vim	Withdrew at start.		

Under the terms governing the races, this left Vim, Auk and Wannsee to sail in the finals until one of them should win three races. The fifth and final race was sailed off on Monday the 10th in a moderate breeze and big sea. The start was twice delayed by thick fog and a shift in the wind. Conditions just suited Vim's sharp entrance and easy form, and she romped home a winner. The times:

	First Round. 1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.
Vim	0 50 26	0 28 36	0 26 47
Auk	0 51 49	0 29 11	0 29 54
Wannsee	0 54 19	0 28 42	0 27 35
	Second Round.		
Vim	0 51 21	0 31 14	0 45 04
Auk	0 50 23	0 32 11	0 44 16
Wannsee	0 54 54	0 33 42	0 46 39

The summary of the race follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vim	5 38 28	3 53 28
Auk	5 37 44	3 57 44
Wannsee	5 45 09	4 05 09

The regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C., and especially its chairman, Mr. Henry Howard, deserve unstinted praise for the able and prompt manner in which the races were run off and their unfailing courtesy to every one with whom they came in contact. The courses were patrolled by the revenue cutters, Gresham and Dexter, the committee tugs, and a number of fast steam yachts flying the revenue flag and carrying revenue officers. So that, except at the start, the competing boats had free wind and plenty of room.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the contest was the uniform good nature of our German rivals. They are wonderfully good loosers and inimitable sportsmen, so their visit cannot fail to be a bond of good fellowship between our republican and their imperial yachting worlds.

Conditions for the races in German waters next year have been well talked over, and if approved by His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm II., will undoubtedly prove a further boon to small boating, until he decides, however, it would of course be discourteous to outline the present proposals.

The M. Y. R. A. season was closed by the annual rendezvous at Hull Sunday with the ensuing happy-go-lucky parade to South Boston. There are always a few casualties, but this time they were confined to a collision between Isis, Violet and Sanderling at the start, Isis's bowsprit tearing Sanderling's mainsail.

The Y. R. A. percentages for the season, not counting the results Saturday at Squantum in classes D and X (which do not change the championship results in these classes), have been figured as follows by Secretary A. T. Bliss:

Class E—22ft. Cabin Yachts.

	Total.	Av.
Tyro, William H. Joyce	775.0	86.1
Marie L., George Lee	516.7	64.5
Nutmeg, Allen C. Jones	458.3	50.9
Urchin, John Greenough	100.0	22.2

Class D—Cape Catboats.

	Starts.	Total.	Av.
Arawak, Henry C. Nickerson	10	832.1	....
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore	13	981.8	....
Iris, Frank F. Crane	13	1026.5	....
Hustler, H. W. Robbins	13	846.3	....
Josephine, Morton Smith	8	459.4	....
Mellwood, L. O. Crocker	4	266.1	....
Argestes, George H. Wilkins	6	249.5	....
Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes	6	195.7	....
C. C., George H. Carey	4	149.4	....
Dolly II, W. W. Arnold	5	139.9	....
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	9	193.8	....
Ariel, G. M. Sheahan	3	69.0	....
Notorus, C. O. Whitney	1	60.0	....
Saltair, C. C. Collins	4	53.8	....
Gleamer, F. P. Hayward	1	30.8	....

Class Q—22ft. Rating.

	Total.	Av.
Orestes, Caleb Loring	600.0	100.0
Sandering, Walter Burgess	260.7	88.9
Sintram, Hollis Burgess	150.0	50.0
Clitheroe, W. L. Dean	100.0	33.3
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster	100.0	33.3
Ghost, Charles P. Burgess	33.3	11.1

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

	Total.	Av.
Dorchen, A. W. Finley	748.1	74.8
Gertrude II., H. N. & H. S. Bloomfield	515.7	64.4
Aspinquid II., A. E. Whittemore	491.7	61.4
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	310.2	44.3
Fritter, E. G. Loring	207.1	41.4
Cheroot, Morton L. Prince	0257.9	36.8
Bonitwo, George H. Wightman	166.7	33.3
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	142.9	28.5

Class T—15-footers.

	Starts.	Total.	Av.
Teaser II., Benjamin Smith	5	450.0	90.0
Tabasco, Jr., Harry H. Wiggin	5	345.0	69.0
Princess, James P. Prince	5	255.0	51.0
Cigarette, J. M. Whittemore	5	165.0	33.0
Swallow, Harris Hammond	1	60.0	12.0

Class X—Dories—To Sept. 3.

Teazer, R. R. Smith	6	587.5	....
Barbara, J. J. Blaney & Wardwell	13	1076.6	....
Sunny Jim, Sidney Doane	11	703.8	....
Bugaboo II., H. B. Ingalls	11	510.3	....
Esther, Wm. H. Jackson	6	260.0	....
Elizabeth, F. H. W. Dudley	6	303.9	....
Spider, Ara G. Besse	11	494.1	....
Tyrant, Joseph Vaux	6	223.0	....
Bessie A., J. Samuel Hodge	9	315.0	....
Crescent, Robt. E. Burnett	5	243.1	....
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	4	194.4	....
Esperanza, William Perry	4	155.0	....
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard	3	195.0	....
Pioneer, Moody B. Noyes	3	91.7	....
Sally, M. S. Thompson	5	61.6	....
Velmar, Erskine Clement	3	16.7	....

Capt. Edward Holmes, skipper of Arthur F. Luke's schooner Corona, is convalescing at the Corey Hill hospital, Brookline, after an operation for appendicitis, which was performed by Dr. Morris Richardson. The many friends of this popular captain, whose skill has won many a hard race for Corona, will be glad to hear that he is making steady progress toward recovery.

Orestes having decisively won the class Q championship, and the first leg on the magnificent $500 Sir Thomas J. Lipton cup, a challenge on her behalf has been sent Mr. Wells, the chairman of the Atlantic Y. C.'s race committee for a series of races with the New York champion Q boat. Alternate windward and leeward and triangular races are proposed, best three out of five. It is highly probable that the challenge will be accepted and that Joy, a clever design of Mr. Chas. D. Mower, will be pitted against the Burgess & Packard designed Orestes for the races in Gravesend Bay.

William Lambert Barnard.

Sales and Charters.

The hunting launch That's All has been sold by U. G. Wilson, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Henry Belknap, Shelter Island, N. Y., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York.

Same agency has sold the knockabout Driftwood for Herbert L. Towle to Barrett Smith, this city, and a launch for Chas. S. King to Abe Stein, to be used in connection with the steam yacht Orienta.

Mr. Seaman also reports the charter of auxiliary yawl Flaneur for G. H. Miller, Patchogue, N. Y., to Ralph Tilton, this city.

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TILLY VI. GLUCKAUF. WANNSEE.

Photo by W. Jackson.

The Roosevelt Cup.

The Roosevelt cup, the prize in the international match between the United States and Germany now ended at Marblehead, is one of the notable trophies of the year in American yachting.

The cup becomes the property of Trenor L. Park owner of Vim who first scored three victories in the class of six boats of the German sonder, or special class that competed in the match.

The cup was manufactured in New England, and represents in its design the ideas of a Boston firm of silversmiths, for whom it was executed at Providence, R. I. Its value is above $1,000.

The design is symbolic of the sea, and its decoration also suggests the international character of the contest for which it is the chief trophy.

It is a two-handled loving cup, the obverse side having the German and American flags in enamel entwined, supported by two sea horses and shells. Below the panel, which has a German inscription, is the Imperial German eagle with the burgee of the Kaiserlicher Yacht Club also in enamel.

On the reverse side, the German and American flags are entwined, the decoration being the same as the obverse, excepting that under the panel the American eagle is introduced, surmounting the burgee of the Eastern Yacht Club.

The main decoration embraces sea weed, dolphins and sea horses. The total height of the cup is 21 inches, and the diameter 12 inches. It rests on a base of green marble 8 inches high.

The inscriptions are as follows:

The Roosevelt Cup

given by the Eastern Y. C. under the auspices of the President of the United States of America to the winner of the German-American races.

Marblehead

September 1906

Roosevelt Pokal

mit Genehmigung des Praesidenten der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika gegeben vom Eastrn Y. C. dem Sieger im Amerikanisch-Deutschen Rennen.

Marblehead

September 1906

The cup has been on exhibition at the Eastern Y. C. station at Marblehead, together with the minor trophies in the match, which are silver cups, one being given for first and one for second prize in each race.

[We are indebted to the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. for the photograph and description of the Roosevelt cup.—E. D.]

Brooklyn Y. C.

On Saturday evening, Sept., 15, a complimentary banquet will be served in honor of Mr. Frank Maier and the crew of the Tamerlain, who won the ocean race to Bermuda, and also to the owners and crews of the other competing yachts.

On this occasion the cup donated by Sir Thomas Lipton will be presented. The dinner will be served promptly at 7 o'clock. Ladies and guests may be invited. Members desiring to attend must notify the committee at the club house on or before Wednesday, Sept. 12. Price $2.50 per cover. Entertainment Committee.

A Correction.

For some time references in connection with the Lipton cup races, recently run at Chicago, have been made in Forest and Stream. One of the boats which figured prominently in the races and won the cup was the Cherry Circle, whose design was credited variously to Mr. C. D. Mower, or Mr. Mower and Mr. Barney. Cherry Circle was designed by Mr. Morgan Barney and Mr. C. D. Mower, and was built by Robert Jacob at City Island, N. Y.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. house committee desire to announce that the annual dinner of the club will be held at the club house on Saturday evening, Sept. 15, at 7:30.

Members are privileged to invite guests and a charge of $5.00 per cover will be made.

New London Marine Iron Works.—Among the improvements inaugurated at the New London Marine Iron Works, under the management of President Hyde, are two rooms which have been fitted up near the entrance to the yard as a lounging place and headquarters for masters, engineers and other officers of vessels laying up or repairing at the works. These rooms have a good outlook over the yard and harbor and will be kept heated throughout the winter season, and all the principal nautical and engineering papers will be on file.

An invitation is extended to all yacht and steamboat officers visiting New London, whether doing business with the Iron Works or not, to make use of these rooms at their convenience.

A European Challenge.

Mr. Cecil Quentin, owner of the Fife designed schooner Cicely, has, as a result of some talk in the British press, published the following in the London Yachting World. There is no reference to American boats, but should such boats be in European waters next year, there is no doubt but that such a match could be satisfactorily arranged:

"Sir: Having been frequently asked the reason why Cicely schooner (263 tons, 95.7 linear rating, sailing at 81.3) has not been fitted out this season for first class racing and several notes having appeared in the newspapers deploring her absence, I venture to ask your indulgence for troubling you with this letter.

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"There were two reasons for my not fitting out; one is of no interest to any one but myself, the other was that I had no reasonable certainty of getting a fair number of class races, and I do not care to fit out such a boat for handicap racing.

"You may or may not remember, sir, that in 1903 several suggestions appeared in the Yachting World as to the desirability of putting the big boats together upon the Y. R. A. scale of time allowances, and acting upon these suggestions, I proposed, through the medium of the press, to the then owners of Kariad and Sybarita to meet them with Cicely on every occasion that the clubs would give as a race on that scale, but nothing came of my challenge.

"I did certainly get some class racing in the Baltic in 1902, and started there in five matches and took five firsts in the finest class of schooners that ever raced together, and in 1903 she won three firsts out of five starts. In one match I made a mistake and went the wrong course, and another was a drifting match 7½ hours to do 21 miles).

"The Germans, however, discovered, for reasons best known to themselves, that Cicely was not large enough by a quarter of a unit to race against Meteor and Rainbow and degraded her to the class in which Clara now sails over the course alone, but this did not appeal to me from a sportsmanlike point of view, and I laid Cicely up; but before doing so I wrote to the two gentlemen who represented Germany this year at the international conference offering to alter Cicely so as to increase her rating by a quarter of a unit, which I could easily do with a little more hoist, and both replies are in my posession asking me not to do so.

"Now, as to the future, subject to her being unsold, I am prepared to fit out Cicely next season if any German or English owners of any schooner or schooners of the same class now owned by them and over seventy-nine feet linear rating, will meet me in five or ten matches for a stake of £1,000 each yacht in each match for five matches, or £500 for ten matches, on 50-mile courses, in open or inclosed waters, each match to be finished in less than seven hours or be resailed; the matches to be sailed under the new Y. R. A. rules and scale of time allowance, and I am prepared to deposit the sum of £1,000 in the hands of any first class bankers, to be forfeited if for any reason I cannot start, provided other owners will do the same.

"The dates of the matches could easily be made so as not to clash with other fixtures or to fit in with them.

"This offer is subject to acceptance within three months from this date, and I reserve to myself the right to make any such alterations to the boat as I may be advised, which it is also open to other owners to do.

"Yours, etc.,
"Cecil Quentin,"

"The Abbey House, Chertsey, Aug. 6."

Fall Regatta Indian Harbor Y. C.

September 1.

In a fluky breeze the fall regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. took place on Saturday. The big schooners had a bad start. The seventies raced as usual, and Effort joined them, having no competitor, and won. The times follow:

Schooners—90ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 20¼ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	3 52 52	3 42 52
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	Disabled.	

Sloops—82ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 20¼ Miles.

Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	3 41 15	3 26 15
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 43 22	3 28 22

Corrected time—Yankee, 3.26.08. Yankee wins by 2m. 14s.

Special Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 20½ Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	3 47 30	3 32 30
Yankee, H. L. Maxwell	3 41 15	3 26 15
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 43 22	3 28 22

Corrected time—Effort, 3.18.36; Yankee, 3.26.08. Effort wins by 7m. 32s.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 15 Miles.

Banzai, C. D. Mallory	3 21 50	3 20 21
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	3 51 28	3 21 28
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 51 55	3 21 55
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	4 02 56	3 32 56
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr	3 52 10	3 22 10
Melody, W. J. Matheson	4 02 25	3 32 25

Banzai wins by 1m. 7s.

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 15 Miles.

Regina, F. G. Stewart	3 59 51	3 24 51
Sue, E. F. Luckenback	4 00 03	3 25 03

Regina wins by 12s.

Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 12:45—Course, 10 Miles.

Marguerite, W. F. Clark	3 24 59	2 39 59
Rube, G. P. Granbery	Disqualified	
Thelema, A. E. Black	3 39 40	2 54 40

Corrected time—Marguerite, 2.38.23; Thelema, 2.42.40. Marguerite wins by 4m. 17s.

Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 12:45—Course, 10 Miles.

Montauk, W. Sheldon	3 36 11	2 51 11
Huntress, L. H. Dyer	3 39 12	2 54 12
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	3 43 39	2 58 30
Answer, D. B. Abbott	3 51 53	3 06 53
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	3 57 55	3 12 55
Scamp, W. Murdock	Did not finish.	

Corrected times—Montauk, 2.38.23; Huntress, 2.51.49; Monsoon, 2.53.54; Answer, 2.59.45; Robin Hood, 3.08.57. Montauk wins by 13m. 26s.

Raceabouts—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 Miles.

Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	3 27 19	2 47 19
Circe, A. D. Prince	3 33 29	2 53 29
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	3 38 05	2 58 05

Rascal III. wins by 6m. 10s.

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 10 Miles.

Paumonak, F. P. Carrier	3 52 10	3 02 10
Mopsa, F. C. and W. S. Sullivan	3 54 24	3 04 24

Corrected time—Paumonak, 3.00.13. Paumonak wins by 4m. 11s.

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 10 Miles.

Ace, R. H. Bavier	3 58 10	3 08 10
Dede, W. E. Douglas	4 24 26	3 34 26

Corrected time—Dede, 3.25.59. Ace wins by 17m. 49s.

Indian Harbor Catboats—Start, 12:55—Course 10 Miles.

Osseo, A. G. Cooper	4 34 52	3 39 52
Wacouta, M. D. Truesdale	4 49 10	3 44 10
Ace, A. N. Gilmour	4 46 42	3 51 42
Nancy, N. W. Paret	4 38 43	3 43 43
Joe, C. T. Willis	4 29 20	3 34 20

Joe wins by 5m. 32s.

Riverside Catboats—Start, 12:55—Course, 10 Miles.

Getty, J. M. Williams	4 40 14	3 45 14
Nilo, C. W. Starr	4 52 52	3 57 52
Daomi, A. S. Starr	4 43 32	3 48 32

Getty wins by 3m. 18s.

Fall Regatta Larchmont Y. C.

September 3.

On Labor Day the fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on the Sound in a cracking breeze of wind. The schooner yacht Queen, owned by J. Roger Maxwell, met with a peculiar accident in the loss of her centerboard. Something which has not been known in a long time in such large yachts. Queen is in Bristol having a new board fitted. The times were as follow:

Schooners—Class B—Start, 11:55—Course, 30½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	2 42 13	2 47 13
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	Withdrew.	

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 30½ Miles.

Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	2 58 09	2 58 09
Yankee, Harry Maxwell	Did not start.	

Sloops—Class J—Start, 12:05—Course, 30½ Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	3 26 30	3 21 30
Neola, E. D. King	3 29 04	3 24 04

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 15¼ Miles.

Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	2 23 30	2 08 30
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 22 02	2 07 02
Atair, J. E. and G. C. Meyer	2 26 24	2 11 24
Alera, J. H. Alker	2 22 01	2 07 01

Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 12:20—Course, 11 Miles.

Rube, G. P. Granbery	2 13 17	1 53 17
Thelema, A. E. Black	2 33 47	1 53 17

Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 12:20—Course, 11 Miles.

Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard	2 47 49	2 27 49

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley	2 11 26	1 46 26
Tartan, A. D. Pirie	2 12 01	1 47 01
Circe, A. D. Prince	2 18 25	1 53 25
Busy Bee II., R. T. Wainwright	2 23 47	1 58 47

Sloops, Mixed Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.

Mopsa, F. C. Sullivan	2 35 46	2 05 46
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 42 57	2 07 57
Bug 10, George A. Corry	Did not finish.	

Corrected time—Mopsa, 2.00.02.

Sloops, Class R—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier	3 00 33	2 20 33

Sloops—Class S—Start, 12:45—Course, 5¼ Miles.

Joke, C. Converse	2 40 01	1 55 01

The winners were: Elmina, Rainbow, Effort, Alera, Rube, Monsoon, Pretty Quick, Mopsa, Ace and Joke.

New York Y. C.

Autumn Cup—Glen Cove—Sept. 6.

On Thursday off Glen Cove took place races under the auspices of the New York Y. C. for the Autumn cups for sloops. Rainbow defeated Yankee, Effort and Neola, and, in the 30ft. class, Dahinda. The times follow:

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 21⅛ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 27 03	3 00 03
Yankee, Harry L. Maxwell	3 28 12	3 03 12

Corrected time—Rainbow, 2.58.05; Yankee, 2.59.06.

Sloops—60ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 21⅛ Miles.

Effort, F. M. Smith	3 39 27	3 07 33
Neola, E. D. King	3 32 03	3 13 06
*Gardenia, A. H. Morris	4 09 38	3 34 07

Corrected time—Effort, 3.00.42; Gardenia, 3.01.26; Neola, 3.07.55.

New York Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 14¾ Miles.

Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr	3 23 31	2 42 31
Neola II., George M. Pynchon	3 32 03	2 52 03
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 25 59	2 45 59
Banzai, Clifford Mallory	3 26 06	2 46 06
Nautilus, Hanan Brothers	3 23 00	3 43 00
Atair, J. E. and G. C. Meyer	3 22 37	2 47 37
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 22 46	2 42 46
Altair, J. E. and G. C. Meyer	3 22 37	2 42 37
Adelaide, Adee Brothers	3 28 03	2 43 03

*Started at 12:35.

The winners were: Rainbow, Effort and Dahinda.

Atlantic Y. C.

Labor Day Regatta—Sept. 3.

The race given by the Atlantic Y. C. on Monday was postponed from morning to afternoon on account of bad weather. At 3 o'clock there was a good wholesail breeze. The Q class spoiled their start by getting over too soon, not all recrossing. The winner in P class was Jig Step; Q class, Spider, and Boots in the dory class. The times follow:

Sloops and Yawls—Class P—Start, 3:05—Course. 9.6 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	4 51 34	1 46 34
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	4 54 32	1 49 32
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	4 58 19	1 53 19

Corrected time of Sakana, 1.49.58. Jig Step wins from Crescent by 2m. 38s.

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3:10—Course, 9.6 Nautical Miles.

Spider, H. Chubb	5 06 21	1 56 21
Joy, William H. Childs	5 10 47	2 00 47
Mary, M. Grundner	Did not Finish.	
Saetta, G. H. Church	Disqualified.	
Soya, W. A. Barstow	Disqualified.	

Spider wins from Joy by 4m. 26s.

Dories—Start, 3:30—Course, 4.8 Nautical Miles.

Boots, W. L. Sweet, Jr	5 11 40	1 31 40
Dido, L. S. Tiemann	5 12 06	1 32 06

Boots wins from Dido by 26s.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

15-footers, Sept. 1—Women's Race.

The ladies of Oyster Bay sailed a race in the Seawanhaka Y. C.'s 15ft. sloops on Saturday, and Miss May Young, in Chipmunk, won. The race was sailed over a 9-mile course in 2 hours' elapsed time. Mrs. Clinton McKenzie, sailing C. W. Wetmore's Sabrina, was second, 2m. 45s. behind, and the other boats were all close up. Each boat was steered by a woman and had a woman handling the sheets, but each was permitted to carry a man to advise them. The summary of the race follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chipmunk, Miss May Young	5 39 45	1 59 45
Sabrina, Mrs. Clinton McKenzie	5 42 30	2 02 30
Marjorie, Mrs. H. W. Warner	5 45 55	2 05 55
Wee Wean, Mrs. E. W. Durnham	5 46 30	2 06 30
Imp, Miss Agnes Landon	5 46 32	2 06 32
Grilse, Miss Christine Roosevelt	5 48 20	2 08 20
Fly, Miss Margaret Roosevelt	5 51 20	2 11 20

A START IN THE TRIAL RACES AT MARBLEHEAD.
Photo by W. Jackson.

U. M. C. SHOT SHELLS

September is the hunter's month. 1906 will be a banner year in the game field if the reports which are coming in from all over the country prove true. Better game protection throughout the country has increased ducks in the North and quail in the South. Favorable weather has allowed birds to hatch. All is ready for the sportsman. There is a U. M. C. Shell for every game bird and a cartridge especially adapted for all big game. The hard and uniform shooting quality of U. M. C. shells is produced by the perfection of manufacture, standard and time-tested powders used, uniform pressure on the exactly gauged wads, the firm crimp, etc., but back of it all, the U. M. C. primer, which has never been equaled.

U. M. C. Shells at the start mean heavy pockets at the finish.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 18-19.—Sistersville, W. Va.—West Virginia G. C. second annual target tournament; $10 added. E. O. Bower, Mgr.
Sept. 18-19.—Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club fall tournament. F. H. Koch, Sec'y.
*Sept. 19.—Pittsburg.—Greater Pittsburg Gun Club.
Sept. 20.—Lancaster, Pa.—Tri-County League shoot.
Sept. 21-22.—Bradford (Pa.) G. C. green corn shoot. R. S. Pringle, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-23.—Tucson, Ariz., Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Sept. 22.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club tournament and Eastern Connecticut championship. Albert S. Brown, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—St. Louis Sportsman's Shooting Park tournament.
Sept. 25.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Seventh regular tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual live-bird championship, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y K. T. S. L.
Sept. 29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-4.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Brothers' shoot. E. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 3.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Final tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-10.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association sixteenth annual meeting and tournament. J. P. Wright, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Open to State shooters only. J. P. Wright, Sec'y, Camden, Ark.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Capital City Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 16-17.—Bellevue, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. tournament. Dr. I. P. Gould, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Sept. 21, commencing at 1 o'clock. The programme consists of ten 15-target events, $1.50 entrance. Class shooting. Every one is welcome. The president is Mr. John B. Rogers.

The seventh regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League, of West Virginia, will be held at Morgantown, W. Va., on Sept. 25, under the auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of which Elmer F. Jacobs is the Secretary. The final League tournament of the season will be held under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club, of which Ed. H. Taylor is Secretary.

Secretary Frank Pragoff informs us that the dates of the fourth annual tournament of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League have been changed from Oct. 5 and 6 to Sept. 28 and 29.

The managers of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., have decided to abandon the old grounds for new ones on the opposite side of the Rapid Transit track, a few yards away. Room for three sets of traps is available, and two sets will be installed forthwith. The club house will be enlarged, and there will be a general widening of the club's scope. All this will take place in time for the fall trap season.

The programme of the West Virginia Gun Club's second annual target tournament, at Sistersville, W. Va., Sept. 18, 19, has a programme of ten 20-target events each day, $2 entrance, $5 added, a total of $100 added money. Shooting will commence at 9:30 on the first day; at 8:30 on the second day. The amateur shooting through the programme and winning the least amount of money will be given a handsome watch. Mr. Ed. O. Bower is the manager.

Write Mr. Nat Ressler, Lebanon, Pa., for programmes of the third Tri-County League shoot, to be held on Sept. 20, at Avon, Pa. The three counties which comprise the League are Chester, Lebanon and Lancaster. The conditions are fifteen-man teams, 15 targets per man, ten high scores to count. The optional programme consists of twelve events, a total of 200 targets and $16 entrance. Class shooting. High average, $5; low average, $2. Ship shells, prepaid, care Keystone House, Lebanon, Pa.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., is making energetic preparations for its tournament, to be held on Oct. 16 and 17. Dr. I. P. Gould is the Secretary.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., has resumed its Saturday shoots. The club grounds are at East Seventy-first street, and Avenue N, Bergen Beach. H. D. Bergen is the President. H. W. Dryer is the Secretary-Treasurer.

The second annual fall tournament of the Columbus, O., Gun Club, to be held on Sept. 13 and 14, has eight 15-target and four 20-target events each on each day, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Average money, $125, of which the seven low guns will receive $10 each. To twenty-five high guns, $100 in merchandise prizes. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid, care of the Secretary, Fred Shattuck, will be delivered free of charge.

BERNARD WATERS.

Budd and Whitney Tournament.

OKOBOJI, Ia., Sept. 6.—The Arnold Park shoot was in progress here this week. What was intended to be a three days' shoot was finished in two. This was a record for Budd and Whitney, getting each shooter to fire 450 shots in one day.

Weather fine; traps worked fine. Good scores were made—yes, extra good. W. H. Heer made 593 out of 600, with one run of 155 and another of 218, which was unfinished. Hoon, Taylor, Asher, Stanley and others shot well at times. The 450 shots were too much for Mr. Hoon, otherwise he would have made high average, so it was prophesied. George Maxwell won the hotel cup on 49, with Burnside close up with 48.

The scores will tell the tale:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Burmister	12	13	15	11	13	16	6	10	16	11	15	16	154
Heer	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	197
Kline	14	14	19	14	13	20	13	15	17	14	14	18	185
Bell	12	12	17	9	13	14	11	10	18	14	12	17	159
Barber	14	14	17	15	15	18	13	14	19	14	15	18	186
Dorton	13	12	19	15	14	19	15	13	20	13	12	19	184
Huntley	14	14	17	13	14	18	15	15	17	14	13	19	183
Kinney	14	13	17	15	12	19	12	13	17	10	13	19	174
Maxwell	14	14	19	12	15	20	14	11	19	14	12	19	183
McKeever	12	13	17	12	14	20	13	13	20	14	14	19	181
Patch	12	12	18	13	14	17	13	14	18	12	12	15	170
Matchmus	12	15	17	14	12	16	12	11	17	12	12	16	166
Henshaw	12	14	16	13	13	19	13	10	18	12	12	18	170
Hoon	14	15	20	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	14	19	195
Taylor	14	13	20	13	14	19	15	14	20	14	13	19	188
Ashler	12	14	19	13	15	19	14	12	19	14	15	20	186
Pigvey	11	12	15	13	11	17	12	11	18	13	11	16	160
Kahler	12	12	19	14	15	17	13	11	16	14	13	18	174
Goering	15	9	19	13	13	18	14	13	19	15	11	18	177
Van Corder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	14	...

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Burmister	12	9	20	12	12	19	12	12	18	13	13	20	172
Heer	15	14	20	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	14	19	196
Kline	15	12	18	15	13	15	13	13	20	14	15	16	179
Henshaw	11	11	18	13	19	19	13	14	17	10	13	18	167
Barber	14	14	20	14	14	18	15	14	19	14	15	16	187
Patch	9	12	20	15	11	18	11	15	18	13	11	16	169
G Maxwell	13	14	19	14	14	19	15	13	20	14	14	18	187
Hoon	14	14	18	14	14	18	13	15	19	14	15	18	186
Taylor	13	14	20	13	14	18	14	13	20	13	15	20	187
Asher	14	15	19	15	15	19	15	13	19	14	15	20	193
Yearns	10	11	11	10	11	13	11	11	19	13	10	18	148
Goering	14	14	11	12	12	18	12	13	14	11	14	18	163
Kahler	12	13	20	14	14	18	15	13	16	14	12	17	178
Burnside	13	15	19	12	13	19	13	13	18	13	15	18	181
A Henshaw	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lester	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	14	13	17	13	14	17	...
Irving	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	18	...
Van Gorden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	16	...
Huntley	13	14	17	15	12	18	14	15	20	15	14	19	185

Arnold Park Hotel cup, 50 targets, entrance, $3.50: Taylor 45, Maxwell 49, Hoon 41, Huntley 44, Burmister 42, Kline 45, Barber 42, Burnside 48. Henshaw 41, Goering 38, Asher 41, Lester 38, Tennant 40, Frisby 43, Gibner 36, Kahler 38, Lavart 39, Heer 44, Irwin 42.

Averages: Heer .593, Asher .568, Taylor .566, Maxwell .566, Huntley .564, Barber, .559, Hoon .559, Kline .550, Henshaw .510, Patch .509, Goering .505, John Burmister .504.

Providence Tournament.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 6.—At the first handicap shoot of the Providence Game Preservation and Gun Club the weather at the start was very discouraging to those who expected to see a good crowd; but before noon it brightened up, and then the shooting improved. Bain won a $5 gold coin for high average during the entire shoot.

Bain, Cook, Eggers, Prest, Cook, Sisson and Muir tied for first prize with scores of 150 or over with the handicap. In the shoot-off at 25 targets each with the same handicaps, Sisson won the first prize, Cook second, Prest third, Eggers fourth, Muir fifth and Bain sixth. Montieth won the seventh prize, Watrous eighth, Johnson ninth, Lockwood tenth, Grower eleventh, and Scott the twelfth. Dart won the first consolation prize and Sanborn the second.

There were ten events of 15 targets each, a total of 150 targets. The handicaps ranged from 5 for E. C. Griffith, the former American champion, to 47 for the least experienced shooter.

The light was bad in the morning, and a high breeze prevailed during the greater part of the day,. The targets were rather erratic in their flight at times.

A total of forty-three shooters had signified their intention of participating, but only twenty-five reported, many of the out-of-town entries being kept away by the threatening weather of the morning.

A lunch was served on the ground free to the shooters during the noon hour. At the close of the handicap event seven extra events were decided. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Handi-		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	cap.	Tot'l	
Bain	13	11	14	13	13	13	12	14	15	14	18	150	
Griffith	13	15	9	13	13	13	13	15	13	14	7	138	
Grover	10	11	15	13	14	12	13	13	15	13	18	147	
Lambert	15	12	11	11	11	14	11	13	15	14	15	142	
Cook	13	15	15	13	12	13	10	12	10	13	25	151	
Getchel	12	14	14	11	14	12	13	11	12	13	18	144	
Eggers	12	12	14	12	14	12	12	12	13	12	33	158	
Montieth	11	12	11	10	15	13	13	14	13	12	25	149	
F Scott	12	14	11	10	13	13	13	13	11	13	22	145	
Prest	11	12	13	11	13	12	13	10	13	13	30	151	
Sisson	13	13	12	12	12	11	12	13	11	11	45	165	
Johnson	9	13	13	13	12	12	11	10	13	14	28	148	
Waters	11	13	11	12	9	12	11	13	13	13	30	148	
J Smith	12	14	11	11	10	12	11	10	11	12	30	144	
Muir	11	15	14	12	8	11	9	9	9	8	45	151	
Dr Smith	13	11	12	7	12	10	12	8	9	8	42	144	
Lancewood	9	8	12	13	9	11	12	11	11	6	45	147	
S Moore	12	9	10	11	9	7	8	6	8	12	45	137	
Heard	11	12	8	7	8	6	10	11	11	8	45	137	
Dart	10	11	10	10	7	8	5	9	10	11	45	136	
Sanborn	7	9	10	10	9	8	11	12	6	7	45	134	
C Scott	11	9	7	9	4	10	10	8	6	9	45	138	
Willow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	11	14	..	...
N Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	5	3	..	...
Wallace	7	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

SEA GIRT—THE PRINCETON TEAM.

Bob Forsyth. Ray Sanderson. Dan Shefer. Doc Bergen. C. F. Slater. Jim Plume.

Derryfield Gun Club.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 5.—At the shoot of the Derryfield Gun Club to-day, Mayor Eugene Reed won the Peters trophy with a score of 89. It is emblematic of the State championship, and has been four years in competition, in which time it has been won by several shooters. Mr. W. C. Goss has won it in five contests. The sixth win by a contestant would retire the trophy, and it would become his personal property. This is the Mayor's first victory in the contest for the prize. His win was an extremely popular one. He has hosts of friends in Henniker, who roundly cheered him at the conclusion of the match.

Besides now holding the State championship and the Peters trophy, Mayor Reed holds the State record on a score of 97 out of a possible 100, made in the New England championship match at Manchester in August.

In addition to the five wins of this trophy by Mr. Goss, Elmer E. Reed, of Manchester, has three wins to his credit. Carl Harrington also of Manchester, has one, and Mr. Nelson, of Winchester, has one. Conditions at today's meet were decidedly adverse to high scores, the light and background being bad. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Brk.
Mayor Reed	10	14	7	14	9	14	8	13	89
W C Goss	8	13	10	11	7	12	9	14	84
A J Reed	9	12	6	12	9	12	9	15	84
Elmer E Reed	9	14	8	12	10	12	6	12	83
J E Morris	9	12	9	12	9	13	9	10	83
W W Odekirk	5	13	7	12	8	14	9	12	80
T C H Bouton	8	11	8	10	7	13	9	12	78
S L Greer	8	13	7	11	5	12	8	13	77
Dr J M Gove	7	13	10	12	7	10	8	10	77
H Chadwick	10	14	5	10	5	13	8	11	76
N E Martin	9	10	8	13	7	11	7	9	74
C J Darrah	6	11	5	9	8	11	7	11	68
Wm Woodworth	6	6	6	10	9	7	7	10	61
Wm Jones	5	5	7	4	4	6	6	9	46

On Labor Day the Derryfield Gun Club held a shoot. The wind was high at times during the shoot. Some excellent scores were made. Mayor Reed had the honor of shooting as scratch man. The handicaps varied from 7 to 33 points per man. The first four events were at 15 targets each, and the other two at 20, making 100 targets in the programme. Mayor Reed broke the most of any one, his score being 94 out of 100. At the outset he waived all chances on the cups for the five high guns, but set a pace that would make the boys need their handicaps to beat him.

The cup winners were: First, Bert Davis; second, C. J. Darrah; third, A. J. Reed; fourth, R. Newbert; fifth, Elmer Reed. The scores:

Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	Handi-cap.	Brk.
Elmer Reed	14	13	12	11	18	18	7	93
A J Reed	11	13	14	13	18	15	11	95
Mayor Reed	13	15	14	15	18	19	0	94
S L Greer	12	11	13	13	18	13	13	93
H E Fellows	9	11	8	10	18	13	18	87
C J Darrah	9	9	12	11	18	17	18	94
Carl Harrington	8	12	12	10	15	14	13	84
E C Brigham	8	11	7	11	10	..	..	...
W H Moulton	7	10	7	11	14	16	28	93
Bert Davis	11	10	9	11	15	17	33	106
R Newbert	11	9	12	7	17	11	28	95
W Smith	13	13	14	15	19	..	..	...

The ties were shot off in an extra event at 25 targets. George Greer, of Goffstown, was on the grounds. Though he is past middle life, and has a bad shoulder—the result of an accident that happened years ago—he shot at 20 targets, holding the butt of the gun under his arm instead of at the shoulder, and broke 13.

WINCHESTER

Rifles and Cartridges

WIN HIGHEST HONORS AT SEA GIRT,

thus again sustaining their world-wide reputation for accuracy, reliability, uniformity and general effectiveness under the severe "trying-out" conditions of the big National Tourney. The list of events follows:

PRESIDENT'S MATCH

for the

Military Championship of the United States

Ernest C. Simpson, Co. "F", 2d Regt., C. N. G., 1st, and Lieut. W. H. Richard, O. N. G., 2d; both using Winchester cartridges.

INDIVIDUAL RAPID FIRE MATCH.

Ad. Topperwein, 1st; J. S. Boa, 2d; A. L. Laudensack, 3d; Sergt. Farr, 4th; all using Winchester rifles and cartridges.

Kuser Rapid Fire Match: A. L. Laudensack, 1st, using Winchester rifle and cartridges.

All-Comers' Match: H. E. Simon, 1st; Capt. C. B. Winder, 2d; both using Winchester cartridges.

Spencer Match: Capt. C. B. Winder, 1st, using Winchester cartridges.

Genl. E. P. Meany Match: Capt. C. B. Winder tied for first place, using Winchester cartridges.

Among other important matches in which the users of Winchester cartridges took high places were the

Off-Hand Match: H. E. Simon, 2d.

Leach Cup Match: Capt. W. B. Martin, 3d.

Winchester Supremacy Again Asserts Itself.

SEA GIRT—THE WIMBLEDON TROPHY MATCH.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

The ninth contest for the Peters trophy was shot on Sept. 8. The weather was fine, but the attendance was small, as quite a few of the regulars are away fishing or hunting. Ackley was looking on, but is not yet able to take his place on the firing line.

Kerry has just returned from a two months' stay in Michigan, and his scores show that he did not forget how to shoot while handling a rod. Bonser, as usual, was high, his score, 56. Bullerdick, who is shooting well, was second with 54. In a match he broke 49 out of 50. Gambell is getting so he breaks 'em nearly all, 91 in a 100-target race might be worse, and in the team match he beat Bonser by 3 targets, with 47 out of 50. Not much practice was indulged in, Gambell being high with 143 out of 160. Bullerdick and Pohlar 102 each out of 125. The scores:

Peters trophy, 60 targets:

	Yards.	Total.		Yards.	Total.
Bonser	20 18 18	56	Johnson	16 17 16	49
Bullerdick	18 19 18	54	Fultz	17 16 16	48
Pohlar	16 18 17	53	Herman	19 16 16	44
Kerry	16 16 19	53	Tone	16	43
Gambell	18 18 16	51			

Match, 100 targets, handicap:

Gambell, 3	94
Bullerdick, 7	93
Pohlar, 0	79

Match, 50 targets, handicap:

Bullerdick, 3	52
Gambell, 0	45
Pohlar, 3	45

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell	47	Bonser	44
Johnson	42	Fultz	44
Bullerdick	38—127	Offner	28—116

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 8.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the third series. In the club trophy event, W. Einfeldt won Class A on 25 straight; Thomas, Class B on 22; T. L. Smedes, Class C on 24.

In the Dupont cup event, which followed, W. Einfeldt won in Class A on 13, Dr. Meek Class B on 15 straight, and Al. Smedes Class C on 15 straight also.

W. Einfeldt easily carried off the honors of the day by breaking 97 out of 100.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, being pleasantly warm and but little wind. The light was bad, however, owing to a heavy smoke bank from the city, making a bad background.

Many of our members are away, game shooting, and attendance consequently light.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson	17	8	6	8	2	4	..	..
Thomas	22	12	7	10	10	7	6	9
Meek	18	15	9	8	4	8	6	5
T Smedes	24	12	9	9	6	9	9	8
A Smedes	23	15	8	7	7	9	9	7
Frauenholz	21	6	9	10	..	10	..	..
Lr Huff	20	14	10	8	8	3	9	7
W Einfeldt	25	13	10	9	9	10	10	10
Eaton	21	11	6	8	7	5	8	6
Kelly	18	..	..	7	7	10	9	..

No. 1 was trophy. No. 2 was Dupont cup. No. 5 was at 5 pairs.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the third series. C. Einfeldt and Dr. Reynolds tied in Class A on 24; Dr. Meek won in Class B on 21; Al. Smedes won in Class C on same score, 21.

In the Dupont cup event Eaton and George tied in Class A on 15 straight; Goetter and Ford tied in Class B on 14; L. Smedes and Al. Smedes tied in Class C on 13. The Smedes brothers then chose up sides, and three matches were shot, all being close. Al. Smedes' team won by two out of three.

Frauenholz, a visitor, was high gun in the trophy event.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	10	10
Dr. Meek	21	12	6	7
T L Smeedes	17	13	9	9
A Smeedes	21	13	8	6
Thomas	18	12	7	5
Geotter	18	14	7	8
C Einfeldt	24	13	7	7
Frauenholz	25	..	7	8

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	10	10
Ford	18	14	..	..
Eaton	18	15	3	8
Seymore	16	12	5	8
Dr Reynolds	24	10	7	7
George	18	15	8	8
Herr	12	11	6	6

No. 1 was trophy contest; No. 2, Dupont cup.

Sept. 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the third series. In this event George won in Class A, Herr in Class B, and A. Smedes in Class C, each on 20. In the Dupont cup shoot, McDonald won in Class A on 12; Thomas in Class B on 12, and T. L. Smedes in Class C on 13.

Shooting conditions were very unpleasant, as a strong and gusty head wind blew the powder residue back into the eyes, as well as making the flight of the targets very erratic. Quite a number of our members are away to the Dakotas and to other shooting fields, after chickens and ducks, and more are going this week, consequently the attendance is not up to standard. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson	15	3	5	6	7	3	..	..
Thomas	11	12	8	6	7	6	7	7
Meek	16	1	4	4	4	..	..	..
Eaton	17	7	6	9	6	3	8	8
T Smedes	14	13	5	8	6	6	7	2
A Smedes	20	8	9	8	7	6	8	7
Wells	8	5	3	4	..	4	..	..
Herr	20	9	2	4	5	7	6	6
George	20	9	9	9	3	9	8	..
McDonald	18	12	6	..	8	..	..	..
Stone	14	8	5	..	3	..	..	..
Ferguson	12	5	..	1	7	..	..	..
Kuss	22	..	..	8	8	..	10	..

No. 6 was at 5 pairs. No. 1 was trophy shoot. No. 2 was Dupont cup.

Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Ohio Trap Notes.

For the first time since early spring a shoot was held on Aug. 29 at the Rohrer's Island Gun Club grounds, of Dayton. A number of delegates to the National Florists' convention were the guests, and every gun club in the city was represented. First on the programme came three 25-target sweeps, and McConnell, of Osborn, was high with 52; Rodgers, 41. Thirteen men took part in one or more of the events. In the 100-target race, which followed, McConnell was high with 84, Cain 83, Oldt 78, Schwind 75, Ike 76, Hanauer and Carr 73 each, Miller 72, Hippard 65, Altick 64, Hodapp 57, Brown and Schaerf 55 each, Rodgers 53, Seybold 38.

To-day's shoot seems to have revived the interest in the sport, which has been decidedly dead in Dayton this year, and it is likely that there will be at least one more good time at the grounds, probably on Sept. 12 or 19. Shooting at doubles to-day, Carr broke 15 out of 12 pairs, Rodgers 13, Cain 12, Schwind 7, Brown 6.

The Greenville Gun Club entertained Annie Oakley and her husband, Mr. Frank Butler, on Aug. 25, at the club grounds, and had the best shoot of the season. Miss Oakley's girlhood home is in a village near Greenville, and she is consequently well known in that vicinity and has a host of friends. A crowd of over 300 gentlemen and ladies greeted her, and applauded her heartily throughout her exhibition of fancy shotgun and rifle shooting. The spectators came in autos and carriages, the ladies in light summer attire and without hats, as it was excessively hot. Miss Oakley broke all the single targets thrown, and then gave an exhibition of shooting at doubles, finishing this part of her programme by breaking five targets thrown simultaneously. She gave the usual exhibition of hitting metal discs, about the size of a silver dollar, thrown into the air. She then put twenty consecutive shots, firing offhand, within a 1½-inch circle drawn on a card which her husband held in his hand, at 20yds. distance. A card held edgewise by Mr. Butler was cut in two by the bullet.

In a match at 15 targets, between Frank Butler and H. A. McCaughey, the latter won 14 to 13. Shooting at 50 targets, McCaughey was again victorious, scoring 42 to Butler's 34. A 25-target sweep, $1 entrance, 3 moneys, ended the day's sport, Baker 24, Butler 21, Wolf 20,

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1 000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: **497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.**

Hartzell 20, McKeon 18, Fonts 18, Huddle 18, McCaughey 17. Mr. and Mrs. Butler remained in Greenville with friends over Sunday, and went from there to Columbus on Monday, where she gave an exhibition at the gun club grounds.

In Other Places.

The Rock Valley Shooting Club has erected a club house on their shooting grounds at Riverside Park, near Lockport, Ill.

This time as to new born gun clubs, credit must be given to Grand, Okla.

Keep tab on Chicago. The general sporting prominence enjoyed by this city this year is to be further advanced by the consolidation of all the gun clubs, as well as the rifle and pistol club, into one organization. As a consequence, a splendid tract of land, easily reached from the business center, has been purchased, and Chicago is looking forward to the holding of the G. A. H., the Illinois State shoot, and many important rifle events.

Annie Oakley is touring Michigan, and she is astonishing the natives with her skill with the rifle and shotgun.

The Mound Ridge, Kans., Gun Club held an important meeting recently, and transacted business of importance, leading to the awakening of trapshooting.

When the Dallas, Tex., Gun Club meets, the invitation is extended to all who love the gun, to participate. This is the proper spirit, and it is hoped that all clubs will be so liberally inclined.

The Coats, Kans., Gun Club journeyed to Medicine Lodge for the purpose of holding a match, but the boys report that they were disappointed, as the team there did not show up.

Nashville, Ill., Gun Club held a business meeting last Thursday to arrange for a monster picnic to be given by the members on the Kaskaskia River.

Local sportsmen of Voth, Texas, met at the City Hall recently and organized a gun club. Some targets and the latest improved trap have been purchased, and some good shots will be developed. L. J. Chapman was elected President; J. B. Spwilock, Secretary; Harry Welles, Captain. Members: W. J. Marton, K. K. Kitchell, Jim English, P. C. Coe, D. G. D. Martin, E. D. Ogden, J. L. Welch, L. E. Ingram.

The Omaha, Neb., Rod and Gun Club will entertain for a week with music and water carnival. Members were requested to assist by preparing lights for all the boats.

The Howell, Ind., Gun Club holds a shoot each week on Tuesday at the club grounds.

When the Audubon, Ia., boys go about holding a county shoot, they erect a big tent and prepare to entertain visitors in a proper businesslike way.

Fred W. Thedinga is President and C. E. Ritchie Secretary-Treasurer of the newly organized gun club at Monroe, Wash. The members will adopt a constitution and by-laws, and will watch out and prosecute any violations of the game laws.

Despite the hot weather in the summer time, the Lake City, Fla., Gun Club is down to business, and hold practice shoots twice a week.

The Cincinnati, O., Gun Club will, no doubt, have a new home in the near future. Every large club should own their grounds, as in time it becomes a paying investment. Take the rifle club at Milwaukee, Wis., for instance, it has sold out two different times, receiving for one of their parks the princely sum of $35,000.

The Marion, Ind., Gun Club will hold a tournament Oct. 9 and 10. This is a new club, and well it may feel proud of its membership of seventy-five.

It is rumored that with the closing of the summer season the Twin City Gun Club, Peoria and Pekin, will take on new life, and that more interest will be taken by its members and a tournament held in the fall.

The trapshooters of Mattoon, Ill., have made arangements to organize a gun club. R. M. Frisbey has been chosen President, and George Furgeson, Secretary. The proposed members are: A. J. Goss, C. A. Walker, B. F. Uran, George Kaelberer, G. W. Kuizer, W. W. Sidenstricker, Ed. Berthold and C. W. Knight. A Leggett trap has been bought, and all the members have paid up in full. A club house will be built, and a first-class permanent organization is to be the result.

The fourteenth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association will be held at Tucson, Sept. 21, 22 and 23. There are six medal events for the State members, and others are open to all. It is expected that many of the shooters who will attend the Los Angeles handicap will be able to be present.

Last Thursday the members of the Jefferson City, Mo., Shooting Association held a plunder shoot, to which all shooters were invited to participate. The officers are: Thos. L. Price, President; W. A. Moore, Vice-President; W. Graves, Secretary, and J. Doehla, Treasurer. It seems like a dream to learn of Jefferson City coming along with a club of thirty-five members. Some twenty years ago there were Missouri State shoots held there.

The Cleburn, Tex., Gun Club is to put on new life, and all interested are requested to call on or write Mr. Chas. Thacker.

Special practice shoot at Ames, Ia., last Thursday to prepare for improved scores in the future. Scores were good until darkness set in, and then they did not please the boys so well. Talbot broke 30 out of 35; Adams, 22 out of 32; Young 29 out of 50; Kooster 26 out of 40; Clark 17 out of 25; Brown 17 out of 25; Rice 10 out of 25; Proper 9 out of 25, Deal 9 out of 25.

Ivesdale, Ill., reports holding the trophy shoot on Saturday. The secretary avers that it was the greatest, in point of interest, since the club's organization.

Ralph Trimble and Fred Foster were interesting visitors at the town of Onaway, Mich., a few days ago. All those who visited the gun club grounds were much entertained by the skill shown by Mr. Trimble with the rifle.

John E. Bell, of Pine Bluff, Ark., has won the powder trophy put up by the gun club for the season of 1906.

With fine weather and a good field, the Recreation Gun Club, of Morganstown, W. Va., met Friday last. In the 15-target event, Cobun and Deusenberry were high; in the 20-target event, Jacobs won out on 18. The team race was one-sided; scores: Cobun, captain, 12, Smith 8, Miller 10, Stewart 6; total 36. Deusenberry 13, Jacobs 7, E. R. Taylor 10, S. E. Taylor 10; total 45. The club championship event went to Cobun on 82 per cent. Miss Locks, of Pittsburg, was present and shot at 25 targets, breaking 22.

The Ames, Ia., Gun Club, having a live board of directors, propose to purchase a cup, with a view to stimulate interest in the great sport of trapshooting.

Several out-of-town sportsmen met with the members of the Guthrie, Okla., Gun Club and spent a pleasant afternoon. At 60 targets, Schofield broke 51, Keesey 40, Olsmith 47, Eagan 49, Dr. Smith 41, Eisenschmidt 45, Blake 39.

Only four members of the Forest City, Ia., Gun Club met Tuesday week for practice, and after shooting at 25 targets, they packed their guns. Scores: Nickson 19, Skinner 16, McKay 17, McComber 15.

H. Druecke, of Janeau, Wis., won the diamond medal at the Watertown, Wis., shoot recently, after outshooting O. Roessler, of Hustisford on the tie. Mr. Druecke also won the medal for high general score, 141 out of 165.

Del Gilkey, of Folsom, Kans., crossed the line into Missouri, and proceeded to "show me" the sports at Rich Hill, Mo., how to break targets.

The West Side boys had a great time at the Brookfield, O., picnic. Among other amusements was that of target shooting. At 10 targets, S. C. Van Slyke broke 10, W. Welsh 8, H. Ulp 9, F. Kier 3, Dr. Wright 6.

Nineteen shooters faced the traps at Bay City, Mich., it being the occasion of a visit by Ralph Trimble and Fred Foster. Some of the scores were: Trimble at 75, broke 68, Bradfield 60, Kinderman 59, Stevenson 58, Robboin 49, Fladang 45, Petit 44.

The Enod Gun Club had a change in the programme. The last meeting was that of a corn roast. All enjoyed themselves even if there were after-thoughts from eating too much green corn, you know.

The traps belonging to the Pekin, Ill., Gun Club have been moved to the American Distillery, and there bimonthly shoots will be held, with a view to revive interest in the younger shooters of the city.

Mermod won the Dupont trophy at the Progressive Gun Club shoot, Allen's park, East St. Louis, Sunday last. Scores: Mermod 48, Ford 47, Bell 47, Baggerman 47, Stroth 46, M. Baggerman 46, Alt 44, McCuen 41, Schroeder 39, Crossman 37.

Officers of the Mountaineers' Gun Club, Chattanooga, Tenn., are: Keith Webb, President; C. L. Morrison, Secretary, and W. O. Burks, Treasurer.

Past year has been a very successful one at the Minneapolis, Minn., traps. At the last shoot there was much interest taken, as it was the "rubber." Mr. Johnson won Class A trophy, Mrs. Johnson, the Pentz cup; Shepard, the powder trophy. Good scores were made on this occasion. At 100 targets, Famechon broke 94, L. F. Ken-

PETERS AMMUNITION

SUPREME AT SEA GIRT!

Once more have the great Annual Military Matches been concluded, and once more has the skill of the best marksmen in the United States been put to the test. That this skill has been developed to a very high standard, made possible by the use of PETERS CARTRIDGES, is impressively proven by this remarkable list of winnings and scores made at Sea Girt, Aug. 27 to Sept. 6:

WIMBLEDON CUP MATCH, 1,000 yards.—Won by Capt. J. C. Semon, Ohio. Score 46. Second, Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio. Score 46. Fourth, Sergt. Orr, Ohio. Score 45. All using PETERS cartridges.

GRAND DUPONT AGGREGATE for highest total scores in the WIMBLEDON, LEECH, ALL-COMMERS, HAYES, HALE, MEANY, SPENCER and TROPHY matches won by Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio, using PETERS cartridges.

HALE MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Lieut. W. A. Baker, New Jersey, with a perfect score of 50. Nine of the twelve prizes were won with PETERS cartridges.

LEECH CUP MATCH, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.—Won by Capt. Stuart W. Wise, Massachusetts. Score 100 out of a possible 105. A new record for this match. Second, Corp. Eastman, Ohio. Score 99. Four of the five prizes were won with PETERS cartridges.

PRESS MATCH, 500 yards.—Won by Corp. Warren H. Smith, Ohio. Score 44.

READING MATCH, 500 and 600 yards.—Won by Sergt. H. Baptist, Massachusetts.

N. J. TROPHY MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Sergt. J. R. Williams, New Jersey.

MEANY MATCH, 500 yards.—Won by Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio.

N. R. A. MEMBERS MATCH, 200 and 500 yards.—Won by Sergt. H. Baptist, Mass.

CONSOLATION MATCH, 200 and 300 yards.—Won by Sergt. F. N. Dardingkiller, New York.

DUPONT TYRO MATCH, 800 yards.—Won by Corp. Eastman, Ohio.

STUDENT'S MATCH, 200 yards.—Won by Francis T. Boyd, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

HAYES MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Major A. Rowland, New Jersey.

N. J. MEMBERS MATCH, 200, 300 and 500 yards.—Won by F. T. Boyd, Mass.

COMPANY TEAM MATCH, Tyro.—Won by Gatling Platoon, First Illinois Infantry. Entire team using PETERS cartridges.

REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM MATCH.—Won by Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts. Score 772. All using PETERS cartridges. Second, Second Regiment, Ohio. Third, First Regiment, Maine. Sixteen of the eighteen members of these three winning teams used PETERS cartridges.

VETERAN ORGANIZATION TEAM MATCH.—Won by Old Guard, of Massachusetts. All using PETERS cartridges.

INTER-COLLEGIATE TEAM MATCH.—Won by George Washington University. All using PETERS cartridges.

ROBBER REVOLVER MATCH.—Won by Thomas Anderton, New York.

INTER-CLUB MATCH.—Won by Ohio Team, three members using PETERS ammunition.

ALL-COMERS MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH.
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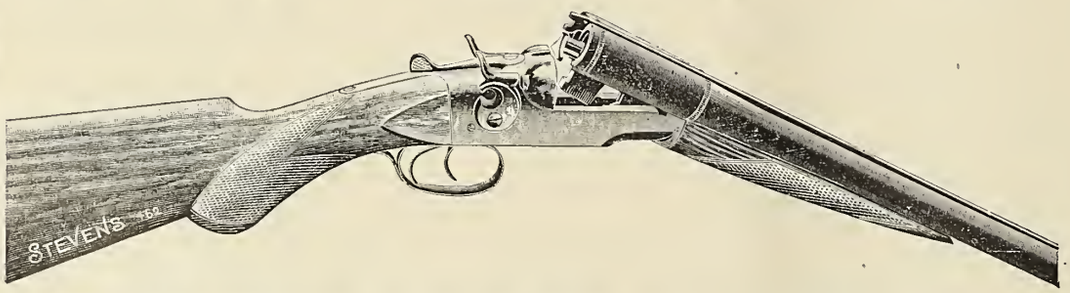

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nedy 93, Johnson 87, Schutz 85, Shepard 83, Mrs. Johnson 76, Edwards 71, Campbell 63, Callender 63, Morgan 51.

At the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., Emil Koehn won the trophy.

Of the 50 shots each at Bolivar, Tenn., last Thursday the following scores were recorded: A. M. Kohm 16, R. H. Jones 18, Todd Elliott 18, R. W. Oglesby 20, Knox Knuckolls 21, John V. Wright 23, John Dickinson 23, Jewell Wright 25, John H. Bills 29, Leo Wright 32, S. W. Tate 33, W. R. Elliott 35, J. E. Warren 35, B. V. Hudson 41.

C. H. Putnam, S. L. Jones, Lou Keith and others have been reported as having brought a gun club to life at Blue Ridge, Georgia. Some of the members have shown up well as clay target shooters.

Fifteen shooters faced the traps at the shoot Thursday last at Faribault, Minn. At 100 targets, M. L. Headline broke 85, R. Peltier 87, J. J. Rachac 90, J. W. Topka 78, J. Fredette 89, J. M. Carey 50, F. J. Machachick 60, Dr. H. Wood 55, Chas. Adler 88, A. F. Johnson 91, W. F. Mills 81, C. A. Judd 80, M. Lee 78, Wm. Drehmel 71, F. Kiekenopp 67, F. Meyers 75, A. Davis 72, J. Snyder 75, Ed. Harkins 65, W. Boltman 80, E. H. Lipport 85, Ed. Lamboni 75, J. J. Malone 76.

Jack Redfern, the veteran shot of the Sioux City, Ia., Gun Club, demonstrated the efficiency of the all-aged by winning the high honors for the 1906 season, a $100 shotgun. He scored 426 for the season, to Ellis's 425.

There was a big gathering of shooters Labor Day, at the watch tower, where the members of the live Rock Island, Ill., Club have their club house. Boys are getting in line early by adopting the handicap system for the building up and holding the interest of its members.

G. A. Lewis, with 44 out of 50, won the Saulspaugh trophy at the shoot Wednesday, at Mankato, Minn. The trap did not work well, and scores were not as good as those made last year. At 25 singles, the scores were: Lulsdorf 19, Saulpaugh 16, Lewis 21, Britt 16, Nyquist 15, Overman 15, Stephen 19, Benedict 14, Brehm 11, Kent 11, Morehart 16, Spencer 17, Wilson 20.

Chester Creviston and Al. La Mont tied for the honors at the last week's meet of the Marion, Ind., Gun Club. This club will be heard from on Oct. 9 and 10. The members feel sure some records will be broken.

Beatrice, Neb., has taken a new start, and the first shoot of the season was held last Wednesday. Scores will be reported when the old members have limbered up a bit.

The merchants' shoot at Rich Hill, Mo., was a great success. Uncle John Garrettson was high for the day with 145 out of 170; Tourtillott was next, 143; Dr. McKinn 143, H. Shaw 141, Del Gilkey 137. Henry Davis, of Ranama, won a case of beer for lowest score.

The committee selected by the Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., reports that it is pushing matters in order to make the shoot of Oct. 9 and 10 one of the best ever held. There will be attractions and added money that will please all.

Call on L. E. Marquis, secretary of the Fountain Gun Club, Bellefontaine, O., if you wish a programme of their shoot, to be held Sept. 18.

Frank Cornelson won the trophy for the season on the grounds of the Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club.

The first tournament of the Danville, Ill., Rod and Gun Club was a success, and much pleased the officers and members. C. A. LeCompte and George Rupert were a tie on 150 out of 160. Other scores were: H. W. Cadwallader 146, Chas. Lamb 141, Ike Squire 141, Fred Rogles 142, Wm. Bell 131, C. R. Anderson 147, Robert Styon 139, Thos. Shepart 126, H. Banto 135, J. W. Robbins 146, J. A. Dawson 144, A. J. Smith 98, S. E. Gilky 142, J. C. Hickman 128.

The gun clubs of Fostoria and Findlay, O., held a shoot on Labor Day. The invitation was to bring the family and picnic in the park.

Holmes won high average at the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club shoot held last Saturday. Allgauer won high average for the season on 82.9. Emil Novotney, 82.4. Don Morrison came on the ground "loaded for bear," and did not stop until he had broken 194 out of 200.

Wichita Mountain Gun Club held a meeting at Lawton, Okla., and completed the organization by electing John M. Young President; H. A. Pope, Vice-President; J. A. Fain, Secretary; John Donald, Treasurer. A club house and other improvements will be made before the snow flies.

Shooters take slumps, possibly worse than baseball players, and the shooters at Richmond, Va., seem to be off in that line at present. One thing that should attract the attention of shooters generally, is that this club has adopted the plan of variation. Some shoots are on the English plan, both barrels at one target, and also shooting doubles.

At the practice shoot on Saturday, last at Columbus, Ohio, though the day was hot, Buchanan and Webber tied on 46 out of 50. Scores at 25 targets: Smith 24, Wiley 18, Kinderman 13, J. T. Welles 20, Webber 23, Smith 20, Lawrence 16, White 17, Shattuck 18, Lewis 16.

When the shooters met last week at Monte Ne, Ark., there was a chance to win a prize at fishing, as well as that of shooting.

The fifth meeting of the Ohio Valley Trapshooters' League was held last Thursday.

Clarence Otis won the trophy at the gun club grounds at Fabor, Ia., last Thursday, by breaking 21 out of 25. C. W. N. Johnson, Frank Tornoy and A. S. Bloedel each made 20.

At the shoot held at Hastings, Ia., last week, the per cent. of the shooters ran thus: Wm. Boyd 88.3, J. W Lariway 86.7, Fred Weatherhead 86.7, Paris Cheney 83.9, C. W. N. Johnson 83.3, Albert Edwards 82.3, F. Arnold 80.9, W. P. Crow 75.5, J. B. Tuckel 77.

Last Sunday the Milk River Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., met at Matt. Kramer's and held a team contest. Geo. Laustra 8, Louis Trombly 8; total 16. Matt Kramer 9, Mose Allard 6; total 15. A return match will be shot Sunday, and Mr. Kramer will provide a cold roast.

The Brayton, Ia., Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday with a fair attendance, though only 100 targets were shot at. Scores: Larson 78, Birk 84, C. Hoegh 76, G. Fredericksen 76, P. Hoegh 76, Vermilya 89, Adams 89, Wilson 86, Talbot 84, Van Gorder 78. Ingraard Birk, of Brayton, won the county badge.

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Authentic reports of the Western Handicap, held at Denver recently, show that every day of the tournament ***more*** shooters used Winchester shells than any other make.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 17-19, 1906.

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Dryfus was high man at the Parker Gun Club shoot, Milwaukee, Wis., recently. At 20 targets: Hammersmith 17, Lake 12, Dryfus 18, Twoster 13, Bremmer 12, McBride 10.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

LABOR DAY at the Columbus Gun Club was a good lively proposition, and those who participated had a fine time. The attendance was good, considering the Ohio State fair, and being a holiday.

The shooting began at 10:30 and lasted till dark, a great many extra events and sweepstakes being shot besides the regular tournament.

Sir Stanley Rhoads was high "rabbit man" with the amateurs, and Chamberlain was second high amateur. D. D. Gross, the only professional present, broke 131. Dell just returned from the West, and looks just like he shot.

Ray Campbell, from Edison, O., was here, and is one of the boys, all right.

E. M. Stout, of Circleville, O., was all here, and has the boys all lined up for his shoot on Sept. 6.

Mr. Slater, from San Diego, Cal., was a welcome visitor.

Frank Hall was through the whole performance, and behaved very nicely at the table.

"Alphabet" White, of the St. Louis Sportsman, cashiered the shoot, and paid up promptly at the close. Everybody was glad to have him with us again.

Mr. Atwood did fine work as referee and scorer.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Brk.
Buchanan..	10	8	10	6	5	10	9	5	8	6	8	9	8	8	8	118
Fishinger..	9	9	10	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	10	8	6	114
Rhoads. ...	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	7	9	10	9	10	7	8	10	129
Gross	9	9	9	9	10	9	7	9	7	9	9	8	10	8	9	131
Chamb'rl'n	9	8	10	8	10	7	8	9	9	7	8	7	7	10	7	124
H Smith..	10	7	9	9	8	5	8	8	7	8	6	9	10	7	8	119
E Stout...	9	8	7	10	5	8	7	5	7	7	8	6	10	9	5	114
J Wells....	6	7	4	7	3	7	7	7	6	4	7	4	7	6	9	91
F Hall....	6	6	8	9	8	6	8	5	3	7	4	7	7	7	9	100
Campbell...	8	8	9	9	9	8	10	9	7	8	7	8	6	7	6	119
Shattuck..	5	6	9	6	7	10	7	5	8	8	8	7	6	5	6	103
J Smith....	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	7	10	7	9	7	7	7	8	9	77
W Darby..	8	9	5	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	..	53
Moeller ...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	6	8	6	6	37
Slater	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	5
Harness...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	5	7	9		39
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	6	5	7		35

In the merchandise event Gross from 19yds. was high with 20; Van Fossen, from 16yds., was second with 19 rabbits; Chamberlain, 18yds., killed 18; Geo. Buchanan, 18yds., 16; Stout, 16yds., 15. This event was at 20 birds, handicapped by the 15th event. Five prizes to five high guns; class shooting.

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass.—The rain in the morning kept many shooters from attending. Climax and Rule's shooting was somewhat below what they are capable of doing, the former being obliged to shoot four borrowed guns; and Rule's gun also went to the bad.

High averages were taken by Kirkwood, first; Climax, second; Rule, third; Edwards, fourth; Comer, fifth; George, sixth.

Climax and Edwards shot for targets only so the prizes went to Kirkwood, Rule, Comer and George.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	Brk.
Kirkwood	14	13	12	15	14	20	19	17	18	20	162
Comer	13	11	13	13	14	18	16	16	17	18	149
Climax	15	14	13	12	13	18	18	20	14	17	154
Dean	10	9	12	12	13	18	17	16	16	17	140
Faulkner	14	7	13	11	13	19	13	16	18	18	142
Tozier	9	10	11	13	11	14	18	15	11	13	125
George	12	13	11	10	13	19	18	18	16	16	146
Miller	9	13	12	9	11	14	14	17	16	17	132
Childs	12	14	11	13	12	16	15	15	12	16	136
Tuck	13	12	11	13	12	12	16	12	16	16	133
Rule	13	14	13	11	13	18	15	19	18	19	153
Edwards	14	13	13	13	10	18	16	17	18	18	150
Parkhurst	8	14	9	12	11	16	15	13	14	16	128
H R Moore.....	..	13	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
G C Moore.....	..	13	12	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Richardson	8	10	6	12	8	13	14	15	12	8	106
Fay	13	10	14	9	6	11	14	15	15	9	146
Jones	13	14	11	11	9	16	15	15	18	19	141
Hatch	11	13	11	12	12	13	13	14	15	15	129
W Allen	12	13	14	11	12	12	12	15	15	11	127
Austin	..	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bowen	..	12	13	12	..	16	16	17	..	..	...
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	..	..	...
William	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	13	..	...
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	11	10	..	...

E. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 8.—The visitors were Mr. Huntley, of Omaha, Neb., and Mr. Le Noir, of Springfield, Mass. The attendance was light.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	16	20	16	15	15	12	15
Wildhack	14	16	15	17	16	15	12
Hunter	15	18	16	15	13	16	..
Anderson	15	16	16	15	15	13	..
Lewis	16	15	15	17	13	17	12
Southern	7	9	8	12	11	8	..
Morris	13	17	13	15	13	10	7
Daggett	11	9	17	14	11	..	..
Beck	15	16	16	11	17	14	..
Huntley	19	18	18	17	19	..	..
Moller	17	14	17	17	19	..	..
Wilks	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leib	19	13	..	..	..	..	..
Sayles	13	15	16	15	16	..	..
Wilson	13	15	13	..	..	..	..

SECRETARY.

Alert Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa.—The Alert Gun Club's tournament, at Phillipsburg, N. J., on Labor Day started in with rain, and this on the start off was the means of holding a great many out-of-town shooters away from the tournament. However, the rain did not keep all the shooters away, and at about 10:30 A. M. the tournament started with shooters entered from the three surrounding States. The professional shots in attendance were Neaf Apgar, Mr. Lewis, and H. P. Fessenden. Amateurs were present from Easton, Allentown and Bethlehem, Bangor and Penn Argyl, in Pennsylvania; from New York city, and from many different points in New Jersey and also from Warwick, N. Y., and a delegation was present from this place.

Shooting was not up to the standard on account of rain and also on account of the heavy wind blowing across the traps. Two sets of traps were used, and the shooters were finished with the programme by 4:30.

Messrs. Markley and Heil tied for high amateur average with 173 breaks. Schortemeier, of New York city came in for second high average. Pleiss and Castle tied for third high average. Neaf Apgar took high professional average with 172 breaks.

An up-to-date lunch was served to the shooters, and was enjoyed by all of them. Thirty-nine different shooters faced the traps during the day, and about 7,000 targets were thrown. Scores:

	Shot at	Brk.		Shot at	Brk.
E F Markley	200	173	Coe	150	118
A Heil	200	173	Hendrickson	140	95
N Apgar	200	172	Lines	140	103
Schortemeier	200	170	Arnwine	135	79
J F Pleiss	200	169	Frome	120	91
Castle	200	169	Wright	115	49
Day, Jr	200	166	Hahn	120	79
Wilson	200	166	Slater	105	82
W F Matthews	200	160	Warren	95	74
Hellyer	200	160	Neff	90	63
N L Clark	200	158	Leidy	80	50
McDowell	200	155	Howell	75	49
Lindley	200	154	Kinney	75	47
Lewis	200	141	Van Kirk	60	46
Daudt	200	140	Williams	55	35
Dr Matthews	200	134	Kendig	50	33
Fessenden	200	133	Reinhold	50	17
J Young	200	132	Somers	35	20
Rodgers	175	144	Sitgreaves	20	13
Dr Edsall	155	109			

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn., Sept. 8.—The Norwich Shooting Club held a pleasant practice shoot on Saturday afternoon, the attendance being satisfactory. This was the last chance afforded the shooters for practice before the State shoot, which a number will attend, at Hartford, Thursday, the 13th.

Messrs. Prest, Strong and Ames were welcome visitors from New London. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot		Per
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	at.	Broke.	Cent.
Mitchell	22	24	..	..	..	50	46	.92
Brown	22	22	24	..	..	75	68	.91
Noble	21	23	23	22	..	100	89	.89
Tafft	23	21	..	..	..	50	44	.88
Olcott	23	19	..	..	..	50	42	.84
Prest	23	23	19	18	..	100	83	.83
Strong	20	18	22	18	..	100	80	.80
Ames	15	14	..	..	7	60	36	.60
Wells	7	16	..	..	..	50	23	.46

Prest was the winner of the silver spoon, winning the shoot-off from Olcott and Tafft. Their first scores were 23 each.

On Saturday, Sept. 22, an all-day shoot will be held, and a large attendance is promised.

A. S. BROWN, Sec'y.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Sept. 6.—The Sheepshead Bay Gun Club shoot to-day had ten contestants, who shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
McKane	10	..	9	13	..	8	..	11	12	13	..	..	20
Tylor	12	12	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dreyer	10	7	12	..	11	..	14	..	12	..	..	..	18
Kelly	12	13	15	13	14	..	14	..	13	..	..	..	23
H Bergen	12	14	12	13	14	13	13	..	12	..	13	13	23
Montanus	..	10	..	11	..	10	..	10	10	..	..	18	18
J Martin	..	13	14	13	12	10	13	13	8	11	13	23	22
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	12	10	12	.. 19
Wynne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	13	17	23
Dave Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	21

Event 13, the club shoot, was won by Dave Martin, on handicap. Events 11 and 12 were shot at 20yds. All the rest at 16yds.

Team match, three men on side, at 15 targets each:

Kelly	13	J Martin	14
Montanus	14	Tyler	12
Dreyer	12—39	McKane	10—36

Keystone Gun Club.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 3.—The first event was at 10 live birds, $8 entrance. Scores:

Kissinger	2022222220—9	Jack	0122021022—8
Goodman	2222202022—9	Buck	1012012200—7
Duffy	2022220222—9	Vandersand	2101210002—7

Match, Kissinger vs. Reifsnyder, 25 birds, $25 per side:

Kissinger	2202202220020222222222222—20
Reifsnyder.	2222222222222202000220022—19

Reifsnyder started well, killing first 13 straight, then went to pieces, losing 6 out of the last 12, while Kissinger grew stronger, killing last 12 straight.

NAT. RESSLER, Mgr.

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905.

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Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Sept. 3.—The opening shoot of the fall season was not very well attended, probably owing to the fact that many of the members are still away on their vacations, and that it rained quite hard during the early part of the shoot.

Event No. 2 was won by W. I. Soverel on the shoot-off, he receiving a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM as first prize.

Event No. 4, 25 targets, gun held below the elbow, was tied for by Messrs. Batten and Bush.

There were also several ties for Event No. 5. Mr. Batten won first prize, Winslow second, and Bush third.

Event No. 3 was easily won by Mr. Boxall, with the only clean score for the day. Scores:

Events:	1	2		3		4		5		6	
Batten	19	2	12	1	6	4	20	4	18	..	..
Boxall	16	1	12	0	10	2	19	2	17	2	16
Winslow.	21	2	12	1	8	4	14	4	17	3	20
Cockefair	21	1	13	0	9	2	17	2	17	2	20
Bush	18	0	12	0	8	0	20	0	15	0	19
Soverel	..	3	13	1	7	4	15	4	15	4	18
Stehli	..	3	11	2	7	6	12	..	..	..	..
Buenes	..	0	12	0	6	0	16	0	17	4	18

Sept. 8.—Some seven events were run off to-day with but seven members present. Event 1, at scratch, was for practice only, and was won by Nott with 22 breaks to his credit.

Event 2 gives the scores for the August event for the Sauer gun. This is a handicap event, at 25 targets, with the privilege of one re-entry. Batten was ahead at the end of the first string with a score of 21 breaks to his credit. This, with his handicap of 4 added, gave him a perfect score of 25. In the re-entry, Nott tied him for first place, but in the shoot-off, which occurred in the following event, Batten won out.

Events 4 and 5 give the scores for the Sauer gun for September. In the re-entry for this event, event 5, Boxall and Winslow tied at 24 for first place; but on the shoot-off Winslow won out (event 6).

Event 7 gives scores for the Colquitt trophy, a field gun, a weekly event, for the fall shooting, at 25 targets, handicap, gun to be held below shoulder till target appears. Boxall was the winner of this event with a score of 23.

On Saturday, the 15th, the Montclair Club visit the Newton, and shoot the return team race, ten men on a side.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Bush, 0	19	19	18	..	..	..	..
Batten, 4	20	24	..	19	18	..	20
Barnes, 0	21	22	..	17	21	..	18
Boxall, 2	20	23	21	23	24	22	23
Nott, Jr., 2	22	24	25	15	20	..	13
Winslow, 4	18	19	22	18	24	25	12
Cockfair, 2	..	24	15	17	21	..	21

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League.

GRAFTON, W. Va., Sept. 4.—The sixth regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, was held here to-day by the Grafton Rod and Gun Club and attracted a fair number of shooters. Weather conditions were fine, and some fairly good scores were made.

High amateur average for the day was won by Mr. W. A. Wiedebusch, of the Fairmont Gun Club, with a score of 185 out of 200. Dr. J. O. McNeely, of the same club, won the League championship gold medal for the tournament with a score of 19 out of 20. The Dupont cup, emblematic of the team championship of the League, was won for the tournament by the team representing the Fairmont Gun Club, and in this event no other club entered a team.

The next tournament of the League will be held by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va., on Tuesday, Sept. 25, when, in addition to the regular League programme, there will be shot off the team race between the Ohio Valley Sportsman's League and the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League, for the possession of the Ballistite cup for the ensuing year.

An extra event will also be run for the possession of the L. C. Smith gold medal, open to all amateurs, at 20 single targets, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs, doubles.

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
W Wiedebusch	200	185	A H Donally	200	151
J McNeely	200	180	G M Lilly	200	130
I F Phillips	200	173	F Amos	200	136
E F Jacobs	200	171	L J Walker	200	132
E H Taylor	200	168	W B Stuck	200	120
O D Williams	200	163	H C Shaw	200	120
F Coogle	200	159	A R Warden	120	73
J Merrifield	200	157	W F Carey	120	71
G N Hoover	200	153			

League team race, five men, 20 targets:
Fairmont Gun Club.

Wiedebusch	19	Coogle	14
McNeely	20	*E H Taylor	14—87
Capt Phillips	20		

League individual championship gold medal, 20 targets, won by J. O. McNeely, 19.

*Eligibility in question.

ELMER F. JACOBS,
Sec'y-Treas. M. V. S. League.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Sept. 3.—At the Labor Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club Messrs. G. B. Hubbell and Amos Bedell tied on a score of 20, from the 18yds. mark, and on the shoot-off miss-and-out the former won.

C. G. Blandford, at 19yds., and W. H. Coleman, at 20, tied on 19, and Blandford won on a shoot-off. The prizes were a fine Abbey & Imbrie fishing reel for first, and a lancewood bass rod for second.

Targets were thrown hard and a strong wind made difficult shooting. The next regular shoot would come on next Saturday, 8th inst., but to avoid two shoots in

one week, it will be postponed till Saturday, the 22d.

Figures after names signify yards handicap in events 5 and 6:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	15	10	10	25	25	10	10	10		
C G Blandford, 19..	9	13	6	7	19	17	8	8	8	125	95
G B Hubbell, 18....	9	12	7	7	20	..	9	9	7	100	80
E Brewerton, 16.....	3	6	3	5	10	..	3	5	4	100	39
Wm Sutton	3	4	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	40	12
W H Coleman, 20..	8	12	6	9	19	21	9	8	7	125	99
E McDonald, 16.....	..	..	..	6	13	11	5	..	..	70	35
A Bedell, 18	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	9	6	..	45	35
H N Hubbell.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	...	...
R A Ward.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	...	...

C. G. B.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 5.—The Labor Day shoot of the Springfield Shooting Club had forty participants, of whom twenty-seven shot through the programme. Wind and rain were unfavorable weather conditions for good scores or comfort. Through the day 6,100 targets were thrown. The trade representatives present were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning, W. J. Haight, H. Langhaus. Mr. Elliott was ill, and unable to participate in shooting as a consequence. He departed for home early.

The totals of the scores of those shooting the entire programme of 200 targets follow:

	Broke.	Per Cent.		Broke.	Per Cent.
Fanning 183		.915	Arnold 154		.770
Chapin 182		.910	Alderman 142		.710
H Metcalfe.....181		.905	Misterly 140		.700
Bradley 175		.875	Laughan 129		.645
Kelly 174		.870	Coats 129		.645
Johnson 169		.845	Corey 128		.640
Howard 172		.860	Kites 107		.540
Olds 166		.830	Snow 160		.800
Sanderson 165		.825	Boudreau 160		.800
Hendricks 163		.815	Henry 158		.790
McMullen 162		.810	Claridge 158		.790
F Metcalfe 162		.810	White 156		.780
Haight 160		.800			

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We received the following from a correspondent for publication: "Monte Ne, Ark., Sept. 7.—In the target tournament that closed here to-day Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., representing the Winchester Company, led in the regular tournament with 299 breaks out of 300, with a run of 224. He also won the gold medal event, 100-target handicap, with 97 from the 20yd. mark. Mr. Turner Hubby, of Waco, Texas, and Paul Litzke, of Little Rock, were close seconds."

THE RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY

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Sea Girt Tournament.

THE National team match had thirty-seven States represented by teams, besides the teams of the Army and Navy. The conditions were: Teams of twelve men, one U. S. Cavalry and one infantry team, one from the U. S. Navy, one U. S. Marine Corps, one U. S. Military Academy, one U. S. Naval Academy, one from the uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia. Kinds of fire, slow, rapid and skirmish. Distances, slow fire, 200, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards. Rapid fire, 200yds. Skirmish, one run. Two sighting shots and ten shots for record at each range. Positions, standing at 200yds., and prone with head toward target at all other ranges. Arms, U. S. service rifles and carbines, with not less than three pounds trigger pull; U. S. service cartridge. To the team making the highest aggregate score during the contest, the National trophy, and $300; to second, the Hilton trophy and $200; to third, the Soldier of Marathon and $150; to fourth, $100; to fifth, $75; to sixth, $50; to seventh, medals. The match was finished on Thursday and was won by the infantry team of the U. S. Army with a total score of 3,251 points. The Hilton trophy, second prize, was won by the U. S. Cavalry team, with a score of 3,191 points. The Massachusetts team was third, with a score of 3,177; New York was fourth, score, 3,165 points.

In the Continuous matches of the National and New Jersey State Rifle Associations, which were shot before the National matches, A. Topperwein, of Texas, won the individual rapid-fire match with a score of 457; J. S. Boa was second with 438.

In the Hayes match, Major Rowland and W. B. Burpitt tied on 50. The distance was 200yds., 10 shots, military rifle, any ammunition; re-entries unlimited.

The New York revolver match was won by J. A. Dietz with 146 points; T. Anderton was second with 142. J. A. Dietz also won the pistol match, scoring 147. A. L. Himmelwright took second prize with 144. In the "Bobber" revolver match, T. Anderton took first prize with 62, Lieut. R. H. Sayre finishing second with 57.

The disappearing target revolver match was won by J. A. Dietz with a score of 75; J. C. Bunn was second with 74.

In the all-comers' military revolver rapid-fire match there were thirty-four ties for first place, with full scores.

On Sept. 7 the National individual match was begun. It was open to Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Cadets U. S. Military Academy, Midshipmen U. S. Naval Academy, organized militia of the States and Territories, and the District of Columbia, and to members of the N. R. A. and to affiliated clubs. Conditions: 1,200yds., slow fire; 600yds., slow fire; 800yds., slow fire; 200yds., rapid fire, one skirmish run, 1,000yds., slow fire. First prize, gold medal and $1,000; second, third and fourth, gold medals and $400, $200 and $150 respectively. From sixth to twenty-sixth prizes, the money values are from $75 to $5. The cash prizes amount to $2,400. It was closed on Monday, Sept. 10, and was won by Lieut. T. H. Dillon, of the U. S. Engineer Corps, with a total of 313. Lieut. Humma, of the Second U. S. Cavalry, was second, with 304; Pvt. Brass, of Montana, was third, with 301.

The National pistol match, shot on Saturday, was open to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Cadets U. S. Military Academy, Midshipmen U. S. Naval Academy, the organized militia, the members of the National Rifle Association of America and affiliated clubs. The conditions were: Distances, slow fire, 20 seconds to each shot, 10 shots, 75yds., no sighting shots. Time fire, 20 seconds to each score of 5 shots, 10 shots, 25 and 50yds.; no sighting shots. Rapid fire, 8 seconds to each score of 5 shots, 10 shots, 15 and 25yds. Target A for slow and timed fire; K for rapid fire. Position, without body or artificial rest; only one hand to be used. Arms, the U. S. service pistol, Colt or Smith & Wesson, .38 caliber; length of barrel as issued to troops; trigger-pull, not less than 4 pounds. Service ammunition.

The winners were: First, Lieut. Samuel M. Parker, 29th U. S. Infantry, 238; second, Capt. Smith, Squadron A, New York, 235; third, Sergt. Clarence E. Orr, Ohio, 235; fourth, Capt. McNabb, U. S. Infantry, 234; fifth, Sergt. Putnam, Squadron A, New York, 233; sixth, Sergt. Hamilton, U. S. Cavalry, 232; seventh, Capt. Graham, U. S. Infantry, 232; eighth, Pvt. Olsen, Minnesota, 231; ninth, Sergt. Logan, U. S. Cavalry, 230; tenth, Major Isbel, Connecticut, 230; eleventh, Lieut. Foerster, U. S. Cavalry, 230; twelfth, Pvt. Hildeman, Iowa, 230.

The rapid fire prize was won by Lieut. F. H. Heidenreich, of the District of Columbia; the slow fire prize was won by Sergt. C. E. Orr, of Ohio, and the timed fire prize was won by Lieut. Parker, winner of the match.

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Wanted, Wild Ducks.—Two dozen blacks and mallards, one dozen green-wing, and one dozen blue-wing teal, for delivery, alive, on or after September 16; must be satisfied they are wild stock. Send reply to GRIMM, 8 Stone St., Watertown, N. Y. 11

FOR SALE.—.45-90 WINCHESTER RIFLE, model 1886, special finish. New. Cheap. H. H. CARR, 524 Society for Savings Bldg., Cleveland, O. 11

WANTED.—LIVE GREAT-HORNED OWLS, $5 a piece. Write HENRY A. FLETCHER, West Chelmsford, Mass. 12

THE GUN FOR DUCKS

as well as all other wild fowl is the Remington Autoloading Shot Gun. No "kick" means **increased pleasure,** the solid breech means **absolute safety,** the single barrel means **ease in handling.** You can afford this modern gun which secures comfort for the shooter because it lists at the moderate price of $40, subject to dealers' discount.

THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y. **Agency; 315 Broadway, New York City.**

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

THE medal match of the Providence, R. I. Revolver Club for the handsome National Rifle Association medal, was held on Labor Day at Portsmouth. The conditions of the match were: Two sighting and five shots for score at 200, 300 and 500 yards; U. S. Army magazine rifles, or a rifle certified by the National Rifle Association as conforming to the Government arm as to bore, cartridge, etc.

The match was shot under extremely unfavorable conditions for good scores, there being a severe storm during the forenoon, and the wind blowing a gale, shifting to various points of the range. At the 200yd. line it was impossible to hold on the target.

Several members came a considerable distance to participate in this annual match. Mr. Powell, from his summer place in Canada, one man from a Vermont trip, and two from Boston.

Chief Yeoman Mayo, U. S. N., won the match by a narrow margin, leading Coulters and Hurlburt, who tied for second place, by 3 points. Messrs. Powell and Norman tried out one of the new .30cal. Springfield rifles and tied in their totals.

Practice shooting and the storm caused some delay, so that when the 500yd. stage was reached it was too dark to see the bullseye after the first few shots, and the match was closed by unanimous vote at 200 and 300yds.

	200yds.	300yds.
Chief Yeoman F S Mayo, U. S. N., .30 Krag	4443334—17	5443444—19—36
A C Hurlburt, .30 Krag	2534424—17	4432344—16—33
A B Coulters, .30 Krag	3343424—17	3332335—16—33
B Norman, .30 Springfield	3333443—17	2240434—15—32
H Powell, .30 Springfield	3403433—13	3243345—19—32
E C Parkhurst, .30 Krag	2223433—15	0344324—17—32
O M Summers, .30 Krag	2222033—10	3444454—21—31
Wm Almy, .30 Winchester	2320534—14	3434324—16—30
C L Greene, .30 Krag	4323433—15	5432422—13—28

The following scores represent the work of the past week:

Practice match, military rifles:

	200yds.	300yds.	T'l		200yds.	300yds.	T'l
Norman	27	27	54	Summers	21	24	45
Powel	26	27	53	Greene	19	22	41
Hurlburt	24	28	52	Parkhurst	24	16	40
Almy	23	24	47	Mayo	12	25	37
Coulters	26	20	46				

Rifle, 50yds., Standard target: S. K. Luther 84, 78, 92*, 86, 86, 91, 81, 81, 76, 81, 87; F. S. Mayo 78, 81, 81, 82, 79, 85, 77, 79, 79, 75, 80, 85, 88.

*Ties record.

Standard target, 25yds.: Luther 86; Mayo 83, 80, 83, 89, 80, 82.

German ring target: Gardiner 238, 239, 242, 241, 240.

Military Krag, reduced Creedmoor target: Hurlburt 38, 40.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target: Wm. Eddy 82, 91, 88, 85, 78, 82, 78, 78; Edw. C. Parkhurst 86, 82, 83, 89, 73; Miller 84, 82, 86; Hurlburt 75, 76, 77.

Creedmoor target: Eddy 47, 49, 48, 48, 46, 46, 46, 46; Miller 47, 48, 48, 44, 45; Hurlburt 45, 45, 45; Parkhurst 48, 47, 46, 49, 44.

Creedmoor target, 75yds.: Parkhurst 41.

Club 100-shot record, .22 rifles, 25yds., ¼in. ring target: F S Mayo.....234 237 238 241 239 240 246 240 240 238—2393

Ohio Rifle Notes.

The following scores were made at the semi-monthly shoot of the Cincinnati Police Revolver Club, at the range in City Hall. Distance 60ft., possible 200: Corp. Wm. S. Gough 191, Corp. C. O. Clark 190, Corp. Thos. Hughes 189, Major John W. Carroll 188, Corp H. Leuchtenbery 187, Col. P. M. Milliken 185, Corp. Posey L. Curtis 188, Lieut. Wm. E. Watson 132, Sergt. O. O. Williams 182, Sergt. Frank McNulty 163, Corp John M. Muhle 177, Corp John Springmeyer 180, Corp. Jacob Sterley 165, Corp. Aug. E. Krimme 169.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was invited to deliver a lecture in a town in the central part of Massachusetts. He was not feeling very well, and he wrote the following reply to the committee in declining to accept the invitation:

"I am far from being in good physical health, and I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty-dollar bill after my lecture I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

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Ads under this head 2 cents a word a time (or 3 cents in capitals). Cash must accompany order.

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FOR SALE.—Thoroughly trained pointers, setters and hounds. Can furnish you a good one at a moderate price at any time. GEO. W. LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.

MY ENTIRE KENNEL of English Setters, young dogs and brood bitches. FRANK FORESTER KENNELS, Warwick, N. Y. 11

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WANTED.—COON DOG. ONE WHO HAS BEEN HUNTED IN NEW ENGLAND. Address R. M. TENNEY, 10 Arrow St., Cambridge, Mass. 11

For Sale.—TWO VIRGINIA RABBIT HOUNDS, thoroughly trained and guaranteed. Box 135, Princeton N. J. 12

BOSTON TERRIER DOG, BRINDLE AND WHITE, FOR SALE, HOUSE BROKEN; AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB REGISTER No. 84322; CERTIFIED PEDIGREE; PRICE, $100. J. E. Barbour, 418 Grand St., Paterson, N. J. 11

FOR SALE.—CHOICE IRISH SETTER MALE PUP. FINEST PEDIGREE. CHEAP. BAUER, 100 E. 85th St., New York. 11

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"Horse and Hound" is encyclopedic in all that pertains to foxhunting. It has chapters as follows: Hunting. The Hunter. Schooling of Hunters. Cross-Country Riding and Origin of the American Hound. Breeding and Raising Horses. The Kennel. Scent. The Fox. Tricks and Habits of the Fox. In the Field. Hunt Clubs. The style is clear and crisp, and every chapter abounds with hunting information. The work is profusely illustrated. Price, $2.50.
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In the corner of the crate is a receptacle for water, a funnel connection providing for its being filled from the outside. On the front of the crate, and just below the door, is a buffet, or pocket, for dog biscuits. All of our crates are provided with a removable or false bottom, which insures cleanliness.

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In manufacturing these dog crates, we keep two points constantly in view. One is to save the money of the dog owner; the other is to save the life and limb of the dog. We accomplish the first by making the crate so light that the express charges will be greatly reduced, the saving on the first two or three trips often paying the cost of the crate.

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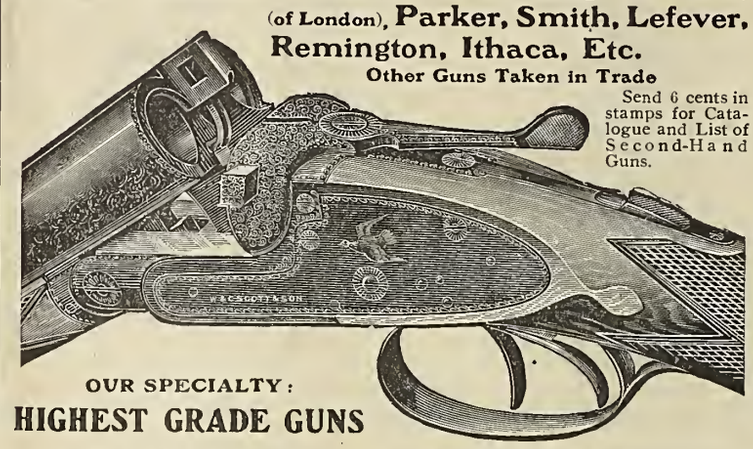

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"W. W. Greener, Birmingham, England.

"My Dear Sir—Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but I want to extend my most sincere thanks and gratitude to you for the great pleasure you have afforded me during the past thirty-five years by making a gun that certainly has stood the test that few can equal. The number of my old No. 10-gauge is 11722. I bought it of E. E. Eaton, 53 State St., Chicago, Ill., the fall of 1870, and paid him an even $200 for the gun, case and loading tools; $175 for the gun alone.

"Now that my good and true old horse died a short time ago, my present dog is getting old, and I, too, am not so young as I used to be, I have laid aside my good old true and faithful friend, until such time as I am laid to rest, when it will be in the box with me. But here goes for a big but true story.

"During thirty-five years my old companion has missed but one season's shooting; during all these years she has piled up her share of game—ducks, geese, chicken, quail, pheasants, etc.—and back in the '70's she never failed to do her duty at all shooting matches. I doubt if ever there was a gun made that has been used as much as mine, and especially with the heavy loads I have always used, and to-day it would bother you to find a scratch or mar about her, and her barrels are as clean and smooth inside as a dollar; and, stranger yet, this old friend of mine has not cost me five cents for repairs except an extra set of firing pins, and she looks good for many years to come. No gun ever made is a harder shooter than mine. Never once missed fire, and I do not know, but it seems to me to be impossible to miss a bird; and only last fall she was just as true as ever, and never failed to do her duty.

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"Excuse me for taking your valuable time, but so many times I have felt so grateful towards you for furnishing me with such a true and faithful companion that I now feel that I want to thank you a thousand times for the pleasure and satisfaction you have afforded me in the last thirty-five years.

"Your guns may be just as good now as then, but I do not happen to see any of them since I came to Minnesota twenty years ago. I do know that none of the new guns I see that I would exchange my old favorite No. 11722 for to-day.

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FOREST AND STREAM

A JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE, TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY, SHOOTING, FISHING, YACHTING.

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With one same house as boy or man content;
Propt now by staff on ground where erst he crawled,
Of his old home the ages are recalled.
His has not fate through countless turmoils led,
Not to drink foreign waters has he sped:
Merchant nor soldier, waves nor wars with awe
Have scared him, nor hoarse clamors of the law:
Shunning affairs and cities howe'er nigh,
With freer glance he gazes on the sky;
By crops, not consuls, he computes the year:
Apples show autumn, flowers that spring is near.
His field both hides and shows the solar ray,
And by the sun's round he divides the day.
From what small germ the vast oak sprang he knows,
And marks the grove that with his own growth grows;
Deems far as Ind Verona close at hand,
Benacus' lake far as the Red Sea strand.
Yet with firm force, strong arms that never fail,
The third race sees the grandsire stout and hale.
Others may roam and distant Spain explore,
This man lives longer though they travel more.

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THE "QUAIL HUNTER."

"'CHALKY' FOOTE is dead."

This was the telegram received from Springfield, Ill., by E. J. Sanford, superintendent of the Union Depot. It brings up a train of recollections of the days when Jack Kennedy, "quail hunter," was holding up a train every week or two in Jackson county. Kennedy is in the penitentiary now, but it took hard work to put him there.

"Chalky" Foote was a locomotive engineer. He had another name, "Leroy," but his friends knew him as "Chalky." There was something wrong with one of his feet and he limped. He was engineer of passenger engine No. 217 on the Chicago and Alton Railway. This engine pulled the fast train which left the Union Depot at 8:50 o'clock at night. Three times, in 1897, while "Chalky" Foote was in the cab of his engine, it was flagged to a standstill in Blue Cut, near Glendale, this county. Each time, Jack Kennedy, who was an engineer himself, climbed aboard the cab and exclaimed in a friendly way:

"Hello, 'Chalky,' I'll run her," and Kennedy took the throttle, the express car was cut loose, pulled away from the train, and stopped again in a secluded spot where the engine was uncoupled and sent up the track. Then Kennedy blew open the safe and looted it.

It was Kennedy's familiarity with "Chalky" Foote that first caused his identification. It led the detectives to believe the leader of the bandits was a railroad man. This pointed to other clues and finally Kennedy was caught "with the goods." He was tried and acquitted. Soon thereafter he held up the same engineer, engine and express messenger in the same spot.

Kennedy was known in those days as "The Quail Hunter." One evening a horse stumbled at Seventeenth and Penn streets and fell. Its rider was pitched forward upon the pavement and stunned. He was carried into a grocery store and before he revived a shotgun and red lantern were found under his coat. A mask and dynamite cartridges were in his pocket. He was equipped splendidly to hold up a train. He was taken to police headquarters. It was Kennedy. Asked where he was going, he replied:

"I was going quail hunting."

From that time he was the "Quail Hunter." It developed later that he was going to Muncie, Kan., to hold up a Union Pacific train. That was his last trip. He was sent to the penitentiary shortly afterward.—Kansas City Star.

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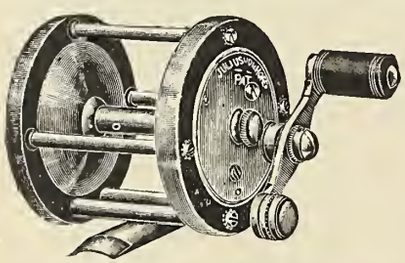

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Forest and Stream

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THE DOG IN THE FIELD.

THE season of the year is now here when the setter and the pointer, possessed of any commendable working abilities afield, suddenly are awarded a place on the pinnacles of their owners' most distinguished consideration, in respect to sentimental, utilitarian and monetary values. The man's indifference of the close season gives place to the most lively interest of the open season. Nor is this new interest manifest on one side only. The dog, observing the significant unearthing of sporting toggery, anticipates the pleasures of forthcoming field work, and displays extra affection toward the person who is his master. It has come to a time when in a way there is a certain community of interest between man and dog in the pleasures of upland shooting, in anticipation.

However, few sportsmen consider that, let the pleasures of pursuit and capture be divided ever so equally, there is no equal division in the amount or fatigues of the work. Galloping up and down hill, through cover and open, over ground wet or dry, smooth or rough, with the interests of the gun to observe and ever to keep in mind, the dog has a task which is laborious in its execution and varied in its requirements. He must skillfully beat out the ground as his master walks through it, and, when the birds are found, he must take a subordinate, yet earnest, part in assisting his master to effect possession of them.

Yet, after a day of such fatiguing labor, the dog may be scantily fed, or fed abundantly on food which he detests, and then left to shift as best he can for his sleeping quarters. If he is ravenously hungry, he may seem to enjoy a bad supper; but a good supper for a dog is easily provided if a little forethought is exercised concerning it, and the best fed dog, all else being equal, will do the best work. A thoroughly fatigued dog is likely to lie down anywhere, but the seeking for rest should not be construed as an expression of contentment. In the matter of comfort and healthfulness, the tired dog has no judgment. The immediate needs of the moment are all that he considers. If he curls up by the side of a haystack in the early evening, it may be a good selection for the time being; later in the night, if frost or rain set in, no more uncomfortable place could be found.

There is no more pathetic sight in the incidents of field shooting than that of a dog which, muscle sore and wearied when he begins his outdoor rest, wakes tremblingly, stiff and unrefreshed in the damp and chill of the morning, and tries to wag his tail and look pleased in his effort to cheerfully greet his master, who has slept comfortably. It is not a difficult task to provide some kind of comfortable sleeping quarters for one's dog. There is generally abundance of hay everywhere, and with it a most comfortable bed can be quickly made. The side of a stake can readily be made into sleeping quarters by making a bed of hay beside it, then erecting a lean-to over it, all generously covered with hay or straw.

The neglect of the dog, so often an incident of hunting parties, is the result of thoughtlessness, not of intention. A little forethought and prevision are not extravagant returns, however, for the services which the setter and pointer at work render their masters. Some dog cakes, some lean beef, and a place to sleep comfortably, are humble requital in return for strenuous services, aside from the affection and devotion which the dog has for the master he loves. The merciful master should see that his dog suffers not from any neglect, first of all because he is in affection and devotion more than a servant, and, secondly, because, in a day of effort afield, he earns his keep a thousand fold.

TRAPSHOOTING FINANCES.

THE sport of trapshooting is one of the most wholesome and fascinating of the many kinds of fine sports for which the sportsman of this day has a penchant, and which are carefully cherished by him. Its inherent adaptability admits of one man enjoying the sport alone, or of several hundred together in competition. Yet monetary matters, in connection with trapshooting, have not been free from harmful as well as good effects. Money considerations in club shoots mar the competition. Money considerations, in tournaments, are helpful, if the tournament is so financed that it is self-supporting. In its club phases, the sporting element of trapshooting should always predominate. In the event that the sport, under a club's auspices, is subordinate to money considerations, commonly designated as the sweepstake, the ultimate decay and dissolution of the club is a foregone conclusion.

In respect to the open tournament, nearly all clubs holding such tournament, safeguard the competition by barring the professionals from participation in the moneys. They hold that the material benefits of the tournament should go exclusively to the amateurs. They hold that the professional, left free to compete for the moneys, is a harm to all trapshooting tournament interests. And yet the managers of the many club tournaments, while barring the professionals on the one hand, feel free on the other to solicit donations from all manufacturers, publishers, local tradesmen, individual enthusiasts, in short from all sources that promise profitable pickings, on the plea that it is for the benefit of the tournament.

But a tournament is a business proposition in every particular to those who patronize it. Why it should be so to those who patronize it on the one hand, and a charitable institution in some phases on the other, is inexplicable on any dignified or logical basis. The plea is that it all goes for the good of the sport. It is a specious plea at the best, for if the profits of the shoot are dollars, few or many, the profit goes into the club treasury, as a rule. Moreover, though obtained on a plea that a donation is a benefit to the tournament, no statement is vouchsafed as to the accounts after the tournament is ended. When the donor has contributed his merchandise or dollars, his rights cease. He must not be over-curious as to how much profit has resulted from his charitable act. It would seem to be but fair that, when donors contribute to an important degree to the tournament of a club, they should have a statement as to the disposition of merchandise and dollars, so as to avoid, in some cases, a possible suspicion that first the donation was not really needed, and second that it may have strayed from its destination.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.

HUMAN nature is human nature; and the point of view depends on which side of the fence one happens to be on.

A city sportsman had in years gone by declaimed fervently upon the selfishness of the landowners who post their fields. Shooting, he said, should be free. To put up a trespass sign is to show yourself a churl. One is not bound to respect no-shooting notices further than discretion prompts. The shooting belongs to the shooter. If the shooter has no land of his own, it is not asking too much that he should have free range of the game-stocked fields of other people.

The other day this man came into possession of a couple of hundred of acres in the country. A Sunday morning stroll through the woodland portion of the estate disclosed the presence of ruffed grouse. At the sound of their flushing a transformation was wrought in the new owner of the land. On the instant he was transformed from the advocate of free shooting and no trespass signs into the staunchest and most uncompromising of game preservers. "Would he permit shooting on his lands?" Not much. "Would he be so mean as to post his grounds and keep fellow shooters out?" Most certainly. We may feel very sure that when the explosion of a shotgun shall startle those covers this fall, it will be the gun of the owner and of no other.

The change of heart was natural and inevitable. Here was the outsider now on the inside. It always makes a difference which side of the fence one is on.

PROFESSOR GARNER reports from the African jungles, where he is living in a hut to study simian talk, that probably a hundred times standing at his door he has shouted to chimpanzees and monkeys and they have answered him. One need not go to the jungles of Africa to get answers to animal calling; the northern woods hear every autumn the answering calls of moose to men; and for the matter of that a human *baa* in a sheep pasture will bring a *baa* in return.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Mountain Moonshiner.

II.—Ways that are Dark.

The terms moonshining and moonshiner are seldom used in the Carolina mountains. Here, an illicit distiller is called a "blockader," his business is "blockading," and the product is "blockade whiskey," or simply plain "blockade."

There are, or used to be, two kinds of blockaders, big and little. The big blockader makes unlicensed whiskey on a fairly large scale. He may have several stills, operating alternately in different places, so as to avert suspicion. In any case, the still is large and the output is quite profitable. The owner himself may not actively engage in the work, but merely furnish the capital and hire confederates to do the distilling for him, so that personally he may shun the appearance of evil. These big fellows are rare, if, indeed, they be not quite extinct. In past times they were the ones who sought collusion with the small-fry of Government officialdom, or, failing in that, instructed their minions to "kill on sight."

The little moonshiner is a more interesting character, if for no other reason than that he fights fair, according to his code, and single-handed against tremendous odds. He is innocent of graft. There is nothing between him and the whole power of the Federal Government, except his own wits and a well-worn Winchester or muzzleloader. He is very poor; he is very ignorant; he has no friends at court; his apparatus is crude in the extreme, and its output is miserably small. This man is usually a good enough citizen in other ways, of decent standing in his own community, and a right good fellow toward all the world, save revenue officers. Although a criminal in the eyes of the law, he is soundly convinced that the law is unjust, and that he is only exercising his natural rights. Such a man, as President Frost has pointed out, suffers none of the moral degradation that comes from violating his conscience; his self-respect is whole.

In describing the process of making whiskey in the mountain stills, I shall confine myself to the operations of the little moonshiner, because they illustrate the surprising shiftiness of our backwoodsmen. Every man in the big woods is a jack-of-all-trades. His skill in extemporizing utensils, and even crude machines, out of the trees that grow around him, is of no mean order. As good cider as ever I drank was made in a hollowed log fitted with a press-block and operated by a handspike. It took but half a day's work to make this cider press, and the only tools used in its construction were an ax, a mattock in lieu of adze, an auger, and a jack-knife.

It takes two or three men to run a still. It is possible for one man to do the work, on so small a scale as is usually practiced, but it would be a hard task for him; then, too, there are few mountaineers who could individually furnish the capital, pitifully small enough though it be. So three men, let us say, will "chip in" five or ten dollars apiece, and purchase a second-hand still, if such is procurable, otherwise a new one, and that is all the apparatus they have to pay money for. If they should be too poor even to go to this expense, they will make a retort by inverting a half-barrel or an old wooden churn over a soap-kettle, and then all they have to buy is a piece of copper tubing for the worm.

In choosing a location for their clandestine work, the first essential is running water. This can be found in almost any gulch; yet, out of a hundred known spring-branches, only one or two may be suitable for the business, most of them being too public. In a country where cattle and hogs run wild, and where a good part of every farmer's time is taken in keeping track of his stock, there is no place so secret but that it is liable to be visited at any time, even though it be in the depths of the great forest, several miles from any human habitation. Moreover, cattle, and especially hogs, are passionately fond of still-slop, and can scent it a great distance, so that no still can long remain unknown to them.* Consequently the still must be placed several miles away from the residence of any one who might be liable to turn informer. Although nearly all the mountain people are indulgent in the matter of blockading, yet personal rivalries and family jealousies are rife among them, and it is not uncommon for them to inform against their enemies in the neighborhood.

Of course, it would not do to set up a still near a common trail—at least in the far-back settlements. Our mountaineers habitually notice every track they pass, whether of beast or man, and "read the sign" with Indian-like facility. Often one of my companions would stop, as though shot, and point with his toe to the fresh imprint of a human foot in the dust or mud of a public road, exclaiming: "Now, I wonder who *that* feller was! 'Twa'n't (so-and-so), for he hain't got no square-headed hob-nails; 'twa'n't (such-a-one), 'cause he wouldn't be hyar at this time o' day"; and so he would go on, figuring by a process of elimination that is extremely cunning, until some such conclusion as this was reached, "That's some stranger goin' over to Little River [across the line in Tennessee], and he's footin' hit as if the devil was atter him—I'll bet he's stobbed somebody and is runnin' from the sheriff!" Nor is the incident closed with that; our mountaineer will inquire of neighbors and passersby until he gets a description of the wayfarer, and then he will pass the word along.

Some little side-branch is chosen that runs through a gully, so choked with laurel and briers and rhododendron as to be quite impassable, save by such worming and crawling as must make a great noise. Doubtless a faint cattle-trail follows the backbone of the ridge above it, and this is the workers' ordinary highway in going to and fro; but the descent from ridge to gully is seldom made twice over the same course, lest a trail be printed direct to the still-house.

This house is sometimes inclosed with logs, but oftener it is no more than a shed, built low, so as to be well screened by the undergrowth. A great hemlock tree may be felled in such position as to help the masking, so long as its top remains green, which will be about a year. Back far enough from the still-house to remain in dark shadow when the furnace is going, there is built a sort of nest for the workmen, barely high enough to sit up in, roofed with bark and thatched all over with browse. Here many a dismal hour of night is passed when there is nothing to do but wait on the "cooking." Now and then a man crawls on all fours to the furnace and pitches in a few billets of wood, keeping low at the time, so as to offer as small a target as possible in the flare of the fire. Such precaution is especially needed when the number of confederates is too small for efficient picketing. Around the little plot where the still-shed and lair are hidden, laurel may be cut in such way as to make a *cheval-de-frise*, sharp stubs being entangled with branches, so that a quick charge through them would be out of the question. Two or three days' work, at most, will build the still-house and equip it ready for business, without so much as a shingle being brought from outside.

After the blockaders have established their still, the next thing is to make arrangements with some miller who will jeapordize himself by grinding the sprouted corn; for be it known that corn which has been forced to sprout is a prime essential in the making of moonshine whiskey, and that the unlicensed grinding of such corn is an offense against the law of the United States no less than its distillation. Now, to any one living in a well-settled country, where there is, perhaps, only one mill to every hundred farms, and it is visited daily by men from all over the township, the finding of an accessory in the person of a miller would seem a most hopeless project. But when you travel in our southern mountains, one of the first things that will strike you is that about every third or fourth farmer has a tiny tub-mill of his own. Tiny is indeed the word, for there are few of these mills that can grind more than a bushel or two of corn in a day; some have a capacity of only half a bushel in ten hours of steady grinding. Red grains of corn being harder than white ones, it is a humorous saying in the mountains that "a red grain in the gryste [grist] will stop the mill." The appurtenances of such a mill, even to the very buhr-stones themselves, are fashioned on the spot. How primitive such a meal-grinder may be is shown by the fact that a neighbor of mine recently offered a new mill, complete, for sale at six dollars. A few nails, and a country-made iron rynd and spindle, were the only things in it that he had not made himself, from the raw materials.

In making spirits from corn, the first step is to convert the starch of the grain into sugar. Regular distillers do this in a few hours by using malt, but at the little blockade still a slower process is used, for malt is hard to get. The unground corn is placed in a vessel that has a small hole in the bottom, warm water is poured over the corn, and a hot cloth is placed over the top. As water percolates out through the hole, the vessel is replenished with more of the warm fluid. This is continued for two or three days and nights until the corn has put forth sprouts a couple of inches long. The diastase in the germinating seeds has the same chemical effect as malt—the starch is changed to sugar.

The sprouted corn is then dried and ground into meal. This sweet meal is then made into a mush with boiling water, and is let stand two or three days. The "sweet mush" thus made is then broken up, and a little rye malt, similarly prepared in the meantime, is added to it, if rye is procurable. Fermentation begins at once. In large distilleries, yeast is added to hasten fermentation, and the mash can then be used in three or four days; the blockader, however, having no yeast, must let his mash stand for eight

*It is a curious fact that horses despise the stuff. A celebrated revenue officer told me that for several years he rode a horse which was in the habit of drinking a mouthful from every stream that he forded; but if there was the least taint of still-slop in the water, he would whisk his nose about and refuse to drink. The officer then had only to follow up the stream, and he would infallibly find a still.

or ten days, keeping it all that time at a proper temperature for fermentation. This requires not only constant attention, but some skill as well, for there is no thermometer nor saccharometer in our mountain still-house. When done, the sugar of what is now "sour mash" has been converted into carbonic acid and alcohol. The resulting liquid is technically called the "wash," but blockaders call it "beer." It is intoxicating, of course, but "sour enough to make a pig squeal."

This beer is then placed in the still, a vessel with a closed head, connected with a spiral tube, the worm. The latter is surrounded by a closed jacket through which cold water is constantly passing. A wood fire is built in the rude furnace under the still; the spirit rises in vapor, along with more or less steam; these vapors are condensed in the cold worm and trickle down into the receiver. The product of this first distillation (the "low wines" of the trade, the "singlings" of the blockader) is a weak and impure liquid, which must be redistilled at a lower temperature to rid it of water and rank oils.

In moonshiners' parlance, the liquor of second distillation is called the "doublings." It is in watching and testing the doublings that an accomplished blockader shows his skill, for if distillation be not carried far enough, the resulting spirits will be rank, though weak, and if carried too far, nothing but pure alcohol will result. Regular distillers are assisted at this stage by scientific instruments by which the "proof" is tested; but the maker of "mountain dew" has no other instrument than a small vial, and his testing is done entirely by the "bead" of the liquor, the little iridescent bubbles that rise when the vial is tilted. When a mountain man is shown any brand of whiskey, whether a regular distillery product or not, he invariably tilts the bottle and levels it again, before tasting; if the bead rises and is persistent, well and good; if not, he is prepared to condemn the liquor at once.

It is possible to make an inferior whiskey at one distillation, by running the singlings through a steam-chest, commonly known as a "thumpin'-chist." The advantage claimed is that "Hit allows you to make your whiskey afore the revenoo gits it; that's all."

The final process is to run the liquor through a rude charcoal filter, to rid it of most of its fusel oil. This having been done, we have moonshine whiskey, uncolored, limpid as water, and ready for *immediate consumption.*

I fancy that some gentlemen will stare at the words here italicised; but I am stating facts.

It is quite impracticable for a blockader to age his whiskey. In the first place, he is too poor to wait; in the second place, his product is very small, and the local demand is urgent; in the third place, he has enough trouble to conceal, or run away with, a mere copper still, to say nothing of barrels of stored whiskey. Cheerfully he might "waive the quantum o' the sin," but he is quite alive to "the hazard o' concealin'." So, while the stuff is yet warm from the still, it is taken by confederates and quickly disposed of. There is no exaggeration in the answer a moonshiner once made to me when I asked him how old the best blockade liquor ever got to be: "If it 'd git to be a month old, it 'd fool me!"

They tell a story on a whilom neighbor of mine, the redoubtable Quill Rose, which, to those who know him, sounds like one of his own: "A slick-faced dude from Knoxville," said Quill, "told me once that all good red-liquor was aged, and that if I'd age my blockade it would bring a fancy price. Well, sir, I tried it; I kept some for three months—and, by godlings, *it ain't so.*"

To those assumed connoisseurs who, from time to time, have assured me that "genuine mountain dew is the purest and the best whiskey in the world." I can only reply that their pleasure in its inhibition must be analogous to that of the little boy who hooks green apples and eats them, albeit he knows full well that his um's and ah's of appreciation will soon change to oh, Lord's upon the stool of repentance. While it is no doubt true, as experts affirm, that no patent distillery product ever equals that of the crude and primitive pot-still, when the latter is properly aged, yet I doubt if a thousand-dollar prize could produce, in all our mountains, one single keg of blockade whiskey that has been aged.

As for purity, probably most moonshine whiskey is quite pure; but every blockader knows how to adulterate, and when one of them does stoop to such tricks, he will stop at no halfway measures. Some add alkali (ordinary washing lye, or lye that they make themselves from wood ashes), both to increase the yield and to give the liquor an artificial bead, and then prime this abominable fluid with pepper, ginger, tobacco, or anything else that will make it sting. Even buckeyes, which are poisonous themselves, are sometimes used to give the drink a soapy bead. Such beverages are known in the mountains by the expressive terms "pop-skull" and "bumblings" (because they "make a bumbly noise in a feller's head"). It may be needless to say that some of these decoctions are so toxic that their continued used would have fatal results. Even a small dose of such stuff is enough to change a normally good-hearted fellow into a raging fiend who will shoot or stab without provocation. However, liquor of any kind is scarce in the mountains, notwithstanding the moonshining, and it must be a vile brand of "stump-water," indeed, that will draw from a native any comment more severe than this: "Wall, that smells as though it had the vim about hit, and it holds its bead; but [critically] it has leetle farewell to it like creosut."

Taking them by and large, the mountain people are indeed an abstemious race. In drinking, as in everything else, this is the Land of Do Without. Not that they have any compunctions about drinking; their ideas on this, as on other matters of conduct, being those universally current in the eighteenth century. Men, women and children drink whiskey in family concert—I have seen undiluted spirits drunk, a spoonful at a time, by a child that was still at the breast, and she never batted an eye—but there are few mountaineers who see it twice a month, and they will cheerfully do without. Some one who knows this people has said of them that "they make more moonshine, and drink less of it, that any other people in the land." I ascribe this largely to the terrific effects of a debauch with the raw and poisonous stuff that is generally all they can get to celebrate with, and to the often bloody outcome of their occasional excesses. The mountain man sober is a well-meaning, good-natured fellow; but the mountain man drunk is one of the most dangerous creatures in the world, for he knows nothing of fisticuffs, and is always armed with at least a knife.

To put all this in a nutshell: I affirm that the widespread notion that mountain whiskey is a particularly wholesome drink; as alcoholic liquors go, is itself the veriest moonshine in this whole business.

Blockade liquor sells to the consumer at from two to three dollars a gallon, varying with the price of corn. The average yield is only two gallons to the bushel. Two and a half gallons is all that can be got out of a bushel of corn by blockaders' methods, unless the stuff is adulterated. With corn selling at from seventy-five cents to a dollar a bushel, as it did in our settlement throughout the past year, and taking into account that the average sales of a little moonshiner's still probably do not exceed a gallon a day, it will be seen that there is no fortune in this mysterious trade. Even after the liquor is made, it must be peddled bout by the most laborious secret methods, a man perhaps traveling four five miles at night, over the roughest of mountain trails, and without a lantern, to sell a single gallon. Paltry, indeed, is the stake for which the moonshiner's risks are run.

* * * * * *

One day there came a ripple of excitement in our settlement. A blockader had shot at Jack Coburn, and a posse had arrested the would-be assassin—so flew the rumor, and it proved to be true.

Coburn was a northern man who, years ago, opened a little store on the edge of the wilderness, bought timber land, and finally rose to comparative affluence. With ready wit he adapted himself to the ways of the mountaineers and gained ascendancy among them. Once in a while an emergency would arise in which it was necessary either to fight or to back down, and in these contests a certain art that Jack had acquired in Michigan lumber camps proved the undoing of more than one mountain tough, at the same time winning the respect of the defeated party no less than that of the spectators. He was what a mountaineer described to me as "a practiced knocker." This phrase, far from meaning what it would on the Bowery, was interpreted to me as denoting "a master hand in a knock-fight." Pugilism, as distinguished from shooting or stabbing, was an unknown art in the mountains until Jack introduced it.

Coburn had several tenants, among whom was a character whom we will call Edwards. In leasing a farm to Edwards, Coburn had expressly stipulated that there was to be no moonshining on the premises. But, by and by, there was reason to suspect that Edwards was violating this part of the compact. Coburn did not send for a revenue officer; he merely set forth on a little still-hunt of his own. Before starting, he picked up a revolver and was about to stick it in his pocket, but, on second thought, he concluded that no red-headed man should be trusted with a loaded gun, even in such a case as this; so he thrust the weapon back into its drawer, and strode away, with nothing but his two big fists to enforce a seizure.

Coburn searched long and diligently, but could find no sign of a still. Finally, when he was about to give it up, his curiosity was aroused by the particularly dense browse in the top of an enormous hemlock that had recently been felled. Pushing his way forward, he discovered a neat little copper still installed in the treetop itself. He picked up the contraband utensil, and marched away with it.

Meantime, Edwards had not been asleep. When Coburn came in sight of the farmhouse, humped under his bulky burden, the enraged moonshiner seized a shotgun and ran toward him, breathing death and destruction. Jack, however, trudged along about his business. Edwards, seeing that no bluff would work, fired; but the range was too great for his birdshot even to pepper holes through the copper still.

Edwards made a mistake in firing that shot. It did not hurt Coburn's skin, but it ruffled his dignity. In this case it was out of the question to pommel the blackguard, for he had swiftly reloaded his gun. So Coburn ran off with the still, carried it home, sought out our magistrate, Brooks, and forthwith swore out a warrant.

Brooks (who, by the way, is also our teamster, veterinarian, tooth-puller and accoucheur) did not fuss over any law books. Moonshining in itself may be only a peccadillo, a venial sin—let the Government skin its own skunks—but when a man has promised not to moonshine, and then goes and does it, why that, by Jeremy, is a breach of contract! Straightway the magistrate hastened to the post-office, and swore in, as a posse comitatus, the first four men that he met.

Now, when four men are picked up at random in our township, it is safe to assume that at least two of them have been moonshiners themselves, and know how this sort of thing should be done. At any rate, the posse wasted no time in discussion. They went straight after that malefactor, got him, and, within an hour after the shot was fired, he was drummed out of the county for good and forever.

But Edwards had a son who was a trifle brash. This son armed himself, and offered show of battle. He fired two or three shots with his Winchester (wisely over the posse's heads) and then took to the tall timber. Dodging from tree to tree, he led the impromptu officers such a dance up the mountainside that, by the time they had corralled him, they were "plumb overhet." They set that impetuous young man on a sharp-spined little jackass, strapped his feet under the animal's belly, and their chief (my hunting partner, he was) drove him, that same night, twenty-five miles over a horrible mountain trail,

and lodged him in the county jail, on a charge more serious that that of moonshining.

In due time, a United States deputy arrived in our midst, bearing a funny-looking hatchet with a pick at one end, which he called a "devil." With the pick end of this instrument he punched numerous holes through the offending copper vessel, until the still looked somewhat like a gigantic horseradish-grater turned inside out. Then he straightened out the worm by ramming a long stick through it, and triumphantly carried away with him the copper-sheathed staff, as legal proof, trophy, and burgeon of office.

The sorry old still itself reposes to this day in Jack Coburn's backyard, where it is regarded by passersby as an emblem, not so much of Federal omnipotence, as of local efficiency in administering the law with promptitude, and without a pennyworth of cost to anybody, save to the offender. HORACE KEPHART.

DAYTON, Ohio.

A Pennsylvania Relic Ground.

PENNSYLVANIA, with which Dame Nature has been rather lavish in gifts of varied scenic beauty, is strikingly destitute of lakes, the largest within her borders being Conneaut Lake, in Crawford county, a pretty sheet of water about three miles long.

Some four miles to the west of this, however, in the same county and extending into Ohio, lie the remains of a much larger body of water which contains within the solitudes of its mysterious depths a number of striking memorials of the past.

The place itself, known as Pymatuning Swamp, for it is now a lake no longer, comprised an area of 9,000 acres at the time of its survey by the Government in 1864, but has since then suffered a good deal of contraction through natural drainage and the gradual encroachments of surrounding farms upon its infinitely rich soil. But there still remains a tract of several thousand acres into which few care to penetrate except as the search for wild cranberries or game attracts the hunter after each, or the wandering of stock secures the unwilling attention of near-by farmers. Even the roads that cross it in its most pronounced area, though regularly traveled, are not without their dangers, as the places wide enough for teams to meet are not always conveniently near, and efforts to meet in places not prepared for the purpose are rich in possible disaster from the seemingly bottomless bog on either side.

The swamp itself consists of three distinct zones of desolation, the first being a belt of alder bushes almost too thickly set and intertwined to be penetrated, and carpeted by a constant quagmire menace. Once safely through this outer jungle, one comes to a forest of lofty tamaracks, interspersed with an occasional tree of some other sort. Among these the ground is dry and free from entangling alliances upon the surface, but the removal of a thin covering reveals a semi-liquid bottom of water and muck of unknown depth, while the ease with which the ground can be shaken for rods is another forcible reminder of the unstable footing.

Within this timber belt, and broken occasionally by tamarack knolls, lies the open prairie, the great heart of the swamp, where hundreds of acres present in the autumn an infathomable wilderness of tall weeds and coarse grasses, and earlier in the season a succession of alternating hummocks and pools of shallow, dirty water. During the dry season these regions become fairly safe walking, and venturesome farmers annually surrender some of their young grazing cattle to the luxurious meadows, depending largely upon the brute instinct of the animals to keep them out of serious trouble. If the full number appear at each subsequent visit and at the autumn round-up, the farmer is fortunate, and so have been his cattle; if not, a hunt is instituted which is sometimes successful.

Somewhere within the borders of this prairie are the remnants of an ancient ship to which the early Indian residents gave an antiquity superior to that of their own local traditions. Various white men, some now living, have stood upon and wondered at it, and of course a great variety of tales concerning it have been handed down from mouth to mouth. To those who knew it in its better preserved condition, it seemed to have been unfinished, as if the unfortunate people who builded it were driven back or killed in the midst of their labors.

In an article published in a scientific periodical a few years ago, the claim was made that this boat was fastened together with copper rivets and an attempt made to establish with it some connection to Phœnician architecture. This statement was wholly in error. A friend of the writer who, in his boyhood, passed hours around it, states that it was fastened with wooden pins, as if the builders were thrown wholly upon the resources of the forest and their own industry.

For some years after the encroachments of civilization had driven the Indians from the vicinity, a band of them came once or twice a year in quest of salt, which at that time the white settlers were obliged to cart overland from Pittsburg 100 miles away. Penetrating this wild jungle with their empty kettles and defying the wiles of their occasional white followers, this band would disappear for a day or two and then return, each carrying his kettle of black, impure salt; but neither bribe nor threat would induce one of their number to reveal the source of their supply.

One very old Indian finally promised a settler, for whom he seemed to have formed a strong attachment, that on their next trip, which would be the last they would ever make before their departure for the then far West, he would reveal the secret, but at the very last he refused, claiming that his mates would surely kill him if he yielded. He said, however, that the salt spring was in the bed of the creek near the old ship, that it was covered over with a flat stone and that no white man would ever find it, a prophecy which has thus far proven true. That some such place exists there can be no reasonable doubt; that it will be revealed to the plow at some future time seems probable; that its commercial importance has long since passed away with the opening of other available salt deposits and the advent of the railroad is still more certain.

On the eastern borders of the swamp are the remains of two oval forts or breast-works, with trenches in their rear, most of which may still be traced and both of which the writer has himself seen within a few years. Others, still more sharply defined, are said to exist on the western shore; all tending to prove that at a remote time, probably while the swamp itself was still an open lake, some wanderers in Pennsylvania's early wilderness, either from necessity or choice, sojourned for a considerable period of time upon the borders of this inland sea.

Of the game to be found in this stretch of wilderness the hunters of the past and present have had various tales to tell. Bear has been often credited to it, nor is the claim unreasonable, since the surrounding country was an abiding place for them a century ago, and with the press of civilization it is more than likely they would make their last stand in this stronghold of Nature's wilderness. Deer and wolves were also credited to this lonely region long after they had disappeared from the surrounding hills. Even yet there are a few who somewhat doubt the entire extermination of the wildcat family. Only a few years ago, comparatively, the pigeon roosts of Pymatuning were deservedly famous, the branches and young trees being bent down and broken under the thousands upon thousands of birds that weighed them down. Many an old hunter has stories almost beyond belief to tell of the grain-bags he has filled with the living birds without the use of fire-arms.

To-day the pigeon roosts are practically deserted, and the great trees listen only to the fall of their fellows before the lumberman's ax. Various schemes of drainage and reclamation are under serious discussion. The probable route for the proposed ship canal from Pittsburg to Erie, once regarded as a fanciful chimera, but now looked upon by some as highly probable, passes so near this place as certainly to work marvelous change upon it if the great ditch should materialize. Within the last two years one railroad, venturing to penetrate one of the ancient lake's numerous spurs, has sent many lengths of piling, load upon load of slag and cinders, and at least two heavy steel cars to a final resting place in this unfathomable sea of mud, while the surveying party of a trolley line is at this time said to be struggling through a portion of its wilderness. It seems probable, therefore, that the encroachments of commerce will soon bring this "Old Guard" of Nature into complete surrender while the present century is still young. Some of her secrets and historic relics may then be disclosed. Others will probably be obliterated. Taken in its present inaccessability, there are perhaps few places in the State more interesting to the lover of mystery and relics of the past.

XENO W. PUTNAM.

Sporting in China.

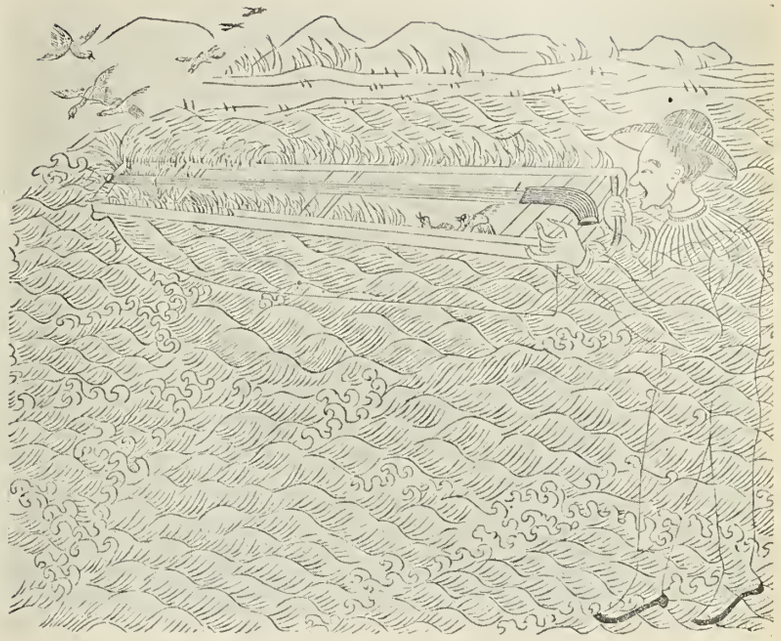
THESE running notes would be more imperfect if I omitted to refer to the native Chinese sportsman and his equipment. There is no character in the sporting field as unique and original as a sure enough Chinese sportsman. Although his dress and other equipments appear lacking in every essential to ensure comfort and success, the result of a day's shooting, nevertheless, often renders doubtful the answer to be returned to the question, is the breechloader really more effective than the matchlock?

During the season of 1904, I was shooting on the Yangtsze River, and on one occasion anchored my houseboat near the bank on which stood a small straw thatched hut. Early the following morning there came on board a young Chinaman of splendid physique, and at once began an animated conversation with my Chinese boy servant, and as the latter spoke English and Chinese, I soon learned that my boat was anchored near the "happy hunting ground" of my visitor; but he extended a cordial welcome, because, as he said, he was out of ammunition and hoped that I would give him a few loads for his gun. Appreciating the somewhat selfish element in his welcome, I made the condition, that I would supply him moderately if he would pilot me to his shooting preserves, which he readily consented to do. While eating my breakfast my boy opened some cartridges, loaded with Schultze's powder, and poured enough for several loads into his primitive horn, putting the shot into a small, coarse, cloth bag which he carried for the purpose. Curious to see his gun and how he would load it, that also, at my request, was brought on board, and I soon understood that he was most anxious to instruct me as to how a gun ought to be loaded.

The gun was of the matchlock pattern, with an iron barrel about five feet long, and would weigh about 16 pounds. The stock was made of wood and in shape like a carpenter's plane. At the breech the barrel was provided with a small aperture into which a bit of iron plate was inserted and which served the purpose of a pan, the ignition being effected by a smouldering match rope. The bore of the muzzle was smaller than at the breech, indicating that the Chinese knew the advantage of shooting with a choke bore gun long before the idea entered the brains of western gunmakers.

As I did not wish to discredit the mechanism of my visitor's gun, I did not uncover my own, which was the perfection of Greener's workmanship, until the hour warned us that the sun had dried the grass fields, and that one could walk over them without getting uncomfortably wet by the heavy dew which, on a starlight night, comes down like rain in the valley of the Yangtsze. But when we were ready to start I noticed that the appearance of my gun gave my visitor no apparent concern. After handling it a few moments and studying the mechanism of the opening and closing of the breech, and the injection and ejection of the cartridges, he handed it back to me with an air that plainly said, "Mine is good enough." And in that plain answer may be seen the principle which guides the Chinese mind. However crude or primitive the machinery may be, if it fulfils the office for which it was intended, the Chinaman seldom recognizes any necessity for change, although the saving of time is so evident. But I was more interested in his gun than he in mine, and

SPORTSMEN WITH BEATER.



DUCK PUNT AND GINGAL.

as he walked on the banks of his own majestic river, brandishing it in the early sun, I felt that I could see McGregor standing on his native heath again.

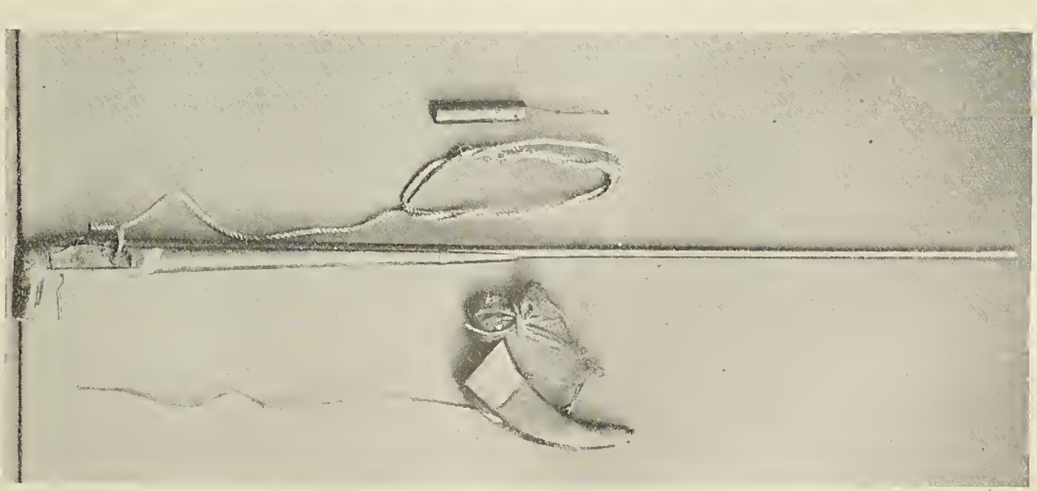
If the gun in which I take such pride, and which I expected would excite the admiration of my Chinese friend, failed to awaken any such emotions, the powder I had given him seemed to arrest his attention. The powder he had been accustomed to use was of home manufacture. He had been in the habit of mixing three catties of ground charcoal, three catties of saltpetre, ten of sulphur, and after putting it all in a pan and pouring over it a jar of Kaoliang spirits, the pan would be placed over a low charcoal fire and the mixture well stirred with a stick until it became of the consistency of paste; it would then be laid out on paper in the sun to dry. Such are the ingredients and such the proportions employed by the Chinese for making gunpowder long before it was known to the people of the West. The quality, generally, is not good, but this can be materially improved by the quality of the ingredients, and when fine powder is desired rattan charcoal is used. I was shown a sample of some of the powder manufactured by my newly made acquaintance, and it was black and extremely dirty, seeming to make it necessary to cleanse the gun every time after firing it, but I was told that a Chinese sportsman did not wash out his gun, as a rule, until the shooting season was over, and sometimes not at all

When we had arrived at the "shooting preserves," I broke my gun at the breech and "slipped in" the cartridges and remarked to my companion, for I could not help so regarding him, that I was ready, and it was then I had the opportunity of seeing him load his gun. He poured into the palm of his hand about the proper charge of powder, but stopped to examine it and earnestly inquired why it was of a creamy color. Evidently he had never seen any Schultze powder, and it was as evident from his countenance that he did not care to pour that powder into his gun without knowing more about it. I assured him that there was no danger, that there was not a "foreign devil" anywhere about the powder, and that it was as harmless as black powder. After being thus assured, he poured the powder into his gun, drew out his long iron ramrod and began to ram it very hard. When I explained to him that that grade of powder did not shoot so well when packed hard into a gun barrel or cartridge, he showed me how a Chinaman always loaded his gun when using black powder. The *modus operandi* of loading is to pour the powder into the barrel of the gun and ram it until it is so compactly packed that it will not run out when the position of the gun is reversed; there is no wad of any kind placed on the powder, but the shot are poured on it, and often no wad is placed on the shot, the muzzle of the gun being held upward to prevent them from running out.

It is thus that a Chinese sportsman loads his gun, and, with such a load and such a gun as described, will as often return as otherwise with a bag as full as the western sportsman with his modern breechloader and ejector cartridges.

As we proceeded there was a deference in the manner of my new companion, which plainly meant for me to avail myself of the first chance for a shot, for he walked in the rear and pointed out the directions for me to take. It was not long ere my dog found a large cock pheasant, and, as he winged his flight inside of a circle of thirty yards, I felt confident of bagging the beautiful bird. But after firing at him with both barrels, he continued his flight as unconcerned as if I was firing a salute, for after flying a few hundred yards he stopped apparently to finish his morning feeding. Anxious to redeem myself, I followed quickly and missed again under circumstances more favorable than were at first offered. From the look of my Chinese companion, I concluded that he would not have given a copper cash for a foreign built gun, and that he felt no apprehension of me as a sporting rival. I wished to account for the unskilful shooting he had witnessed by saying that my sleep had not been good the previous night; but I made no impression in that direction, and he suggested that we should take a different route, but with the same objective point for meeting. He evidently wanted me to have the first chance in the sport; but he doubtless had the opinion that if any game was bagged he would have to shoot it, and the opinion appeared to be well founded, for soon after he left me a deer got up and trotted off about twenty-five yards in front of me and it I missed also. Later during the day, however, my eye was quicker and my aim steadier, and when I returned to the houseboat, I bagged one deer and several pheasants. My friend was waiting for me, but said that he had not fired off his gun at all. I think the bag I could show partially restored me in his regard as a moderately good sportsman. I rather suspect, that when he touches the end of his match rope to the Schultze's powder in the pan of his matchlock, the ignition will not be so quick as black powder, and it may be that he will experience a different sensation in the recoil of his gun, if he rams hard the Schultze's powder.

The dress of a Chinese sportsman is as primitive as his gun. Usually a pair of straw sandals and the poorest of clothes are all that are worn. I could not see that the sandals were any pro-



MATCHLOCK, POWDER HORN AND SHOT BAG.

A CHINESE SPORTSMAN AND HIS EQUIPMENT.

tection against the scrub oak briars which grow on the hillsides; but there was a lightness and noiselessness in the step, which showed that the heavy boot of the foreigner would not suit him so well. The clothes were no protection against the chilly winds that swept the low lying plains between the hills and the shores of the river. A Chinaman seldom shoots over a dog. Occasionally a sportsman of the highest class will be accompanied with beaters, but oftener his noiseless step and quick eye find the game and bag it. When I was a boy it was the habit to sight the gun with one eye closed, but now the fashion is to keep both eyes open on the bird and let the gun follow the eyes. This fashion was long known to the Chinese sportsman before the westerner knew there was such an instrument as a gun. Sometimes a Chinese sportsman simply presses the breech of the gun against his side and confides to his hands the office of directing the position of the barrel in accordance with the accuracy of his eyes. I have seen them shoot with the most apparent indifference as to how the gun was held, but at the same time the eyes did not fail, for invariably, the snipe or pheasant would fall at the discharge of the gun. The Chinese also knew that hard shot were more suitable for a gun built smaller at the muzzle than at the breech before the process of chilling shot was known in the West. They prefer shot made of iron, and will cut nails and pieces of wire into small square slugs and shoot with such in preference to the best grade of chilled shot. The shot of native manufacture are very irregular, and are made of iron. When the iron is melted the liquid metal is poured from a height on to a stone laid in a tub of water, and when cool the pellets are collected and sorted according to size, but not passed through sieves, as is the foreign custom, a process which causes the pellets to be very irregular in size and shape.

A friend informs me that on one occasion, and at the close of a cold December, he was walking near a lake, when he saw a Chinaman who was beckoning to him. As he approached he was asked not to shoot the ducks in the lake as a Chinese sportsman was in the water, and awaiting to see what would happen, he saw the sportsman approaching the shore, wearing a large bamboo collar. He was carrying a basket containing a few wild and three tame ducks secured together by a string. His dress was of goatskin with the wool inside; his stockings were stitched to his clothing, and so oiled as to be nearly waterproof, and thus accoutred he immersed his body, using the cangue as a float. On his hat were placed bunches of grass, and on the cangue two or three decoy ducks. He would then approach the wildfowl, and when near enough dexterously catch the unsuspecting duck by the leg and drag it under the water. My friend informed me that he watched the sportsman until he had filled his basket.

One of the photographs illustrates how a Chinese fowler will enter the water up to his neck, in the coldest weather, to shoot ducks. Here it appears that a light wooden frame or a small punt supports his gingal or matchlock. The frame floats in front of him, while he, following, is concealed from view by bunches of grass and weeds stuck on his hat. As soon as within range, which is invariably a very short one, he fires into "the brown" a heavy charge of iron shot. He never fires at two or three, as his shot costs money. If the western sportsman is unable to appreciate the equipment of a Chinese sportsman, he will not withhold his admiration from the zeal and energy which discards all ideas of comfort in his pursuit of game.

J.

And the Dog Came Back.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last January, Mr. D. Weeks, of this city, took with him to Hot Springs, South Dakota, a two-year-old collie dog, by name "Bill." Mr. Weeks went into a hospital for treatment and was there two months. During this time, the dog came every day to the rear of the building, or an elevator, where he could look through the window and see his master. Whenever he could get through the door, the dog would go straight to his master's room, and stay there till put out.

After two months the dog was sold to a ranchman two hundred miles east of Hot Springs, twenty-five miles from a railroad. Mr. Weeks returned home, and thought nothing more about the dog until three days ago "Bill" walked up to his old home here, and made himself known at the kitchen door. He was in fairly good condition, only his toe nails were worn down. It is "Bill" for sure, for he performed the same tricks as he learned before going west one thousand miles, and has been identified by neighbors. How he got home, and how he rustled for grub on the way, will probably remain a mystery. My own idea is that he took the back track or the railroad to Hot Springs; then finding his former master gone, followed the railroad till he got home. Prairie dogs, rabbits and ground-roosting birds would afford him food in the country; and when he reached towns, could pick up food in alleys.

This is the longest trip I have ever heard of and read of, taken by an animal. Who can beat it?

R. L. Blair.

Hunting Without a Gun.

You may send the writer who believes in hunting without a gun out here in the spring when ducks come. I claim him for a "pardner."

I was hunting last fall up near Malta Bend, as fine a duck country as there is anywhere, I think, and I believe I hunted part of the time without a gun. It happened this way. It was just in front of a storm; and the ducks were flying thick and rapidly. I unloaded my traps from the wagon and plunged into the long grass that lines the shores of a lake that never fails to bring ducks and geese in spring and fall. The point I was making for was about a mile from where I started in, and by the time I had got there I had killed eight. Just before I got in position to "slay 'em," a very fine-looking setter dog came to me and anchored himself as though he meant to see the fun.

Here come the ducks by the hundreds over the point of timber; they pitch down and skim along, giving a fair shot with both barrels; and down come three ducks fat and sleek. The dog retrieved them in a workmanlike manner. Hurriedly putting new shells in the gun, I did not notice that one of them was wet; and when I emptied the gun the next time that "settled it," I could no more get that shell out than I could fly. The ducks came thick and fast, and almost sat on my head; and the look of disgust that that dog would give me, when I would fail to shoot as each flock came sailing over us, was too comical to describe. I was as completely without a gun as the writer of your article could wish. This condition of things could not last long; and finally the dog struck out, I suppose for home; and I struck out for the wagon.

It may be that there is something in hunting without a gun, but it certainly is not satisfaction.

J. D. A.

The Kingfisher.

Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot tell how saddened I was upon arriving here fresh from the Maine woods, where I had so delighted in the beauty of the kingfishers, to read in Forest and Stream the account of Wooden Sinker of how he had shot nearly 200 of these beautiful birds.

The loon is, of course, first in interest of the Maine birds. He is the very spirit of solitude. There is inexpressible poetry in his lovely cry. He is not good to eat. There is positively no reason for killing him, yet he is being exterminated.

Personally, I place the kingfisher next in value to the loon in the woods. His beauty, his air of alertness and intellect, curiously heightened by his high crest, his curious habitation, are all a perpetual source of pleasure. Doubtless he eats fish. But fish and deer there will always be. Sportsmen will look out for that. The danger is that the less valued residents of the woods will be destroyed out of mere wantonness or from the same mistaken zeal that set our forefathers to destroying the forest itself.

Moosehead.

NATURAL HISTORY

Queer Birds of New Zealand.

THE people of the United States may profitably enough go to the Antipodes to take lessons in the protection of natural objects and the acclimatization of foreign game. The New Zealanders have displayed rare judgment in their efforts to supply their islands with wild animals and fish from other countries, and these efforts have naturally been crowned with rare success.

New Zealand has been supplied with red deer, which have done surprisingly well, and now occupy large ranges of country. Moose from Canada have been turned out on their hillside and grouse from Scotland occupy the treeless meadows of their great mountain slopes. In their streams trout from other lands attain enormous size. On the other hand, the New Zealanders have made some grave mistakes, which are tending to exterminate some of the most extraordinary creatures in the world. The European weasel has for some extraordinary reason been liberated on the islands; there are wild domestic cats by thousands and a few wild dogs. These play havoc with some of the extraordinary ground dwelling native birds.

When New Zealand was discovered, it was absolutely without large mammals. The only ones found at the time of the discovery were a small rat, and two very small bats. Even the bats were confined to a few localities, and are believed to have been very few in number. Since there were no mammals to prey upon them the birds of New Zealand developed in many curious directions, and a number of them lost the power of flight. Among these are the weka, or wood hen, a bird about as big as a domestic fowl, but belonging to the rail family, the kakapo, a great ground parrot, often called the owl parrot, and several kinds of wingless ratite birds known as apteryx, which means without wings.

The New Zealand government has fortunately seen in time the destruction which would inevitably overtake these native birds, and has very wisely set apart two islands off the coast of New Zealand where there are neither cats nor weasels for the propagation and protection of these birds. These islands are Resolution and Little Barrier islands. Here it is hoped such birds may flourish and increase, though the effort to protect such belated species, whose environment has caused them to fall behind in the race for life, is not likely to be successful.

The weka, which belongs to the rail family, has small wings, but is unable to fly. It is about the size of a domestic hen, and is brown or light-gray in color, the plumage varying as with the birds surroundings, being darker in narrow, gloomy valleys, and paler in the open country. It walks about with a brisk step, constantly bobbing its short tail precisely after the manner of the rails. The bird is one of the most inquisitive creatures in the world and seems absolutely devoid of fear, while at the same time it possesses extraordinary quickness which often saves it from harm. It wishes always to know what is going on, and it is said it is common, when a coach stops to change horses at some roadside stable in the wilds, to see three or four of these queer birds emerge from the grass or bushes at the side of the road and gravely and minutely investigate the proceedings, walking almost under the horses' heels, but ready at the first hostile sign to disappear as if by magic.

During the breeding season the male and female weka keep together, and are devoted to their young, but after these are reared the male either drives the female away or goes himself into some other quarter. Mr. Harper, in his capital book on the Southern Alps of New Zealand, describes the habits of the weka with much humor. He says: "In camp the birds are useful as scavengers, but they are incorrigible thieves, trying to take away everything that is white or glittering; and as they are able to move a weight of 2 or 3 pounds, it can well be imagined that a careful lookout has to be kept. The glance of mingled triumph and contempt which a weka gives over his shoulder as he walks off with your pipe is inimitable, and his whole attitude would make a most laughable picture if well drawn. One of these birds will take full possession of a camp as soon as he discovers it, generally within a few hours of its being pitched, and rarely have we been without one or a pair. No other birds or rats are allowed to come near, if he can help it, but are attacked without hesitation, and if another weka dares to intrude, the one in possession will—nine times out of ten—manage to make good his claim, though sometimes the combatants seem very unevenly matched for a fight."

He gives the detail of a day or two with a family of wekas in camp in the following words:

"The family of wekas which has taken possession of the camp were very welcome, and I was able to watch their mode of procedure when dissolving partnership for the time being. As already stated, when the male bird thinks he has done his share in the education and bringing up of the family, he dissolves partnership. If in a good locality for food, he drives his mate and young ones away, but if in a poor locality, he departs to happier hunting grounds himself. The parent birds, while rearing their young, eat hardly anything themselves and grow as poor as a church mouse; everything they find is carried to the youngsters. When a pair has only one chick, it is very ludicrous to see them rushing up to it and jostling one another in their eagerness to give it a piece of bacon or bread, and sometimes asking it to try a piece of a jam tin, or tempting it with a choice copper cartridge-case. The parent finds some such rubbish and rushes off to the over-fed fledgling which is sitting and squeaking under a fern, and holds the tempting morsel out in its beak. The old one looks sideways at it as much as to say, 'So good,' while the youngster having got it successfully down sits with ruffled feathers and looks at the world in general as if it would say, 'That old fool will be the death of me one of these days.'

"The first intimation I had that the pair at camp were going to dissolve partnership was when I threw out a piece of bread one morning. Paterfamilias instead of passing it to one of the chickens swallowed it himself, while the rest of the family looked on reproachfully and seemed to know they must 'look out for squalls.' After the old boy had got all he could, he suddenly turned round and attacked his wife, and then the male youngster—the female chick having wisely disappeared, *pro tem.*. When I saw he was going to drive the family away and stay at the camp to enjoy all the good things himself, I decided to put a stop to his little game, and gave him a rifle bullet to digest. He made a capital stew, and his sorrowing family thoroughly enjoyed his remains!

"The next day Mrs. Weka found the two half-grown chickens rather 'a large order'; in the first place they both tried to shelter themselves under her from the rain, which upset her mentally and physically, and secondly, the task of feeding them was too much for her; she therefore proceeded to drive away Master Weka. That young gentleman, however, was not going to leave his family home without a struggle, and seeing his sister petted and fed, he used to give her a good peck when the old hen was not looking, and then run for his life before she caught him. I again interferred in the proceedings, and by dint of some coaxing persuaded Master Weka to come on to the bedding in the shelter, where he would eat from my hand. By degrees he gained confidence and came in without fear, having a good feed, while the old hen remained outside waiting for him; on his finishing the meal he used to dodge about inside trying to make his escape, and the old bird dodged about outside to cut him off. I would then throw a piece of bread into the bush, and while she went after it, the youngster would slip out and run for dear life, rolling his more favored sister in the mud on the way."

While these birds are nesting they are very devoted and faithful and take turns in hatching and later in protecting the young. There is no time from the laying of the first egg until the young are able to look out for themselves when nest or brood is not guarded by one of the parent birds. Rats weasels and hawks are the chief enemies of the weka, but the parents are more or less successful in driving off everything but the hawks. These are destructive to the young, especially when the parents take their broods out on the beaches, where there is no cover.

But the weka, on the other hand, is itself destructive, and destroys the egg of the paradise duck. That species on leaving its nest covers the eggs with a mat of down, but the weka are not deceived by this, and, on finding a nest, throws aside the down, and speedily eat the eggs. This knowledge of this habit of the paradise duck seems to be instinctive with the weka, for a young one which has never seen a duck's nest proceeds to remove the down to get at the eggs, as soon as it finds the nest. Even if they find the nest of a domestic hen, with uncovered eggs, the birds always go through the motion of throwing aside the down.

The weka has its own run to which it usually confines itself. It will drive off another weka that traspasses on its range, or will kill its young. No other birds are allowed to intrude on territory that the weka thinks belongs to him.

The weka is regarded as most useful as an insect destroyer, and it is hoped that it may be preserved.

The kakapo, or owl parrot, is a large bird which formerly possessed the power of flight. It has fully developed wings, and may sometime fly a little, but on the whole, it is a ground dweller and a swift runner, passing most of its time in caves or holes in the rocks. It feeds at night, living chiefly on berries and other fruit, and is an entirely gentle and unsuspicious bird. Like the weka, the owl parrot is good eating, and many a starving man has been kept alive by this food while passing through an uninhabited country. The kakapo feeds largely on grass, and is said to eject from its mouth this grass in dry pellets after its juice has all been extracted.

The bird takes its name, owl parrot, from the disc of prominent feathers about the eyes and near the bill, which is so noticeable in most owls.

One of the most extraordinary of New Zealand's birds is the kea, another fruit-eating parrot, which, however, is much better known for the harm that it does to the sheep flocks. The kea's bill is long and strong, and it possesses inordinate curiosity. If it sees anything that it does not understand, it at once endeavors to find out what it is, and in this effort is likely to tear it to pieces. Keas are not naturally inclined to attack sheep, but, according to good authority, the taste for sheep fat was first acquired by keas which were investigating badly cleaned sheep skins hanging up to dry. Mr. Harper says:

"Keas naturally feed on berries, but they are possessed of an intense desire to investigate

From Nature. THE KAKAPO.

everything they see, and if possible tear it to pieces; consequently, near homesteads, in Otago and Canterbury, when they see sheep skins hanging up to dry they go down to examine them. If the skins are carefully cleaned little harm results; but if not, the keas have a chance to taste the fat, and when once a kea tasts fat, he is a ruined bird, and would sell his soul—if he had one—to get more. To satisfy this craving he attacks the sheep with fatal effect, causing, in some localities, very heavy loss to the stations. The birds are not migratory, and as far as I have been able to ascertain, rarely leave the valleys they live in. This is evidenced by the fact that while some stations lose many sheep, owing to the keas, an adjoining owner may suffer no loss whatever, owing to the fact that the birds have not learnt the taste for fat."

When the kea has acquired the taste for fat, it becomes very destructive, and if he can find a sheep in the snow, or in any way disabled or prevented from escaping, it fastens itself on the animal's back, and tearing away the wool and skin, devours the kidney fat of the living animal.

These birds are usually found at considerable elevation, and are called mountain parrots. They are exceedingly unafraid and their inquisitiveness makes them positively impudent. Mr. Harper tells a comical story of meeting, during one of his exploring journeys, with a group of keas, which finally increased to fifteen or more, and proved very troublesome while he was taking some bearings and some photographs. He goes on to say:

"While crossing the Chancellor Ridge, the keas which I referred to followed me on the wing, but owing to the ice being very slippery, my progress was too slow for them; therefore, alighting on the ice, they began to follow on foot. Whenever a kea makes its appearance we are prepared for some good fun, as their actions are most ludicrous and their conversation, which is incessant, almost expressive enough to enable one to understand what they mean. I have had considerable experience with these birds, but have never seen such an intensely funny proceeding as on this particular morning. The keas having settled on the ice began to follow in a long, straggling line, about fifteen of them. They have a preternaturally solemn walk, but when in a hurry they hop along on both feet, looking very eager and very much in earnest. To see these fifteen birds hopping along behind in a string, as if their very lives depended on keeping me in sight, was ridiculously comic. The ice was undulating, with little valleys and hummocks, and the birds would now, for a second or two, disappear into a hollow and now show up on a hummock, pause a moment, and then hop down again out of sight into the next hollow. To judge by their expressions and manner, they were in a great state of anxiety on emerging from a hollow on to a hummock, as to whether I was still there. Now and then the one in front would appear, craning his neck, and on seeing me still ahead, would turn round and shriek, 'k-e-e-a,' as much as to say, 'It's all right, boys, come along.' And the others, putting their heads down, would set their teeth and travel 'all they knew,' a fat one in the rear evidentally making very heavy weather of it!

"On the Chancellor Ridge they became offensively inquisitive, and I really could hardly take any photographs, owing to their anxiety to ascertain the maker's name on my camera. However, such is the perversity of affairs in general, that it was only when it occurred to me that a picture of ten or fifteen keas examining my ice-ax would be interesting, that they suddenly seemed to remember an appointment elsewhere, and disappeared. Had the idea occurred a few minutes earlier, a good picture could have been obtained."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Taste of Mosquitoes.

Consul-General Richard Guenther furnishes the following report on the mosquito and the alleged preference of that sanguinary insect for colors and persons:

"It is stated that the mosquitoes are strongly influenced in choosing their victims by the color of their clothes. In 1841 Spence found that a loose fabric of white threads kept mosquitoes away much more effectively than one of black threads. Joly observed in Madagascar that mosquitoes prefer to alight on black soil rather than on white sandy soil, and rather on black shoes and clothes than on white. The natives of Madagascar even suspend pieces of black fabric from the ceilings of their huts in order to attract the mosquitoes to it. Joly also found that light dogs were tormented less by mosquitoes than black ones, negroes more than Europeans. Similar observations were made in India. The Englishmen, Nuttall and Shipley, found that Anopheles maculipennis preferred colors in this order: Dark blue, dark red, brown red, black, gray, olive gray, violet green, light gray, pearl gray, pale gray, azure blue, ochre color, white, yellow. The malaria expert, Galli-Valerio, director of the institute for experimental hygiene and parasitology at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, confirms these facts in his 'Manuel pour la lutte contre les moustiques,' just published, as a result of his own experiments. He states that in experiments with the Anopheles maculipennis and Anopheles bifurcatus, 119 settled down on dark colors and only 33 upon light ones. Similar results were obtained with culex pipiens and culex vexans; 349 preferred dark and only 120 lighter colors.

"Thus the chances of the number of mosquitoes' bites may be decreased by choosing light colors for our clothes, but they cannot be avoided entirely. It is the same with all the remedies used in the open air. Tobacco smoke is the most efficient, but not at all infallible. Camphorated vaseline and other strongly smelling ointments rubbed on the hands are only efficacious until the odor has evaporated, which is done quickly on a hot day. The only certain protection is a veil of muslin gauze such as is worn by the Italian railroad watchmen and soldiers in the malarial zones."

From Nature. THE KEA OR MOUNTAIN NESTOR.

GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Quail Shooting in Southern Maryland.

Quail hunting brings many crack shots from Washington and Baltimore into southern Maryland each year, where the shooting is usually good and the birds sleek and fat. Despite the scouring of pastures, swamps and thickets by dog and master each year the game is still plentiful. Feeding the birds, which is systematically done in winter by many of the farmers of the Maryland counties, seems to have the effect of increasing the number of quail, and huntsmen, who are fortunate enough to obtain a permit to roam over the farms of Prince George's and St. Mary's counties, rarely fail of securing a good bag of game.

The game laws are now strict in these counties, the season for quail opening on Nov. 1, at the same time with ducks and geese in the Potomac, Patuxent and along the bay. So that if the hunt carries the gunner near a stream or inlet he may add a mallard, a woodcock or snipe to his shoot for the day. Farmers are more chary than formerly about letting gunners upon their farms, especially to shoot quail, as these birds are much prized as insect destroyers and feeders upon the seeds of noxious plants. It sometimes requires the payment of a small fee to gain access to the woods and thickets or marshes where the best game is to be found.

Pursuit of quail, woodcock, snipe and plover are the favorite forms of wing shooting in the lower Maryland counties, after the first week or two of rice-bird hunting in September. Snipe and plover may be shot after Sept. 15, woodcock and quail after Nov. 1. Some of the natives of Marlboro and smaller towns of Prince George's county keep trained dogs and expect each autumn to pocket a snug sum showing the swell sports from the city where to find the game and flushing it to their guns. Some hunters prefer their own dogs, but even then it is convenient to have a man along who knows the country, to help find the game and to salve over any friction that may arise in tresspassing upon farms where the owners may object and where the line fences are not well defined.

Each armed with a 12-guage shotgun and carrying a supply of ammunition consisting of shells loaded with three drams of smokeless powder, the writer and another Washingtonian spent three days shooting quail in Prince George's county. We were accompanied by a young man and his dog and covered about fifty miles, stopping two nights at farm houses where we were hospitably entertained. Under a special arrangement with the man who piloted the hunters, a horse and wagon came down the country each night from Marlboro, took into town the day's killing and shipped it to our homes in Washington. In the three days 105 birds were obtained, and considering that many were missed and that some shot could not be retrieved, the guide said the bag was all that could be expected of the two men who do not make pretentions to being expert shots.

Shooting quail schools the hunter as severely as the capture of the wily black bass does the angler. Like the bass, the bird has peculiar habits with which one must be acquainted to find him and to hit him when flushed. Our guide seemed to know by instinct where the birds were at any given time. He was chary about imparting information on the subject, but it was clear to be seen that while not a scientific naturalist this plain young farmer of Maryland, who turns his knowledge to account every fall, had made an exhaustive study of the habits of Bob White. The man and his dog found the birds skulking in the stubble, hiding in the thicket and hedgerow or roosting in the branches of low bushes near some stream.

On a clear frosty morning the guide was up early and eager for a start, while the grass was yet white and stiff with the night's freezing. He would invaribly lead the way to a field of stubble or high grown pasture. In the ragweed and pigeon grass of old wheat or oat fields the dog was sure to point a covey. We had some good shots in a small buckwheat field a little after sunrise one morning. The conclusion to be arrived at from the actions of our guide in the morning was that the quail leave the warm thicket where they have spent the night huddled together for warmth and to avoid danger, and fly to some sun-exposed field, where the seeds of weeds and grass are plentiful. A quail shot at 9 o'clock in the morning will have a crop filled with near two ounces of the seeds of ragweed, pigeon grass, dock and a few insects, picked up seemingly to serve as appetizers.

About 10 o'clock the guide would seek the thickets adjoining the meadows, small pieces of woods and the vicinity of streams or springs. He said the birds were then through feeding and sought some place to drink, preen in the sunshine and wallow in the dirt. After about an hour's work here, he would call the dog, find a cool place to rest and eat lunch, and would do nothing until after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the operations of the morning would be repeated in inverse order. When the sun was low, he would station the hunters in some thicket, and with his dog flush the birds in the field, when they would come pell mell right into the muzzles of our guns. Sometimes as many as three coveys would rise from a ten-acre field and come bearing down upon the gunners. These were exciting moments, and some of our best shots were made thus at the close of the day's sport.

Bob White is a tough bird and the humane hunter will try to hit him fairly and kill him outright. This can be done only by an accurate trap shot, and even when hit, the wounded bird sometimes fly some distance before falling. One cock bird wounded in the neck, which seemed to have bled to death from a severed artery, flew nearly a hundred yards after he was struck by the fatal shot.

When a covey of quail is flushed the hunter must be quick of eye and hand. His finger cannot wait upon the trigger, nor is there time for fine sighting. The birds rise from the ground with a loud whirr of wings, scatter and fly like bullets away from the point of disturbance. Sometimes the covey will fly in a fairly condensed flock into a thicket or into the timber near their feeding grounds, but oftener they scatter to every point of the compass and light singly over a wide radius. Each bird seems to have a pretty clear idea where he is going, and will fly swiftly to that point where he will alight, take to his legs and hide in the weeds and grass.

The shot at an incoming bird or one on a cross flight are the most difficult. On the incoming flight the hunter generally fires under the bird and on the cross flight behind him. When the game flies with the teriffic speed of a quail, allowance must be made for the velocity of the mark and the angle at which the shot is fired. A simple calculation given by our guide will show the fine judgment which must be exercised by the gunner if he would hit his bird. The velocity of No. 8 shot from a load of three drams of powder, he said, was about 900 feet a second. The quail flies at least 90 feet a second. Now, if the bird is flying directly across the line of sight at a distance of about 35 yards, the shot aimed directly at the bird would pass nearly ten feet behind. In a similar way the hunter may be deceived by the angle of rise as the bird approaches, and our guide cautioned us again and again to wait until the bird had flown by and was on what he termed the downward angle before firing. In fact, most of the birds shot at on the approach were missed.

The most essential aid to quail shooting is a properly trained bird dog, one crafty in pointing and willing to wait the order to rush in and flush. Indeed half the pleasure of our three days' hunt was in watching the maneuvers of the dog, which was seemingly almost as intelligent as his master. When it was possible the guide sent his dog into the field "up the wind." That brought the scent of the birds down to the sensitive nostrils of the dog. Our instructions were that when the dog pointed, one of us was to command the dog by a sharp word of flush. It was one of the most remarkable things the hunter can witness to watch this old dog pick out a covey of quail in a field of ragweed where every bird was effectually concealed from the eyesight of the animal.

At the word of his master the dog entered the field with his head held high, sniffing at every stop. He would take a wide circuit along the side of the field, stopping frequently and smelling the wind. All at once the dog would stop stock still, with head pointed toward the spot where the birds were feeding. The hunter comes up, and at the word, the dog dashes in, and up fly a dozen to twenty birds. A covey of quail is almost always two parent birds, and in this locality their offspring of two hatchings, one in May and the other in August. We ran across several coveys, in which about half of twenty-five birds were full grown and the other half not more than half-mature.

After the first flushing and the firing of both barrels at the flying birds, the guide came on the field. The gunner reloaded, and was joined by his companion. The two went to some bush or hummock nearby. The guide would then lie down about thirty yards off, concealed as much as possible and begin to whistle the peculiar note, calling the birds together when scattered. Many times this resulted in several of the birds rising on wing and flying toward the spot in answer to the call. At other times the call was answered by the birds as they ran through the long grass to join their supposed mate. Coming near the guide would show himself or send the dog to start up the running birds. These generally were the smaller birds of the last hatching, but we had some good shots by means of this ruse.

The guide explained that there were two calls the gunner should learn, one the whistle of the female summoning her brood after being disturbed, and the other the call of the young ones to their mother. The notes are not much alike, and do not resemble the loud and defiant whistle of the male bird in the mating and nesting season in early summer. This call is almost never heard in the autumn months. The advantage of mastering the bird calls is that the scattered flock can be brought to the hunter, at least until two good shots have been fired. By that time the birds are so frightened that they will not respond to the call, and we found coveys that could not be induced to respond to the whistle of the guide, though he seemed to form the note the same as at other times.

One day the hunt had started early, and in the morning hours we had killed about thirty birds. The sun was warm, and our guide stopped rather earlier than usual beside a stream to eat our lunch and rest, while the quails were taking their mid-day siesta. That day the young farmer gave us the result of some of his observations on the quail.

"It's 'onery to shoot them purty birds, the

way it is done all over these counties. They does the farmer a right smart of good and no hurt. What's in their crops? That tells the story of their livin'. Yer'll find, if yer look, that the crops is full of grass seed and a few bugs. Some little buckwheat yer'll find, for if there's any think a partridge ruther have than buckwheat, I hain't spied it. Ther ain't nothin' purtier than them birds is, and we'll have laws in Maryland some day to stop the killin' ov 'em off every fall as many as the old ones can bring up in summer."

This seemed a good deal to come from the lips of a man who was guiding two hunters to the hiding places of the quail at a good price for his daily services. It was probably an instance where his honest sentiments for the moment got the better of his avarice, for he seemed to catch the twinkle in the eyes of his auditors and stopped his eulogy of the quail as quickly as he had begun. But it is probably true that if the farmers generally better understood the service these sleek birds are doing in autumn and winter, eating up the seeds of injurious plants and capturing the adult fall insects, there would be laws making it a penal offence to shoot quail at all. In fact, some of the farmers in southern Maryland have notices up about the borders of their farms warning off the hunter on pain of the law, and most of these men will not allow the quail to be shot on their premises. There have been a number of prosecutions in Prince George's county of those who did not heed these warnings.

We are told that the result of the teachings of the Maryland Agricultural College is that the farmers place a higher value upon the wild birds, among them the quail; that there are farmers who regularly scatter grain for them to eat in winter and encourage the negroes to kill off the skunks and foxes which prey upon the quail. These farmers are moving for a closed season for quail in Maryland the year through.

J. CLINTON RANSON.

Hunting in Colorado.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 16.—Monday, Sept. the 10th, was hailed with delight by the duck shooters, and the late trains for the lakes Sunday night were crowded with enthusiastic sportsmen, keen to begin shooting at the first peep of day. Mr. Marion C. Armstrong, and four of his friends, went below Barr Lake, and before he could see clearly the point of his gun, he commenced shooting. Mr. Armstrong is one of the best wing shots in Colorado and in an hour and a half had killed the limit of twenty-five ducks; twenty-two teal, fat and tender, two mallards and a redhead. His friends were equally successful and there is every indication that game will be very plentiful in Colorado this season.

Hunters who have during the open dove season shot a pheasant or two stand an excellent chance of being brought before some court and assessed a good big fine. W. F. Kendrick is materially assisting State Game Commissioner Woodward, and is quietly gathering evidence against a number of parties who have violated the law in this respect. Mr. Kendrick is in daily communication with farmers in different parts of the State, who have taken a decided interest in pheasant culture, and several of these are furnishing names of hunters who have shot one or more of these birds. "By the next open season for doves," says Mr. Kendirck, "I believe the farmers will so fully appreciate the value of the pheasants that they will treat the hunter killing one the same as if a cow or horse, instead of a bird had been shot."

"Another thing the farmers will have to learn is that a license to hunt does not mean that a man carrying it, is privileged to hunt on property where the owner does not want him. Many farmers are laboring under the delusion that a State license gives the hunter the right to tramp over any farm he thinks may afford good shooting. This interests all those who are looking after the breeding and preservation of the pheasant, because it is mostly on private property that the bird is found."

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Boone and Crockett Club Game Book.

UNDER this title the Boone and Crockett Club has just published a handy pocket volume in which is set down a uniform standard of measurements of the large game of North America. The volume is illustrated by cuts, three of which are presented herewith, in order that the method of making the measurements may be clearly understood. The book is compiled by Mr. Jas. H. Kidder, of Boston, Mass.; and will be sent by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., on receipt of the price, $1.50.

This note book should be a part of the outfit of every big-game hunter, and after each shooting trip the members of the Boone and Crockett Club are requested to send to the secretary a list of the game killed and the measurements taken. In order to avoid error, all measurements should be taken with a steel tape, or a cloth tape which has been verified by comparison with one of steel. Body measurements include standing height at shoulder, length from nose to end of vertebræ, girth of body just back of shoulders, of head just before ears, of neck just back of the ears, of upper arm, of forearm; measurement from base of ear to outer corner of eye, from inner corner of eye to end of nose, and gross weight.

In order to measure the standing height at shoulder, the animal should be dragged flat on its side and placed as near as possible in a life-like standing position. The foreleg is then to be held perpendicular to the axis of the body and pushed up until the elbow is in the position it would have been when the animal's weight is resting on the leg. Then hoof or foot should be moved to the position of an animal standing on level surface, and a stake driven into the ground to the sole of the foot, half way between toe and heel. Another stake is to be driven into the ground close to the body at the highest point of the shoulder. Those stakes should stand vertically and the measurement between them, giving the standing shoulder height, should be from a point on each stake at the same distance from the ground.

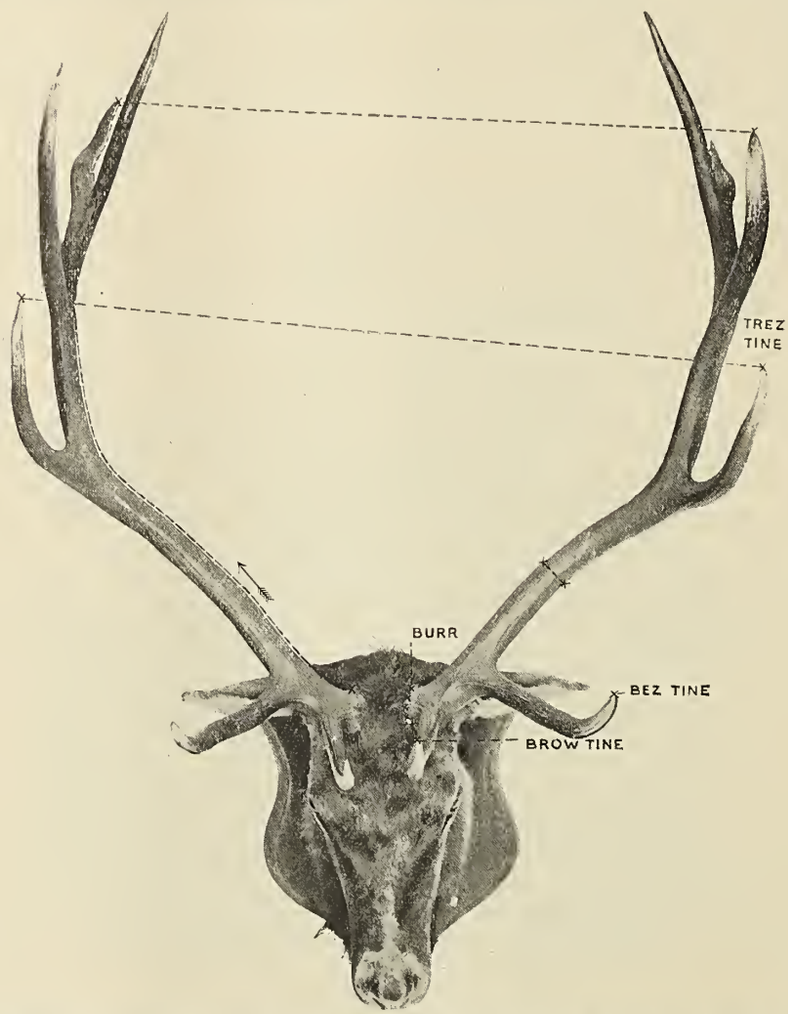
Horns of course must be measured differently in different animals, but the diagrams show the measurements for elk, moose and mountain sheep. For the elk, the length is measured on the outside curve, and width from tip to tip and across greatest width. The number of points for each antler is to be given, and the circumference of the beam between the bez and trez antlers. Moose horn measurements are the inside curve, circumference above burr, tip to tip, greatest width, breadth of palm and number of points. For mountain sheep's horns give length on outside curve, circumference at base taken at right angles to axis of horn with tape drawn tight, and from tip to tip.

It is advised never to divide the skull of an antlered animal; to photograph a head before skinning; to preserve the skulls of all animals, and to note the condition of teeth and stomach contents.

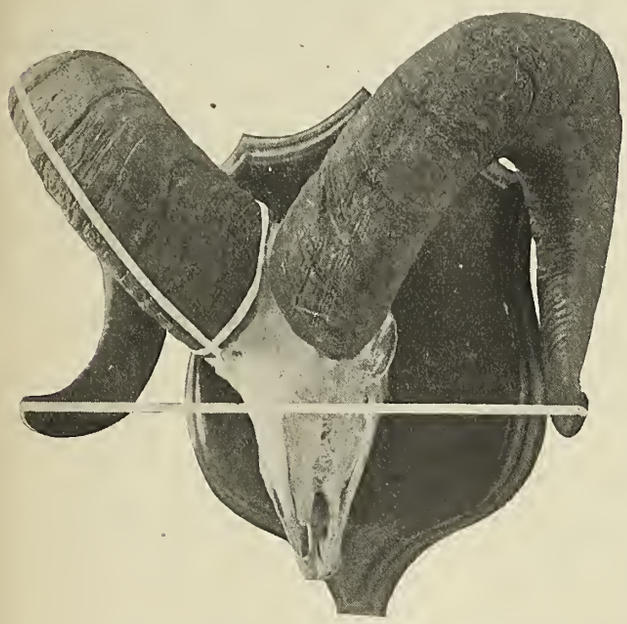
There are 50 pages of the book with blanks for locality, date and sort of animal killed, and with lines on which are printed the body measurements and the horn and antler measurements, with blanks for entries. Facing each of these pages is a blank page for remarks.

The little volume, which is of a size to slip in the pocket, ought to be carried by every big-game hunter, and if every big-game hunter had one of these books, measured his game according to its directions, and reported on what he killed, a very considerable amount of useful material would shortly be accumulated.

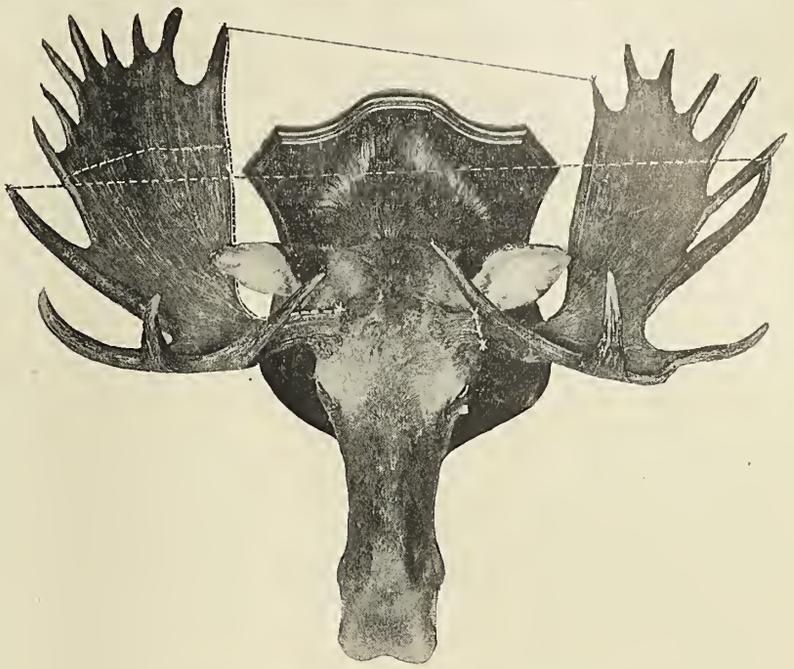
THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*



Length on outside curve, 47½ inches. Circumference between bez and trez, 6½ inches. Tip to tip, 40⅛ inches. Greatest width, 45¼ inches. Number of points,, 6 + 6.—Boone and Crockett Game Book.



Length on outside curve, 44½ inches. Circumference at base, taken at right angle to axis of horn with top drawn tight, 14 inches. Tip to tip, 21 inches.—Boone and Crockett Game Book.



Length on inside curve, 31¼ inches. Circumference above burr, 6⅞ inches. Tip to tip, 29 inches. Greatest width, 50 inches. Breadth of palm, 14 inches. Number of points, 12 + 12.

A Forgotten Hunter's Mecca.

Stories of the Bear, Deer and Wolf.

Being a pioneer of the second coming in the great "Ohio country," then thought to be in the "far west," the writer as a youth spent most of his younger days in roaming through the great forests with dog and gun.

The firearms of those days had not approached the degree of perfection that they have attained in these latter days. The gun then in use was the long-barreled muzzleloading, flint-locked, Kentucky rifle, the wooden stock of which reached to within an inch of the muzzle. The fire pans of those rifles always required priming. Many times the priming would shake out and the gun was then harmless until re-primed. Thus it often came about that the gun was "dead" when needed most. Many times the flint would fail to strike fire, no explosion would follow. A good hunter always looked well to flints and priming.

Game was abundant in those early days. Bear, deer, bison and wild turkeys were to be found in immense numbers, for this was then the hunter's Mecca. As late as 1830 to 1840 game and fish were still abundant, an occasional bear was to be found. Deer yet roamed the forests; wild turkeys and pheasants were still to be found in large numbers, while squirrels and quail were thick in the woods and fields. In the fall of the year immense flocks of the passenger wild pigeons flew westward in the mornings, and eastward at night. For three or four hours in the morning these great flocks, containing milions of birds, flew westward to feed upon the mast of the beech woods, where the three cornered beech nuts lay thick and black under the trees. These flocks reached northward and southward as far as the eye could reach. Flock would follow flock in serried ranks for hours at a time. Trapping pigeons in those days was a profitable business, and was much resorted to. The live birds were shipped to the eastern markets and brought good prices. Panthers, black bears and wolves were sufficiently plenty. The panther, though sometimes extremely ferocious, at other times seemed comparatively tame. One day, while traveling on the banks of a small stream, a panther was discovered resting among the limbs of a tree. He was a large fellow, but he seemed quiet and made no overt act of menace.

As Captain David Pratt was one day looking for his cows in the woods, his attention was attracted by the furious barking of his dog at the base of a large tree. Carefully advancing he discovered a large catamount reposing on the very limb under which he was standing. The animal's eyes were green and glaring, and his sinewy legs were gathered for a spring. Quick as thought the Captain leveled his rifle, fired, and the "painter" came tumbling down. It measured nine feet from tip to tip.

I am persuaded that the black bear is naturally a timid animal, though under the influence of hunger he becomes bold, and in self defense, or, if a female, in defending her young, are very ferocious. I have often, while walking in the forest, seen bruin emerge in the path I was pursuing, and cantering up the hill before me disappear in the woods as timid as a hare.

John Holdren and John Jones killed forty-six bears in six weeks' time. Sometimes in the tall season they killed forty or fifty deer for their winter supply, and turkeys beyond computation. Holdren killed four deer in a single day, and he and two of his boys, in a hunt of two weeks, killed thirty deer.

On one hunting expedition, he shot and wounded a black bear. His dog ran in to seize the bear, but bruin, though hurt, thought himself a match for any dog, and the dog soon discovered that he had caught a tartar. The animal though wounded was yet vigorous, and he was making a record as a dog killer. Holdren thought it was about time for him to interfere. Drawing his knife he prepared to carve up the bear; but the bear was as ready for the man as he had been for the dog. Bruin at once released the dog and prepared to pay his attention to the man. The first grab he made for Holdren he tore the man's blanket, in which he was dressed, completely off of him. Holdren then plunged his knife in the bear, clear to the hilt, then becoming frightened, he did not attempt to pull it out, but thinking that discretion in this case, at least, was the better part of valor, he turned to run, and—kept on running. The man escaped the bear, and the bear escaped the man, so they were quits. Holdren afterwards said that it was the closest squeak he had ever got into, but that early in the fray he had made up his mind that a live jackass was worth more to his family than a dead hero.

On another occasion Josiah True and Cyrus Tuttle drove a bear into a cave. After considerable skirmishing around, they succeeded in shooting the animal in a narrow passage way of the cave, and having fastened a hickory withe to his nose, were about to drag him out. True entered the cave, crawled over it, and got behind to assist in the moving. Suddenly there was a change in the programme. Bear number two put in an appearance. The men had been ignorant of the fact that twice one was two, and the first intimation they had of the presence of number two was when he came rushing out from the rear of the cavern. It was hard to say which was the most frightened, the bear or the man. However, they did not stop to discuss the question, and the bear at once mounted on True's back, crushing him face downwards on the floor of the cave. Then with a magnified grin, and showing a fine set of teeth, bruin made directly for Tuttle. The man gave one horrified look and then made up his mind that he was wanted elsewhere. The bear ran one way and Tuttle another, both sprinting in fine shape.

Mrs. Lottridge, while busy with her evening's work one day, was surprised and horrified to see a large panther walk cooly in her open door and stand before the fire. Her husband's rifle not being in the house, that worthy seized the butcher knife and would have attacked the intruder had it not been for the tears and entreaties of his wife, who afterwards always maintained that her screams frightened the animal, as after a few moments of quiet observation he darted out of the cabin and disappeared in the gathering dusk; not the first instance surely of a male being put to flight by a woman's tongue.

William Sickles killed as many as five deer in a single day, and in the autumn killed forty-nine. Joseph Bobo and Abram Gabriel also, each killed forty-nine, making one hundred and forty-seven for three men in one single township.

Bishop Ames, of Baltimore, himself an early Ohio pioneer, related the following story: "In 1822," said the reverend divine, "Pit Putnam organized a grand wolf hunt to be held on the headwaters of Big Run. A space about four miles square was surveyed in the heart of the forest, and marked all the way around by blazing the trees. On the appointed day the hunters assembled from all directions and were soon placed. I was then only sixteen years old, and was more highly excited over the affair than I am apt to become over any event now-a-days. When all was ready, the men stationed, armed, etc., a horn was blown by the leader, and the signal in a few minutes passed around the whole circle, whereupon they all began to march toward a common center keeping in line. Each man was ordered to make as great a hubbub as possible, those with horns to blow them, and the rest to shout and halloo. I was a pretty well grown boy of my age, and was allowed to march with

the rest, furnished with a tin horn nearly as long as myself. I blew such a blast as would, I suppose, have shaken down the walls of Jericho, if they had been there, and blew until I had no strength to blow any more. As we drew near the center, where there was a running brook and a cave in the rocks, the excitement increased. Soon wild animals of different sorts were seen darting about. There were deer in considerable numbers, though in poor condition, as I remember, and a great many were killed. In their fright and eagerness to escape, they ran directly at the lines of hunters. I saw some of them leap clear over the heads of the men. Foxes were numerous too, and a great many were killed, with smaller game of different sorts. But we were after wolves; and after all our marching and hallooing, and beating of bushes, my recollection is that not a single wolf was captured or killed—or if any, only one or two—and the whole affair was a failure so far as the wolf part was concerned."

While John McCune was out a-hunting with a strange gun, he came unexpectedly upon a bear; he tried to shoot it, but the gun would not go off—but the bear did—he went off after McCune, and McCune went after safety. The race for awhile was a draw, McCune was ahead, but the bear was coming in a close second. Every few rods McCune would whirl around and try to fire the gun, but the tarnal thing would not go off; it was a complete fizzle, and the man found his legs the better gun of the two. After a half mile of woodland had been covered, his cries brought to his assistance some dogs, and between his profanity, his canine friends, and the gun which made a good club, if not a firearm, bruin was driven away.

McCune's wife was, however, more successful. She saw something pass her door in the dusk of the evening that she thought was a strange dog. Rushing out of the cabin she set her own dog upon it. It was then she discovered it to be a large black wolf, the most bloodthirsty and ferocious of the wolf tribe in her "neck of woods." No gun being at hand, the fearless woman armed herself with a pitchfork, and set out in pursuit. Her dog kept up a running fight with the wolf, allowing her to get in a vicious jab now and then. After a long running fight in the dark, and between the woman, the dog, and the pitchfork, the wolf was finally slain.

On another occasion, while McCune was on a hunting expedition, in company with John Boyles, they came upon a female bear and her two cubs. Boyles fired at and wounded the old bear, and then, desiring to see some fun, and at the same time train his dog, laid down his gun and set the dog on one of the cubs. The old bear and the other cub beat a hasty retreat. Boyles was so interested with the fracas between the dog and the cub that he did not notice that the old bear had returned, until she had placed herself between him and his gun. He danced around in his misery and kept shouting for help as loud as he could, at the same time drawing his hunting knife, resolved to put up as good a fight as he could, for he was no coward. McCune hearing his partner's cries came on the double quick, and just in time. He at once wheeled in position, and sent an ounce of lead crashing through the old bear's brain.

It was not the men only in those days who were brave and fearless. The women of the frontier were nursed in danger, cradled in peril, fed on the horrors of field and chase and inherited with every breath of life, courage and independence of character, fearlessness and love of dangerous pursuits.

On one occasion, a Mrs. Armstrong saw the dogs pursue a deer on the ice in the creek, near the house. She needed that venison; she must have it, but there being no man about the house, the task of procuring it devolved upon her. Seizing the only tools at hand, an ax, and butcher knife, she hastened after her quarry. The deer was helpless on the ice, every one of his feet were performing a separate journey. She succeeded in getting squarely in front of it and knocked it down with the ax and cut its throat with her butcher knife.

Jeremiah Clements and Israel Bobo, noted hunters in their locality, killed in one season, and in one neighborhood, sixty-five bears. Joseph Bobo, son of Israel, speaking of his father, and his father's days, said:

"So far as meat was concerned, we had plenty by killing it in the woods. Deer, bears and turkeys were plenty, and I have seen a good many elk when I was a boy, and some buffalo. My father was considerable of a hunter and killed a great many deer and bears. I remember an adventure he had with a bear when I was about fifteen. In the forepart of the winter the fat bears would go into a hollow tree, or cave, and stay there until spring. They were always fat when they came out. Frequently they went into pretty rough caves or holes in the rocks. Father would go in with a pine torch in one hand and his gun in the other, and crawl as close as he could, and then shoot. George Shidler found a hole in the rocks they had never been in before, so father lighted his torch and started in to explore as usual. He had gone about twenty-five feet, and looking all the time to see if there was anything, when suddenly the bear struck the torch with his paw, putting out the light. Father got out of that as quickly as possible, and told Shidler what had happened, and that the bear was lying in a very difficult place to shoot, as it was around the corner of a rock which he could not pass, the hole being very small. But father determined to go in again, and told George to stand at the mouth of the hole, and if the bear came out to shoot it. With lighted torch in hand he crawled as close to the bear as he could, fired, but only wounded him. The bear then started for the mouth of the hole, right toward father, who had just time to lie flat on his stomach, when the bear rushed over him, tearing his clothes pretty badly, and leaving marks of his claws on his back that he carried to his grave. Shidler was ready at the mouth of the hole, and when the bear came out, gave him an ounce of lead that settled him. They dressed the bear and he weighed 390 pounds. My father killed as many as seven deer in a single day, and that for many days at a time. My father killed an elk and a few buffaloes after we came here. When I was a young man I have stood in one spot, behind a large tree, and killed three deer as fast as I could load and shoot. My brother Thomas killed twelve deer the year he became twelve years old."

At irregular intervals one of those strange migrations of squirrels would occur for which no satisfactory cause has been given by naturalists. Starting from the remote northwest, they would come in countless numbers, and nothing would turn them in their course. If a house or a barn stood in their way they would not go around it, but up it, over and down on the other side. Streams and rivers were no impediment to them. Seizing a chip, or a branch of wood, they would boldly enter the water, raise their bushy tails for a sail and trust themselves to the mercy of the waves. In places the ground would literally be alive with them. Here could be seen the burly fox, the common gray, the glossy black, and the nimble red squirrel, all mixed together and all bent on a common purpose. Woe to the farmer's corn field that stood in the way. Many thousands of these little creatures were slaughtered by boys who stood on the banks of some stream armed with a club, and as the little travelers, bedraggled, with their fur heavy with water, came up the bank, they would fall an easy prey to the youthful hunters.

Stopping one night with a farmer who was in line of one of these migrations, he had hauled his corn around the house for better protection. The next morning we were aroused by a great noise. The farmer and his dogs were endeavoring to scare the squirrels from off his corn-shocks, which they completely covered. After he had succeeded in chasing them away, seventy-five of these pests were counted on his well-sweep.

While Chris Stevens, and a Dutchman by the name of Heck—a character, by the way—were out hunting, they succeeded in treeing a bear on a large white-wood tree. The tree was one of the highest in the woods, and the bear climbed into its extreme top. The two men had but one gun between them; it was in the hands of Stevens, but he being a very tender-hearted man, did not appear very anxious to shoot. He would raise the gun, glance along the tube, then lower it. After repeating this movement three or four times, Heck who stod a little ways off boiling with impatience, not being able to hold in his indignation any longer, blurted out:

"Why don't you shoot?"

Stevens, who was rather chicken hearted, hesitated, and then deliberately lowering his gun, drawled out:

"Heck, I can't bear to see the poor thing fall so far."

"Gott im Himmel!" cried the Dutchman, "gif me de gun den—I shoots him if he falls mit de ground 'til a t'ousand feet."

A change in the marksman soon brought bruin with a thundering thump to the ground.

Minnesota Game.

Balsam, Minn., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting season opened up the 1st, with the guns out in full force. A good many had poor luck on grouse, but I have heard no complaints about the scarcity of ducks. I have seen several bags of mallards and wood ducks that ought to satisfy any one. There is an unusual number of native ducks along Sandy River and Wessel's Lake. Bear are commencing on the oak, three having been seen in the last week, one swimming Sandy River and getting away from four or five guns. Moose are appearing along the edge of the settlements. Deer seem to be very plenty in certain localities, being seen every day along the roads. Partridges are well grown, and the broods seem to be of good size. If the Indians can be kept from shooting them for the market this fall, as they have slaughtered them by the hundreds the last two years, next year will see them as plenty as they were four years ago. Some of the worst offenders have gone to White Earth, so that is a good many birds saved for another year.

We ought to have good fall duck shooting, as rice is plenty in most of the lakes, the last flight usually being the best and the ducks in better condition.

Last November I saw in Upper Twin Lake a flock of mallards that covered a good forty acres of water, and on a dead stub a big eagle waiting to pick up an occasional straggler.

Sandy Lake.

Virginia Quail.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Judging from the reports of my farmer customers in regard to the quail supply in this immediate section, would say that we have fewer birds this year than last, and last season there were very few. We had a fair stock of old birds left last season for breeding purposes, but the excessive rains this spring and summer have destroyed the young ones to a large extent. Reports from North Carolina and the upper portion of this State would indicate that they would have a fine supply of birds. E. C. Gunther.

Caribou in Newfoundland.

St. Johns, N. F., Sept. 8.—The caribou season is now in full swing. Large numbers of hunters are in the woods, and many American hunters are arriving by each incoming steamer. The biggest caribou killed for some time was shot by Mr. I. March, of Bockwoodville. It tipped the scales at 312 pounds, and is considered a large animal. W. I. C.

Last fall a gentleman from Auburn, N. Y., was visiting a brother here. They went out for a night hunt. Eyes were seen. One of the shooters "let go" at them. Then there was a good deal of racket in the brush. Venturing up a little nearer, they saw a large black object, which suggested bear. But whoever saw a bear have horns? The farmer has an odd ox now, and forty dollars for the other one.

One more. A young Nimrod went about three miles along the railroad track, when he saw an eye, at which he made a fine double shot, but failed to dim it in the least. It proved to be a headlight on an engine—some five miles away.

Blank.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

A Daybreak Fishing Trip to Romer Shoals Beacon.

It was exceedingly hot that Saturday forenoon in July, but there was consolation in the fact that at 12 o'clock we should lay down our bread winning implements until the following Monday morning going in pursuit of our favorite pastime, viz., hunting the weakfish.

Twelve o'clock sharp we are off and en route; map out our campaign speculating as to weather conditions.

Our journey is not a long one. Arriving at the club house only a short time is consumed in getting into the coolest of fishing clothes, and with fishing outfit complete we are ready for the hunt.

It has sudenly grown dark and a rumbling in the sky, growing nearer and nearer, denotes an approaching thunder storm. Boom! Bang!! Bing!!! and the storm has burst with a downpour of rain that made fishing uncomfortable, if not quite out of the question. There was no remedy. The ardor of a week's growth; all we had worked so hard for that hot Saturday forenoon, also the anticipation which is no small factor in a fisherman's life, was suddenly chilled to the freezing point as the storm continued with unabated fury. Someone said "poker." Suiting the action to the word two tables are filled with players, but the games lack interest, the stakes being small, the minds elsewhere. The rain continues to fall, and poker it is before and after supper until bedtime.

We are booked until Monday morning and our weather prophet assured us that we would have a fair day before that time. So good nights are exchanged and such of us as have no nerves are soon asleep. True to the prophecy the storm was over before daybreak the following morning. We are up and lose no time in getting the launch ready and are soon skimming over a sea upon which a slight ripple is discernible, a mild southerly wind making the run absolutely perfect. We have decided to fish at "Old Romer" this time, and find on arrival there that the distance has been covered in a little less than the hour's allotted time for the trip. We are anchored so as to swing into the eddy formed by the tide around the foundation of the lighthouse, requiring only a stern line to keep the launch broadside on, but the light in the tower still flashes, the inference being that the keeper has dropped into a doze after his long night's vigil.

We can see from the illumination at the horizon that Old Sol will soon poke his head up, so no moment is lost in getting the jackets off the shedder crab and our rods ready. We are tempted to call the keeper of the lighthouse; do so, get a response and a line, and are now ready for business. Two of us try floats with traveler attachments, while a third fishes on the bottom, making our casts in one, two, three order. It is not a long wait, the two floats having reached the outer edge of the eddy when they disappear almost in unison, while the man with the bottom rig is also struggling with a fish, but only two of the three fish hooked come to the landing net. They are beauties, the pair weighing 8¼ pounds. For the next hour the excitement runs high as fish after fish finds its way to the ice box of the launch. Many are the jibes exchanged among ourselves at the landing or otherwise of a big one. The keeper of the lighthouse has also entered into the spirit of the thing, forgetting that he has had no breakfast (any more than ourselves), and is apparently glued to the rail of the light, a solitary witness of our sport so far as we know.

But hark! what sound is that? Surely it is the puff-puff of a motor boat. Yes, not only one but a whole fleet are almost within hailing distance. It's time for us to be off. Our catch is at once lined up and we find that there are twenty-two in number, not a fish among them of less than 2½ pounds in weight.

The keeper of the lighthouse is signalled; two large weakfish and a bottle of something attached to the line, he so kindly gave us, and is now hauling in, and with thanks and good by, we are off for home. It is a pleasant run home, not so speedy as in coming, for we are bucking the tide, yet we are able to reach the club house for 9 o'clock breakfast. While the club members and guests of a near-by hotel are viewing the catch, asking unheard of and unanswerable questions, we steal away to the club rooms for a quiet smoke. It has grown hot, too hot to try again the fish near at hand, so we are keeping in the shade of the trees on the lawn in front of the club house sipping our punches and letting the other guys worry. Thus it goes on until dinner time, after which we are out in the launch for a short run, but no rods this time, as our early morning's fishing has been all we care to crowd in one day; furthermore the small game near at hand is hardly worth the powder.

Monday morning we are awake to the fact that it is "Labor Day," though our calendar tells us it is July 10, and again we are at our various vocations in quest of the almighty dollar, looking forward to another visit to "Old Romer" in the near future. OSCAR.

Culture of the Montana Grayling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to the inquiry of Mr. Theodore Gordon and your editorial comment, in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 8, concerning grayling culture, I beg to say that up to the present season there have been distributed from the U. S. Fisheries Station at Bozeman, Mont., more than five millions of grayling eggs, and fifteen millions of fry, fingerlings and adults, as per the following tabulation from the annual reports of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, from 1898, the first year of the experiment to 1904, the last published report:

	Eggs.	Fry and Fingerlings.	Adults and Yearlings.
1898	.....	1,500,000	.....
1899	380,000	4,567,000	.....
1900	814,000	2,419,718	40,000
1901	290,000	1,453,461	11,721
1902	1,455,000	1,130,333	18,000
1903	645,000	974,114	308
1904	494,000	2,692,200	225
	4,178,000	14,766,826	40,314

The eggs were shipped to a number of U. S. fisheries stations and to various State hatcheries, where they arrived in good condition and were successfully hatched. Whether the "flower of fishes" has become permanently established in any eastern waters, I am not prepared to say, though I know of no good reason why it should not thrive in any swift, gravelly stream where the brook trout exists. It is now up to any one who is cognizant of the existence of the grayling in any State except Montana, to report the fact to FOREST AND STREAM.

Among the Bureau of Fisheries stations supplied with grayling eggs are those in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Missouri, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado and Oregon; and the State hatcheries of New York, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Michigan, Wyoming, Utah and California.

Most of the adult grayling distributed were sent to the various National Expositions for the exhibits of the Bureau of Fisheries. It is worthy of note that at the St. Louis Exposition the grayling and whitefish of the Great Lakes withstood the Mississippi River water longer than any other fresh-water fish. The fry and fingerlings were distributed in the waters of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

In Montana, from time immemorial, the grayling has lived in accord with the native redthroat trout and the Rocky Mountain whitefish, and since their introduction with the steelhead, rainbow and eastern brook trouts. I saw the creel of a lady angler last week that contained all of these species except the rainbow trout; they were caught in Bridger Creek near the Bozeman Fisheries Station.

JAMES A. HENSHALL,
U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

BOZEMAN, Montana

Fish and Fishing.

Cod Fish Taking the Fly.

WHEN a friend of mine, who is a particularly keen fisherman, Mr. S. T. Green, deputy post-office inspector of Quebec, was recently on the north shore of the gulf, and was asked by Mr. Napoleon Comeau of Godbout why he did not take his rod and catch codfish from the beach with his flies, he thought at first that Mr. Comeau was simply trying to amuse himself at his expense. So would most other fishermen have thought, too, under similar circumstances. But the sage of Godbout soon gave it to be understood that there was no joke in his remark, and Mr. Green went a-fishing with his fly-rod and tackle and artificial flies, to try to catch cod, not, it must be confessed, with any very great degree of confidence, but rather more in the light of a very doubtful experiment than anything else. The experiment was a successful one, however, and for a time the fun was fast and furious. The fish would only rise during the rising tide, and then they took the flies ravenously, close in to the shore. Nor did it appear to make much difference what the fly was. Fishing with two different flies, Mr. Green often had a fish on each, and after dark he fished with a white moth with almost equal success. As a rule, Mr. Green left his line to be carried about in the water some time by the first fish to take a fly, until the second fly was taken by another fish. The fish were none of them very large, and in fact it would have been surprising to have seen large cod coming in so close to shore for food. Most of them averaged from sixteen to twenty inches long. But they made up in numbers for what they lacked in size, and in one evening's fishing, Mr. Green landed over seventy codfish, all taken on the fly.

I have often heard of salmon fishermen, when sport was dull, or when they had nothing to do for a time at the mouth of a river, hiring a boat and going a few miles out to sea with some cod fishermen to catch codfish with bait, but this is the first time that I have positively known of a successful fishing for codfish at the mouth of a salmon river, with a trout rod, cast and flies.

Commercial Cod Fishing.

Latest reports from Newfoundland are to the effect that this year's cod-fishery promises poorly and the prospects are against the situation improving during the remainder of the season. The catch on the south coast is very short. On the east coast the showing is better. Off the Labrador coast it is much behind the average, nor have the banks yielded as rich a harvest as usual.

Long stretches of coastline report only meagre returns for hook and line fishermen, while traps have done scarcely anything. In some instances, it is true, conditions are not as bad as those above described, or there would be consternation indeed, but on the whole the season has been an adverse one. Bait has been scarce and no refrigerators have been supplied save in one or two places, so that this lack adds to the drawbacks of the situation.

I don't know what use the Newfoundland fishermen would make of frozen bait if they had it, but I do know that many of the Canadian ones refuse to make use of the opportunities afforded them by the Government for obtaining it when fish are plentiful and other bait is scarce. While I was salmon fishing at the Natashquan last July there was abundance of codfish off the mouth of the river, but the fishermen were unable to profit by it because of the scarcity of fresh bait. The same thing occurs quite frequently all along the coast.

Fish Protection in Ontario.

The Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association is doing a noble work in endeavoring to save the rapidly disappearing food fishes in the waters of the province. How necessary this work had become may be judged from the very alarming statements made before a recent meeting of the Association by the Chief Justice of Ontario. Judge Falconbridge declared that "Ontario fisheries have undoubtedly been conducted, not for the good of the masses of the people, but rather for the benefit of the commercial fishermen who carry on this industry. The several royal commissions, which have been appointed by both Dominion and Provincial governments, have reported in no uncertain terms as to the rapid depletion of the waters of our great lakes, and that unless changes were soon made, the fisheries would in a comparatively small number of years become useless."

It was intimated, too, that the politicians of both parties have for the most part truckled to the votes of the commercial fishermen.

The tocsin of cheap fish for the people, now being sounded by the Association, is being very generally taken up also by the leading newspapers of Toronto, and there is every indication that a very healthy public sentiment is being aroused on the subject. While the idea was abroad that the Association, in its work, was simply aiming at the better sport of the supposed privileged class known as sportsmen, there was no public echo of their cry of alarm. Now, however, that the agitation is not in the interest of a privileged class at all, but against the small privileged class of commercial fishermen, and in favor of cheaper fish for the people, there is a prompt and very general response. One of the most important of the Association's recommendations is that the catching of all food fish for export be totally prohibited for five years.

For the success attained, and prominent position occupied by the Association, credit is almost entirely due to Mr. A. Kelly of Toronto, the general secretary, who has devoted himself to its interests with remarkable zeal and assiduity.

Dynamiting Fish in the St. Lawrence.

The necessity for the existence and support of just such an association is forcibly illustrated by the recent cases of dynamiting fish in the St. Lawrence, publicly reported. Chief Justice Falconbridge called the Association's attention to a dispatch in the newspapers saying that pirates were using dynamite in the waters of the St. Lawrence near Brockville. When he read that one pirate, after discharging a stick of dynamite, was seen to gather in two maskinongé, one sixty-one and the other twenty-eight pounds, it made his blood boil. "Had I used the language which I might have felt justified in using," he said, "it would have been neither parliamentary nor judicial. I might, with all reverence in such a case, quote the words, 'It is not meet that the children's bread should be cast to the dogs,'" he added.

Netting in Missisquoi Bay.

While it is extremely gratifying to know that the Missisquoi Bay netting affair is to be included in the consideration of the various fishery matters in dispute between Canada and the United States, by an international fisheries commission, I am not without hope that the matter will shortly be decided without reference to federal authority at all, and by the simple refusal of the Provincial Minister of Fisheries to issue any more permits or licenses for netting pike-perch in the Canadian waters of Missisquoi Bay. It will be remembered that after receiving the representations of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association on this subject, the Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, the late Dominion Minister of Fisheries, stated that he was with the Association in the matter, but would like to have his hands strengthened by a request to the same effect from the Federal Government of the United States. The request was duly made by President Roosevelt through the Secretary of State, but it did not meet the approval of Sir Wilfred Laurier, who asked to have the whole fishing controversy settled together, the Missisquoi Bay affair included, because of the unsatisfactory fishing conditions on the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. The Secretary of State has now notified Senator Proctor, according to a letter quoted in the newly issued report of the Vermont Fish and Game Commissioner, Hon. H. G. Thomas, that the question has been so considered, and that the waters of Lake Champlain are specifically mentioned among those to which (under Article IV. of a draft convention for the protection of food fishes which has been submitted to the British Ambassador), the regulations to be drafted by an international fisheries commission, shall be applied.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Newfoundland Salmon.

Mr. L. O. Crane's strictures under the above heading in Forest and Stream of Sept. 1, at the first blush, rather alarmed me; but when I had read his article carefully, the conclusions I arrived at, were that Mr. Crane is evidently an enthusiastic angler of the right sort; that he reads his Forest and Stream religiously, as all nature lovers ought; that even on his own showing, I had not exaggerated much, and finally, that he is a convert of mine to the creed I started out to propagate some years ago through the columns of Forest and Stream, that the angling in Newfoundland and Labrador, to use his words, is "the best in the world."

He criticises my statement as to the number and weight of fish taken by Lady Sybil Grey and Lord Howick, admitting they were rather late for the best fishing, but states on the authority of a man who was with them, "that they got just eighty-nine grilse and nine salmon in all in two weeks." We'll let it go at that. Even that is not bad fishing, and if Mr. Crane and Lady Sybil and Lord Howick are not satisfied with that, they must be hard to be pleased.

He waxes justly indignant at the tale of a certain Scotch "sport," who killed over 300 salmon and left them to rot on the bank. I am one with him in his denunciation of such a hog. I repeat for Mr. Crane's benefit and for that of other American anglers, a bit of information I had at first hand that may be useful for a future season: When Inspector O'Rielly visited the place to investigate the charge, he found that there were more than 300 salmon left to rot; he also found (and I want anglers to note this) that the pools were literally alive with salmon. He caught all he wanted in a short time, and stopped fishing when he had caught five or six fish. He could have caught five or six tierces of salmon if he wanted them, as the fish had not apparently been disturbed for years, and were simply "crazy for the fly." The name of this angler's paradise is Little River, in the district of Burgeo. Its entrance is a small chasm in the cliffs and it runs in for miles, and is so narrow that an angler could almost drop his fly on the precipice on either side, from the steamer's deck. It is seldom visited, and is only a few hours' run from Port au Basque; the scenery is so grand and rugged that it would repay a visit, even if one only got about 150 salmon, and took them away with him.

Mr. Crane goes on to say that the report that on a certain date at the South Branch, forty salmon and ten grilse were taken is "absurd." Now this is the first time I disagree with Mr. Crane. This report may be untrue, but it is not absurd. In substantiation of his position, he quotes the record of "two rods camping there two weeks at the right time; one had nine salmon and five grilse, and the other had eight salmon and three grilse." These two anglers may have been fishermen of the right breed and not count fishermen, or hogs. They may have been communing with nature, or stowing away ozone, or they may have been simple "woodsers" who got as much from looking at the fish as in catching them. Anyhow, I would not take their record as the standard of the South Branch; they are evidently not the kind to establish records of that sort. I like to know what our Scotch friend's record would have been, had he been camped on the South Branch for two weeks. Any account of a very large catch of fish in Newfoundland may be exaggerated, but not absurd, as the fish are so plentiful, that a record may run from 3 to 300. It is only a question of the man, time and place.

I agree with Mr. Crane in what he says of the Humber, as to its beauty. The salmon must have been plentiful there when he sometimes saw six at a time, jumping the falls. He had only fairly good sport here, because the conditions were bad. Well, that is the fisherman's luck. General Bashwood struck the same river three years ago, and the conditions must have been all right, for he captured over 300 salmon for his own rod and saved them and presented them to his guides. Mr. W. R. Warren, Solicitor St. Johns, and two other gentlemen, were there last season, and got seventy-seven salmon in two or three days, and lost as many more nearly. Mr. Crane reports a Mr. Hogan as getting a 30-pounder and Mr. Pfeiffer, of Philadelphia, for a 23-pounder. He also reports catches of salmon from 10 to 17 pounds and lots of trout up to 4 pounds. I agree with him that this is good fishing.

And now comes the crux of the whole article. Mr. Crane cannot swallow the report that one man took sixty salmon in one day. Here is the item as I culled it from a local paper: "Mr. Conrad, of Halifax, reports that a few days ago an American angler on the West Coast made a record between daylight and dark by catching sixty salmon, ranging from 10 to 12 pounds."

I may say right here that I gave the item for what it was worth. It may or may not be an exaggeration. I did not trouble to verify it; but if Mr. Crane is anxious to know the truth, I'll make the necessary inquiries. But the result will not be known for some time, as I go to-morrow with the Supreme Court on circuit, and will be absent for about three weeks.

I do not assume any responsibility for the clippings and reports that I send. I take them and send them for what they are worth. They are the usual reports that come in daily from the various angler's resorts, and are published in the local papers. They interest me, and I imagine they interest others. I have no interest whatever in deceiving anglers, and no statement made by me in Forest and Stream has ever been questioned. Mr. Crane does not question my veracity, and I am sure he'll take Mr. Conrad's statement (not mine) as I take it, as an interesting item for stay-at-home anglers. With Mr. Crane, I regret "that salmon do not run the year around, and that I do not live on the river."

It comes like a dream to me, that I read in Forest and Stream, not many moons ago, the yearning of another angler, who was apostrophizing the Humber. Like Mr. Crane, he waxed enthusiastic; but like Mr. Silas Wegg, he burst into poetry, and warbled thusly:

Were it given me my fate to shape, ere nearing life's release,
On thy pleasant slopes, fair Humber, my abiding place I'd set;
And in Nature's sweet communion I would seek content and peace,
By all the world forgotten, I would all the world forget.

W. I. Carroll.

A GOOD DAY ON THE SKYKOMISH.
Photo by F. Seaford.

Mr. Muir's Salmon.

London, E. C., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you cutting from my paper with an explanation from Sir A. K. Muir, Bart., regarding his brother, Mr. J. F. Muir's supposed wanton slaughter of salmon in Newfoundland. I see you refer to it on page 340 and feel sure you will be glad to note the explanation; it is perfectly satisfactory. R. B. Marston,
Editor Fishing Gazette.

Extract referred to from Mr. J. F. Muir's letter of August 9, 1906: "You know that I chartered the schooner Shamrock for a fishing tour round the coast, and I may say that before I started I ascertained that there was plenty of salt on board for curing purposes, and arranged that the captain of the schooner and my guide should have the fish I caught. So far as I am aware, every fish, apart from those eaten fresh and those left at Little River, is now on the schooner. When I had been camped a short time on Little River I sent the schooner round to St. Jacques to get supplies and mail, and she expected to be away three or four days. I told my guide to get some salt before she started, and the captain was to come up immediately on his return for the fish. Those caught in the meantime were carried to the camp, split and slightly salted, and, as I found my guide had not brought a great deal of salt, for two days I only fished for a short time to get a fresh grilse for camp use. When I considered the schooner must be back in the bay, even allowing for delays, I kept some fresh grilse to send down to her with the salted ones to be cured. When she had been away for eight days, however, a longer time than I had intended to stay, we had to come away, as there was nothing left to eat. I was, of course, anxious to take the fish with us, but our boat was fully loaded with camp outfit, and I was reluctantly compelled to leave them behind. When we reached the mouth of the river we found that the schooner had not yet arrived, but she came in about 7 P. M. that evening. We found the delay in returning was due to a dense fog which lasted for about ten days, although, being inland, we had known nothing about it and had had fine weather. There did not appear to be any object then in spending two days going back for the uncured fish, and the people in a village at the mouth of the bay were told about the salted ones, so that they could get them. I may say that as soon as my attention was drawn to the newspaper article I called on Mr. Dawe, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, as it was implied that the information had been supplied by Mr. O'Reilly, a Government servant, and the foregoing is precisely what I told him and is taken from my diary."

Some Salmon Freaks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The contribution of C. D. W. B. in Forest and Stream for Sept. 8, recalls two instances of freaky action on the part of salmon. The present lessees of the Washshecootai River will find some spruce stumps on a point running out from the west bank of the first pool. With these cut stumps there goes a story. I had finished with the first run of salmon on the Olomana River, and went over to the Washshecootai, but found the temperature of the water to be 52 degrees F., and knew that it would be necessary to wait until we had four or five degrees more before salmon would rise much. Just below the point on the west bank of the first pool, I saw three big salmon resting behind a light colored rock on the bottom and made several casts over them without getting any response. I then asked my old guide, Caribou Charlie, to cut away the spruces on the point, so that the field would be clearer for casting. As the chips floated down stream, one of the salmon rose to a chip. I waited a moment, and then making a cast, hooked a salmon which made a fine fight for half an hour, although it did not get to gaff.

The other instance was on Denny's River. I had carefully cast over the bushes at the head of the pool in Allan's meadow for several minutes, and then gave it up. Along came one of the local inhabitants, who stepped out boldly upon a rock and tossed into the pool a hook baited with a worm, and weighted with a sinker, consisting of a rusty nail. He at once hooked and finally landed, after much splashing and many appropriate words, a salmon weighing 14 pounds. I would rather have the words of the local inhabitant embellished and hung upon my wall than to have the stuffed skin of that salmon. He was "fishing for bass, trout or eels."

Robert T. Morris.

Stamford, Conn., Sept. 10.

Odd Strikes on Back Casts.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 15.—I recently read in the newspapers that a bird in mid-air was killed by a swiftly-driven golf ball. The thought at once came to mind that it would interest the readers of Forest and Stream if anglers who in casting flies have caught sundry things in the air, would relate their experiences. "Back casts" particularly are more or less fruitful of such occurrences, of which I have had several, such as hooking a bat, blue jay, a muskrat on the surface of the water, etc. There must be some odd instances of the kind to report; why not open a creel for them? Dwight H. Bruce.

The Nepigon.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write of a catch of speckled trout, during July 1906, in the Nepigon River, Canada, by Mr. Otto Keidel and myself. There were two trout weighing 7¼ pounds each, one weighing 6¼ pounds, and two 6 pounds each. Of course there were the usual number of smaller ones.

This was my third season's fishing on the Nepigon, and I believe it is a record in this one particular—the only party that ever came down the river with two speckled trout each weighing 7 pounds or more. R. O. Foster.

Bass at Barnegat.

Barnegat City, N. J., Sept. 14.—This morning in three hours a party of gentlemen from Tuxedo Park, guests of the Sunset, landed in the inlet with rod and reel, fourteen large channel bass.

James H. Romain.

THE CAMPING OUTFIT
of the thoughtful camper invariably includes a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. With this in camp, the most important food item is taken care of. Eagle Milk keeps indefinitely in any climate. The original and leading brand since 1857. Always uniform.—*Adv.*

YACHTING

Yachting Fixtures for 1906.

Members of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

22. American.
22. Atlantic, open, fall regatta, 11 A. M.
22. Lynn, club race.
22. Kennebec, Bath, open sweepstakes.
22. Winthrop, handicap.
23. Williamsburg.
29. Bensonhurst, open.
29. Winthrop, 18-footers.
—. Brenton's Reef cup.
—. Cape May cup.
—. Haouli cup.
—. Niagara cup.

OCTOBER.

20. Knickerbocker, club closing.

PRESENTATION OF THE ROOSEVELT CUP

On Friday, the 14th, occurred the final ceremony of the presentation of the Roosevelt cup by the President, its sponsor, at Oyster Bay.

The gathering included the President, and some of his advisers, the German and American helmsmen and crews. The presentation took place aboard the U. S. S. Mayflower, and was the occasion of some speech making. There was little more to be said, however, but to emphasize the good feeling that had been awakened between the two nations, and with toasts to the German Emperor and President Roosevelt, one of the most satisfactory events in yachting history was concluded.

The Sonder races are over, and though new plans for the race at Kiel next summer are being discussed, the enthusiasm has not had time to assume definite character or strength, and at this time it is not necessary that it should.

The races at Marblehead brought out most pleasantly the spirit of fairness and sportsmanship among the German and American competitors, and it was delightful to feel that many of the sceptics were silenced.

Instead of sharp practice under an ample disguise, our German competitors found nothing but a tactful, gentlemanly and sportsmanlike attitude and behavior; conceding in all directions, yet with a quiet adherence to the rules. After the races the owner of Vim invited his German visitors aboard his little vessel, allowing examinations of her both under sail and at anchor, and then after a reception and dinner to them, presented each owner with a set of lines and the sail plan of the winner of the Roosevelt cup.

For amiability and broad-mindedness, this act is most commendable and worthy of the best traditions that history records of bold deeds of brave and valiant knights. It is agreeable to know that yachting is the means of keeping alive in our modern days a spirit—but not the acts that the lists of ancient days produced.

THE NEW YORK Y. C. CLUB RULE.

Since the general adoption in the United States of the so-called New York Y. C. rating rule, which is similar to that adopted by the yacht clubs of Europe last winter, the supporters and opponents have not permitted each other such rest as it was supposed would result. However, any one at all informed in such matters would expect that each side was making the best of its chances, especially so during the racing season, where the exponents of both sides were in competition in the racing lists. From the times of the earliest rules which would tend to equalize two vessels in a race, the practice has resulted in faster boats under each new rule, but has gradually developed into a bad type, as the naval architects began to understand and practice the ways and means of evasion.

The cry of disapproval then came so strongly that there resulted the popular movement which has brought out the present rule here and a slightly different rule abroad.

Many years of work, study and development were devoted to bring out at least a rule which would tend to place a certain premium on displacement, thereby assuring a boat's internal room for living accommodations, and so limiting her in dimensions that her ends, either bow or stern, could not reach objectionable extremes.

Recently, one of our contemporaries cast aspersions upon a new schooner and prophesied her inability to go to sea; yet she did go, and showed her ability to defeat an antagonist even after allowing her a certain number of seconds. It must be well understood, however, that the beaten boat was built before the rule came into effect, and that such fittings as teak decks do not permit a boat to race on even terms with one not so fitted. However, it does not detract from the fact that the new boat behaved well and sailed well, and was not a brute. Up to this time, many have felt conscious that the rule, as it stands to-day, should be so formulated as to guarantee, in the first place, fair competition, and in the second place, when a boat's racing days are over, to assure her command of a legitimate price in the market, and that she should be of such form and construction as would readily insure her usefulness.

From what has developed this year, the new boats have been fast and weatherly. Those whose size warranted it under any rule, have had good accommodations, and have been livable boats. With present knowledge, forecasts are made of increased displacement and immense sail plans on the same rating.

And here is the crux of the whole matter. Nothing is worth while but that develops, slowly but surely. It is clear that provisions for everything could not be anticipated; the rule is good—very good—but it does not go far enough; nevertheless it is the best one yet devised. We require scantling regulations and a limit on sail area, which in broad language are going to force an owner to order not simply a yacht unfit for anything but racing, while he lives on his steam yacht and tempts no inclement weather aboard his racer. It will remove from the naval architect the power to use exclusively brute force, and will tend to the greater development of his skill, and will as surely put a premium upon the handling of the vessel.

There is no great perspicacity required to know that such an issue is here, there is no doubt of it. Now is the time to get together honestly and seriously, and for the good of yachting for all time. Building meanwhile will be suspended, and it should be pending any decision; but from this there need be no ill effects, as there is yet time for a solution which will provide such restrictions as would not militate against our future vested yachting interests.

In conclusion, we venture to say that this question has been occupying the attention of many whose interests are great, and it would not be a difficult matter to open a profitable discussion.

The impetus that yachting has received during this most successful season is most beneficial to the sport from all points of view. The matter of scantling regulation and restriction of sail area can well be left to those who strove so faithfully and successfully to bring the present order of things about. The introduction of these factors requires, as was the intention of the framers of the new rule, the application of the lessons that this season has brought forth. It is a matter of congratulation that at home we have had the strength and determination to go our own way, and the result bears all the indications of the solution of this most abstruse and complicated question—the rating rule.

Editorial Comment.

New York Sun, Sept. 14.

The races of the schooner yachts Queen and Elmina on the open sea for the Reid cup came at the psychological moment. Opponents of the New York Y. C.'s new rule for rating racing craft have been declaring that vessels built to meet the conditions of the rule were fast only in the smooth waters of the Sound, but that outside in a breeze and a seaway they would bury themselves and make poor time. Whereupon they went outside and in a smart breeze and a jumping sea went fifteen miles to windward at an eight knot pace. The Reliance herself could not do better. The opponents of the new rule will have to guess again.

Q Class Trial Races.

The Atlantic Y. C. has, up to the time we go to press, sailed five races to choose a defender to sail against the Massachusetts Q class champion Orestes, which is coming to Gravesend to race for the $500 cup offered by Commodore Ried, of the Atlantic Y. C. The score stands: Spider, two firsts; Soya, two firsts, and Joy, one first. However, the committee in charge will make a decision on performance. The races will be sailed off Coney Island on Sept. 20, 21 and 22. The last date may be changed to the 24th.

Aloha Home.

Aloha, auxiliary half brig owned by Messrs. D. Willis James and A. Curtis James, returned this week from a two months' cruise in European waters. She visited the south of England, the channel and the waters of Holland and Belgium. The passage home was safely accomplished, though severe weather was encountered that tried rigging and spars. The yacht is now at the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Boston Letter.

Now that the Roosevelt cup races are concluded, and the Y. R. A. season finished, one has a chance to take a breath, to glance around and see what has been going on in those quiet places where the sport flourishes and yachtsmen grow in knowledge and exeperience, albeit they are not within the lime light of newspaper publicity. The daily press is apt to measure the importance of yachting events by the size or cost of the competing boats, and to bestow or withhold its space accordingly. I do not attack such a system, for the press is not a philanthropic institution, but as we yachtsmen, as a class, are interested in the sport, without regard to its material side, we find interest in any class of boats, any local racing field, any molecular group of our fellow yachtsmen, where competition has been keen, where a generous spirit of sportsmanship has prevailed and where skill and experience have developed.

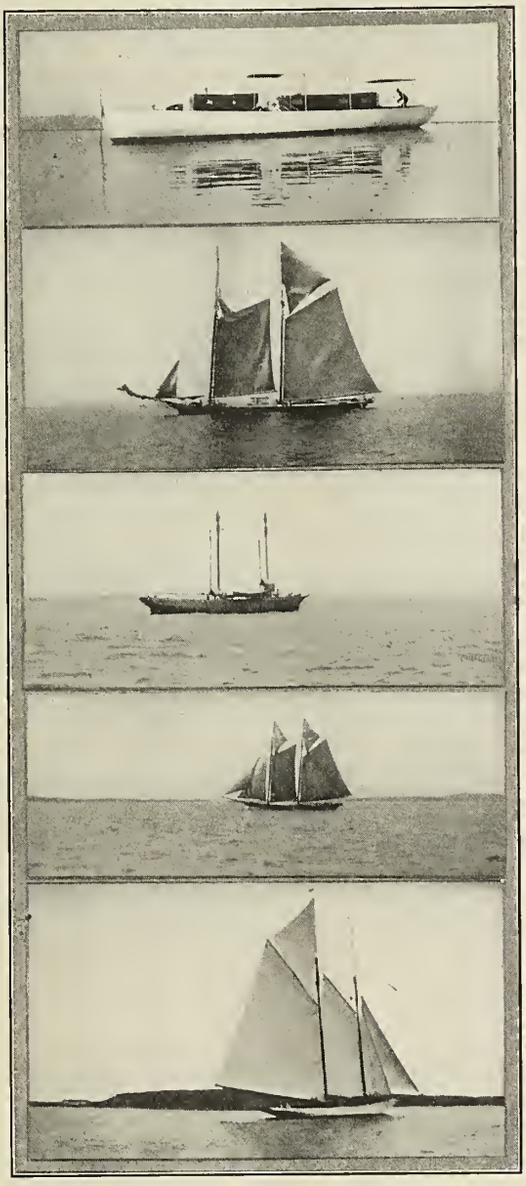
Hingham, Mass., is a little place with a beautiful, but tidal harbor. It is only one of fifty similar places on our New England coast, its yachtsmen and its yachts are not strikingly dissimilar from their fellows, but even at that, it deserves a word and may, perhaps, contribute a little to the general fund of knowledge. The local yacht club, while realizing its local limitations, was determined to foster the sport and bring more men into the game. A one-design class of unballasted 15-foot centerboard boats was organized and orders placed for fourteen. The contract price was $175 each, but individual ideas on rigging details, bottom paints, etc., brought the average cost close to $200. Even at that figure almost any one could afford to join the ranks, and the result was of course to bring into the sport several men who would, otherwise, have been left ashore. I will not describe the boats as the design was published in FOREST AND STREAM last spring.

The class sailed twenty races for its championship series, the courses being laid out in Hingham Harbor when the tide permitted, and when it did not, off Crow Point in Hingham Bay or Bayside at the N.E. end of Hull Bay, the club having members resident at both these places, and these men offered cups for each local series in addition to the championship cup proper.

The first few races were sailed in very strong winds (and Hingham Harbor is notorious for puffs that delight to turn things inside out) and during this weather the Puzzle seemed unbeatable, scoring five wins in the first six races. After that the weather was more moderate and she only once thereafter scored a win. But whenever there was a breeze her 575-pound crew, and very clever skipper, made her dangerous. The Too Whoo after sailing six races changed owners and was then badly handicapped by carrying away her rudder and being unable to finish one race. Mr. Coleman sailed her to five wins in fourteen starts, but won the Crow Point and Bayside cups and the championship by never finishing worse than third in a field of thirteen. Pollywog started poorly, capsizing in her maiden race and not securing a first until her seventh race (July 4), but then scored five consecutive wins and added two others later in the season. She was at her best inside Hingham Harbor where local knowledge was at a premium, and won the cup for the home series.

The class never started less than eight boats, several times mustered its full strength, averaging for the summer eleven starters to a race, which shows the interests aroused, as does the willingness of the owners to transfer races from home waters to Wollaston and Hull when they were generously invited to do by the Wollaston and Boston yacht clubs.

It is generally the experience of one-design classes that they breed suspicion, envy and jealousy, for the results of each race are brought home so directly to skipper and crew that if there is any weakness in sporting instinct it soon becomes manifest. At Hingham there occurred during the season every known kind of foul, and a few absolutely new varieties. They were variously caused by carelessness, ignorance, stress of weather, and once in a while may have been



THE NEW YORK A. C. BLOCK ISLAND RACE, 1906.
Committee boat Dreamer, Mr. Chas. W. See.
Photo by M. C. Erismann.

deliberate. The action of the judges in conducting the races did not always please all hands (impossible as that sounds), but in the whole summer of racing, from May 30 to September 8, not one protest was filed with the judges. So that it may fairly be said that the class has been in every way a great success.

The championship percentages follow:

	Starts.	Total.	Average.
Too Whoo, F. Coleman	20	1691.2	84.6
Puzzle, W. H. Canterbury	19	1474.2	77.6
Polly Wog, W. P. Karshick	19	1474.2	77.6
Uscna II, A. L. Lincoln	13	811.6	62.4
Mischief, S. P. Moses	13	728.3	56.0
Tenderfoot, R. L. Summers	20	1107.3	55.4
Abigail, A. Rohn	18	967.8	53.8
Marwindor, C. M. Scudder	15	722.2	48.2
Ratskin, C. R. Rice	16	722.0	45.1
"23," E. J. Bliss	16	643.7	40.2
Inez, W. A. Wheaton	18	574.4	31.9
Hanky Pank, Kimball & Stetson	13	378.1	29.1
Ruth C., —. Stoddard	16	409.9	25.6
Toogles, H. Lynch	4	135.2	13.5

While the interest in the Sonder class nearly gave the final death blow to the 18ft. knockabouts, the class managed to fill for the season. The boats sailed nine races for the championship of the Corinthian Y. C., and a sail-off of the August 18th race, held Friday, between Cheroot, Dr. Morton Prince, and Moslem II., Mr. B. D. Barker, being won hands down by the former, gave her the club championship. The figures for the season, as announced by the Regatta Committee are:

	Starts.	Total.	Average.
Cheroot	9	681.7	75.7
Moslem II.	6	405.0	67.5
Hugi	7	421.7	60.2
Bonitwo	3	280.0	56.0
Fritter	9	406.6	45.2
Cnyamel	4	95.0	19.0
Moslem	1	60.0	12.0
Bat	1	50.0	10.0

WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

Beverly Y. C.

390th Regatta—Sixth Corinthian Race—Aug. 25.

WIND, N.E., W.S.E. Judge: L. S. Dabney.

21-footers—Course 14, 11¾ Miles.

	Elapsed.
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 20 58
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 25 50
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 25 30
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 26 31
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 28 07
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 28 35
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 39 55
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 40 46

18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 47 35
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 51 09
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 51 39
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	2 04 05
Seeps, S. D. Warren	2 05 29
Peacock, Robert Winsor	2 08 12
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 09 33
Panzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	2 10 17
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	2 11 16
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	2 12 02
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	2 12 32
Bantam, Miss Hilda W. Williams	2 12 55
Mongoose, Miss Eleanor Emmons	2 13 43
Flickamaroo, C. E. Hellier	2 14 32
Whitecap, Wm. M. Minot, Vredenburgh & Sedgwick	2 15 00
Jack, R. F. Herrick	2 19 49

392d Regatta—Labor Day Open Race—Sept. 3.

Wind, S.W.W. Judge: F. E. Cabot.

	Elapsed.
21-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.	
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 23 48
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	1 25 35
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	1 26 32
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	1 29 06
Owl, F. C. Paine	Disabled.
18-footers—Course 18, 8⅜ Miles.	
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	1 40 06
Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 40 50
15-footers—Course 19, 6½ Miles.	
Mongoose, Eleanor Emmons	1 29 23
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 30 02
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 30 40
*Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 30 28
*Flickamaroo, C. E. Hellier	1 32 40
*Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 33 03
*Ranzo, Miss Richardson	1 35 06
*Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 35 43
*Vim, E. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 39 45
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	Withdrew.

*Boats in 15ft. class marked (*) started before.

Sept. 8—393d Regatta.

Judges: Chas. Whittemore and F. E. Cabot. Wind, N.E., fair breeze.

21-footers—Course 14—11¾ Miles.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 29 58
Illusion, C. M. Baker	2 31 04
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	2 32 01
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 32 23
Arethusa, D. L. Whittemore	2 34 15
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 34 35
Owl, F. C. Paine	2 40 06
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	2 41 16

18-footers—Course 17—8⅝ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	2 01 00
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	2 04 49

15-footers—Course 18—8⅜ Miles.

Mongoose, Miss Eleanor Emmons	1 53 02
Flickamaroo, C. E. Hellier	1 55 21
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 55 46
Tinker, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 56 12
Fly, Mrs. Joseph Warren	1 56 58
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 58 29
Seeps, Miss Warren	1 59 46
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	2 03 01
Tobey, Mrs. Jackson	2 03 42
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	2 04 30
Jack, R. F. Herrick, Jr.	2 08 20
*Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 51 40

*Not sailed by club member.

THE steam yacht Diana has been sold by Mr. Percy Chubb, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. C. Ledyard Blair, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, of this city. Mr. Blair has had Diana under charter during the season. Next spring Diana will be refitted and will sail to the Mediterranean on an extended cruise.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Motor Boat Club of America.

Hudson River—Sept. 10.

The Reliability trials on the first day of the National Motor Boat Carnival were started on Monday at 11:35. There were nine entries. The table shows times and other information. The river was in a nasty condition, being full of drift wood, and much danger was run by the boats, but no accidents were recorded.

	Total Run. Knots.	H.P.	Elapsed Time.	Points.
Sparrow, A. J. Swan	92¼	31.8	6 03 48	242
Simplex VI., A. D. Smith	92¼	30	6 23 00	208
Yvonne, J. R. Johnson	82	50	6 52 00	...
Decoy, Jas. L. Breeze	71¾	30	5 54 11	226
White Fox, W. J. Ferguson	71¾	..	6 00 00	218
Tauntress, W. S. Howard	Two rounds.			
Blue Peter, C. D. Holmes	Four rounds.			

The winner of the Reliability race was not given out by the committee for lack of sufficient time to arrange the figures.

Second Day—Sept. 11.

The second day's racing in the Motor Boat Club of America was postponed an hour, and was started off 112th street at 9:30. The race was to Poughkeepsie and return, 115⅝ nautical miles. The winners were C. J. Swain's Sparrow, first; Payne Whitney's Artful, second, and A. D. Proctor Smith's Simplex VI., third. The day was ideal for such a contest, and the times were good, though there was a head tide both ways.

	Horsepower.	Allowance.
Irene, J. F. Anderson	201.06	allows
Skedaddle, H. N. & B. M. Baruch	190.85	0 52 58
Vesuvius, L. L. Haggin	.....	1 15 53
Artful, Payne Whitney	132.73	1 56 14
Simplex VI., A. D. P. Smith	30.00	2 25 28
White Fox, W. Ferguson, Jr.	37.83	2 34 39
Decoy, J. L. Breeze	30.00	2 49 33
Sparrow, Charles J. Swain	31.80	3 57 27
Durno, J. H. Durno	29.40	3 39 45

Times:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sparrow	4 15 55	6 45 55	3 08 28
Artful	3 35 33	6 05 33	4 09 19
Simplex VI.	5 13 59	7 43 59	5 18 31
Irene	Did not finish.		
Skedaddle	Disabled.		
Decoy	Not timed.		
White Fox	Not timed.		
Durno	Not timed.		
Vesuvius	Not timed.		

Third Day—Sept. 12.

The mile and kilometer races were run off on Wednesday by some of the fastest boats in the country. Two runs were made for both distances with and against the tide, and a mean taken.

In the free-for-all, Standard broke down at the end of the first round. The times follow:

One Nautical Mile Championship—Flying Start.

	Horse-power. Motor.	With Tide. M.S.	Against Tide. M.S.	Average. M.S.
Standard	300	2 10	2 34	2 22
Dixie	60	2 35	2 44	2 39½
X P D N C	60	2 30	2 54	2 42
Mercedes, U. S. A.	60	2 57	3 20	3 08½
Vesuvius	..	3 18	3 24	3 21

One Kilometer Championship—Flying Start.

Standard	1 07	1 37	1 22
Dixie	1 23	1 41	1 32
X P D N C	1 18	1 46	1 32
Mercedes, U. S. A.	1 34	2 00	1 47
Vesuvius	1 29	2 00	1 49½

Free-For-All—American Championship—30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dixie	4 20 01	1 20 01
Skedaddle	4 44 39	1 44 39
Standard	Disabled.	

Fourth Day—Sept. 13.

The thunderstorm on Thursday did not prevent the running off of six races in the Motor Boat Carnival off 112th street. The burning of Mercedes, owned by Mr. H. L. Bowden, of Boston, gave some excitement. The races and times are given below:

Cruising Boats, Over 40 and Under 60ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:25.

	Finish.	Hdcp.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sheboygan	4 34 00	.....	1 09 00	1 09 00
Torino	5 15 59	19.25	1 40 59	1 21 34

Cruising Boats, Over 30 and Under 40ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:30.

Tuna	4 53 33	.....	1 23 33	1 23 33
Anona	5 06 00	.....	1 36 00	. . ..
Baby Daly	5 07 09	.....	1 37 09	. . ..

Open Launches—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:35.

Magneto	4 40 56	1 05 56	1 05 56
Ino	1 00 07	. . ..	. . ..

High Speen Boats, 39.37ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Miles Start, 3:45.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Elapsed.
Dixie	0 29 06	0 26 09	0 26 54	1 22 09
Vesuvius	0 36 27	0 39 48	Did not finish.	
Irene	0 31 19	Broke down.		

High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:45.

Skedaddle	0 34 29	0 26 43	0 26 37	1 27 49
XPDNC	0 56 43	0 29 36	Did not finish.	
Elco	0 49 33	0 41 34	Did not finish.	

High Speed Boats, 33ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:40.

Sparrow	0 44 59	0 35 47	0 34 47	1 54 53
Yvonne	0 50 00	0 43 22	0 44 23	2 13 45
Colonia	0 50 24	0 46 52	0 46 22	2 23 38
Mercedes, U. S. A.	0 53 27	0 33 05	Did not finish.	
White Fox	1 00 43	0 50 51	. . ..	. . ..
Durno	1 01 03	0 47 03	. . ..	. . ..
Blue Peter	1 13 33	0 45 18	. . ..	. . ..
Josephine	0 43 09	Did not finish.		
Split the Wind	1 26 03	Did not finish.		

Six events practically similar in character will be held to-day.

Fifth Day—Sept. 14.

There was a strong wind and rough water for the boats on the Hudson. There was a most unfortunate accident in one of the races, which resulted in the drowning of Mr. Odione and Ferry, his engineer, from Vesuvius. From reports of the accident, there were no life preservers aboard, and the men jumped overboard with oilers on, which gave them no chance to save themselves. The times, considering the weather, were good, and the breakdowns fewer. The summaries:

Class B—Cruising Boats, Over 40 and Under 60ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:10.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sheboygan, J. L. Reiss	1 07 36	1 07 36
Torino, E. R. Hollander	1 58 34	1 39 09

Class C—Cruising Boats, Over 30 and Under 40ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:15.

Tuna, H. M. Crane	1 30 38	1 30 38
Anona, G. G. Scott	1 41 35	1 41 35
Baby Daly, P. Daly	1 42 09	1 42 09

Class A—High Speed Boats, 39.37ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:35.

Dixie, E. J. Hoadley	1 19 06	1 19 06
Vesuvius, L. L. Haggin	Did not finish.	

Class B—High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:30.

Skedaddle, H. N. and B. M. Baruch	1 22 10	1 22 10
X P D N C, J. Steegel	1 29 39	1 28 42
Elco, H. R. Sutphen	2 07 45	1 48 44

Class C—High Speed Boats, 33ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles.

Sparrow, C. J. Swain	1 44 46	1 15 15
Colonia, F. G. Bourne	2 00 28	1 43 51
Blue Peter, C. D. Holmes	2 18 05	1 46 56
Josephine, G. H. Lester	1 54 20	1 48 00
Yvonne, J. R. Johnson	2 03 45	1 50 47
Durno, J. H. Durno	2 22 05	1 51 57
White Fox, W. Ferguson	Did not finish.	

Sixth Day—Sept. 15.

The Carnival came to a close on Saturday, with five events, among which the Standard, now equipped with a 300 horsepower double-acting machine, was able to make a speed of 25.5 knots per hour. The times were as follows: Against the tide, 2.33 1-5, 2.34 3-5, 2.34 3-5. Her average for all the trials gave a record of a little less than 25 1-5 knots per hour.

The times for the other events follow:

Cruising Boats, Over 40 and Under 60ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:25.

Sheboygan, J. L. Reiss	1 17 31	1 17 31

Cruising Boats, Over 30 and Under 40ft.—Course, 16 Nautical Miles—Start, 3:30

Tuna, H. M. Crane	1 29 06	1 29 06

High Speed Boats, 39.37ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:50.

Dixie, E. J. Schroeder	1 19 57	. . ..
Den, J. H. Hoadley	1 58 09	. . ..

High Speed Boats, 40ft. and Over—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:45.

Skedaddle, H. N. & B. B. Baruch	1 36 54	1 36 54
Elco, H. R. Sutphen	1 50 30	1 37 29

High Speed Boats, 33ft. and Under—Course, 30¾ Nautical Miles—Start, 3:40.

Sparrow, C. J. Swain	1 36 48	1 07 17
Josephine, G. H. Lester	1 41 02	1 34 38
Colonia, F. G. Bourne	1 59 53	1 43 16

The Carnival closed with an illumination off the club house boat in the evening. The meeting, as expressed on all sides, was the most successful yet held in this country. There is a feeling, however, that before the next meeting, a year from now, the rules will be amended—and they should be if the sport is to continue and become, as it should be, an important factor in yachting as well as in our commerce.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sandy Hook—Sept. 13.

On Thursday the first race in the series for a $1,000 cup, offered by Commodore Daniel G. Ried, took place off Sandy Hook on the regular America uCp course. The series was for the best two out of three races, between Queen and Elmina. The course was 30 miles, 15 to windward and return, in a west wind. Before the race was over there was a sharp squall that made both boats, sailing with spinnakers set, do some lively work. The times follow:

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	2 21 30	1 51 57	4 13 27
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	2 31 02	1 50 53	4 21 55

Sandy Hook—Sept. 14.

The second race, offered by the Atlantic Y. C. for a $1,000 cup donated by Commodore Ried, was won by Queen in a finely fought contest over the America's Cup course in a breeze and good sea. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. R. Maxwell	2 16 51	3 16 51
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	2 22 24	3 22 24

Corrected time: Queen, 3.16.14. Queen wins by 6m. 10s.

Elapsed time between marks:

	First Mark. Start to 1st Mark.	Second Mark. 1st to 2d Mark.	Finish. 2d Mark to Finish.
Queen	1 07 15	1 26 19	0 43 17
Elmina	1 05 12	1 34 11	0 43 01

Elmina gained 2m. 3s. on the first leg; Queen, 7m. 52s. on the second leg, and Elmina gained 16s. on the third leg.

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Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay—Sept. 11.

On Tuesday the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. offered a race for Queen and Elmina, for a cup offered by Mr. Howard Gould. Queen won by 8m. 39s. corrected time, Elmina allowing her 33s. Neola and Effort, supposing there was to be a race for sloops, appeared off the line, and Mr. Walter Jennings, owner of the S. T. Tuscarora, offered a $200 cup for the sloops to cover half the course. Neola was beaten by Effort by 4m. 43s. They sailed without time allowance. The summary:

Schooner Race for Gould Cup—Start, 12:25—Course, 30½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Queen, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 58 19	3 13 19
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	4 06 25	3 41 25

Corrected time: Queen, 3.32.46.

The elapsed time made on each leg of the course was:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	4th Leg.	5th Leg.	6th Leg
Queen	0 42 06	0 27 33	0 39 11	0 37 25	0 27 39	0 39 09
Elmina	0 42 42	0 27 32	0 41 07	0 36 59	0 28 11	0 44 08

Oyster Bay—Sept. 13.

On Thursday the New York Y. C. 30-footers sailed two races for a trophy offered by C. W. Wetmore in memory of the late Henry C. Rouse. The races were to windward and return. The raceabouts competed for the championship and sailed also two heats for the first day's racing. The times follow:

New York Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 10:40—Course 10 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Atair, G. C. & J. E. Meyer	12 36 16	1 56 16
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	1 43 00	2 03 00
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	12 43 04	2 03 04
Banzai, C. Mallory	12 03 12	2 03 12
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	12 44 30	2 04 30
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	12 48 16	2 08 16
Minx, H. Willets	12 53 16	2 13 16

Raceabouts—Start, 10:45—Course, 10 Miles.

Amanitia III., Joshua Crane	1 05 43	2 20 43
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	1 10 05	2 25 05
Cadeau, W. W. Swann	1 15 31	2 30 31

N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers—Second Heat—Start, 2:10.

Minx, H. Willets	3 53 57	1 43 57
Banzai, C. Mallory	3 55 31	1 45 31
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	3 57 58	1 47 48
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 58 09	1 48 09
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	3 59 07	1 49 07
Atair, G. C. & J. E. Meyer	4 01 11	1 51 11
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	4 01 50	1 51 50

Raceabouts—Second Heat—Start, 2:15.

Amanitia III., Joshua Crane	4 11 18	1 56 18
Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	4 13 48	1 59 48
Cadeau, W. W. Swann	4 15 13	2 00 13
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4 18 04	2 03 04

In a strong N.E. breeze on Friday, Gardenia won the Pierce cup, offered by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., in a 30-mile race. The times follow:

Pierce Cup for Sloops, 60ft. Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 30½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 58 38	3 48 38
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	4 09 20	3 59 20
Gardenia, A. Hennen Morris	4 38 54	4 38 54
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	Did not finish.	

Corrected times: Effort, 3.45.49; Neola, 3.59.20; Gardenia, 3.40.27. Gardenia wins by 5m. 22s.

N. Y. Y. C. 30ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course 15¼ Miles.

Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	2 52 35	2 37 35
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright	2 53 22	2 38 22
Adelaide, Adee Bros.	2 54 07	2 39 07
Minx, Howard Willetts	2 55 51	2 40 51
Banzai, C. Mallory	2 57 47	2 42 47
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer	2 56 49	2 41 49
Dahinda, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 00 10	2 45 10
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	3 01 21	2 46 21

Neola wins by 45s.

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:20—Course 15¼ Miles.

Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	3 15 11	2 55 11
Amanita, Joshua Crane	3 15 27	2 55 27
Cadeau, W. W. Swan	3 19 29	2 59 29

Rascal III. wins by 16s.

Larchmont Y. C.

Sept. 15.

On Saturday the sail-off between Jigstep, Mr. F. J. Havens, Atlantic Y. C., and Crescent, Mr. J. B. O'Donohue, Crescent A. C., was sailed off Larchmont on Saturday. Jigstep won from Crescent by 29s. The summary follows:

Start, 12:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	1 49 53	1 39 53
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	1 50 22	1 40 22

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

Annual Dinner—Sept. 10.

ON Sunday there was a great gathering of the members of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. off the Bensonhurst Y. C. The fleet at 10 o'clock got under way for New Dorp, Staten Island, where all partook of the annual shore dinner of the Association. The return of the fleet was in two divisions, and each raced for prizes over a 9-mile course. The first division, including Class Q and above, had two prizes, which were won by Vivian II. on elapsed time, and Soya on corrected time, both of the Atlantic Y. C. The second division included the Class Q Special Class and below and was over a course of 5 miles. The catboat Hester, Marine and Field Club, won the prize for the best elapsed time, and that for the best corrected time was won by Martha M. The times follow:

First Division—Class Q and Above—Start, 3:45—Course, 9 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 32 55	1 47 55	1 47 55
Jig Step, F. J. Havens	5 35 28	1 50 28	1 45 11
Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 42 02	1 57 02	1 43 54
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	5 42 26	1 57 26	1 48 03
Guide, W. Campbell	5 49 55	2 04 55	1 59 05
Spoonbill, W. W. Redfern	5 55 53	2 08 53	2 00 45
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 55 41	2 10 41	1 57 33
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	6 02 28	2 17 28	2 13 36
Mary, M. Grundner	Disqualified.		

Second Division—Class Q Special and Below—Start, 3:50—Course, 5 Nautical Miles.

Hester, V. Wickes	4 52 41	1 02 41	1 02 41
Colleen, E. Remmey	4 58 27	1 08 27	1 01 47
Martha M., R. Moore	4 59 25	1 09 25	0 58 28
Careless, R. Rummell	4 59 28	1 09 28	1 06 22
Ondas, Menton Bros.	5 01 31	1 11 31	1 08 38
*Jack, J. Beston	5 03 11	1 13 11	. . . .
Truant, J. Alyea	5 04 08	1 14 08	1 10 44
*Cygnet, A. Aspinwall	5 09 36	1 19 36	. . . .
Alpha, J. Brown	5 10 02	1 20 02	1 07 42
Gamma, J. J. Mahoney	5 10 06	1 20 06	1 07 46
Beta, Snedecker & Camp	5 10 59	1 20 59	1 08 39
*Chickeoker, W. J. O'Neil	5 11 50	1 21 50	. . . .
*Trio, C. Clayton	5 13 44	1 23 44	. . . .
Delta, A. H. Platt	5 16 48	1 26 48	1 14 28

*No racing certificate.

Brooklyn Y. C.

September 15.

UNDER the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. there was sailed a race on Saturday, from off the club house to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, 28 nautical miles. The race was sailed in a good breeze, and of three competitors, two were disabled, Sakana winning the race. The small classes were sent around the Gravesend Bay course in the afternoon. Most of the Class P boats were at Larchmont, and the Q boats were sailing in the trial races at the Atlantic Y. C., to select a defender for the race with Orestes, the Massachusetts Bay champion Q boat. The times follow:

Soper Cup Race—Sloops and Yawls—Class P and Above—Start, 10:15—Course, 28 Miles.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Sakana, Haviland Bros.	3 41 12	5 26 12
Guide, William Campbell	4 11 40	5 56 40
Cygnet, William Young	Disabled.	

Corrected time on Sakana, 5.15.55. Sakana wins by 40m. 55s.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10.—Course, 12 Miles.

More Trouble, R. S. Childs	5 19 23	2 09 23
Saetta, G. H. Church	5 20 05	2 10 05
Quest, F. J. Havens	5 22 05	2 12 05
Mary, Max Grundner	5 24 14	2 14 14

More Trouble wins by 42s.

Sloops—Class Q Special—Start, 3:15—Course 8 Miles.

Careless, R. Rummell	4 38 14	1 23 14
Spots, W. W. W. Roberts	4 42 20	1 27 20

Corrected time on Spots, 1.26.08. Careless wins by 2m. 44s.

Dory Class—Start, 3:30—Course, 4 Miles.

Jack, G. L. Beston	4 22 00	0 42 00
Deuce, L. A. McTighe	4 23 32	0 52 32
Boots, W. L. Sweet, Jr.	4 25 55	0 55 55
Dido, L. S. Tiemann	4 26 16	0 56 16

Catboats—Start, 3:30—Course, 8 Miles.

Martha, M. R. Moore	5 10 22	1 40 22
Cygnus, Dillingham & Goodwin	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

New Rochelle—Sept. 9.

IN a good breeze of wind the handicap class sailed a special race on the Sound. The course was 11½ miles, start and finish off Echo Bay. The special division was made up of Rube and Alert, Alert allowing Rube 4m. 46s. Rube won by 1m. 52s. Thelema and Naiad started in the first division, and Naiad won by 2m. 32s. In the second division Huntress won. Times follow:

Special Division—Start, 2:10—Course 11½ Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, J. W. Alker	1 59 06	. . . .
Rube, G. P. Granbery	2 02 00	1 51 17

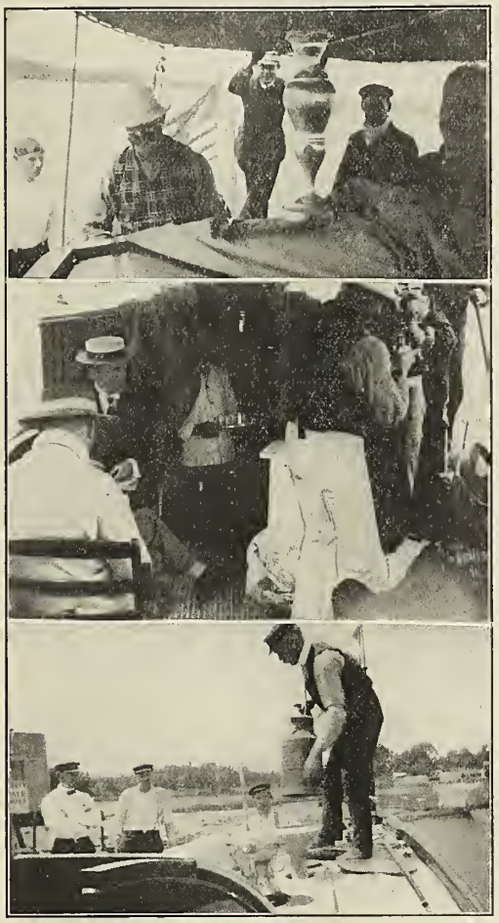
First Division—Course 11½ Miles.

Thelema, A. E. Black	2 08 12	1 59 19
Naiad, J. B. Palmer	2 06 56	1 56 46

Second Division—Course 11½ Miles.

Monsoon, B. F. Stoddard	2 26 04	2 21 22
Huntress, Leonard Dyer	2 14 18	2 12 17
Kenosha, W. R. Berth	2 32 18	2 24 15
Montauk, Waldo Sheldon	2 18 16	2 13 03

George Mathews' yawl Escape won the race on Saturday, from New Rochelle to Shippan Point and back.



NEW YORK A. C. BLOCK ISLAND RACE.

FIRST PRIZE.

THE COMMITTEE ET AL ABOARD DREAMER.

GASOLENE.

Newport 15-Footers.

Sept. 10.

ON Sunday there was a race for the Newport 15-footers, in which Wenonah, Mr. John P. Wetherill, won by 5s. from Echo, owned by Miss Morgan, who sailed her own boat. The course was from Brenton's Reef Cove to a mark off Jamestown. The start was at 3:15. The times follow:

	Elapsed.
Wenonah, J. P. Wetherill	0 57 32
Echo, Miss Morgan	0 57 37
Snipe, J. Whitall	0 58 24
Dixie, Pembroke Jones, Jr.	0 59 34
Eaglet, William Grosvenor	Did not finish

The Newport 15-footers were designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., of Bristol, and are fine little boats for day sailing, being fitted with mainsail and jib and water-tight cockpit.

New York Canoe Club.

September 15.

ON Saturday afternoon off the New York C. C., Gravesend Bay, there was held an exciting canoe race, which was won by O. Sawyer. The heavy wind kicked up a bad sea, and made the racing hard work for the contestants to go around the course. The times follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
O. S. Sawyer	4 41 00	0 51 00	0 47 00
C. S. Canns	4 44 23	0 54 23	0 48 23
F. Speidel	4 40 05	0 50 05	0 50 05
J. M. Dern	4 47 15	0 57 15	0 52 15
K. C. McKean	4 48 26	0 58 26	0 54 26
C. E. Dunne	4 48 32	0 58 32	0 54 32
C. A. Robinson	4 48 11	0 58 11	0 55 11

Yacht Sales and Charters.

THE auxiliary yawl Vanessa has been sold by Mr. J. H. Ware, of Chicago, to Mr. Walter H. Burgess, of this city through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city. Vanessa is an exceptionally handsome boat, 75ft. over all, 50ft. waterline, 18ft. beam, 7ft. draft, fitted with 35 horsepower Craig gasolene engine. Last summer she made a very interesting trip from Chicago to New York via Great Lakes & St. Lawrence River.

Mr. Seaman also reports sale of the launch Wolverine, for Mr. Clark A. Miller, of the New

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SASSOON—OWNED BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

York Y. C., to Mr. Howard Douglas. After considerable alteration, Mr. Douglas will use her for cruising purposes.

The same agency has chartered the yawl Sibyl, for Mr. H. T. Noyes, to Mr. H. A. Uterhart.

Protest Against Chip II. Not Sustained.—The protest against Chip II., winner of the American Power Boat Association challenge cup last month, will not be sustained. The boat was protested by Sparrow, the second boat in the contest, on the ground that she was not properly rated. She was remeasured, and owing to a peculiarity in the motor it was impossible to rate her properly under the rule and the matter was referred by the committee of the Chippewa Bay Y. C. to the American Power Boat Association, and the cup was turned over to that association pending the result of the protest. While no official announcement has yet been made it was learned last week at the motor boat carnival that the committee had decided not to allow the protest, and the cup will be returned to the Chippewa Bay Y. C. and held by that organization subject to challenge.—New York Sun.

Chanuary, formerly the Clermont, a side wheel steam yacht which is well known in the Sound and Hudson River, was damaged on Saturday by being in collision with a lighter off pier No. 1, North River. The paddle box on port side was broken, but the yacht was able to steam over to Communipaw and anchor. Mr. John W. Gates, owner of the yacht, was not aboard at the time.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Three Harbors.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

"There's many a charming spot, Elaine,
Unsung, unsought, on the coast of Maine;
Where herons wheel and rat-black seal
Bark at break of day,
Where eagles nest and sea-gulls rest,
Or skim the turquoise bay."
—Barbara Wiswell.

Despite the ravages of the real estate agent, the spreading chain of hotels and the increasing legions of summer cottages, there are still bays and coves on the Maine coast that retain the charm of primeval simplicity. "Gems of the purest ray serene" they remain unknown to all but a favored few in the hosts of cruising yachtsmen. Sometimes this is because they are a bit off the beaten track, sometimes their very proximity to large, well-known harbors is the reason why they continue unvisited. The yachtsman may never have heard of them or, intending to visit them, he at the last moment finds himself in need of ice, meats or provisions, and so seeks the town or city. The next day a desire to make a long run takes him by the little cove so close at hand. But to really appreciate Maine, to extract the greatest good from a brief holiday, one should forswear the cities and the summer resorts and make these little harbors his objective points.

It is there you find the sharp contrast with the life from which you seek a respite, the complete change that rests your mind, gives full play to the imagination and gladdens the heart.

You approach as a discoverer, no buoys to guide you, seldom even a local craft to point the channel, but with chart, compass, lead and your own good judgment, you feel the way into an anchorage where you may be for days and not see another yacht. And such an anchorage! A sheet of molten cobalt in a rock bowl, fringed with stately pines whose fragrance reaches the nostrils a hundred yards from shore. Silent as the grave, and as devoid of signs of human life, unless, perchance, there may be a neat, prim farmhouse with rambling sheds and barns set well back from the water. There you will find cream-laden milk, eggs (not the kind you buy in the city, with just suspicion as to their respectability, but the real, simon-pure article of "this morning's" vintage), fresh-picked vegetables and fruits; all at prices that cast a doubt upon your wife's household economics. "Prices," did I say? A cheery greeting, a half hour's chat, will obtain these delicacies more readily than all the coin of the realm.

You loaf about your boat without a care in the world; you loll in the cockpit with your pipe and a book, thinking of a dozen things to do and, without the slightest qualm, lazily, luxuriously neglect to do them. Or you take the tender and explore the little coves, land on the little islands and solemnly appropriate them, discarding their charted names for others of your own devising as you stroll aimlessly about, eating delicious wild strawberries, huckleberries or blueberries, according to the season.

At night you shut your eyes only to open them as the morning sun streams into your cabin. Such sleep! You plunge overboard to climb out dripping—every drop of blood tingling as you drink deep of the sparkling air. No worries! No cares! You are simply alive and supremely glad of it. That is the life to liven the liver and rout the gout. This is the true vacation.

So come! Come with me to Quohog Bay, the Sheepscott Ovens and Seal Bay. They are all alike; they are all as different as the East is from the West. They will charm and enthrall you and ever after their names will be as magic words with which to conjure visions.

Leaving Portland we thread our way between Peakes and the Diamond islands, reach along the inner shore of Long Island, whisk through Chandler's Cove and run up between Great Chebeag and Hope islands to the black spar buoy above sand Sand Island. Then on for the Stave Island Ledge spar, where we swing to starboard and, standing across Broad Sound, pass inside of Lieut. Peary's home on Eagle Island, inside of Haddock Rock, through a little gut where the tide runs swiftly and dodging between Little and Great Mark islands (the former made conspicuous by a tall stone monument), cross the mouth of Harpswell Sound to Jaquish Island. Once by Jaquish, we head E.N.E. ¾ E., if the wind permits, which will take us close inside of Round Rock, on which the sea breaks at half tide. Ragged Island is the landmark for the approach to Quohog Bay, and the course given would take us just inside of Ragged, but when it is a hundred yards distant, we swing off to port and run up toward the bay, leaving the Middle Ground (the easterly corner of which always shows a swirl of broken water), and Cedar Ledge to port, and Blacksnake Ledge, Two Bush Island (on which are five small trees), the Elm Islands (which appear as one), and Yarmouth Ledges (awash at high water) to starboard. This brings us to the real entrance, two miles inside of Ragged Island. Pole Island now looms up, tall and narrow, in the middle of the bay. There is a long, narrow ledge that runs far out S.W. ½ S. from Pole Island and does not uncover until nearly low tide. Pass it, Pole Island and a similar ledge above the island, on either hand, and leaving Centre Island to port, turn sharply to starboard and then work up to anchorage, where the chart shows 11ft.—about E.S.E. of two tiny islands. There is a fishing stand on a point opposite these islands and a small fish shanty on another point just north. (Four and a quarter fathoms is the least water below Centre Island, but of course only a small boat can work up to the anchorage I have chosen.)

[To be continued.]

U. M. C. SHOT SHELLS

September is the hunter's month. 1906 will be a banner year in the game field if the reports which are coming in from all over the country prove true. Better game protection throughout the country has increased ducks in the North and quail in the South. Favorable weather has allowed birds to hatch. All is ready for the sportsman. There is a U. M. C. Shell for every game bird and a cartridge especially adapted for all big game. The hard and uniform shooting quality of U. M. C. shells is produced by the perfection of manufacture, standard and time-tested powders used, uniform pressure on the exactly gauged wads, the firm crimp, etc., but back of it all, the U. M. C. primer, which has never been equaled.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 21-22.—Bradford (Pa.) G. C. green corn shoot. R. S. Pringle, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-23.—Tucson, Ariz., Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Sept. 22.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club tournament and Eastern Connecticut championship. Albert S. Brown, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—St. Louis Sportsman's Shooting Park tournament.
Sept. 25.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Seventh regular tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Sept. 25-27.—Cincinnati (O.) G. C. tournament. Address Arthur Gambell, Station P, St. Bernard, O.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual live-bird championship, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y K. T. S. L.
Sept. 29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—West Chester, Pa., G. C. all-day shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Final tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-10.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association sixteenth annual meeting and tournament. J. P. Wright, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Capital City Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 16-17.—Bellevue, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. tournament. Dr. I. P. Gould, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hapkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Westchester, Pa., Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on Oct. 6. The programme will be issued soon. F. H. Eachus is the Secretary.

The five-man team race between Montclair and Newton, N. J., on Sept. 15, on the grounds of the Newton Club, was won by Newton, with a score of 209 to 200.

The Pacific Coast Handicap of the Interstate Association was conducted with the usual smoothness consequent to the masterful management of the Secretary-Manager, Elmer E. Shaner. The Pacific Coast Handicap, open to amateurs, was won by Mr. Fred B. Mills, of Santa Ana, Cal., with a total of 89 out of 100. W. R. Crosby broke 98.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will begin the fall shooting season on Saturday of this week. Team matches will be a special feature. This club will hold a tournament with added money on Thanksgiving Day.

At the shoot of the Seaside Gun Club, Atlantic City, Sept. 7 and 8, high average was won by Mr. Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, Md. He scored 346 out of a possible 360. Mr. L. J. Squier was second with 344, and Mr. J. M. Hawkins was third with 343.

The South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., announces a shoot for Sept. 22, the programme of which consists of twelve events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 50 cents, $1 and $1.50 entrance. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. Class shooting. Peter Texter is the Secretary.

The fall tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., will be held on Sept. 29. A programme of 15, 20 and 25 targets is provided, a total of 175 targets on a basis of 1½ cent entrance. Events 4, 5 and 6 are a handicap, target allowance. Events 7-9 are a five-man team shoot. Ship guns and shells prepaid to C. M. Hughes, 8 Ayrault street, Newport.

The annual tournament of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, to be held on Sept. 25-27, has a like programme of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, $1 optional sweep, each day. Total targets for three days, 600; total entrance, $63; with optional sweeps, $93. Sept. 24 is practice day. Moneys in regular events will be divided Rose system; in optional sweeps, class shooting. The entire profits

of the shoot will be given to the amateurs who shoot through the programme, but who do not win an amount equal to their entrance. Mr. Luther Squier, the famous expert, will have charge of the office.

Hopkins Bros. Co., Des Moines, Ia., announce that their annual fall tournament, fixed to take place on Oct. 2-4, has been postponed to Oct. 30, 31 and Nov. 1, owing to a conflict of dates with other trapshooting events. Programmes will be issued about Oct. 15. The Golf and Country Club has installed a set of traps, and its members are holding semi-weekly shoots. Hopkins Bros., in their letter to us, state further that "We predict that this form of sport will be added to the various large golf clubs in the West, and the writers are doing everything that can be done in promoting the various lines of sport."

Bernard Waters.

Indianapolis Tournament.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The two-day tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, held Sept. 10 and 11, had thirty-two contestants on the first and twenty-nine on the second day. The high amateurs were Messrs. S. A. Huntley, C. E. Binyon and O. F. Britton.

Sept. 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Le Noir	19	20	18	20	19	17	19	18	20	18	200	190
L H Reed	19	19	17	18	18	19	18	17	16	18	200	177
C A Young	17	17	18	18	17	17	18	16	17	14	200	169
C Spencer	15	15	19	14	16	18	16	18	20	19	200	170
Tom Parry	19	16	18	20	14	15	18	19	18	16	200	173
F Davis	13	17	15	15	14	13	13	14	16	13	200	143
W L Straugh	18	18	18	20	17	16	19	15	14	13	200	168
M Wilson	17	15	19	17	16	18	19	15	13	18	200	167
G Moller	19	16	15	18	18	16	16	19	16	16	200	168
N Wise	11	18	18	17	18	20	15	17	17	13	200	174
Geo Bowen	17	18	19	13	18	18	18	19	15	15	200	170
O F Britton	17	15	17	18	19	11	17	17	15	19	200	170
C H Peak	13	17	17	17	15	20	15	16	18	14	200	152
B S Malone	18	18	16	19	10	19	12	14	19	11	200	152
F T Sherwood	15	14	12	12	14	19	14	14	19	18	200	153
Ed Voris	15	19	17	19	15	15	14	17	19	19	200	169
Opp	14	20	13	19	15	18	19	17	13	14	200	162
C Binyon	19	17	17	16	19	17	14	14	19	18	200	172
Vietmeyer	16	18	16	18	18	15	14	17	17	19	200	168
Lewis	17	17	14	17	16	14	12	17	15	12	200	148
Le Compte	19	17	15	19	17	18	17	19	19	18	200	178
F Beck	15	18	17	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	100	83
Gregory	14	17	17	18	17	17	19	17	18	15	200	171
Huntley	20	16	18	20	16	18	20	18	19	17	200	182
Livingood	..	..	..	..	15	19	19	16	17	19	140	119
Hickman	..	..	..	..	14	18	10	12	12	9	140	91
J R Taylor	19	18	20	18	19	17	19	20	20	20	200	190
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	19	15	100	80
R E Catlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	17	18	100	80
B Gephart	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	18	20	100	84
J W Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	16	19	100	81
S H Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16	80	69

Sept. 11, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Le Noir	19	18	17	19	18	19	19	19	18	20	200	186
Reed	18	19	18	17	20	19	18	20	19	19	200	187
Le Compte	18	20	17	20	19	18	19	18	20	18	200	187
Taylor	19	19	19	20	19	19	19	20	19	19	200	192
Huntley	20	20	17	19	16	18	19	19	14	18	200	180
Straughn	17	17	18	17	20	15	18	16	18	17	200	173
Parry	18	15	17	18	18	17	17	19	16	20	200	174
Gephart	17	20	19	16	18	17	18	17	17	18	200	177
Moller	19	16	19	16	18	19	17	16	19	18	200	175
Gregory	18	16	17	18	16	16	17	19	16	19	200	172
Britton	17	19	17	18	18	18	19	18	19	16	200	179
Johnston	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	30
Opp	19	16	17	13	18	16	14	..	..	..	140	113
Malone	18	17	14	17	17	19	17	13	18	19	200	169
Sherwood	20	16	18	11	18	14	18	19	18	20	200	172
Peck	19	17	18	19	18	17	16	13	18	14	200	169
Voris	18	19	17	17	18	17	18	17	16	20	200	177
Binyon	19	16	17	17	20	17	19	19	16	19	200	179
De Turk	11	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	40
Vietmeyer	16	19	12	18	17	15	17	16	16	17	200	163
Wisek	12	20	13	17	17	13	18	17	16	16	200	165
Jeffers	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	18
Bell	17	17	18	16	20	18	20	14	19	17	200	176
Smith	..	..	..	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	40	29
Catlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	14	15	100	74
Habich	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	14	16	100	77
Livingood	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	16	17	100	84
Nash	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	16	15	80	60
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	15	19	80	62

Sept. 15.—The scores made at the Indianapolis Gun Club shoot to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	19	18	18	17	20	19	20
Wildhack	16	15	18	17	20	20	19
Anderson	9	13	12	13	14	12	16
Daggett	10	11	6	9	11	8	11
Clark	13	13	10	10	16	12	18
Beck	..	..	16	16	17	15	18
Ray	..	..	10	11	8	10	..
Neighbors	..	..	8	10	8	13	16
Michaelis	..	..	14	19	18	15	18
Colon	..	..	16	16	16	15	18

Secretary.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 12.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last shoot of the third series. The club will be reclassified and a new series begun next Saturday.

In the club trophy event, George won in Class A on 22; Ford in Class B on 25; T. L. Smedes in Class C on 21.

In the Dupont cup event, McDonald won in Class A on 14; Dr. Huff in Class B on 12; Al. Smedes in Class C on 12.

Mr. Steenberg was with us and shot a fair clip. The day was not a very pleasant one for target shooting owing to a head wind which blew the powder residue into one's eyes until some of the shooters were temporarily put out of business, the writer for one.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Huff	23	12	8	10	8	8	8
Steenberg	23	13	10	8	9	5	..
Dr Meek	13	7	8	4	4	..	..
Eaton	18	11	8	10	7	5	6
Thomas	17	9	10	8	10	5	7
Ford	24	11	8	4	6	..	..
A Smedes	18	12	8	10	10	8	9
T Smedes	21	10	6	7	7	6	6
McDonald	21	11	9	9	8	5	8
George	23	13	10	..	10	6	4
Herr	16	11	7	..	7	5	5
Dr Reynolds	15	..	..	..	8	..	..
Stone	20	14	7	..	..	7	8
E Ellis	22	11	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Broggie	19	8	..	..	..	..	..
Ferguson	..	10	..	..	..	4	5
Stiger	..	..	..	..	..	3	3

No. 1 was trophy event. No. 2 was Dupont cup. No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

Team shoot, 10 targets per man:

Ford	9	Huff	7
Dr Reynolds	6	McDonald	8
Eaton	7	Steenburg	10
A Smedes	6	George	9
Stone	8	Thomas	5
T Smedes	7	Ellis	8
Broggie	5	Herr	6
Stiger	2—50	Ferguson	4—57

Denver Trap Club.

The local trapshooters have not yet finished discussing the big tournament that was held in this city week before last, and the Western Handicap is responsible for increased interest in trapshooting in Denver. Sunday, Sept. 9, found many shooters at Berkeley testing their skill breaking bluerocks. The day was unusually warm for this season of the year, but the shooters continued their work until late in the afternoon. Charles Younkman was high gun, 139 out of a possible 150. Severs broke 92 out of the 100 targets shot at. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		
Shaw	24	22	22	20	23	..	..	..	125	111
Younkman	23	23	22	24	22	25	..	..	150	139
Waters	22	21	21	20	22	23	23	23	200	175
Neff	22	22	22	24	23	..	..	..	125	113
Beck	16	14	17	19	15	..	..	..	125	81
Hughes	22	19	19	23	..	..	..	..	100	83
Wolfe	24	19	18	21	..	..	..	..	100	82
Pfalzgraf	14	10	15	16	..	..	..	..	100	55
Severs	22	21	23	23	..	..	..	..	100	92
Nehring	18	21	21	21	..	..	..	..	100	81
Wallace	10	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	75	31
Frazier	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	35
Parnell	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	29
Sechrist	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	16
Warren	24	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	44
Shifter	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	22
Harris	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	15

A Social Tramp.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 15.—The Montclair Gun Club paid a visit to Newton, N. J., to-day, where they shot a ten-man team race with the Newton Club for the possession of a silver loving cup, the gift of the Newton Club. Some twelve members of the club, accompanied by about as many friends made the trip of over forty miles there and forty miles return in five touring cars without mishap of any kind. The weather was all that could have been desired, and the trip a very pleasant one. Newton came out victorious with a score of 209 to 200.

A return match at Montclair will be shot on the 29th. Scores follow:

Newton.		Montclair.	
Von Lengerke	19	Moffett	22
Meyer	17	Allan	20
Cahrs	23	Bush	19
Wood	23	Cockefair	17
Woodward	22	Barnes	22
Brickner	19	Boxall	21
Coe	25	Nott, Jr.	20
Crow	19	Crane	22
Bird	20	Talbot	21
Morford	22—209	Winslow	16—200

Armonk Gun Club.

Armonk, N. Y., Sept. 10.—The following are the scores of the first event of a shoot held by the Armonk Gun Club for a silver cup, presented to the club by Richard Harding Davis. Each contestant shot at 25 targets:

Chas Barnard	22	J Read	17
A Betti	22	N W Sander	23
R Quimby	17	E Faile	17

N. W. Sander.

Marshalltown Gun Club.

Marshalltown, Ia., Sept. 14.—Following are the scores of those of the Marshallltown Gun Club tournament, Sept. 12 and 13, who shot through the two days' programme, with the totals for each day and the grand total, out of a possible 400:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
Wallace	178	188	366
Cook	181	187	368
Budd	189	168	357
Peterson	175	182	357
Snow	173	174	347
Barber	189	184	373
Boa	186	186	372
Klein	182	179	361
Hoon	180	178	358
Taylor	197	184	381
Abbott	187	190	377
Russell	168	170	338
Bell	168	168	336

Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., was high gun on the first day. On Thursday the honors went to L. C. Abbott, of Marshalltown, who broke 190 out of a possible 200 targets. E. G. Wallace, of Marshalltown, was second high man on the second day, with 188, and C. P. Cook third with 187. The purses for the high averages for the two days went to Taylor, Abbott, Cook, Wallace, Hoon, Peterson and Snow, in the order named. The prizes for the low averages for the two days went to Bell, of Waterloo, and Russell, of Liscomb, who won Stevens and Marlin rifles.

At the conclusion of the regular programme, a sweepstakes at 20 targets was participated in and was one of the best races of the tournament. Six men entered. Of the 120 targets shot at, there were only four misses. Hoon, of Jewell, and Snow, of this city, broke 20 straight, and Wallace, Cook, Abbott and Taylor each broke 19.

F. A. Moscup.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 11.—The scores made at the shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day follow.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	25	25
Schorty	14	12	12	14	13	11	14	14	11	11	14	..	23	22
Dreyer	9	14	10	..	..	..	13	13	11	8	..	9	..	19
Metz	10	4	9	9	12	10	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..
Bergen	13	10	11	13	9	15	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	16
Martin	..	..	11	12	11	14	11	10	10	11	..	..	..	..
Glover	..	..	15	15	14	13	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	..
Hans	..	..	9	8	10	11	..	13	9	10	13	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	6	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	3
Wynn	..	..	14	13	14	13	12	13	11	13	14	..	21	..
Short	..	..	10	8	12	9	12	14	10	..	..	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	..	..	13	15	14	14	13	11	12	14	..	22
Voorhees	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	13	11	12	11	..	..
Gillie	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	9	12	13	11	..
Baudendistel	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	10	9	8	..	4	..
Garms	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	10	5	9	9	..	5
Messlan	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	10	9	12	..	6
Dannefelser	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	10	10	7	6	..	4
Dondera	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	7	9	..
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 15.—After a rest of over two months the Ossining Gun Club will hold its initial bi-monthly shoot on Sept. 22. Team matches with two prominent clubs are being arranged, and everything points to an active fall and winter campaign. Two prize series will start on Saturday, Sept. 22. A silver cup for scratch shooting, 15 targets, to be won three times to own, and a good grade hammerless gun, misses-as-breaks handicaps, to be won three times. The handicaps will be very carefully prepared, and ties for both prizes shall be shot off under original conditions. At least five must compete to constitute a shoot. Club days, the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. No entries for the prizes after 4:30 of each shooting day. Shooting commences at 2 P. M. Non-members are always welcome to shoot with us on club days. Please announce that this club will hold a tournament with added money on Thanksgiving Day.

C. G. B., Capt.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Some recent Dead Shot doings are as follows: At Denver, Colo., Grand Western Handicap, 311 entries, R. E. Thompson tied for the trophy with 97 at 19yds. Chris. Gottlieb, at Pittsburg, Kans., Sept. 3, broke 199 out of 200; Sept. 4, 193 out of 200; total 393 out of 400. He made a run of 153. At Monte Ne, Ark., tournament, Sept. 5, he broke 100 out of 100; Sept. 6, 100 out of 100; Sept. 7, 99 out of 100; total, 299 out of 300. He made a run of 224 straight; also 97 out of 100 at 20yds., winning gold medal handicap. At Virginia State shoot, Lynchburg, Sept. 3 and 4, 85 entries, J. R. Taylor made 127 straight.

The catalogue of N. R. Davis & Sons, Lock Box 707, Assonet, Mass., U. S. A., contains complete and artistic illustrations of the excellent lines of guns which they manufacture, and of their component parts, besides full descriptive matter and price list.

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Atlantic City Shoot.

THE first annual tournament of the Seaside Gun Club, Atlantic City, N. J., held on Sept. 7 and 8, was the most successful shoot held at that place in years. The trade was represented by Frank Lawrence, J. A. R. Elliott, J. M. Hawkins, F. E. Butler, Harry Overbaugh, Neaf Apgar, L. J. Squier and L. R. Lewis.

The office work was handled by Squier and Lewis, while the other representatives made themselves useful in hustling squads, etc.

L. S. German, of Aberdeen, Md., who has been beating all comers of late, continued his good work, and won the average each day. For the two days he broke 346 out of 360.

Squier and Hawkins made the veteran giant go some, and finished close up with 344 and 343. Ed. Johnson had the long run, 85, on the second day.

The shoot was run on the "Moneybak system," and every man who shot through the programme either made money or received the amount of his entrance. After paying all losses, a surplus of $50 was divided among the five high guns.

The members of the Seaside Gun Club are well pleased over the success of this shoot, and are now talking of putting up $500 for their next annual in 1907.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
J A R Elliott	13	14	15	13	15	15	14	13	14	14	13	15	168
Ed Johnson	12	11	12	15	13	11	14	13	15	13	12	14	155
Harry Johnson	11	13	13	7	11	13	14	13	14	14	14	9	146
F W Marcy	11	11	13	11	11	14	10	13	12	14	12	12	144
L F Emann	10	12	10	13	7	15	14	8	11	11	11	9	131
L J Squier	15	14	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	14	14	14	171
L S German	15	15	14	13	15	15	13	15	15	14	15	14	173
W M Foord	15	14	15	14	13	14	14	14	12	14	14	11	164
C G Watts	14	13	12	13	15	13	13	10	12	11	11	10	147
C L Terry	11	13	11	10	11	9	13	14	15	14	13	12	146
J M Hawkins	14	14	14	14	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	13	172
N L Clark	13	13	10	14	12	11	10	11	10	10	12	10	136
W J Lohr	13	15	13	14	14	12	10	12	..	..	..	..	103
T D Hackett	15	15	12	14	10	14	10	14	15	14	13	13	159
J B Chalmers	12	12	14	12	10	13	9	10	12	11	12	13	140
N Apgar	14	14	14	11	14	15	13	15	12	14	14	13	163
G S McCarty	11	11	12	14	14	13	..	..	13	13	14	12	127
J L Brewer	13	11	14	13	15	15	15	13	14	13	13	10	159
Dr Bell	11	10	14	12	14	10	13	9	13	12	11	7	136
Sam Adams	14	13	13	15	13	12	15	10	8	8	13	12	146
F E Butler	13	14	10	13	11	12	12	12	12	12	13	12	147
W J Imel	7	13	9	13	15	11	11	12	11	14	11	11	138
J F Pratt	8	10	11	11	11	12	12	12	13	9	13	10	132
A Cella	12	10	7	11	12	13	12	10	11	12	10	14	134
J Godwin	13	10	10	7	7	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	59
L R Lewis	12	10	13	12	14	11	12	11	10	12	11	13	141
H B Barr	12	10	9	10	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	67
Miss A Reiker	..	..	..	..	9	11	14	15	10	13	7	10	99
Chas Herold	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	13	11	11	15	77
Wm Loder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	11
J H Hutchings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	10	49
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	23
Markis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	17

Second Day.

Evcnts:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Elliott	12	14	14	13	14	14	13	15	15	15	13	15	167
Ed Johnson	11	10	13	15	11	14	11	15	15	15	15	15	160
Marcy	11	12	8	10	13	11	11	13	11	12	9	11	132
Emann	12	11	13	12	13	15	12	14	11	13	11	12	149
Squier	14	14	15	14	15	15	12	15	15	15	14	15	173
German	15	15	15	13	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	15	173
Foord	14	10	15	15	15	14	13	12	14	13	15	12	162
Watts	11	11	8	14	12	14	11	14	11	15	13	14	148
Terry	14	11	14	14	13	12	12	12	14	14	11	14	155
Hawkins	15	13	13	15	15	14	13	15	14	14	15	15	171
Clark	12	11	12	13	10	13	14	14	9	10	7	13	138
Edmundson	14	13	15	12	13	14	8	14	11	14	12	14	154
Hackett	14	11	12	15	15	12	15	12	14	13	13	14	160
Chalmers	14	14	14	13	11	12	13	11	10	12	11	15	150
Apgar	13	13	13	15	13	13	13	14	15	15	14	14	164
H Johnson	14	8	14	15	13	12	11	14	14	14	14	13	156
Dr Bell	9	12	13	10	13	12	11	12	8	14	12	13	139
S Adams	9	10	13	14	13	9	12	14	12	12	12	11	141
W H Matthews	10	13	11	13	12	13	11	12	8	14	12	11	140
Butler	10	11	14	12	12	14	9	13	14	13	12	13	147
Imel	9	14	15	9	8	13	11	10	8	12	6	10	125
Pratt	9	13	9	12	12	11	9	15	8	13	12	11	134
Lewis	11	11	13	12	12	12	9	11	12	12	9	13	137
Godwin	11	10	13	12	10	12	9	14	10	12	10	13	136
J Merkle	11	9	12	11	11	13	9	14	11	11	9	15	136
F W Matthews	12	11	13	12	11	13	12	11	10	8	13	14	140
Miss Reiker	11	11	12	12	10	10	5	12	10	11	10	12	126
Barr	11	11	14	14	10	12	13	15	12	15	11	10	148
C Herold	7	7	9	7	12	11	9	7	11	10	7	10	107
Jersey	9	12	12	7	..	..	8	11	10	..	14	9	92
E Tomlinson	10	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Rigby	5	3	9	11	5	6	6	6	3	5	7	9	75
Pechin	14	14	12	12	14	14	11	13	10	13	12	11	150
Torpey	10	12	12	13	12	13	13	15	15	13	14	10	152
F Tomlinson	10	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	23
E H Yates	..	..	..	..	13	3	2	5	..	1	10	..	4	38
Cella	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	12	6	..	..	..	36
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	8	10	13	11	8	13	84
Alden	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	8	11	7	11	..	..	52
McDonald	11	14	12	11	12	12	10	9	12	10	12	13		138
Hutchings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15		28
Delany	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	4	9		28

General averages:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
L S German	173	173	346
L J Squier	171	173	344
J M Hawkins	172	171	343
J A R Elliott	168	167	335
Neaf Apgar	163	164	327
W M Foord	164	162	326
T D Hackett	159	160	319
Ed Johnson	155	160	315
Harry Johnson	146	156	302
C L Terry	146	155	301

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Won by A. L. Laudensack with Winchester Rifle and Cartridges.

GEN'L E. P. MEANY MATCH:
Capt. C. B. Winder, tied for first place, using Winchester Cartridges.

WINCHESTER SUPREMACY AGAIN ASSERTS ITSELF

Magic City Gun Club Tournament.

MUNCIE, Ind., Sept. 3.—Herewith are a summary and particulars of the Magic City Gun Club's ninth annual fall tournament. It was a success from every standpoint. The social functions of this aggregation of trapshooters eclipsed all previous attempts; for every one was acquainted with the management, and his brother shooter. No introductions were necessary, the participants having met here many a time before.

Dinner was served to the shooters and their friends complimentary by the club, at Farrell's Café.

Our grounds are so situated as to permit one to step on to the car, and after ten minutes' ride arrive at Farrell's, where mine host had a sumptuous meal awaiting.

Re-freshments complimentary was in order also, but at this every one was his own mixologist and his own servant.

Twenty-three shooters faced the traps, and 5,000 targets were thrown. That is not half bad for a club whose aim is more a social than a financial basis.

The trade was ably represented by H. W. Vietmeyer, L. R. Barkley, H. W. Van Nest and F. Le Noir.

The club wishes to extend thanks to Mr. H. W. Van Nest for his liberal and valuable support in managing and conducting this shoot. Van, we always work you hard when you come, but it is the way we have of showing our appreciation for you. You can count your friends in Muncie by your acquaintances, and then the audience; they are all your friends.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	15	25	20	15	25	15	15	20	Brk.
H W Vietmeyer	11	17	15	11	23	18	12	22	14	14	15	171
J W Farrell	12	18	14	10	24	17	14	22	14	12	20	177
L R Blakely	13	18	15	15	23	20	15	25	13	15	18	190
G G Williamson	9	11	13	13	21	16	12	23	14	14	17	162
W A McDaniels	10	17	15	7	22	16	14	17	12	11	15	156
B F McDaniels	14	16	11	9	18	15	10	18	9	12	12	144
Joe Smiley	8	14	12	11	20	13	9	20	14	10	8	139
A C Spencer	15	18	13	15	22	18	15	24	13	11	19	183
Gus Moller	14	17	12	14	20	10	13	21	12	13	17	163
M J Koontz	13	17	10	13	..	20	14	23	11	12	14	147
Tom Parry	13	18	14	12	17	15	14	21	13	12	12	161
Geo Bowen	13	18	15	15	21	15	14	22	13	12	14	162
W M Wise	11	18	14	15	22	20	12	22	11	13	20	178
B E Gregory	10	14	13	9	18	17	10	22	12	13	17	155
Dr Britton	11	18	13	13	23	16	13	23	11	13	17	161
F Le Noir	13	18	13	15	22	13	15	19	14	14	13	169
M F Riser	13	12	12	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	62
Ed Wertz	11	15	11	12	20	11	13	18	10	..	..	121
A W Kirby	11	16	12	12	23	19	14	25	13	11	15	170
P S Malone	10	16	14	12	19	15	13	21	12	13	17	162

F. L. WACHTEL, Sec'y.

The Pacific Coast Handicap.

The second annual Pacific Coast Handicap of the Interstate Association, originally dated for San Francisco, took place at Los Angeles, Cal., under the auspices of the Los Angeles Gun Club, on Sept. 8, 9 and 10. The earthquake at San Francisco on April 18 and the attendant calamity of general conflagration, made it impossible for the tournament to be held at Ingleside grounds, as contemplated.

The Interstate Association was, however, equal to the occasion; in fact, looked upon the matter as in duty bound to help out the Coast sportsmen in fostering the annual grand bluerock tournament project. The selection of Los Angeles instead was a happy one in every respect. Visiting sportsmen found ample accommodation, and every convenience that a large city only can offer. The hospitality of the men of the orange belt is spontaneous and from the heart. Shooters attending the tournament were from many points in Texas, Arizona and California. Sam R. Smith, president; C. D. Hagerman, vice-president; Chas. Van Valkenburg, secretary-treasurer, and H. Justins, of the Los Angeles Gun Club, were the official reception committee, every other member of the club was ex-officio a member also, and each vied with the other in making the visitors at home.

The beauties and attractions of the city of Los Angeles and vicinity are too well known and numerous for further mention here than this: If the reader has never been in Los Angeles, lose no more time, but make the trip at the earliest convenience.

The trap grounds, near Sherman, are splendidly situated and well appointed. The trip to and fro is a comfortable one, and full of scenic beauties. The shooting grounds are in a level field; the background could hardly be better. Perhaps this is the most picturesque shooting ground in the country. For the tournament, three Leggett traps were set up, and they worked without a hitch each day. Mr. Chas. A. North was about all the time, and possibly that accounts for the traps doing everything but talk. A large marquee and several other tents—these kindly furnished by the U. M. C., Winchester, and Peters representatives—were appreciated by many shooters and visitors present.

The direct supervision of the shoot was under the experienced direction of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, and this meant that the whole affair worked as smoothly as a piece of machinery. From the opening shot to the finish, squad after squad faced the traps, shot through the programme, read the results posted up to every race—everything, in fact, that goes to make a big shoot a success, was brought to bear on this occasion, and Shaner won high encomiums from everybody.

The office force was most efficient and courteous. Mr. H. P. Jacobsen was official compiler of scores, Mr. H. L. Powell, clerk, and Fred W. Thatcher, cashier.

Members of many gun clubs were interested students of each and every detail of the complete and simple system devised by Mr. Shaner, and undoubtedly the object lesson will bring profitable results.

Among the trade representatives in attendance were the noted Eastern squad—Capt. Tom Marshall, Rolla Heikes, H. C. Hirschy and Walter Huff. Among the Coast trade representatives were: Clarence A. Haight, R. C. Reed, E. Holling, Hip Justins, W. S. Wattles, W. H. Seaver, Harry T. Hoyt, D. W. King, Jr., W. H. Hillis, Frank L. Carter and Chas. A. North.

The Eastern men are a whole-souled, congenial band of good fellows. They are a mine of information in regard to guns and ammunition, and are popular and most efficient mentors in the dissemination of information that gives a sportsman short cuts to desired results. Their first trip to the Coast was a most pleasant episode, their second advent here has created a want that will only be temporarily filled when the third Pacific Coast Handicap takes place at Ingleside, in 1907.

On the second day of the shoot, Frank Carter and Billy Hillis did some stunts in rifle shooting that were remarkable in many ways. All sorts of objects, from bottles, tin cans, lumps of coal, down to marbles, washers and nails, were thrown into the air, singles and doubles, and these two expert riflemen hit the bullseye above 95 per cent.

The opening shot of the first day was fired by Dick Reed, of San Francisco, who lined out a 15 straight. Bob Bungay, of Ocean Park, who shot a tie at San Francisco last year for the initial Pacific Coast Handicap trophy, also cracked out a straight, shooting in the same squad. The programme called for six 15-target and three 20-target events; a total of 150 targets. Every shooter stood at the 16yd. peg. The next clean string was shot by C. D. Hagerman, of Los Angeles, the winner of the Preliminary Handicap at Ingleside last year; W. H. Varien, of Pacific Grove; Ed. Schultz, of San Francisco, and W. J. Rand, of El Paso, also accounted for clean strings. Weather conditions were pretty near ideal for the sport, and the three Leggett traps worked without a hitch all day, as they did, in fact, throughout the tournament.

The line-up before the bulkheads counted seventy-five guns, and in this aggregation of shooters, both amateur and trade representatives, could be found some of the best trap shots in the country.

High amateur average for three places was: Fred B. Mills, of Santa Ana, 141 out of 150; W. H. Varien, 140; D. Daniels, of San Francisco, and Bob Bungay, 138 each.

Billy Crosby made high average for the day, slipping but 5 targets through the patterns. Rolla Heikes and H. C. Hirschy accounted for 140. Emil Holling was next in line with 138. The pros were not bunched together, but distributed throughout the squads—the lead horses, as it were, being placed in position to lift the lighter squads through uphill places. The high squad for the day was composed of Otto Sens, of Houston, Tex.; Billy Crosby, H. C. Hirschy, L. E. Parker, of Ocean Park, and Ed. Schultz, 71 out of 74, in the first race, and 92 out of 100 in the seventh event. The total added money for the day was $240. Entrance in the six 15-target races was $1.50, and $2. was the fee for each of the three 20-target races. The best purse during the first day, $107, was distributed in the seventh event.

The regular programme was concluded early enough in the afternoon to allow three extra events to be shot—two 15s and a 20. Fifty-one shooters took part in the additional events.

The schedule for the second day called for nine 20-target races, $2.00 entrance, and $30 added to each; all shooting at 16yds. rise; purses open to tenderfeet; a total of 180 targets and $270 added money. "Single Trigger" Schultz brought his shooting eye with him. Starting with 20 straight breaks, he lined out 19, 20, 18, 18, 19, 19, 19 and a final 16. The latter event was shot at No. 3 bulkhead, the rock on which a number of ambitious shooters bumped holes in otherwise good scores. Varien also started well, 20 in the first round, and a 20 and 19 for the two final events—163 gave him second high average for the day. Roy Wittman, of Oxnard, joined Gideon's band of powder burners on the second day; he and Clayton, with 162 each, were in third place for high guns. Mills slipped down to fourth peg with 161; Hagerman and Holdsclaw kept him company.

The best purse for the day was split up in the first event, $112.50, with a field of fifty-five contenders, there being a total entry of seventy shooters at the start. This number was augmented by stragglers and late arrivals. In the sixth event, H. McCullough, of Santa Ana, played solitaire for the only clean string in the race, and annexed first money entire. This incident was repeated in the ninth event, the change of personnel brought "Red Oak" Wittman up to the cashier for first money in full.

Crosby and Heikes shared high average honors with 171 out of the 180 each. Crosby made a run of 82 straight during the day, the longest shot during the meeting. Reed accounted for 169 broken disks and also a run of 57 breaks. Holling also broke 169, Hirschy had a credit of 166, and Huff broke 164.

The second Pacific Coast Handicap at bluerocks was started at 12 M. on the third day. Manager Elmer E. Shaner, after making a survey of the traps and shooting stands, advanced to No. 1 trap and giving final instructions to the attendants, waved his hand to Otto Sens, of Houston, Tex., No. 1 in the first squad. The tall Texan fired and scored. The race was arranged in four sections of 15 targets and two of 20 targets. The handicaps ranged from 19yds. down to a single shooter on the 14yd. slat. The squads were so aligned that each man of the five was on the same distance line, an arrangement that is apparent to every shooter as one that will avoid interference. The handicap committee was composed of S. R. Smith, Guy Lovelace, Chas. Van Valkenburg and H. P. Jacobsen, of San Francisco. Mr. Shaner was chairman of the committee. The handicaps made met with the unanimous accord of the contestants. There were forty-three regular entries at $10 each and two post entries at $15 each. There was $300 added money. The net purse amounted to $647.50.

The contest was keen throughout. That this event is already a favorite and looked forward to as a fixture in the minds of Coast shooters is strongly shown by the close attention and application with which both contestants and spectators followed every rise and fall of the smokeless powder barometer, as the storm center of ultimate victory shifted from one possible victor to another. When the opening skirmish of four 15-target sections was over, the possible candidates for the trophy were Fred B. Mills, of Santa Ana, 52 out of 60; W. Clayton, of Santa Ana, 50; W. J. Rand, of El Paso, 50; A. L. Holdsclaw, of Fresno, 53; H. McCullough, Santa Ana, 52; Guy Lovelace, of Los Angeles, 50; Fred Feudner, of San Francisco, 52; L. E. Parker, of Ocean Park, 52; E. L. Schultz, of San Francisco, 50; Bob Bungay, of Ocean Park 51, Chas. Van Valkenburg, 50, and J. Freitas, of Salinas, 52. One by one the boys dropped down in the two 20-target races, until Mills came out with a total of 89. The only man eligible to tie or beat this score was Feudner. He broke 18 at No. 2 trap, but when he tackled the targets at No. 3, he lost 7 targets, and was out of the running. Roy Wittman made up enough lost ground in the two finals to be in the money. Sam Smith lined out a 20 and 17 in the wind-up, which also placed him in the specie distribution. The weather during the forenoon was most favorable to the sport, during the shooting of the handicap. Gusts of wind at times swept across the outfield and swerved the targets to a baffling degree.

At the conclusion of the handicap, Mr. Shaner, in a few well chosen and apt remarks, presented the winner, Fred B. Mills, with the elegant silver trophy, emblematic of the second Pacific Coast Handicap. Mills, after the applause subsided, being called on for a speech, replied, "Boys, don't ask me to speak; it's hard enough to shoot."

Mr. Shaner, in response to unanimous request, then introduced Capt. Tom Marshall, who addressed the large assemblage of shooters, visiting sportsmen and lady spectators in a most genial and happy manner. Marshall and his confreres fell in for a generous round of applause.

D. D. McDonald, on behalf of Louis Breer, Jr., of the Tufts-Lyon Co., then presented Billy Crosby with a high average professional trophy—an objet d'art—emblematic of a useful side line in the shooting game.

The purse division in the handicap was as follows: Mills, $152.45; McCullough, $103.60; Holdsclaw, $71.20; Feudner, $58.25; Smith, $58.25; Clayton, $32.40; Parker, Ed. Schultz, Rand and Wittman, $19.40 each.

The high amateur averages for the tournament were as follows: W. H. Varien, 358 out of 390; F. B. Mills, 356; Ed. Schultz, 353; H. L. Holdsclaw, 347; C. D. Hagerman, 346.

The ranking professional averages were: W. R. Crosby, 370; Rolla Heikes, 368; H. C. Hirschy, 364; E. Holling, 358; Walter Huff, 355, and R. C. Reed, 351.

In the three 20-target races, preliminary, on the third day, to the main event, the Pacific Coast Handicap, C. D. Hagerman and Chas. Van Valkenburg were high with 57 each. There was $30 added in each event, and the entrance was $2; sixty-eight guns were on the line in each race. The total purse for the three events was $319.45. Hirschy, 58 breaks, and Heikes, 57, were one two for representative laurels in these events.

The scores of the three days follow:

Sept. 8, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20		
R C Reed	15	13	15	13	15	12	18	18	15	150	134
E Holling	14	13	15	12	14	15	19	18	18	150	138
R Bungay	15	13	12	15	14	13	19	20	17	150	138
G Lovelace	12	13	14	13	13	13	16	13	18	150	125
S R Smith	11	14	11	14	14	14	15	15	16	150	124
R O Heikes	13	14	14	15	13	14	19	19	19	150	140
F Stone	12	14	13	13	14	11	15	20	17	150	129
C Van Valkenburg	14	15	13	11	12	12	13	16	15	150	126
T A Marshall	14	12	10	15	14	14	18	17	15	150	129
C D Hagerman	15	13	13	15	11	13	13	19	16	150	128
Gus Knight	14	13	10	12	15	12	20	16	19	150	131
D W King, Jr.	12	10	8	14	13	12	19	19	19	150	126
M E Tabor	13	14	12	14	12	12	19	16	19	150	131
M P Chubb	12	14	14	12	13	13	20	18	18	150	134
Ed Fissel	12	12	14	11	15	12	19	17	19	150	131
C Julian	14	11	9	11	9	9	14	11	13	150	101
D Purcell	14	10	11	10	12	14	17	16	17	150	121
G Julian	14	14	12	14	15	13	19	16	18	150	135
B Hallcritter	10	15	14	10	14	10	14	15	16	150	118
H Justins	12	11	13	12	12	12	17	15	9	150	113
E L Deibert	12	13	14	15	12	14	16	19	18	150	133
L E Walker	13	12	11	14	13	12	14	15	17	150	121
W Huff	11	13	15	15	14	14	16	19	18	150	135
H Hoyt	12	10	10	12	13	9	18	15	12	150	111
C A Lukens	12	15	10	14	14	13	17	16	16	150	127
J E Vaughn	14	13	13	15	13	14	18	19	12	150	131
J Gibson	14	14	10	12	14	8	17	16	19	150	124
F Feudner	14	11	8	14	15	14	19	17	17	150	124
J H Carlisle	12	14	10	10	12	11	17	19	16	150	121
H Holdsclaw	14	15	13	14	12	13	19	15	18	150	133
C Walker	10	14	14	13	12	14	19	13	12	150	129
H McCullough	9	12	9	12	14	9	17	17	17	150	116
C Carr	10	13	13	13	10	7	18	13	17	150	114
W H Varien	15	15	13	15	13	12	18	20	19	150	140
W A Hillis	12	14	13	14	14	10	18	19	16	150	130
F L Carter	14	9	10	13	13	13	16	16	19	150	123
E C Redman	11	13	9	18	9	14	16	17	19	150	118
F B Childs	14	13	12	12	13	13	18	15	14	150	124
O O Orr	14	14	14	14	13	14	16	15	16	150	130
L Leonhard	11	9	9	8	12	9	15	16	16	150	105
M Casson	13	12	9	7	10	10	13	15	13	150	102
G Stone	12	14	10	14	14	11	16	17	16	150	124
H P Jacobsen	11	14	13	11	13	10	18	14	15	150	119
W E Greene	13	14	11	14	15	14	17	16	19	150	133
Otto Sens	14	15	14	14	12	14	19	16	17	150	135
W R Crosby	14	15	14	15	14	15	19	19	20	150	145
H C Hirschy	14	13	13	14	15	14	20	18	19	150	140
L E Parker	14	14	14	13	13	13	17	15	17	150	130
E L Schultz	15	14	15	12	13	12	17	18	17	150	133
W S Wattles	7	11	10	14	12	10	16	14	14	150	108
T Prior	14	14	14	13	13	12	17	16	14	150	127
F Schultz	13	14	10	14	13	13	15	19	15	150	126
W H Seaver	14	13	11	14	14	10	17	17	18	150	128
P McCrea	..	..	11	14	11	13	19	19	17	120	104
J Freitas	10	8	11	13	10	10	13	15	15	150	105
D D McDonald	11	15	12	13	13	10	17	15	18	150	124
R R Cadwell	13	12	13	12	14	8	18	14	16	150	120
E R Simms	10	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	17
C E Lewis	10	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	25
Dan Daniels	15	14	13	12	12	15	18	20	19	150	138
D E Morrell	13	13	12	15	12	12	16	17	12	150	124
J Berryman	8	8	4	7	7	7	9	6	10	150	66
W A Wright	15	12	12	10	9	10	18	13	13	150	112
F Mills	14	14	14	15	13	14	18	20	19	150	141
W J Rand	15	14	11	14	11	11	15	16	17	150	124
A J Ferguson	12	11	11	13	15	13	16	18	15	150	124
E M Walker	13	12	9	13	10	12	15	15	12	150	111
C E Englehart	9	12	13	11	13	12	15	11	16	150	112
T Ray	14	12	11	14	10	12	..	..	..	90	73
C E Gibson	14	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	33
J B Wood	..	..	..	14	10	9	13	13	10	105	69
E C Hammond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	60	47
F Drew	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13

Sept. 9, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
R C Reed	19	17	19	20	19	17	20	20	18	180	169
E Holling	20	19	18	19	20	18	17	18	20	180	169
R Bungay	15	20	17	17	20	15	15	19	17	180	155
G Lovelace	18	19	18	13	16	14	16	17	18	180	149
S R Smith	18	18	18	19	18	16	18	17	16	180	158
C Carr	12	15	15	15	9	15	13	15	17	180	136
W H Varien	20	16	18	17	19	15	19	20	19	180	163
M G Lane	16	16	19	15	16	14	16	20	13	180	145
W E Greene	14	19	16	18	19	15	17	19	17	180	150
D D McDonald	16	16	20	17	19	15	18	16	17	180	161
F B Mills	19	16	17	18	18	17	17	20	19	180	161
J A Gibson	15	20	15	17	15	15	16	14	15	180	142
O O Orr	19	18	19	17	17	17	17	14	17	180	155
J E Vaughn	17	16	15	17	19	15	15	18	14	180	146
E C Redman	18	18	17	17	19	12	12	17	15	180	145
O Sens	19	20	18	17	17	17	17	18	17	180	160
W R Crosby	20	17	20	20	20	16	19	20	19	180	171
H C Hirschy	18	20	18	20	17	19	18	19	17	180	166
L E Parker	20	17	18	20	19	15	16	18	15	180	158
E L Schultz	20	19	20	18	18	19	19	17	16	180	166
D Daniels	17	16	19	17	19	18	17	17	15	180	155
F L Carter	18	17	16	16	20	16	14	16	12	180	146
F Stone	17	17	15	19	16	15	18	14	16	180	150
F Feudner	19	16	15	19	19	15	19	18	13	180	157
W A Wright	14	9	11	17	12	11	12	14	10	180	124
W J Rand	18	17	20	17	17	16	19	15	17	180	156
W H Seaver	19	19	16	17	16	14	16	16	19	180	152
H Holdsclaw	18	18	18	20	19	17	15	18	18	180	161
A J Ferguson	15	17	15	15	15	18	14	18	14	180	141
M Casson	16	17	13	17	14	12	11	14	9	180	125
C C Durkee	15	13	14	11	12	10	6	9	15	180	113
W A Hillis	17	20	16	19	14	13	13	17	14	180	143
F B Childs	14	18	11	11	14	11	..	..	..	120	79
H P Jacobsen	14	18	14	19	16	15	15	17	18	180	146
W Huff	18	17	18	20	18	19	18	18	18	180	164
G Knight	19	18	16	16	17	18	17	19	17	180	157
D W King, Jr.	17	17	15	13	17	19	17	19	18	180	152
M E Tabor	14	19	15	19	17	15	18	18	13	180	148
M P Chubb	18	15	16	15	17	14	16	18	16	180	145
E Fissel	18	14	18	16	19	17	17	17	15	180	151
C Walker	16	14	18	18	16	15	13	19	15	180	145

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H McCullough	15	18	17	19	18	20	16	16	15		180		154
J Freitas	16	13	16	13	17	17	14	17	14		180		137
E C Hammond	19	17	18	14	16	16	18	18	16		180		152
H Hoyt	16	15	14	14	17	15	19	16	13		180		139
R O Heikes	19	18	19	20	19	17	19	20	20		180		171
C Van Valkenburg	19	17	14	17	19	14	15	16	18		180		149
T A Marshall	17	18	18	16	18	15	15	18	19		180		154
C D Hagerman	18	18	18	17	17	19	19	18	17		180		161
C Julian	15	20	14	19	18	15	19	19	14		180		153
Dr Purcell	15	19	14	12	12	13	17	16	13		180		131
G J Julian	18	20	12	13	15	14	13	15	14		180		134
B Halbritter	15	18	13	9	17	13	14	12	9		180		120
H Justins	15	17	16	17	17	14	15	14	17		180		142
T Prior	17	20	17	19	15	17	12	18	13		180		148
P McRae	18	18	15	16	19	16	20	18	16		180		156
F Schultz	20	17	14	18	18	15	19	18	14		180		153
L Breer, Jr	16	14	15	18	14	15	18	17	19		180		146
L Slocum	14	12	11	13	12	16	8	17	14		180		117
R Witman	17	17	17	18	18	19	17	19	20		180		162
W M Clayton	17	16	19	18	20	19	18	18	17		180		162
L E Walker	17	19	15	17	19	13	15	14	17		180		146
R Cadwell	14	18	17	12	18	12	19	16	11		180		137
E S Pennebaker	15	15	16	12	12	14	12	19	19		180		134
W D Peterson	9	17	16	14	14	15	12	16	16		180		129
C E Englehart	17	19	17	14	14	12	11	14	8		180		126
E W Day	12	17	15	11	16	17	16	17	12		180		133
Chas Lukens	15	19	11	13	..	..	..	..	15	15	120		88
F Bungay	14	15	18	14	17	19	..	..	..		120		93
Geo Vodra	8	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..		60		38
J B Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	11	60		39

Sept. 10, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	20	20	20	
O Sens	16	13	19	—48
L E Parker	17	18	20	—55
C D Hagerman	20	18	19	—57
E L Schultz	16	18	20	—54
W H Varien	18	19	18	—55
W M Clayton	17	20	18	—55
F B Mills	19	18	17	—54
W J Rand	17	20	18	—55
R G Bungay	17	17	18	—52
R Wittman	19	15	18	—52
F Stone	19	16	17	—52
G Knight	18	19	16	—53
O O Orr	17	17	16	—50
A Holdsclaw	19	18	16	—53
P McRae	18	17	17	—53
D Daniels	18	20	14	—52
F J Schultz	15	18	17	—50
C H Julian	17	20	14	—51
G F Julian	12	16	7	—45
D McDonald	14	18	13	—45
C Walker	11	10	13	—34
H McCullough	15	18	17	—50
W E Greene	16	18	18	—52
E L Diebert	17	16	11	—44

Events:	1	2	3	
Targets:	20	20	20	
C C Carr	13	13	15	—41
J Frictas	15	18	15	—48
E C Redman	16	16	15	—47
H P Jacobsen	15	17	17	—49
A Ferguson	18	18	15	—51
T Prior	18	18	18	—54
Dr Purcell	11	12	15	—38
K Preuss	15	15	18	—48
F Childs	15	14	15	—44
R O Heikes	19	19	19	—57
W R Crosby	19	17	18	—54
H C Hirschy	18	20	20	—58
T A Marshall	18	17	19	—54
W Huff	20	18	18	—56
H Justins	18	17	17	—52
E Holling	17	18	17	—52
R C Reed	13	16	19	—48
D W King, Jr.	14	19	17	—59
H Hoyt	14	15	13	—42
F L Carter	19	16	15	—50
W A Hillis	17	17	14	—48
W H Seaver	18	19	14	—51
J E Vaughn	18	19	18	—55
A B Thomas	18	16	17	—51

Van Valkenb'g	19	18	20	—57									
G Lovelace	15	18	16	—49									
S R Smith	13	14	16	—43									
L Breer, Jr	17	16	15	—48									
M P Chubb	15	19	13	—47									
E Fissel	18	15	20	—53									
F Feudner	16	18	17	—51									
E Hammond	17	18	20	—55									
E Pennybaker	11	15	12	—38									
F S Ecker	14	18	17	—49									
M D Towne	12	14	10	—36									
D E Morrell	17	17	..	—34									
J E Roediger	12	14	13	—39									
C A Lukens	14	11	14	—39									
W Wilshire	11	13	9	—33									
C Englehart	13	18	16	—47									
W Wright	17	13	14	—44									
Jas Gibson	17	16	18	—51									
M G Lane	18	19	16	—53									
H L Bowlds	8	7	11	—26									

Pacific Coast Handicap.

	Yds.	Targets 15	15	15	15	15	15	Tot'l
Otto Sens	19	11	13	13	14	13	17	81
L E Parker	19	13	14	13	12	16	15	83
C D Hagerman	19	10	12	13	14	15	14	78
E L Schultz	19	13	13	14	10	17	16	83
W H Varien	19	10	12	11	13	12	13	71
W M Clayton	19	11	12	14	13	18	16	84
F B Mills	19	13	13	15	11	19	18	89
W J Rand	18	13	13	12	13	14	18	83
R G Bungay	18	15	10	13	13	11	13	80
R Wittman	18	13	13	11	11	17	18	83
F Stone	18	12	8	8	11	16	17	72
Gus Knight	18	11	13	10	11	15	17	77
O O Orr	18	12	12	10	10	11	14	69
A L Holdsclaw	18	14	14	11	14	16	17	86
P McRae	18	10	13	13	13	15	15	79
D Daniels	18	11	11	12	13	15	18	80
F B Schultz	18	14	14	6	13	15	12	74
C H Julian	18	11	12	3	13	11	10	60
G F Julian	18	8	9	11	3	5	7	43
D D McDonald	17	8	11	9	10	15	15	68
Clyde Walker	17	11	13	11	13	17	16	81
H McCullough	17	14	13	14	12	17	17	87
W E Greene	17	13	8	12	14	17	15	79
E L Diebert	17	12	10	11	11	17	12	73
Van Valkenburg	17	14	14	12	10	15	16	81
G Lovelace	17	11	14	13	12	17	20	87
S R Smith	17	11	13	11	13	20	17	85
L Breer, Jr	17	11	12	10	12	18	15	78
M P Chubb	17	12	13	9	11	16	16	77
E Fissel	17	13	10	13	10	13	20	79
F Feudner	17	14	15	14	11	18	13	85
E C Hammond	17	9	12	10	12	16	15	74
E S Pennybaker	17	10	8	14	14	15	15	76
F S Ecker	17	9	13	13	13	16	18	82
C Carr	16	12	8	10	8	12	10	60
J Frietas	16	13	11	14	14	13	14	79
E C Redman	16	11	13	12	13	17	15	81
H P Jacobsen	16	12	12	10	13	15	14	76
A J Ferguson	16	14	12	14	8	11	16	75
T Prior	16	11	13	11	11	16	17	79
Dr Purcell	16	10	7	10	8	15	14	64
K Preuss	16	Forfeited.						
Frank Childs	14	13	11	13	11	13	12	73
*R O Heikes	16	15	15	14	15	18	19	96
*W R Crosby	16	14	15	15	15	19	20	98
*H C Hirschy	16	14	15	13	13	19	19	93
*T A Marshall	16	13	13	14	13	19	17	89
*Walter Huff	16	15	13	14	15	15	19	91
*H Justins	16	11	9	12	11	15	16	72
*E Holling	16	12	13	14	14	18	19	90
*R C Reed	16	13	13	13	12	18	18	87
*D W King, Jr.	16	14	12	14	13	16	18	87
*Harry Hoyt	16	15	11	9	10	15	17	77
*F L Carter	16	13	14	14	15	16	14	86
*W A Hillis	16	11	12	15	13	17	15	83
*W H Seaver	16	12	13	14	13	14	15	84
*J E Vaughn	16	15	12	13	13	17	17	87
*J B Wood	16	..	..	..	..	10	9	14	..
Post Entries.								
H C Burmister	17	6	13	13	12	18	15	77
A B Thomas	16	13	10	13	14	12	14	76

*Professionals. Shot for targets only. No handicap.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot of this Association took place on Sept. 9, when the following scores were made at 200yds., offhand, on the German ring target. Nestler was champion for the day; he was also high on the honor target. We were very glad to see Mr. Odell and Hofer at the range again.

Nestler	224	215	212	209	204
Odell	214	205	205	197	...
Freitag	212	210	207	202	197
Drube	205	178	...	...	...
Allen	152	144	130	...	...

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

People flock to Vermont during the summer months to get away from the heat, but without doubt the most delightful time for a visit to that beautiful State is in September and October. The Central Vermont Ry. has arranged for the sale of tickets to all the prominent points in Vermont on that line at rates $1 higher than the one-way fare, or practically one fare for the round trip. The tickets are to be sold until Oct. 6, and will be good returning to Oct. 31. If your nearest ticket agent cannot sell you the tickets, write or call on Mr. A. W. Ecclestone, the Central Vermont's Passenger Agent, 385 Broadway, New York.

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WIMBLEDON CUP MATCH, 1,000 yards.—Won by Capt. J. C. Semon, Ohio. Score 46. Second, Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio. Score 46. Fourth, Sergt. Orr, Ohio. Score 45. All using PETERS cartridges.

GRAND DUPONT AGGREGATE for highest total scores in the WIMBLEDON, LEECH ALL-COMERS', HAYES, HALE, MEANY, SPENCER, and TROPHY matches won by Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio, 8 out of 12 winners using PETERS cartridges.

HALE MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Lieut. W. A. Baker, New Jersey, with a perfect score of 50. Nine of the twelve prizes were won with PETERS cartridges.

LEECH CUP MATCH, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.—Won by Capt. Stuart W. Wise, Massachusetts. Score 100 out of a possible 105. A new record for this match. Second, Corp. Eastman, Ohio. Score 99. Four of the five prizes were won with PETERS cartridges.

PRESS MATCH, 500 yards.—Won by Corp. Warren H. Smith, Ohio. Score 44, using PETERS cartridges.

READING MATCH, 500 and 600 yards.—Won by Sergt. H. Baptist, Massachusetts, using PETERS cartridges.

N. J. TROPHY MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Sergt. J. R. Williams, New Jersey. Five out of six prize winners used PETERS cartridges.

MEANY MATCH, 500 yards.—Won by Lieut. C. S. Benedict, Ohio. Three out of five prizes won with PETERS cartridges.

N. R. A. MEMBERS' MATCH, 200 and 500 yards.—Won by Sergt. H. Baptist, Massachusetts. First three prizes won with PETERS cartridges.

CONSOLATION MATCH, 200 and 300 yards.—Won by Sergt. F. N. Dardingkiller, New York. Four our of five prizes won with PETERS cartridges.

DUPONT TYRO MATCH, 800 yards.—Won by Corp. Eastman, Ohio. Six out of nine places won with PETERS cartridges.

STUDENTS' MATCH, 200 yards.—Won by Francis T. Boyd, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass. using PETERS cartridges.

HAYES MATCH, 600 yards.—Won by Major A. Rowland, New Jersey. Four out of five prize winners used PETERS ammunition.

N. J. MEMBERS' MATCH, 200, 300 and 500 yards.—Won by F. T. Boyd, Massachusetts. All the prizes won with PETERS cartridges.

COMPANY TEAM MATCH, Tyro.—Won by Gatling Platoon, First Illinois Infantry. Entire team using PETERS cartridges.

REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM MATCH.—Won by Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts. Score 772. All using PETERS cartridges. Second, Second Regiment, Ohio. Third, First Regiment, Maine. Sixteen of the eighteen members of these three winning teams used PETERS cartridges.

VETERAN ORGANIZATION TEAM MATCH.—Won by Old Guard, of Massachusetts. All using PETERS cartridges.

INTER-COLLEGIATE TEAM MATCH.—Won by George Washington University. All using PETERS cartridges.

BOBBER REVOLVER MATCH.—Won by Thomas Anderton, New York, using PETERS cartridges.

INTER-CLUB MATCH.—Won by Ohio Team, three members using PETERS ammunition.

ALL-COMERS MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH. } Contestants using PETERS
ALL-COMERS RAPID FIRE MATCH. } ammunition tied for first
NOVICE MILITARY REVOLVER MATCH. } place.

SPENCER MATCH.—Four out of six prize winners used PETERS cartridges.

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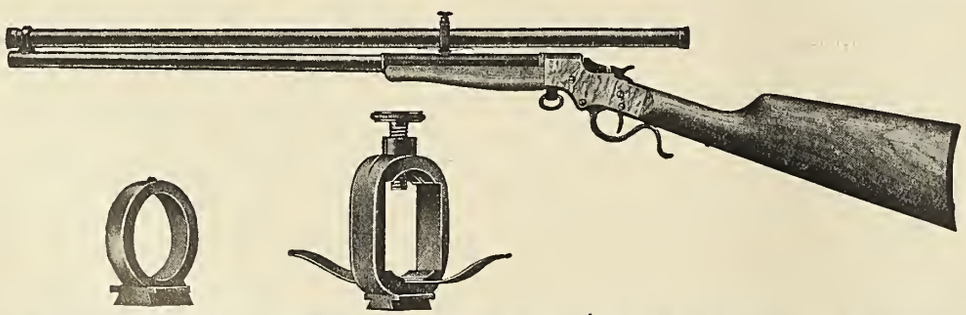

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FIRST AVERAGE in the **Pacific Coast Handicap Tournament,** Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 8-10, won by Mr. W. R. Crosby.

FIRST AVERAGE in the **Western Handicap Tournament,** Denver, Colo., Aug. 21-24, won by Mr. W. R. Crosby.

THE WESTERN HANDICAP, Denver, Colo., Aug. 24, won by Mr. W. R. Crosby, who shot from the 21 yards mark.

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THE PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP, Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 10, was won by Mr. Fred Mills, who used

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and broke 89 ex 100 from scratch (19 yards).

DUPONT SMOKELESS also won **First, Second** and **Third High Averages** at the Virginia State Shoot, Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 3-4, as follows:

LESTER S. GERMAN (Amateur),	388 ex 400
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These Gentlemen used

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NATURE'S DANGER SIGNALS.

THE person gifted with keen powers of observation, who has visited Nature in her wild haunts, will assuredly have noticed that the presence of any dangerous animal on the prowl is frequently revealed, by other forms of life better gifted with the intuition of self-preservation, to those creatures whose sense of self-protection is not sufficiently acute to enable them to prepare themselves against the attacks of their natural enemies. That Nature should make some provision of this type is easily comprehensible to all those people who have in the smallest degree paid attention to the law regarding the balance of life. For, if certain beasts and birds did not possess the means or instinct of indicating the presence of danger to other less watchful species, these latter would speedily disappear from off the face of the earth, owing to the decided advantage which their foes would obtain over them.

In the investigation of this voluminous subject, let us first climb to the roof of the world, the high table land of Tibet, and examine the fauna of those regions. Here we find the *Ovis ammon* wandering over the bare and wind-swept hills. Although these wild sheep are extremely wary and difficult of approach, their worst enemy, the ounce or snow-leopard, occasionally exacts toll from among the flock. The sportsman who has had the perseverance to penetrate to such enormous altitudes in pursuit of this magnificent wild sheep will have learnt, perhaps to his cost, that to successfully stalk a herd of *Ovis ammon*, a vigilant eye must also be kept on the kyang or wild ass. This equine animal inhabits the same ground as the *Ovis ammon*, and many a noble ram has been saved from the hunter's bullet through the timely warning afforded by this asinine quadruped. These beasts are gifted with an amount of curiosity that is scarcely surpassed by any other wild animal. On perceiving a suspicious-looking object they will come trotting slowly toward it, with ears erect; but will pull up at a respectful distance in order

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to scrutinize the character of the intruder. Alarm will then take possession of them, and wheeling round the troop will gallop off at top speed; but inquisitiveness will soon gain the upper hand, and circling round, they will again approach the object of their attraction. After another and more prolonged examination, they will scurry off raising a cloud of dust as they clatter along over the sun-baked surface. Should the cause of their restlessness remain hidden behind some friendly rock or boulder, they will, impelled by their over-powering curiosity, advance to within a comparatively short distance before being satisfied with its identity. The sharp sight, or the extraordinary smelling powers, of the *Ovis ammon* may fail to give due warning of the proximity of some hostile foe, be he a human being or the equally dreaded ounce, but a glimpse of the ludicrous antics and persistent gambolings of a group of spirited kyangs will at once furnish them with a clue that is rarely, if ever, neglected.

On descending from the roof of the world, the first rung of the ladder brings us into the precipitous haunts of that most clever of mountain-sheep, the burhel. Many and many a time has a patriarchal ram been advised of the presence of man, and the skulking snow-leopard been foiled of its prey by the opportune shriek of the powerful huinwal pheasant, as it skims with wings outstretched over some deep cleft in the mountain-side, in the recesses of which, the herd, unconscious of the lurking enemy anxiously watching its every movement, is grazing on a small patch of green grass, while on every side the rugged heights and snow-clad peaks rise skywards. Mountain game of this description invariably watches the boulder-strewn slopes beneath for signs of an unwelcome intruder; and the crafty ounce, fully aware of this characteristic, stalks his victim from above, pouncing unexpectedly on a straggler from the herd. It is the shrill note of the huinwal pheasant, or ram chikor as it is sometimes termed, itself disturbed from its rocky perch, that gives the timely signal to be on the guard against molestation from a higher altitude.

Proceeding further down the ladder of descent from those elevated regions, the forest line is reached, and the sight of the verdant foliage and shade-giving trees is indeed gladsome to the eyes of the wanderer, to whom the bleak mountain slopes and the endless plain devoid of all vegetation has been the daily spectacle. The habitat of the black bear and musk deer has been entered, and bird-life appears more numerous. The sportsman climbing the hill-side, if observant, may possibly become aware that he is being followed by a pair of large crows. If he be wise, he will not endeavor to drive them off; for they may prove of great utility to him. Perchance he will hear a loud cawing issue from a clump of thick bushes in his vicintiy, and will perceive the birds dashing into the cover and creating a disturbance to which he may resent; but let him have patience, and observe closely the doings of his noisy companions; presently from out the thicket shambles a bear, whose attention is so entirely occupied by the irritating attacks of his winged tormentors, that he fails to notice that a far more deadly enemy is near at hand, eager to encompass his destruction. This is indeed a danger signal, but a signal full of danger to the shuffling quadruped.

BIG GAME calls for a good gun. "3-in-One" keeps any gun good—oils trigger, lock, action perfectly—cuts out all residue of black or smokeless powder—keeps all metal parts bright and free from rust. Generous sample free. Write to G. W. COLE CO., 121 Washington Life Bldg., New York City.

Let us quit the wooded slopes of the Himalayas, and plunge into the vast forests covering the so-called plains of India, and see whether or no we can record further instances, in which a predaceous animal's locality is often betrayed by other members of feral life. The hunter is carefully threading his way along a jungle path, keeping a watchful eye on his immediate surroundings. From a neighboring hill side comes wafted on the gentle breeze the sound of an unusual commotion; the loud and noisy cackling of startled jungle-fowl, and the far-reaching bark of a four-horned antelope, and the peculiar note of an affrighted peafowl as it flashes over the tree-tops, clearly indicates that some carnivorous beast is on the roam. A few paces further on a small patch of ground has been scratched bare of its leafy covering, and from the droppings it is easy to deduce that a panther has just been visiting the spot. The monkey tribe frequently plays a prominent part in the revelation of the vicinity of that king among beasts, the tiger. How often, on a scorching day in April or May, has the sportsman ensconced in a platform guarding the exit from some shady ravine surveyed with anxious gaze the capers of a troop of chattering, gibbering, swearing apes, as they leap and swing from the spreading branches of one foliage-stripped tree to another, peering the while at the yellow-gliding form of the striped enemy beneath them, as it is driven from its lair by a horde of ill-clad beaters. No surer indication as to the nature of the occasioner of this incessant uproar is needed by man or beast, and the lissome and the sinewy brute knows full well the significance of the clamor around him, for he shows his annoyance at the excited gesticulations of the quadrumanous forms that are dogging his footsteps so persistently, by the utterance of an occasional angry snarl.

We will now leave the sweltering plains of India, and cross the Indian Ocean, bound for the open and grassy veldt of Southern Africa, which half a century ago teemed with animal life, where countless battalions of antelopes of many different species roam far and wide, where the rolling karroo was black with game of every description. But now the hunter naturalist will have to go further afield to find the object of his pursuit; and there are some animals for which he will seek in vain, however long or carefully he may search, for they have been exterminated, wiped off the face of the earth by the ruthless hand of man. That unwieldy behemoth, the hippopotamus, now fast disappearing from the numerous rivers, which not so long ago used to be frequented by it in considerable numbers, has usually a small bird, scarce six inches in length, in close attendance. This feathered creature belongs to the plover tribe, and has a somewhat sombre plumage, being brown on the upper parts, and white and black beneath; but it is readily distinguished by three distinctive bands on the throat. The amphibian allows this little companion to perch and climb about on its broad back, picking off the various parasites. The treble-colored plover, however, is useful in another way to the sea-cow, as the colonists term it; for when the slightest sign of danger

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The *Marlin* 12-gauge is suited to all forms of bird and trap shooting, and for durability, strength and ease of action is unexcelled. Made for both black and smokeless powders and for heavy loads. Two separate extractors make sure work.

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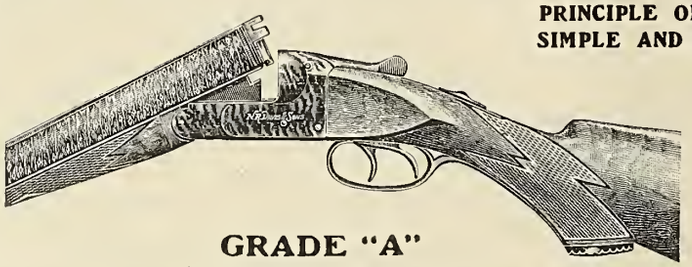

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is detected, it gives timely warning to the bulky quadruped. Another remarkable example of a bird acting in the capacity of a sentinal is to be found in connction with the white rhinoceros. We cannot do better than quote the manner in which H. Anderson Bryden alludes to it in his interesting book, "Nature and Sport in South Africa":

"Stupid, sleepy, short-sighted and easily approached as were these rhinoceroses in the golden days of South African sport, they yet had in addition to their own keen powers of scent a very constant ally and friend—a friend, too, almost always in attendance upon its congener, the black rhinoceros. This was the well-known rhinoceros-bird, a starling that frequently accompanies this gigantic mammal, as well as buffalo and domestic cattle, in small flocks for the sake of ticks and other parasites that infest them. They undoubtedly warn the rhinoceros when danger approaches, by alighting on his head or back, striking him with their bills and uttering sharp cries—warnings that are never neglected. Many a dull beast has been saved in this way by the timely admonition of these feathered friends."—The Asian.

OKLAHOMA'S EAGLE.

On Dec. 15, 1905, a golden eagle soaring high in the clear, crisp air of Western Oklahoma descended on the ranch of a farmer seven miles northwest of Woodward and was caught by both feet separately in two steel traps that had been set for coyotes. From the wing of this eagle was taken the quill with which President Roosevelt signed the bill giving Statehood to Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The body of this eagle, which died after a period of captivity, was mounted by Prof. George Stevens, of the Northwestern Normal School, in Alva, and will be preserved for historical purposes under the name "Old Statehood."

When the delegation of 150 citizens of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, carrying the "razorback" hog, went to Washington last winter to boom Statehood, Charles Hunter, a Rough Rider sergeant under Col. Roosevelt in the Spanish-American war, and now Clerk of the Court in the Oklahoma City district, asked: "President Roosevelt, to whom are you going to give the Statehood pen?" President Roosevelt said: "Charley, you shall have the pen. Mr. Loeb, make a note that Charles Hunter gets the pen with which the Statehood bill is signed."

D. P. Marum, of Woodward, suggested to

A PERFECT OIL FOR FIREARMS

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Pike, N. H., U. S. A. 12

Hunter that as Oklahoma originally was an Indian country and as the eagle was sacred to the Indian and also the national emblem of the United States, a quill from the wing of a live Oklahoma eagle would make an appropriate pen. L. B. ("Dad") Nall, for many years a cattleman and now landlord of the Cattle King Hotel in Woodward, had two big eagles in a cage.

"Dad" Nall was delighted to furnish the eagle feather, and Feb. 21 he entered the eagle cage, and after a lively bout with the golden eagle got two quills from its wing, each quill measuring 32 inches in length. A druggist in Oklahoma City named Redding cut one of the quills into a pen. Hunter sent this pen to President Roosevelt.

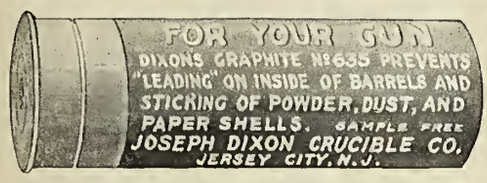
Here follows a story about the eagle which "Dad" Nall says he is willing to back up with his six-shooter, if necessary: March 9, the day the Senate amended the Statehood bill, the eagle refused food and began beating its head and wings against the netting of its cage. March 22, the day the house insurgents lost their fight and the Statehood bill was sent to conference, the eagle died.

President Roosevelt sent the pen to Hunter after the Statehood bill had been signed and Hunter will place it for safe keeping in the Scottish Rite Temple of Guthrie. Nall has been offered $500 for the mounted eagle. This historic bird probably will be given to the State Historical Society when the capital building has been erected.—Kansas City Star.

A REAL CELEBRITY.

THE local pride of the natives of Cape Elizabeth, Me., is so intense that it takes the attitude of pity for all who have the misfortune to dwell elsewhere. This is known to regular summer visitors, and by most of them is respected.

One rainy day a newcomer, who had joined the gathering at the store, composed of fisher-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CAMP GOTTAMOOSE FOR SALE.

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On beautiful lake, 15 miles long. Boston to Camp, 16 hours. Thorough camp equipment, boats and canoes. Accommodations for eight, with separate guides' camp. Ice house full; 25 acres wooded land; 3 cleared. PLENTY of moose, deer, birds and fish. Particulars of HOWES, 414 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—One share in TRITON FISH and GAME CLUB, of QUEBEC. Address HAROLD E. FRITTS, Hudson, N. Y. 12

SPORTSMEN who want a home on the sea, in a mild climate, where there is good boating, shooting and fishing, write for information to DR. C. C. SEARS, Cardinal, Mathews Co., Va. 12

PEA ISLAND GUNNING CLUB.—TWO SHARES IN THIS CLUB ARE OFFERED for sale at the par value of $400 each. Club house on Pamlico Sound, N. C. Goose, brant and duck shooting. LOUIS B. BISHOP, M.D., Secretary, 356 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.

A Big Game and Fish Map of New Brunswick.

We have had prepared by the official draughtsman of New Brunswick a map of that Province, giving the localities where big game—moose and caribou—are most abundant, and also the streams in which salmon are found, and the rivers and lakes which abound in trout. Price, $1.

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Excellent Salmon and Trout fishing; also Caribou shooting. Tents, guides, boats provided. Write BUNGALOW, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

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Salmon fishing and Caribou hunting. Best obtainable. Complete outfits supplied.
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I am on the line of the National Park.

If you wish a good hunt, write me. I guarantee shots at big game or no pay. GEO. W. DOWNING, Rocky Mountain Guide, Ishawood, Wyo.

Caribou and Moose.

Fall hunting trips to best Canadian districts. Successful sport guaranteed. Fee covers transportation, license, guides and all other charges. Correspondence invited. Sr. LAURENT, care Forest and Stream.

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Best section in New York State. For terms, address F. HANSMANN, Smithville Flats, Chenango County, New York. 20

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Sportsmen's Guides for partridge, quail, woodcock and rabbit. Dog training and boarding a specialty. References on application. We are located on O. W. R. R., Centerville Station, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

MY ILLUSTRATED folder and map tells why Blakeslee Lake Camps is the best and safest place for your fall shooting. Moose, deer, bear, and bird shooting are unexcelled. Will guarantee you a shot at two deer if you spend a week with me this fall. JOSEPH H. WHITE, Eustis, Me. 14

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If you want some fun shooting black ducks over live decoys, write to CHAS. NIELSON, Center Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.

Best of Fall and Winter Shooting.

I have two thousand acres of land on Roanoke River with an abundance of game on same, and would like to entertain some sportsmen this season. Rates, $2 per day. Parties who are fond of field sports, please address me, A. I. DAVIS, Goodes Ferry, Mecklenburg Co., Va. 12

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New house, all modern improvements. Hunters catered to. Game plentiful in vicinity. T. DRISCOLL, Prop., N. White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y. R. R. Station, Liberty.

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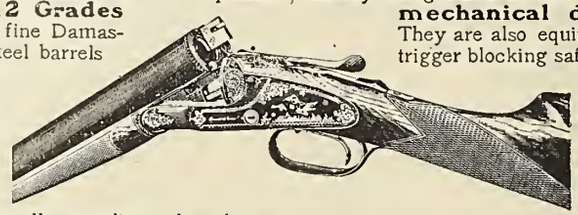
For nearly **twenty years** Baker Guns have been constructed by expert gun makers in our factory of moderate proportions where careful attention is given to all details. Our present line comprises **12 Grades** and models with fine Damascus, Twist and Steel barrels ranging in prices $18.00, $25.00, $35 00, $42.75, $60.00, $75.00, $125.00, $250.00 and up, according to material and finish, all of excellent quality and workmanship throughout.



Baker Guns having our patented **automatic safety blocks** are non-dischargeable except by actually pulling the triggers—thereby being **safe from any internal mechanical derangement.** They are also equipped with regular trigger blocking safety.

Send for free copy of the **"Baker Gunner"** containing full descriptions and other interesting matter for sportsmen.

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Write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

"Heads and Horns."

It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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Artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of skulls for the fur trade. **369 Canal St., New York.**
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All kinds of Game Heads purchased in the raw. Mounted specimens for sale. Send for Catalogue.

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We have the only establishment dealing in young small-mouth black bass commercially in the United States. Vigorous young bass in various sizes ranging from advanced fry to 3 and 4-inch fingerlings for stocking purposes.

Waramaug Small-Mouth Black Bass Hatchery.
Correspondence invited. Send for circulars. Address
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BROOK TROUT.

Eggs, fry, yearlings and two-year-olds, for stocking brooks and lakes. Address NEW ENGLAND TROUT FARM, Plymouth, Mass.

BROOK TROUT.

It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
THE PLYMOUTH ROCK TROUT CO.
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BROOK TROUT FOR SALE.

We have constantly on hand fine supply of Brook Trout, all sizes for stocking purposes. Also for table use at 75c. a pound. Visitors privileged to catch own trout.
PARADISE BROOK TROUT CO., Parkside, Pa., Henryville R.R. Station.

THE BROOKDALE TROUT CANNOT BE BEAT for stocking ponds and streams. For the next few weeks we will make a very low price on young fry and large fish. Also fly-fishing.
BROOKDALE TROUT CO., Kingston, Mass.

men and summer visitors, ventured to enumerate some of the distinguished men who had come from Maine.

"There's Longfellow," he said, "and Hannibal Hamlin, and James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Thomas B. Reed, and——"

Here an old fisherman looked up from his work of splicing grass blades, and broke in:

"Smart? Those fellows smart?" he questioned. "You just come down an' see Josh Pillsbury skin fish!"—Lewiston Journal.

A POSSIBLE QUADRICENTENARIAN.

A LIVING creature that has trod the earth, however sluggishly, since the days of the Spanish Armada is an object of no common degree of interest. Such a creature has just passed away peacefully in London, in the person of Drake, a venerable tortoise of the Zoological Gardens, supposed to be nearly four hundred years old. Mr. V. Forbin, who contributes a short obituary with portrait to La Nature, notes that it is quite proper to be somewhat indefinite on the subject of Drake's exact age. He says:

"There is nothing to prove, in fact, that the *Testuda abingdoni* that gave up the ghost the other day had really attained so abnormal an age. All that we may say certainly on this delicate subject is as follows:

"'The tortoise was captured in the Galapagos Islands toward the end of the eighteenth century. At this time the scanty inhabitants of this wild archipelago regarded him as a bicentenarian, relying on a date cut into his shell with a knife, which, though half effaced, appeared to begin with a 16. From this it was inferred that he had been first captured in the seventeenth century by some of the hardy English or French pirates who were then disputing the passage of the Spanish galleons between Mexico and the Philippines, and who made the Galapagos their rendezvous. One of these filibusters, in a vein of pleasantry, or perhaps to furnish data for the benefit of future naturalists, may have cut on the prisoner's back the date of his capture, and then set him at liberty. Perhaps he even added his name, which has been obliterated by the growth of the shell.

"'From this vague date undoubtedly comes the name of the tortoise, "Drake," from the famous chief of the buccaneers, Sir Francis Drake, the illustrious and sanguinary sea-rover of the New World.

"'The tortoise was not brought to England till eighty-five years ago. After several changes of ownership, he finally found comfortable quarters for his old age in an inclosure of the garden at Regent's Park.

"'If we are to credit these facts, then, calculating that at the epoch of his first capture Drake was fifty years old—the infancy of these reptiles—we see that the defunct may have lived over three centuries.

"'His death was a surpirse to the staff of the Zoological Garden. They were accustomed to see him for long periods absolutely immovable. He would remain thus for whole days in torpor, not moving so much as his heavy eyeballs. There will be a serious omission in Drake's biography; no one will ever know the precise date of his death. When it was finally realized that he had

RAINBOW TROUT.

We offer 100,000 rainbow fingerlings, ready for delivery in October and November, for stocking private ponds, lakes and streams. Low price. Correspondence solicited. SPRING BROOK TROUT CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

LIVE QUAIL.

Positively Western birds. Shipments commence October 1. Early deliveries advised. Also pheasants, rabbits, etc. Established 1838.
E. B. WOODWARD, 302 Greenwich St., New York.

For Sale at about one-half first cost—A brand-new Purdey Hammerless Ejector Shotgun of extra finish and workmanship. Whitworth full choke 12-ga. barrels. Carved in relief with game subjects. Weight 6½ lbs. Never shot except by makers in testing. Address, F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn. 13

WANTED.—LIVE GREAT-HORNED OWLS, $5 a piece. Write HENRY A. FLETCHER, West Chelmsford, Mass. 12

THE GUN FOR DUCKS

as well as all other wild fowl is the Remington Autoloading Shot Gun. No "kick" means **increased pleasure,** the solid breech means **absolute safety,** the single barrel means **ease in handling.** You can afford this modern gun which secures comfort for the shooter because it lists at the moderate price of $40, subject to dealers' discount.

THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y. **Agency; 315 Broadway, New York City.**

ceased to live, his attitude did not differ sensibly from that of his companions in captivity.

"'It is related that Drake was gifted with a formidable appetite. He ate only the hearts of lettuce, but he devoured these in enormous quantities, eating as many of them, it is said, as an ox. * * * In spite of this, his death represents a heavy loss to the garden. Giant tortoises have become somewhat rare of late. Those of the Rodrigue and Maurice islands are completely extinct, and under the protection of the English Government the *Testuda elephantina* of the Mascarines has also taken its place among the lost species.

"'We do not know whether the Galapagos Islands, abandoned by the Government of Ecuador to whalers and convicts who care little for natural history, still shelter in their deserted coves many of these marine giants. It is certain that a rich English naturalist, who sent several agents to these islands two years ago, instructing them to bring back living specimens of all the varieties of tortoise, got no results.'"—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

THE ARKANSAS "RAZORBACK."

A MAN who had watched the affair and claimed to know about hogs, razorbacks in particular, gave the following dissertation: "Arkansas has a greater variety of hogs and less pork and lard than any State in the Union. An average hog in Arkansas weighs about fourteen pounds when dressed with its head on and about six pounds and a half with its head off. It can outrun a greyhound, jump a rail fence, climb like a parrot and live on grass, roots and rabbit tracks. It hasn't much tail nor bristle, but plenty of gall. It will lick a wolf or a bear in a fair fight. It is so called razorback because it is shaped like a sunfish. In hunting razorbacks they are always shot at sideways, for there is not a ghost of a show to hit them otherwise, any more than to shoot at a split shingle. It can drink milk out of a quart jar on account of its long, thin head. This type of razorback is known as the stone hog, because its head is so heavy and its nose so long that it balances up behind. The owner of this type of hogs usually ties a stone to its tail to keep it from overbalancing and breaking its neck while running. If the stone is too heavy it will pull the skin over its eyes and it will go blind."—Mineral Wells Index.

Have you heard of the wedding of S., one of Long Island's best-known "sports"? Devoted from infancy to dog and gun. A good fellow, but a bit wild; untamed, perhaps. He was married the other day; and for the first time since childhood entered a church. He tells the story himself:

"Presently I saw the parson motioning to me with his book. I couldn't understand it, and looked inquiringly at him. Again he raised it to his chin and brought it downward. Still I couldn't make it out. At last he whispered, 'Down charge, close!' Then I knelt; and that was what he wanted." THE JEDGE.

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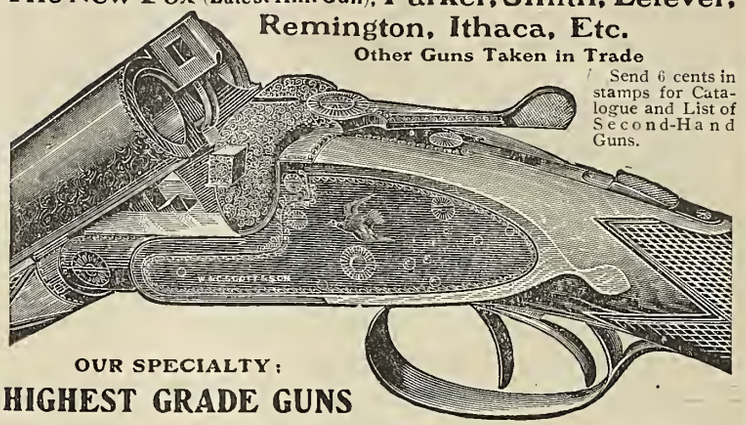

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The Anglers' Club Tournament.

As we go to press the programme of the tournament of the Anglers' Club, of New-York, comes to hand. The tournament will be held on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12 and 13. A summary of the events follows:

Oct, 12, 9:30 A. M.—Single-hand bait-casting contest for accuracy, open to all. Fifteen casts shall be made overhead; five at each of three buoys, 60, 80 and 100 feet distant from casting point, with half-ounce weight to be furnished by the committee. For each foot or fraction of a foot that the weight falls from the buoy cast at, a demerit of one shall be counted, the sum total of such demerits, divided by 15 shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall constitute the percentage.

Second event, open to all, 1:30 P. M.—Two-handed grilse or salmon fly-casting for distance. Rods not to exceed 18 feet in length, fly to be furnished by the committee.

Third event, 3:30 P. M.—Single-hand bait-casting for distance. Open only to those who have never cast over 100 feet in any similar contest. Five casts made overhead with half-ounce weight to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free running reel. Should the weight fall outside of boundaries the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

Oct. 13, 9:00 A. M.—Fourth event, trout fly-casting for distance. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any single-hand club or tournament contest. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Ten minutes allowed to cast fly to greatest possible distance.

Event 5, 11 A. M.—Trout fly-casting for distance, open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Event 6, 2 P. M.—Single-hand bait-casting for distance, open to all under same conditions as in event 3.

Entries may be made to G. M. L. La Branche, chairman of the tournament committee, 30 Broad street, New York city.

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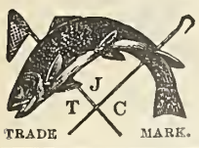

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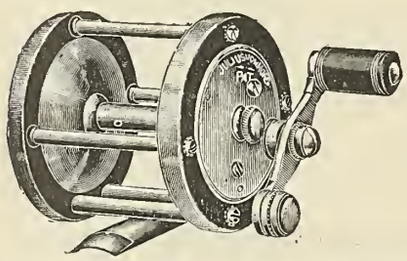

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 13. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

THE CUR DOG AFIELD.

In their wisdom, the lawmakers of the different States enact legal measures for the protection of game birds and other animals, with more or less pertinency and perspicacity, which in turn are enforced with more or less zeal and efficiency. The law, however, as a rule, throws more stringent safeguards about some animals than it does about others, and is more emphatic in its inhibition of certain obnoxious methods of destruction than of others employed by man.

But the vast destruction wrought by vagrant, predatory curs seems to have, in the main, escaped the attention of the lawmakers. The sum total of such destruction consequent to the despoiling of the nests of quails, ruffed grouse and birds which nest upon the ground, etc., is in magnitude beyond computation.

A few of the northern States, recognizing the evils which are incident to large numbers of vagrant curs prowling at large through the country, have endeavored to suppress them by legislation. Still such legislation as a whole is exceedingly restricted in its scope. It chiefly has to do with the preservation of big game animals. Eggs are not considered.

Pennsylvania has enacted—Chapter 180, Laws of 1905—that any dog pursuing or following upon the track of a deer or fawn is a public nuisance, and that any dog, off land controlled by the owner of said dog, pursuing or following upon the track of any game quadruped or game bird or other wild bird protected by law, is a nuisance and may be killed by the game officers or by land owners under certain restrictions. Thus a dog, prowling through hedges and covers where the birds nest and hatch, would not be within the purview of this law, and yet, by the destruction of several nests in one day, or a brood or more of chicks, all of which would make a moderate meal for a gluttonous cur, infinitely greater damage would be done than could possibly result from the trailing of a grown bird. In many days, the damage would be greater accordingly.

The laws of Minnesota—Act of 1905, Section 28—also endeavor to safeguard the game from the depredation of dogs, but this too in but a fragmentary way. Dogs used contrary to the provisions of the law are declared to be a public nuisance, and may be killed by anyone. This law obviously applies to hunting dogs, and more specifically the pointer and setter, concerning which the legislation is as follows: "The use or running of either pointer or setter dogs in fields or upon lands frequented by or in which game birds may be found during the month of August, or at any time except during the open season for killing game birds, and the keeping and maintaining of any dog at or about any hunting camp or lumber camp used by hunters, situated in any locality frequented by deer, moose or caribou, is hereby prohibited and made unlawful." It is self-evident that the foregoing was drafted with a special eye to exempt the farmer's dog from any jeopardy or penalty, and yet the average farm cur, if permitted to indulge his prowling, predatory habits will destroy more young game birds and eggs in a season than it is possible for the setter or pointer, in charge of their owner, to accomplish in a life time.

New Jersey, in an act of 1903, comes nearer to the suppression of the cur nuisance by making it unlawful for any owner, lessee or custodian of any dog to permit such dog to run at large in the woods or fields inhabited by rabbits or game birds, except only between the first day of October and the first day of February following. However, the laws as a whole fail to recognize the wholesale destruction consequent to preying upon the eggs and fledglings, as will be noted in the foregoing citations which are taken from some of the most stringent statutes.

The greatest evils of the vagrant cur, however, are not in the North; they are in the South. There every negro has from one dog to many, no two of which are the same size, type, color or ancestry, nevertheless all are alike in the possession of a ravenous appetite which is in part appeased only by their own seeking. Their owners seldom give thought to feeding them, if indeed they have the wherewithal to do so. The negro cotton grower as he saunters reposefully behind mule and plow, is usually accompanied by his horde of curs, which rummage every nook and corner for a mile around, preying upon everything which will afford sustenance. The negro himself is not averse to birds' eggs. In the absence of their master as company, they make predatory excursions on their own account, and the consequent diminution of the game supply in the Southern States, where game was once in abundance, has that important cause, the destruction wrought by vagrant curs which are in such uniform abundance in that paradise of sportsmen, and until the cur is suppressed, the protection of game birds will remain correspondingly inefficient.

MARKING GAME SHIPMENTS.

The third section of the Lacey Act forbids the transportation of game which has been killed in violation of the laws of a State; but provides:

> That nothing herein shall prevent the transportation of any dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured, and the export of which is not prohibited by law in the State, Territory, or District in which the same are killed.

The section immediately following this requires the marketing of packages of game:

> Sec. 4. That all packages containing such dead animals, birds or parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, as provided in Section 1 of this act, shall be plainly and clearly marked, so that the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents may be readily ascertained on inspection of the outside of such packages.

It has been held, and observed in practice, that the phrase "such dead animals, birds, or parts thereof" referred directly back to the "dead birds or animals killed during the season when the same may be lawfully captured" named in the third section. But in a case which has just come up in North Dakota, in which the defendant was charged with a violation of the Lacey Act, because he had shipped wild ducks from Devil's Lake without having marked the packages, Judge Amidon rendered a decision that section 24 did not refer to game lawfully killed in the open season.

The decision is somewhat mystifying. If the law does not require the labeling of game lawfully killed, it is hard to understand what game it does refer to. Certainly it cannot mean that game which may not lawfully be shipped must be labeled.

The Victoria Colonist, speaking recently about the preparations being made for the shooting season soon to open, advises sportsmen to exercise unusual care this season not to violate the trespass law. The farmers of the Victoria district are reported to have determined to put a stop to trespass on their land and intend to do so. This is one of the obvious means of protection which may be employed everywhere on this Continent, and which makes every farmer a game protector for a certain area of land. We hope that the farmers of Victoria district will live up to their threats, and that the farmers of this country in general will more and more strictly close their lands to the arrogant and disorderly shooter, who by his unreasonable conduct brings into undeserved disrepute the decent and considerate sportsman. In a reasonable trespass system is found an assurance of the perpetuation of good shooting. There is land enough to support all the feathered game required to meet current demands, if only the land shall be protected for the use of those shooters who are satisfied with a reasonable bag and are willing to give something reasonable in return for the opportunity of getting it. The landowner holds the key to the situation. It is for the true interest of sport that he should understand this and exercise his rights. Even the churlish owner, who posts his lands out of pure contrariness, is not to be despised as an agent of game protection; for the birds from his domain are likely to overspread natural and artificial boundary lines, and to stock adjacent covers. In many localities the game would long ago have been exterminated were it not for some such refuge.

In our shooting columns is an arraignment of the domestic cat as a game destroyer. The writer concludes from his experiences in the field and his observations on the Long Island highways that the cat is a depredator which must be reckoned with in our system of game protection. The proposition that the stray cat should be killed by the gunner wherever encoutered in the game covers is not a new one, but it cannot too often be repeated.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Loup Garou of St. Hillaire.

"I CALL it disgraceful and a scandal when a man as well brought up as you are chooses a scamp like Joe Demingues to go to the woods with him. If he was the only guide in the country, it would be bad enough, but when there's twenty men as good or better to be had for the same money, I'm blessed if I can see what you want with that thieving, lying, lazy half-breed."

Had my landlady been an ordinary individual, I should have resented her remarks and told her I was competent to manage my own affairs. As she and her husband had known me since I was a boy, and had furthermore nursed me through a severe attack of diphtheria at the risk of their lives, I held my peace.

The subject of this outburst sat on the piazza with his gun and pack at his side. The piazza was immaculately clean under ordinary conditions, but Mr. Demingues was whittling a shingle, and chewing tobacco at the same time, and it was easy to see that nothing under a scrubbing brush and hot water would efface the traces of his visit. I opened my window and requested him to go round to the back door; then I expressed my sincere regret for the defilement of the piazza, and promised my hostess to send a colored lady to clean the place up. It was impossible for me to explain that Mr. Demingues' presence was due to Satan having been divided against Satan, or in other words, that having a grievance against some brother poachers, he had turned evidence for the Crown, and that I was on my way to the woods to cut the snares and destroy the hedges which the gang he had quarreled with had spent a week or more in building.

Demingues was a Frenchman from Northern Quebec. He was a thief of the first water, and as unreliable as any Irishman from Kerry. His laziness was proverbial, but he was a good man in the woods. Had he only seen fit to act as any ordinary man would have done, I could have given him employment from the commencement of the hunting season to the end.

We spent three or four days in the woods. Joe took me to the line of snares, and I destroyed about thirty of the infernal contrivances. We then crossed over to the next county, hoping to call up a large bull that had been seen by several parties, but none had succeeded in getting a shot at him. The fates were against us, however. We got a sight of him, but he was on the other side of a wide, open bog, and he had a cow with him. It was somewhat late in the season, the nights were cold, and we naturally preferred an abandoned lumber camp to our leanto tent, especially in wet weather.

If I remember rightly, it was on the evening of the tenth of November, 1898, that we found ourselves caught in a pelting sleet storm, some six or seven miles from the nearest camp, our comissariat reduced to a few hard biscuits, some tea, and a porcupine Joe had killed early in the day. The caribou we had been following all day had apparently gone into the next county, and the only thing we could do under the circumstances was to camp in the least exposed place we could find. We pitched the little tent with the open side facing a huge granite boulder and the back to the wind, collected all the dry wood we could find, boiled our kettle, and cooked the porcupine's hind quarters.

I was not at all pleased with Joe Demingues. In the first place, he had assured me that we should be sure of a shot at the caribou early in the afternoon; secondly, he had omitted to put any provisions in his haversack; and thirdly, he had wasted all our matches and obliged me to strike a light with a bit of quartz and the back of my knife. This latter process is by no means easy of achievement when it is conducted by the side of a comfortable fire, to the edification of a party of ladies who have never seen such a primitive way of procuring fire, but when it is done in the lee of a cotton tent, with the glass considerably below freezing point, and the pleasant prospect of passing the night on the open barrens without fire or supper if your tinder gets damp, it is ten times more difficult. However, fortune favored me, my tinder took fire after a few strokes, I blew it into a flame, and ignited the little pile of birchbark and pine shavings, and in half an hour we had a roaring fire.

We had plenty of tobacco, so we smoked for some time after supper, then Joe went to sleep and I stayed awake and kept the fire going. As the night advanced it grew colder, the sleet turned to snow, the wind dropped, and between ten and eleven the moon broke through the clouds and the storm was at an end. Demingues awoke, made up the fire, took a look at the night, and reported:

"Tree, four inch soft snow, good chance track dem caribou to-morrow."

I made myself as comfortable as I could, and in a few minutes I was asleep. I was tired, and I slept like a log. Once or twice I awoke as the fire burnt down and the cold roused me, but I went to sleep as soon as the blaze began to warm the camp again. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning when I felt a vigorous shove at my side. I rose and cursed Joe for disturbing me.

"You listen, you hear dem same as me, two, tree of dem," was his reply to my inquiry as to his reason for waking me.

I remarked that I had heard both porcupines and loons calling at night, and that I had no desire to be awakened to listen to their nocturnal serenades.

"Neither porcupine or loon make noise like I hear just 'fore I wake you. I not hear noise like him for forty, fifty year, not since I leave St. Hillaire 'way up nort of Saguenay. I know all noise you hear in woods, all time of year. First I tink I dream it, den I hear horn blow, just same as you hear him blow to Quebec. Tarar, tarar, tarara—Hark: you hear him now?"

I listened intently, but I could hear nothing. I rose and prepared to step out of the tent and away from the fire which was crackling briskly. Demingues seized me by the arm and begged me not to leave the camp. Then it sudenly dawned upon me that the man was in a state of abject terror, and I not unnaturally thought the owners of the snares we had destroyed were after us.

"Don't be a fool, Demingues. If those men were after us they would lay for us in the woods. Not one of them could blow a bugle to save his life, and if he could he wouldn't do so if he was out on these barrens. Another thing; if they are after us, the best thing we can do is to clear out of the camp at once, as the firelight shows through it, and it makes an easy target for long range rifle fire."

I had very little fear of this happening, however. The Canadian poacher is a peaceable individual, and does not complicate matters by the unlawful use of firearms. I went out of the tent and waited in the snow for several minutes. Demingues stood beside me and shivered. Then in the far distance I heard a deep long-drawn howl, so faint that it was hardly audible. Demingues clutched my arm.

"You hear him that time? I hear him just same 'fore I wake you up. Den I hear horn blow once, twice, same as I tell you, den hear same noise again. You wait little while, you hear him coming closer."

I was beginning to get cold, and I informed Mr. Demingues that I would far rather go to sleep in the tent than freeze to death on the barrens, listening to some vagabond dog chasing a rabbit in the distance. It is true we were nearly fifteen miles from the nearest house, and as far as I was aware no one living within thirty miles of us kept a hound.

As I turned to go in, I heard the sound again. It was closer, and there were obviously two or more hounds on the trail. Demingues bolted, and when I followed him into the tent I found him on his knees pouring out his supplications to the whole pantheon of Canadian saints. There was no disguising the fact that my companion was badly scared. I took up my .303 rifle and satisfied myself that the magazine was full, and that the lever worked freely. Demingues carried a double-barreled smooth bore, loaded with ball. Altogether we had some twenty shots at our command.

I waited until he finished his devotions, then I took him by the collar and shook him well. "If you keep this nonsense up any longer, I'll fire you out of the tent without your gun," said I. "Tell me what you're afraid of. Those dogs ar'nt coming here to eat us, and even if they were we have ammunition enough to stand off a pack of wolves."

Demingues squirmed for a minute, then he sat down on the fir branches.

"Wolves, not dog, not common wolf, loup garou, devil wolf," he gasped. "You hear him horn? Dat Bruno, chasseur du diable, revenant, sorciere."

As he spoke I heard the howling more distinctly. It was certainly unlike the baying of ordinary dogs; it increased in volume, and the chase passed within two hundred yards of our camp, then it died away in the distance.

I must confess that I was glad to feel my rifle at hand. I have the disbelief in supernatural or occult phenomena, common to the Anglo-Saxon race, but the noise we had just heard was unlike the cry of any breed of dog I had ever known. It was thirty years since a wolf had been killed in the province, and I was unable to conjecture how any dogs, assuming that they were dogs, could be hunting at that hour of night, at such a distance from any human habitation. I had a pocket flask of over-proof rum with me. I poured out a stiff dose for Demingues, diluted it with water, and gave it to him. I then took a small drink myself. Demingues plucked up courage under the influence of the stimulant. He was still very nervous, but he ceased to besiege his saints with prayers for assistance; the beads of perspiration vanished from his forehead, and in answer to my inquiry as to who Bruno and the loup garou might be, he told me the following story:

"'Fore ever I come to dis part de worl' we all live in St. Hillaire, leetle place twenty-nine mile norwest of Nort' Fork, Saguenay River. Our house not mor'n tree, four mile from church, good road in winter, no road 'tall in summer. Gran' place for trap mink, otter, beaver, all sorts fur, dem days. Salmon not come so far we were, but trout. Lan's sake, you peep' here not know what trout mean. My modder, she die

when I was leetle boy. My fader, he say he no marry no more. He, my broder Etienne, and me, we live togeder. Ole man he go cook in lumber camp all winter. Me 'n Etienne tend traps, do chore, tak' leetle fresh meat round camps, carry letter out for de boss, bring in telegraph dispatch; do anything to earn dollar.

"When I was 'leven year old, Louis Commeau come take up two hundred accre lot five mile to west of us. Louis was older man than my father. He had wife and one leetle girl, yoke of oxen, four, five cow, and money in bank. His house stand at head of Lac des Orrignals, big wild meadow right in front of door. Cut so much as twenty ton good hay, 'nough to winter all stock he got. Bimeby lumber company want to dam lake, and flow meadow. Louis go to boss and say, 'No. If you flow meadow, you kill all my hay. What I going do feed all my stock in winter?' Boss just laugh at him and say, 'What we going do get our logs down unless we have dam on lake?' Big crowd of men work on dam all fall. 'Long about time snow come, dam finished and they drop the gate. Then two big crews work in woods all winter. Browse all 'long, stream pile solid full, ice on lake all covered, log everywhere. By middle of March two million ready to drive down when freshet come.

"'Bout now Louis tell his wife it time to go to St. Hillaire and buy stuff for summer. No road from Lac des Orrignals to St. Hillaire after ice break up. He say, 'I start Monday morning and look my traps. Monday night I come to Demingues' house and sleep there. Tuesday you come meet me.' Monday night he come to our place 'long 'bout sundown. He had good luck trapping, two fox, two wildcat, t'ree, four sable, and get ole man cacajou bin bodderin' roun' traps all fall. My fader he say, 'Bully for you, Louis. Cacajou spoil my traps all same as yours. S'pose now you got him, leetle drap whiski blanc.'

"Louis and father take leetle drink, we boys get some too, then we turn in. Morning come, we have breakfast, and wait for hear Louis' ox-bells coming down tote-road from Lac des Orrignals. Seven, eight, nine come, and no bells. Louis he get oneasy. He say, 'Demingues, I t'ink mebee ole woman fall sick, mebee oxen get lame. Anyway, I goin' back, see why she no coming, p'haps meet her down to foot o' lake.' Father say he got no beezness that day, he come too. It mor'n two miles 'long tote-road to foot of lake. Just so soon as they come on river, father, he say, 'Mon dieu, w'at freshet! Dam, he gone for sure.'

"Sure 'nough, dam blow some way 'nuther. Like 'nough eels work trough him. Water all run out of the flowage, ice all hollow underneath, and just where tote-road run off 'er lake, big hole in the ice, sled tracks running right to it, and just beside de hole, black 'n red tuque lyin' on de ice. Louis, he cry out, 'C'est le tuque de ma femme.' Den dey get long pole, and feel down under de ice. Sure 'nough, pole fetch up 'gin sled body. Father run 'cross to lumber camp, and say Louis Commeau wife he drowned in flowage at foot of lake. Boss come mighty quick. Near hun'red men come 'long mit him. All day dey work, opening dam, and wait while water run down. Den dey get grapple fast to hind end of sled and haul him up. Louis' wife she caught her dress in sled chain, she drown. Louis put big grindstone on sled, for get him fix to St. Hillaire. Grindstone, he sink sled, oxen, whole beezness, same you drown one cat. I tell you, mighty big time roun' dere. No funeral more bigger since first man buried in St. Hillaire.

"After funeral, Louis go to boss and say, 'What you goin' do for me? You drown my woman, my baby, my oxen, you flow my meadow, you kill all my hay, you cut logs on my land.' After long talk, boss say he give him two hundred an' feefty dollar. Louis say, 'Dat mean hunnerd an' twenty for oxen, an' hunnerd an' t'irty for my wife an' chile. To hell mit you. I take de law on you, an' see if my wife not wort' mor'n my working team.'

"Boss just laugh, an' say for him to go to law an' see what de law give him. I tell you, law mighty bad t'ing for a poor man. Fall after Louis lose his wife, he lose all his money, his stock what he have left, and his land, and he come to our house an' all he have in dis world was one ol' gun an' his traps. Lawyer men tak' all rest him stuff. His house take fire an' burn; some say he's sot it. Anyway, it burn right up, an' fire run from it an' burn camp on La Racquette, an' all stores in camp. I see camp at La Racquette, after him burnt. Grub for six weeks drive, more axes, peevies, pike-poles, an' all such truck as you could count, all burn up.

"Little time after, Louis meet my father. My father say, 'You got square with lumber company an' no mistake, Louis. Take care what you do. P'haps you go too far next time.'

"Louis he grin all same you see wildcat grin in trap. 'You wait while snow come, Demingues. You see what happen round Lac des Orrignals, and La Racquette. How many time you see wolf track last winter? How offen you hear him howl? Mebbe t'ree, four time. Dis winter you hear him every night. You see him track every time you go look your traps. Mathis Desjardin wish he never put dam on lake 'fore winter over. You good fren' to me, Demingues, you len' me ten dollars pay for mass for Julie an' Celine. No wolf hurt you so long you no hurt him. I say au revoir now. I go up nort', you see me 'gain next fall just 'fore first snow come.'

"Father t'ink Louis gone crazy. He tell Mathis Desjardin to keep lookout for him. Mathis laugh an' say he not scared. 'Long in summer Louis send father ten dollar he borrow off him, an' forty dollar more. He ask him to buy leetle log shanty, just a mile out of St. Hillaire, where tote-road goes into Lac des Orrignals. He t'ink he keep leetle whiski blanc for men in camps. Fall come round, father go to woods an' set up deadfall for mink an' sable, same he always done. Set snares an' steel traps for fox an' wildcat, an' cruise 'round an' see what slides

THE RUFFED GROUSE AT HOME—A BIT OF ARTISTIC TAXIDERMY.
Photo by "Em."

otter bin using. He had leetle leanto camp over on Lac Tortue; he go there an' fix him up tor trapping. He cut wood 'nough last him five, six nights, den he go find birch windfall, blow down in spring time, an' get bark to fix him roof. 'Long near sundown he come back wit' big back-load of bark. First t'ing he see was Louis Commeau sit smoke him pipe in camp.

"'Hollo Louis! W'at you do here? How long you bin back'? he say. Louis say he come back two day since. Father look at him an' see heem hair all turn gray, heem face ten year older dan las' time he see heem. He lose feefteen, twenty pound since he gone 'way. 'Why you not got your gun, Demingues? You no 'fraid you meet bear? Mebee you see wolf. W'at you do if you meet heem an' have no gun mit you?'

"Father say he trade him old gun, an' send to Quebec buy new one. He say him no scared to meet bear; bear more scared if he meet heem. Mebee one, two wolves left in whole country. Wolf no more harm dan ole sheep, until he near starving. All time he talking he busy fixing shanty roof. Just as it begin get dark Louis put him pipe in him pocket an' say 'bon soir.' He say he have some fren' expectin' heem, an' he go way. Father t'ink he have some officer mans or some 'Merican hunter. Nearest house our own and it near twenty mile 'way.

"Night come on cold, white frost all over everything, woods so still you hear every maple leaf fall. Father make on two fire. 'Long 'bout middle of night he wake up, an' go to make on fire 'gain. He hear som'thing breathe close to him. He see two eyes shine. He t'row han'full dry chips an' shavin' on fire, an' when it blaze up he see great gray wolf lie watching him not t'ree steps 'way. He put out him hand for him ax. Wolf's back go up like cross dog. He show all him teeth. Father keep still an' pray. He tell he never pray at mass like he pray den. Fire burn lower 'n lower. He see two more eyes, all same as hot coals, look at him. Den he see more an' more. He hear feet go pad-pad, wish-wish over dead leaves. He see five, six great wolf, all close to him. He see dere breath steam, he feel it on heem hand an' face. He see one wolf mit broken tush, 'noder one mit white mark on him shoulder. Big gray fellow look him straight in heem eyes. Bimebye oder wolves slip 'way from fire. He hear em leaves rustle. He see no more eyes looking at him. Grey fellow get up an' yawn. He run heem tongue out same as one dog. Next minute he gone.

"Father make on beeg, beeg fire. He sit heem all night. He keep ax an' knife handy. He pray all time. Soon as it come daylight he start for home. He go just so quick he can. He find Louis Commeau talking wit' my brodder Pierre. He ask Louis how he get here so soon. Louis say he came all same way he come hisself. Father go inside, get key of Louis Commeau's shanty an' give it to him. He say, 'Louis, you bin meet Bruno. You talk mit him, you sell your soul for revenge on Mathis Desjardin. You man no more; you Loup Garou. Never you come near my house again. Never you speak mit me.'

"You never hear tell of Bruno? He w'at you call bad spirit, devil, revenant. Some day man get in trouble, lose all he have. P'haps some fellow take him wife, mebee take heem girl. He t'ink 'bout dis all time. He never go near church. He never talk to priest. He swear he get even mit him en'my if it cost him soul. Some day he all 'lone in woods. He keep t'inking same t'ing all 'er time. He meet strange man, taller'n most men, black hair, black eyes, all dress in black. Strange man say, 'I know you. You not know me. I know w'at you want. You give me lit' bit of you' hair, few drops of you' blood, lit' bit off you' fingernail. You go home, mak' leetle cross an' break him in two, burn him up and' bring him ashes to me just 'fore moonrise to-night. I tell you how you get w'at you want. If you want see me you come here an' call, "Bruno, Bruno, Bruno!" t'ree times.'

"Mebee he not willing to do dis, but if he no get scart he come bring ashes long wit' him. He call t'ree time, same as he told to do. He see tall man stannin' right in front of him. Tall man say, 'Take off you' clothes, kneel down an' say prayer I shall teach you.' Den he take leetle box of ointment, touch him head, him body, him feet, an' say, 'God make dis a man's body, I mak' heem Loup Garou. So long he live he lead de wolves; so soon he die he follow me.'

"Just so soon he say dis, man's body come all over hair, him face grow long, heem feet an' hands change to paws, he feel tail grow out. He try to speak, heem voice all gone, heem only growl, same as one dog. Just so long he live, he man all day; soon as night come, he wolf if he want to be. He talk to odder wolves all same as one man talk to 'noder man. Heem look like wolf at night, heem act like wolf, but all 'er time heem t'ink like man t'ink. No use set trap for him; no use you lay poison. Heem no scare of fire—mak' fire heemself. He know how far you' gun shoot, know how many barrel she have, know how you shoot yourself. You go out in morning, pass heem on road, he say 'Bon jour.' He see you have no gun. You come home at night, you meet beeg wolf in road, mebee t'ree, four odder wolf mit him. Nex' morning someone come 'long, find so much of you left as do for hold funeral over.

"But 'bout Louis Commeau. Fader say he no speek of heem no more. Louis look heem in eye, he feel cold all down heem back. Louis say, 'You bin good fren' to me, Demingues. Now listen w'at I tell you. You tell no one w'at you see las' night. No one b'lieve you if you do. Say you drunk, or dream bad dream. So long you keep you mout' shut, so long you not try to hurt wolf, jus' so long no wolf hurt you. You bes' trapper in St. Hillaire. You bes' man mit gun from St. Hillaire to Grand Saguenay. When you fin' wolf rob you' cache, steal you' sable out of trap, hurt you anyway, you kill him. Some time you want to see me, you know where fin' me. Any time I want to fin' you, I know where to look for you. Till den, good-bye.'

"Father was mighty scared man. Next time he make confession, he tell priest all he see an' hear. Priest laugh at him, say no such t'ing as Loup Garou, tell him keep clear of Louis Commeau, say he bad man, never come to mass, bad t'ing for contri, heem come back.

"Leetle time after, first snow come. Ole man Thibideau come to my father one day an' ask him for lend of some wolf trap. He say he kill one caribou an' hang most of meat up, tak' rest home. When he come back, he fin' meat all gone. Wolf track all round everywhere. Leetle tree he hang meat on all gnawed down; same one beaver bin cutting him down. Father say he sot all him wolf trap over to La Racquette; tell him try an' borrow trap from Louis Commeau. Louis lend him two traps. While he gone settin' 'em, wolves come to him house one night, tak' heem pig. Few night after, Mathis Desjardin lose ten sheep, all killed close roun' him house. Mathis say he pay ten dollar bounty beside government bounty for fresh wolf hide.

"Soon as December come in an' lake freeze up, most everyone you meet have some word to say 'bout wolves. Adrian Terrio say all heem traps robbed. Francois Beaulieu cache lot of moose meat. Meat all gone when he come back for it. Wolf tak' Isidore le Blanc's dog right off heem door step.

"Mathis Desjardin send for my father. He tell him he pay him dollar a day an' find him grub, so long he catch dem wolves. Every wolf he catch, he pay ten dollar bounty on. Father go home, an' see Louis Commeau cutting wood in front of heem shanty. He tell 'bout what Mathis say to heem. Louis laugh an' say, 'Set all traps you like, wolf know you' smell week after you set 'em. You come in an' have leetle whiski blanc wit' me.'

"Father go home, an' nex' day he go to woods an' set up all wolf trap he got. Week after, he go roun' heem traps, an' find all traps sprung an' bait all gone. Soon's he come out, he hear Mathis lose best horse he got. Wolves drive him into deep snow, tear heem so bad Mathis have to shoot him. Most every day some man lose pig, or sheep, or dog. Man carry gun under him arm w'en he go to woods chopping; tak' gun wit' heem in sleigh w'en he go see heem girl, even when heem go to mass early in morning. Mathis lose more'n all rest of people in St. Hillaire. New year come, he lost all heem sheep, no dog left, one horse killed, noder one so hurt he no good in woods. Men 'fraid to stop in shanty on Lac des Orrignals—you tak' you' team to water mit you' gun in one hand an' you' reins in odder. You carry you' gun same you carry you' ax or you' peevy.

"One day father meet priest from St. Hillaire. Him name Father Robichau. Priest say he hear wolf know too much to go in trap. He give heem leetle bottle brown powder, w'at we call coqueluchon (aconite). He say, 'You put leetle bit dis powder on you' bait, wolf spring you' trap, steal you' bait, but he never come back. Mebee you find heem not far off.' Father too scart put poison out 'till he tell Louis Commeau. Louis laugh. Few days after, Pere Robichau go to mass one morning, see wolf track right to heem door. Four dog lie dead in snow, some poison bait lie on heem step. Dog come soon dey let heem out of house, eat bait an' die right dere. All trap father set sprung, all bait carried 'way. He send for father, ask heem if it heem bait. He say yes, he know for sure it same bait he use to heem traps.

"It seem like wolves get scart after dis. No one hear or see dem for near a month. Folks begin say dey all gone 'way. Men go tend traps, see no fresh tracks, hear no wolf howl at night. 'Long some time in February, man in Mathis Desjardin's new camp on La Racquette fall tree on heemself. He bleed at mout', bleed at nose, heem die for sure. Mathis say he go for priest. He hitch up an' leave camp leetle while after dinner. He drive lak hell, road bad, horse tired, it near sundown w'en heem come past Louis Commeau shanty. Louis stan'ing on road. Horse see him an' jump sideways into beeg drift; most turn sleigh over. Louis catch heem head, turn heem on road again. Mathis say he much 'bliged, Louis say n'importe pas, ask Mathis w'at he hurry. Mathis he tell heem. Pere Robichau 'way near to Grand Saguenay. It near sundown w'en he come back. He jump in sleigh wit' Mathis, dey put for La Racquette so fast as horse able to go. Dey tak' leetle boy b'long to seek man, so he see heem 'fore he die. Boy sit on priest knee, horse go down tote-road so fast you t'ink he fly. It get darker 'n darker. Moon come up, beeg, beeg full moon. Woods light as day, see steam rise from horse, see white frost on heem back.

"All to once horse stop, stop so short he almost overturn 'em sleigh. Brace heem fore feet on snow, snort like 'em bull moose w'en heem comin' to call. Mathis look ahead. He see beeg gray wolf stan' in middle of road. See wolf behin' heem, wolf on bot' side heem. Mathis shout for all heem wort', lay whip on horse all he can, horse break an' run like one caribou. Pere Robichau tak' leetle boy, push heem unner seat, put buff'lo robe in front of him. He say, 'I have stick here wit' knife blade in heem handle, 'Merican man gave me. You have you' knife. S'pose worse come to de worse we trow reins on horse's back, we jump, horse run for camp. Mebee he get dere, mebee he save dis boy.' Mathis say, 'I wit' you, father. So soon dey stop us, we jump. You put your back 'gin my back. If we get kill ourselves, we keel two, t'ree wolf 'fore we go.'

"Horse go 'long while dey talk, wolf run in front of him all same as one dog. Pere Robichau strip off heem fur coat, wrap heem soutanne roun' heem arm, say some prayer, an' onscrew knife, lick heem han' for have more sure grip on heem—no let himself be keel for nottings.

"All dis time dey go so quiet as if nottings was wrong, not one wolf howl, only noise you hear, bells go ting, ting, ting, snow go weesh, weesh, under 'em runners. Camp come in sight, Mathis see light in shanty window, an' call out, 'Help! help!' 'Fore door have time to open, whole pack of wolves turn, go right for sleigh, go right for Mathis. He strike one blow, drive heem knife clean to handle. Pere Robichau see largest wolf crouch an' spring like one loup cervier. He strike wit' all strength in heem arm, he feel leetle knife snap like one pipestem, hear man shout, gun fire, know not'ing more until he wake up in shanty. Mathis Desjardin dead, heem head tore near off heem body. Leetle boy all safe, horse not much hurt, one wolf dead, Mathis knife gone t'ro' him heart. Noder one dead, Jerome Saulnier shoot him. Pere Robichau not

Photo by T. B. Magee.

A MONTANA PORCUPINE.

much hurt, strike heem head on stump, feel leetle sick an' dizzy.

"Nex' morning he say, 'Who comin' wit' me, help fin' my knife? One wolf got foot of cold steel between heem ribs. He not go many miles.' Jerome Soulnier an' Narcisse Bodreau say dey come. All t'ree men have good gun, tomahawk an' knife. Soon dey fin' leetle bloodspot on snow, follow 'long an' fin' blood on bush. Spot get bigger an' bigger, den fin' place where wolf lie down, snow all red. Track make straight for St. Hillaire. Narcisse good hunter, he follow track all same as one hound. Presently dey see odder wolf track, four, five of dem, all follow 'long after wounded wolf. Narcisse say, 'You get you' knife, mebee, but you get no skin, Pere Robichau. Odder wolf fin' wounded one. Dey keel heem so soon dey catch heem.' Dey go on an' on, presently hear clock strike to St. Hillaire, see smoke from chimbley, come into clearing back of Louis Commeau shanty. Not one gunshot from heem door dey fin' all left of Louis. Heem body stark naked, mor'n half eat up, snow all red wit' blood, same you kill one deer. Wolf track thick all round, no man-track come from shanty to place where Louis lie.' Pere Robichau stoop down, say, 'W'at dis?' Pick up long, narrow blade of knife, lak' leetle bayonette—same he carry in heem stick.

"When dead men buried, father tak' all he got, tak' Etienne an' me, an' come to Shediac; we stop dere until he die. Etienne live dere now. It near feefty year since we leave St. Hillaire. Most people say dere no such t'ing as Loup Garou. I know different—I seen heem."

Daylight was breaking. I threw the last of our fuel on the fire and bade Joe boil the kettle and prepare a rechauffé of porcupine. There are nicer ménus for breakfast than flinty biscuit, warmed-up porcupine and black tea. I ascended the huge boulder of granite in front of our tent and swept the barrens with my field glasses, hoping to see something of the band of caribou we were following. Two shots sounded in a little bunch of bushes not half a mile away. I turned the glass in that direction, and saw the blue smoke drift away. "I'm going down to see Bruno and the Loup Garou. You can stay here unless you want to come," I remarked to Demingues.

His fears had vanished with the advent of daylight; he came with me, and in ten minutes we were seated by a comfortable fire, the materials for a thoroughly good breakfast displayed in the fryingpan and Dutch oven. Two mongrel hounds watched the proceedings with the greatest interest. Paddy Ryan (ex-poacher, game warden, guide, etc.), introduced me to his friends who were contemplating a week's wildcat hunting, and had brought their hounds from the States with them.

"I'm afraid we shan't do much to-day," remarked one of the strangers; "Those confounded dogs chewed their leashes off last night, and spent the whole time in the woods. They came back at daylight, and I guess they've scared every fox and wildcat ten miles round. They're queer looking brutes, but they're devils to work. I brought their mother back from Klondike with me. She's half foxhound and half wolf."

I noticed a little brass bugle on the fir branches. "You were blowing this last night," I remarked.

"Yes, I use it in preference to a whistle; the sound travels further. Do you know, I had quite an experience with those dogs and that bugle up the Gatineau River last year. I lost them one night, and blew for all I was worth to try to get them in. There was an old fellow trapping in that region, and he got the worst scare of his life; thought it was some kind of a ghost they keep on tap in the woods there. I did my best to get the story out of him, but he spoke hardly any English, and I can't speak ten words of French. As far as I could make out it was some yarn about a man turning into a wolf, or a wolf turning into a man. I take no stock in that kind of thing. Breakfast's ready. What do you say to a small appetiser before we begin?"

EDMUND F. L. JENNER.

Nova Scotia.

THOUSANDS OF FIGHTING FROGS.

From the Japan Times.

A desperate battle recently took place in a valley in Ojimura, in the Horima prefecture, between two armies of frogs.

A corps of about 4,000 frogs took up a strong position at the entrance to the valley, and were attacked by an invading army in two divisions of 3,000 each.

The battle began at 9 in the morning and continued, amid an indescribable scene of bustle and noise of croakings, until 10 next day.

There were many interested spectators of the unusual spectacle, and amid great excitement the invaders ousted the defending army and overran the valley, croaking their triumph as they went.

More than 700 frog warriors were killed and 2,000 wounded.

The method of warfare adopted by the frogs was to jump at each other fiercely, and snap and bite until mortal injuries were inflicted or they became exhausted.

Reminiscences of a Sportsman.*

Mr. J. Parker Whitney, the well-known sportsman of Boston, who has written several books of peculiar interest to miners and agriculturists, has, under the title quoted above, given sportsmen a volume they can read with pleasure and profit, for, while in it are related the experiences of one of their fellows in the hunting field, it contains a great deal of valuable special information on subjects every lover of the rod and gun is constantly searching for.

Mr. Whitney has been a very successful man in the business world and a leader in enterprises of gigantic proportions. Surely if such an excuse were justifiable, he had every reason to plead business engagements when vacations may have been proposed. But he holds views radically different from those of some of his business associates. "From youth," he says, "I have been very fond of outdoor life and sports of all kinds, and although for many years engaged extensively in business affairs, I have never failed in giving way for these pursuits. Often such indulgence was seemingly to my disadvantage; but after half a century of gratification in this respect I am well satisfied in believing I have no occasion for regret, for one cannot be deprived of enjoyments once possessed. I may add that in pursuit of adventure I have gained some important pecuniary advantages from opportunities offering."

After reading the narrative one cannot help being impressed with Mr. Whitney's skill in arranging purely business journeys so that shooting and fishing could be indulged in at the most favorable times and places. He admits that it was at times extremely difficult for him to arrange vacations when business engagements were pressing, but although he does not say as much, the reader is shown how our author obtained that rest and relaxation which enabled him to work at the high pressure his many and varied commercial interests demanded. His nature called for a life in the woods and on the waters occasionally, and realizing this fact, he worked toward that end, and thus it is that after an un-

*New York, Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

usually active business life, covering more than half a century, Mr. Whitney is hale and hearty and capable of enjoying many more years along the streams and in the woods he loves so well.

Mr. Whitney begins his reminiscences with perch fishing on the Pontchartrain canal, near New Orleans, his father's home. At ten he went bear hunting in Texas with his brothers. At twelve he fished for pickerel in Massachusetts, his native State, and by the time he was fifteen he had become quite a traveler for a boy of that era, and says of the small game he found along the Mississippi River in Illinois:

"The state was then young, containing about one-twentieth of its present population. Game was plentiful: bear, deer, raccoons, opossum, wild turkeys, water-fowl, prairie chickens, and quail. Squirrels were common about the hickory groves —gray, fox, and some black—and many of the gray and fox fell before my gun. I was very fond of this shooting, and I have never seen such quantities of squirrels elsewhere as were in evidence at that time. The fox squirrels here moved about the corn bins and fields, while the gray I found more plentiful about the trees. These were more cunning in escaping observation, and had a habit of rapidly disappearing around the opposite side of the trees, where they were securely hidden from view, excepting a small portion of their heads, projecting for observation. As I would proceed around the tree I would be baffled by the alert squirrels which would slip around in sequence with my movements.

"It has been a mooted question if, in circling a tree in this manner, one who made the circuit with a squirrel upon the opposite side of the tree would actually go around the squirrel while going around the tree. This question I will leave open.

"I soon overcame this difficulty by throwing a convenient stone or stick of wood as far as I could to the opposite side of the tree, which landing with some noise would almost invariably throw the squirrel to my side of the tree to investigate the probably new source of danger. The stay would scarcely be more than half a second, but sufficient in my preparedness to accomplish the end."

The last paragraph every sportsman will read with appreciation, for who has not, as a boy, been vexed by the antics of a squirrel and endeavored to distract its attention in the manner described? —not always a successful one, we have found.

Wild turkeys were abundant in those days (1850) in Illinois, and of prairie chickens Mr. Whitney remarks:

"Prairie chickens were in great plentifulness at that time, and I can remember seeing the farm fences so loaded with them on frosty mornings as to be in danger of breaking down. On one occasion, when I accompanied some older hunters upon the plains for chicken shooting, we filled the wagon body with birds. The prairie chicken—pinnated grouse,—indigenous over a large area of the middle-western country of the United States, existed in great waves of plentifulness in the grain regions of Illinois at this time—1849—which in abundance gradually diminished as the State became settled up, and the wave of plentifulness extended westward."

This is how the California boom attracted young Whitney's attention:

"After leaving Illinois, I attended school at Westminster, Mass., where I gave more attention to duck and partridge shooting and fishing than I did to studies.

"One Ossian E. Dodge, a spirited singer, came along, accompanied by several minstrels of like character, whose concerts interested the town. One of their songs pertaining to California was given with great effect, of which I remember only the following lines:

'Tis there they say the gold is found,
In great big lumps all over the ground.
Who'll go? Who'll go?
And we all sleep sound on the cold, damp ground,
Except when the wolves come howling around.
Who'll go? Who'll go?

"I thought I would.

"Another thing influenced me somewhat in that direction. One of the boys at school who had lately returned with his parents from California indicated a considerable degree of affluence by prodigally throwing oranges at some of the boys, who so assented for the privilege of keeping the oranges thrown. How slight are the circumstances which seriously affect our lives!

"In 1852, at seventeen years of age, I arrived in San Francisco with my double-barreled shotgun, a revolver, and a large, double-edged knife with a blade thirteen inches long, made from an old sword of 1846-47. I made a long passage of 142 days around Cape Horn, a monotonous trip diversified occasionally by catching sharks when becalmed in the tropics, spearing porpoises, and trolling for bonito and dolphins. Off Cape Horn, where sea birds were plentiful, we caught several varieties, and one day I caught a barrelful of cape pigeons, so called from their resemblance to that bird, but web-footed. These afforded several good meals for all hands, and they seemed very good eating at the time. I caught these with a long line, to which was attached a good-sized morsel of salt pork, below which extended a string of hooks on a strip of wood, on which the feet of the birds became entangled as the vessel moved on. This was a base and unfair method, which I now regret.

"I landed in San Francisco well armed, but comparatively penniless, ten cents being all of my remaining capital of sixty dollars I had started with; fifty-nine dollars and ninety cents having been diverted by poker games, in which I was initiated by several young men on the voyage at one-cent ante and ten-cent limit.

"An unfortunate incident occurred in connection with a family of Braggs, who had engaged passages and had their baggage aboard our ship, by being left behind. Our ship was delayed in loading for several days after the date fixed, and this family, depending upon its being still longer delayed, were visiting in an adjoining town and overlooked. The family sailed two weeks afterward for San Francisco in a succeeding ship of the same line.

"When we pulled in at San Francisco, Mr. Bragg was on the wharf awaiting our arrival, having been in the city two weeks before our arrival, our ship being a month longer in passage than the one he sailed on with his family. On this following ship, which had been loading some time before our ship sailed, he had loaded all of his goods in trade, valued at $10,000, consisting principally of furniture, giving up that business in Boston in view of continuing it in San Francisco. He had insured it against loss, but upon being left behind rescinded his insurance to save the premium, concluding, as he should take passage on the same ship with his family, that in case of shipwreck resulting in the loss of his goods he would probably with his family be lost also, and have no advantage from insurance. When the ship conveying him and his family and goods was entering the Golden Gate entrance of the city, it struck on a hidden rock, and sunk beneath the water a total loss, although all the passengers and crew were safely landed.

"Penniless though I was, my heart was most courageous. Was not the world my oyster, as with ancient Pistol, and could I not open it with my sword blade? My three elder brothers had preceded me in 1848 and 1849 to California, and two were engaged in San Francisco in profitable business, and I had pressing invitations to join them, but I had no taste for it. Had I not my gun, and could I not have more fun to my liking in the country? Besides, I had visions of those lumps of gold said to be lying about at the mines, and hearing that near Auburn, in Placer county, over one hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco, miners were making great pay, I went up there. How I got up to Sacramento —which was en route, up the bay one hundred miles distant—I cannot remember, but I do vividly remember that I walked up the distance of forty miles to the mines, and back to Sacramento again. The game I killed gave me the welcome for meals and lodgings; welcome with the miners was more hearty in those days, when the professional tramp was unknown."

"My rambles about the mines and along the sluicing ditches failed to give me the welcome sight of nuggets I had expected my keen vision to discover. I had expected in my embryotic experience to sight a few of the size of hen's eggs, which might have escaped the observation of the miners, but afterward concluded that I would be satisfied with some of more moderate dimensions, and finally thought I would be content with a few small ones sufficient to set off some scarf pins; but none did I find, and returned somewhat disappointed to San Francisco. Here I again declined opportunities for business, and frequenting the markets and game stalls more or less, which interested me more than anything else, I saw that game and birds, though plentiful, were fetching large prices.

"Obtaining particulars of the sources of supply, I concluded that the situation was very favorable for adventures to my liking. Small table birds, quail, larks, snipe, robins, etc., were selling at five and six dollars per dozen retail; venison, sixty and seventy-five cents per pound; turkeys, ten dollars; chickens three dollars; eggs, three dollars per dozen; butter, one dollar per pound. Here was my opportunity. I learned that the Santa Clara Valley, at the south end of the bay of San Francisco, was one grand field of birds; and that I could obtain three dollars per dozen for any kind.

"Securing tag cards of the most promising city market-men, I directed myself to the port of Alviso, at the foot of the bay adjoining the promised land. Though my finances were low, not having even the fifty cents to defray my passage down the bay, I was exultant, breathing freely of hope and oxygen. The absence of base lucre was a trifling item when expectation loomed so brilliantly before me, and I had no difficulty in gaining the consent of the captain of the boat for a free passage when I explained the object of my trip, and he seemed very much amused at my enthusiasm.

"My eldest brother, who was much opposed to my absurd scheme, as he termed it, and annoyed at my refusal to engage with him in business, learning of my proposed departure, made his appearance at the wharf just about as the boat pulled out, and vainly besought me to desist, which I positively refused, and also the pecuniary aid he offered. As the boat parted from the wharf I stepped upon it, and my brother, as a *dernier*, tossed a twenty-dollar gold piece at my feet, which I promptly threw back at his own, and bid him adieu.

"At Alviso, where I arrived before dark, I had no difficulty in getting credit for a good lay-in of powder, shot, and percussion caps, the latter then being in use for the muzzleloaders in vogue, and in the latter respect I was equipped with my much-treasured double-barreled companion, which that night I placed for safe-keeping under my pillow when I retired. I pushed on two or three miles from the village to a farmhouse, plentifully surrounded by wild-mustard fields, where birds seemed plentiful. Here I engaged board and lodgings at eight dollars per week.

"The following morning at daylight I was in the fields, and early in the afternoon had about three dozen assorted birds which, tagged, went off that day to my market customer. This pastime I followed for several weeks, and although I did not average my first day's shooting, I rolled up a pretty fair profit over my expenses. The labor, however, I found rather wearing, despite my youth and activity; for, besides my necessitated walking in the fields, I had to give daily three or four miles more to the boat and back in forwarding my birds to market. This worked down my flesh somewhat, and though weighing now 175 pounds, I was down to 120 pounds at that time.

"One day a man came along bleeding from a broken head, leading a spirited mustang stallion, which had thrown him, and offered to sell it, with the ordinary Mexican saddle and bridle, for $25. I had in view the joining of a small party of hunters, who were killing deer and elk in the neighboring mountains for the San Francisco market, so I purchased the horse, and in a few days joined the mountain party, which consisted of four, my interest being one half that allowed to the other hunters, and took up my abode with them at an open encampment in the mountain hills back of the San José Mission.

"This party consisted of a German, a well-educated young Englishman, and two Americans.

The latter were both from the State of New Hampshire, and one of them, Bennet, was a remarkably good and succesful shot, very muscular, and noted for his adventures with and killing of grizzly bears. The latter were quite plentiful then in mountain regions about the Santa Clara Valley, in a region now taken up wholly by settlements, from which the grizzlies have been pretty effectually eliminated.

"In the early days grizzlies were very plentiful about the valleys in the State, and John Bidweli, an early settler in the Sacramento Valley, gives frequent mention of them in his diary, lately published, and of often seeing from eight to ten in a single day. These grizzly monarchs, once so fierce and tenacious and disputants of the regions they inhabited, are now but rarely seen, excepting in menageries or parks, where they humbly accept peanuts and sweets from well-protected visitors.

"Elk have entirely disappeared, and deer are restricted to comparatively limited ranges. Antelope, once so plentiful, are about gone. It was not uncommon in those early days to see large bands of elk frequently, and deer were so plentiful as to occasion cessation at times from shooting by the party I accompanied, from inability to transport to Alviso, the shipping station to San Francisco.

"Our system comprised three pack mules, carrying six deer, and required two days for the trip, one day to Alviso, and one for return. These trips were taken by the hunters in sequence, in which I took part. I remained with this party for three months until the shooting season ended. When it terminated I had a small pot of money as my share, which constituted my commencement capital for the business of my life, and I had the pleasure at a later period of making a gift of $25,000 to my elder brother, whose wants were greater than mine."

Returning to San Francisco, he met the captain of a ship just returned from the East Indies, who had several hundred canary birds on board which young Whitney purchased, together with their bamboo cages, these he sold at a profit.

"Somewhat with the air of a capitalist," he says, "I then proposed to the market-man whom I had had dealings with in game that I should associate with him in his branching out in a more extensive business; that he should attend to the business in the city and I would go up to the alluvial lands in the bay, at the estuaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers where they debouched out over the flat tule lands, a great field for aquatic birds and salmon, and supply him with such products for sale. He was a pretty clever business man, but intemperate and inclined to various dissipations which put me on guard, but he was willing, so we engaged.

"Although the game season was practically over, no laws existed for preservation—or at least were not regarded—and eatable birds of all kinds were freely sold. Salmon were running, and were extensively seined by Italians and other fishermen, and a miscellaneous lot of fishes were netted, and birds were plentiful. I purchased and forwarded freely, and my man seemed capable of getting away with all I sent him, and generally at large profits. Salmon at times were so plentiful that I would occasionally buy them at ten or fifteen cents apiece and the city markets would become so glutted that the sales would be slow at five cents a pound, though the retail price would be a bit, or twelve cents.

"One day I met a Scotchman looking for employment who claimed he was an adept at smoking salmon, and could at a moderate expense put up a smoking-plant. I engaged him and proceeded in this line, to great advantage, as it opened a market in the mines where fresh salmon could not reach; but others soon caught on, and on a more extensive scale than mine, and selling prices fell off. In fact, the business of my associate began to diminish in profits, and considering his habits, as prosperity seemed to increase his extravagances, I concluded to pull out, which I succeeded in doing with my full share of profits, which augmented my capital considerably. I concluded to retire and return to Boston by the Nicaragua route, where I arrived after a stay of a little less than a year in California.

"I established my residence in Boston for a series of years, though I made five round trips to California before 1860, and have since made those journeys over a score of times, besides eighteen round trips across the Atlantic to Europe. I crossed the great plains from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains four times from 1865 to 1867, before the completion of a railroad there.

"After my return from California I found a great difficulty in reconciling myself to the quiet of town life, however much the necessity existed for application to business pursuits, as my inclinations were strongly for adventurous ramblings. Always a constant reader, I found quite perceptibly to myself that my tendency was directed largely to the perusal of sporting articles, which conflicted with my resolutions to follow business affairs. This determined me to give up entirely the perusal of books treating of sporting and adventurous affairs, which inflamed my imagination with longings, and for several years adhered strictly to this resolution.

"In 1858 I made in the winter an excursion in Maine to the Rangeley Lakes near the Canada line, which set a color upon my sporting horizon which has never been effaced, and since that period I have never failed, amid the cares of an active business life, to visit that region annually. Those trips at times have been difficult to arrange when I have been absent in distant places, but I have not failed in some month of each year since 1858 to rendezvous at the Rangeleys for from one to four and six months."

It was in San Francisco that Mr. Whitney made the acquaintance of Edwin Booth and saw his father, Junius Brutus Booth, playing the last engagement of his life at the American Theater. Later on he again met Edwin Booth in Boston, and there made the acquaintance of Edwin's wife, mother, sister and his brothers, Joseph and John Wilkes. All those mentioned save John, together with Walter M. Brackett, the famous artist, and his wife and family, went to Lake Umbagog in New Hampshire. Of Edwin Booth Mr. Whitney relates the following anecdote:

"In fishing he would exhibit the impetuosity of a Petruchio, and this cost me several rods, which broke into smithereens over small trout. He got in one day from a neighboring town a new fairly good bamboo fly rod, which I assisted him in setting up, arranging the reel and line and pliable soaked leader, and left him afterwards noosing on a scarlet ibis. The rod was lying on the dining-room table. I was no sooner out of the rooms on the porch, when I heard a tremendous rumpus in the dining-room, and entering found Booth flying about the room like a madman. He had left his fly hanging over the side of the table, which the half-grown family cat present, seeing, struck at with its paw, which the sharp hook caught in, and the frightened cat bolted under the table with rapid speed, breaking the rod tip and dragging the rod after, while Booth, crying "scat, cat," had no effect on the now crazed feline, which he was following after in great excitement at high pressure with adjectives of singular note. The sequel of this was the escape of the cat with the gaudy fly well hooked in its foot, and a well smashed-up rod. I was too much convulsed, with the others drawn in by the commotion, to render any aid, and Booth soon joined in with our laughter, confessing that his fishing experience was a failure, and that he would not have any more of it."

The Rangeley Lakes in Maine early attracted our sportsman's attention. But unlike many of his fellow-sportsmen of to-day, he was fond of winter camps and hunting. As he says:

"The method of camping out was very simple, and consisted of breaking up primarily the snow crust over a space of ten feet by seven, in a sheltered place where firewood was favorable, and then shovelling out the loose snow with snowshoes to within a foot or two of the bottom. Then a good mattress of hemlock boughs is laid upon the soft bottom snow, and a supply of dry pine and green birch or maple wood secured at the side of the pit, and a fire made at the end braced up against a good-sized log of green wood.

"Then comes the change of footwear, and the three pairs of woolen socks worn in snowshoeing, if wet, are hung up to dry, where they will without scorching, and then comes the delicious supper of broiled bird or venison or fish, with which the larder may be supplied. Melted snow supplies the water for tea, without lacteal or saccharine addition, and ye gods! what feasts can be taken in a comfortable snow pit by one who loves that sort of thing, with healthful rest, so gratifying to the fatigued hunter after a day's tramp. Then perhaps a fragant pipe, sweeter than can be had amid the haunts of men, away and alone in the beautiful and enchanting forest. Think of it: No bells, or buzzing street cars; no evening papers, or postman; no notices of servants' quittance, or leaking pipes, discussion of gas bills or electrict lights; no engagements for next evening—all away and forgotten, as one reclines upon the fragrant boughs, and watches the ascending smoke and sparks rising through the overhanging tree limbs toward the twinkling stars. Perhaps it may be stormy; then a shelter overhead of a few sticks and boughs, and the home grows more fascinating in change than when the sky is clear, so soul filling and rapturous that, in excess of joy, I have been inclined to leave it and roll in the snow and cry out in very fulness of heart, and as I look now nearly half a century backward, my soul swells again to fulness, and the recollection drives away the forcing cares which unbidden would prevail. Happy days were those, perhaps the happiest of any."

"In the autumn of 1865 I made another trip across the plains to Colorado and back. This time I proposed to go through the buffalo country by the Smoky River route, a hundred miles or more south of the stage line, and, having two friends who accompanied me, we bought at the Missouri River a stout pair of mules, with a wagon and saddle-horses, calculating to join a caravan of prairie schooners for protection, and to be a month or more on the road. In the wagon we carried bedding, provisions and necessary articles. Our object in taking this route and going in this manner was to avail ourselves of buffalo and other hunting, of which we had abundance. From the Missouri River caravans were departing daily, and we had no difficulty in connecting ourselves with one.

"We had not proceeded many days before we came into the buffalo range, and struck the flank of an immense herd proceeding northward, from which several were killed for use of the caravan. The following day we were in the midst of immense numbers stretched over the plains in all directions. A marvellous sight, one which would impress an observer with the belief that it would hardly be possible to have such numbers exterminated in the brief space of a few years. The building of the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific railroads sealed the doom of the buffalo. With the invasion of thousands of hunters brought upon the buffalo grounds by these railroads, who sought no more than the skins of the slain as their reward, who found the buffalo defenseless, without shelter from attack, and of too slow and cumbrous action to escape, it is not surprising that they soon disappeared."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Nebraska Bird Leaflet.

CHIEF WARDEN GEORGE L. CARTER, of Nebraska, has sent out to the school boys of the State a leaflet of the law relating to insectivorous birds, and giving these reasons why they should not be killed: Because our laws forbid it. Because they are of no use when dead. Because nobody has a right to take the life of any animal except for food or self protection. Because they are harmless and have a right to live. Because it is cowardly to kill them when they trust us, and gather about us to cheer us with their song. Because they act as a police force in keeping things in nature balanced. Because they are objects of study and no other animal could take their place. Because in their instincts, migrations, nest building, food habits, and distribution they symbolize the perfection of the Divine school of life. Because it is estimated by the best authority we have, that during the stay of the birds in Nebraska each season they destroy more than three million bushels of noxious worms and insects. Think of the consequences if the birds were all exterminated.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Black Squirrel.

It is always a matter of regret to see any beautiful game bird or animal totally annihilated. And it is for this reason I write a word of warning.

The big northern jet black squirrel, once so common, has no living representatives now outside of a very small part of the Province of Ontario, and they are so very scarce that after a year's advertising I could only get three pairs. Some years ago I recognized the fact that they were becoming extinct, so I gathered a few pairs together and bred some sixty odd pair, but unfortunately my neighbor's stable got on fire and the smoke from it smothered the whole lot. This was in June, 1900. Since then I have found it almost impossible to gather a few together for the reason that there are hardly any left. Now the reasons are not far to seek for their disappearance. In the first place the large timber has been cut down and there is no place for them to retreat. Then the nut bearing trees have been cleared away. The perpetual shooting has so frightened them that they are unable to breed; and that pest, the little red squirrel, has a vicious habit of castrating them.

The above means have so reduced the most beautiful of all the squirrel family that unless some one who cares for them comes to their aid there will soon be no more.

The large jet black squirrel is such a lover of home that once domiciled he will stay around like a tame pigeon, and they are possessed of such non-combative habits that many will live in the same box placed in a large tree together.

As many of the readers of Forest and Stream must live in Ontario and some of them must own bush land, I would adivse them to wake up and save from extinction this beautiful game animal before it is too late. G. H. Corsan.

Balmy Beach, Toronto.

Hawaiian Sharks as Man Eaters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "F. A. L." inquires if I have actually seen a person bitten by a shark. No, I am glad to say I have not, but I am firmly convinced that our man-eating sharks live up to their reputation. I have no desire to test the question, nor would F. A. L., if he had caught as many of these terrible monsters as it has been my good fortune. Even here we have people (new comers) who doubt the credibility of man-eating sharks. One of this class accompanied me on a trip. He scoffed the idea beforehand, but came home convinced that they were not to be trifled with. This particular trip we captured during the night three huge sharks, ranging between twelve and fourteen feet. Their jaws, when propped open, revealed an opening that a man could pass through without touching the teeth. Upper and lower jaw were set with three rows of teeth, sharp as a razor, and no buzz saw could do cleaner execution. While they are plunging, thrashing and biting in their death throes alongside a yacht on a dark night, illuminating the waters with phosphorescence by their struggling, they appear to be magnified, and the curtain of night lends its aid in making the scene one long to be remembered and the writhing monster dreaded.

Some years ago I was living at a seaport about ninety miles from Honolulu. One day a boat from a coasting schooner, lying about a quarter of a mile from the shore, got adrift and went sailing down the wind. When the sailors observed what had happened, they ran aft and jumped overboard and swam toward the runaway tender. One, two, three and four jumped into the water, disappeared for a moment and then the kanakas' heads appeared. We could only count three heads swimming to the boat. Where was the fourth? They were all excellent swimmers and we wondered what had happened. The three men climbed aboard the boat and rowed back. They were some time rowing about the schooner in an aimless way and then came ashore. They told the sad story of the loss of their mate. They had seen bloody water near the schooner and an enormous shark swimming about. So, unconsciously, I had really seen a man jump into a shark's mouth. Evidently, the men jumping into the water attracted the shark's attention and he took the last man as he hit the water.

For many years there was a one-armed native working at odd jobs about the wharves. One day I inquired of a native friend how the man became maimed. "Mano," was his significant reply. This is the word for shark in the Hawaiian language. The man had been a great diver. One day he and a companion were diving for squid near the reef. A shark attacked him, and as he tried with his outstretched arm to shove himself clear of the monster, his arm was bitten off nearly up to his shoulder.

There is an old native living not far from me who got the worst of an encounter with a shark and lost a huge piece of one of his buttocks. I have often heard the natives telling the story and have no doubt of its being authentic.

A island schooner was capsized in the channel. The schooner's boat was cut adrift, but was bottom side up. The native crew and a white skipper clung for hours to the last hope they had. The skipper, while in the water endeavoring to right the boat, had both legs bitten off by a shark. Although he was gotten on the boat again he soon expired from loss of blood.

To my mind there is no question that certain sharks will eat humans. I don't think they are exactly lying awake nights watching for a man, but one will make a supper on a goat, horse, seagull, dead or alive, if he is hungry and these temptations come his way. But sharks are not always hungry. One day I was drifting off the island in a yacht and the weather was very clear. We noticed a large shark swimming under the boat about twenty feet below. With nothing else to do we set out to capture the fellow. Baiting a hook with half a chicken, loaf of bread and a ham bone, all tied on the hook with marlin, we lowered the attractive morsel right in front of his nose. All stood ready to take a quick turn around the bitts when he made off. Well, this unappreciative monster refused to notice it even when we lowered it on his nose and carefully slacked it down over his nose within easy reach of his mouth. Soon he slipped away into the blue depths. Then another came. It seemed to us they enjoyed the shadow the yacht made. Again we tried, but with the same luck as with the first. I had never seen a shark before refuse anything in the eatable line.

From what I have written one might get the impression that our waters were alive with man-eating sharks. One might go sailing about our islands for a week without seeing one. There are cases where people have been hours in the waters of our channels without being molested by sharks. A case happened a few weeks ago where a half-cast was drifting in the Molokai channel from nine o'clock one morning until two A. M. the next morning. He was entirely submerged, with the exception of his head, being floated by a couple of oars from the capsized boat he had been in. He was carried over twenty miles by the current during the interval. There are many more cases like this which are authentic. In fact, the prowess, fearlessness, and ability of the Hawaiian in the water is simply marvelous and he is without a peer. Albert Delmar.

Honolulu, August 16.

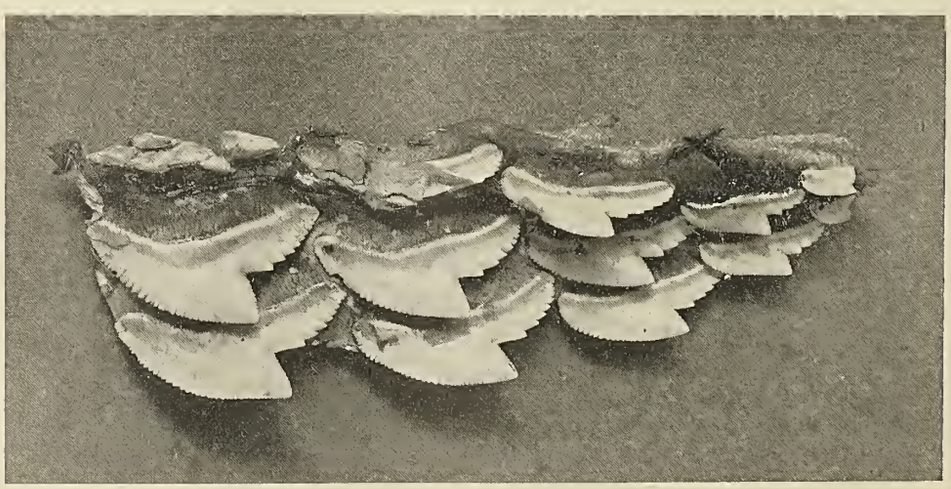
Some Common Insects.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

IV.—Crickets, Katydids and Walking Sticks.

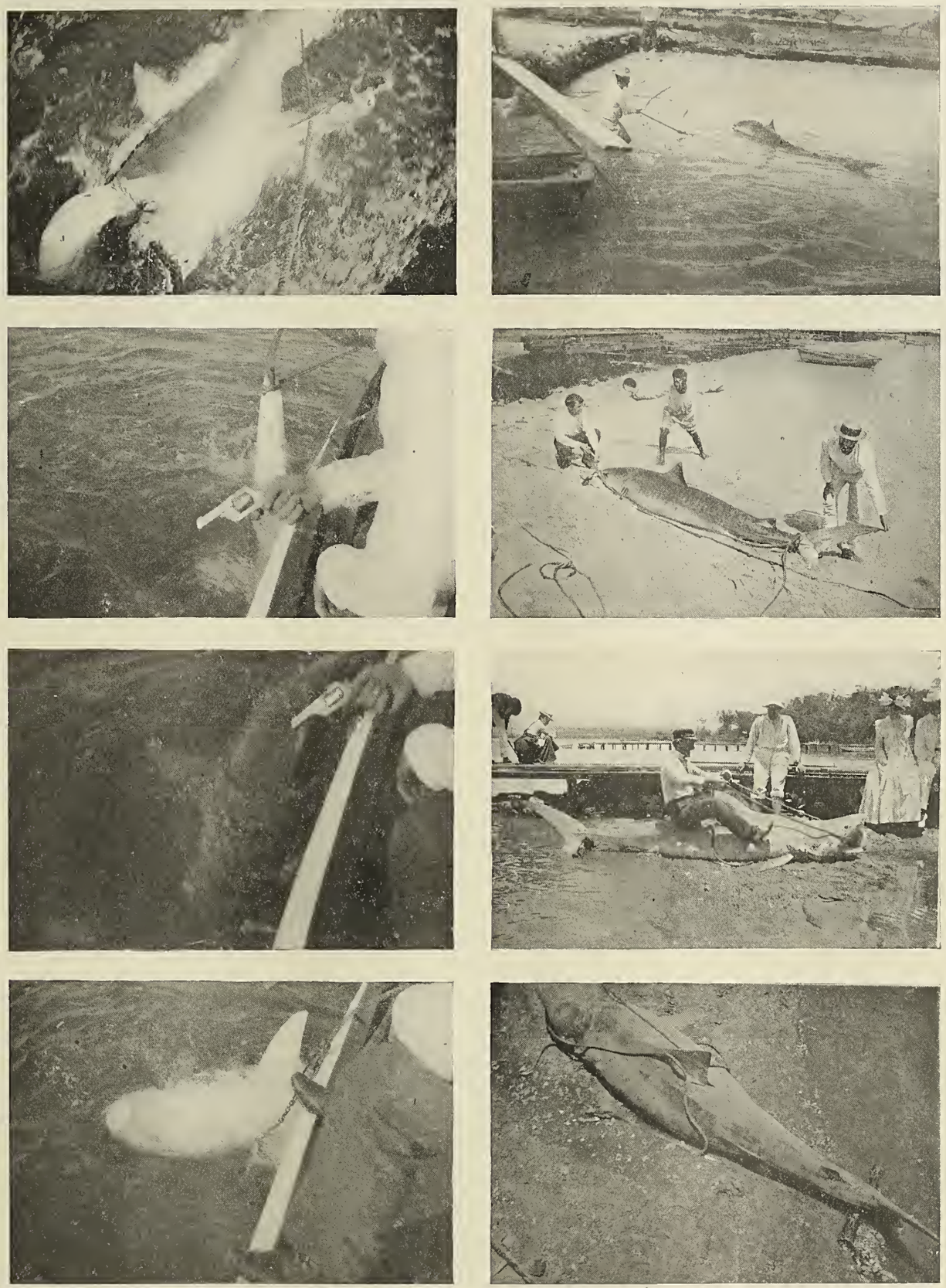
The grasshoppers belong to the great order called Orthoptera, because of the straightness of their wings. This order includes also the crickets, cockroaches, katydids, walking sticks and mantids. Of those members of the order commonly found in the United States, the walking sticks are among the most interesting. These curious creatures will at once be recognized, even by persons seeing them for the first time, for their common name is at once suggested by their form. The long, slender, cylindrical body, with the loosely fitting legs and antennæ, remind one of a twig or bit of stick. This resemblance is so striking that one is likely seldom to find a walking stick by merely looking for it, though often one can get them by beating branches over an open inverted umbrella.

The body is two or three inches long, the



A SECTION OF THE JAWS.

Of this formidable exhibit Mr. Delmar writes: "This row of teeth is from a 12-ft. shark. Run the edge of a tooth along some paper and you will note it cuts through several thicknesses, showing its sharpness.



TAKING IN A HAWAIIAN SHARK.

Full of Fight.
Dodges the Revolver.
Diving Under the Boat.
On Back, Showing Under Jaw.
Landing.
Just Eleven Feet.
Riding without Whip or Spur.
Looking Down On His Back.

females being somewhat larger than the males. The feelers, or antennæ, are about two-thirds as long as the body, and the front and hind legs somewhat shorter than the antennæ. The walking sticks are entirely destitute of wings. This is one of the most remarkable things about them; another is the unusual development of the thorax, the three divisions of which may be easily seen by a lens. The prothorax next the head is short and bears the first pair of legs near the middle of the under surface. The mesothorax, or middle thorax, is the longest segment of the body and bears the second pair of legs at its posterior end. The metathorax, or hind thorax, is a little shorter than the mesothorax and bears the third pair of legs, also near its posterior end. Then follows the abdomen with its nine short joints—all together just about equalling in length the three joints of the thorax.

The common black crickets also belong to this same order. These are among the most familiar of summer insects. They are abundant everywhere in fields and woods, hiding by day under such shelter as they can find. You can

POSES FOR HIS PICTURE.
Photo by Dr. S. F. Way.

easily make out the important points in the external anatomy of a cricket. The large, nearly square head bears on each upper front corner a good-sized compound eye. Between these are the small simple eyes, appearing as minute, white, circular spots against the dark background of the head. Directly in front of each eye toward the median line arises one of the long, slender, tapering antennæ, having a large basal joint, with the rest of the joints appearing under a lense as short, slightly swollen cylinders. The mouth parts are similar to those of the grasshopper, as is the rest of the body in much of its general structure.

The small yellowish eggs of the crickets are deposited in masses in the soil about half an inch below the surface. They are laid in autumn and hatched the following spring into little crickets that resemble the adults in general appearance, but have no wings. These grow gradually, molt several times and become full grown about midsummer. They feed on grasses, clover and a great variety of vegetable matter.

The tree crickets differ strikingly from the black crickets, being white or nearly so. These deposit their eggs in longitudinal rows in green canes. The eggs hatch early in summer into young crickets bearing a general resemblance to the adults, though without wings. They feed upon plant-lice and other insects during their entire existence, being consequently in this way friends rather than foes of the fruit grower. By the latter part of summer they become fully grown. They are then of a pale, whitish-green color, about four-fifths of an inch long. The female cricket deposits her eggs in the tender, growing canes of raspberries, blackberries, and grapes, and the twigs of maple, willow, catalpa, and several other species of trees. The injury thus done often causes the raspberries to die beyond the punctures, or else the damaged canes are broken off during the winter.

Fortunately for mankind, nature has developed along with the various species of destructive locusts and their allies a considerable number of animals that depend to a greater or less extent upon grasshoppers for subsistence. Some of these are predaceous, others are parasitic, but all are beneficial in checking grasshopper increase. Perhaps the most good is done by those insects which prey upon grasshopper eggs, as the hoppers are then most easily destroyed. The common blister-beetles are among the most prominent of these egg-feeding species. The females of these beetles deposit their small eggs in masses of a hundred or more in the soil just below the surface. In about ten days the eggs hatch into curious little larvæ that burrow through the earth in search of the eggs of grasshoppers. A large proportion of them probably perish because they find no eggs to feed upon, but those that are successful go through a strange series of changes before finally going into the pupa state and later emerging as beetles. In addition to these blister-beetles, there are certain small red mites that devour grasshopper eggs.

The members of this order also have many enemies to contend with among the birds and other vertebrates. They form an important item in the food of a great variety of birds, and are freely eaten by frogs, toads and other animals.

An Elk Freak.

Yellowstone National Park.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send two remarkable photographs taken by Dr. S. F. Way, of Livingstone, Montana, in the park, in August.

Dr. Way, his wife and brother and sister-in-law were taking a camping trip through the park. While they were driving along the road, between the cañon and outlet, close to the Yellowstone River, a spike elk was noticed; the team was stopped and for a joke (not expecting the elk to come) Mrs. Way called it up, offering it some of the chocolate creams which she was eating. The elk came slowly; but came and smelt, then tasted the cream; and liking it ate it. At this the Doctor took his camera, and got out of the wagon to take a picture. The elk went on behind the wagon and watched the Doctor, as you see. Then on having another chocolate cream offered, it reached up as the picture shows with its mouth beside Mrs. Way's face. The question is, is this a wild elk, or where did it come from? Yanceys is the nearest place where there has been a tame elk, and that one is there yet. That is over thirty miles away. There are hundreds of elk in Hayden Valley close to where the picture is taken, but they are usually wilder than this one is. I am inclined to think this chap has been handled some when a calf by some one many miles away, and that it has not forgotten what sweets are. It's only a yearling, and so not old enough to forget what sugar tastes like; or it is a very inquisitive and venturesome spike. I can't think that it is, strictly speaking, a wild elk. T. E. Hofer.

A WALKING STICK.
From "Nature Biographies." Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

FOND OF CREAMS.
Photo by Dr. S. F. Way.

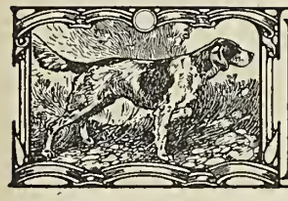
A Plan of Forest Preservation.

From the American Lumberman.

Saginaw, Mich.—W. B. Mershon, whose varied manufacturing enterprises make him one of the most influential men in the State, in discussing the white pine and forest condition recently, said:

I have just returned from the last fishing trip of the season. I was up on the northeastern part of the lower peninsula and I could not help but comment to the gentlemen with me on the fearful waste of the forests. It seems cruel to see devastation of these wild woodlands. The forest waste has been and is to-day tremendous. In one place we would find the ground covered with the blackened and decaying trunks of these monarchs of the forest, where a windstorm had blown them down and forest fires had taken hold and the ruin was complete. In other places we saw the remnants of rollway after rollway where forest fires had burned the logs after they had been cut and rolled up to await the logging road to carry them to the mill. All of these things are familiar to the lumberman, but I had thought that the small growths of jack pine and scattering Norway, that had stood so long on the banks of this trout stream, would be allowed to remain undisturbed and unmolested and add to the beauty of the winding stream. But I was undeceived this time, for two or three little portable mills were running, or are being erected, camps were being built among this small stuff and the trout stream, instead of being undisturbed as I had fancied it would be after the logging days were over, was again awakened to the activity of lumbering.

If the State would take charge of all these cutover lands that are not good for agricultural purposes (and a large percentage of them are not good for the farmers), protect them from fire, patrol them and protect the young forest growth, probably you and I would not see them marketable timber lands, but we would live to see the beautiful green growth, and our children's children would know them as commercial forests—forests that could be perpetually maintained. An individual cannot well do this, for should he attempt to keep a piece of timber land unmolested he will be taxed to death for so doing. Make our tax laws so they encourage the growth of trees, not the destruction of them, and let the Government take over the large tracts and again we will have forests.



GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

A Day with the Grouse.

BY RUPE BARMBY.

For days the heat had been lessening, the days perceptibly shortening, and the sunshine exchanging its brilliant glare for the more mellow and subdued glow so peculiar to the autumn season. Tree and shrub and air and sky, all were speaking in a language which knows of no deceit of a great change, gradually but surely taking place. Summer was slowly dying into autumn, and another seed time was at hand.

Closely and constantly I had been studying these ever changing symbols of the year's advance. Surely there is nothing more interesting and fascinating than the changes of the seasons as they come and go, familiar though they may have become! They are as the shifting scenese of a great drama.

Finally the wind set in to blow a gale from the northwest, which lasted throughout the entire day; but at sundown it abated, and was followed by a calm. The evening was clear and cold, with the stars shining in all their brilliancy; and as I prepared to leave the editorial sanctum for home, having finished the following day's copy for the press, I could not but stop for a moment to admire them.

"There'll be a heavy frost, to-night," I mused, "and what a day to-morrow will be for an outing in the woods, with the air like champagne, and the foliage at the height of its glory! The grouse are reported uncommonly plentiful, too, this year. Wonder if I couldn't spare the day, to go after them!"

Just at that moment, the door opened, and a familiar form stood at the portal, peering questioningly in through the dim light. "Judge Davis! Come right in, and sit down! Yes, I'm still here. Have a chair!" and the gas was again lighted, and my guest prepared to make himself comfortable.

To make a long story short, he had come to propose a grouse hunt for the following day, together with a third companion, Cephas Hale, a prosperous merchant of the place, and as the reader may well imagine, I was not slow in adding my hearty approval to his plan. Until late into the night we sat together, talking over former memorable days afield, and at length parted with plans arranged, and with many pleasurable anticipations for the morrow.

Even before sunrise we were up and away, with guns over our shoulders and the dogs racing joyously beside us; and for the time politics and law, and business and journalism, engrossing though they may be, were forgotten and laid aside, and we gave ourselves up entirely to the pleasures of the day. Like a trio of boys, back in life's heydey once more, we trudged along, enjoying to the fullest the gorgeous splendor of nature all about us, and the untrammeled freedom which was to be ours for the entire day.

Soon the edge of the cover was reached, and the hunt began in earnest. The dogs took to quartering back and forth with a will, and we followed after with guns ready for use, should occasion arise. We had chosen for our outing a stretch of pine woodlands, interspersed here and there with birches and hardwood growths, where plenty of cover, together with an abundant supply of feed was to be had; always a favorite resort with us.

It was amusing to note how thoroughly so sedate and dignified an individual as the judge could become engrossed in the diversion to which we were devoting ourselves. Every movement of the dogs was followed with the closest scrutiny, and with each hurried retreat of a frightened song bird from before their path, he would start as though a full bevy of the quarry was about to burst away before us. If there ever was a man who hunted with all his senses it was he, and this in a large measure doubtless accounted for the success which always attended his outings.

Hale, on the contrary, was the very reverse, always lost in revery; and should occasion arise to shoot with dispatch, as in thick cover, seldom got further than making a desperate pass at adjusting his eye glasses before the bird was well out of sight. But his good humor was boundless, and his patience admirable.

For the time nothing of note occurred, and we worked our way further and further into the cover, until at last we came out upon an elevated plateau, from which we could look off to see ourselves surrounded on every hand by the waving green pines stretching as far as the eye could reach, like a limitless sea of emerald.

But from here we descended into a country cut up with many gullies, all thickly wooded, such cover as cannot but thrill the true huntsman's heart with delight, and here our luck changed for the better. No sooner had we entered these favored precincts than a brace of birds flushed directly before the judge, who dropped them both in fine style, to the infinite satisfaction and delight of Hale, who could not sound his praises too highly for the skillful feat. And we all three of us had occasion not long after to appreciate the irony of it all, too, when the same opportunity presented itself to Hale, of displaying his marksmanship. "Bang! Bang!" went both barrels of his gun in quick succession, while his glasses flew the full length of their cord, and he staggered some three or four rods down the hill, like a drunken man, before he could recover his equilibrium, from their discharge. The birds meantime sailed hastily out of sight, while we burst into a roar of laughter, the disappointed marksman joining as heartily as we. He never failed to relish the humorous side of a ludicrous situation, even though the fun was at his own expense.

But not to weary the reader with a detailed account of the incidents of the day, in brief, we continued on thus, meeting now and again with moderate success in our quest, until at length the waning of the day turned us homeward, and we sought the edge of the cover again.

Just as we were about to emerge from among the pines, and reluctantly abandon the hunt as being over until another day, of a sudden a bird scurried away before us with rumbling wings, taking us quite unprepared, and startling us not a little. The judge's gun came quickly to his shoulder, nevertheless, and its almost immediate discharge followed, but the situation had disconcerted his aim, and he scored a miss. A like fate fell to my lot, too, though I had fired with more deliberation, pulling both triggers in quick succession. And then, lo and behold, to our utter astonishment and dismay, with a nonchalance which bordered upon the bravado, Hale deliberately brought up his piece, and scarcely taking an aim, dropped the departing bird at the first shot, just as it was about to round a thick clump of pines and disappear from sight.

We could scarcely believe our eyes, at the sight, and the marksman himself was undoubtedly the most astonished of us three; but if so, he kept his own counsel, and played his part exceedingly well. To this day, we have never heard the last of that famous shot, for if ever anything happens to be said in any way in disparagement of Hale's marksmanship, he invariably refers to the time when he "wiped our eyes" for us, and "showed us how the thing should be properly and correctly done, when one really understands the hang of it."

Cats as Game Destroyers.

Having indulged in considerable motoring this past summer through the country of Long Island, I believe I have discovered one of the causes—if not the principal cause—of the scarcity of small game hereabouts in recent years.

All gunners know the destructiveness of the domestic cat when allowed to roam at large, but very few, I think, realize the number of such cats that exist on small game. We have all occasionally met cats when off in the woods or fields at great distances from houses, but it remained for the search lights of my machine to reveal the great number of such animals at large.

During the past month, August, every evening I went out I saw from three to half a dozen cats hunting along the country roads, some of them half a mile or more from the nearest house, and the wonder is that we have any small game left in the more thickly settled districts.

Some idea of the destructiveness of these animals may be gained from the statement of an engineer in one of the city's pumping stations, which is located near a swampy piece of woodland. He told me that in one week the cat had at the station brought in eight half grown rabbits. This probably did not represent its entire kill for that period.

Personally I have never known a cat to capture a quail or woodcock, but I do know of their catching young rabbits and many kinds of small birds, and have no doubt they succeed in capturing some of the former. I have often found where quail have been destroyed close by a house, and believe it to be the work of a cat and not of a fox.

As all gunners are interested in this question of game and its preservation, and as another gunning season is rapidly approaching, I believe some concerted action should be taken and would like to hear from brother sportsmen their experiences in this line and what they consider would be a good remedy. I myself believe in shooting every cat found in the woods. In some States I understand there is in force a law licensing cats, but such a law is not nearly as effective as a charge of shot.

Most of us who have lived in country districts, know that a cat that once acquires a taste for young chickens or rabbits will be satisfied with nothing else, and eventually becomes a renegade and outlaw, and is as hard to approach as the wild variety.

Some years ago when I hunted hounds more or less I killed several of these tramp cats that seemed to be half again as large as their tamer brothers. One in particular I remember well, a large tawny yellow tomcat that could in a fair fight whip any farmer's dog in the neighborhood, and would boldly walk into a dooryard, seize a young chicken and run off with it. All summer and early fall the farmers of this neighborhood had been annoyed by it and many were the times they tried to shoot it, but the average farmer at best is a poor gunner, and by the time he procured his gun and loaded it the cat would be securely hidden away in some patch of brush and safe for the time being. I visited the neighborhood early in November, having with me a pair of good hounds. Sending them into a brush patch near my friend's house they soon opened in full cry and we climbed onto convenient stumps to secure a better view. In a few minutes the chase headed our way and we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the rabbit, as we supposed it was. My friend was the lucky man and I watched him as his gun slowly followed the object, but I was not prepared for what followed the report of the gun. Seizing his hat and throwing it into the air he comenced to yell like a Comanche Indian, at the same time executing a war dance on the top of the stump. Not

knowing what to make of his actions I hurried over, and in reply to my query, he simply pointed at something on the ground about twenty yards away and yelled the louder. Going in the direction indicated, my dogs by this time had come up and were nosing something, which on closer inspection proved to be an exceptionally large tomcat whose head and neck were seamed and scarred from many a battle.

Returning to my friend, who had not left his position on the stump, I asked for an explanation, and he then gave me the history of this cat's depredations the past season, how everybody in the neighborhood had suffered the loss of more or less chickens, and of the many attempts made to trap or kill it. When the news spread, there was almost as much excitement as a country wedding.

Every gunner can recall cases of this kind, and I feel it is up to us to rid the woods and fields of this pest. I am aware that many men have a superstitious dread of killing a domestic cat, but after they have killed half a dozen or so without anything happening, their minds will assume their normal state and then the cats had better look out.

Of course, a little judgment must be used in this matter as in everything else, and gunners must not kill the housecat in the farmer's front garden. The kind referred to in this article are those found wandering afield at some distance from a house. J. H. H.

We find in the current Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society a note on this subject by A. H. Norton, in which he says:

"The harmful effect of cats upon birds and small game protection has long been recognized. In the report of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners for 1880 attention was called to the matter, and various cases of observed damage cited. Cats are particularly injurious to Leach's petrels whenever kept on islands inhabited by these birds. The nearly depleted condition of one of the largest colonies on the Maine coast is attributed to cats. When the writer was at the State House about a year ago, the chairman of the present Commission of Fisheries and Game said, 'Something ought to be done about the cats. Let's take it up.' In view of this important sentiment, it is very gratifying to notice, according to the Audubon Society department of Bird-Lore for July and August, 1906, that the inspector of the first lighthouse district has taken a decided step in the matter in relation to the large and important colony at Great Duck Island, issuing an order that the light keepers are expected to confine or remove their cats until after the close of the breeding season. It is to be hoped that a more general remedy may be found by the coming legislature."

Why Wounded Ducks Disappear.

FRANK T. NOBLE, IN THE JOURNAL OF MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

In various publications, both scientific and secular, many discussions and queries have recently appeared regarding the remarkable manner in which water fowl, when shot at and wounded, frequently dive beneath the surface of the water and fail to rise again to view.

The theories oftimes set forth in explanation of this well-known characteristic of the Anatidæ family are numerous, some of them hardly tenable, however, under the application of common natural laws.

The writer has observed the phenomenon frequently under both ordinary and unusual circumstances, and has many times been greatly amazed at the non-appearance after diving of an unquestionably hard-hit duck, and this, too, at the time when the surface of the water was so smooth as to eliminate the possibility of the bird breaking water ever so lightly for the purpose of taking breath without detection. Such an experience, and it is a common one with all duck shooters, impels one to draw the conclusion that the bird is dead, but for some mysterious and unusual cause does not come to the surface.

It is simply impossible to make the body of a freshly killed duck stay under water without artificial means, as all gunners of water fowl know, also, that the length of time any bird can remain alive underneath the surface is limited to a very few minutes.

Now if the various accounts of these strange and unaccountable disappearances of wounded water fowl (and I do not in the least doubt their truthfulness) were carefully investigated, I am quite sure it would be found that they occur in comparatively shallow bodies of water, or where the bottom is within easy diving distance from the surface, and taking that as an important condition, perhaps the following from my own experience will help to explain and clear away much that has heretofore looked more or less mysterious.

On a bright, sunny afternoon late in September, I was lying in a gunning float off Norris' Cove in a shallow part of that finest of all Maine's ducking grounds, Merrymeeting Bay. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, certainly not enough to cause even a ripple upon the surface of the water, which was like a mirror. The tide was about half ebb, and in the bright sunlight the bottom of the bay, with its vegetable growth, was plainly visible. After a few moments of listless waiting and watching for something in the nature of web-footed game to turn up, a bunch of three pintails, or gray ducks, suddenly dropped out of the sky from somewhere, and we sculled them without difficulty, as they are a comparatively unsuspecting bird when first arriving from the north.

I stopped only two, however, owing to a "breakdown" after the first shot, one killed outright, the other, a big drake, being hard hit and with one wing broken. Before the latter could be shot over, he made a dive with considerable difficulty and disappeared from view. We waited perhaps half a minute for him to appear again, but not doing so, we paddled to the spot where we found the water thereabouts to be scarcely three feet deep, and the bottom to be thickly covered with various kinds of lilypads and grasses. A few moments of careful search and the duck was discovered on the bottom, grasping with its bill the tough stem of a cowslip. The body of the bird floated upward posteriorly, somewhat higher than the position of the head, and the long tail feathers were a foot or more nearer the surface than the former. The bird's feet were outstretched, but he was motionless until molested, then he kicked and fluttered vigorously, all the time retaining his hold upon the bottom, and it required considerable force to break him away from his queer anchorage.

I regret my inability to wholly satisfy the general curiosity as to the final outcome of this strange habit. Whether wounded ducks retain their hold in a death grip after life is extinct, or whether it relaxes with death and the body floats to the surface, I am unable to state with certainty, but I surmise from the experience of other observers as well as myself that the former is the case, and that not until sometime after death do the muscles relax sufficiently to enable the action of the water to free the body from its hold on the bottom.

Perhaps other observers, who have made a more careful study of this phenomenon, will enlighten us upon this important point.

Photo by G. L. P.

SNIPE SHOOTING ON SHINNECOCK BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

St. Louis Game Warden.

A. E. Winkelmeyer has resigned as chief deputy game warden of St. Louis and H. C. Tulley has been appointed in his stead. Both are prominent in the Missouri Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective League, Mr. Winkelmeyer being its president and Mr. Tulley its treasurer. The new warden has an office in the city and will be supported by the league and sportsmen generally, as his appointment meets with their approval.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

The African as a Hunter.

Reading an article in a recent number of the Field on the netting of wild ducks by Australian aboriginals, it struck me that some interest might attach to an account of the methods adopted by the natives of Nyassaland for the snaring and killing of game. Their methods are all of the most primitive, and there can be little doubt that the art of the hunter is slowly, but surely, dying out. It is not necessary to go into the remoter reasons of this, but probably one great contributing cause is the repression by the white man of the sporting instinct in the native. Although there remain a few old flint and percussion guns, brought in by the slave-raiding Arabs of other days, the tribes have been largely disarmed, and no native is allowed to possess a gun except under a license, which it is more or less difficult for him to obtain, and the general killing or snaring of game has been made illegal under the game preservation laws. After all, perhaps least mischief is done by the negro who is the proud possessor of a gun, for though, like the rest of them, he looks for the easiest prey, and kills females and young for choice, yet his old gas-pipe barrel is so erratic in its shooting that he can only hope to bag his beast at very close ranges, and so clumsy is he in most cases at stalking that it is seldom enough that he comes to quarters. And natives are equally unsuccessful in hunting with the bow; their iron-tipped reed arrows are ill-made and ill-balanced, their heavy bows are calculated for men of far greater strength than they possess, and even at close ranges their lack of skill is remarkable in a people whom creatures of the direst struggle for existence should have trained to no small skill in the use of weapons of self-defense.

The great excitement of the year outside everyday life comes in the middle of the dry season, when some months of sun have dried up the country and parched the grass and leaves to tinder. Then a huge organized party, drawn from several villages, will go out one morning, with clubs, spears, axes, bows, and cur dogs in dozens, to surround a piece of open bush or grass country, perhaps a couple of miles square. It is fired in several places at once round the outer edge, and the sportsmen stand by to wait the escaping animals, which, as the natives are huddled in a dense ring on every side, seldom escape without at least a wound. Occasionally lengths of coarse bark rope netting are pegged down, and should a beast come blundering into them there is little hope for him, as he is at once assailed with a dozen spear thrusts and ax blows while entangled. I was once invited by natives to attend one of these "mchiri" hunts, as they call them, and was promised great sport at a "hot corner." An immense rabble of men and dogs turned out and surrounded a big tract —five or six miles—of open bush, containing a good number of larger forest trees and some rocky gorges, notorious for holding leopard and wild pig. I had a gun in case anything alarming bolted my way, but excited the disgust of my native hosts by firing at nothing all day. The idea was to slay any beast that tried to bolt, and then follow in at once on the hot embers of the fire to look for leopards, which, finding themselves surrounded by flames or by men and dogs, will some times take refuge in the higher branches of a big tree and wait till the fire has passed. But the whole thing was a failure. We saw nothing but a pig and a couple of duiker, which escaped, and the head man, apologizing to me afterwards for the fiasco, said, "I am surprised at our failure. This is an excellent place, and we always kill much game. Last year we killed two leopards and a lion, and they killed two of us. It was the sport of men." Immense damage was done by these "mchiris." The males and the more powerful animals break through the nets or the men and escape, but the females and young are slaughtered wholesale, as they fall an easier prey. I once came across a hastily deserted camp in the forest near where such a hunt had taken place, and found thirty-seven skulls lying about, all of young and female antelope, duiker, reedbuck, waterbuck, kudu and eland.

A very common way of taking game without trouble is by that most general and most ancient of traps, the pitfall. It is usually about 12 feet deep, and may or may not have sharpened stakes or spears set in the V-shaped bottom of it to impale any animal which may fall in. I have seen a series of these pits dug at intervals of twenty yards, and extending over a line half a mile long, with a rough, strong fence of boughs built between, so that animals must pass over the falls on their way down to the water, and one of the finest kudu I ever saw was killed there. In another case narrow openings had been left in a similar fence, and at each opening was set a noose attached to a stout young sapling. As the beast nosed its way through, the sapling flew back and drew the rope up tight around its neck. It was not a sporting trap, that. The horned males would merely be caught by the muzzle, and at once draw themselves free, while only the hornless females and young would be fairly caught by the neck and strangled. Among natives who live beside a lake or stream great damage is done to the crops during the night by hippo, and it is usual to dig pitfalls in the track of the beast between the water and the maize garden or rice field. As these tracks are often the only way through the dense undergrowth, such falls make an excellent "booby-trap" for the unsuspecting white man, and one whom I know was only saved by his rifle jamming across the hole from being impaled on several spears at the bottom.

No systematic efforts are made to kill out carnivora, even near the settlements. Fatalism is too deeply engrained in them for that, and it is only when they are driven to desperation by the repeated raids of a lion on a village—when they do not know whose turn it may be next—that they will turn out and try to account for the beast. Some tribes will rather desert a pestered village than track down a man-eating lion to its lair. Occasionally, however, one meets with foolhardy courage, as in the case of an old headman I knew, who, angered at the loss of a brother overnight, went off alone and unnoticed next morning to spoor up the lion, which he shot dead with an arrow as it slept over the half-eaten corpse. He deserved a better fate for his bravery, but that same night the lion's mate broke into his hut and mauled him so terribly that he died, after inflicting some fatal blows with an ax on his assailant. Leopards are more often killed if they persistently steal the village goats, and the young bloods of an Angoni village will sometimes turn out in force to hunt one. On such occasions it is a point of honor not to use a spear, but to beat the animal to death with knobkerries. Few casualties happen. The beast is kept from attacking any particular man by being struck on every side at once, and, with blows raining on him thick all around, he is soon finished. One which I skinned was heavily bruised all over the body, and had the skull pounded to a jelly.—H. A. Lincoln, in London Field.

Long Island Game.

Long Island City, Greater New York, Sept. 19.—I believe small game of all kinds is very plentiful this season. I went out for English snipe early Monday morning and right here in the heart of the city saw more bird life of every description than I have seen on any day since I was a boy. I killed but one snipe, as the good spots have not yet been cut, but I saw several flying round the meadows looking for a place to pitch. I saw a pair of blue-winged teal pitch in the brook and put up one black duck. The air was literally full of robins, bobolinks, crow and red-winged blackbirds and swallows, upon which half a dozen species of hawks seemed to be preying. From every patch of brush came the calls of the catbird, brown thrush and chewink, while a band of crows on the lower part of the meadow made things lively with their incessant cawing. I flushed so many green herons that I gave up trying to keep count of them.

My bag of snipe was not very heavy, but I felt well repaid for my early morning tramp, and only regretted that I could not spend the entire morning nosing about the meadows.

There have been some field plover on the hills here in Long Island City the past few weeks and some have been killed. Yesterday afternoon I saw two boys with three small yellowlegs which they had just killed, and I understand there have been quite a few of these birds killed on the Flushing meadows the past week or two.

From all over the island quail and rabbits are reported as fairly plentiful. Black and wood-ducks seem to have done fairly well, and I know of several broods of the latter that were raised hereabout and are now just beginning to fly about the swamps.

I expect to have good sport on woodcock this fall, as they are reported quite plentiful, but the weather has been too warm to enjoy gunning them, and I am waiting for it to get cooler. A friend reports he put up fourteen woodcock one day last week, but the brush was so thick he did not kill a bird. John H. Hendrickson.

Adirondack Bears.

Elizabethtown, N. Y., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to state through the columns of Forest and Stream that there is no close season on black bears in Essex county. Bruin may be hunted here at any time, and bear hunters are invited to come to Essex county, where bears are more plentiful than in any other county in the State of New York, according to the best obtainable statistics. Furthermore, I believe that partridge hunting is as good in this section of the Adirondacks as one could reasonably wish. Hundreds of partridges are killed every autumn in Elizabethtown, and the same is true of surrounding towns. The season opened to-day and over twenty partridges have already been killed in Elizabethtown and the sun is still an hour high. These statements of fact are made to offset opinions expressed by a Utica, N. Y., correspondent in Forest and Stream, under date of Sept. 10. Partridge hunting generally bids fair to be unusually good throughout the Adirondacks this fall. This last is the opinion of a man *on the spot.* George L. Brown.

Quail in Tennessee.

Mr. H. S. Bevan, of Tennessee, while in New York city recently, said quail in the vicinity of his home were abundant, as the last winter and spring were favorable to them. The chief evil with which the sportsmen of Tennessee have to contend at present, he said, is the negro and his dogs. But these negroes, unlike so many found hunting in the South with ancient blunderbusses and mongrel dogs, are armed with good guns and pointers or setters that can be depended on to find birds. While they have improved as to guns and dogs, however, they have not changed their methods of shooting, but will pot an entire covey of quail on the ground whenever an opportunity is offered. In this way, with the help of an intelligent dog, it is not an uncommon thing for a single negro to wipe out several coveys in a day's shooting.

Brunswick Foxhound Club.

The Brunswick Foxhound Club issued invitations concerning its eighteenth annual field trials to be held at Barre, Mass., the week beginning Oct. 8. Entries to the Derby close Oct. 7; to the all-age, Oct. 8; both at 9 o'clock P. M. Address Bradford S. Turpin, 66 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

One day as John W. Mugridge, the lawyer, and Judge Minot were walking along the street in Concord, N. H., together, Mr. Mugridge, in his sepulchral voice, said: "Judge, let's go into partnership. You furnish the capital and I'll furnish the brains."

The judge quickly pulled a two-cent piece from his pocket, and holding it in the palm of his hand, said to Mugridge: 'Very well, cover that, John! Cover that!"

BREAKFAST IN CAMP

is nothing without coffee, and coffee is nothing without Cream. Ordinarily cream is out of the question nine times out of ten, but Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream takes its place perfectly and keeps indefinitely until opened. It is unsweetened and has the natural cream flavor and color.—*Adv.*

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Arkansas Game and Fish Notes.

Here in Arkansas we need plenty of associations to cope with the game law violators, and in the associations we need men of influence and experience who will do something instead of talk about it whenever a crime comes under their notice or the time ripens for the passage of some kind of beneficent protective legislation.

What we most sorely need is game wardens. Our only wardens at present, I find, are the sheriffs of counties and a few men maintained by clubs over in the St. Francis River country. These sheriffs of the counties have their hands full with the regular duties of their offices, as a rule, and they do not score many convictions of the game law violators.

I find, since being in Saline county all summer, that there are a few of the farmers in our neighborhood who are ready to inform on the first dynamiter they catch. My eyes were opened when I learned this, for it had been my belief that the better element over there were all too timid to bring an offender to justice. As a rule, the timid ones will tell one that they did not have any "particular business" where they heard the shots being fired. This is in marked contrast to the action of a man I talked with recently. He stated that while plowing in his field one day this summer, he heard a dynamite shot fired somewhere near in the river and went to investigate, but could find no one nor no signs of dynamiting having been done nearby, and concluded that the crime had been committed further away than he had at first supposed, so he gave up the search; but he declared that had he discovered the offender, he would have made matters very unpleasant for him.

One of the methods used by dynamiters here is novel, to say the least. Mr. Shepard, a brother angler, tells of it. He states that he saw three men going along the bank of the Ouachita River, and while two were throwing in the sticks of explosive, the third man stood a little further back from the water, with a rifle, which he discharged every time a stick of dynamite was exploded to disguise the sound of the blast. The rifle also undoubtedly served as a good warning to anyone happening near to "keep off." That it warned Shepard off is certain, for he did not find out who the men were, and who can blame him for not caring to run into that rifle and himself unarmed?

Who taught the native to dynamite streams and kill fish by wholesale? It was almost without exception the workmen employed at blasting out roadbeds for the railroads which came through the country some years past. These men would take a box of dynamite over to the river and slaughter fish unmercifully, I understand, and the natives very quickly took up the practice. A young man living at Klondyke tells me that empty dynamite boxes could be found all around in the woods along the river, grim evidence of what had occurred. The natives at first obtained their dynamite from the railroad crews, often stealing it from them.

I have been told by several natives that they remember the time a man could take a gig and, when the fish were shoaling, capture a wagonload of big ones in a short time. That means, of course, in the Saline River. They even say they could, when the river was muddy, gouge their gigs into the shoals in the muddy water into which they could not see and would be rewarded by plenty of fish. One man said that in punching his gig into the shoal waters in this manner, he would get fish nine times out of ten. This is undoubtedly exaggerating it; but from the stories heard on the river one can safely draw the conclusion that fish were many times more plentiful twenty or thirty years ago than they are to-day in this little river. Nearly every river, and lake, too, I suppose, in Arkansas has no doubt suffered the same fate. I know the Ouachita has been shamefully stripped of its fish.

A deputy sheriff of Little Rock tried to get a leave of absence this spring to come over on the Saline to catch some dynamiters, but his chief could not let him off at the time. He told me they had formed a sportsman's club at Little Rock for protection, but had not done much.

They don't give much chance to game law violators down at Lake Chicot. They have an active sheriff there, and he is quick to pick up offenders. I know of his having caught one fellow who was shipping black bass by the barrel, and he soaked it to him good and hard.

Our laws prohibiting the sale of game are a fine thing. Two or three years ago one could step down to the market and buy any kind of game from quail to venison. There is nothing but rabbits and squirrels in the open market now. But I know that considerable game is sold on the quiet to the large hotels. A woodhauler will cover a deer with burlap and hide it in a load of wood and thus haul it up to the back of some hotel and dispose of it. And the hotel stewards have always got their eyes open for a chance to buy game.

During the third week in June the river was in ideal condition, and I enjoyed some of the best sport I have ever had with rod and reel. Every night that week I would come back to camp with twenty to twenty-five fine bass and perch. And what big ones I lost! Every day I would come home with several bass in the string weighing from two to four pounds. But I have never been able to take a five-pounder, though one day I had one hooked that I thought weighed fifty pounds, for I never succeeded in stopping him, as he made rush after rush until he reached a sunken treetop and bid me a kind farewell, leaving my wooden minnow in the most discouraging tangle imaginable, deep down among the snags. My line also was wound all over in the sunken treetop, where the bass had taken refuge.

I have used about eighteen wooden minnows this summer, besides numerous spoons. Father brought a mechanical frog to camp week before last. The third cast he made, his line broke, and the frog went about 300 feet away, and is thought to be still swimming down the river. A friend who had been north on a visit bought the first frog and gave it to father, knowing his angling propensities.

The fishing was generally good from early spring until about June 25, when bad weather commenced, and the river has been kept muddy by heavy rains ever since, and there has practically been no fishing. But the river has again cleared, and I expect to be in my element again soon.

The week I was having my royal sport, I had a bait-fisherman for a paddler. He was content to paddle the canoe all day long and let me do the fishing, as he could use neither fly nor bait-casting rod. He said he got as much enjoyment out of watching me catch fish by my method as he got out of catching them himself by his method. At first he thought the fish ought to be pulled into the boat as quickly as possible after being hooked, just as he would pull them out on the bank with a rush when he hooked one on bait; but I soon showed him what angling is, and before the week was over, he was always wishing that I would hook a big one, so we would have a good fight and he would get to use the net. He got so that he wanted to see me hook bass around logs and snags all the time, so he could enjoy the spectacle of me matching my skill against a fish that had a big advantage over me. He became entirely converted to the "only way" to fish, and I think he will be in camp with us again in a few days with fly and bait-casting tackle.

I would like to describe the Saline, but words fail me. There is a great variety of game fish in the river, and one often gets quite a mixed string. There is a large-mouth black bass with a broad stripe down his side. Then there is a large-mouth bass of a light green color. This variety is rare, as is also the striped or white bass. The king of them all is the small-mouth black bass. The large ones are more of a brown color than a black, but they are game to the core, and when hooked will leap from the water time after time before they can be netted. I am the only one, so far, in camp that has been very successful with the small-mouths—the large ones at any rate—for they seem to fight too skilfully for the rest of the folks.

Then among the perches there is the common yellow perch, the sunfish which is as gorgeously colored as a rainbow, and the goggle-eye, the best of all the perches. The goggle-eye—he has a very large black eye rimmed with gold—is the most persistent biter I ever saw; once one starts after the lure, he wants it, and will get it sooner or later if you do not push him away with a paddle. Their mouths being small, they find it hard to get hooked on a wooden minnow, and I have had them follow the minnow right up to the boat, hitting at it all the way, and then when I would get the minnow so close I could reel no more, I would just troll it back and forth along the boat or canoe and the goggle-eye would keep fighting it till he hooked himself.

Father and mother both seeing my success at bait-casting, have deserted their fly-rods and taken to their bait-rods. Dad carried off the honors at camp some time back by catching a 5¾-pound large-mouth black bass, and he did it bait-casting. He is now as diligent a bait-caster as he was formerly a fly-caster, and really handles a reel well, considering the short length of time he has been practicing bait-casting.

The canoe is an essential feature of all my fishing excursions, as I quite often go several miles up or down river during a day's fishing, and dragging a heavy boat over all the shoals I pass with the canoe would wear a man out.

I often see white cranes on the river, but never manage to have the camera along when I see the birds, so have not yet gotten a photograph of them. If I knew anything of taxidermy, I would shoot one and set him up.

We have shot a few frogs, but they are hard to get in the day time, and I have not tried it at night.

I do not do much woods tramping at camp right now, on account of the insects. I did a good deal of berry picking during the berry season, and many a meal we had berries, huckleberries or blackberries, for dessert. In the spring we had lots of strawberries sent out from town. We do not starve in camp by a long way. Sometimes I range the woods in search of bee trees, but have only found one so far; soon I am going to take a friend and cut it down, and will try to save the bees.

I study the forest as much as I can while in camp, and am getting a good knowledge of our native trees and shrubs. Whenever I find a tree I do not know, I corner a farmer and get him to tell me all he can about it. Our Arkansas

forests are going the same road that the forests have already gone in other States. I went to Pine Bluff about twelve days ago by way of a new railroad. This railroad is one succession of lumber and logging camps. No other industry except farming is evident along the line. One sees logs, logs, logs all the way from Benton to Pine Bluff. White Oak staves for whiskey barrels are cut to a large extent also.

Did you ever get covered with chiggers? We have plenty of them down here. They almost ruin some people, but I have become used to them and simply scratch them. We also have plenty of ticks, but not many mosquitoes. Going through the woods in summer is somewhat objectionable, on account of the numerous spider-webs stretched everywhere, which are very annoying when they strike one across the face and stick there.

Game is apparently going to be very plentiful this winter. Several good bags of squirrels have been taken near camp this summer. Quail feed right in our stable lot, and they have nests all around us. Many turkeys have been seen, and a few deer. I did not get a bit of duck shooting last winter, and if the same thing happens this year, I will be disappointed.

FRANK CONNELLY.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark

From the Beaverkill.

THE summer is past and gone, many of the birds have taken their departure, and the chill of early autumn is felt in the air. We feel that our good time is over, for this year, at least, and most of the city people have returned to their homes.

Even the big trout below the bridge grew tired of the attention it excited and has fled away up stream in search of more retired quarters.

The lie of this fish was vacant for about a week, then a smaller trout, of say 2½ pounds, appeared and selected a position a little lower down, by the same flat rock. Instead of two trout in the pig-pen pool, there are six or seven, the largest of which has been under a dock so long that it is quite as black as your hat. I believe that all these fish have been hidden in that shallow pool all summer. It is astonishing how trout can conceal themselves during the warm weather, and in exposed positions, where they are much disturbed.

There are two good spawning brooks in this neighborhood, and I am told that trout crowd into them in great numbers. I saw many of the Neversink fish at work upon their beds last November, and as they were not easily disturbed or frightened, was able to watch their proceedings with much interest. I do not think that any sensible person would kill a spawning trout, although I have heard of two or three very large fish being shot on the shallows at that season.

How we miss the bird music of early summer! Now we hear nothing but the everlasting chip, chip, chip of that universal nuisance, the English sparrow. That belligerent little beast will soon pervade the whole earth. He was present with the Japanese army in Manchuria and quite enjoyed the bombardment of Port Arthur. What can one do with a bird which is not driven away or greatly disturbed by the roar of an 11-inch howitzer belching forth its 500-pound shell.

We never see the big hare here in summer, although ruffed grouse (partridge) and rabbits (the common American hare) are frequently noticed in the woods and on the roads. The hares keep back in the big woods near the evergreen swamps. They do not get their white coats until very cold weather; at least, I shot one last November that was just beginning to change.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 15 I have read Mr. Chas. Lose's "Young Angler's Complaint" with much sympathetic interest. I am not sure whether he is telling a story or relating facts. In the latter case, I fancy that the woes of the skilful but unfortunate youth may be greatly mitigated by close study of the cause of his misfortunes. There is a reason, I am quite sure. In a big, bold stream, such as is described, a few of the large fish hooked may be lost. Every one expects that—but not all, or nearly all. Sometimes poor hooks make trouble. When using very small flies I once lost four large trout through the hook's breaking, and again with larger flies. I lost three out of four in the same way. When trout are shy and take the fly gingerly, they are often hooked by a mere shred of skin; but when large trout rise in the bold way described by "Young Angler," a large proportion should be brought to hook. In at least three instances out of four I have found that the loss of a big trout was occasioned by my own carelessness, excitement or stupidity.

I remember one fine stream, almost a river, where for a time all the trout above a certain size broke away or were lost. The whole of these misfortunes nearly, were caused by holding the fish hard. When I used 50 yards or more of line and let the trout go, following them as fast as possible, when they bolted down stream, I found that nearly all the big fish were landed, and other fishermen had the same experience. We have taken many trout from 18 to 22 inches long, not on one occasion, of course, but I have lost very few of the large fish hooked. When they do rise, they often take a good grip of the fly. I am satisfied that many fish are lost through the use of badly shaped hooks. It seems difficult for the manufacturers to stick to a good form of hook when they do make it. They change its form or shorten the shank unduly. I have some good hooks now, but do not know how long I shall be able to get them. If I knew Chas. Lose's address, I would send him a few; in fact, I would send him a few flies of the sort I am fond of using for big trout.

I cannot understand why so few really big trout were taken in the Beaverkill this season. There were lots of good fish, but I heard of very few being taken over 1½ pounds. Early in the season, in May and June, I killed three trout of 2¼ to 2½ pounds, but these were not from the Beaverkill. There were some in the river, probably many of them. That fish below the bridge must have weighed nearly, if not quite, 4 pounds.

I have no doubt that if Mr. Chas. Lose and "Young Angler" will put their heads together, they will be able to solve the problem of the big trout that always get away, in that large unnamed stream, which, by the way, must be a pretty good place to fish.

Winged flies are the favorites in this country, and are usually most successful. My pet fly during the past summer would not be nearly as attractive if dressed as a hackle. It is quite hard enough to see a small pattern in the evening now; without wings it would be almost invisible on the water.

I was surprised when I read Peter Flint's letter in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM. All the species of trout with which I am acquainted will take minnows when they can get them, but there may be brooks where small, coarse fish are not found. In very small, cold streams minnows may, very possibly, not exist, or there may be very few of them. *Fontinalis* is often taken with small fish as bait, and I remember when fishing Big Island Lake in Maine, that many of the large trout taken disgorged minnows while being played. In lakes such as Tim Pond, where there were no minnows, the trout ran small, and I could not hear of any really big fish being taken. As an experiment trolling in the deeps was tried, to see if any large trout were there. Nothing but trout of the usual size was taken. I would very much like to know whether the great trout of the Rangeleys are ever seen midging or quietly sucking down the smallest possible flies. I remember that Genio C. Scott mentions taking several large fish at the Middle Dam with a couple of ash-midges, but this is the only record of the kind I have been able to find. Fly-fishing affords an endless field for speculation, study and investigation to its votaries, and I do not believe that any one man ever arrived at a point where he had nothing more to learn.

THEODORE GORDON.

BEAVERKILL, Sullivan County, N. Y.

Fish and Fishing.

Large Trout and Ouananiche.

WHILE the very warm and dry September weather and the consequent lowness and high temperature of the water in shallow lakes and streams has been somewhat against fisherman's good luck during the last few weeks, and rising fish have been rather the exception than the rule, even in the best stocked waters of the north, there have been some notable reports of splendid sport with both ouananiche and trout.

The beautiful Metabetchouan Pool between the falls in the river of that name, so picturesquely described by Colonel Haggard in his charming introduction to "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment," has of late years been carefully preserved by the lessee, Mr. H. J. Beemer, for the taking of spawning ouananiche for the Roberval hatchery. Once a year, however, he invites a party of friends to fish the pool with him, when all the fish taken which are not required for breeding purposes, are returned to the water. Among those who accompanied Mr. Beemer to the pool on the 20th of September was the Hon. Mr. Gouin, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, who is quite a well known angler. Some thirty-one large fish rewarded the anglers' efforts that day, nearly half of which were killed by Mr. Gouin. Two fine yearling salmon were also caught but promptly returned to the pool. Some of the ouananiche weighed close upon 6 pounds each.

The Hon. Lyman D. Gilbert, of Harrisburg, Pa., passed through Quebec the other day on his way home from the preserves of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, where he enjoyed some exceptionally good fishing. He had with him ten trout weighing over 40 pounds, taken in one day with the artificial fly out of Lake Long. The smallest of these fish weighed 3½ pounds, and the largest, 5½.

The extraordinary fact about these fish is that they were only planted in Lake Long four years ago. Prior to that time there was not a trout of any kind in the lake. Their rapid growth is doubtless due to the enormous amount of good fish food which they found in the lake, owing to the fact that there was nothing to feed upon prior to their advent there.

Something of the same kind was brought to my notice the other day by General Henry, the U. S. Consul at Quebec, who some three years ago, with another member of the St. Bernard Club, Mr. P. B. Laird, carried over from Lake Monet 150 trout weighing less than a pound each, and planted them in Lake Blue. This lake is about a mile in length, and contained no trout at all prior to the planting in question. Its waters swarmed, however, with a brown minnow about two inches long. This fish furnished such abundant food for the trout that at the end of three years some of the latter had attained a weight of three pounds. These and other instances that might be mentioned go to illustrate the important part played in the animal economy of fish by the quality and supply of the food upon which they feed, and suggest the desirability of much more attention than is ordinarily paid to the food supply of fish in preserved waters.

Transplanted Ouananiche.

The other day I was fishing with Mr. Chas. Simpson and a party of friends on the magnificent preserve of the former, whose headquarters in Canada are at Lake Carolus, some thirty miles north of Louiseville in Maskinongé county. The particular lake to which I now have reference is Lake Madame Prevost, so named on the occasion of my recent visit with the Hon. Mr. Prevost, President of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, at Mr. Simpson's request and with the permission of the minister. Pre-

viously it was simply known as one of the Three Lakes. It is a perfect gem of a lake, oblong in shape and less than half a mile long, and containing on one of its mountain-rimmed shores a commodious camp house connected by private telephone with Mr. Simpson's main camp twelve miles away. Three years ago Mr. Simpson planted a number of ouananiche fry in this lake. It already contained some excellent trout. The two fish have lived together in such perfect harmony that it is by no means unusual to take a trout and a ouananiche on the same cast, and sometimes they weigh over two pounds each.

The story of the introduction of ouananiche into the waters of Mr. Simpson and other surrounding lakes is quite an interesting one. No effort was made to obtain them from Lake St. John. The ova came in the first instance from New Hampshire, and the product of the New England landlocks (so-called) prove themselves to be in every respect identical with the ouananiche of Lake St. John, even to the increased gameness of the fish when transplanted into the cool, northern waters, as both the late Mr. Cheney and I have always insisted that they were. I caught one in Lake Madame Prevost the other day, weighing nearly three pounds, and the department is having it mounted to show what can be done in three years in the way of transplanting ouananiche. This fish and others caught by our party in this lake were fully the equals in strength and fighting capacity of the Lake St. John fish, sometimes leaping clear of the water four and five times after being hooked. Only a small quantity of the ova was obtained from Mr. Nat. Wentworth, and New Hampshire lost nothing by the transaction which was in the nature of an exchange, by which Canada's neighbor received a quantity of the ova of the magnificent newly discovered "red" trout, closely allied to, if not actually identical with *Salvelinus marstoni*. The ouananiche fry received from New Hampshire was so small a consignment that it was hatched out in an improvised hatchery in the private residence of a prominent Quebec sportsman, Mr. F. Bender, of the well-known fur firm of Holt, Renfrew & Co. The fry, or at least a portion of it was then removed to a private hatchery erected by Mr. Simpson some years ago, of which I shall have something to say in a future letter. In the course of time, the fish increased and were distributed not only in waters belonging to Mr. Simpson, but also into some of those belonging to the St. Bernard Club, of which General Henry is president, and also into some of the Laurentian Club lakes. In 1905 ouananiche were caught in these latter waters weighing four pounds, and in Lake Blue, on the St. Bernard Club preserve, they have been taken up to three pounds. The plant was only made in these lakes in 1901. E. T. D. Chambers.

Newfoundland Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find that some tourists coming into Newfoundland for sport in fishing and hunting are inclined to take for granted all that is said in our guide books, the one issued by the Government, the other by the Reid Newfoundland Company; while others are inclined to discount largely what is said in them. A happy medium is perhaps the safer way.

It is almost certain that what is said of each stream is true on what may be called rare occasions. For example, a Mr. Wilson, of England, after a few total failures, went from the Doyle house on the 17th of June, 1903, with the customary guide and came back with five salmon weighing 12, 10, 10, 10, and 10 pounds. The next day he went again and brought back six salmon weighing 14½, 7½, 8, 8, 10½ and 12½ pounds, also three trout weighing 4, 2½ and 2 pounds. The next day, June 19, he went again and brought back four salmon weighing 20½, 17½, 12½ and 10 pounds, also four trout weighing 5, 2½, 2 and 1 pound.

Now, this has not been duplicated since, though this year an American gentleman left Doyle's with a guide, and although he had never caught a salmon or grilse before, he came back with eleven grilse and one large trout. That was on a Saturday early in July. On Monday following he went again from Doyle's and returned with the round dozen grilse. These are exceptional cases.

But the experience of Capt. Grainger, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Cone, of Norfolk, Conn., and Mr. Stilton, of Winsted, Conn., in salmon and trout fishing come in a good second to the above.

Until a few years ago all coming to our Newfoundland streams to fish apparently came for pleasure. Recently it has developed that some were fish hogs—they do not come any more, that is, some of them, because they cannot get great numbers of fish at will. Others come making it a business proposition; they want to catch all the salmon possible to smoke and take home with them. Grilse and trout are no object. And these people make it disagreeable for the true sportsmen who come for pleasure, to enjoy our rare scenery and pure air; because they claim that, while they are camped near a pool, no other person has a right to fish in that pool; whereas all pools are free to all. There are no riparian rights, whether by purchase or possession. There is no possession.

It is true that some gentlemen have acquired land property adjacent to good pools for the purpose of building a shelter thereon to be used while fishing when too far to return to a hotel; but these do not claim exclusive privileges, that is, not all of them (one party failed to enforce exclusiveness), and have been known to retire from *their* pool when the rod of a stranger appeared in sight. I should be pleased to record that all "do likewise."

These things happen on the Great Codroy River or Grand River, as it is called, on which are very many excellent pools extending from near Doyle's to the Forks, about eight miles of pools, and up the North and South branches nearly fifteen miles more. And this river is one of the earliest. Salmon and trout begin to come into tidal waters about the latter part of May, but are seldom up in the pools before the 5th of June, and are not numerous till they have time to collect. They do not come into the river at any time in sufficient quantity to raise the river perceptibly. You can always get a boat or canoe through them. I never heard of a salmon coming into a boat of its own volition but once. James Doyle.

Doyle's, Newfoundland, Sept 7.

Vitality of a Small-Mouth Black Bass.

Easton, Pa., Sept. 22.—On Wednesday of last week Mr. J. F. Nightengale, of Easton, Pa., while fishing at Mt. Minsi, three miles above Portland on the Delaware River, caught a small-mouth black bass weighing four pounds two ounces.

The bass was put in a pool of running water to be kept alive until the following day when Mr. Nightengale was to return home. It was taken out of the pool, put in a ten quart bait pail, driven to Portland three miles, where the water was poured off and a small piece of ice about as large as one's fist was put in, it being thought that in this way it would be kept cold.

Mr. Nightengale then took the electric road for Easton, leaving Portland at 2:15 and arriving in Easton at 4:15, the bass being without water and about half doubled up in the pail at least two hours and a quarter.

When he arrived at his residence, in taking the bass from the pail, he noticed it to wriggle slightly. He then put it in a tub of running water and last night it was as lively as ever.

E. H. Green.

He Saved the Rod.

One of Forest and Stream's friends who was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire, but who was not heard from for a long time afterward, and then while living in another city, writes that with his wife he had the night previous to the shake-up returned from a fishing trip, and being tired, he had not unpacked his suit case, which with his favorite fly-rod, was left on the floor of their room.

Shortly after the earthquake shock the house took fire. Our friend tried to open a closet, in which were his wife's and his own street clothing, but the door was jammed by the settling of timbers and it could not be opened. His wife, therefore, donned a bath robe and hurried out, while he struggled into his fishing clothes, grabbed suit case and fishing rod and followed her; but she was nowhere to be found, and for four days he believed her dead until an advertisement in a daily paper brought husband and wife together again.

Meanwhile he tramped continually, hoping to find his wife, and everywhere he went he was good-humoredly ridiculed because of his fishing rod, which, however, he would not trust out of his sight, for at that time it represented all he owned in the world, everything else having been destroyed.

Trout and Minnows.

New York, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that in Forest and Stream Mr. Lemmon intimates that in his section two trout have so forgotten their proper dignity as to stoop, or better, dart to conquer darters. Perhaps the pursuit of this remarkable sort of food by the local fish is due to the peculiar flavor afforded by the stiff fins said to be possessed by their prey. Then, possibly, insects were scarce, and the *fontinalis* were starving. I cannot imagine a sensible trout taking one of those piscine paper of pins, unless in need of a toothpick after his crawfish luncheon; and this seems to be what the fish mentioned by Mr. Hardy was using the Aquarium minnow for. With all due respect to The Outlook, I would like to have it mention a minnow having "a sharp dorsal fin." The magazine probably meant a small perch or bass. Go to! Avaunt! Talhurst and Flint, of Essex county trout brooks, still insist that Adirondack *fontinalis* consumes neither small trout or *real* minnows.

We believe every word of The Outlook story, of course, including the wink, and are even prepared to swallow its spine-rayed *minnow* tail-end first, washing it down with good old Niersteiner.

Peter Flint.

The Kansas City Casting Tournament.

A tournament will be held by the Kansas City Bait and Fly-Casting Club on Oct. 7, on Rock's Lagoon, Kansas City, Mo. The events, governed by the rules of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, recently organized, will be as follows:

Event 1: Accuracy and delicacy fly-casting at 40, 50 and 60 feet.

Event 2: Distance and accuracy bait-casting, quarter-ounce weights, at 60 70 and 80 feet.

Event 3: Long distance fly-casting, the longest cast to count, no limit to rod or line.

Event 4: Distance and accuracy bait-casting, half-ounce weights, at 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet.

Event 5: Distance and accuracy, half-ounce bait-casting, in a V-shaped court with tape line in center, every foot the weight falls from the tape to be scored a demerit of one foot from his distance score, the average of five casts to count, the largest cast made to go on the record.

Attractive prizes will be given. Members of other clubs are expected to be present. Further information can be obtained from the President, F. B. Robinson, 824 Delaware street, Kansas City, Mo.

New York Casting Tournament.

At the business meeting of the Anglers' Club of New York, held Sept. 11, it was decided to affiliate with the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, and Chancellor G. Levison was named as the member of the executive committee of that body.

Arrangements were made for the tournament to be held by the club at The Pool, in Central Park, Oct. 12 and 13, and programmes can be had from G. M. L. La Branche, 30 Broad street, on the Secretary, Perry D. Frazer, Forest and Stream, 346 Broadway. Casting platforms for the use of club members are now ready on both The Pool, in Central Park, and on the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The programme is given on page 485.

The club's membership now exceeds fifty, with several on the waiting list.

YACHTING

THE INTER-CITY MATCH.

After an exhaustive series of trials in light and heavy weather, Soya was selected to represent the Atlantic Y. C. in the match arranged as a result of a challenge received from Caleb Loring, Jr., of the Boston Y. C., owner of the Orestes.

The idea of arranging such a series of races was first proposed in the columns of Forest and Stream, and now that the match is over, it would be well to give the matter a little further consideration. Fortunately, nothing developed but what had been most fervently hoped for by those interested in promoting the Q class, not only here, but in Massachusetts Bay. The result is most gratifying. The match has aroused much interest, and we predict that next year will see this class grow considerably—simply from the merit these boats possess for speed, weatherliness and comfort. The warning that three months was none too much in which to prepare for the match was but barely heeded. Indeed, in one case the match found a state of unpreparedness that was deplorable, but this may serve as a good example in future.

The committee of the Atlantic Y. C., of which Mr. Wells is chairman, performed their duties admirably, and to the satisfaction of both challenger and defender. It is due to Mr. Wells and Mr. Starling Burgess to say that their untiring energy, despatch and ability contributed much to the satisfactory conclusion of this contest.

The boats, hauled out side by side, represented in the matter of hull two widely different forms, and it is significant that no one expressed an opinion of the speed of one relative to the other.

The first race was sailed in a very light wind, and after one round the contest was abandoned; Orestes had outdrifted Soya. Saturday, in a bad sea and whole sail breeze, two races, windward and return, and triangular, were sailed in weather just suited to Soya. In each case Orestes handily defeated her competitor. The sailing and handling of both boats were of a high order. It is regrettable that more yachtsmen did not avail themselves of the opportunity to see such fine fighting races as these were.

The victory of Orestes will no doubt bring forward this fine type of boat. As the class stands at this time, there is no possibility of the present successful match falling into oblivion.

But sport in New York and in Massachusetts Bay needs support—mutual support. There is food for thought in the Sonder races and the races here, between Orestes and Soya, for the boat sailor and the designer. They exemplify the value of competition to keep anything going.

The most important thing in yachting, however, is the development of the man and to foster sportsmanlike feelings and behavior, under all stresses. The importance of rules is great, but the man is more, and, by the recognition of this principle, we shall make progress which will remove from yachting those things which tend to hamper its growth.

Inter-City Match.

Atlantic Y. C.—Sept. 21 and 22.

The committee selected to choose a defender to meet Orestes, the Massachusetts Bay Q class boat, was composed of Thos. Wells, R. P. Doremus, of the A. Y. C., and A. Speidel, of the New York C. C. After six races in various weather, the boats Soya, Spider and Joy, each had secured two wins. On general performance and the expectation of heavy weather Soya was selected.

On Thursday Orestes and Soya were hauled out on the same cradle in South Brooklyn and showed much dissimilarity in point of hull. The displacement of Orestes is 1,000lbs. less than Soya, on a greater beam.

The rigging on Orestes was somewhat simpler than that of Soya, but in both cases shows much care and thought. The backstays on Soya are expected to do more work than those on her rival, for they have more parts, while those on Orestes are quite within the powers of the helmsman to handle.

The hull of Soya is deep and narrow, with a short fin, the lead piled up on the forward edge, and a very narrow rudder. The hull was pot-leaded and the mahogany topside left bright. Soya's deck arrangement comprises a cockpit and cabin house, which, with her narrow beam, makes getting about the decks rather hard at times. Certainly her sheets are not set in the best position, for in the hard weather during the races, the foothold was precarious, and made pulling of the hardest.

Soya's bow is particularly fine, and shows too little buoyancy for heavy sea work, as was encountered, as she seemed to be diving pretty hard at times. Orestes's is more of a canoe form, with plenty of beam and a fin that is long enough to hold her, and a good breadth of rudder. The mast is stepped further aft than in Soya, but they both spread the same sail area. Orestes is beautifully smoothed and finished, being pot-leaded up to her sheerstrake, which is painted black, but relieved by a gold line with a little gold leaf for a finish at the stem head. The deck arrangement consists of shallow cockpit, about 10ft. long, at which place the beams of the

ORESTES.
Photo by Walter.

deck are carried right across. There is a hatch to hold just forward of the bulkhead. An oaken coaming begins right forward of the mast and comes clear aft to the end of the cockpit. This scheme is neat and simple, and seemed to give a good platform for the crew to work on and handle their sheets. Both boats had hollow spars by Pigeon, of East Boston. The suit of sails worn by Soya were by Ratsey, and are in good shape. But Orestes suffered from a bad mainsail, which blew out of shape somewhat by nasty weather coming around the Cape; in fact, she blew her jib out and had to have a new one.

The fittings on both boats are very neat and simple, and are of brass. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that all the deck beams of Orestes are of white pine, except the partners; and inside she is a beautiful piece of bracing. In all her hard weather she is not out of shape.

Orestes was designed by W. Starling Burgess, a son of the late Edward Burgess, and was built at the works of Burgess & Packard, of which firm he is a member. Mr. Burgess is certainly to be congratulated with bringing out such a fine sweet boat, and one that will reflect much credit to his firm, as being fast, able and weatherly, besides possessing a simplicity and good looks we would fain see on all our yachts.

Mr. Clinton Crane designed Soya, and is too well-known as the designer of many successful small as well as big boats to require much introduction. It is significant that after the races he expressed himself as well satisfied with the weather and that his opinion was that Orestes sailed faster than they could with Soya. Certainly it was a test of boats, for both Mr. Chas. Francis Adams 2d, and Mr. Clinton Crane handled their charges well, and nothing was left undone to obtain speed.

On Friday a start was made for a race to leeward and return, but it was called off at the end of the first round, when it was seen to be impossible to finish two rounds within the time limit. To leeward the boats encountered all kinds of wind, but Orestes worked out a nice lead, turning the leeward mark first and ending the round 8m. 44s. ahead of Soya, and thus showing a fine ability to drift.

Saturday opened dark and gray, with a strong wind from E½S. The tug left Atlantic Y. C. pier at 9:30 and proceeded to the starting line off Brighton Beach. Orestes and Soya sailed down under whole sail and weathered the steep water well, though it was wet for both crews. It was a day that those interested in Soya had been praying for. As for Orestes, they were just waiting, and simply wished for a breeze to drive the boats. Much or little, they took their chances without comment. At 10:30 the postponed race of Friday was started. Soya and Orestes made a fine start, but Mr. Crane got the best of it. The course was 2¾ miles to windward, twice around, and at the weather mark Orestes was 1m. 27s. to the good. They both ran home with spinnakers. Orestes gained 35s. coming down the wind, and at the end of the round was 2m. 25s. ahead of her competitor.

On the second round Orestes increased her lead. The times were:

Start, 10:30—11 Nautical Miles.

	Weather Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
First Round.			
Orestes	11 28 53	12 08 01	1 38 01
Soya.	11 30 20	12 10 03	1 40 03
Second Round.			
Orestes	12 56 04	1 40 11	1 32 10
Soya	12 59 31	1 44 10	1 34 07

Elapsed time for race:
Orestes.....3 10 11 Soya.....3 14 10

On all points of sailing in the first race Soya was outclassed. After luncheon and a rest the racing was resumed at 2:45. The weather had not changed, but had added rain and fog which fortunately did not get very thick.

The start of the second race produced a foul, and before the committee really knew what had happened, both Mr. Crane and Mr. Adams asked for a new start, which was granted. The second race was triangular, and was to have been two rounds, but fog and squalls made it necessary to stop at the end of the first round. The first leg was to windward. Both boats made a good start, with Mr. Crane having a shade the best of it again. Orestes on the way out steadily increased her lead. Both boats were jumping, Soya taking dives; but Orestes fared better, seeming to have a bow more suited to it.

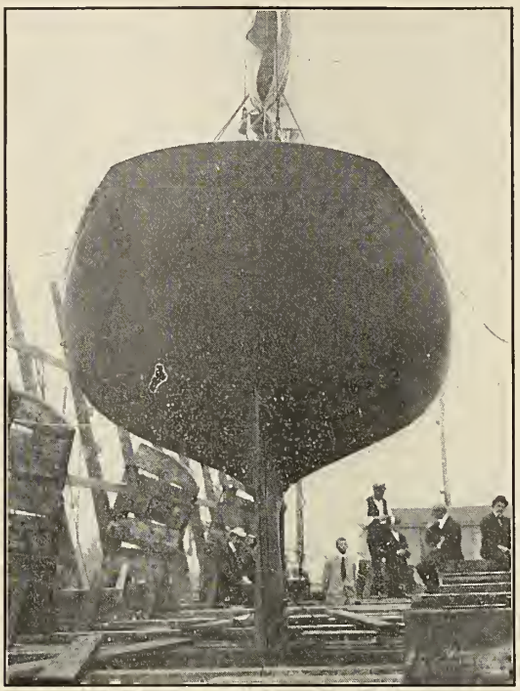
	Weather Mark.	Second Mark.	Home Mark.
Orestes	3 30 33	3 59 44	4 33 01
Soya	3 32 34	4 01 49	4 34 50
Elapsed time:			
Orestes.	0 45 33	0 29 11	0 33 17
Soya	0 47 34	0 29 14	0 33 01

Total elapsed:
Orestes.....1 48 01 Soya.....1 49 50

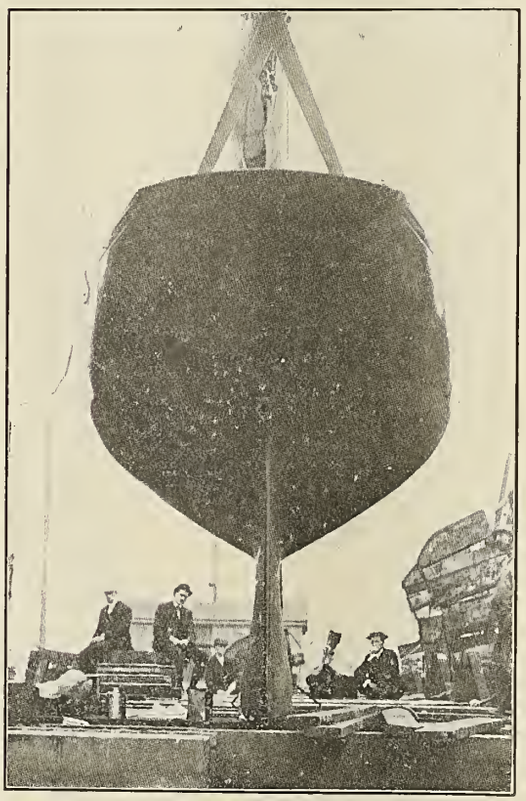
The second leg spinnakers were set to port. Orestes had gained 1s. on her antagonist, but the heavy sea made it bad work and slow, as the boats lurched the wind out of their sails. The last leg was a broad reach, and Soya this time gained 16s. The race was called off on account of fog, and Orestes declared the winner. Both boats sailed up to Gravesend.

Next summer it is probable that a New York Q boat may go to Massachusetts Bay and try conclusions there. The fact remains after this successful match that a 22-footer is a good boat, and capable of doing some rough work, and affords a great amount of sport, as they are fast and handle nicely with four in the crew, a number that, though at all times not available, they can be sailed with three.

The cost of these boats, as exemplified by the New York boats, is fairly high, but they are double planked mahogany, and are well fitted; but there is no doubt that a 22-footer could be gotten for something above $1,800. However, the real price ranges between $2,000 and $3,000; and, considering the number of races and the popularity of this size of boat, there is nothing abnormal about the cost of racing this class. The outcome of the intercity race is very satisfactory, and, the promotion of those feelings of rivalry between the Boston and New York yachtsmen is on the high road to permanent establishment.



ORESTES—W. STARLING BURGESS.
Caleb Loring, Jr., owner.
Photo by Walter.



SOYA—CLINTON H. CRANE.
W. A. Barstow, owner.
Photo by Walter.

Atlantic Y. C.

Fall Regatta—Sept. 22.

THE Atlantic Y. C. closed its season with the fall regatta on Saturday. The easterly gale prevailing at the time did not bring out a large entry, and also the special match in the Q Class between Orestes and Soya reduced the interest. The times were:

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joy, W. H. Childs	4 41 10	1 26 10
Spider, Hendon Chubb	4 44 03	1 29 03

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 8 Miles.

Carcless, R. Rummell	5 08 53	1 43 42
Spots, W. W. W. Roberts	5 15 10	1 50 10

Dories—Start, 3:35—Course, 4 Miles.

Deuce, G. Beston	4 37 44	1 02 44
Jack, W. Sweet, Jr.	4 40 06	1 05 06
Ace, W. Inslee	4 43 58	1 08 58

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

September 22.

ON Saturday at Oyster Bay, the 15-footers sailed a race in an easterly gale. Bobs, owned by W. A. Stewart, won. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Bobs, W. A. Stewart	1 02 30
Imp, S. Lyman	1 07 05
Grilse, H. W. Warner	1 07 50
Flicker, E. C. Endric	1 07 53
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	Withdrew.
Nit, E. C. McKensie	Withdrew.

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BOW VIEW—ORESTES.
Photo by Walter.

BOW VIEW—SOYA.
Photo by Walter.

American Y. C. Regatta.

September 22.

THE fall regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed on Saturday off Milton Point. The wind was from the eastward, but held through the showers, and gave good racing. Minx won in the N. Y. 30-footers. In the 27ft. class Regina won from Alyce, and Rascal III won in the raceabout class. In Class Q, Monsa won, and the winners in the handicap class were Huntress and Thelema. Atair, the N. Y. 30, owned by Mr. Cord Meyer, was sailed by Mr. Otto Protzen, the skipper of the German Sonder boat Wannsee, who is the guest of Mr. Park, owner of Vim and winner of the Roosevelt cup. The times follow:

New York 30-footers—Start, 12:35—Course 18¾ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Minx, Howard Willetts	3 59 58	3 24 58
Phryne, C. W. Wetmore	4 00 11	3 25 11
Banzai, C. D. Mallory	4 00 24	3 25 24
Neola II., G. M. Pynchon	4 03 03	3 28 03
Atair, J. E. & G. C. Meyer	4 07 00	3 32 00

Minx wins by 13s. from Phryne.

Sloops—27-footers—Start, 12.40—Course 9⅜ Miles.

Regina, F. G. Stewart	2 30 58	1 50 58
Alyce, W. A. Lieb	2 34 30	1 54 30

Regina wins from Alyce by 3m. 32s.

Raceabouts—Start, 12:45—Course 9⅜ Miles.

Rascal III., S. C. Hopkins	2 36 34	1 51 34

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Cadeau, W. W. Swan..... 2 45 19 2 00 19
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright..... 2 47 00 2 02 00
Circe, A. D. Prince..... Did not finish.
Rascal III. wins from Cadeau by 8m. 45s.

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course 9⅜ Miles.
Mopsa, W. S. & F. C. Sullivan..... 2 54 50 2 04 50
Ogeemah, A. B. Clements..... 3 01 48 2 11 48
Wahneta, J. J. Delaney..... Disabled.
Corrected time: Mopsa, 2.02.23; Ogeemah, 2.04.43.
Mopsa wins by 2m. 20s.

Handicap Class—First Division—Start, 12:55—Course 9⅜ Miles.
Rube, G. P. Granberry..... 2 46 32 1 51 36
Thelema, A. E. Black..... 2 54 03 1 59 03
Naiad, J. B. Palmer..... 2 55 25 2 00 25
Corrected time: Thelema, 1.51.15; Rube, 1.51.36; Naid, 1.58.21. Thelema wins by 21s..

Handicap Class—Second Division—Start, 12:55—Course, 9⅜ Miles.
Huntress, L. H. Dyer..... 3 01 55 2 06 55
Monsoon, B. R. Stoddard..... 3 04 44 2 09 44
Corrected time: Huntress, 2.06.55; Monsoon, 2.04.39.

Match Race—Start, 12:55—Course, 9⅜ Miles.
Thelema, A. E. Black..... 2 54 03 1 59 03
Naiad, J. B. Palmer..... 2 55 25 2 00 25
Thelema wins by 1m. 22s.

Match Race—Start, 1:00—Course, 9⅜ Miles.
The Kid, Oliver Harriman..... 2 55 01 1 55 01
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr..... 2 56 59 1 56 59
The Kid wins by 1m. 58s.

Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 1:05—Course, 9⅜ Miles.
Dorothy, L. G. Spence..... 3 05 59 2 00 59
Houri, J. H. Esser..... 3 06 59 2 01 59
Dorothy wins by 1m.

American Dories—Start, 1:00—Course, 3 Miles.
Tautog, G. G. Fry..... 1 41 28 0 41 28
Faraway, A. B. Fry..... 1 41 51 0 41 51
Martini, Norman Warner..... 1 44 01 0 44 01
Skiddoo, Philip Marquand..... 1 44 20 0 44 20
Tautog wins by 23s.

Susie Burned.

At 7 o'clock on the evening of Sept. 5 the fire bell at New Rochelle rang a still alarm, and the engines raced down to the town dock, but were unable to get to the blaze, as it was on Harrison Island, where the New Rochelle Y. C. house is located, and where Andrew Larsen has a small shipyard.

The 35ft. sloop yacht Susie, owned by Mr. E. H. Tucker, had been hauled out on the ways, and the crew in lighting the oil-stove to get their supper, accidentally set fire to the yacht. The high wind blowing at the time soon fanned the flames into a blaze. Buckets were of little use, as the only faucet where fresh water could be got was small, and being low tide, the soft mud flats made it almost impossible to get salt water.

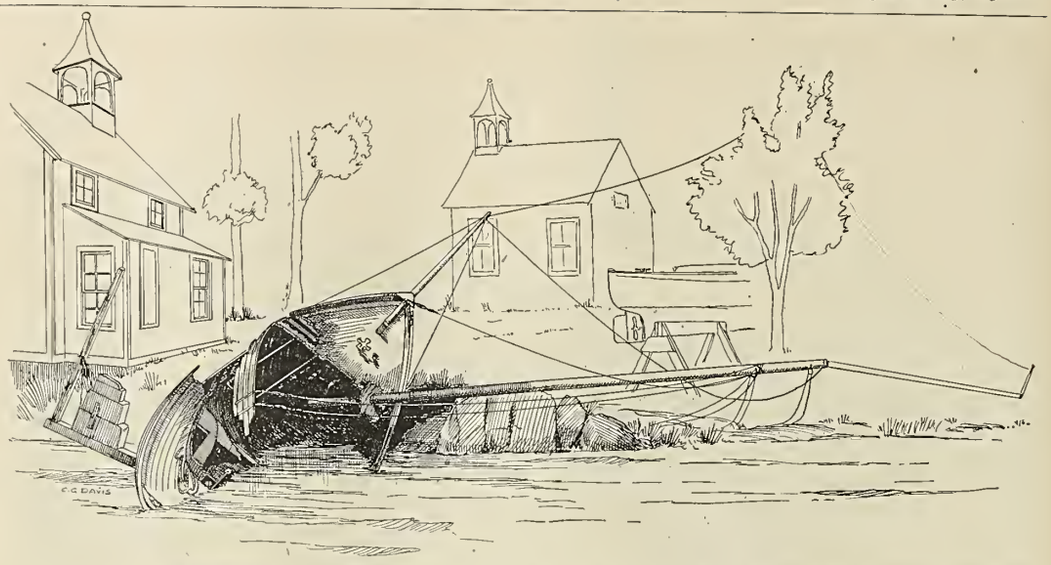
A boat load of firemen were brought over, but the yacht (as the accompanying cut shows) was completely gutted. In falling over, she wrecked the cradle on which she stood. The mast ripped out the charred decks and pulled the port side into splinters, the topmast breaking into three pieces as it hit the ground.

Nothing remained of her cabin or inside work, even the inside ceiling and in many places the frames themselves were burned up. A galvanized water tank aft and the frame of an iron pipe bunk forward were all that were recognizable inside. She was thrown over to starboard to save one of the buildings that was dangerously near her port side. C. G. Davis.

Cup From King Edward.

The committee in charge of the yacht races at the Jamestown Exposition has secured from King Edward a cup to be raced for sometime during September of 1907. The cup is valued at $500; but so far the rating of the yachts eligible have not been settled upon. Other cups are expected from the German Emperor and Sir Thomas Lipton. The chairman of the committee in charge of the races is Dr. De Mund. There is no doubt that there will be races for Q class boats, that are so popular at this time. It is freely predicted that next year this will be the class in Massachusetts Bay. Gravesend Bay has a fair number of representatives which have given good racing all summer.

The following yachts have been laid up at McIntosh's Basin: S. Y. Columbia, J. Harvey Ladew, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Charmary, Mr. Chas. G. Gates, Columbia Y. C.



Bermuda Cup.

Commodore Frank Maier, who won the Lipton cup last spring, in his yawl Tamerlane, entered from the New Rochelle Y. C., has notified the Brooklyn Y. C., the Royal Bermuda Y. C. and the New Rochelle Y. C. that he will present a $1,000 cup to be sailed for from New York to Bermuda next year. The particulars of the race and the rules to govern are left entirely with the one representative from each club which will form the committee.

Sales and Charters.

Hollis Burgess has sold the well-known 46ft. cutter Alga, owned by W. E. Eustis, of Boston, to a Boston yachtsman. Alga was designed by Edward Burgess and built by Lawley, and was originally raced in the 46ft. class. She will be converted into an auxiliary. Alga is now in Buzzard's Bay, but will be brought around the Cape and will be used in Boston waters.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The following yachts are laid up at Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn: Schooner Queen, Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Elreba, Mr. Henry Darlington, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Kismet, Mr. Francis S. Smithers, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Riviera, Mr. Frederic Gallatin, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Aquilo, Mr. W. P. Eno, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Arrow, Mr. Edward F. Whitney, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Enterprise, Mr. Frank L. Perrin, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Oceola, Mrs. Julia Curtis.

The following yachts have been laid up in the Port Jefferson yacht basin owned by J. W. Haviland: S. Y. Neckau, Mr. Joseph S. Whitehead; S. Y. Surprise, Mr. Dumont Clarke, New York Y. C.; S. Y. Llewellyn, Mr. H. H. Hogins, New York Y. C. The auxiliary schooner Genesee, Mr. James S. Watson, New York Y. C., is also laid up at the basin.

The steam yacht Wakiva, owned by Mr. M. Hartley Dodge, has returned to New York after an extended cruise in Southern waters. Mr. Dodge's guests were: Nicholas Crosby, John Basset Moore, H. A. Cushing, Everitt Dominick, Eugene Delano, Jr., Prof. William R. Shepherd, J. R. Thompson and Dr. James R. Cannon.

The itinerary included a visit to Porto Rico, St. Thomas and St. Kitts, passing by Nevis, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, Guadeloupe and Dominica, Barbadoes, British and Dutch Guiana, Brazil, stopping at Para, from thence up the Amazon River a thousand miles, thence up the Orinoco, and back to Para, to Cuba, and from there to Tampa, Fla. A number of curios were brought home and also some tropical animals.

The steam vacht Haouli, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, and designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, is now under charter to Mr. Edwin Gould, New York Y. C. Mr. Gould has recently sold his steam yacht Aileen to the Cuban Government. It is rumored that a new steam yacht will probably be built for Mr. Gould to replace his old vessel. Incidentally the number of steam yachts of large size and auxiliaries in contemplation for next year are far ahead of what has been reported at this early time of the fall for many years.

The House Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. announces that the club will formally go out of commission at noon on Monday, Oct. 1.

For the convenience of members wishing to attend the automobile races, the club house will, however, be kept informally open until after Saturday, Oct. 6.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Executive Committee.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at the Hotel St. Denis, Broadway and 11th street, New York, on Saturady, Oct. 27, at 10 o'clock, to be followed in the evening by a dinner complimentary to the visiting officers and Executive Committe, given by the members of the Atlantic Division. Details will follow.

George P. Douglass,
Commodore-elect.

A. C. A. Membership.

Mrs. Annie B. Pratt, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Miss Annie F. Pratt, Wellesley Hills, Mass.; proposed by D. S. Pratt, Jr., A. C. A., No. 3417. Miss Gertrude Gard, Buffalo, N. Y., proposed by W. W. Crosby, A. C. A., No. 2896.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Central Division.—Dean R. Wilson, Sewickley, Pa., A. W. Allyn.

Mrs. Martha R. F. Genet, Ossining, N. Y., proposed by A. R. Genet, 2947; seconded by H. M. Carpenter, 859.

Mrs. L. E. Schoeninger-Blunt, 197 Power street, Providence, R. I., proposed by Arthur W. Blunt, 4946; seconded by D. R. James, 4931.

Miss F. A. Hancock, 115 Greenwood avenue, Trenton, N. J., proposed by Wm. A. Green, 5028.

Proposed for associate membership: Mrs. Mary Crampham, proposed by F. W. Crampham, Woburn, Mass.; A. C. A., 3473. Miss Edith M. Harve, Seattle, Wash, proposed by E. F. Wyer; A. C. A., 1940.

At the request of the Yonkers C. C. the Dolphin trophy has been withdrawn from competition and awarded to F. C. Moore, he having won it the greatest number of times.

Chas. E. Archbald, of Montreal, has donated a very handsome trophy to be known as the Mab trophy filling the place formerly held by the Dolphin trophy.

Mr. E. A. Quick, Commodore Quick's father, has donated a trophy to be known as the Foggy Dew Trophy.

U.M.C. ARROW SHELLS

"Plenty of Game This Fall"

is the report from nearly every game field. The U. M. C. Co. is loading plenty of Arrow and Nitro Club Shells especially adapted for every kind of shooting. Simply ask your dealer for a U. M. C. Partridge, Duck or Quail load. They magazine perfectly through repeating and auto-loading guns, and fit every double gun—all in wet weather or dry.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Final tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Rising Sun, Md.—Cecil county tournament. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 4-6.—Atlanta (Ga.) G. C. T. M. Poole, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—West Chester, Pa., G. C. all-day shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—Montclair (N. J.) G. C. annual tournament. E. Winslow, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Ft. Scott, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's tournament.
Oct. 8-10.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. tournament. J. E. Cantilon, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Jacksonville, Ill.—Nichols Park G. C. Ed. Scott, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Marion (Ind.) G. C. H. C. McClellan, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association sixteenth annual meeting and tournament. J. P. Wright, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—Chillicothe, O.—Scioto G. C. O. P. Tatman, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Wilmington, Del.—Delaware State Trapshooters' League fall tournament.
Oct. 11-12.—Larned, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 11-12.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. A. Vance, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 16-17.—Raleigh, N. C.—Sixth annual tournament; $150 added. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Bellevue, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. tournament. Dr. I. P. Gould, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—Newark, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y
Oct. 23.—Lexington, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 25-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 29-30.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hapkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1.—Salina, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At the shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, Sept. 22, at Philadelphia, Mr. D. Willour was high in the club handicap on actual performance with 24 out of 25, but Christ, with 3 allowance, scored the limit, 25, and won.

The Haddonfield Gun Club and the Camden Gun Club, both of New Jersey, shot a ten-man team race on the grounds of the former on Sept. 22. Each man fired at 25 targets, and Haddonfield was victor by a score of 206 to 177.

At the shoot of the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club, Mr. L. J. Squier was high professional with a total for the two days, Sept. 21 and 22, of 373, out of 400. Mr. Sim Glover was second with 355, and Mr. H. H. Stevens was third with 332.

At the shoot of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club, Sept. 20, L. H. Schortemeier made the remarkable score of 91 out of 100 targets from the 16yd. mark, with a 20-gauge gun. His load was 2¼ drams bulk powder and ¾ ounce No. 7 chilled.

Secretary E. Winslow writes us that "The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will hold its annual fall tournament on Saturday, Oct. 6. Some five or six events for silver prizes will be run off during the day. A feature of the afternoon will be a ten-man team race between the Newton and Montclair clubs, shooting under canvas in case of rain. Luncheon served by a caterer on the grounds.

We are informed by Secretary R. T. Gowan, that the sixth annual tournament of the Raleigh Gun Club will be held on Oct. 16 and 17, and that $150 will be added.

In a sweepstake at 25 live birds, at Bryn Mawr, Pa., Sept. 22, Davis, Stout and Maine tied on 21, while Long scored 20, Sommers 19, and Burk 18. In the shoot-off at 15 birds, L. Maine, of Ardmore, killed straight and won first.

In the final shoot of the Tri-County League, at Lebanon, Pa., Sept. 20, Chester won by a score of 422 out of a possible 500. The other two members of the League were Lancaster, 413, and Lebanon, 420. The beautiful Dupont trophy thus goes to Chester.

The regular monthly handicap shoot of the Clearview Gun Club, Philadelphia, held on Sept. 22, resulted in a tie between Dr. Slaughter, J. A. Umholtz and W. F. Letford, each of whom, with the aid of added targets, scored the limit, 25. W. H. Carl and S. C. Freed, scratch men, scored 24 each.

The eastern Connecticut championship was won at the tournament of the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club, Sept. 22, by Mr. Harry Metcalf, of Rockville, Conn., with the excellent score of 95 out of 100. The new champion is only eighteen years old, which, in a way, reverses the old saw which holds that as the old rooster crows the young one learns.

We are informed by Secretary W. R. Hobart, 440 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J., that "The autumn tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsman's Association, for which the dates claimed are Oct. 17 and 18, will be held under the auspices of the Smith Gun Club, of Newark, at the grounds on Bloomfield avenue, near city line."

The Secretary of the Wawaset Gun Club, W. M. Foord, writes us that the Delaware Trapshooters' League will hold its fall tournament on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, under the auspices of the Blue Ball Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., Oct. 11, on which date there will also be contests for the individual State championship and the five-man team championship.

The first of a shooting series, for the championship of Westchester county and a handsome silver trophy, was shot at West Chester, Pa., on Sept. 22. Six-man teams from Avondale, Coatesville and West Chester competed. Avondale won by a narrow margin. The scores follow: Avondale—Sharpless 21, Cox 20, Gray 18, Matson 19, Roser 18, McKelvey 24; total 120. West Chester—Regester 21, Ferguson 21, Mace 18, Hemeiright 21, Eachus 17, Bennett 21; total 119. Coatesville—Long 20, Minnher 20, Irwin 20, Happusett 16, Coffurad 13, default 12; total 101.

The programme of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League fourth annual pigeon tournament, Sept. 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club, Louisville, has two events on the first day, the first at 10 pigeons, entrance $7.50, handicaps 26 to 34yds., three high guns; the second event, the Brewers' Exchange handicap, is at 25 pigeons, entrance $20, four high guns, handsome sterling trophy to the winner. On the second day, the first event is a 10-bird contest, similar to that of the first day. The second event is the Kentucky State championship, 25 pigeons, entrance $16.25; 30yds. rise, open only to members of the League; moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15; and 10 per cent. to club; diamond trophy to winner. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Ammunition, prepaid, and marked in owner's name, and sent in care of Pragoff Bros., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Bernard Waters.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 22.—The attendance was light. The weather was fine. Hunter and Wildhack tied for high gun of the afternoon. Parry, Wildhack and Hunter each made straights.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	19	19	20	17	18	18	19
Wildhack	17	20	19	19	19	..	..
Hunter	20	18	19	20	17	18	17
Habich	15	18	19	14	17	..	..
Southern	13	16	17	16	15	15	16
B H Moore	13	13	11	17	16	..	..
Daggett	16	13	13	12	13	..	..
Dickman	17	15	12	15	16	17	16
Beck	11	17	19	12	16	..	..
Wheeler	18	13	..	..	..	..	.
Anderson	17	14	14	16	17	..	..
Moore	18	15	17	..	..	..	..

Secretary.

THE DUPONT TROPHY—FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC COMPETITION.

WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

The members of the Oakland Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., held a hot contest last Sunday. Mr. W. E. Morris came out after a long absence and showed that he was still in line. All agreed that it would take but little practice to get him into good form. Newton did not forget his gun this time and broke his portion. Scores at 25 targets: Krisling 20, Staunch 18, Earl 13, W. E. Morris 18, Judick 17, Bur 12, Johnson 11, Pellman 14, Gamble 10, Hartford 11, Newton 18, Lovy 12.

The Beatrice, Neb., Gun Club held their first shoot since the reorganization on last Wednesday.

The Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., gave its first shoot at the park, Friday last. There will be shoots held weekly, beginning at 3 P. M. The members were enthusiastic, but they show lack of practice. L. C. Blair shot at 100, broke 21; A. B. Poe, (50), 25; Mr. Cardwell (50) 23, Paul Litzke (100) 59, John Cherry (50) 22, Mr. Schafer (25) 14.

Wednesday last the Thurman, Ia., Gun Club held a club shoot, with results as follows: At 10 targets: C. Baldwin 6, W. L. Baldwin 6, Dan Nichols 7, Clarence Otis 8, J. W. Hostetter 7, T. Dunkin 6, G. Eyler 2, Guy Caster 5, A. O. Baldwin 9, P. S. Proctor 6, Al. Williams 7.

A novelty in outdoor amusements was that of the Venitian Carnival of the Omaha, Neb., Rod and Gun Club. The feature was the pageant of illuminated boats. All the boats, as well as the park, were strung with Chinese lanterns. When the water festivities had ended, the crowd was entertained with music and dancing, which was kept up until midnight.

The Eveleth, Minn., Gun Club held its trophy shoot last Friday, which had been postponed on account of rain. The scores at 50 targets were: Class A—Harwood 42, Rohrer 38, Warn 35, Dormer 26, Shapiro 26, Moore 16. Class B—Bullen 37, Gans 23, Robb 24.

Wittenberg, Wis., Gun Club held its practice shoot last Sunday. Chas. Schwertfeger was high in first event with 13 out of 25. In the afternoon, with twelve shooting, Eddie Puchmer was the top man with 16. Such old-timers as Schneider and Glaubitz had an off day. The shooting of the Misses Ward and Van Strattum was about up to their average.

Doings at the Chicago Heights Gun Club are frequent and enthusiasm prevails At last meet P. Caster shot at 100 and broke 82, S. Worthing (50) 42, A. Anderson (138) 73, C. Treff (100) 48, G. Merricus (75) 29, Wm. Heising (100) 46, F. Merricus (137) 40.

Trapshooting is now one of the pastimes of the Country Club at Des Moines, Ia. A trap has been put in place and a house erected, and the prospects are that this will be the popular sport until the ducks arrive in the late fall.

The Hawkeye Gun Club, Grand Rapids, Ia., held its shoot last Monday. The programme was 30 targets each. Some fair scores were made, the best being that of Charles Pierce with 22.

Witsell won the last shoot held at the Bridge City grounds, Logansport, Ind., with a score of 109 out of 130. Nothstine second, 55 out of 70, Fred Freeman 53 out of 78. Sample 130 out of 180. There were twenty shooters present, and many spectators looked on. The day was fine, and the traps worked nicely.

The annual meeting of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club was held Friday night, and the following officers were elected: President, R. M. Edwards; Vice-President, Henry Kimpell; Secretary, John M. Vivian; Assistant Secretary, Arthur Hodge; Field Captain, F. I. Cairns; Executive Committee: J. H. Rice, John Pryor and J. J. Lealand. All shoots will be held at Portage Lake, not on the old grounds.

Members of the Guthrie, Okla., Gun Club are much pleased with the results of their last shoot held on Monday. The live bird event had sixteen entries and created much interest among the shooters as well as the visitors. Messrs. Young, Campbell, Eagan, Welles and Dr. Houseworth deserve special mention. Rain fell late in the day and interrupted the target scores. Scores at 25 live birds each: Young 24, Campbell 24, Eagan 22, Welles 22, Houseworth 22, Mathews 21, Scofield 21, Olswirth 20, Eichenschmidt 17, Blake 17. At 100 targets: Schofield, 89, Eagan 85, Clark 82, Campbell 87, Young 81, Newton 80, Welles 79, Evans 77, Mathews 76, Olsmith 74, Houseworth 65, McMorris 63.

The delegation of trapshooters now touring the West, viz., Marshall, Heikes, Crosby, Holohan and Hirschy, will be the guests of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club Sept. 28. A special programme has been arranged. All amateurs in the surrounding towns will be invited, and something in the way of individual matches will be pulled off.

The North End Gun Club, Port Huron, Mich., defeated the Memphis Club by a handsome majority at the club meet held on the Memphis ground last Monday.

The new shooting range at the golf grounds, Des Moines, Ia., was tested last Tuesday. Messrs. Fullerton, Sr. and Jr.; Finkbine, Sr. and Jr., Patton, Polk, and Marsh made up the shooters who were being coached by the old-time trap shot Willis Kestler.

R. R. Barber was a visitor at the Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club on last Friday, and showed 'em as to breaking targets.

Something transpired Sunday last that kept the members away from the shooting park at Cripple Creek, Colo., so there were only five members present. Shooting at 25 targets each, County Clerk Dingman was the only one who came near to the possible. Dingman 23, Gayner 15, McDonald 16, Eads 14.

Out at Los Angeles, Thomas A. Marshall has been given a new name. It is not now "Our Tom," or "the Hon. Tom"; but, what you think—"Father Marshall."

There is good prospect of something doing at the Twin City Shooting Park, near Peoria, Ill., as the meetings are more largely patronized than for the past few years.

Guy Ward, and H. J. Borden are touring Arkansas in the interest of the firm they represent.

The Cazenovia, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club has been chartered by the State to propagate, preserve and protect fish, game and birds; also to aid in the punishment of violators. Directors: W. H. Cruttenden, H. T. Cull, H. G. Phelps, R. F. Hubbard, G. T. Atwell, A. E. Fatch and D. D. Norton.

A few members of the Cumberland Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., met Sunday afternoon at their park and shot at the flying targets. At 10 targets Kahler broke 10, Martens 7, McCall 5. At 25 Kahler 20, Martens 24, McCall 9, Reading 7.

Trapshooters of the Middle West will gather in Des Moines, Ia., during the first week in October to attend the big tournament to be given by the Hopkins brothers. Des Moines is a most central point for all, and the hotel accommodations and the railroad facilities are of the very best.

Eureka Rod and Gun Club was organized yesterday at Bradford, O., with W. H. Lomerson as President; O. E. Rike, Secretary; Abdel Dunham, Treasurer. A club house will be built. Trapshooting and such sports will be encouraged by the organization.

Quincy, Ill., Gun Club will hold a tournament Oct. 16 and 17. Members are holding regular shoots and getting into line. Chas. Walker has held the medal in last two shoots. The expert Cadwallader was present at the shoot, and gave an exhibition with the rifle. Scores, at 20 targets: Zimmerman 19, Geese 19, Walker 18, Cad 18, Evers 16, Wernith 15, Webber 17, Tenk 15.

The Muskogee, I. T., Colored Gun Club and a colored club from Fort Smith, Ark., had a contest, and the Fort Smith club won decisively with 28 to the good.

Members of the Hyde Park Rod and Gun Club, Chicago, are now on the shores of Lake Ann., Michigan. The lake abounds with fish, and the shores with rabbits and other game. The shooters will spend two weeks there, and at least hope for enough meat to keep the pot boiling.

Now and then we hear from the Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., but not so often as when Mr. F. B. Cunningham was at the helm. Sunday last Andy Carolus won the first honors in the Jack Rabbit contest. In Class A at 25 targets, Wildberger made 23, Frank 24, Stout 24, Holland 21, F. Doty 23, Kullman 23, N. Doty 23, Carolus 21, Adams 20, Ehler 20.

Indianapolis, Ind., is fortunate in securing good live men for secretaries of their gun club. Mr. Armstrong is just now the "man behind the push," and those who attended the G. A. H. will remember the color of his hat.

Although the open season on game is at hand, members of the National Park Gun Club, Livingston, Mont., met last Sunday and shot targets. Joe Brooks won the club medal and is now in the lead for the season score. At 25 targets Gimmett broke 20, Prather 21, Brooks 22, Fortenbeck 18.

The Toronto Junction, Canada, Gun Club is preparing for the annual shoot, which will be held the latter part of October. Some sixty members will take part, and it is estimated that upward of one thousand pigeons will be required to complete the programme.

And now comes the American Distillery Gun Club, of Pekin, Ill., with the announcement that all shooters may join with the members in their contest on Mondays of each week.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club held a shoot last Saturday and the scores were big. At 50 targets with handicap: Clark 50, Hickman 48, Schoenfelder 44, Baker 44.

Members of the Deep Run Hunt Club held a shoot at their kennels yesterday. The traps were working fine, and good scores were made. Those present were Col. B. H. Grundy, Dr. J. A. White, Mr. W. A. Hammond, Mr. John Harrison, Mr. Johnson, Col. Joseph E. Willard, and Mr. Haxall Grundy.

Shooting at Ivesdale, Ill., for the powder trophy, the fourth match was held last Saturday. The result stands: C. W. Tabaca shot at 125, broke 95, W. H. Corcoran (175) 128, John Carty (200) 100, Frank Bogne (200) 98, Ed. Stout (200) 119, E. J. Tabaka (175) 143, John Nolan (100) 43, E. C. Ruby (125) 77, Elmer Landis (200) 121, John Radmake (125) 76, Louis Miller (100) 61.

Shooting at Pine Bluff, Ark., last Thursday at 50 targets, scores were: Borden 46, Ward 45, Watkins 44, Voss 43, Clements 42, Dereaux 39, Simpson 39, Fox 38 Arnold 38, Benton 38, Price 38, Lawton 33, Drummond 31, Kirby 31, Reynolds 31, Williams 30, Trigg 29, Parker 27, Waldron 23, Russell 78.

The Tulsa, I. T., Club has moved its grounds north of town, and will improve same and hold shoots on Friday. There is an increase in membership, and renewed interest taken.

Shooting with ideal weather conditions, members of the Euclid Gun Club, Cleveland, O., made good scores Saturday last. At 50 targets: G. H. Hastings 49, G. W. Radcliff 46, P. A. Iddings 45, G. W. Tyte 43, G. R. Freeman 36, F. C. White 29.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

Won by Fred Mills with

WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUN

AND

"LEADER" SHELLS,

his score being 89 out of 100 targets shot from the 19-yard mark. High general average was won by W. R. Crosby, also using Winchester "Leader" Shells. This tournament, held at Los Angeles, Sept. 8, 9, 10, was the last of the series given this year by the Interstate Association, which included the Southern, Grand American, Eastern, Western and Pacific Coast Handicaps. The principal event in four out of these five tournaments was won with Winchester shells; and in the Eastern Handicap Tournament, the Preliminary Handicap and Professional and Amateur Averages were won with Winchester shell Altogether it was a grand "scoop" for Winchester. This is something more than mere chance, don't you think so? It proclaims with trumpet sound the incomparable, always-to-be-relied-upon quality of Winchester shells, and leaves all other makes far in the shade.

WINCHESTER SHELLS MAKE WINNERS

Trap at Wellington.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 19.—The last shoot for Dupont cup was held to-day. E. C. Griffith broke 30 straight from 20yds., winning one point, which gave the cup to Frank Willard, who won it three times during the series in the special 100-bird match—50 unknown, 30 reversed and 10 pairs—for two loving cups donated by Manager Dickey, J. A. R. Elliott, of New York, won first with 94; Dr. Chas. G. Weld, of Boston, second with 92. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Elliott	15	14	14	14	14	10	15	10	15	13	13	9	9	165
Griffith	15	14	15	15	15	9	14	10	14	14	13	7	8	163
Buffalo	15	13	12	9	13	10	10	10	12	11	14	6	4	139
Kirkwood	15	11	13	14	14	9	14	10	15	14	13	8	7	157
Bean	12	13	14	12	14	10	15	10	15	13	14	6	9	157
Roy	13	14	14	12	13	10	15	8	14	13	12	7	8	153
Wheeler	14	11	11	9	14	8	12	5	13	10	11	6	4	128
Fanning	14	12	13	11	9	8	12	10	13	11	13	5	8	139
Comer	14	13	15	9	14	9	15	8	12	13	14	7	5	148
Bain	13	11	11	13	13	10	13	8	15	10	11	7	4	139
Burns	12	15	14	10	14	7	14	10	13	13	9	5	4	139
Gleason	..	..	..	14	11	14	10	14	10	15	15	14	5	8	...
Sibley	..	..	..	11	12	12	7	12	10	13	13	12	4	4	...

Columbus Gun Club Tournament.

COLUMBUS, O.—At the Columbus Gun Club tournament, Sept. 13 and 14, forty-seven men toed the line the first day and twenty-nine the second day, seven of whom were professionals.

The trade especially was better represented than at any other shoot this year by C. A. Young, Dell Gross, John Taylor, Lester Reid, Vietmeyer, Le Noir and C. O. Le Compte.

The weather conditions the first day were not of the best, as there was a strong incoming wind, which is a hard handicap; but things brightened up the second day, and the targets were of the best. Trapping for both days was all that any one could ask for, and the bunch was well satisfied. Twenty-seven men shot through the programme, with excellent results.

R. S. Rhoades, a local man, was high amateur, and captured the $85 Selbach trunk. Second high average went to Cromley, with 370, and Bonser, of Cincinnati, and Webster, of Columbus, tied on third high, with 360 each.

Jack Smith was low gun, with 279; Claypool second low, 318; Chamberlain and Bullerdick, of Cincinnati, were tied on third low, with 324 each.

C. A. Young captured first high professional, with 380, while Reid and Taylor tied for second high professional with 375 each.

The programme called for 200 targets for each day, 400 in all.

Nineteen prizes went to the following high guns: Cromley, of Ashville, O.; Bonser, Cincinnati, O.; Webster, Columbus, O.; Buck, Illinois; Dr. Edward, Portsmouth, O.; Huntley; H. E. Smith, Columbus, O.; Flick, Ravenna, O.; Davenport, Portsmouth; Gambell, Cincinnati; Farrell; Alkire, Williamsport, O.; Harness, Chillicothe; Cumberland, Columbus; Bullerdick, Cincinnati; Champion, Columbus; Claypool, Edison, O.; Pohlar, Cincinnati; J. H. Smith, Columbus.

The Cincinnati Gun Club had a five-man team up from the Queen City, which lined up with Gambell, Pohlar, Bullerdick, Bonser and Kerry, the latter being called home on the second day by a telegram.

Chillicothe was represented by Mills, Morrison, Dixon and Harness. Newark, O., sent Dr. Wigarch, John Wells, Tom Fisher, Der Captain.

Looking for "storms at sea" has strained Yon's shooting eye, and he was out of practice.

W. Fishinger, Joe T. Wells and Roenick were on hand, as usual, from Hilliard, O.

Chamberlain shot well the first day.

McConnell, of Osbourne, was not going his usual clip. Mac has been taking a day off he says.

Mr. Le Noir was a new man here, and made many friends.

Lee Bottenfield, of Centerbury, was called away at close of first day.

Mr. Rice, of Cleveland, O., happened in city on business and came out and shot a few.

Mr. Vietmeycr came over from Chicago and was greatly pleased with the club house and grounds.

John Flick, from Ravenna, is just the same as ever.

Dell Gross and Charley Young made things hum.

Les Reid was with us, and was second high professional.

John R. Taylor was close to the top all the way through.

Sept. 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Rhoads	15	13	20	15	14	18	14	15	19	14	15	19	191
Edwards	14	12	17	14	14	19	15	14	19	12	14	12	181
Alkire	13	12	19	11	11	19	13	13	18	13	14	12	169
Cromley	13	13	20	14	15	20	13	14	19	15	15	19	190
H E Smith	13	15	18	12	14	14	13	14	19	14	14	19	179
L Reid	14	15	18	14	14	20	14	14	17	14	15	20	189
Harness	10	14	16	14	15	17	12	12	16	14	12	18	170
Gross	12	14	17	14	13	16	14	11	20	15	15	17	178
Le Compte	15	15	19	14	14	18	14	13	20	14	15	20	191
Davenport	13	13	17	14	15	18	13	11	20	14	12	19	179
Gambell	14	12	16	13	13	16	14	12	17	12	15	17	167
Pohlar	11	10	18	11	11	14	11	13	16	14	13	14	157
Bullerdick	11	14	17	12	13	16	9	12	17	12	15	18	169
Bonser	14	14	18	12	14	16	13	11	20	13	15	17	137
Flick	12	14	19	13	13	18	11	13	18	14	13	17	175
Le Noir	13	13	19	15	15	18	15	14	18	13	13	18	184
Chamberlain	13	15	20	14	15	20	11	11	17	12	13	18	179
Taylor	10	13	20	15	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	19	188
Young	15	15	18	13	14	20	15	15	19	14	13	18	190
Cumberland	15	14	15	13	15	17	12	12	20	10	15	18	176
Vietmeyer	13	12	10	15	12	18	12	13	17	13	12	18	171
Huntley	15	15	19	14	14	18	14	14	18	11	12	17	181
Farrell	14	13	20	15	13	15	14	14	17	11	13	20	179
Buck	13	14	17	13	13	17	15	14	17	12	15	18	178
Claypoole	11	11	18	14	10	16	13	13	18	11	14	20	169
Webster	14	15	18	15	14	19	14	13	18	13	11	19	183
J H Smith	13	13	15	13	13	14	13	10	12	10	11	14	151
Shattuck	..	..	18	13	15	16	12	12	19	13	14	18	154
Bibbe	12	12	14	14	12	19	12	11	13	10	12	17	158
Mills	15	12	19	11	13	17	15	12	17	13	14	16	174
Vouse	10	9	18	13	14	18	14	13	18	14	15	17	173
Fishinger	13	12	19	13	13	17	12	10	18	14	13	16	170
Feidner	13	14	19	13	12	16	13	12	19	13	12	17	173
P F Dixon	8	11	14	11	11	19	13	11	18	13	12	19	160
Morrison	12	13	19	13	12	19	12	12	18	10	14	19	174
C Kerry	11	13	18	12	11	16	12	12	18	12	11	16	162
Bottenfield	13	14	18	13	13	17	13	15	19	13	15	15	178
J F Wells	7	8	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Dial	11	13	20	11	13	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	100
Rice	11	14	19	13	13	17	12	12	16	..	..	..	127
Fisher	6	12	15	10	15	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	79
Dr Wiyarch	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	11	12	18	11	11	90
John Wells	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	11	11	17	12	10	..	85
Bornthouse	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	..	..	..	9	8	46
Weinman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	12
Roemick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	16	..	..	..	38
McConnell	13	13	16	9	12	17	12	10	19	11	..	..	..		132

Sept. 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Rhoads	13	14	17	15	13	18	15	14	18	14	13	18	182
Edwards	11	13	16	14	11	18	14	14	19	13	13	18	174
Alkire	8	12	14	12	12	17	14	14	18	13	14	16	164
Cromley	15	15	19	15	15	17	14	12	14	12	15	17	180
H E Smith	14	13	17	12	11	17	12	13	19	13	11	16	168
L Reid	14	15	17	15	15	17	14	14	19	13	15	19	186
Harness	12	11	17	15	12	18	11	11	13	11	14	17	161
Gross	12	15	20	11	10	16	14	13	19	12	12	18	171
Le Compte	12	12	19	15	14	20	14	14	18	10	13	20	181
Davenport	14	14	16	14	14	15	12	8	19	13	8	16	162
Gambell	13	11	18	11	14	18	13	12	20	12	14	16	172
Pohlar	12	12	16	7	13	16	13	13	16	8	8	15	149
Bullerdick	13	13	18	14	9	15	14	11	17	13	12	16	155
Bonser	13	14	20	14	14	17	14	14	20	12	15	16	183
Flick	14	13	17	12	13	18	10	14	18	11	12	17	169
Le Noir	12	12	18	14	14	17	14	12	18	14	14	19	178
Chamberlain	10	12	17	14	12	17	11	11	13	7	8	13	145
Taylor	14	11	19	15	13	20	15	15	18	14	15	18	187
Young	12	15	18	14	15	20	13	14	20	15	15	19	190
Cumberland	12	12	14	12	13	13	13	11	18	15	8	13	154
Vietmeyer	12	10	16	8	8	19	8	14	16	13	12	15	151
Huntley	11	13	19	13	15	20	11	12	17	11	12	18	172
Farrell	11	11	15	12	12	17	13	13	15	12	6	17	156
Buck	14	15	18	14	15	19	13	13	18	13	11	18	181
Claypool	14	12	17	9	12	15	12	13	14	10	7	15	149
Webster	14	12	20	15	13	18	14	14	15	9	15	18	177
J H Smith	10	8	9	11	10	13	11	10	12	11	9	14	128
Shattuck	13	13	17	14	12	17	13	12	16	12	9	14	152

Total for both days:

Rhoads	373	Flick	344
Edwards	355	Le Noir	362
Alkire	333	Chamberlain	324
Cromley	370	Taylor	375
H E Smith	347	Young	380
L Reid	375	Cumberland	330
Harness	331	Vietmeyer	322
Gross	349	Huntley	353
Le Compte	372	Farrell	335
Davenport	342	Buck	359
Gambell	339	Claypoole	318
Bullerdick	324	Webster	360
Pohlar	306	J H Smith	279
Bonser	360	Shattuck	305

West Virginia Gun Club,

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Sept. 20.—The second annual target tournament of the West Virginia Gun Club, of this city, which took place on their grounds at Paden City Park, out about three miles by trolley, was brought to a close last evening. The weather conditions were simply perfect—not too warm and hardly a breath of air stirring to change the flight of the targets. The attendance was hardly up to expectations, but those who were fortunate enough to be here had a most enjoyable time. With $100 added, the purses paid well, and all with but one exception, who shot through the entire programme, took down more than their entrance, and this one lost but 99 cents. He, however, received as a prize the gold filled watch, so he has no kick coming.

We were mighty glad to have with us three of the most popular trade representatives on the road—Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky.; Mr. H. H. Stevens, and Mr. John R. Taylor, of Newark, O.—and hope to have the pleasure of their presence upon future occasions.

For the two days shooting, Mr. C. O. Le Compte was high with 364 out of 400; Mr. T. S. Huntley, of Omaha, Neb., second with 360; Ed. O. Bower, of this city, third with 356; John R. Taylor, of Newark, fourth with 355; John F. Mallory, West Virginia State champion, of Parkersburg, fifth with 349, followed closely by Chas. J. Mowry, of St. Marys, with 347; H. H. Stevens with 344, and T. S. Bibbee, of Elba, O., with 331. Mr. John M. Spcary, of Marietta, O., came in for first day, but could not remain for the finish on account of important business engagement. He made a very creditable score of 175 out of 200. Mr. E. R. Smith, of St. Marys, and R. L. Hibbs, of McMechen, tied with 158 out of 200. Mr. L. E. Lantz, of Jacksonburg, by making a long jump from near Casey, Ill, reached here in time for the last day, breaking 142. Mr. McIntyre, of New Martinsville, could only remain for the first day, scoring 126, hardly up to his usual average.

An elegant lunch was served at noon each day, which added very greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. The office was in charge of Mr. W. B. Woodruff, which means that the cashier's department was handled to the satisfaction of all.

Mr. Bibbee helped himself quite often to our ice water, but we had more than he could drink. He also thought quite well of our pie.

John F. Mallory, Chief Hole Digger, and West Virginia State champion, was not shooting up to his usual form on the first day, but landed first place over all second day.

Charley Mowry says it is a good thing for the shooters of this neck o' the woods that his trigger finger is not quite as long as it really ought to be. Ask him about his warm weather working costume.

If you haven't the right kind of a gun for an extremely high or low target, Mr. S. T. Huntley, of Omaha, Neb., can tell you how to fix it. He doctored his at above shoot, and ran 50 straight. The only objectionable feature about his remedy is, that it is not every gun club that has a nice big log handy to smash the gun over.

John M. Speary was the only real vexed individual on the grounds. Business interfered with his returning for the second day, something that seldom happens this "laddy buck." He is one of the faithful.

Dr. E. L. Hubbard, referee and score-keeper, was the right man in the right place. He was strictly on to his job, and no complaints were heard. SYCAMORE.

Tri-County League.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 20.—The Tri-County League, of Lebanon, Lancaster and Chester counties, held its final shoot in this city to-day, Chester county winning the final shoot, thus capturing the handsome trophy donated by the Dupont Powder Co.; but not until the last shot was fired was the race decided, as the teams were running neck-and-neck. Chester won out by the margin of 12 targets, and put up a grand struggle, as they were handicapped with the loss of five men at the last minute.

Bill Benner appeared on the grounds and jumped right in and broke 48 out of his 50, and also led the field. His presence made the ten men required to count, as Lebanon had her full fifteen men on hand; ten high scores to count.

The sweep events proved one of the toughest propositions to decide the high money as was ever witnessed in this city. Neaf Apgar, the popular trade representative, led the field with only four targets missed out of 170, a fine score, especially under the hard conditions of the weather, as well as some trip irregularities; but Lee Wertz, of Reading, Pa., was going some, too, and the race betwcen him and Wood, Brewster and Shoop, of Harrisburg, was a dandy, with Geo. Hansell, of Lebanon, on their heels. Wert won out by one target over Brewster. But the latter put up a grand race after missing the first target, then went 65 straight; it was a fast clip. Schanaman made the best general average of the three shoots, getting the 22.50 average all alone.

Team scores, 15 men, 10 high scores to count:

Chester.		Lancaster.	
Benner	48	Andrews	47
Minker	46	Hoffman	46
Johns	43	Wilson	43
Happersatt	42	Kreuger	42
Scheffy	42	Grube	41
Mattson	41	Anderson	40
Ludwick	41	Clark	39
Confer	43	Barr	38
Lewis	38	Fiellis	38
Smith	38—422	Bonham	39—413

Lebanon.			
Hansell	45	Rump	41
Diffenbaugh	44	Wirth	41
Gloss	44	Buck	40
Schanaman	44	Ehrhorn	40
Trafford	41	Arnold	40—420

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	15	15	Brk.
Apgar	15	15	14	15	15	14	25	23	15	15	166
L Wertz	15	15	14	15	15	12	25	22	15	15	163
H Shoop	14	15	15	15	14	13	24	22	15	15	162
Andrews	14	13	14	15	12	15	25	22	15	13	158
Schanaman	14	13	14	13	14	12	23	21	13	14	151
Trafford	12	11	15	15	14	13	23	18	15	14	150
Hansell	15	14	15	15	14	15	25	20	12	15	160
Kreuger	15	13	14	14	13	13	23	19	14	11	149
Minker	13	13	13	12	14	14	22	24	12	15	150
Schneider	14	14	14	12	14	13	23	17	14	12	147
Moorehouse	10	14	11	12	14	12	20	19	11	12	145
Hoffman	13	14	14	13	14	14	23	23	14	13	155
Adams	15	13	13	11	14	10	24	20	13	14	143
Diffenbaugh	10	15	13	13	12	11	21	23	14	14	143
Fiellis	12	13	12	14	14	11	24	14	14	13	141
Ludwick	11	12	13	14	14	13	24	17	12	11	141
Grube	12	9	13	14	13	14	24	17	12	12	140
Mattson	15	13	14	15	11	9	24	17	15	13	139
Ehrhorn	9	13	9	13	13	12	20	20	14	13	136
Lewis	14	13	10	11	11	13	21	17	12	13	135
Zeamer	10	12	13	12	12	11	19	19	14	13	135
Hunter	13	10	14	13	14	10	21	17	11	13	135
Krick	9	14	9	14	13	13	20	16	11	14	134
Kissinger	13	13	11	12	12	11	15	14	13	10	124
Johns	13	13	14	13	15	11	23	20	12	13	150
Happersatt	12	12	12	8	10	10	19	23	12	12	130
Leaman	14	13	13	11	10	6	20	15	11	12	125
Barr	14	14	14	14	13	11	21	17	12	10	140
Bonham	14	11	12	13	10	14	20	19	14	10	137

NAT RESSLER.
Capt. Keystone G. C.

W. P. T. S. L. Tournament.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 21.—The scores of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, held on the grounds of the Greater Pittsburg Gun Club, Sept. 19, are appended. Owing to there being several other tournaments in the near vicinity, the attendance was low, but those attending enjoyed themselves.

The next tournament will be held on the grounds of the North Side Gun Club, on Oct. 4, and as this is the last tournament of the season, the special Lefever event will be contested. This event is open to all League members attending at least seven of the tournaments held during the season, and is for a Lefever double-barrel snotgun.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Bower	14	15	12	14	14	14	15	14	14	12	12	14	164
Kelsey	15	15	10	10	14	14	13	12	13	9	10	13	148
Fleming	13	15	12	14	14	13	15	14	14	12	14	14	164
Crow	12	10	12	12	13	11	11	13	9	10	12	14	139
Norwood	11	13	13	14	11	14	13	15	13	11	13	11	152
Rahm	13	11	13	14	14	13	13	12	13	13	11	13	153
Temple	11	12	9	12	9	12	7	8	4	13	11	5	113
Anderson	13	11	12	12	12	13	15	11	13	13	12	12	149
Packer	12	12	14	12	10	14	11	13	10	10	10	14	142
Calhoun	12	13	13	13	14	14	14	13	14	11	14	13	155
Lecrone	11	11	11	10	11	8	7	8	8	9	7	7	107
Reed	9	7	11	12	11	11	11	12	9	7	8	10	118
Baker	14	15	14	13	13	14	12	14	12	14	15	13	163
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	8	10	8	..	..	..		...
Alden	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		...

E. REED SHANER, Sec'y.

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Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 22.—The Bradford Gun Club green corn shoot did not draw a large number of shooters owing to the rain, but those who atended have nothing to regret, as we have the positions covered, and while it rained hard the first day, we all managed to keep dry. Everyone who shot the entire programme was paid all his losses.

L. J. Squier was high professional, and L. E. Mallory, Jr., was high amatcur; R. S. Pringle second.

The office was in charge of H. H. Stevens, the popular expert. The events were paid promptly, and when the last gun was fired he was ready to pay, and he shot the entire programme. This accounts for his score not being up to his usual standard. J. Mowell Hawkins got here to shoot, the last day, and the boys were all glad to see Hawky. Sim Glover was looking after his company's interests. Attached please find the scores for the two days' shoot, Sept. 21 and 22:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
*Squier	200	184	200	188	400	372
*Glover	200	178	200	177	400	355
*Stevens	200	160	200	172	400	332
*Hawkins	...	...	200	183	200	183
Mallory, Jr.	200	185	200	173	400	358
Pringle	200	184	200	172	400	356
Dally	200	162	200	174	400	336
Conneely	200	160	200	172	400	332
Gildersleeve	200	157	200	165	400	322
Farnum	200	165	200	157	400	322
Mallory, Sr.	200	160	200	161	400	321
Anderson	200	133	200	149	400	282
Stackpole	200	147	200	134	400	281
Bodine	200	136	200	144	400	280
Van Tine	200	120	200	141	400	261
Turner	60	42	200	156	260	198
Cox	200	173	...	...	200	173
Speer	..	...	200	169	200	169
King	200	151	...	...	200	151
Buck	200	150	...	...	200	150
Dietzer	200	149	...	...	200	149
Daly	..	...	200	146	200	146
Snyder	..	...	200	137	200	137
Thompson, Jr.	..	...	200	135	200	135
Crandall	200	127	...	...	200	127
Vernon	..	...	200	118	200	118
Stohr	..	...	200	102	200	102
Powell	200	93	...	...	200	93
Hall	..	...	120	72	120	72
Eygabrout	40	27	60	39	100	66
Stengle	80	53	...	...	80	53
Edgett	80	48	...	...	80	48
Wagner	60	45	...	...	60	45
Fuller	80	44	...	...	80	44
Kennedy	80	32	...	...	80	32
Willis	60	47	...	...	60	47
Greul	..	...	60	39	60	39
Quinn	60	25	...	...	60	35
White	20	13	...	...	20	13
Godfrey	40	11	...	...	40	11

*Professionals.

R. S. PRINGLE, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Sept. 22.—Handicaps apply only in events 2 to 6. Event 1 gives scores for practice. Events 2 and 3, 50 targets, handicap, was the August event, for members' silver cup. Messrs. Colquitt and Winslow tied for first place, Colquitt winning out in the shoot-off. Events 4 and 5, 50 targets, was for the September cup, and was won by Boxall. Event 6, 25 targets, gun held below the elbow, till target appears, was for the field gun presented by Mr. Colquitt, and was also won by Boxall. Event 7, 10 targets, a walking match, was won by Colquitt.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	10
Boxall, 2	19	22	17	25	25	20	6
Batten, 4	12	17	18	19	..	14	..
Winslow, 4	15	25	19	22	17	12	6
Parke, 2	13	17	22	24	22	18	6
Colquitt, 0	22	22	22	23	23	19	8
Cockefair, 2	..	17	12	16	16	14	..
Gould	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Sept. 20.—Conditions, very little wind. Schorty broke 91 out of 100 targets, as noted scores below, from the 16yd. mark, with his 20-gauge, shooting 2¼ drams powder and ¾ ounce full No. 7 chilled shot, breaking 10 out of 15 at the 20yd. mark with the same gun.

H. Bergen and Wynne shot in fine form, and Mr. L. Gille, a visitor from the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, though not a member, made top score, shooting along with the boys in the club shoot.

Dr. Zeglio, the famous "P. Jay" of the live bird days, at the Newark Gun Club, took a try at the "graven images," using different gun he was unaccustomed to, and bids fair to be considered a future crack at targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15		25
H Bergen	13	13	13	..	10	13	17	23
Dreyer	7	10	9	10	5	9	20	..
Wynne	12	14	12	15	15	11	21	..
Tiemes	8	7	7	..	4	..	4	..
Goubeaud	8	6	6	..	..	5	15	..
L Gille	10	12	11	12	10	12	23	..
Schorty	13	15	1	14	10	14	..	24
C Cooper	9	9	9	..	9	..	20	..
Dr Zeglio	..	11	10	11	7	..	15	..
Franziola	..	9	11	..	4	..	6	..
McGill	..	11	12	..	10	12	20	18
Williamson	..	..	12	12	10	..	19	..
Schorty	..	..	..	11	11	..	21	..
Montanus	..	..	..	..	13	..	19	..
Colman	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

Shoot-off of club event, 15 targets:

	H.	B.	T.		H.	B.	T.
Dreyer	13	2	15	Franziola	7	3	10
Goubeaud	5	4	9	Williamson	12	2	14
C Cooper	11	3	14				

No. 7 was the club event.

North Side Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 24.—We have made extensive improvements, and are prepared to accommodate very large gatherings. All white shooters are welcome. On Sept. 22, notwithstanding the heavy rain, the shooters stood at the traps and made good scores.

Two members were present from the Oradell Club, coming over from Hackensack to participate. The Midland Club, of Maywood, sent down seven men.

The highest scores were made by Joe Spaeth, a member of the Northsides, who broke 94 out of 110. R. Von Lengerke, of the Midland Club, broke 55 out of 60.

Nineteen men took part in the shoot. The guests were entertained splendidly by the Northsiders, and left for home with a warm spot in their hearts for the local sportsmen. The club will have a shoot every Saturday during the fall, winter and spring, and it is expected that the season will be productive of good results in every particular. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	25	15	15	15	10	10	10
J Spaeth	23	22	25	10	12	14	8	7	10
H Beckler	15	..	..	8	11	12	6	4	6
E Planten	21	..	..	8	..	..	7	..	8
J E Bender	20	16	17	7	12	12	3	6	6
Dr Reagan	15	..	19	7	12	..	6	9	..
A Herman	12	13	18	9	..	..	..	3	..
I Storms	11	..	19	..	8	..	..	6	..
F H Lewis	23	21	19	..	13	..	..	7	6
J P Howland	..	..	22	..	11	..	..	8	6
H C Banta	..	..	16	..	11	..	..	5	..
A C Ohle	..	..	16	..	11	..	..	7	..
R Von Lengerke	..	..	24	..	12	..	..	10	9
J C Banta	..	..	17	6	11	..	6	6	10
J M Scoskie	..	..	17	..	11	..	..	..	..
H B Howland	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	6
J Polhemus	19	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8
N Boogertman	18	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Crooke	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	3

UNCLE HANK.

THE OHIO MILITARY MATCHES

under the auspices of the Ohio State Rifle Association and Ohio National Guard, at Port Clinton, Ohio, Sept. 10-15, resulted in a **COMPLETE VICTORY** for

PETERS AMMUNITION

Out of 23 All-Comers Matches Peters Factory Loaded Cartridges won FIRST in 21, SECOND in 1, and in the remaining match tied for First, making practically a clean sweep of **ALL THE HONORS,** including every one of the aggregates. The O. S. R. A. Championship Match and 12 other matches were won by Sergt. C. E. Orr. In the Grand Aggregate Sergt. Orr was also high with the wonderful score of 575, this with the O. S. R. A. match winning for him the

MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO

Lieut. C. S. Benedict finished Second in the Grand Aggregate, score 569, and Corp. Eastman, Third, score 554, both using Peters Cartridges.

This unprecedented record, coming close upon the heels of the wonderful performances at Sea Girt, clinches the title of Peters Cartridges to ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY over all other makes. Think of it!—every important match at the Sea Girt meeting, and every all-comers match but two at Port Clinton. Truly a case of "survival of the fittest."

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Norwich Shooting Club Tournament.

NORWICH, Conn., Sept. 22.—The rainy weather marred the tournament, though it was a success even with that handicap. The rain began at the time the competition began and continued till the end of the day. About thirty shooters were in attendance, and all reported a satisfactory time. Had the weather been good, there is no doubt but what fifty would have been in attendance. Over 3,000 targets were thrown.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high gun for the day with a score of 148 out of 160, and Mr. G. S. Fanning was second with 147. High amateur average was to the credit of Mr. P. H. Powell, of Newport, R. I., who scored 145 and won the prize rifle.

Mr. Harry Metcalf, of Rockville, won the eastern Connecticut championship with the excellent score of 95 out of 100. He is only 18 years old, and it is the opinion of many shooters that he is the best shot in the State.

During the shoot Secretary Brown had charge at the office and everything moved off smoothly. Lunch was served at noon to all shooters and spectators present.

The trade was represented by J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning, S. Haight and G. M. Wheeler. Souvenirs in the shape of scarfpins and badges were distributed by Messrs. Fanning and Haight.

Shooters were present from New York, Boston, Newport, Hartford, Willimantic, New London and other places. The scores:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Elliott	160	148	Connor	160	98
Fanning	160	147	Delaney	160	88
Powell	160	147	Metcalf	120	114
Powell	160	145	Stoddard	120	101
Griffith	160	142	Prest	100	90
Edgarton	160	142	Mitchell	100	79
Wheeler	160	140	Dolbeare	100	73
Buffalo	160	140	Jordan	100	68
A Brown	160	139	Harris	80	59
Fernside	160	139	Hepburn	60	47
Tafft	160	137	Richards	60	46
Post	160	132	Gates	60	40
Strong	160	124	Peters	40	19
Haight	160	111	Chapman	20	12
Harrison	160	99			

Eastern Connecticut championship at 100 targets—Metcalf 95, Edgarton 90, Prest 90, Stoddard 88, Tafft 86, A. Brown 84, Post 89, Mitchell 79, Strong 76, Harrison 62, Connor 58, Delaney 57.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the fourth series.

In the club trophy event Eaton won in Class A on 24; T. L. Smedes in Class B, on 23; Thomas in Class C, on 20. In the Dupont cup event, McDonald, W. Einfeldt, George and Eaton all tied in Class A on perfect scores of 15 straight. T. L. Smedes won Class B on 14; Thomas won Class C on 14.

After these events were finished, some miss-and-out contests were indulged in, and some shooting at 20yds.

The day was ideal for target shooting, being pleasantly cool and but little wind. Attendance fair, some of our regulars having returned from field shooting trips.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
McDonald	15	20	..	..	10	6	9	..
Dr Reynolds	13	22	..	..	9	6	8	..
Dr Meek	10	18	5	8	9	7	8	..
Thomas	14	20	9	8	8	10	6	8
Dr Huff	13	21	..	..	7	7	9	8
W Engfeldt	15	23	10	10	10	9	9	10
Webb	12	17	4	..	8	6	8	5
T L Smedes	14	23	8	10	8	8	9	6
George	15	17	9	7	7	7	8	5
Herr	11	19	7	9	5	8	6	5
Eaton	15	24	9	..	9	5	9	6
Lord	12	22	..	..	..	..	..	8
Geotter	10	15	6	7	..	..	7	5
A Smedes	9	..	9	9	..	..	..	8

No. 1 was Dupont cup. No. 2 was trophy event. No. 8 was at five pairs.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O.—The Saturday afternoon shooters found an ideal afternoon for the sport. The traps were running extra fine, and all participants had a spendid time.

The fall shooting will soon be here, and the boys are getting some practice that will aid them in field shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	25	25	25	25
Darby	19	17	..	18	17	..	..	..	..
Jesse Smith	15	17	16	22	..	..	..	..	..
B Chamberlain	19	..	19	23	25	23	23	20	23
Hall	17	..	..	18	17	16	18	17	19
J T Wells	..	..	..	19	17	..	..	..	..
Gross	..	..	..	23	21	19	..	..	..
Shattuck	..	..	19	22	24	23	22	..	..
H E Smith	..	..	..	21	22	22	25	..	..
Weinman	..	..	..	10	24	20	23	..	..
Whisner	..	..	..	17	16	..	..	..	..
J A Smith	..	..	..	21	22	..	..	..	..
Marcus	16	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	..

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Fixtures.

Sept. 30.—Davenport (Ia.) Shooting Association.
Oct. 2-3.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Vincent challenge shield match, between teams of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers of London, and the Seventh Regiment of New York.
Oct. 3-4.—Union Hill, N. J.—Zettler Rifle Club thirty-second annual shooting festival. F. Hecking, Sec'y.

United States Revolver Association Championship Matches.

THE annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association for the year 1906 were held during the period of Aug. 26 to Sept. 2, inclusive. Facilities were provided for contestants to enter these matches at Sea Girt, N. J.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Des Moines, Ia., and San Francisco, Cal.

The results of the contest are as follows:

Match A—Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target, 8in. bullseye, 10-ring, 3.36in. Arm, any revolver within the rules; ammunition, any. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries. First prize: The championship silver cup, value $200, to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed on the cup in raised ornamental letters is "This cup represents the Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year and the score are also engraved on the cup each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal, value $25, with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup. Second prize: A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side. Third prize: A bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 425 or better.

First prize: John A. Dietz, Jr., New York, N. Y.—
8 6 9 10 8 10 9 10 8 8—86
9 7 9 8 8 8 10 10 10 7—86
9 6 10 10 8 10 8 10 8 9—88
10 9 9 8 10 9 10 9 10 8—92
10 9 8 9 10 10 10 8 9 9—92—444

Second prize: W. C. Pritchard, San Francisco, Ca.—
8 7 9 9 9 8 10 10 9 10—89
8 10 9 8 8 9 8 8 9 10—87
9 8 8 10 7 7 10 9 10 8—86
10 10 10 8 8 10 10 10 10 8—94
8 8 6 9 10 10 7 10 9 9—86—442

Third prize: T. Anderton, New York, N. Y.—
10 9 9 7 7 7 8 9 9 8—83
10 9 9 10 9 9 8 8 10 9—91
8 8 8 10 8 9 9 10 10 10—89
9 9 9 8 9 8 9 10 7 8—86
8 8 8 10 10 8 10 9 9 8—88—437

Medal winners:

F V Kington, San Francisco, Cal.....84 80 92 87 90—433
Pvt T Le Boutillier, New York.....82 87 84 87 87—429
Lieut R H Sayre, New York.....86 85 86 85 86—428
J R Frego, San Francisco, Cal.....85 83 90 78 89—425

Other scores:

Sidney E. Sears, St. Louis, Mo.....80 87 90 84 82—423
Wm G Krieg, Chicago, Ill.....73 82 87 84 89—415
C C Crossman, St. Louis, Mo.....80 84 85 77 83—409
Albert Sorenson, Chicago, Ill.....79 88 83 82 76—408
T M Barcur, St. Louis, Mo.....84 82 70 80 84—400
A L A Himmelwright, New York.....82 78 82 80 77—399
Wm T Church, Chicago, Ill.....70 87 77 76 83—393
Dr M R Moore, St. Louis, Mo.....79 74 83 79 74—389
Mrs. C. C. Crossman, St. Louis, Mo...75 75 81 82 75—388
A Klieboth, St. Louis, Mo.....69 74 71 80 76—370
Paul Frese, St. Louis, Mo.....65 72 79 69 78—363
H Summerfield, St. Louis, Mo.....73 62 68 75 76—354
Lieut R E Morvell, Richmond, Va.....50 58 55 53 60—276
Capt C M Wallace, Richmond, Va.....13 52 32 59 44—200

Match B—Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., 50 shots on same target as Match A; arm, any pistol within the rules; ammunition, any; the score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries. First prize: The championship silver cup, value $175, to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed on the cup in raised ornamental letters is "This cup represents the pistol championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year, and the score are also engraved on the cup each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal, value $25, with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup. Second prize: A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making a score of 435 or better.

First prize: John A. Dietz, New York, N. Y.—
9 10 6 7 10 10 10 9 10 10—91
10 9 9 7 8 10 9 9 9 10—90
7 7 10 8 8 10 9 9 10 9—87
10 9 8 9 8 10 9 8 9 10—90
10 10 8 10 10 6 9 10 8 9—90—448

Second Prize, A. L. A. Himmelwright, New York.—
7 10 9 9 10 9 8 8 8 9—87
10 10 8 8 9 10 9 8 9 9—90
9 10 9 7 7 8 9 8 10 8—85
9 10 8 10 8 10 10 9 7 10—91
10 10 9 7 9 10 10 9 9 8—91—444

Third prize: Wm. G. Krieg, Chicago, Ill.—
8 10 8 8 8 9 7 9 9 8—84
9 8 8 9 10 10 10 8 8 10—90
10 6 10 9 10 9 8 8 8 10—88
9 7 10 10 8 9 8 9 8 8—86
7 8 10 8 8 8 8 9 10 7—83—431

W L Schrader, St. Louis, Mo.....81 87 82 91 86—427
H A Harris, San Francisco, Cal.....86 86 73 85 79—409
W von Buelow, Chicago, Ill.....82 80 79 75 81—397
Iver W Lee, Chicago, Ill.....77 72 86 75 83—393

Match C—Military Championship.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., five consecutive strings of 5 shots on the same target as Match A. Each string at each range must be shot within the time limit of 15 seconds, taking time from the command "Fire." Misfires and shots lost on account of the arm becoming disabled while firing any string will be scored zero. If a shot is fired after the time limit has elapsed, the shot of the highest count will be deducted from the score. No cleaning allowed. Arm, any military revolver, or any military magazine pistol within the rules. Ammunition, the full charge service cartridge. The score must be completed on the same day. No sighting shots will be allowed after beginning the score. Entrance fee, $5; no re-entries. First prize: The championship silver trophy, a silver bowl, value $450, to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. The trophy bears the inscription, "The Military Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year and the score are also engraved on the trophy each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal, value $25, with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the trophy. Second prize: a silver medal, with inscription on the reverse side. Third prize: a bronze medal with inscription on the reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 535 or better.

First prize: Lieut. R. H. Sayre, New York—

10	7	7	7	6—37		9	9	8	7	6—39		9	8	7	7	5—36
9	8	8	7	5—37		10	10	8	7	7—42		9	9	5	5	5—33
8	8	8	7	5—36		10	10	8	8	7—43		9	9	9	8	7—42
10	9	7	6	5—37		10	9	6	6	6—37		10	9	7	6	6—38
10	10	8	7	6—41		10	9	9	8	7—43		10	10	8	7	7—42
				188						204						191

Grand total, 583.

Second prize: Thos. Le Boutillier, 2d, New York—

10	10	8	8	8—44		9	8	8	7	7—39		9	7	7	7	6—36
	10	10	8	6—34		10	8	8	8	7—41		10	7	7	6	5—35
9	7	6	6	9—37		10	9	9	8	7—43		9	6	6	6	5—32
10	8	7	6	6—37		8	8	7	7	5—35		9	9	7	7	6—38
9	8	7	5	0—29		8	7	6	6	5—32		9	9	9	8	5—40
				181						190						181

Grand total, 552.

Third Prize: Capt. Merritt Smith, New York—

6	6	6	5	5—28		9	8	7	5	4—33		10	8	8	6	4—36
8	6	6	5	5—30		9	7	6	6	5—33		8	8	7	6	0—29
10	10	8	7	5—40		10	8	7	6	4—35		7	6	5	4	0—22
9	8	8	6	6—37		9	9	6	6	5—35		9	5	5	5	0—24
9	8	8	5	5—35		8	8	7	6	6—35		10	9	8	8	6—41
				170						171						152

Grand total, 493.

Sergt A W Putnam, New York....27 25 28 33 27—140
37 21 34 31 29—152
28 39 31 29 29—156—448

Match D—Military Record Match.—Open to everybody, distance 50yds., five consecutive strings of 5 shots under the same conditions as Match C; entrance fee, $1; entries unlimited.

First prize: A gold trophy, (a laurel wreath surrounding a scroll, mounted on an ebony shield, value, $150). Between the scroll and the wreath is a ribbon, on which in raised letters is "The United States Revolver Association." At the top of the scroll is engraved "Military Record Match" and the name of the winner, the year and the score for each year are engraved on the scroll below. This trophy is held by the winner until the next annual competition, and is to become the property of the competitor winning it three times. Second prize: a silver medal, with inscription on the reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal with inscription on the reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to competitors making scores of 190 or better.

First prize: Thomas Le Boutillier, 2d, New York..... 6 7 7 10 9—39
9 9 8 7 6—39
10 10 9 9 8—46
7 6 6 6 6—31
10 8 8 6 5—37—192

Second prize: Lieut. R. H. Sayre, New York ..... 10 8 7 6 6—37
10 8 8 7 6—39
9 9 9 9 7—43
7 7 6 5 5—30—189

Third prize: P. Le Boutillier, New York ..... 9 8 8 7 6—38
10 7 7 4 4—32
10 7 6 5 4—32
8 5 5 4 3—25
9 7 6 4 3—29—156

A W Putnam, New York.....29 31 39 31 26—156
Capt M H Smith, New York.....33 19 29 36 33—150
W T Church, Chicago.....22 35 21 17 24—119
W G Krieg, Chicago, Ill.....25 26 18 22 17—108
A Sorenson, Chicago, Ill.....29 16 16 17 17— 95
Lieut C Barnett, Chicago..... 6 6 13 13 8— 46

State Championships.

Three or more persons from any State entering the annual championship matches of the Association are entitled to State championship honors.

The contestant from any State making the highest score is awarded first prize and the State championship silver medal, of the same design as the national championship medal.

The contestant making the next highest score is awarded second prize and the State championship bronze medal, of the same design as the national championship medal.

The following is a list of the State championship prize winners:

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Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

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New York—Match A.
*J A Dietz, Jr, first prize.....444
*Thomas Anderton, second prize.....437
Illinois—Match A.
Wm G Krieg, first prize.....415
Albert Sorenson, second prize.....408
Missouri—Match A.
Sidney E. Sears, first prize.....423
C C Crossman, second prize.....409
California—Match A.
*Wm C Pritchard, first prize.....442
F V Kington, second prize.....433
Virginia—Match A.
Lieut R E Norvell, first prize.....276
Lieut E M Hardy, second prize.....271
*National honors and medals have precedence.

Indoor 22-Caliber Rifle League.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Secretary J. S. Mullan, of the Columbia Rifle Club, has announced the appointment of committees for the fourth annual tournament of the Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League of the United States, to be held with the local organization the last week in January, 1907. The prize list is in the hands of a ways and means committee, composed of the most influential members of the club, and the present outlook is for cash and merchandise awards of an aggregate value of $2,000, a large part of which will be cash.

The first tournament of the League was held in Pittsburg four years ago. At the time cash prizes amounting to about $1,000 were put up, and there was merchandise to the value of $500. The Columbia Rifle Club wishes to add to that amount, making the coming tournament the most largely attended gathering of marksmen in the history of the League.

It is believed that at least three hundred of the best rifle shots in the country will attend. At last year's tournament in northern Michigan, there were one hundred and fifty contestants. Rochester is centrally located. It has every facility for the entertainment of a large number of visitors, and no more hospitable organization than the Columbia Rifle Club may be found among clubs of its size.

The club has a membership of two hundred, and every man is working for the success of the tournament. Pool and billiard competitions, with prizes for successful contestants, are planned as a social feature of the tournament. There will be music all the week. The tournament committee is not in a position to announce its programme, but something definite will be given out in a few days. The feature of the tournament will of course be the championship shoot, carrying the individual .22cal. rifle shot title of the United States, a medal and a cash prize. COLUMBIA RIFLE CLUB.

Zettler Rifle Club Tournament.

INVITATIONS have been issued for the thirty-second annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, to be held at Union Hill, N. J., Oct., 3 and 4. The competition will be on the ring target, bullseye target, special 25-ring target, judges' target, and target of honor.

Ring Target.—Distance 200yds., ¾in. (25) German ring target, any rifle; open to all comers. Tickets, 50 cents. Two best tickets to count for all prizes. Tickets unlimited. Only one prize to any one shooter. Twenty prizes, ranging from $20 to $1. Premiums, first five tickets, $6; second, $4; third, $3; fourth, $2.

Bullseye Target.—Open to all comers; ten shots, $1; the best bullseye by measurement to count; eighteen prizes, ranging from $20 to $1. A number of cash premiums are added.

The target of honor has twenty prizes, ranging from $20 to $4 in value; three shots; open to members only.

The special 25-ring target is open to every one; three shots free; one ticket to each shooter; prize, fine trophy presented by Zettler Brothers.

The ladies' target of honor is open to ladies of the club members for prizes presented by the club. G. Zimmermann is the president; F. Hecking, secretary.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

GOOD scores have been shot by those who have stuck to the range during the hot weather, and some of the members feel well paid for their work, which gives a jar to some of the older shots who have not kept up regular practice.

Gardiner's 100-shot total in practice leads the club record for the .22s; Miller and Parkhurst have caught the knack of placing the great majority of their shots in the bullseye at the 50yd. revolver line, and are putting up scores that please not only themselves but the fellow who has the picking out of a team in hand.

We hope to persuade the crack revolver team of Troop B (militia) to shoot a return match with us this fall. Last year they caught us at short notice with some of our regular men out of reach, and in order to accommodate them we were obliged to put on two men whose scores were below the average. The result was we were trimmed by a few points and tried to get a return match last winter, but were unable to get the militiamen interested.

Revolver scores:

Standard target, 50yds.: Edw. C. Parkhurst,80, 90, 77, 89, 87; Herbert C. Miller, 90, 89, 81, 77, 81, 81, 79.

Creedmoor target: Miller, 49, 49, 47, 47, 47, 46, 46; Parkhurst, 48, 49, 46, 49, 48.

Standard target, 20yds.: Edw. C. Parkhurst 86, 76, 74, 82, 79; A. C. Hurlburt, 86, 74; H. C. Miller 82, 76, 75, 75.

Rifle scores; 100 consecutive shots at 25yds., on ¼in. ring target:

W B Gardiner..238 239 242 241 240 238 240 243 245 238—2404

This is 10 points better than the club record.

Mr. Gardiner has to his credit the first five-shot "possible" at 25yds. on ¼in. ring target—i. e., a clean score of

125 points, and will within a short time attempt to raise the record for 100 shots.

Practice, 25yds., ¼in. ring target: W. B. Gardiner, 238, 242, 238; F. S. Mayo 234, 234, 235; Mrs. Mayo 219.

Standard target, 50yds.: Sterry K. Luther 78, 86, 88, 89, 88; Fred S. Mayo 75, 76, 81, 81, 81.

Dupont Interscholastic Trophy.

THE beautiful and valuable Dupont trophy, a cut of which is presented herewith, was presented by the Dupont Powder Company for interscholastic competition.

The conditions governing it are as follows: Open to teams of five from pupils of any college, high school or elementary school in the United States or the Dominion of Canada, a satisfactory certificate of eligibility from the proper authorities to be furnished, if required; distances, 100 and 300 yards; 5 shots at each distance; position, standing at 100yds. on A target, prone at 300yds. on B target; entries of more than one team will be permitted from any institution, but no man will be permitted to shoot on more than one team; rifle, United States service; ammunition, Ideal, reduced load No. 308284, 207-grain bullet.

One win has been scored on this trophy by the De Witt Clinton High School, of Manhattan, at Creedmoor, L. I., recently. The other contestants were Boys' High School, Brooklyn; St. John's Military, Manlius, N. Y., two teams; Stuyvesant High School, New York; Commercial High School, New York; Curtis High School, Staten Island; Manual Training School, Brooklyn.

Rifle Notes.

Concerning the United States Revolver Association, President A. L. A. Himmelwright informs us that the membership of the Association has grown rapidly and now numbers 629 members, who are scattered through thirty-five States. The Association has a surplus in the treasury, and is in good financial condition. It is purposed to buy new trophies and to institute additional matches.

Referring to a recent important rifle tournament, one of our Western exchanges said of the warming shots every rifleman fires before beginning his score in a match: "The theory is that the rifle will shoot better once the barrel is heated." This is somewhat misleading, for the custom is an entirely practical one, not a theory, and is based on the fact that a shot fired out of a cold barrel, and one fired after the barrel is warmed slightly, will not be alike in elevations, hence the careful rifleman endeavors to warm his barrel by a blank or two, and afterward by shooting at regular intervals to keep it at an even temperature.

"Did you ever buy a gold brick?"

"No," answered Farmer Corntossel, "but I'd like to. If I could get one middlin' reasonable I'm sure I could go down to New York an' sell it at a good profit."—Washington Star.

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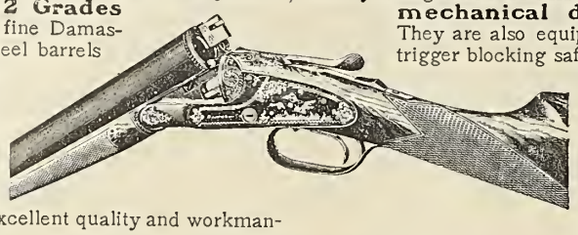

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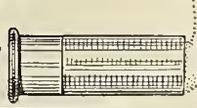

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EVEN the most careful man is not likely to go through a long career of sport without mishaps or accidents of some sort—in fact, it is that element of risk, of the unexpected happening, that adds so much to the excitement of sporting pursuits, regrettable though the misfortune may be when it occurs, whether it be missing "the best run of the season," losing the "biggest fish I ever had on," or, to go further afield, some even worse piece of luck when big-game shooting in the Land of India. Frequently the ludicrous element comes in, fortunate if such alone is the case.

The following story—one which I kept dark for many a day—I will preface by saying, might have happened to anybody, for I was no "griffin" at the time, but had done years of shooting in many countries. It happened in the Himalayas, where I was bear shooting. Here is the story: In the morning I had shot a large black bear, so stayed in camp during the afternoon cleaning and stretching its skin, then dined and turned in early, as I had a long, hard day before me on a distant range of hills. In spite of dinner and then bed at once, I was sleeping like a top, when I was suddenly awakened by somebody touching me, and in the dim light saw two figures crouching by my bedside. "Hullo! What's the matter; what is it Voudram?" "Sahib! Sahib" excitedly whispered my two shikaris, "three bears close by in the Indian corn; quick, come quick!" It seemed that the villager whose night it was to sit up in the machan (a little hut raised on poles) watching the crops, had run in to tell us he had seen three bears come out of a ravine into the field, and that they were eating the corn.

I struck a match and looked at my watch—it was just one o'clock—put on a coat and pair of shoes, took the rifle out of its case, and started. Though a cloudy night, the moon every now and then shone out fairly brightly, so five minutes' walk took us to some terraced fields on the outskirts of the village. Creeping down from terrace to terrace, I got close to the field in which the bears were said to be, the villager pointing to the place; and, sure enough, close below us something was crashing about devouring the corn. I could now see that this was going on in three separate places, and could plainly hear the scrunching sound of the animals eating; but the crops were so high, quite eight or ten feet, that, though above, it was very difficult to see anything. "There, look, look!" exclaimed Voudram, and I indistinctly made out some dark animal move; then the corn stalks waved as another approached it, but still I could not see sufficiently to risk a shot. A few minutes later, and the moon came out from behind a cloud, and I saw a black hide, raised my rifle, and fired. A crash, two or three struggles, a few moans, and all was still; then in the dim light I saw something dark move close to the fallen animal—bang, the shot echoing again and again among the mountain tops. The third bear was now, as I could see by the line of waving corn stalks, making for a deep ravine bordering the field, and I just caught sight of it as it went over the edge, so fired, but with what result it was impossible to say. I clambered down, and, rifle in hand, cautiously approached

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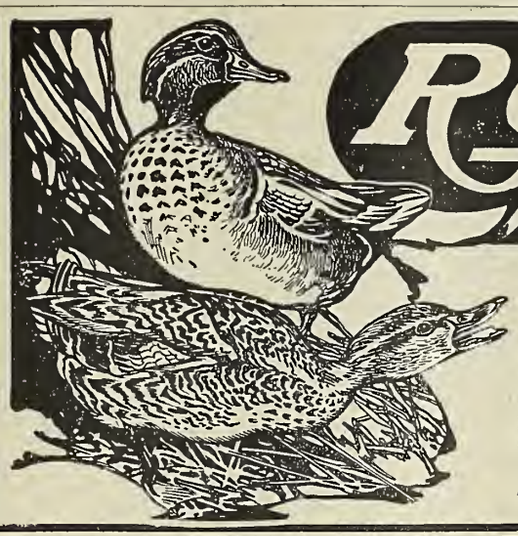

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where the first animal fired at fell, and there, sure enough, lay—great heavens! a dead cow! A short distance off lay another stone dead, and all of a heap, in the bottom of the ravine, the third, all as dead as dead could be. Imagine my feelings! If they had been bears I suppose I should have missed instead of killing all three. The shikaris were in despair, while the watcher, the origin of the disaster, the original finder of "the bears," simply wept with freight. Personally I was very angry with myself, though all the same anyone might have been deceived. Frequently bears were in the crops at night, and no one would ever have dreamed of cows being there, for at sunset they are always locked up on account of wild beasts. The firing had roused the village—now for the bobbery. Up rushed a lad in a frantic state of grief, saying he had forgotten over night to secure the door of his mother's cow house; they had strayed into the Indian corn, and were those I had killed. Next the old lady herself appeared upon the scene, howling as if she was never going to stop—her three little cows she had had ever since they were "batchas" (young ones); all she possessed, so on, so on. However, I told her to stop crying, and I would get other cows for her; that I would pay her whatever she liked to value them at. Marvellous the effect this had.

It was best to settle the matter at once, so I told the lumbedar (head man) of the village to talk the matter over with the woman, and fix the price I was to pay for my evening's shooting, which, after much consultation, they did at Rs. 21! Not a large sum, considerably less than £2; but the cow of the Indian hills is a miserable little beast, not much larger than an ordinary English calf. Went to my tent, got the rupees, paid the woman, and said how sorry I was at the mishap, then turned in again, for it was still some hours to daylight, and tried to imagine the whole business an unpleasant dream.

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Photo of wild game by Geo. Dan. Seib

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Fishing, if I, a fisher, may protest,
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But now the sport is made, and wott ye why:
Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply.
Thomas Bastard, 1598.

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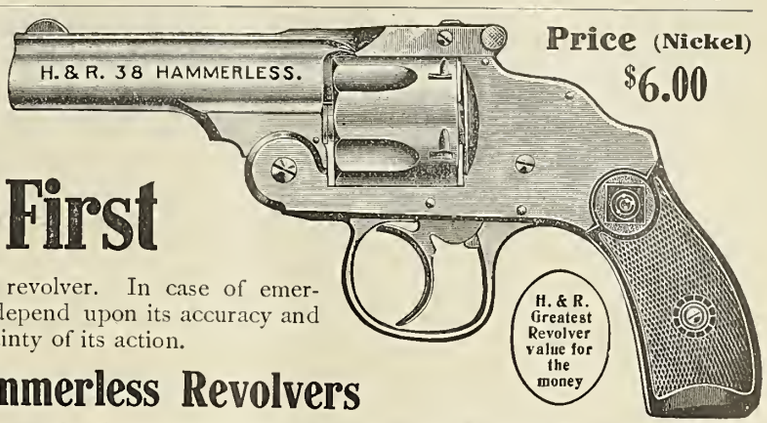

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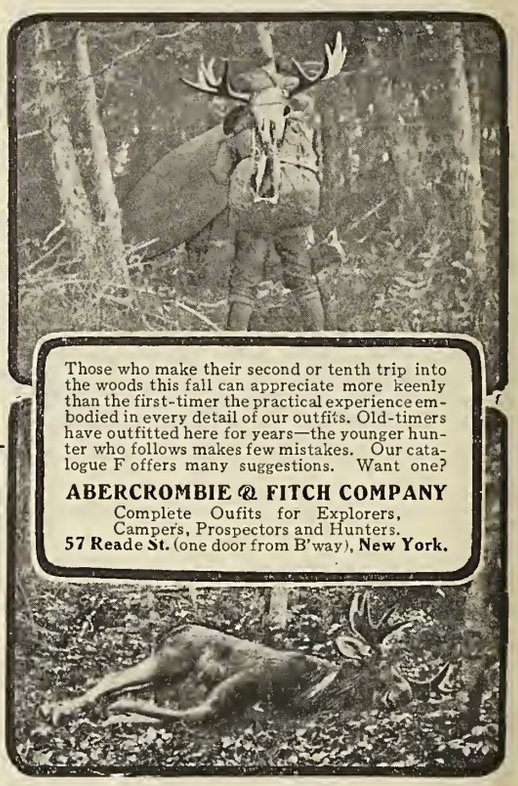

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Va. and N. C. F. H. Ass'n.

CHASE City, Va., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Mecklenburg being the headquarters of the Va. and N. C. Fox-Hunters' Association, the third annual meet will take place here, covering the dates of Oct. 22 to 30, inclusive. The programme in preparation presents all the attractive features and prizes of the sport that has so popularized this resort. The membership of the Va. and N. C. Fox-Hunters' Association has now attained a growth beyond any like sporting organization in this country, and still grows rapidly. There are plenty of foxes, and no better fields for the sport could be desired than this section of Virginia. The game is plentiful far and near here.

The schedules and programmes and membership cards can be had of the Mecklenburg management or the secretary of the association. The hounds have a greater number of catches to their credit than any others to be found anywhere. Both bird and fox dogs have been closely selected and increased in number and efficiency, and the setters are all that could be desired, to say nothing of the metropolitan management of the hotel—better than ever.

Quail are absolutely plentiful, and coveys may be found now among the tall weeds within the Chase City corporate limits, so that the amateur and lady sports may have abundant practice on the spot, while hardier sportsmen may select their own ground far or nearby.

It is wonderful to see here eight-month-old pups that will run a fox already, one of which ran sixteen miles last week with the old dogs unharmed; but the pups, with the instinct of best breeding, have been trained trailing and chasing a live red fox kept for months on the premises, which followed its keeper about, till he tired of the pup's familiarity and chases after he ran a tree, and was soon up and off and out of danger, but may be sometimes heard barking at night when the hounds are in their kennels.

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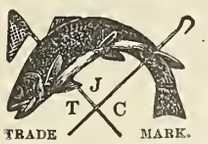

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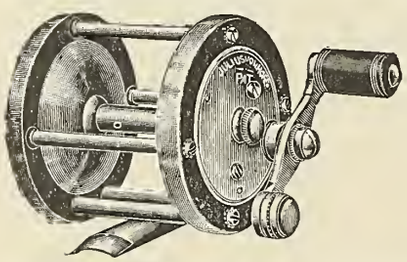

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 14. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

OUR ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.

The capital flashlight photo of a deer, in our illustration supplement, was made by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, one August night, on an old logging road near Lake Superior in Upper Michigan. The alert pose of the animal and the setting are extremely effective.

The shooter and fisherman of to-day cannot fail to be interested in the reproductions of those illustrations of the sport of Emperor Maximilian four centuries ago, and in the entertaining account which Mr. Baillie-Grohman has written of the early hunting volume. The pictures are quaint and curious with their naïve disregard of perspective; but they are graphic representations of the true sport of their day with its pomp and splendor; and they are all the more attractive because of artistic incongruities.

FLY- AND BAIT-CASTING CLUBS.

More importance than is apparent at first thought attaches to the fly- and bait-casting tournament to be held on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, this city, during the present month under the auspices of The Anglers' Club of New York.

When the Kalamazoo Bait- and Fly-Casting Club held its big tournament in Kalamazoo, Mich., last summer the representatives of all the casting clubs present agreed on the necessity of a national body which should decide all questions of general interest, formulate uniform rules under which all tournaments could be conducted, and keep the sport clean and free from disturbing influences. As a result of this conference the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs was organized, and eight clubs at once became affiliated with it. Of these clubs three hail from Illinois, two from Michigan, and one each from Wisconsin, Missouri and California. At its first opportunity the New York club became affiliated with the national body, which is now represented by clubs from coast to coast. It was agreed that the next annual tournament should be held in Racine, Wis.

The New York club, in sending notice of its decision to President Perce, called his attention to the fact that it is at present the only club of its kind in the East, and as it, in common with other clubs, is entitled to only one delegate—its member of the executive board of the national body—its hope to have the national tournament held in New York in any given year was not likely to be realized, it being far from the center of the country and in the minority.

President Perce, in reply, stated that it would be unfair for mere numbers to count in selecting a place at which to hold a national tournament. The Fox River Valley Casting Club, for example, has a membership of 1,400, while other clubs have less than 100. While each club is represented by but one member of the executive board, the influence of the club having a large membership is certain to be greater than that of the club composed of few members. He has promised to take these facts into consideration, and some plan looking toward fairness to all clubs will be incorporated in the constitution and by-laws of the national association, now being prepared.

In the course of time clubs North and South, East and West will become affiliated with this association, and it seems that divisions should be formed, each division to claim the right to name the officers and the place for the tournament for a certain year, this right to rotate. The clubs in a division should then decide on what city would be more favorable. Next year another division would have choice of officers and place, but should it waive its right for any reason, the next division in line would act, and so on, all clubs having equal rights without regard to numbers.

The New York club was organized only a few months ago and found it difficult to find a place to practice in the crowded city—the length of time taken to go to an out-of-town site excluding that idea from consideration; but at last permits to cast in two of the public parks were obtained, and since the platforms have been built daily practice has been had. Inquiries have been coming in from all nearby cities and many from distant points in the East, and anglers visit the park to become acquainted with others and learn whether they can take part in this fascinating and useful practice of the gentle angler. Already the movement that will result in the formation of other casting clubs in the East in a short time is on foot. East and West the desire for uniform rules is apparent.

It is often argued by anglers that tournament casting—fly or bait—is not carried on under service conditions. This is true to a certain extent, but tournament casting, or rather let us say club practice casting, is of immense benefit to the angler. It teaches him how to cast properly and deftly, and proves not only what types of rod, reel and line are best, but the defects of unsuitable tackle for certain uses. By casting with others he learns what his own shortcomings are, and is taught the proper way. Unconsciously he picks up hints and applies them with satisfaction and pleasure. Not all tournament tackle will give the best results in fishing, for some of it is made to withstand unusual strains, as in casting fly or bait for distance records; but tackle used in accuracy and delicacy casting is good enough for fishing, and not a few men employ their fishing rods and reels in tournament work.

In fly-casting the angler cannot practice too much, and competition is the greatest incentive to that end; while the angler who practices bait-casting will become more and more fascinated with it while acquiring a wholesome respect for a good free-running reel. This is a school for anglers, who realize very quickly that none of their companions expects them to make long or accurate casts at first, consequently there is no occasion for "stage fright." Practice begets confidence, perseverance begets enthusiasm, and this in turn leaves one so fascinated with the game that he cannot tire of it. Practice casting, unlike trout and bass fishing, is always in season. The equipment is simple: A half-dozen wood disks moored on a pond at known distances or a few marks on a lawn, your favorite rod, reel and line, and you are ready for practice when there is no fishing. A neighbor becomes interested, other anglers join you, a club is formed. And without realizing it you have a game that is clean, instructive, healthful, and replete with possibilities one never tires in striving for.

The destructive work of cats in relation to the small bird supply of the home grounds is not fully realized. We have been told to weariness of the ravages of the small boy with a gun and the woman with feather dressed hat; but as a destroyer of song birds the cats make away with more birds in a year than the small boys in a century; and kill more small birds than all the millinery hunters in the country. If the gunner in the woods is justified in shooting the half wild cats he finds there, the owner of a bird haunted yard should count himself free to make away with the trespassing cat from the other side of the fence.

To the cat the Sicilian is a close second; and a harder problem to deal with. In New Florence, Pa., the other day a gang of Sicilians had been shooting song birds; a deputation of the State constabulary sought to arrest them; the Italians gathered an armed force to resist; and in the fight that followed two of the constables were killed and two more were wounded. These people bring to America all their native predilection for potting the smallest birds that fly, all their poaching proclivities, developed through generations of European land tenure systems, and all their vindictiveness when the authorities attempt to restrain their "sport." We hear from the South continued complaints of the bird-destroying ways of the negro with his cheap shotgun; but it is doubtful whether the Italians who are in some places supplanting the negroes will prove less destructive in this respect. There is at least this to be said in their favor, that in the course of a few generations these foreigners become good Americans; and it may be that in the transformation they may in time come to share the American attitude toward the useful species which the Audubon law classifies as non-game birds.

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A Day on the Trail.

Its Joys and Its Discomforts.

You scarcely know what it is that has wakened you—perhaps the first rays of the sun that are creeping over the ridge, or the crackle of dry sticks; but at any rate you push back your blanket and lie there lazily for a moment, watching the sun flicker through the trees and trying to calculate the time. The guide is ahead of you, for a little fire is burning brightly and a kettle of something already cooking. There he comes now with an armful of fire-wood. At the sight of his energetic figure and remembering that the hardest part of the trail is to be covered to-day, you jump, or rather, pick yourself up carefully, for the cool, frosty night and the not altogether comfortable bed on the hard ground have made you feel a trifle stiff. How good the fire feels, and how good the "something" smells! which, upon investigation, proves to be a kettle of grouse. The guide says it is about cooked. So rousing your companions, you run for a wash in the mountain brook—in water so cold that it makes your teeth chatter as you dash it up again and again; but it succeeds in making you feel fully awake and so keen for the day's tramp, that you eat breakfast and go through the morning routine—putting out the fire, making up your pack with a feverish haste, and in less than an hour you are ready to start.

Is there anything quite like this feeling? The exhilarating mountain air, the cool fragrance of the pines, together with your own vigor and freshness after a night's sleep in the open, make you feel so exuberant that it is impossible not to start off at a fast pace—so fast, that after a few moments you are forced to stop, tired and breathless, wondering as you do why you can never learn to be moderate at the outset. Then follow hours of a certain monotony, and yet every moment is different. It is hard to express the charm you feel as you tramp on and on, with the little trail ever stretching ahead, curving and disappearing in yonder thicket, now taking you through dense timber of immense cedar trees draped and festooned with gray bearded moss, until it all seems like a mystical fairy-land, now coming on a clear, rushing stream, where invaribly you stop, bend the rim of your hat and scoop up a drink or pause to pick the huckleberries, still glistening with the dew. Occasionally the guide indicates that you may rest if you wish, and although you may not feel particularly tired, you take off your pack, and with a feeling of joy, throw yourself down on the thick carpet of needles, burying your face in them, while you drink in the warm fragrance, or lying on your back and looking up through the dark green branches to the blue of the sky, where the white, fleecy clouds are sailing past. It seems scarcely a moment until you must be off again—but what a moment it was!

Now as the climb up the steep slope of the ridge begins, the trail becomes rougher, the foothold is bad, and your pace must be somewhat slackened. It is a hard pull; but about noon, after the last hundred feet of stiff climbing, the top is reached. You sit down mechanically, too tired and exhausted to speak, but drinking in with every breath the wonder of the view before you. Stretching at your feet are the fir-covered slopes, in the valley like a silver thread, the rushing stream, and beyond, slopes and ridges rising higher and higher until they thrust their ragged peaks into the very heavens. A breeze, seeming to come from the "eternal snows," brushes your cheeks, which brings back your vigor, and about the same time your physical senses, so that suddenly realizing how powerfully empty you are, you pull from your ruck sack the cold bannock and raisins, for this noon you will not take the time to cook a meal.

In the afternoon you follow the ridge for some time, then cross the valley and begin the ascent on the other side. Gradually you seem to take less notice of the beauty around you, the details do not impress you, and even the excitement of your companions over the fresh bear-tracks fail to awake any interest. About 4 o'clock the breeze dies down, and it becomes oppressively hot. You walk on as if in a stupor, looking neither to right nor to left, only conscious that your pack is growing heavier each moment; that your feet feel bruised and sore, and that the flies and mosquitoes are becoming thicker and thicker. Some one behind starts up a rousing song, and as you join in for a few moments, your spirits rise only to drop again with a sickening thud as the last note dies out. You pull at your shoulder straps to ease the ache in your back, but in a moment are forced to bend all your energies to fighting the mosquitoes which make the air black. It is then that you say with Stewart Edward White that "You are a fool"; then that you think in despair of all the home comforts which you might be enjoying; that you curse yourself for coming into such a place of your own free will, and vow to get out of it at the earliest opportunity. How much longer is it going to continue? It is almost dark, and still that persistent, iron-clad guide goes on. Will he never stop? You notice the frequent streams and tell yourself what excellent camping places they would make, but in spite of all your misery, you have too much self-respect left to propose a stop. Finally, after a few more moments, which have seemed like hours, the guide pauses, looks over the ground at the left and asks your opinion about stopping there or trying to make a few more miles. Summoning all your self-possession to keep back the too apparent eagerness, you say in your calmest tone that it would probably be hard to find a better spot for the night camp. The guide looks at you closely through his squinting eyes, and perhaps there is a shadow of a smile on his lips as he throws off his pack, which means, "Well, you know what it means, and throw off yours, too."

Then you are off for fire-wood, and as you come back, you see the fire flickering through the fast gathering dusk and the tall, straight tree trunks. What cheer and comfort that little blaze brings, and how quickly you forget your fatigue; in fact, forget everything but the consuming hunger! Every one bends his energies toward the preparation of the meal, for after such a long day's tramp, the kettles will be taxed to their utmost. The guide will make the bannock, for no one else has achieved the art of making it light and brown, while you busy yourself with the bacon and rice. At last all is ready, and seated around the fire, each with a can which he fills alternately with rice and tea, scarcely a sound is heard save the clink of spoons and the sighs of satisfaction. The bacon may be burned or the rice poorly cooked, but every one vows he never ate anything better, for at such a time there is no criticism unless the quantity gives out. When every kettle has been emptied and the last vestige of bannock has disappeared, you are forced to stop, much against your will. And then comes the hour of keen enjoyment—almost the best of the day—when the men smoke, when thrilling stories are rehearsed, a few songs are sung, or, as is often the case after a hard day, every one is inclined to be silent, while he watches the blue flames leap higher and higher until nothing but glowing embers remain. It is then that you think over the day, weighing carefully the discomfort and happiness it has brought and if any one can doubt which overbalances—you, at any rate, cannot. You recall, with a certain amusement and pity, the misery of a few hours ago, wondering that you could ever have thought that it was not worth while—not worth this one hour of absolute contentment.

The fire has died out. You stake your claim for the night—it doesn't matter much how good a one it is—pull up your blankets, and only for a moment longer are conscious, conscious of the hooting of an owl in the distance, of the gurgle of the little stream and of the stars shining far above.

The Noon of the Year.

"Spirit of nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths thro' heaven's deep silence lie;
Soul of that smallest being,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam—
Man, like these passive things,
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth.
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come;
And the unbounded frame which thou pervadest
Will be without a flaw,
Marring its perfect symmetry."

—Shelley's Queen Mab.

From the middle of August until September hangs a silver rime on her clusters of gold-flushed leaves, there exists a period which disseminates throughout the being of creation at large an infinite sense of fulfillment. The throb of crickets at noon, the cool ringing whisper of cicadæ at sundown, and the trumping of bull-frogs after dark, reassure humanity. Like a child it stoops to pluck the flower of to-day, confident of the morrow, and perhaps better than at any other season does man realize the divinity of labor. He sees the fruits of his toil, heaped and being heaped against the ice-bound horizon of winter. They glow in the sunlight, and he works on, with grateful senses, conscious that a world of truth slumbers in his breast.

More particularly in the northen portion of our state, where mid-summer attains to such unmarred perfection, is this transient pause, as it were, on an autumnal threshold, acutely perceptible. A nerveless, unimpassioned quietude sleeps over the Adirondack wilderness. Nature is relaxed; and except for the faint lisping of kinglets, chickadees, or migrating warblers, no sounds break in upon this hour of repose. The earth respires with measured regularity, and especially toward nightfall come those still smooth hours when the landscape is veiled in blue mists, and the bellowing of a cow in the distance sounds strangely heroic and sonorous, like the challenge of the Cretan bull as it emerged from the sea. Even the clanking of her bell re-echoes melodious

intonations as though it rung the vespers from some far-off country of perennial bloom. It appears, moreover, that due to the absence of bird voices, our hearing awakes to new and fresh responses. "All these sounds, the crowing of cocks, the baying of dogs, and the hum of insects at noon, are the evidence of nature's health or sound state. Such is the never-failing beauty and accuracy of language, the most perfect art in the world; the chisel of a thousand years retouches it."

After the middle of August the hordes of winged pests that swarm in the woods, and at times make existence there intolerable, are visibly decreased, and one may wander on his favorite paths and indulge in tranquil rumination without their unpleasant companionship. Hard wood knolls and ridges have always been especially agreeable to me, for the ground as a general rule is clear of undergrowth, and the eye is fed on delectable vistas, dim and Arcadian, and more inspiring to the sight than any sacred grove of the Druids. Such places are invariably frequented by deer, and are sought out by them as favorite resorts when the beech nuts lie ripe and sweet amid the fallen leaves. I have been told, moreover, that so keenly do they relish this food, that after the early winter snows they still continue to dig for them. The tree itself reaches unsurpassed beauty and proportions in these districts, and the trunk of a perfect specimen often rises for fifty or sixty feet without flaw or blemish, as stately and finely moulded as a Doric column. On the steel-gray bark may be always seen the tracings of the *Usnea barbata*, a lichen of exquisite color, and in fact all the deciduous trees of this region appear unusually susceptible to a cryptogamous growth. Next to the beech in structural beauty, color tints and impressive characteristics, I would place the yellow or golden birch, a tree of indispensable value, and the child no doubt of a golden age. Its majesty, however, is repeated with more force and mystery in the white pine. As a conifer this tree stands at the head of its class, and seen against a rich evening sky its dark, sombre and spectral outlines, bent by the gales of a thousand years, convey an unmistakable sense of veneration to the beholder. It is the figure-head of the wilderness, the staff of antiquity. Something in its aspect, in the power, magnitude and Titanic grandeur of those lineaments, appeals directly to the most virile portion of our natures and responds to a desire for the great flawless subject in creation. The latter, together with spruce and hemlock, are frequently scattered throughout areas where the previously mentioned varieties abound, but to obtain the keynote of their individuality they must be observed grouped alone. An entire hillside thickly stacked with spruces, nestling closely one upon another, is a memorable sight, especially during the present day, when one is impressed almost everywhere by the hacked, bruised and scarred aspect of the Adirondack wilderness; and again on the shore of a lake or pond will be seen a solid grove of pines whose serenity fills the heart with gratitude, and in whose tops the elements rule an ethereal melody.

Growing in the vicinity of the swamps and the low ground, a water-loving, mystic and deliciously fragrant tree, the tamarack seldom fails to arouse a train of imaginative thoughts, as though its faintly spiced, aromatic breath bore an elixir of enchanting influences. It seems the connecting link which binds us to the Arctic zone, but here instead of the gaunt, straggly and starved looking specimen found on northern barrens, one has a type which generally displays a sturdy, luxuriant character. The gum, I have heard, is of a very fine quality, with a delicate, agreeable flavor, and clearer, perhaps, than that of the spruce or other gum-exuding trees. Similar to the larch in its love of moisture, the white cedar holds a prominent place among the coniferæ. Strange enough, it is often found prolifically distributed along the margins of certain lakes, while on others within the same district, none will be apparent. The trunk, as the result of its habitual overhanging position, is usually contorted into various shapes, while the roots, so often exposed to view, cling to the frail surface-soil like Herculean fingers.

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN SHOOTING, FISHING AND FEASTING ON THE PLAN SEE.
From his Fishing-Book, made 1504.

Even as early as the last week in August, the leaves of the wild cherry, or pin cherry as it is better known in this region, commence to fall, and here and there a ripened maple glows with crimson lustre amid the surrounding verdure. We begin to cherish the hours more dearly and experience a slight vein of sadness which only the torrid drone of locusts, and perfume of sun-bathed briers, serve to dispel. Yet there are many days when our eyes thirst for wet, lushy things, and we would become vespertinal in our habits. It is deliciously grateful at the end of a hot drowsy afternoon to take a boat and leisurely paddle along some lake shore where the gathering shadows fall liquid and inviting. We come into closer touch with a fluid universe, and the light and shade reflected from thence flows through us as through a congenial medium. Nothing, moreover, is so expressive of the earth's and heaven's beatitude as a reflection. Thus we detect a material substance as a rock, tree, fern or grass blade reproducing itself in another distinct form, ethereal and volatile. Such images open the gate leading to unsuspected revelations; the deeper we look, the more deeply do we become entranced. A world magical and fathomless, swimming with opalescent hues, serene blue abysses and rosy cumuli, dreams beneath and beyond the dynasty of realism.

On almost all Adirondack waters, the pontederia or pickerel weed, yellow spatter-dock and sweet scented white pond lily, are to be found, and like the pellucid region from whence they spring, their wet, shiny pads and glistening blossoms afford keen refreshment to the sight while we listen to the crisp sigh of falling birch leaves by some lake's margin, and presently behold them floating in golden rafts on the brown-glazed water near shore, it appears not incongruous that a little further out, lifting their faces to the hazy midday sun, the last named plants still hold their virginal sovereignty. The water lily, moreover, above all others, is a symbol of chaste loveliness. Its birth is auroral, and no sooner has the sun slipped by the meridian than it faints again with closed eyelids. All three, including pickerel weed and spatter-dock, as well as the latter, are greatly sought after by deer, during July and August when their appetite for succulent food seems unusually keen. Often enough they will clean a pond entirely of the former and leave only a few remnants of the latter, but toward the spatter-dock they do not appear to extend equal favor.

Stream fishing reaches its height just at the close of the season, when on warm days under

the shadow of overhanging alders big and small trout, with gold-dappled sides, lie stemming the current and awaiting the first delicacy that comes along. I am acquainted with one mountain stream in particular whose course frequently sinks into dark, cold pools that generally teem with fish and cause the angler many moments of rapture and suspense, for if he chances to hook a pound trout it is no easy matter to swing him to a place of safety, and more often he is landed high and dry in a spruce top. I remember some one remarking that once, under similar circumstances, where there was little room to bring a fish in gracefully, that the neighboring trees looked as if they had been decorated for a Christmas festival with trout, hooks and tangled fishing line dangling from their branches. Nothing, moreover, is so delectable and tempting to the eye as one of these smoky, yellow pools, flooded with morning light and held in the clasp of alder bushes and grass tussocks. Further down the same stream of which I speak broadens out and becomes a splendid hunting as well as fishing ground, being easily navigated and winding for miles in a northeasterly direction through remote ideal country. For the first three miles or so the water is comparatively shallow and thickly matted with a mossy growth that might be the floating tresses of water nymphs. No doubt at midnight or some spirit-waking hour when the mild, cold moonlight curls over the limpid surface, bearing on its lunar beams a mystery which sets in motion all the faculties of idealism—primal and innate—their delicate faces may be seen lifted above the current, gazing with serene shadowy eyes into the starlit heavens. Every bend reveals a fresh scene of beauty and solitude, sometimes a wooded hill rising in the distance and again level vistas of wild marshland. One feels as though he were journeying further and further away from commonplace influences and all the disagreeable ruts of civilization; his very soul goes out and drifts ahead into mystic gardens; his feet are fitted with Talaria. When the sun westers and its red-bronze shafts pierce the woods and fall over the water where dragon flies dart back and forth through a blue haze, when the air, cooled by evening, transpires with a moist aromatic fragrance and the tamaracks cease swaying in the afternoon breeze, we unconsciously turn our faces westward and listen to those songless raptures that emanate from an unblemished wilderness. Over our thoughts a spell descends like a thin, magic veil, through which we see all things differently. What is it? Who shall say, except perchance that the hand of mysticism reaches out and touches us with gentle fleeting fingers.

It is quite natural. I think that we become even more eager as time goes on to write of places long endeared to the past and present. A life acquaintance with certain regions gives rise to a bond and sentiment that may never be acquired otherwise. These mountains, these lakes and streams and rivers and fields, all have their living semblance in many a human breast, unchanging and everlasting. Among those whose ancestors were the original Adirondack settlers, there exists a like sentiment, indelibly engraved upon the life of each. They cherish their native soil; they revere the wilderness; beauty seldom escapes them. Let it be understood, however, that I do not speak of an element which unfortunately has worked its way down from Canada and different parts of the state into these solitudes, but of the rightful descendants of the men who first entered the forest and established their homes in the face of many obstacles.

"Well," as one of them said, a woodsman whose reputation is widely known, "if they lumber this piece" (referring to an unusually beautiful area of virgin wilderness), "I'll just have to scratch a nest for myself and lie down."

After the first frost we are wont to believe that summer at length has closed, and the advance guard of autumnal hosts arrived; but gradually the crisp unclouded skies melt into softer and vaguer tints and a south wind blows a film across the stars as we relapse once again into a noonday rectitude. It is memorable after a cold snap to observe the transition and to feel the breath of summer returning. Often it comes at night accompanied by a mild southerly breeze so laden with mingled fragrances and mystery that it seems wafted from some serene, pathless dream, which suspires in the wilderness. I recall such a transformation quite recently when, succeeding a brisk clarified day, there came a distinct change, shortly after the moon rose. It was the waning harvest moon, and one could observe clearly the serrated edge of the shadow, while the orb itself had the appearance of wrinkled silver fabric or shimmering damask. Troops and islands of cloud passed slowly over its face, and the air exhaled a cold elixir that foretold of coming frost. Moonlit distances appeared to float and glide through an unterrestrial ether, while vapors soaked with ethereal light spread like slender arms over the mountains. But half an hour later little remained to suggest the previous conditions. The whole landscape lay shrouded in a soft haze, and the heavens grew dim and misty as the wind rippled over and dissipated the being of autumn.

There are times when we would not read the heavens from an astronomical standpoint, but from some divine depth within us. Let Antares glow in the constellation of our virtue and equanimity; let Octurus gleam upon the horizon of our faith and meditation. I doubt if there is any place in the world where they are so vividly serene, luminous and transcendant as in the Adirondacks, not only during the day, but at night as well. These few thousand feet above sea level appear to bring us infinitely closer to the magnitude and expanse of the latter. The galaxy streams like foam across a blue-black ocean, and the planets and constellations shake with silver fire, shining like eyes of eternity through the treetops, or reflecting pale ephemeral images on unbroken floods. They translate for us something which we feel in the wilderness yet do not see. Why, on beholding the northern lights, does every man fall into a natural, reverent silence, except that he unconsciously worships the beautiful, the unknown, the profound? Again and again, under varying conditions, I have noticed this wordless spell seal the lips of one person after another. I remember once, just before the aftermath of twilight, a party of us were sitting on an old log bridge which spanned a mountain stream. The stream's course wound into a maze of low, marshy country, backed by a high virgin-clad mountain spur, which arose darkly against a reflected glow in the east. From afar came the faint lute-like strains of hermit thrushes, but aside from these the hand of silence lay quietly on the hour. Nobody spoke. An invisible enthrallment sat by each. Presently some one made a whispered remark, and at the same moment on a grassy point not more than seventy-five yards distant, there stepped into full view a large buck. He walked slowly to the water's edge, then turned and instantly his head went up with a jerk and he made several steps in advance, stamping and sniffing the air. It was a picture not to be forgotten, and we held our breath. "Punkies" and other insects crawled leisurely over our faces, until at length some one, unable to bear these onsets longer, made a slight motion. This was enough! With a crash the deer turned and fled, his shrill, harsh snorts resounding weirdly as he plunged on through the marsh, until at last they died away and silence fell again.

By the first of September the drone of locusts is no longer heard, but the air is still vibrant with harvest singers. Blue cloud shadows sweep over the vernal swells of clearings, and oat fields assume a bronze-like sheen. Here is the high country of a harvest loving deity. He gathers sunlight and shadow to his breast, and his brow is wreathed with wild fruits and flowers; but in the night Boreas (the north wind) kisses his cheek and he is at once transformed. A serene maturity dwells in his eye and the mobility of his features have no longer the delicacy of youth, but the force and tranquility of manhood. The gold, crisp leaves fall under his feet, and like Janus, he appears to be looking toward the past and future. We meet him not only in fields, but in the forest, and realize at length that his transfiguration signals the passing of summer, whose faded lineaments are worn on his glorious breast.

"We heard the sigh of the first autumnal wind, and even the water had acquired a grayer hue. The sumac, grape and maple were already changed, and the milkweed had turned to a deep, rich yellow. In all woods the leaves were fast ripening for their fall; for their full veins and lively gloss mark the ripe leaf and not the seared one of the poets; and we knew that the maples, stripped of their leaves among the earliest, would soon stand like a wreath of smoke along the edge of the meadow. Already the cattle were heard to low wildly in the pastures and along the highways, restlessly running to and fro, as if in apprehension of the withering of the grass and of the approach of winter. Our thoughts, too, began to rustle."

> Now, when the westering light grows faint and gold
> And mystic nocturnes through the air unfold,
> Those hours that wakened o'er a summer sea,
> Sleep on the brow of dim futurity.

Paulina Brandreth.

An Emperor's Sporting Chronicle.

From the Monthly Review.

Our knowledge of what the chase was like in the middle ages would be of a far more fragmentary nature than it actually is, had not three fine old sportsmen left us records that take foremost rank in the literature of venery. Of the two seniors of this triumvirate it is only necessary to recall to the reader's memory the names of their famous sporting chronicles, "Le Roi Modus," or to give it its full title as found in the oldest of the thirty existing manuscripts: "Li livres du roi Modus et de la reine Racio qui parle des deduiz et de pestilence" is the name of the most ancient French prose work on the chase. Recent researches show that its author was probably the very same Count de Tancarville, at one time chamberlain of the Regent Philippe, whose famous judgment upon the respective merits of hunting versus hawking formed one of the most discussed topics among mediæval sportsmen. In the fashion of the time the author of this classic not only indulged in quaint mysticism of a religious nature, but tried to prove that the good sportsman had special facilities of reaching paradise by the shortest cut, for no other man, he maintained, could so easily withstand the seven deadly sins, the *bête noir* of mediæval times. The first part of the work is devoted to the chase, hawking and the various forms of fowling to which sportsmen of the fourteenth century were so much addicted, but the latter portion is an unreadable discussion of the pestilence, full of absurd allegorical mysticism.

Very much more interesting is the work of the famous Gaston de Foix (nicknamed Phœbus), "Deduiz de la Chasse," written more than half a century later, A.D. 1387, which without question is the most celebrated fountainhead of all lore connected with mediæval venery. About the personality of its author, the famous *veneur* Count de Foix, lord of those much bewarred "buffer-states" between France and Spain, the counties of Foix and Béarn, good old Froissart, as every one will remember, has left us a most romantic account.

In the terse chapters of the "Deduiz" we have model accounts not only of the chase, but also of the natural history, or as observant Gaston terms it, "the nature of the animal." These eighty-five chapters, while betraying the extraordinary ignorance still prevailing in matters appertaining to zoology, prove to one how infinitely more intimate was the old sportsmen's acquaintance with the habits of their game than that possessed by the average modern representative. The "Deduiz" is singularly free from all self-advertising accounts of personal adventure, and did we not know on good evidence what a great sportsman this modest old author was, his pages would leave us without the slightest indication of his prowess. Very different in this respect is the man with whose writings these pages have specially to deal:

Maximilian, who for a quarter of a century of his adventurous career occupied the Imperial throne of the Holy Roman Empire. His span on earth, curiously enough, was exactly the same as that of his French brother author who predeceased him by more than a century, for when (in 1391) a bear-hunt ended the hunting days of Count Gaston, he was in his sixtieth year, at which age also the "Last Knight of Chivalry," as Maximilian has so often been called, took (in A.D. 1519) that short cut to paradise which we have heard was reserved to all good *veneurs*. Typical of the fact that in this ruler's lifetime fell the birth of the age we call the Modern, Maximilian's craving to see himself in print betrays the spirit of modern life. If he was the last knight of the mediæval age he was also the first author of modern times, eager to see his doughty deeds set forth in the quaint black-letters of Hans Schönsperger, the Augsburg printer, and elaborately illustrated by the diligent gravers of Hans Burgkmair and other famous pupils of Dürer.

Maximilian's restless activity in the field of battle and of sport, which has been the surprise of all historians, was equally great in the department of letters. Upward of one hundred monographs dealing with the most diverse subjects, from religious disquisitions and family heraldry to treatises on artillery, the arts of war, theology, the occult sciences and sport were planned by him, and in most cases left in a more or less finished condition, at least in manuscript, by this versatile Hapsburg prince. As works of adventure in war and in sport the two that are best known are, of course, the sumptuously got-up "Theuerdank" and "Weisskunig." Though the allegorical language in which Maximilian narrates his various adventures by sea and by land detracts from the directness of the tale, these two interesting works rank very high among the ancient chronicles of sport, for the best artists of their time bring before our eye in graphic pictures the methods employed by this great nimrod in hunting the stag, the bear, the boar and the chamois. And however incompatible with strict accuracy of detail may seem to us a childlike ignorance of the laws of perspective, we have abundant proof that the Emperor laid great stress upon accurate delineation according to the somewhat primitive conception of art prevalent four hundred years ago.

Another sporting work by the hand of this "sportsman and emperor," as he called himself in his correspondence with his daughter, the Governess of the Netherlands, is a highly interesting treatise called "The Secret Book of Sport," the original manuscript of which was discovered only a few decades ago and immediately printed by a learned student of ancient venery. We shall have to refer to it on more than one occasion while treating the contents of what is the real subject of these pages, viz., an hitherto unpublished hunting-book of Emperor Maximilian, of which it fell to the present writer's lot to discover the original manuscript adorned by two of the curious illustrations here reproduced.

This work is the "Gejaid Buch" written for Maximilian by his Master of the Game, Carl von Spaur, in the years 1499 and 1500.

That such a book had been written by the keen royal sportsman's orders was no secret to students, for I had myself read an unillustrated manuscript transcript preserved in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck, but the original of the work had disappeared from Austria, and its whereabouts, in spite of many inquiries, remained unknown. Three or four years ago, while on a round of visits to Continental archives, I happened to be examining some MSS. in the Burgundian Library, now forming part of the Royal Library in Brussels, and while so occupied came across a small folio, the plain vellum cover of which showed many traces of wear. A glance at its pages, and more particularly at the finely executed illuminations illustrative of sporting scenes, thrust upon me the pleasurable conviction that I was holding in my hands the long-lost original.

In France, Germany and Austria where,as every one knows, great attention is paid to the study of ancient venery, and where the literature on this attractive subject is incomparably richer than ours, it was not difficult to find a publisher for the manuscript which a happy chance had withdrawn from the dusty shelves of the Burgundian Library. By the time these lines reach the reader's eyes Maximilian's "Gejaid Buch" will be before the public, a patriotic publisher of Innsbruck having undertaken the costly reproduction in facsimile of the illuminations. And not only is this work issued, but also a reproduction of a similar book of Maximilian's dealing with fishing, written four years later and illuminated even more profusely by the same artist who illustrated the "Gejaid Buch."* This richly adorned manuscript had long been known as one of the treasures of the Court Library in Vienna, whither it had been taken a century ago from the famous Tyrolese castle of Ambras, which in the sixteenth century was the home of what undoubtedly was the most precious collection of art objects and natural history curiosities then existing. Several of the illuminations in the "Fishing-Book" really relate more to hunting than they do to Walton's art, and as they deal with precisely the same region, i. e., North Tyrol, I have given three of the pictures dealing with hunting. Unfortunately it is impossible to reproduce in these pages the rich coloring of the plates; hence a great deal of the effect of these superb illuminations is lost. The originals are a good deal larger—viz., 12½in. by 8½in.

And now, after this somewhat lengthy introduction, let us proceed to examine this ancient hunting-book. It exclusively relates to mountain sport in the northern districts of Tyrol which were the favorite resorts of the sport-loving Maximilian. By a glance at its pages he could at once ascertain the head of chamois and red deer in any of the two hundred and odd localities described therein. In the short introduction Carl von Spaur and Wolfgang Hohenleyter, his "game secretary," state that they exercised the greatest diligence in collecting all available information, and personally visited and explored all the glens and fastnesses appertaining to their King's preserves, which in Maximilian's days practically included every glen and mountain range worth having for hunting purposes. When chamois or deer-drives were to be arranged, the book gave the fullest topographical information with useful directions concerning the posting of the sportsmen and hints as to the localities where their royal master could find quarters for the night. With regard to the latter preference was of course given to any castle in the neighborhood, though when in the more elevated regions, such as the famous Hinter-Riss, now the Duke of Coburg's celebrated preserve, Maximilian had *faute de mieux* to sleep in log alphuts of the most primitive description. On many occasions, to avoid sleeping in such uncomfortable places, he covered extraordinarily long distances on horseback, for in those days the remoter valleys were approachable only by miserably kept bridle-paths. On some occasions this indefatigable sportsman must have started from his headquarters in the middle of the night, getting back only after some thirty-six hours in the saddle.

This chronicle enables one to throw light upon a vexed question, viz., whether mountain game has increased or decreased, and what are the effects of close preserving. The writer, who has shot many score of chamois in about a dozen of the localities described by Maximilian as the scene of his own sport, can vouch for the fact that in many of these localities there are to-day three or four times the number mentioned in the "Gejaid Buch." Needless to say, this is only the case where keepers are constantly on the watch to prevent poaching. In other districts, such as peasant communes, where the shooting has been open to the natives for generations, there is not a single chamois left to remind one of the hundreds that peopled the same mountains four hundred years ago. Of red deer, on the contrary, no such favorable report can be made. With the exception of one or two localities, principally in the Hinter-Riss and in the preserves of Princes Hohenlohe and Auersperg, they have completely disappeared.

Though the "Gejaid Buch" is principally occupied with stag and chamois-hunting, there are half a dozen highly interesting references to a yet rarer game, viz., the ibex, the chase of which was the object of Maximilian's highest ambition. These beasts were then still to be found in isolated bands in a few of the remotest districts of Tyrol, and Maximilian made strenuous efforts to prevent their complete extermination. Only those acquainted with the very voluminous correspondence of this keen sportsman can form any idea of the close attention paid by him to every detail connected with the chase. Engaged as he constantly was in wars that entailed weary campaigns in remote parts of Europe, or in the suppression of rebellions in distant provinces, or in the personal supervision of lengthy sieges, it is truly marvelous to discover with what minute care all matters relating to the sport he so dearly loved were attended to. In the thick of a bloody war in the Netherlands, we find him writing letters about a young ibex buck some peasant women in a remote little Tyrolese valley were keeping for him, or promising in an autograph letter a silk dress to each of certain peasants' wives in a isolated glen in the same country as a reward for preventing their husbands from poaching this rare game, or giving instructions where a particular couple of hunting hounds were to be kept and what was to be done with their puppies.

To the general reader unacquainted with the localities referred to in the text of the "Gejaid Buch" the illustrations will be of far greater interest than the text. They betray with one exception the well-known disdain in which Maximilian held gunpowder, at least for sporting purposes. His field and siege artillery he was keenly eager to develop as much as lay in the power of the very primitive arsenals of those days. In neither of his great autobiographical works "Theuerdank" and "Weisskunig," which were written later than the "Gejaid Buch," does he refer to the use of firearms for big-game shooting on more than a single occasion, when he tells the well-known story of his feat of hitting at the first shot with his cross-bow a chamois standing more than 200 yards above him, at which one of his men, versed in fire-arms, had vainly let off his "fire-tube." As our reproductions and the "Theuerdank" pictures show, the method employed by Maximilian in the chase of the chamois was to approach them close enough to kill the beasts, either by throwing a short javelin-like spear, or to stick them by means of a long spear when they were cornered in some spot from which the animals could not escape. Either method with an animal of the chamois' sure-footedness and agility was necessarily of a most precarious nature. Not only had the men to be fearless cragsmen, as sure-footed, almost, as the game they wished to approach, but the nature of the ground had to be exceptionally favorable to this method of cornering wily and fleet-footed beasts. In the picture of the chamois-hunt we see the beaters with immensely long *Bergstöcke* in their hands and crampons on their feet, lining the snowy ridge, while dogs are driving the chamois toward the place where it was hoped to approach them spear in hand. Maximilian had a great love for hounds, and we know he possessed some 1,500 of them. For his methods of hunting the chamois they were probably quite indispensable, and numbers no doubt were killed every year by tumbling from cliffs, or by avalanches of stone set loose by chamois above. Nowadays dogs are never used for chamois-hunting, for arms of precision make their assistance unnecessary, and they frighten the game much more than do the beaters.

On the other side of the picture we see the process of *ausfellen—i. e.*, sticking a cornered beast with the immensely long *Jadgschaft*, the hunter's position beneath the animal being, of course, a somewhat risky one, for the falling

*Messrs. S. Low, Marston & Co. are the London agents where both books can be seen and ordered. The hunting book, which has prefaces by Count Wilczek and Dr. M. Mayr, Director of the Imperial Archives in Innsbruck, and an introduction by the writer, is dedicated by permission to H. M. the Emperor of Austria, as ardent a sportsman as was his great ancestor the author of the work.

animal threatens to carry the hunter down the precipice. As he tells us, in his "Theuerdank," Maximilian had several very narrow escapes from death in consequence of chamois or stones set loose by them falling upon him.

As to the length of these spears, the "Secret Hunting-Book" we have spoken of contains some details that are almost incredible. Thus we are told that the length was 4 *klafters,* or, according to our measure, thirty-five feet. How they handled these unwieldy poles on narrow ledges, or when clinging to the face of giddy precipices, it is difficult to imagine. None of the pictures in Maximilian's works, or in other prints of the sixteenth century, such as Stradanus's and Bol's well-known series, contain representations of spears of anything like that length, the usual size being from nine to twelve feet. For chamois they seem to have remained in use much later than for any other game. For ibex hunting the hopelessness of pursuit with the *Jadgschaft* seemed to have impressed itself upon all from early days, for in all old pictures of this sort we see either the crossbow or the fire-tube in the hands of the ibex hunter. Indeed, we know from Maximilian's chronicles that ibex poachers made use of firearms much earlier than we have any trace of in any other form of chase: the Emperor's bitter complaint about the use of the "devilish hand-guns" by peasants, and the harsh regulations which he consequently passed, bearing eloquent testimony of his anger.

In the picture of the stag-hunt we have more familiar surroundings before us. In the upper half of the print we see the making of the *Quête* or *Suche* by means of the limer or lyam hound, which had for its object the singling out or unharboring of the best stag. Upon his slot the running hounds were laid much in the fashion still in use on Exmoor. Behind the man who had the limer in leash one sees the two *hardes,* each consisting of three hounds, which were presently slipped when the harborer had done his work.

In the center of the picture we see a stag of fourteen dash across a stream making straight for a wood, where under the cover of trees we see a *Jagdknecht* in red hose holding a coupled brace of greyhounds. The sport that would presently ensue when these fleet beasts were laid on—hunting by sight and not by scent—was called the *Windhetz,* and to judge by the frequency with which it occurs in the "Gejaid Buch," it must have been a favorite mode of chasing the hart. In the foreground a noble stag of great head, who has "soiled"— i. e., taken to water—is being shot by Maximilian seated on his white hunting horse. Several of Maximilian's hunting weapons are still preserved in the Vienna Imperial collections, whither they were brought from Ambras, and among them are several of his crossbows and his hunting-sword. With the latter he used to tackle bear and wild boar when they had been brought to bay, or when as these huge beasts often did, they charged their pursuers. The strength of the crossbows must have been prodigious, a powerful winch being required to bend the steel bow, which is almost two inches broad, and half an inch in thickness. In winter-time, when extreme cold makes steel brittle, a bow of horn replaced, according to the "Secret Hunting-Book," the metal one.

What the two men-at-arms, with huge halberts in their hands, had to do in a stag-hunt history does not relate; probably they formed the royal sportsman's bodyguard.

To the critical eye of a modern artist these quaint drawings, void as they are of all regard to perspective, present, of course,. many features that are ludicrous. In those days it was the artist's desire to convey to the reader, in as compact form as possible, various incidents, which in later periods would have been represented in separate pictures. Hence we observe, crowded into one and the same canvas, several scenes in which the central personage is shown occupied in different ways. In a third we see the Emperor, or rather King, as he then was, in no less than four different positions. In the immediate foreground we observe him mounted on a white horse, probably in the act of arriving at the hunting rendezvous. Behind him is some scribe reading a report or petition to him; in front are two receptacles with fish, to which one of his attendants is drawing his master's attention by pointing at them. Then we see him in a boat on the lake superintending the working of a net, and holding in his hands a big trout, for which the lake in question—the Achen See, in North Tyrol —was at all times famous. A third time we recognize the King as, seated in the left-hand corner of the picture, he is being dressed for chamois hunting, a valet strapping crampons to his feet after having taking off the long fishing-boots. One of his councillors is in the act of reading to him some document, for we know that state business was constantly being transacted by this ever busy monarch while out on hunting expeditions, relays of messengers bringing him dispatches and the latest news from the distant capital. In his "Secret Hunting-Book," which was avowedly written for his son's instruction, Maximilian is very particular about telling his successor that one of the advantages of sport for a ruler is the opportunity which it gives his subjects to come into closer touch with him, thus enabling them to present their petitions in person.

The fourth position in which we find the King on the picture before us is indicated by the purple hunting-cap which is the only article of aparel that remains the same in the several pictures. Maximilian is now represented shooting with a "fire-tube" at a chamois, this being the detail to which reference has already been made, when alluding to the single exception to the rule that Maximilian killed his chamois with the javelin or with the long *Jagdschaft.* It is said by good judges that this scene is the earliest pictorial representation extant of the use of firearms in the chase of mountain game, and I am not aware of any earlier picture.

This spirited illumination has other points of interest about it. The Achen See, a fine sheet of mountain-inclosed water some four miles in length, was, for the last six centuries, a favorite resort of the rulers of Tyrol, and Maximilian, we know, frequented the scene here depicted on many occasions, passing his time in shooting chamois and stags from a boat, from which in the intervals between the drives he used to fish. He himself narrates that once a chamois, while attempting to swim across the lake, was caught in a net! The quaintly gabled shooting lodge we observe in the background is now, alas! the site of a huge ungainly summer hotel for tourists, whose presence in chattering shoals has spoilt the grand solitude that until recently reigned over a locality sacred to sport. Four centuries passed over the Achen See, leaving it in much the same pristine condition that attracted the great mediæval sportsman to its shores, when many a *Capital Bock* was laid low by the hand of Maximilian, armed not with an Express or Mannlicher, but with the spear! Then, sad to relate, the shrill whistle of railways and steamboats doomed for good and all the grand solitude of this beautiful spot.

But let us turn our backs upon the ugly modernity of to-day, and resume our attempt to picture to ourselves the quaint scenes portrayed by the clever pencil of Master Kölderer who, it is almost certain, was the originator of the pictures before us. One amusing detail must not be overlooked in this picture of sport on the Achen See. The figure of the man in a broad-brimmed wide-awake hat, with a sash and sword of Turkish pattern, who is standing in front of the shooting lodge engaged in earnest converse with a be-nightcapped individual is, we are told, nobody else but the Court Jew.* Maximilian's finances were occasionally in a sadly disorganized condition, so much so that on more than one occasion the citizens of his provincial capitals refused to open their gates to their King till he had settled long standing scores. This notorious failing is quaintly touched upon by the artist, for even for hunting expeditions ready cash had to be forthcoming, or sport would suffer; hence the presence of this "necessary evil." That the paper which the be-nightcapped personage is holding in his hand was probably a bill of exchange or other form of mediæval I. O. U. is a likely presumption, for we have evidence that the want of ready money obliged Maximilian to affix his sign-manual to such documents amid surroundings similar to those which we see here depicted. Another historical personage the artist has introduced in the picture of the hawking scene, is the then Turkish ambassador, who about that time was paying a visit to Maximilian's court. The locality which this illumination represents is near Innsbruck, and is identified by the gallows in the background, which gave the spot the name that it still retains. In this picture, hunting and fishing seem again to be progressing simultaneously, the identity of Maximilian on horseback and in the boat as usual indicated by the purple hunting dress.

In Plate 4 Master Kölderer did not forget to indicate the usual termination of the day's sport, viz., the al fresco banquet. Maximilian was in the habit of taking his queen—he was twice married, both consorts meeting with early deaths in consequence of their zeal for hunting—with some of the ladies of the court to witness his sport in easily reached localities. In "Theuerdank" we have a picture of an assembly of ladies demurely seated near the foot of a cliff, high up on which the royal sportsman is shown in the act of spearing a chamois with the javelin.* In the picture before us a square dance to the music of the fife and drum is progressing, the Turkish ambassador being among the audience, while Maximilian on horseback is watching the pastoral fête, his queen being opposite to him.

To the right we notice the royal couple engaged in sampling the famous lake trout, Maximilian helping himself from the dish placed in the center of the party, while three bearers under the guidance of the Master of the Table, with his chain of office round his neck and "wand of control" in his hand, are bringing a fresh relay of dishes. Seated in the bottom of the boat on the lake we notice a third Maximilian, with his crossbow bent ready for a shot at a stag swimming across the lake.

In conclusion, it is of some antiquarian interest to know that in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck are preserved the original accounts relating to the writing of the "Gejaid Buch," showing in detail what was paid for the lodgment of the game secretary, Wolfgang Hohenleyter, while he was writing the book, what payment was made for his candles, firewood, stabling of his horse; and even the item of the cost of binding the book is not forgotten. And though Master Wolfgang apparently remained unpaid for more than a year, so that Maximilian had repeatedly to command the officers of his exchequer in Innsbruck to settle the reckoning, he seems to have received his money all right in the end.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

*In many parts of South Germany the yellow sash was the distinguishing article of apparel which Jews were compelled to wear.

*I give this picture in my "Sport in the Alps" (A. & C. Black: 1896).

A Bass That Came Back.

One of New York city's well-known anglers, who has seen something of the Atlantic Ocean, says he has come to the conclusion that it is not such a large pond, after all, for a fellow angler who lost a hook with a bit of line attached in the Atlantic one afternoon recovered his property the following morning. Hence the opinion.

It was while these gentlemen were fishing outside Barnegat Bay, in the open sea, that one of them struck a channel bass of large size, and lost it, together with his hook and part of his line. Next morning another angler brought to gaff a large channel bass, and in extracting his hook found another one, with a piece of line attached, in its mouth. Removing this hook also, he noticed that it was bright and free from rust and of a peculiar shape, it having been forged by hand. There was no difficulty, therefore, in identifying it, as only one man present used hooks of its kind, and further inquiry resulted in proving the line's ownership as well.

There is nothing remarkable about this incident, but it is interesting, nevertheless, showing that the bass, once hooked, went after a similar lure, and during the twelve or more hours that intervened, remained in or returned to the same water where it was first hooked.

NATURAL HISTORY

In Quest of an Albino Deer.

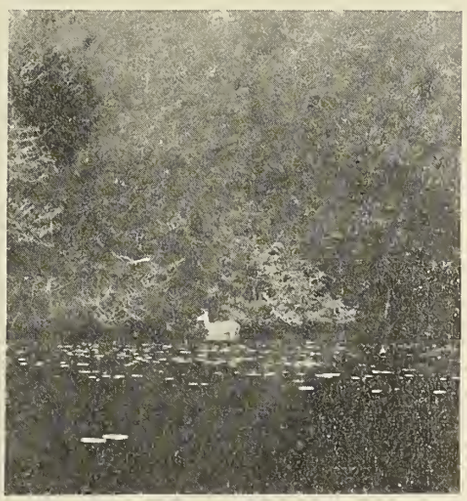
Worcester, Mass., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some years ago I took a canoe trip from Gerrish's camp, which is located at the South Twin Lake Dam on the west branch of the Penobscot.

Frank Gerrish, my guide, and I started at 3 o'clock one morning, and paddled up through Twin lakes and through Pemadumcook lake to the outlet from Joe-Mary lakes; then through this outlet into Joe-Mary, and from there carried over into Mud pond; and from Mud pond we tramped six miles to Cooper pond, where we stayed over night. The next day we started home, but instead of carrying from Mud pond over into Joe-Mary, we went down the outlet of Mud pond and came into Joe-Mary lake, and then through the Joe-Mary outlet into Pemadumcook and so home. During this trip, I counted forty-two deer. Some of them were very tame and would allow us nearly to reach them before bounding off into the woods. We saw a number of deer feeding out in Mud pond and got quite close to some of them. As I pointed out in my last letter, they seemed to have no difficulty in wandering about in the mud which was deep enough to drown them.

Previous to taking this canoe trip and also during the trip, Frank had mentioned seeing an albino deer while going to Cooper pond by the same route that we were taking, and it must be confessed that one of the things that decided me to take the trip, was the possibility of seeing the albino and very possibly getting a photograph of her, but I did not see her, and I heard no more about her until five years ago while at Ragged lake I again heard of an albino deer. The distance between Joe-Mary and Ragged lakes is not so great—about twenty miles—but that it seemed quite probable that it was the same deer, so I determined to make one more effort to locate her and if possible obtain her picture, and for this reason I was rather a constant visitor to Mud pond. It was there that I obtained the photographs of the moose that you published Sept. 1.

This is a great feeding place for deer, and I thought that it was possible that if the albino was in the vicinity of Ragged lake she would put in an appearance sooner or later at the pond.

One day, after having been fly-fishing for trout with more or less satisfactory results until about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, I went down to Mud pond with my guide, and we examined every inch of the shore in hopes that we might discover the albino. We saw several other deer, but there was nothing unusual about them, so we decided to take the canoe and go around the



ALBINO DEER.
Photo by Charles A. Allen.

shore of the pond carefully, as there were several little bays that we could not see into from where we stood. We had not proceeded far when, upon turning a point of land which opened into a small bay, we discovered, feeding in the lily-pads, what I was sure was the albino deer. She had evidently been wading around in the mud and water for some time, as she was well splashed with mud. We were at that time perhaps 250 or 300 feet from her, and we came so quietly around the point that she had not discovered us. I immediately got my camera ready and Tom, my guide, paddled me carefully toward her, and when we arrived within about thirty feet, she looked up and started for the shore, and I got the photograph just as she was starting, the result of which I send you.

Now I am obliged to say that I do not think that this deer was a true albino. I got so close to her that I could see that she was not absolutely white, but she was the lightest colored deer that I ever saw. The shading of her coat was extremely unusual, it was evidently a mixture of red and white, with the white predominating. You will see by the photograph that she is extremely light colored, and that the color at that distance is very uniform, it lacking the shadings from red to white ordinarily seen upon deer. Nature had played one of those freaks, which she sometimes indulges in, when she colored this deer, and while I cannot say that I have seen and photographed an albino deer, I think I can say that I came pretty near it.

Charles A. Allen.

Adirondack Preservation.

In its platform at Buffalo, Sept. 26, the Democratic party incorporated the following:

"We favor the protection by the state of the forest lands of the Adirondack and Catskill parks, the immediate acquisition of all lands within the natural park areas and such legislation as will at once stop the predatory destruction of timber upon the state lands too long connived at by state officials.

"The great falls of Niagara should be held sacred from commercial greed. Its scenic beauty must be preserved in all its natural grandeur as the chief artistic possession of humanity."

At Saratoga the Republicans said:

"We renew the pledges to the people given by previous Republican state conventions, insisting upon the preservation intact of the state forest preserve and its extension as far as may be necessary to conserve in their integrity for the benefit of the whole people the state lands and undeveloped water powers, which should not be surrendered to the control of private interests."

A TRIO OF ALBINO DEER.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Use Game Birds for Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your contributor, J. Clinton Ranson, writes an agreeable narrative about "Quail Shooting in Southern Maryland." It is true Mr. Ranson gives in considerable detail some rudimentary information about the sport, but perhaps there are some neophytes who may profit by it. But he affords a theme for some remarks in his allusion to the growing appreciation among the Maryland farmers of the value of these birds as destroyers of insects and devourers of the seeds of noxious weeds and grasses, and perceives a tendency among these people to demand the total exemption of the partridges (quail, if you will) from pursuit by the sportsman.

Theory is a fine thing. Indeed, we could make no advance in the useful arts without first projecting ahead of us theories, to be examined at leisure and subjected to the test of verification—to be established, modified, or rejected, as experience may dictate. Now we have had for some dozen years past a number of enthusiasts among entomologists and Audubon society leaders who seem imbued with a strong determination towards the conservation of all forms of bird life, with little or no discrimination, which is perhaps a natural and healthy reaction from the generally prevailing desire for the total and speedy extermination of the whole feathered tribe.

It is also natural that these reactionary proceedings should be overdone. In pursuance of this purpose of conservation these enthusiasts have done much commendable work in laboratory investigations, and have acquired much interesting information about the food of various birds. They can tell you precisely what per cent. of a given bird's food consists of harmful insects and what per cent. of the seeds of noxious weeds, and just how many grasshoppers one meadow lark shall eat in a season, etc., etc. Literature on this subject has been scattered broadcast over the land, with wholesome effect in arresting the attention of thoughtless minds to the wisdom of a more conservative treatment of the birds.

But the enthusiasts seem desirous of completely revolutionizing our attitude toward those varieties of game birds that eat insects and seeds, taking them out of the category of edibles and devoting them exclusively to the business of devourers, as their highest and sole function.

That all the creatures of the lower world should be so used by man as to afford the greatest good to the human race is a fundamental proposition, the truth of which shall hardly be denied. The question under discussion then, divested of sentiment, must be considered on a basis of cold facts. How can we get "the greatest good for the greatest number" out of the game birds that devour insects and seeds? By using them as game for the sportsman and delicacies for the table, under conservative regulations, or by devoting them exclusively to the destruction of insects and weeds?

Here we come to the stage of testing the theory by the facts, as regards the alternate proposition. There were doubtless myriads of weeds, insects and birds, all over the land, under nature's regulation, during the long centuries that elapsed before man's hand was interposed to regulate these matters to suit himself. It is certain that the birds, when permitted to increase without man's interference, did not exterminate either weeds or insects, though they perhaps did keep the insects somewhat in check. The matter of the destruction of weeds by birds may be for all practical purposes dismissed with short consideration, in view of the manifest fact that nature's lavish provision for the propagation of weeds would defy the efforts of all the birds if multiplied by a million, to make any impression on the supply. For example, in this rich river bottom land you may select any field that has been diligently cultivated in cotton and corn for a score or more of years, by which the weeds have been wholly suppressed; turn it out for a single season and you shall find it covered with a luxuriant growth of many varieties of weeds. Whence come the seeds? I believe nobody has found out. Darwin took a few ounces of dried mud from the bed of a pond, and placing it in his study, counted seventy-five different varieties of vegetable growth that sprang from it.

Coming to the insect proposition, how are we to separate fact from theory, and measure the influence exerted on the farmer's interests by game birds, by practical results? This is a difficult question to handle, but some suggestions may be offered that bear upon it. In many parts of the country game birds are abundant; in many other parts they are few or non-existent. Has it been observed that the farmers make larger crops in the former than the latter, other things being equal? I believe he must be a bold man to make the assertion.

It was demonstrated in a part of France that the total extermination of bird life resulted in such a multiplication of insects as to seriously affect the vineyards. But it must be remembered that even when partridges are relatively abundant, they constitute but a small part of the army of feathered insect-eaters; and if there were no partridges at all, this large army would continue to do its work. It must also be borne in mind that under judicious regulations the game birds may continue to afford sport and food for the table and still a normal supply be kept up to do their share in the destruction of insects.

There are a great many species of birds in our fields and woods whose sole business in life is to devour insects and rear their young, while the food of the Bob White is mainly vegetable matter, with insects "on the side."

It is conceivable that by diligent cultivation, with an abundant food supply, our fields might be thickly covered with partridges kept for the sole purpose of destroying insects. It would then be a question whether the cost would not exceed the benefit, for they would devour much of the crop also. On the whole, it would seem that the claims of the enthusiasts of the great practical value of these birds to the farmer as insect and weed destroyers, are probably much exaggerated, and as weighed against their value for other purposes should take second place.

The conclusion of this argument is, that the wisest course should be to use this class of game birds for purposes of sport and recreation, and to serve as delicacies on our tables, under such conservative regulations as to insure an approximately constant supply, to serve both of its functions, the primary one as cited above, and the secondary one of contributing to the keeping in check of insect life.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

ON A FOWLER.

With reeds and birdlime from the desert air
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss;
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His reeds bequeathed, his birdlime and his snares.

Isidorus.

Adirondack Deer.

OPINIONS differ radically in the matter of the dates of the open season for deer hunting in those counties of the Adirondack region where there are no special county laws. As the new law stands, Oct. 1 is opening day instead of Sept. 1, and the season closes Nov. 15 at midnight. It is argued that there will be fewer cases of heedless shooting at moving objects, now that the leaves are falling rapidly, but on the other hand, this is believed to be unfortunate for the deer, which can be more readily seen than in September, when the foliage was more dense. Extending the season into the middle of November, when it is quite certain there will be snow in the mountains, is believed by many sportsmen to be an unfavorable feature of the present law, for, given a tracking snow, even the beginner at deer hunting stands a much better chance of following deer until a shot is offered, whereas on dry ground only old hunters can follow up a deer with reasonable assurance of success. Commissioner Whipple is quoted as saying that if he had his way fifteen days in November would have been cut off instead of all of September, and he believes the time is not far distant when the open season will be the month of October only.

In view of the fact that in states where grown bucks only may be shot, more care is taken by hunters lest they incur a severe penalty by shooting a doe or a fawn; and the further fact, that under the ruling of such laws fewer deer are shot annually, it seems that if the danger of depleting the Adirondacks is imminent, a law permitting the killing of adult bucks only would work both ways, saving the deer and lessening the number of careless shootings that so often have a tragic ending.

It should be said, in this connection, that certain up-state papers have published statements in which Nov. 20 is given as the new closing date, whereas this is not the case, and sportsmen should regulate themselves accordingly.

Deer In New England.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KING, of Connecticut, whose opinion was asked by President Mathewson, of the Fish and Game Commission, in the matter of a claim for damages made by a fruit-grower of Glastonbury, has construed the law relating to damages by deer to "crops grown on cultivated land" to include immature fruit trees, and the appraisers are instructed to fix the damages in a sum representing the actual loss the owner has sustained. The latter claims wild deer destroyed several hundred dollars' worth of young peach trees and has presented his bill for the amount. The attorney-general holds that while the language of the act does not cover fruit trees, he believes the act should be so construed, and holds that mature crops, plants, shrubs, vines and trees come within its fair meaning.

Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, protecting all deer just at present, seem to be overrun with semi-tame deer this autumn, and many are the complaints of farmers, fruit-growers and gardeners, who accuse the deer with causing more than half their troubles. The farmer who comes to town without a tale of woe in which deer play an important part seems to be the exception, and one can almost fancy the irate individual standing over his garden truck, club in hand, while the deer loiter around just beyond his reach, awaiting the turning of his back to resume their interrupted meal of cabbages and carrots. Of course the situation is not so bad as that, but it is kept prominently before the public by farmers, while the fox-

hunters complain, too. They are not asking damages, but say their dogs leave fox trails and follow the deer, much to their annoyance and detrimental to the sport.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut the farmers may obtain redress from the state for ruined crops; but in little Rhode Island there is no other course than to build deer-proof fences or take the consequences. Deer have increased wonderfully, they having practically none of their hereditary enemies to contend with, and realizing their safety from man, with only stray dogs to annoy them now and then, it is not to be wondered at that they hover about garden patches and orchards. Perhaps there is more truth than will be admitted generally in the following comment on the situation by the Worcester Gazette:

"Happily, the wail of the farmers and orchardists of Connecticut and Massachusetts is not entirely one of grief and despair. Indeed, it is suspected that the jolly farmer is not desperately anxious to have the law against deer shooting declared off. A beneficent provision of the law is that any farmer who suffers damage to his crops by reason of deer appetite may recover the value of his crops from the state. As it is somewhat less trouble to have crops eaten on the ground and paid for by the state than to market the stuff, it is obvious that there is a reason for the popularity of the deer laws. In any event, it is noticeable that the farmers are not asking too strenuously for the abolition of the anti-deer-shooting law."

The situation is not without its humorous side. It is even hinted that the deer nuisance is turned into profit by shrewd New Englanders who realize that summer boarders like to be near wild life, if possible, when assured of the absence of danger. And he who can promise his guests that they can see "wild deer" every day, needs no press agent. In Rhode Island the state is among the losers to its pet deer, which are accused of invading the lands of the state college at Kingston and despoiling fruit trees.

The Country Hunter Wants All.

Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game is steadily on the decrease in these parts, and unless some stringent methods are adopted, our fields will be featherless and our forests furless in less than another decade. The existing laws amount to almost nothing, as we have no game wardens or any one else to see to their enforcement. The city shooter is the only one who observes the game law; the country man hunts when he pleases, and pleases to do most of it during the closed season, "before," as he puts it, "the guy from the city comes out and kills the last patridge in the flock."

It is a wonder how the deer have survived so long. The country man starts hunting in July or August or the very first day he can spare from his farm, and hunts every day he can from then until he either has to go to work on the farm again in spring, or until he can find no more deer. The wild turkey is the only game bird not on the decrease. Almost any forest with upward of forty acres contains from ten to thirty turkeys, and is likely to contain them for years to come, as they are generally too wily for any but a born turkey-hunter to even see, much less shoot. The city shooter would be satisfied with the present laws if they could be enforced. The country men are already satisfied with them because they keep the urbanites away until the country man has had his gorge. In other words, the average country man contends that he should be allowed to kill anything wild on his own lands at any time he chooses.

J. A. McIntire.

Vermont Deer.

Vermont deer attain a high average weight, judging from the official returns just made public by Commissioner Thomas. During the open season of 1905 nearly 500 deer were killed in the state by sportsmen, and the average weight for that number was 198 pounds. Windsor and Rutland counties were the most popular for deer hunting.

Minnesota Caribou Horns.

Nilwood, Ill., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I spent the winter of 1893 in the woods in northeastern Minnesota. Although a long one, the winter was passed pleasantly. There were three of us in a good claim cabin. We set three lines of traps that took us all our time to look after.

On March 9 I took my rifle and went on an expedition to locate a new line where fur was more plentiful, and to see if I could get some meat for our larder. I took a northerly direction, intending to cross the Whiteface river near its head waters, going from there to Seven Beavers lake.

About a mile from the cabin in an open spruce swamp I ran into a herd of caribou. They did not seem to care much about me being among them, and I took my time in looking at them, as they were the first I had ever seen alive. They had evidently never seen a man, for I was within a hundred feet of the nearest one, and none of them were over 300 feet away. I noticed one

MINNESOTA CARIBOU HORNS.

that was almost white and which I took to be a young one, on account of its size, it being much smaller than any of the others. I was about to make it a contribution to the larder, when quite a large gray old fellow, with his antlers still on, came poking out of a clump of small spruce near the edge of the swamp. When he caught sight of me, he stopped, threw up his head, and sized me up in a great way.

When I saw the antlers, I concluded that the little fellow could go and grow up to be a big one, and that those antlers would be mine, even if the meat was tough. It was no trouble to hit so large a target at such a range, and the game fell at my first fire. The others began to trot around in a confused manner, making no effort to get out of sight. I counted twenty of them before they got out of sight, and am positive that there were several I did not get. I then dressed the meat and went back home. When I told the other fellows about it, they laughed at me for claiming the one I killed had his antlers, and that there was any such number of them in the bunch; but they changed their laugh to expressions of surprise the next morning when they saw the tracks and the antlers.

I have the antlers yet. The hide I had tanned by an Indian who did not do a good job, as it began shedding the hair in a year or so and finally was thrown away. I am sending with this a photograph of the antlers. I have never seen a set anything like them, except on a reindeer, and all who have seen them, say they never saw caribou horns like them. J. P. B.

A Simple Repair Outfit.

Every druggist has on sale little tin boxes containing strips of adhesive plaster in various lengths and widths. Ostensibly this plaster is for cuts, scratches and other injuries to the human cuticle, and very useful it is for the purpose. But the discerning sportsman finds it equally useful for many emergencies that cannot be classed as human ills, and if he is careful he will not neglect to keep one of the boxes in his ditty bag or tackle box. Like many patent medicines, it is a sort of cure-all. A correspondent of Forest and Stream recently told how his party went on a trip with a completely equipped emergency medicine kit, which was not opened until, on the way home, the axles of the wagon called for grease and would not be still until the vaseline bottle was taken from the medicine kit and the axles anointed with its contents. The writer holds that that kit was a complete success. It served a useful purpose and could not be classed as so much useless dead weight to be carried or pawed over during the owner's vacation.

Let us see what can be done with the druggist's sticky tape. Some one may claim that ordinary adhesive tape such as electricians and bicycle riders carry in rolls will be better, but the writer does not think so, for the medicated tape has curative properties not possessed by the cheaper kind, and as it comes in a tight tin box, will not come into contact with substances that might infect a flesh wound.

A broken fishing rod tip can be repaired with the tape and a bit of thread, fine silk preferred; and if the hand-grasp slips in the hand in casting, a couple of spiral turns of the tape improve it greatly.

On a canoe trip a hole may be cut in the canvas skin of the canoe, but if the edges are pressed down and tapped lightly with a knife handle or smooth stone and a strip of tape applied, then coated with shellac if there happens to be any in the outfit, or the wax from a candle if not, the place should be watertight. This operation should take place in the warm sunlight to be most successful.

An accidental puncture in an air mattress—a thing that seldom happens but may occur on a rough trip—is quickly closed by a piece of the tape, and air boat cushions come under the same head.

Rubber and other ponchos, jackets and similar waterproofs, and waterproof duffle-bags are easily repaired if a rent or puncture occurs.

The writer, in making camp one day, accidentally jammed his tent-pole through a thin twill tent near the peak, leaving a V-shaped hole that gave promise of leakage as well as ventilation. Sewing up the rent would have been a waste of time, for the shape of the rent demanded a patch and careful sewing. No patch material being handy, as an experiment he tried the cure-all tape, placing one patch horizontally inside the tent, and another one vertically outside, pressing each one, and the goods, into close contact by means of a camp plate. Then he resumed his occupation of resting and speculated on what would happen when rain fell. Nothing happened, for the patches stuck together like two postage stamps on a damp day in camp, and are still holding their own.

A rifle or gunstock accidentally broken at the tang can be repaired temporarily with tape if a thin splint of green hickory, maple or birch is laid along each side before winding. And a broken canoe paddle can be rendered as good as new by similar means, but in this case three or four thin splints should be used, their length exceeding by a couple of inches the break. On a trip into the back woods a broken paddle means much to the sportsman, but there is a remedy. If the break is short, a supplementary winding with fishline is advisable. A dozen other emergencies when a bit of tape will come in handy might be mentioned, but these will suffice.

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Notes From the Game Fields.

Last autumn Massachusetts sportsmen regarded as one of the best in recent years for small game, and the present season, which opened Oct. 1 for squirrels, rabbits and grouse, bids fair to be even a better one. In Bristol county squirrels, rabbits, quail and grouse cannot be hunted until Nov. 1, the general opening day for quail, except in Nantucket, where there is a closed season until 1908. Rabbits, however, seem to be the exception this year, for not many of them have been seen.

Railbirds were reported as scarce along the Connecticut shore of Long Island sound in September, but birds were bagged on several occasions in numbers sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person.

The duck hunters who were abroad in Central Illinois early in the open season found little game, as the waterfowl seldom visit this region in September unless there happens to be a cool wave late in the month. Still, hunters were abroad daily. Shortening the waterfowl season at both ends would be a wise move, without doubt. At present it opens Sept. 1 and closes April 15.

While Game Warden Kleist, of Kenosha, Wis., was afield watching for lawbreakers, some one fired at him, he says, and the bullet left its double mark in his hat. He promptly arrested two men, certain one of them had tried to shoot him, but they claimed the shot was an accident.

Farmers near Kenosha, Wis., are incensed over the action of six hunters who, on being ordered off two farms, threatened to shoot the owners.

The law limiting the number of prairie chickens, ducks, etc., a shooter can kill in one day in Minnesota is undoubtedly a good one, and it may be responsible to some extent for the apparent abundance of pinnated grouse this season. But no hunter can have in his possession more than forty-five birds, and while it is believed this provision is not strictly observed by parties of shooters, individuals are careful not to be found with more than that number at railway stations and on trains. Cases are noted where men accustomed in other days to shooting chickens as long as there were any to be shot during daylight, have been seen returning home before noon with their legal limit, and friends of protection claim the law is satisfactory. This year in a number of places the sportsmen who shot the limit of chickens went to the sloughs for ducks, which were numerous during September and the conditions favorable, because of high water.

Several bears have been shot by sportsmen recently in the vicinity of Thief River Falls, Minn. Herman Leslin brought in the first bear, a large black one, and Henry Runnestraud shot a smaller one, while John Svenson killed one weighing nearly 500 pounds. Near Crookston still another black bear was shot last month, and over in North Dakota a Milton farmer-sportsman killed the first bear seen in the vicinity this year.

No doubt the city officials of Winnipeg, Man., who took part in the drowning of a black bear in Shoal lake recently consider their actions above criticism, but no sportsman would be guilty of an act of this sort. It seems the bear was sighted swimming across the lake and the power boat containing the party headed for it. Some one roped the bear, whereupon the latter tried to scramble aboard, which frightened everybody, but full speed ahead was called for and the animal towed until drowned, then taken aboard.

A correspondent writes that at Goodes Ferry, Va., there is squirrel, rabbit and quail shooting, while turkeys are fairly abundant in the woods. Guides, although not necessary, can be hired at 75 cents to $1 a day, and low rates can be obtained at a hotel three miles from the village. Black bass and perch fishing nearby in streams.

Long Island Small Game.

A prominent sportsman of this city who lives on Long Island and who shoots and fishes there as member or guest of several large preserve clubs, informed a representative of Forest and Stream this week that the indications for fair shooting when the season for quail and ruffed grouse opens, on Nov. 1, are favorable. Ruffed grouse, he believes, have increased materially this year, the open winter and mild spring favoring them in both their condition and numbers. Quail, he thinks, from his observations, have also increased at a satisfactory rate, and are in good condition.

This gentleman believes the present laws on wildfowl should be amended. It permits the shooting of ducks, geese and swans during the months of October, November and December. In advocating an open season embracing the months of January and February, he asserted very positively that gunners in general who shoot on Long Island waters would indorse his opinion that winter shooting is desired by all. He admitted that at times winter shooting is rough work and not to the liking of those who cannot with fortitude undergo cold and exposure to icy blasts, but the gunner wishes to be out when game is abundant, and the winter months, he says, are more favorable than those of autumn. In taking this stand he wishes it to be understood that he is not in favor of spring shooting, as it is known generally, and the gunners as a class are with him; but whereas spring shooting at migrating birds is harmful in many other waters, he does not consider that it applies to Long Island for the reason that large numbers of ducks remain in its waters all winter, as a rule, particularly in seasons as mild as last winter, and the ducks are therefore in good condition, and shooting them is worth while.

He asserted further that because the law is unpopular, the native gunners do not feel bound to obey it, hence there is winter shooting, and he believes it almost impossible to put a stop to it.

So much of the Long Island land is owned or controlled by clubs that there is little opportunity for the stranger to burn powder there this fall, unless squirrels or rabbits are his game, the latter being the more plentiful. And there are a few places where grouse may be hunted, one of them being in the vicinity of Manor, where grouse have been seen frequently this season.

The Gulf Storm.

Without doubt a great many anglers and shooters of the South suffered severe hardships during the great hurricane that swept over a large area of the gulf coast last week. At this season in the vicinity of nearly all cities on the Gulf of Mexico there may be found numbers of anglers in camps or club houses situated on the lowlands where the brackish waters abound with sheepshead and several other varieties of salt-water game fishes, and where the wood ducks tempt the gunner. Some of the best known resorts and the preserved lands and waters especially, are not easily reached, boats or trains carrying the sportsmen to and from their destinations. The waters of the gulf cover vast expanses during the full moon tides of spring and autumn, and when it is known that these were backed up by the storm sufficiently to permit the wind to drive ships far inland, it follows that the camps and clubs suffered damage from the water alone, while the hurricane without doubt caused great personal and real loss to owners and members, if not accompanied by fatalities.

New Orleans in particular is rich in clubs. Among them are immense numbers of shooters' and anglers' clubs. Some own vast salt marshes; others control stretches of water where the fishing is good; still others squat in obscure places where their members meet at the week-end for the fishing or to get a few shots at wildfowl. Again, groups of men organize and make arrangements with some fishing resort innkeeper to house and feed them when they can visit his place. There are clubs everywhere, and on the numerous holidays enjoyed by residents of leisure-loving New Orleans, these are crowded to their full capacity with members and their friends.

Conditions Favorable in Wisconsin.

The condition of our game, I think, is getting better. The wardens and sportsmen report deer more plentiful than they have ever seen them, since northern Wisconsin ceased to be one unbroken wilderness. Partridges are reported more numerous in the northern part of the state than they have been for years. Quite a number of outside sportsmen who have gone up there to fish have sent in and taken out a small game license when they got up there and saw how the shooting was, and they seem to be very much pleased. Prairie chickens and grouse are about as usual. I do not think there is any increase. They are protected in about the south half of the state. It is too early yet to say anything about ducks. Thousands of them nested all over the state this season, and the hunters got some very good bags the first few days after the season opened, but they are mostly killed off before Oct. 1, and after that time the northern ducks will come down.

The game laws are generally respected. Of course there are places where hunters will not obey them and where conditions are bad; but it is getting better right along, and in some of those communities where they do not want any game laws or any protection, they have begun to realize that something must be done, or they will not have any fish or game left.

As for any particular locality for hunters to go to, I will only say that all of our northern counties are good. Jonas Swenholt,
State Warden.

Madison, Wis.

The California Warden Case.

The friends of Walter R. Welch, J. C. Ingalls and John Davis, formerly game and fish wardens in the employ of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of California, are incensed over the recent action of the commission in summarily discharging these men without a hearing, following charges made by them concerning the official conduct of Chief Deputy Commissioner Vogelsang, the executive agent of the commission, which they alleged was prejudicial to the honor of the commission and the interests of game and fish protection.

The Santa Clara County Fish and Game Protective Association of San Jose held a meeting, heard evidence and passed resolutions in which the resignation of Mr. Vogelsang was demanded of the commission, and sent to all of the protective associations of the state circular letters stating its case and asking for similar action. The papers took up the case and commented in no gentle terms on the alleged misconduct of the commission's executive agent, and various associations composed of sportsmen took similar action. Things look squally for Mr. Vogelsang, if all the charges made by the discharged wardens and the associations are proved.

New Game Fields in North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C.—Game Warden John W. Upchurch has returned from a tour in eleven counties, and says that he everywhere found partridges plentiful. There are many young broods. The first birds are quite well grown. The law against shooting them before Nov. 1 has been very well observed this year. The chief violators of the law against shooting birds are poor whites in the cotton mill town. These have given trouble at Raleigh and elsewhere. Your correspondent has made a number of inquiries as to birds and finds that there is a good supply in this county, as well as in those counties immediately around it.

A new railway is being opened northeast from Raleigh, and this is going to open a very attractive section for sportsmen. Very pleasant farmhouses are located in the country which is

open and in which many peas are planted. Several farmers said they had never seen more birds. The only statement of scarcity of birds of which the writer has heard comes from Mecklenburg county, where it is claimed there are a few, the statement being that the wet weather drowned them out.

FRED A. OLDS.

Game Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A letter from Tompkins county, New York, leads one to suspect that sportsmen are having a good bit of shooting this fall. Joseph Hughes, of Ithaca, one day this week shot five ruffed grouse and eight woodcock, while other University City sportsmen have succeeded at various times nearly as well. Woodcock are reported plentiful in most parts of the southern tier where good covers continue to exist, which is exceedingly welcome news to the man who for numerous seasons past has looked in vain for the mysterious long-bills. Grouse are also said to be more plentiful than last season, with gray squirrels to be found numerously in all likely timber.

Coming into Pennsylvania where the season remains closed for the better part of three weeks yet, it is said among those who have been abroad lately, that gray squirrels are plentiful. Woodcock have not been heard from to any extent, although vigilant fielders make bold to claim that the birds are with us in greater numbers than for some years past. Ruffed grouse are likewise said to be abundant, and of rabbits, like books, there is no end.

M. CHILL.

A Pioneer Woman of To-day.

MERRILL, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw in the Sept. 22d number of your interesting paper an account of some of the pioneer women of early days. I will tell you of one of the present-day pioneer women, whom I know, a Mrs. Anderson, of Parrish, Langlade county, Wisconsin. Last November, while I was in a camp hunting deer three miles south of Parrish, Mrs. Anderson, who lives on the bank of the Prairie river, two miles north of our camp, saw a deer across the river; she took her husband's rifle, shot the deer, crossed the stream on a log, fastened a clothes line to the deer and drew it across the stream, dressed it, and when her husband came home from work, had venison for his supper. That same night at 12 o'clock she gave birth to a fine baby girl. A few days after, while lying in bed, she saw a deer in the garden; she begged the woman who was caring for her to bring her the rifle and raise the window and let her shoot the deer. But the woman did not think her strong enough to hold the rifle.

I think we have as brave and capable women as in the earlier days. I read the FOREST AND STREAM with great pleasure every week.

LLOYD BRECK.

Quail Abundant Again.

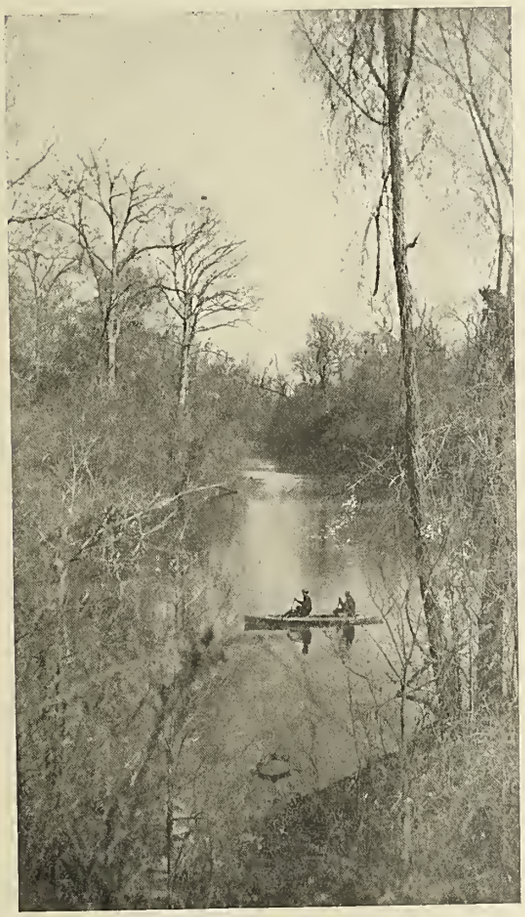
LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Grouse and prairie chicken are reported more plentiful than for a number of years, due to rigid enforcement of the law with relation to the shipment and sale of them, and also to the favorable hatching conditions during the early months of the season. These birds are found principally in the territory north of the Platte river, and in the central and western portion of the state, where reasonably good shooting may be expected. Quail have increased very rapidly during the past two years, and we hardly realize that they were practically exterminated by weather conditions during the winter of 1903. We have only fifteen days open season for quail shooting, which is Nov. 15 to 30, inclusive, but our sportsmen anticipate excellent results during that time.

GEO. L. CARTER, Chief Warden.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Quail Tame Under Protection.

LAS ANIMAS, Colo., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our game laws are loosely enforced. There are a few antelope in Colorado, but they are gradually being exterminated. In 1907 quail and other small birds lose the protection of the laws and they will soon go unless there is an extension of the laws now in force. We have here Bob White and the California quail, but as they range along the irrigating canals and the narrow stretches of farming country between the ditches and the rivers, they are easily found and will not live long unless protected. It is very interesting to see them now. They barely get out of your way as you



FROM OUR FRONT DOOR.
Camp photo in Louisiana by Jo Bo.

pass them with a team. To slaughter them now, after having gained their friendship, would be a shame. You will think a change of heart has taken place with a hide hunter; but don't you know it is many a year since I have killed a thing, and I lay it principally to the disgust occasioned by thoughts of the old slaughter. If there is a God this will be one of the things it will be hard for him to forgive.

F. T. WEBBER.

[Wild turkeys, mountain sheep, antelope and elk are protected to 1907; but quail, as we understand the Colorado law, are protected always.—EDITOR.]

Belgian Firearms.

CONSUL J. MCNALLY calls attention in his annual report to the production of firearms in Liege, Belgium. He says that 1905 was the banner year for the city, the aggregate number of firearms produced reaching 2,682,111 in 1905, against 2,479,936 in 1904. Of these totals, 891,875 single barreled and 656,327 double-barreled guns were produced in 1904, and 949,631, and 722,986 respectively, in 1905.

For a Close Season on Guns.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is no increase in game with the exception of rabbits. Quail are very scarce. Pheasants are almost extinct. There are some woodcock and fairly good squirrel shooting. We are pretty close to the Ohio state line, and as its laws differ with ours as to the open season (opening about Sept. 1 in Ohio, and Oct. 1 in Pennsylvania), the authorities have their troubles, but I think they do fairly well in keeping the laws observed. The laws are regarded as generally satisfactory, but they do not meet altogether with my approval. I would like to see it arranged, if possible, to have an open season for twenty to thirty days once a year, say in October, and then any one carrying a gun at any other time to be prosecuted, as he could have no excuse for shooting red squirrels, groundhogs, ducks, etc., at any other time but the aforesaid twenty or thirty days.

I placed some nice small-mouth bass here this fall, and by continually hammering away I expect the fishing to be fairly good in the course of time. In fact it has already shown signs of improvement during the past three years.

FRANK A. MASKREY.

Mrs. Umstead's Seventeen.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the amusing features to an old reader of FOREST AND STREAM is the discussion whether weasels kill chickens or get credit for the work of other marauders. I had thought that any one who had raised chickens in weasel territory had sooner or later learned facts—not necessarily from printed matter. If Stanstead, who in your issue of Sept 1 says he has never had any positive proof of chicken killing by weasels, will write to Harry Umstead, Schwenksville, Pa., he will learn how the latter lost seventeen fine broilers by the slippery animal. The weasel was seen in broad daylight by Mrs. Umstead while carrying away the seventeenth victim, and refused to be frightened from his prey. Although having never previously fired a gun, she was so indignant at the nerve of the animal, that she secured her husband's shotgun and "got busy," with the result of shooting a hole in the fence and drawing blood from the weasel, which has not been seen since. Still I presume that until Stanstead et al. actually catch a weasel red-handed, the evidence will not be conclusive.

OCEAN.

A Large Preserve for New Brunswick.

THE New Brunswick Fish and Game Company, Limited, organized in Montreal, Canada, has completed arrangements whereby it becomes the lessee of a large tract of land in the Tobique river region in New Brunswick. There are 1,700,000 acres of land in the tract, embracing some of the best forests and streams for big game hunting and fishing respectively in the province. Lord Strathcona is the honorary president of the organization, and the other officers are as named: President, Robert Meighon; vice-president, Colonel H. H. McLean, of St. John; treasurer, Alfred Zeley, of St. John. Prominent sportsmen of New York city are named as directors with others from Montreal and several Canadian cities.

"The Log."

THE LOG, "a monthly magazine of living things and Long Island affairs," as is quaintly set forth in the sub-title, is specially bright and racy in the September number. The editor is Mr. Will Graham. To appreciate the artistic and sparkling properties of The Log, it must be seen and heard. But Mr. Graham is better known to the majority of sportsmen as the urbane host of Ye Anchorage Inn, Blue Point, L. I., where shooters, particularly duck shooters, in season delight to congregate, first to enjoy the pervading comforts of that famous hostelry, and second to shoot under the best conditions of expert equipment and thorough knowledge of the sport.

Newfoundland Salmon Fishing.

Troy, N. Y., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the various items and communications on the subject of Newfoundland trout and salmon fishing published in your issues of Aug. 25 and Sept. 1, 15 and 22, as given by Messrs. Carroll, Crane, and Muir.

Having been in the habit of taking a trip of from a month to six weeks, since the year 1900, to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland, I beg of you permission to add my mite to the matter of Newfoundland fishing; particularly so since I notice in the remarks of Mr. Carroll strictures upon a Mr. Notman—spelled Nottman in the article—at Bay St. George.

I have the pleasure of Mr. Notman s acquaintance, having first met him at Nardini Crossing, Bay St. George, Newfoundland, in August of the year 1900, and also on Harry's brook, where a companion and myself were fishing with Oliver and Peter H. Benoit as guides.

Since this first meeting the acquaintance has been continued, and in the summer of 1905, I again, in company with my artist friend, Mr. W. B. Gillette, of this city, had the pleasure of seeing both Mr. Notman and his good wife—who by the way is an ardent and expert angler—at his cottage on Main river.

I notice two points of especial importance in this connection, in the communication of Mr. Carroll and Mr. Muir in your issues of Sept. 22 and 15. In the first Mr. Carroll says: "I do not assume any responsibility for the clippings and reports that I send."

But in the letter of Sept. 15 he remarks, after reporting the item about 300 salmon being left to rot on the bank, "Another case was reported where it was alleged that a 'foreigner,' named Notman, built a camp on a grand pool at St. George. This gentleman assumed proprietorship over the adjacent river (?), and had the gall to warn off some local men who trespassed on his preserves. * * * It is asserted that he sold his 'rights' to the adjacent pool."

Here are an allegation and an assertion given as items of news. But Mr. Carroll, as before mentioned by me, has disclaimed responsibility for both. And Mr. Muir, the Scotchman, who was accused of leaving 300 salmon on the bank to rot, denies in your issue of Sept. 22, in toto, the truth of this "fish story."

As to Mr. Notman I am prepared to assert, first that he never laid claims to any salmon pool, and second, that he never sold any "rights" to any pool.

This gentleman was in the habit of visiting Newfoundland from Portland, Me., until within a few years when he removed to Picton, N. S., where he now resides. He built a cottage at Nardini crossing, on the banks of Bay St. George, and on Harry's brook he had a camp. In the season of 1905 he sold both to a gentleman from New York, who understood perfectly before he purchased, that Mr. Notman could not, and did not pretend to sell any fishing rights, as all the rivers in Newfoundland are free. Moreover, this gentleman was perfectly satisfied and has never entered any complaint.

I know that Mr. Notman has incurred the ill-will of some of the natives, chiefly I believe, because he has denounced net fishing in Harry's brook. Hence, no doubt, the "fish story" related of him by Mr. Carroll.

I know, and Mr. Gillette knows, and my friend Mr. Barret, editor of the Western Star, at Bay-of-Islands, N. F., knows that netting of salmon at the mouth of Harry's brook, in the summer of 1905, was flagrantly pursued despite the law and the warden. Mr. Barrett made especial mention of this illegal and outrageous practice twice to my knowledge in his paper.

Mr. Notman also kicked against this practice, but in vain, and there were almost daily shipments reported from Stephenville Crossing to Halifax of fish taken in nets at the mouth of Harry's brook.

Had Mr. Notman winked at this practice no doubt he would have escaped much ill-will.

Where was the fish warden? Busy at Sandy Point miles away; too busy to patrol the streams at Main river.

Instead, he sent his three sons, or at least three boys, who were said to be his sons, to examine the nets. My artist friend took a fine snapshot of these lads—from eight to ten years old—as they rowed up the bay to Harry's brook. It was his intention to send this picture to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at St. Johns, and he was urged to do so by several guides and others who knew the circumstances. But it is hardly our business to try to regulate the duties of the fish wardens of Newfoundland. And these boys were asked: "When will you be up again?" to which query they naïvely answered giving the date, thus posting the net fishers. A pretty sort of fish patrol this.

In the summer of 1900 Mr. Notman caught just one salmon in Harry's brook. In the season of 1896 he caught twelve. He is neither a fish hog nor a poacher. He has, in my experience of six years, always treated brother anglers decently and gentlemanly, inviting them to his cottage and offering the free use of his camp when not occupied by himself.

Undoubtedly the salmon and trout fishing of Newfoundland is immense, and the summer climate is good and glorious.

But there is just this about it. The 200,000 people of Newfoundland have been supported almost exclusively by fishing. This has been the end and aim of their existence. To them fishing means business. They would no more think of wasting time fighting a twenty pound salmon on an eight ounce rod than they would enjoy prancing around a ten acre field with a yearling bull calf hooked to a salmon line and call it sport.

They net, snare and jig fish. They want $100,000 worth of salmon, $500,000 worth of oil seal, $300,000 worth of lobsters, $200,000 worth of herring, and fifty million codfish every year. As a consequence it became necessary to put on the curb, adopt stringent rules and regulations, stock the fisheries, and appoint fish wardens; but after all this the old time practices still prevail to a great extent and some fish wardens wink at them while they indulge in extravagant fish stories about the atrocious conduct of foreigners, anglers and sportsmen who spend their summers in Newfoundland, also spending their cash liberally and enjoying the superb climate and trying to enjoy the salmon fishing, but running up against netters and jiggers all too frequently, which causes kicking, cussing and constant complaint.

Hence reason for many of the fish stories started by ill-natured people. In my six years of experience I have found the people there very cordial, courteous and agreeable, poachers and netters on forbidden waters at forbidden times alone to the contrary.

Newspaper correspondents should be careful about extravagant tales unfolded to them in wondrous ways.

When I entered the profession of journalism, some thirty-five years ago, my instructions as resident correspondent of the New York World advised me to corroborate reports before circulating them as facts.

This is good advice even at the present advanced stage of civilization.

W. H. Harrington.

Salt-Water Angling Near New York.

Anglers of New York city who are too much occupied just now with business cares to take a fishing vacation and go to waters where the black bass are becoming lively again after the summer's heat, but who can take a day now and then, will find consolation by visiting the salt-water fishing resorts near at hand. Not only is the present season favorable, but the salt-water game fish that frequent our shores at this time may remind the angler of his favorite black bass in that he can cast or troll for them and need not spend his holiday trying to keep awake while holding a rod in one position, as in bottom fishing for many of the varieties that hover about the coast earlier and later. Besides, October days are crisp and cool, and one enjoys the exercise that does not soon induce fatigue.

Three varieties of sea fish are attracting special attention just now, and they are the bluefish, the striped bass and the weakfish, with several others that may be mentioned incidentally.

The bluefish every salt-water angler is glad to catch, but not every one is fortunate enough to be able to visit the best waters, and even then if one's stomach is likely to "turn turtle" in a plunging sea, bluefishing from a catboat or sloop may fail to charm, and the milder sport of casting in the surf or trolling in smoother waters from a rowboat will prove more to the liking of one easily affected by rough water. The south shore of Long Island attracts a great many amateur bluefishermen when the autumn run of these fish is on, and the villages near Fire Island inlet are favorite resorts. Block Island is better for three-day trips, and Montauk and other distant points for two, leaving Fire Island and vicinity and nearer places for one-day visits, with the preference of a journey to one of these resorts the previous evening, giving one the entire day for fishing. In this way he can fish one tide and sometimes two, when there is high water early in the morning and late in the afternoon. Then, too, autumn tides often rise higher than summer tides, giving a longer period of slack water at the top of the flood tide, when fishing is generally though not invariably at its best.

If Fire Island is the objective point—and this applies to other places as well—it is better, from an economical standpoint, to go with a party or at least two or three companions to Babylon, Long Island, and there charter a sloop whose captain knows the best waters and will take the anglers there without loss of time. Good fishing for bluefish is to be had both inside and outside Fire Island inlet, and in the latter waters Spanish mackerel and other fish are often taken. Great South Bay points are good for bluefish in October, as a rule, and one has a choice of a number of railway stations at which to leave the train. Bluefish are taken at East Rockaway inlet and at Queenswater. There are several inns where one can stop over night, with small boats to hire at reasonable prices, while surf casting in the ocean off Long Beach is popular, and parties for ocean bluefishing can obtain sloops or power boats. Rockaway Point is another place, and there are a few others on that part of Long Island, but Broad Channel and The Raunt, in Jamaica Bay, famous weakfishing waters, often contain bluefish in goodly numbers.

In Staten Island waters such points as Tottenville, South Beach, Huguenot, Midland Beach and Eltingville often yield bluefish, and Princess Bay has long been a favorite point for weak and bluefishing, and striped bass at this season. Raritan Bay and river and the Horshoe inside Sandy Hook yield these fine

fish. On the ocean side there are Highland Beach, Seabright, Belmar and a score of other favorite places all along the Jersey coast southward. Surf casting is commonly practiced now, but at Seabright and other places one can employ a boat with a husky oarsman who will show him the best waters offshore. Barnegat Bay, while too far from town for the one-day angler, is always good for bluefishing in season, and good water for numerous other sea fishes.

It is argued by those who are fond of bluefishing and the wild, free sport of trolling for them in the open sea that while rod and line fishing may be the more sportsmanlike method, it is not always an easy matter to manipulate rod and reel on board a pitching, rolling small boat, whereas the handline is simple and effective, although sentiment and the handline cannot go hand in hand. Where numbers are sought this may be true, but in the course of events the bluefish handline will give way among amateurs to the rod and reel, while in turn fine tackle will replace the billiard cue and chalk-line so often used by those who do employ rods in this exciting sport.

Years ago, when anglers informed their fellows for the first time that sea fish weighing fifty to several hundred pounds could be—and had already been—taken with ordinary heavy rod, reel and line, astonishment and even incredulity were generally expressed. These anglers who go out on the open sea for its huge tuna and sea bass are working toward lighter tackle and almost daily demonstrating that with the exercise of the skill they have gained in killing large fish on light tackle, combined with the knowledge acquired concerning the habits and the actions of their prey, lines can be reduced in size and rods in weight, thus making the contest more and more one in which the fish has the advantage. The Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club is composed of anglers who, unaided, have brought to gaff tuna weighing 100 pounds or more, there being no other means of gaining admission, and neither influence nor money avails the candidate who would gain admission otherwise. Its rules require that the tip of the rod (designated as all of the rod above the reelseat, thus obviating any weakening of the double hand-grasp in order to reduce weight) shall not exceed 16 ounces in weight, but the rod must be 6 feet 9 inches in length, while nothing larger than 24-thread line is allowed. Recently this club has favored even lighter tackle for sea fish weighing up to say 50 pounds, and the sentiment responsible for this has resulted in the forming of a light tackle club at this famous sea angling resort, with a maximum limit of 16 ounces for rods and lines of 9-thread only.

On the other hand, many salt-water anglers of the Atlantic coast, fishing for codfish, channel, sea and striped bass, with the maximum weight under rather than over 50 pounds and the average nearer 10 pounds, employ "billiard-cue" rods, immense cartwheel wooden reels and lines that would almost support a man's weight. The exceptions are indeed pleasing to lovers of fine tackle, for while it is comparatively simple to provide a rod for black bass fishing in fresh water, knowing the limitations, the same rule does not apply to sea fishing, for there one may hook a 3-pounder or one of twenty times that weight, and the rod must be first-class unless one depends on cutting away from dangerously heavy fish. It requires little skill to manufacture rods of the short, billiard-cue type, but the weakfish and surf-casting rods, properly made by an expert, are things of beauty in their respective classes.

In view of these facts we look forward to the adoption at no very distant date of light tackle for all game fish of the Atlantic, and particularly the bluefish and the striped bass, for weakfishermen generally employ suitable tackle now.

Pearl or other squids are the favorite lures in trolling for bluefish, which are attracted by chumming. And as mossbunkers or menhaden are the favorite food of the blues, it follows that these are good for bait. Shedder crabs and killies are also used in some waters. The young bluefish, or snappers, appear late in the summer or in early autumn, and when present are seen in small schools at the surface, especially near piers and in tide rips. Catching them on very light tackle is a pleasant pastime, for, like the adult bluefish, they are ravenous feeders. They are commonly seen in all our bays and tidal rivers.

The striped bass is the only salt-water game fish to be found by anglers in the Hudson river this fall, and there is only one place where it is really worth while to fish for it—off Croton Point, three miles from Ossining and slightly nearer Croton Landing, at both of which places boats can be hired. A few are taken off Kingsland Point light in the Tappan Zee (boats from Tarrytown), and an occasional one at all of the old-time favorite points along the eastern shore of the Hudson as far down as Riverside Drive, particularly off Riverdale and Spuyten Duyvil, but the almost incessant blasting, the sewage and the waste from the oil works and chemical plants have driven the striped bass that brave all these dangers to the quieter wide waters many miles to the north where, in the swirling tide rips off Tellers and Croton points, they find abundant food and fairly pure waters. Bloodworms attract them and shedder crabs are sometimes used. The state law forbids the possession of striped bass less than eight inches in length, but it is safe to say that as far as the lower Hudson is concerned, no attention is paid to this provision, and while the writer has seen many striped bass taken by men and boys fishing from pierheads and floats all along both sides of the river, he has never seen a baby bass returned to the water, and believes the majority of these fish taken falls below the legal limit. Especially when Lafayettes are running—in early autumn, if at all—and the number of persons manipulating lines multiplied by tens and hundreds, are these little bass captured frequently. The law, too, forbids the taking of striped bass in nets from April 30 to July 30, both inclusive, in the Hudson, but it would be folly to believe that any striped bass caught in the gill-nets ever finds its way to any place other than the market, for fish caught by the gills seldom live long, and your gill-netter is not so loyal as to throw away dead bass, even though he might liberate live ones.

Some of the Staten Island resorts previously mentioned are favorable for striped bass fishing in autumn, especially Princess Bay and the waters off Huguenot, Annadale and Giffords, with several good places as one goes toward Sandy Hook and the Shrewsbury river. Bass are occasionally taken round about Liberty Island, and surf fishing at favorable points along Coney Island, Far Rockaway and Long Beach, with favorite grounds easily reached in boats kept for hire at these places.

Asbury Park is a famous striped bass point, and some very large ones are taken there in season, but nearly any one of the villages between that town and the Highlands boasts good surf fishing, with boatmen who will take care of those wishing to troll offshore when the weather conditions are favorable. While striped bass are erratic and uncertain, now here, now there, they seem fairly plentiful this season, and may be taken at the most favorable points during October. The Jersey coast, however, is better for early fishing, with nearby Long and Staten Island waters for late fishing. At times good catches are reported from Greenwich, Conn., New Rochelle, and along the western side of Pelham Bay. These and other quieter waters are better than the ocean resorts as the autumn advances, and the methods are both trolling and still-fishing. Bloodworms are generally used in generous quantities, and in trolling a small nickel spoon and a hook liberally baited seem to be the favorites, the boat being rowed slowly and very quietly.

The weakfishing season opened early, has been a favorable one, and may be expected to last several weeks longer, although this is by no means certain. Indeed, there is nothing certain about this splendid fish until you actually have it in the net. He may be near the surface, where he is generally found, midway between surface and bottom, or near the latter, so that the angler must be prepared for surface fishing, float fishing with a tiny sinker, or bottom fishing with a sinker that will drift readily with the tide. Generally shedder crabs and killies are most attractive late in the season; but in this there is nothing certain, and one should have bloodworms and sandworms handy. If these fail, try strips cut from menhaden or porgy, chumming liberally in any event, and keeping the bait in motion. Anchoring near a favorite fishing ground in such a position that the tide will carry the baited hook over it, be as quiet as possible. The line is attached to a short leader, this to a snelled hook, and the latter, baited, is allowed to drift with the tide for 100 yards or more. Float fishing is similar. Small pearl squids are used by some anglers.

Striking when a weakfish is hooked is a delicate operation. One may take the bait with vigor and be off with it, in reality hooking itself, when the angler should avoid striking at all; or if killies are used, the fish may take its time in turning the bait before swallowing, and striking should be delayed until it is reasonably certain a gentle twist will set the hook in the tender mouth of the weakfish.

In bottom fishing a sinker of light weight is made fast to the end of the line, with a short leader and the snelled hook two or three feet above it, and some anglers use a second leader and hook two or three feet above the first one. The sinker should be raised gently now and then, so that the current will carry it along, and after a couple of hundred feet of line has been paid out, reel in carefully and go through the same operation again. Chum liberally, of course.

Beach and Broad channels, Goose creek, the Raunt and Valentine point in Jamaica Bay are favorite early resorts, and weakfish are generally found there throughout the season, while all of the well-known places along the island coast, up to the Narrows, around Staten Island and down the Jersey shore, to and into the Shrewsbury river, including Raritan Bay and river, etc., are worth trying, the place depending upon the time at one's command. Barnegat Bay is famous weakfish water early and late.

Long Island sound yields weakfish now and then, but not often, and then at places not easily reached from the city in a short journey.

Several steamboats leave the Battery shortly after 8 o'clock every day, and other piers earlier, for the famous fishing grounds in the Lower Bay, and these are interesting and usually successful trips for their passengers, while the stranger going down for the first time will see more fishing and hear more fish yarns than ever before in his life, perhaps, in so short a time. Here the short, stout rod, strong line and heavy sinker will be handy, for one may connect with a heavy fish away down in the deep water, and in order to save his fish and his temper must bring it up to the side of the boat, where it may be gaffed, or even haul it up to the lofty deck on which he stands, meanwhile avoiding carefully any attempts of the fish to circle about and entangle the network of lines radiating from the steamboat. Bait, lunch and all etceteras will be found on the steamboat, and a livelier time one will travel far to see than one of these fishing steamboats when the fish are biting freely.

Over Anxiety.

A MEMBER of the staff of FOREST AND STREAM received a bulky letter one day from an enthusiastic young angler in the south, who wrote across one end of the envelope the following:

"Dere Mr. Postmaster pleeze be sure to see to it that Mr. ———— gits this here letter cos Im awful scared it'll git lost and theres forty pages inside and all about fishing, and if this here gits lost Ill have to write it all over again and I dont want to neither cos its a noful job too. "Yours truly,

"SI. HASKINS."

This indorsement evidently attracted the attention of more than one employee in the mail service, as the envelope showed signs of wear.

In Pennsylvania Waters.

Whenever the Pennsylvania waters were in condition during August, the bass fishing in all parts of the state was very fine, but the sport in September was even finer. Moreover, there has been practically no interruption. There was very little rain, the rivers cleared and the waters fell. Reports from all over the state show bass fishing records greater than known for many years, and for this state of affairs the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries is given credit.

Some extraordinarily large bass have been captured in the Delaware, Susquehanna and Allegheny rivers. Four-pound fish were numerous, and one weighing six pounds was caught at Dingman's Ferry, on the Delaware, by a thirteen-year-old boy. Twenty to twenty-five fish per day from nearly all the well-known streams, and many of the smaller ones, were quite common. What is especially gratifying to all the anglers is the vast number of young bass which are seen everywhere.

Probably the best points for bass fishing during September were on the north branch of the Susquehanna, near Laceyville, and nearly every large fall and eddy on the Delaware river from Trenton to Hancock. The first week in September, Dr. Townsend, of the New York Aquarium, with a friend, averaged about fifteen bass per day on the Delaware river near Hancock. About a week later Commissioner Meehan, with one of his superintendents and a son of Attorney-General Carson, had great success near the same place in catching bass, the fish being intended for one of the state hatcheries.

While engaged in this work, Commissioner Meehan and his party experienced the unpleasant sensation of being stoned by a number of fish pirates who had accused them of cutting their outlines. Fortunately neither the Commissioner nor his companions were struck. The outrage was reported to First Assistant Game Protector Worts.

Reports from the western part of Pennsylvania show the bass fishing to be nearly as good as in the eastern and central portions of the state. Bass fishing in the upper Allegheny river, especially in the neighborhood of Tidioute and below Warren, was said to be especially good. The Schuylkill river and its beautiful tributary, the Perkiomen, have both kept the anglers busy.

A large number of lake trout were caught during September from many of the natural mountain lakes in northeastern Pennsylvania. Harvey's lake, Elk lake, Crystal and Silver lakes have been especially good. Most of the fish ran very large; that is to say, from 6 to 14 pounds each.

Unfortunately, something went wrong with the lake trout in Harvey's lake about the middle of the month. On Saturday, Sept. 15, a large trout was found floating, and on Sunday morning several more were discovered. On Monday, the 17th, a large number of dead fish floated ashore, and by the end of the week several hundred dead fish had been found. Others were seen floundering around the lake, dying. An examination showed that their air bladders were whole, and no evidence of dynamite. Specimens have been sent to the Department of Fisheries at Harrisburg for examination to determine what is the matter.

With the cool autumnal days, wall-eyed pike fishing in the Susquehanna is expected to become very good. This splendid food and game fish, which in the Susquehanna valley is known as the salmon, has been rapidly increasing in all the branches for the last five or six years, due to heavy stocking from the State hatcheries. The indications are for a very exciting month of October, as during the month of September many fish were caught.

Mr. William Ford, a Scranton gentleman, is the owner of a pretty lake in Luzerne county, which bears his name. Mr. Ford is a public-spirited gentleman and an enthusiastic angler, and about two years ago began stocking the lake with brook and lake trout. The fish thrived and multiplied, and this spring Mr. Ford threw the lake open to public fishing. Two weeks ago anglers in the county were enraged to learn that some miscreants had gone to the lake and exploded several charges of dynamite therein and killed thousands of trout. The Department of Fisheries was at once communicated with, and a warden has been sent to the locality, and in addition, the residents near the lake have employed a detective on their own account to capture the parties guilty of the outrage. It is discouraging to a man like Mr. Ford to have anything like this occur.

One of the features of the State Museum at Harrisburg is to be an aquarium for Pennsylvania fishes. The Library Board and the Commissioner of Fisheries are now engaged in preparing plans for the aquarium. This will be the first establishment of the kind in the state. It will probably be started with about fifty tanks.

Mascalonge fishing in some of the western lakes was very good during September. A number of very large fish were caught, one weighing 34 pounds being caught in Conneaut lake, and many smaller ones from Le Boeuf.

A few days ago one of the state fish wardens arrested two relatives of Commissioner Meehan for illegal fishing. Friends of the young men wrote to the Commissioner appealing to him to abandon the charge on the ground of relationship, but the Commissioner responded that in his estimation the relationship only aggravated the offense, and refused to interfere, and the young men were forced to pay their fines the same as any one else. The specific offense committed was fishing on Sunday.

A number of blue pike are being caught with hook and line from the Susquehanna river. As these are the first of this species of fish to be captured by anglers, the latter were naturally somewhat excited and wanted to know what they were or what gave the "salmon" the peculiar color. The Department of Fisheries has been hatching blue pike for a number of years, but the practice has been to plant them exclusively in Lake Erie. About three years ago, however, several thousand blue pike fry were sent to the Susquehanna in place of wall-eyed pike, the supply of the latter having become exhausted. It is these fish which are now being caught.

The state constabulary are giving valuable aid in suppressing illegal fishing. Last week a detail of seven members of the force was joined with an equal number of fish wardens and a raid made on illegal fishermen on the Susquehanna river at Columbia, with the result that nearly two dozen illegal basket-men, illegal outliners and others were captured in one haul.

Three new hatcheries, built within the last year, and two of them since July 1, are now being stocked with fish from other hatcheries and rivers. Last week 20,000 trout and a quantity of sunfish and catfish were sent to Spruce creek hatchery in Huntingdon county and a lot of bass to Union City, and Crawford hatcheries. The state now has eight hatcheries, from which fish will be distributed next spring. A ninth hatchery is to be started next April in Lebanon county.

A lot of men in Philadelphia have been fishing certain back channels and streams connected with the Delaware river. They were out for anything they could get, and before long the warden of the district and several citizens complained that they were catching thousands of sunfish of very small size. Individual catches of over 200 were not uncommon, and according to the reports to the department, very few of the sunfish were more than two or three inches in length. When the wardens and others remonstrated with these people for catching fish of such small size, and pointed out that they could not be eaten, they coolly responded that they knew that, but they intended to feed them to their cats and ducks. This kind of slaughter and proposed distribution of the fish stirred up the Commissioner.

As there is no law regulating the size of sunfish which may be caught, the Commissioner was for a little while at a loss what action to take, but finding that most of the fishing was done on a Sunday, he invoked the law of 1878, and directed the wardens to raid these people for Sunday fishing. Over a dozen were gathered in in one haul, and that the Commissioner was justified in taking this action is shown by the fact that one of the men arrested had in his possession eighty-two sunfish, all of which were easily accommodated in an ordinary tomato can. It cost each one of these fishermen $25 for their endeavors to supply cats and ducks with fish food.

The Department of Fisheries is now engaged in filling requisitions from the State Department of Health for sunfish, and many thousands are being sent out daily to be planted in pools and small ponds which are now declared to be mosquito pest holes. The Department of Health declares that the sunfish is one of the best destroyers of mosquito larvæ known, and it is for that purpose that the Department of Health is requisitioning the Department of Fisheries.

Several New York game protectors and an equal number of Pennsylvania fish wardens united during the latter part of September in a raid on illegal fishermen on the Delaware river above Port Jervis. Several parties had to pay heavy fines for their temerity in thinking they could fish as they pleased in the Delaware river.

Among the Governor's cabinet are a number of enthusiastic fishermen. Several of them have formed a club and built a club house on the Juniata river, just above its junction with the Susquehanna. Among the members are State Librarian Montgomery, Deputy Attorney General Fleitz, Fish Commissioner Meehan and Dairy and Food Commissioner Warren. The club house is only about half an hour's ride on the railroad from the Capitol.

The New York Aquarium has asked for the loan of the fish car belonging to the Department of Fisheries for the purpose of carrying fish from a lake in western New York state near the Pennsylvania line to the Aquarium. The request has been granted by the department.

There ought to be good fishing in Pennsylvania in the near future. During 1903, 1904 and 1905 about 300,000,000 fish were planted, and this year around 400,000,000 were hatched and distributed, making 700,000,000 fish in four seasons. The output this year of 400,000,000 is one-sixth of the entire output of the United States Bureau of Fisheries for the same time.

Lake Erie sunfish or blue gills, as they are sometimes called, are being caught in some numbers in the north branch of the Susquehanna, near Laceyville.

There are some people who seem to be discontented with the large number of fish now in the streams in Pennsylvania, and want to get them out. A number of these dissatisfied people propose to do so by coercing their members in the Legislature into voting and working for a bill to so modify the fish laws as to allow them to use any kind of devices they please, especially set-nets and throw nets. It is said that a counter movement is started among people who wish to maintain the fish, to request the same members of the Legislature to allow the laws to remain as they are.

Lake Erie fishermen are demanding the repeal of the Pennsylvania law which declares a close season for commercial fishing, on the grounds that the other states have not followed suit. They are ignoring the fact that Ohio did follow suit last winter, and that a bill providing a close season will be delivered into the New York Legislature next winter.

BONIFACIUS.

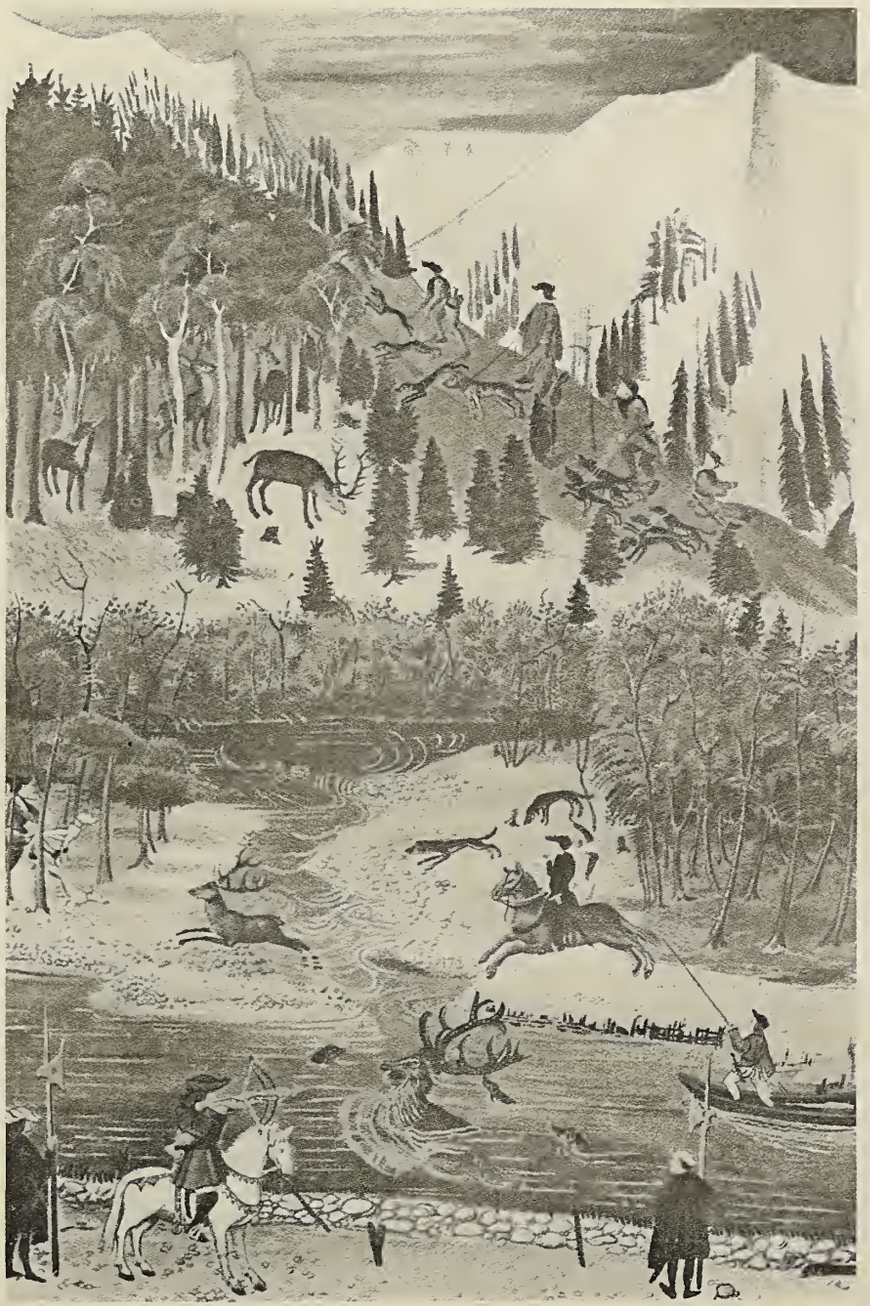
IN THE WOODS

or in the mountains, no matter how far from civilization, fresh milk can always be had if foresight is used in packing the outfits. Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream in cans keeps indefinitely until opened, and answers every purpose. It is pure, rich milk, condensed to the consistency of cream, put up without sugar and preserved by sterilization only.—*Adv.*

ALERT

August Flashlight by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d

A CHAMOIS DRIVE



HOW THE STAG WAS HUNTED BY EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN

From Emperor Maximilian's Hunting Book, made in 1499 and 1500

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN SHOOTING AND FISHING
ON THE ACHEN SEE, TYROL

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S FIELD SPORTS NEAR INNSBRUCK

KATRINA

Photo by James Burton

Fishing Notes.

After an earthquake shock on one of the Hawaiian islands early this month large numbers of dead fish were thrown up on the beach by the surf, some of them appearing to have been scalded by steam or hot water.

Anglers who visited the fishing banks on the regular steamboats leaving this city every morning, have had good success during September, their catches running large in size and weight.

What is claimed to be the record pickerel for Indian lake, in the Adirondacks, was caught three weeks ago by S. M. Coplan, of Albany, on a No. 6 trolling spoon. It weighed 14 pounds.

In numerous states in the West the complaint is heard that trout are rapidly becoming scarce. The failure of farmers and fruit raisers to put screens in their irrigating ditches accounts largely for the scarcity of trout, and unless the sportsmen's associations take this question up with their lawmakers there will be fewer trout every season.

The fishing in Friends lake, in the Adirondacks, which one of our friends informed us had not been very satisfactory in July, improved with the cooler weather. Louis Krentzel and his wife, from Albany, caught a number of large fish, including one 6½-pound large-mouth black bass and several pickerel ranging from 8 pounds down.

The inclination of St. Lawrence river anglers to put back all pickerel weighing less than 5 pounds is worthy, and the practice should be inaugurated elsewhere.

Garret Schenck, of Boston, was among the first anglers to catch many bluefish at the commencement of the fall run near Nantucket. Fishing from his yacht, Souwanas, he took twenty splendid fish in Great Point rip.

It is expected that Connecticut's record for fish planting for the present season will total about 300,000 fry of all varieties, distributed throughout the state.

The fishing in nearly all Colorado waters during the past month has been fair to good, with low and clear water in the streams. The largest catches were reported from Iola and Walcott. At the former an 8-pound trout—evidently a rainbow—was reported.

The Protective League of Salt-Water Anglers, of New York city, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas B. Kirby; vice-president, Fred Hochgraef, Sr.; secretary, Low H. Johnson; treasurer, Louis Berge. The directors are: George M. Watson, chairman; Charles Nothern, F. Herb, Al Baywood, John Kelly, Emil Drescher and A. Debevoise.

The Schenectady (N. Y.) County Fish and Game Protective Association, an old organization which until recently has not been active, is waking up, taking in new members and showing signs of becoming a useful organization. For the month of August eight arrests were made and over $200 in fines collected, while 8,000 brook trout were distributed. The association should take up the subject of black bass in the Mohawk river and prosecute lawbreakers vigorously, in order to make of this beautiful and convenient stream a satisfactory water for game fish.

Anglers sojourning at Middle Bass and Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, have reported splendid success in catching black bass during the past month, which will wind up a season of good fishing, which, they say, is due to the enforcement of the fishing laws of Ohio.

Prof. Slocum, of Brown University, caught eight striped bass in one day's fishing at Cuttyhunk, Mass., recently, the weights ranging from 60 pounds down to 21 pounds, while E. T. Pope, of Brockton, caught a 49-pounder.

In an office in Ansonia, Conn., recently there were exhibited five black bass, weighing 12 pounds, caught in Lake Housatonic by D. B. Giddings and C. N. Downs, of that city. In all they landed sixteen bass, the largest weighing 3 pounds 3 ounces. The lake and river still contain goodly bass, although it is believed by many that they have been depleted of game fish.

Mark Hargreaves caught an Oswego bass weighing 6 pounds 2 ounces in a small stream near Hokah, Minn., recently. It was 22 inches in length. A taxidermist in La Crosse is mounting it, as it is a record fish for the locality.

At French Lake, Minn., a 6-pound pike caused a lot of trouble for Messrs. Holstrom and Bull, two Delano anglers, who, in landing the pike, accidentally turned their boat over and became tangled in the line. Assistance was quickly rendered and anglers and fish taken ashore.

The life saving crew at the station at Cape May picked up a party of anglers from Camden, N. J., the night of Sept. 30, and brought them ashore safely. They were off Cape May in an auxiliary sloop and attempting to make headway against the stiff gale then blowing out of the northeast when their motor broke down and an attempt to rig a stormsail failed through the breaking of the boom. When the life savers reached them they were in a bad way, as the sloop was in the trough of the sea and rolling badly.

Last week the conditions for fishing in the Potomac river were good. Judge McComas, of Washington, fishing near Williamsport, caught a number of nice bass, and six Pennsylvanians who were on the river a couple of days averaged over forty bass, some of them heavy fish.

New York Casting Tournament.

The rules governing the fly- and bait-casting tournament to be held on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, Oct. 12 and 13, by the Anglers' Club of New York, are given herewith in full. Preliminary programmes have been sent out to all anglers known to the tournament committee, and the programmes in full are ready for distribution, and will be mailed to all persons who will send their names to the chairman of the committee, G. M. L. La Branche, 30 Broad street, New York city. The rules:

Rule 1. All contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2. No one shall be permitted to enter any contest, except contests "open to all," who has ever taught casting for pay; fished for a living; been a guide, or who has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

Rule 3. All persons competing shall pay an entrance fee of $1 for each event.

Rule 4. The order in which the contestants shall cast shall be determined by lot. The contestants must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges. Entries may be made any time before the beginning of a contest, but if made after lots have been drawn for place such entrants must take precedence, except with consent of all contestants. Places cannot be exchanged without the consent of all contestants.

Rule 5. The leader and fly or lure in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges, and the length and weight of the rod must be recorded.

Rule 6. Arrangements shall be made by the judges to accurately determine the point at which the fly or lure falls.

Rule 7. Contests shall be called promptly at time fixed for each event.

Rule 8. After the contestant has taken his place on the stand, which is a platform not more than 18 inches above the surface of the water, his time shall be counted from the moment he says "ready," and the first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the eight minutes succeeding the word "ready," shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 9. The rod must be held in one hand, and no rod shall exceed eleven and one-half (11½) feet in length, excepting when otherwise specified. The line must not be weighted.

Rule 10. The barb and point must be removed from all hooks.

Rule 11. Trout flies on hooks no smaller than No. 12, old scale, shall be used, unless otherwise specified. Leaders, which must be of single gut, shall not exceed the length of the rod by more than 2 feet, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 12. Time will be allowed in case of accident, to make repairs, at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 13. The switch style of casting will not be allowed except in the class devoted to that method.

Rule 14. All difficulties or disputes arising and not provided for in these rules or the rules governing each contest, shall be referred to the judges, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 15. When the method of casting to be employed is specified in the rules governing an event, no other style than that designated, will be allowed.

Rule 16. In all events where the weight of the rod is limited, an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce shall be made for the solid metal reel seat, and three-quarters of an ounce for an independent handle, providing such handle and butt joint of the rod are each made with the usual metal ferrule and the rod, exclusive of the handle, is made in three pieces joined by metal ferrules.

Rule 17. Whenever a contest combines both distance and accuracy, the competition for accuracy shall precede that for distance.

Rule 18. The standard for hooks is that of Harrison's Sproat, regular size, old scale.

Rule 19. Should a contestant withdraw from an event before casting the full time or score, his record will not be noted unless he so requests, providing he has not beaten his own or any previous record.

Muncie Casting Club.

Muncie, Ind., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Muncie Casting Club is the name of a new organization in our city. Its object is to perfect its members in the art of bait-casting. While we hardly have what would be considered even fair fishing at this place, numbers of our people go each year to the lakes in the northern part of this state for their outings and there get interested in fishing. The officers of the club are: President, Ed. Bender; vice-president, Claude Stephens; treasurer, E. Rosenthal; secretary, Chas B. Kirk. During the nice weather yet this fall it is the intention to hold practice meetings in McCulloch Park, and later in the season to use an up-town hall. G. G. Williamson.

Wholesale Seizure of Illegal Fishnets.

An important seizure of fish nets was made in Autrain Bay, near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 30, by State Fish and Game Warden Charles H. Chapman's deputies. Several thousand dollars worth of nets were taken on board the wardens' boat and many others were temporarily and perhaps permanently lost, as the fishermen who owned the nets, on finding the officers at work, cut other nets adrift and let them sink, depending on picking them up later on. None of the fishermen were arrested, as they were on steam tugs which could not be overhauled by the wardens, but some of the fishermen were recognized by the officers and they will be arrested.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you have all told stories of close calls in the great forests of the north, but I think my yarn will eclipse them all. Would you believe that I was once treed by one of the most ferocious bull moose that ever walked the woods? Well, gentlemen, I was, and, to make matters worse, my ammunition gave out. As I thought of the loved ones at home tears came in my eyes, rolled down in the palm of my hand and froze hard as marbles. A happy thought flashed through my mind. Taking the frozen tears, I rammed them in my gun, blazed away, killed the moose, and then, gentlemen, and then"—but just then the picture of Ananias fell off the wall.— Chicago News.

YACHTING

THE END OF THE SEASON.

The last of the races are over, and with the fall of the leaves the yachts have been turned over to their keepers in winter quarters. The yachtsmen and yachtswomen have gone back to the towns to pursue their pleasure or their business, and our coast is left to the seafarers who face alike the summer zephyrs and the wintry blasts.

Winter yachting or cruising is already begun. Rumors are current that some of the largest of our fine fleet of pleasure vessels are fitting out, some for foreign waters, others for the south.

The season just closing has been memorable in many ways and very satisfactory. It has shown a growth and an increasing love of the sport for large and small vessels. The best interpretation of the matter is that yachting as yachting has undergone much change in public opinion for the better, and the masses do not any longer look upon it with hostility, calling it the pastime of the affluent.

There are few people—living near our beautiful coast with its many waterways extending far inland—who do not realize what the small boat is, and is doing, to bring the people to scenes well suited to induce rest and recreation, and provide that solitude and isolation from noise and care which are the chief aims of most vacations and holidays.

The coming of an Irish baronet to our shores is bringing out much talk about a challenge for the cup won in England by the schooner yacht America many years ago. We have pointed out at times that the interest in yachting did not depend upon an America's cup race for its prosperity; in fact, it is the reverse.

The discussion, of the rating rule and the plans for the future, is in evidence, and all signs point to much activity and interest. There is nothing to be more hoped for than the crystallization of the projects to bring the sport of yachting to a higher degree of perfection during the coming winter.

May those contemplating building expedite their plans, thereby avoiding in the spring that hurry and haste that are disagreeable not only for the owner, but for the artisans, the builders, the naval architects and the brokers who carry on the active business of yachting.

Katrina.

The schooner yacht Katrina, owned by Mr. James B. Ford, New York Y. C., is a well-known schooner, and which for many years has been doing good service. Mr. Ford lives aboard his ship for nearly four months in the year, and cruises eastward from New York, though not doing any racing. Katrina was designed by A. Cary Smith and built of steel by Henry Piepgrass at City Island as far back as 1888. Since that time, when Katrina was a sloop, she was soon converted into a yawl, and for the last seven years has worn schooner rig.

Mr. Ford is always in the New York Y. C. cruise and enters the port to port runs. The ability of the old ship with started sheets is amazing in a breeze, and she has won many cups. Besides, she is a comfortable boat, and an hospitable one, which is much more.

Boston Letter.

Just as man often lays plans for the future, half seriously, half dreaming, in the brief interval between the moment when his head touches the pillow at night and the next moment when sleep claims him, so now, although our sonderklasse boats are fast being stripped for the winter, there is a slight opportunity to look ahead and formulate rosy dreams for 1907 before the rush of business claims the racing yachtsmen.

Maj. Chas. Hayden, of Geo. Guild's staff, furnishes the spark that ignites the moment's impulse to gossip and dream of further sonderklasse events. He has offered the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. seven cups for races in that class. While his offer is without conditions, it has been suggested that the following disposition be made of these trophies. In the first place, it is anticipated that Mr. Trenor L. Park's success with Vim, and the spirit of absolute impartiality which the Eastern Y. C.'s committee showed to all competitors in its elimination races last August, will result in a very considerable number of boats from the vicinity of New York appearing at the starting line next summer when three boats will be selected to go to Kiel as representatives of this country in the coming match for the Kaiser's cup. Seizing upon this expected opportunity to promote another inter-city match (and at the same time lessening the field from which the committee must make its final selection) it is proposed that elimination races be held in both New York and Boston waters, and that the three best boats in each series compose a sextet for the finals. Each of these six boats to be awarded a Hayden trophy for her success in the preliminary eliminatory series, and the seventh Hayden cup to become the property of the boat making the best showing in the finals.

There is much to commend such a proposal. It will increase mutual respect between New York and Boston yachtsmen, add a flavor of local partisanship to the trials and give all hands a somewhat broader opportunity to demonstrate the qualities of their individual boats than was afforded last summer. It might be urged that one locality might produce the six best boats of the combined fleets, so that the finals would result in three good boats meeting three mediocre craft. Supposing such an improbable condition did come to pass—America would be represented, nevertheless, by its three best boats, and the city which produced the inferior fleet would have obtained a certain share of the booty that otherwise would not have rewarded its best efforts. And there would certainly be far less chance of the elimination series being held in a streak of one-condition-weather. It would be exceedingly interesting, for instance, if by a freak of wind conditions New York sent three heavy-weather and Boston three light-weather boats into the finals.

The great objection to the scheme is that it is not yet an assured fact that the races at Kiel next summer will be contested with boats of the sonderklasse. It is true that certain newspaper editors, or a certain newspaper editor, insists that it must and will be a sonderklasse match, but unfortunately for his peace of mind, he is neither the Eastern Y. C., the German Emperor, nor Grand Vizier for either of them.

However, the scheme, as such, is admirable and might well be adopted whether the boats sent are from the sonderklasse, Q class, or any other class. And so the generosity shown by Maj. Hayden is certain to be acclaimed by the entire body of racing yachtsmen. It will be recalled that the Major offered to give a cup for competition between the Bonidrei, Windrim Kid and Vim, in the hope of finally settling the question as to which is really the fastest of the class. But such a series coming in the wake of the International event would have been decidedly anti-climactical, and so was wisely abandoned.

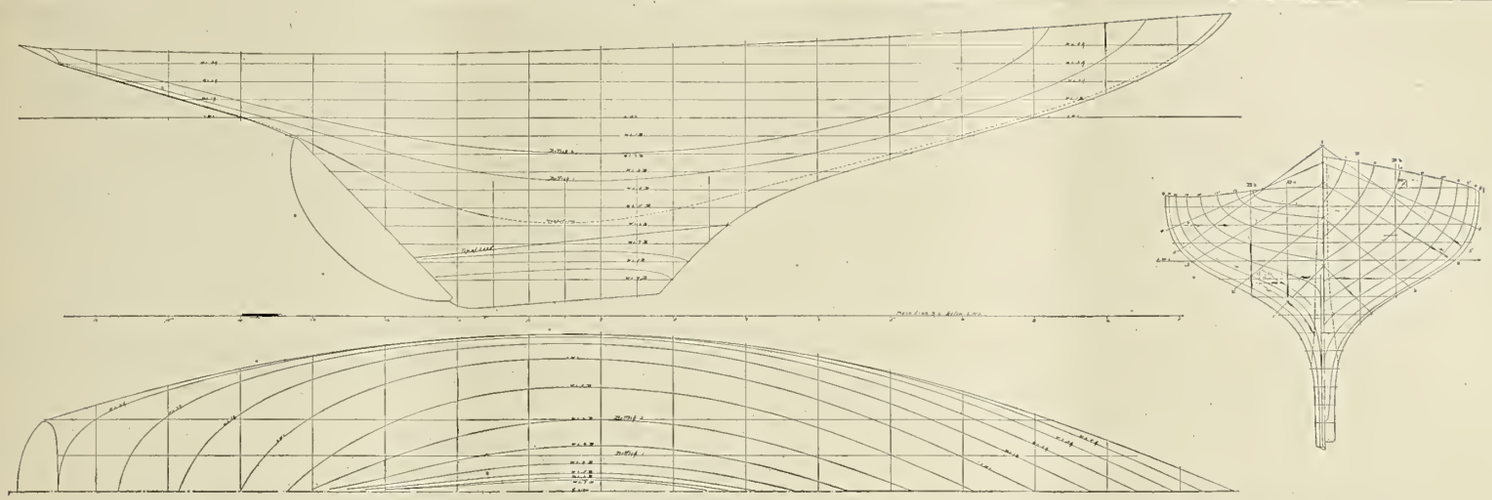
The Orestes-Soya match has given the local interest in class Q just the filip that has been needed, and inquiries are now being heard on every hand. Messrs. Burgess & Packard already have two orders for owners, whose names must be temporarily withheld. Write out your guess, dear reader, paste it in your hat, and when the names are later announced, be ready to shout, "I knew it."

Meanwhile let me whet your curiosity with one more mystery which may, and may not, crystalize into something tangible. Three of our best designers are planning to merge interests, to form a hard and fast partnership, and I'll concede that if they do so, they will come reasonably near cornering the local market for designs and brokerage.

The past week has afforded Boston a great sensation, a regular frolic, in fact. Everybody who knows anything about yachts, their appearance, speed and accommodations; everybody who knows our New England coast; everybody who knows our Chinese exclusion law; all these people and a vast array of newspaper men whose "stories" cause one to suspect that a nose for news and a nose for facts cannot grow on one and the same face; everybody, I repeat, has been on the qui vive for the outcome of the rumored attempt of the schooner yacht Frolic to smuggle thirty-three Chinamen into this country from Halifax. Every schooner yacht that has come into a New England harbor the past six days has been a "suspect"; every schooner that has passed within sight of a life saving station has been the Frolic, every tug, menhaden fisherman, every steamer following within six miles of such a schooner has been a revenue cutter armed to the teeth, belching forth blank and solid shots, straining every sinew to overtake the smuggler. The daily press chased the Frolic from Highland Light to Cuttyhunk without capturing her, although the revenue cutter Gresham was but four miles astern. The funny part was that they did not let the Gresham capture, burn and sink her in the first two hours. Now, if it had only been the stately Dexter, why they could have strung the story out for weeks, because even a power tender could give Dexter a long run.

Frolic, the real Frolic, is about 50ft. long, about fifty years old, and would have about one chance in fifty of pulling off such a smuggling expedition successfully. Moreover, she is owned by two reputable men who would hardly allow her to be used for such purposes. But the rumor once started there has been no chance for fact to catch it. Just imagine thirty-three men hidden in the cabin of a 50ft. schooner. Just imagine landing them in a body anywhere on our coast without detection. Well, if you think the days of romance are still at hand, I'll admit that you are right if you will confine your statement to the average Johnny in the city room of our big dailies.

This week will see two local schools of naval architecture reopen for the season. They are the John Hawes Fund School, South Boston, which has a class twice a week for instruction in yacht designing, and splendid instruction. It



LINES OF CRUISING YACHT MULTNOMAH—DESIGNED BY MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR MR. FRANK DRAKE.

is a wonder that more young boating men do not take the course—not to follow it up as a business, but to broaden their grasp on boating problems. There is also a night school in Charlestown, conducted by the city, where a class meets thrice weekly. In both schools the tuition is free. If our yachtsmen knew how to design their boats they would be able to determine just what they want and just how to handle it when acquired. Not that they would be able to design successful racing boats—that requires the data of countless attempts and the practice of long and continuous study—but they would be better able to use intelligently the tools which the professional designer would supply to win the laurel wreath of victory and achievement.

William Lambert Barnard.

A Cruising Boat.

We reproduce this week through the courtesy of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield the drawings of a sloop, which he designed last winter for Mr. Frank Drake, of Chicago and Marblehead. The little vessel was named Multnomah, and was planned to be a cruiser with good accommodations for two in the cabin, and there was to be room for a paid hand forward; the interior to provide good storage room, toilet and galley and ice-box. The boat was not intended for racing, but for cruising, and the form, as exemplified by the lines, was selected as being the best suited for comfortable sea work, this type of form relying upon her top sides rather than on her lead for stability. In form she resembles somewhat the Norwegian and Danish boats, which enjoy such a great reputation for beauty, speed and weatherliness in bad weather. The body plan brings to mind some fine old yachts of wine-glass section, that were justly well admired, but which to-day do not possess the speed of the newer development of form, with a harder bildge, which stands, in connection with low ballast, for sail-carrying power.

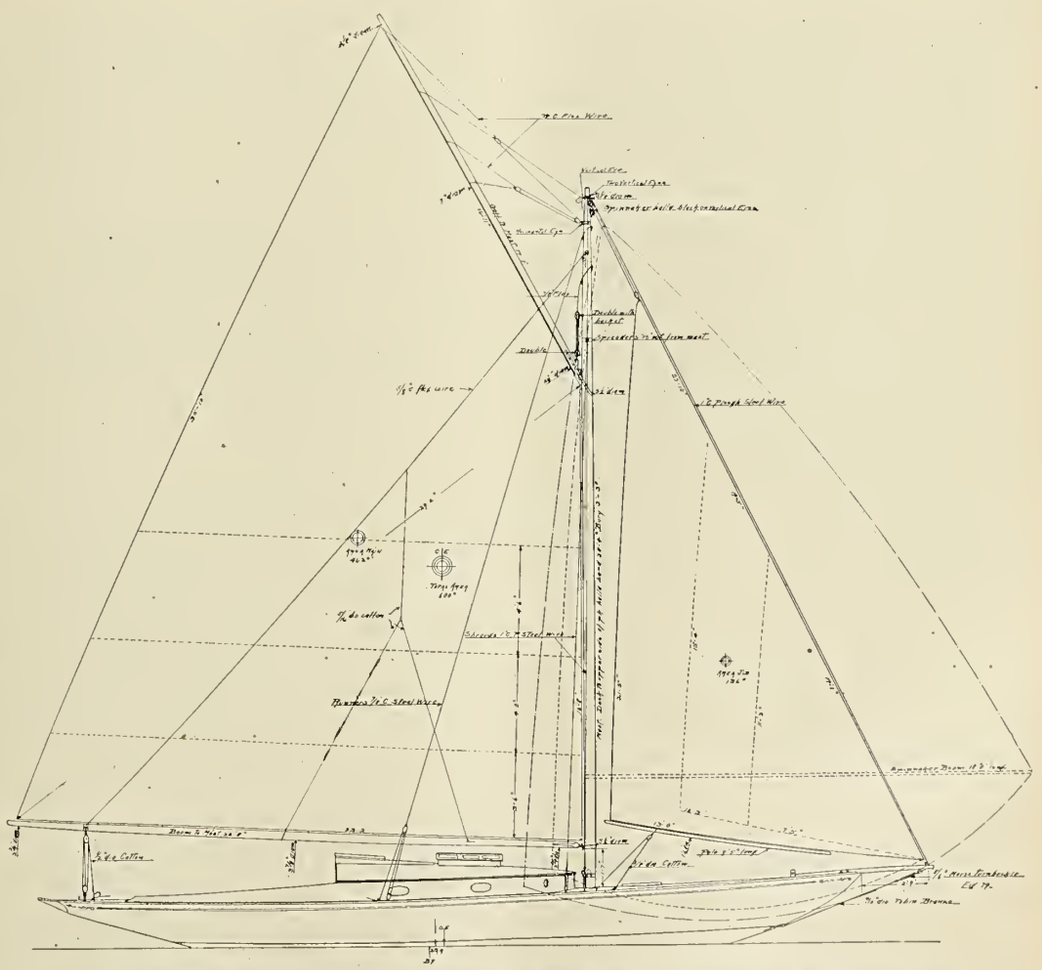
The work of building the boat was entrusted to Messrs. Stearns & McKay, long established in Marblehead as yacht builders. The builders turned out a beautiful piece of work. In this regard, few people realize in yacht work the result that experience has in the construction of a yacht, which embodies in its make up great skill. The fitting of the different parts of the structure depends much on fastenings, their relative position and kind. There are many boats that fail whose scantlings are heavy as compared with another. The drawings are well made, and show the care observed in Mr. Crowninshield's office. The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	34ft.
L.W.L.	22ft.
Breadth—	
On deck	8ft. 8in.
Waterline	8ft.
Draft	5ft. 6in.
Sail area	600 sq. ft.
Displacement	8000 lb.

[The construction and cabin plans will be published in our next issue.—Ed.]

A Broadway Attraction.

For the past three weeks there has been on exhibition in the window of a well known typewriter establishment at 310 Broadway, a model to a ¼ scale of the new Hudson River Day Line boat, Hendrick Hudson, a steamer 400ft. long, 82ft. breadth, 7ft. 6in. draft, 24 miles speed and a carrying capacity for 5,000 pasengers. The model shows both sides of the vessel and is an exact duplication in miniature of the ship. The smallest details are beautifully worked out and fitted, and it is a pleasure, indeed, to see the interest this beautiful piece of work has aroused among the people passing by. The model was made in its entirety by the H. E. Boucher model shops at 105 Maiden Lane, N. Y., who make all sorts of models. The work as exemplified by that of the Hendrick Hudson is of the highest class in this wonderful but—in this country—little known or appreciated art. Abroad—that is in Europe—few seafaring nations but have an extensive museum devoted exclusively to the exhibition of ancient or modern models of ships for war, commerce or pleasure. The continental model maker is a well-known part of the professional community, and one that is admitted to require much ability and great skill, and the output of these firms has been considered the best there is. However, with the growth of our country, and the interest that is all but too slowly awakening in our shipping, the development of the model industry will also expand. We cannot but compliment Mr. Boucher on the fine work he has accomplished; it ranks with the European models.



SAIL PLAN OF MULTNOMAH—Designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Frank Drake.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Fall Handicap—Sept. 29.

On Saturday was sailed the fall handicap of Gravesend Bay under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. The yachts were handicapped upon the season's record; the allowances were, however, not published till the races were over. The times follow:

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05—Course 10½ Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jigstep, F. J. Havens	5 07 00	2 02 00	2 02 00
Sue, E. F. Luckenbach	5 07 50	2 02 50	2 02 50
Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue	Disqualified.		

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10—Course, 10½ Miles.

Soya, W. A. Barstow	5 17 53	2 07 53	2 07 53
Joy, W. H. Childs	5 19 15	2 09 15	2 09 15
More Trouble, R. S. Childs	5 19 35	2 09 35	2 07 35

More Trouble wins by 18s.

Sloops—O Special Class—Start, 3:15—Course, 8 Miles.

Spots, W. W. W. Roberts	5 15 35	2 00 35	1 56 35
Careless, R. Rummell	5 16 00	2 01 00	2 01 00
Truant, G. C. Alyea	5 32 25	2 17 25	2 13 25

Sloops—Class B—Start, 3:20—Course, 8 Miles.

Trio, C. H. Clayton	5 50 15	2 30 15	2 26 15
Chickeoker, W. J. O'Neil	5 51 40	2 31 40	2 31 40

Trio wins by 5m. 25s.

Sloops—Special Class—Start, 3:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Guide, Wm. Campbell	5 25 12	2 00 12	2 00 12
Vim, E. P. Waterhouse	5 30 40	2 05 40	2 00 40

Dories—Class X—Start, 3:30—Course, 4 Miles.

Deuce, G. R. Le Sauvage	4 42 21	1 12 21	1 12 21
Jack, L. A. McTighe	4 42 28	1 12 28	1 12 28
Ace, G. L. Beston	4 44 48	1 14 48	1 13 18

Catboats—Start, 3:35—Course, 8 Miles.

Hester, V. Wickes	5 42 10	2 07 10	2 07 10
Cygnus, F. L. Billingham	5 52 30	2 17 30	2 09 30
Cygnet, R. Aspinwall	Did not finish.		

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Race for 15-footers—Sept. 29.

The third race of the fall series of the Seawanhaka 15-footers was sailed on Saturday, for the Landon cup. There were five entries, and the winner was Bobs, Mr. A. W. Stewart. The wind was strong from S.W.

A special match was sailed in the morning, and one in the afternoon between the P. sloop Regina, and the N. Y. Y. C. 30 Phryne. The courses were 30 miles on the round. Phryne, C. W. Wetmore, defeated Regina, F. G. Stewart, 20s. in the morning and 10s. in the afternoon race. The times for the 15-footers follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 05 45	1 45 45
Flicker, E. T. Henderson	5 06 02	1 45 02
Imp, F. L. Landon	5 08 40	1 47 40
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	5 12 28	1 51 28
Grayling, H. W. Warner	5 14 35	1 53 35

The Palatine Nearly Wrecked.

On Sept. 17 the auxiliary yawl Palatine, designed and built at Osterville, Mass., during last spring, was towed into Norfolk, Va., all but a wreck. Palatine is owned by Mr. Chas. H. Sedlie, a civil engineer of St. Louis. The yacht's experience down the coast was too exciting for comfort, and came near resulting fatally.

Palatine, with her owner, his wife and son, and a crew of five men, left Bay Ridge on Saturday at midday, Sept. 15, for a cruise to Norfolk and a cruise up the Chesapeake Bay. When off Atlantic City she was overtaken by a hurricane and covered the distance between New York and Cape Henry in 18h. While attempting to enter the capes, a sea broke her main boom and broke the rudder. At this time the steamer Lovaine came alongside, and after some difficulty in passing a line in the bad sea, towed the little vessel in.

Captain Daniel, of the British steamer Lovaine, has received $5,000 salvage for rescuing Palatine, which has been towed to the Colonno Marine Railway and is undergoing repairs.

Yacht Sales.

Mr. T. S. Watson, of Boston, Mass., has sold his knockabout Killdee to Mr. Samuel Bettle, of this city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city.

Same agency has also sold the racing 18-footer Arrow for Mr. L. L. Lorillard, of Newport, R. I., to Mr. Chas. Longstreth, Philadelphia, Pa.

Orestes-Soya Match Photographs.

We reproduce this week two photos which, had our space permitted, should have been placed in our last week's issue. Nevertheless, they are interesting at this time. Both are by Walter, of Brooklyn.

The Art and Science of Sail Making.*

The popularity of sailing endures, notwithstanding the inroads made within the last few years by the various forms of explosive motors, using as a fuel either gasolene or petrolcum. It is a fact that the conditions of many trades in which sail boats were formerly exclusively employed have required more dispatch in their pursuit, and it has led to the adoption of power as auxiliary to the sails for use in calm weather. The sail is in no great danger of being displaced altogether. It is not long ago that predictions were made respecting yachting under sail, that it would soon be nothing but a shadow of its former self. The interest which the new rating rule has created is a very direct answer, tending to disprove this proposition.

The title of the book before us and a perusal of its contents was most alluring, and promised such information, that has been sadly lacking. On all sides does one hear discussion on the matter of sails, a solution or a means of solution seemed at hand, and it was a great disappointment on careful reading to find a work suited to the sailmaker—and he only; from which a yacht owner could derive nothing, of information or otherwise, in regard to his sails, unless he turned sailmaker, and after experimenting considerably might or might not arrive at anything.

Yachtsmen are busy people and inquisitive, and take a keen interest in their yachts. They want to understand the principles affecting their sails, the principles on which they are made and their care. We leave the selection of materials, weight and shape to the knowledge and experience of the sailmaker and naval architect.

For the men in trade, fishing and coasting it is important that they realize the care to be used with their sails, as speed is a prime factor in the fishing industry. The best hull will not travel with poor sails.

Mr. Sadler's book shows his long experience as a sailmaker, and his tables an amount of work and a care in tabulation, which speaks of much practice.

To the professional sailmaker we would recommend the work as most useful; for the yachtsman, no. It is too bad that at this time there is no book which will give us a clue at least, not to the solution of the most fickle and evasive qualities—wind, force and direction—but to the proper kind, material and care of sails.

*The Art and Science of Sail Making. By S. B. Sadler.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received from Dan Kidney & Son, West De Pere, Wis., their catalogue of launches, sail boats, canoes and hunting boats. The booklet is well gotten up and well illustrated, and we cannot but recommend those interested in such boats to communicate with this firm.

Mr. Geo. J. Gould, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased abroad the turbine steam yacht Lorena. Recently Mr. Gould sold his steam yacht to the Cuban Government. Lorena was built originally for Mr. Amzi L. Barber, New York Y. C., who has owned many fine English steam yachts. Lorena was built by Ramage & Ferguson, from designs by Cox and King. She is 300ft. over all, 269ft. on the water line, 33ft. 5in. beam, 20ft. deep and 15ft. draft. She is a fine ocean going vessel and has a raised deck forward for about sixty feet of her length and a promenade deck that reaches to within twenty feet of the stern. The promenade deck is 7ft. 6in. above the main deck, on which is a house for a length of 170 feet with alleyways between. The owner's staterooms, at the forward end, open off the main entrance hall, the library at the extreme after end. The drawing room is on the promenade deck in a house 140 feet long by 14 feet wide. The yacht is handsomely fitted. Over the dining saloon is a large stained glass skylight framed in steel. Hardwood is used extensively in the saloons and staterooms on the lower deck, while on the main deck the finish is mahogany enamelled white. The propelling machinery consists of three indepen-

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Mr. Henry J. Gielow is getting out the plans for a steam yacht to be built on the Pacific coast. The yacht is to be built to the order of Mr. William Banning, South Coast Y. C. The hull, which will be built at Los Angeles, will be of wood of the following dimensions: Length over all, 107ft.; water line, 87ft.; breadth, 18ft. The engines and boilers will be built in San Francisco.

Mr. Gielow completed the plans some time ago for the auxiliary yawl Huntress, for Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, for use in southern waters. The yacht is nearly completed at City Island at the yard of Robert Jacob. We hope in the near future to publish the plans of this boat. Dr. Pierce has long gone south in the winter in the pursuit of game, and the boat is a fine winter home, also combining great mobility with her snug rig or her twin gasolene engines.

The sloop Effort, winner of the King's cup, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith, and designed by Mr. Gielow, has been hauled out at City Island. Certain alterations are to be carried out during the winter under Mr. Gielow's direction. Effort proved to be a most successful boat, and one with a rare turn of speed.

We mentioned some time ago the receipt of a commission by Messrs. Tams Lemoine and Crane to design a large auxiliary three-masted schooner, the dimension of which will be: Length on the water line, 140ft.; breadth, 30ft., and draft, 16ft. The sail area will be 12,000 square feet. This yacht will be the largest of her kind built in this country, exceeding the three-masted schooner yacht Atlantic, 135ft. water line, designed by Mr. William Gardner, for Mr. Marshall, and who won the Emperor William cup in the transatlantic race some time ago.

The firm of Geo. Lawley and Son Corp., of South Boston, are now getting ready to proceed with the construction.

The schooner yacht Endymion, Commodore Geo. Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C., has sailed during the week for Norfolk, Va. The schooner yacht Invader, Mr. Roy A. Rainey, New York Y. C., has been off Norfolk a few days.

Riviera, s.y., Mr. Frederic Gallatin, New York Y. C., has been laid up at Tebo's in charge of Captain Dixon.

The s.y. Aquilo, Mr. William P. Eno, New York Y. C., is also laid up at Tebo's in charge of Capt. D. W. Pratt.

Canoeing.

Narragansett Boat Club.

The annual fall regatta of the Narragansett Boat Club, Providence, R. I., was held off the club house on the Seekonk River on Saturday, Sept. 15. Summary:

1. Single gigs, novices: C. J. Fitch, J. C. Ardern, J. J. Smith. Won by Fitch; no time taken
2. Single canoes, Class A, quarter mile (challenge cup race): First, Frank J. Kenney, Narragansett B. C.; time 2m. 47s.; second, Arthur George Mather, Medford B. C.; third, J. P. Cunningham, Pawtuxet C. C.; fourth, J. Wells Farley, Wawbewawa C. C.
3. Single canoes, Class B, quarter mile (challenge cup race): First, C. A. Gardner, Wonkituk C. C.; time, 2m. 57s.; second, G. H. Lee, Minne-ska C. C.
4. Junior single gigs: Not called.
5. Tandem canoes, Class A, half mile (challenge cup race and special championship cup, 1906): First, Farley and Stanwood, Wawbewawa C. C.; time 4m. 33s.; second, Gardner and Otis, Wonkituk C. C.; third, Kenney and Packard, Narragansett B. C.; fourth, Pratt and Brown, Wawbewawa C. C.
6. Tandem canoes, Class B, half mile (challenge cup race): First, Cornell and Neill, Saskatchewan C. C.; time 4m. 41s.; second, Lee and Hancock, Minne-ska C. C.; third, Marshall and Nisbet, Wonkituk C. C.
7. Senior single shells (club championship cup): First, E. F. Salisbury; time 8m. 53s.; second, Richard Seabury.
8. Club fours, Canoes, half mile, Class A (race for two challenge cups and special championship cup, 1906): First, Quinobequin C. C., Dedham, Mass., time, 3m. 55s.; second, Swastika C. C., Providence, R. I.; third, Medford B. C., Medford, Mass.; fourth, Wawbewawa C. C., Riverside, Mass.; fifth, Narragansett B. C., Providence, R. I.
9. Club fours, canoes, half mile, Class B (race for two challenge cups): First, Narragansett B. C.; time, 4m. 10s.; second, Quinobequin C. C.; third, Wonkituk C. C.; fourth, Minne-ska C. C.
10. Double sculls: First, Coleman and H. S. York; time, 7m. 10s.; second, Seabury and F. W. York.
11. Intermediate single shells (president's cup): First, F. J. Kenney; time, 8m. 31s.; second, R. C. Shaw.

Distance for the rowing races, one mile with one turn; for tandem and club fours paddling, one-half mile straightaway; for single canoe paddling, one-quarter mile straightaway; tide on the flow, wind north and strong, water rough, general conditions unfavorable for good results.

Class A canoes, racing type; class B, canvas covered type.

Referee, George C. Kelly; starter, Frederick H. Buffum; judges, Frank S. Chase, F. Henry Pederson; timers, Henry R. Congdon, Louis H. Kallock; clerk of course, Chas. S. Carpenter.

After the races were over, supper was served, and dancing continued to the great enjoyment of all who were present. The Narragansett Boat Club is one of the oldest organizations in the country, having been organized in 1838. The next day, the members of the club and their lucky guests enjoyed a grand old Rhode Island clambake—the writer cannot tell where—but those who were present will hardly forget the good time in a hurry.

A. C. A.

Officers 1907.

Commodore, Geo. P. Douglass, Newark, N. J.; secretary, Wm. A. Furman, Trenton, N. J.; treasurer, F. G. Mather, Stamford, Conn.

Atlantic Division.—Vice-com., Matt Ohlmeyer; rear-com., Clifton T. Mitchell; purser, Geo. R. Stark; ex-com., H. L. Quick, L. Kretzmer, D. B. Goodsell, P. F. Hogan; racing board, D. B. Goodsell; governors, R. J. Wilkin.

Central Division.—Vice-com., S. B. Hughes; rear-com., E. A. Phillips; purser, J. S. Wright; ex-com., H. R. Ford, J. J. Armstrong, Wyn. B. Morris; racing board, H. M. Stewart; gov., C. P. Forbush.

Eastern Division.—Vice-com., H. A. Bodwell, Andover, Mass.; rear-com., S. B. Burnham, Providence, R. I.; purser, Fred W. Houston, Lawrence, Mass.; racing board, L. S. Drake; gov., Paul Butler; ex-com., D. S. Pratt, Jr., Fred E. Leathe, H. M. S. Aiken.

Northern Division.—Vice-com., J. McD. Mowatt; rear-com., J. W. Sparrow; purser, R. H. Britton; ex-com., C. E. Britton; racing board, J. McD. Mowatt; gov., J. N. MacKendrick.

Western Division.—Vice-com., J. S. Thatcher; rear-com., J. E. Dixon; purser, R. C. Eddy; ex-com., W. H. Yardley, J. DeG. Berkey; racing board, F. D. Huntington; gov., H. C. Morse.

The election of George P. Douglass, as commodore, and William A. Furman, as secretary, of the American Canoe Association for the ensuing year brings to the Atlantic division, in its turn, the honor of holding in its territory the annual meeting of the executive committee of the A. C. A., and the customary complimentary dinner; accordingly the undersigned committee begs to advise you that a dinner will be given by the members of the Atlantic division to the visiting officers and executive committee, at the Hotel St. Denis, Broadway and Eleventh street, New York, on Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7 o'clock, immediately following the meeting of the executive committee.

Your committee calls attention to the fact that the St. Denis is well located as a desirable headquarters for members from out of town, rooms being quoted from $1.50 to $3.50 with bath.

It is hoped that as many members, as possible, of the division will be present with their guests, and your committee earnestly requests you to signify your acceptance as soon as possible, and

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Right to Left—Caleb Loring, Jr., owner; Charles Francis Adams 2d, helmsman; W. Starling Burgess, designer; paid hand. Photo by Walter.

SOYA—Designed by Clinton H. Crane. Owned by W. A. Barstow. Photo by Walter.

not later than Monday, Oct. 15, to George S. Morrisey, treasurer, 73 Mercer street, New York, and help to make this the twenty-sixth annual gathering of the A. C. A. a rousing success:

H. C. Ward, chairman; H. L. Quick, C. T. Mitchell, P. F. Hogan, L. C. Kretzmer, F. W. Donnelly, M. Ohlmeyer, N. W. Stanley, F. W. Lohr, H. J. Dietrich, G. S. Morrisey, treasurer.

The dinner will be informal.

A. C. A. Amendment.

The following is a proposed amendment to By-Laws, Chap. I., Sec. 2, page 12, Year Book 1906:

Insert after the word "unpaid," line 5 of the section referred to, the following: "The name shall be carried in the Year Book for that year, with a suitable mark against it, and accompanying explanation that names so marked have not been heard from. If by April 1 of the year following the dues are still unpaid * * *"

After the word "roll," line 6, same section, insert, "but nothing in the foregoing shall be construed as allowing a member to keep a year behind in payment of dues."

A. C. A. Membership.

Mrs. S. B. Burnham, Providence, R. I., for associate membership, proposed by D. S. Pratt, Jr.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division.—5192, William F. Irwin, N. Y. city; 5205, Charles E. Lansing, N. Y. city; 5202, John C. McClure, Coxsackie, N. Y.; 5191, J. Sheldon Potter, Portchester, N. Y.; 5190, George M. Rinehart, Baltimore, Md.; 5204, Arthur O. Wait, N. Y. city.

Central Division.—5206, Charles F. Sisson, Binghamton, N. Y.; 5207, Dean R. Wilson, Sewickley, Pa.

Eastern Division.—5203, Welles V. Smoot, Marblehead, Mass.

Northern Division.—5200, Charles P. Drummond, South Bend, Ind.; 5201, Frederick M. Fisher, Ossining, N. Y.

Western Division.—5193, Henry Erwin, Chicago, Ill., 5194, J. Herbert Ware, Chicago, Ill.; 5195, Augustus White, Chicago, Ill.; 5186, Albert P. Chapman, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Angus C. Gray, Rockford, Ill.; 5198, John W. Anacker, Milwaukee, Wis.; 5199, Louis J. Cameron, Cleveland, O.

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Trapshooting.

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Fixtures.

Oct. 1-3.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club tournament. J. C. Bourne, Sec'y.
Oct. 3.—Fairmont, W. Va.—Final tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-4.—Rising Sun, Md.—Cecil county tournament. H. L. Worthington, Mgr.
Oct. 4-6.—Atlanta (Ga.) G. C. T. M. Poole, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—West Chester, Pa., G. C. all-day shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
Oct. 6.—Montclair (N. J.) G. C. annual tournament. E. Winslow, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Ft. Scott, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's tournament.
Oct. 8-10.—Yazoo City (Miss.) G. C. tournament. T. C. Pepper, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Clinton (Ont.) G. C. tournament. J. E. Cantilon, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Jacksonville, Ill.—Nichols Park G. C. Ed. Scott, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Marion (Ind.) G. C. H. C. McClellan, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association sixteenth annual meeting and tournament. J. P. Wright, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-11.—Chillicothe, O.—Scioto G. C. O. P. Tatman, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Wilmington, Del.—Delaware State Trapshooters' League fall tournament.
Oct. 11-12.—Larned, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 11-12.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. A. Vance, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 16.—Shrewsbury, Pa., G. C. W. H. Meyers, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Raleigh, N. C.—Sixth annual tournament; $150 added. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Bellevue, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. tournament. Dr. I. P. Gould, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—Newark, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y
Oct. 23.—Lexington, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 25-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 29-30.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 30 Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hapkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1.—Salina, Kans. —Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Watertown, Mass., G. C. first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Olean, N. Y., Gun Club announces that its twelfth annual tournament will be held on May 14 and 15, 1907.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will hold its annual fall tournament on Oct. 6, on which date the club team match with the Newton, N. J., Gun Club, will also take place.

The Watertown, Mass., Gun Club announces its first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament, to be held on Nov. 29. The programme will be ready for distribution in due time.

At the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club tournament, Sept. 25-27, Mr. Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., was high amateur with a score of 567. Mr. W. H. Heer was high professional with 564.

A programme of twelve events is provided for the shoot of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club, to be held on Oct. 16. The totals of the events are 200 targets, $14 entrance. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. Class shooting. Shells shipped to Secretary W. H. Meyers will be delivered on the grounds.

At the tournament of the Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 18 and 19, high amateur average was won by Mr. R. C. Derk, of Northumberland, with a total of 344 out of a possible 370. Mr. Neaf Apgar was high expert with 348; Mr. Luther J. Squier was second with 343; Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was third with 340.

On the grounds of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Oct. 13, a two-man team race is arranged to take place between Messrs. E. H. Tripp and M. J. Hershey on the one side, and Messrs. Thomas Parry and W. N. Wise on the other. Conditions, 100 targets, per man, $100 a side. The club will present a medal to the winning team.

The Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club will hold a large pigeon shoot after the holidays, if there is assurance of proper support. The fair grounds, on which the recent Pennsylvania state tournament was held, have been engaged for this contemplated shoot, so that whether the management will feel encouraged to continue, rests with the verdict of the shooters.

A correspondent informs us that "At the weekly shoot of the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., Sept. 27, G. G. Williamson won the shoot-off with Spencer for the gun race of the preceding week. For the current week Farrell and Williamson tied on 21 for the Stevens rifle. Williamson won the Ithaca gun race with 24, and the same shooter made 45 for his Ballistite cup win."

The all-day shoot of the West Chester, Pa., Gun Club on Saturday of this week, has a programme of ten events. Event 6, 25 targets, entrance price of targets, is for the Henry trophy, a silver cup. Event 8, for an L. C. Smith gun, is for amateurs only. The remaining events are at 15 targets, $1 entrance, class shooting. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock. F. H. Eachus is the Secretary.

At the Rising Sun, Md., tournament, Nat Ressler, captain of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., was high amateur with 336 out of 380, for the two days, Sept. 27 and 28. Watts, England and Andrews were next in order, with scores of 335, 334, and 332 respectively. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was first high professional with 356 out of 380, with Welles second, 355, and Keller, Jr., third with 344.

Sportsmen everywhere will feel deep regret over the death of Harold B. Wallack, who died at Long Branch, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, from acute gastritis. He was a son of the elder Lester Wallack, famous in the theatrical world. He was best known to sportsmen as an accomplished referee, having served many times in that capacity at Grand American Handicaps, and at Elkwood and Hollywood contests.

Capt. Nat. Ressler, Lebanon, Pa., writes us that "The eleventh annual fall tournament of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., will be held on or about Oct. 22, with a two-day programme. First day will be at targets, with a merchandise event of twenty-five prizes. Second day at live birds." Write Capt. Ressler for programme. The date of the tournament will be announced in these columns in due time. Everybody welcome.

Secretary Ed. O. Bower, of Sistersville, W. Va., writes us as follows: "Will you kindly give us space for the following correction, and greatly oblige: In reporting scores made at our shoot on Sept. 18 and 19, an error was made in score of Mr. John F. Mallory. Instead of 167 broken on first day, it should have been 178. This score, together with 182 on second day, puts Mr. Mallory in the tie for first place in amateur class with 360 out of 400. On the second day, the 182 by Mr. Mallory was first place over all, and taking into consideration that they were not the easiest targets on earth, it was quite a nice performance."

The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will add $400 in cash to its sixteenth annual tournament, Oct. 9 and 10, to be held at Little Rock, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club. Mr. Paul R. Litzke will be the manager. Competition is open to residents of the State only. There are twelve sweepstake events, 15 targets, $1.80 entrance, $26 added each day. The Rose-Jack Rabbit system will govern the division of the moneys. The special additional programme provides a two-man team championship for the first day, 25 targets per man, and the Dupont cup handicap, 50 targets, handicaps 14 to 20yds., $16 added money; winner to receive cup, and the next five high guns to receive $5, $4, $3, $2 and $2. On the second day, the individual championship, 50 targets, and the three-man team championship, 25 targets, per man, will be shot. Monday will be practice day. Shooting will begin at 8:30 each day. The annual meeting will be held on Oct. 9. For further particulars, address Talbot Feild, Secretary, Capital City Gun Club.

For the programme of the fall tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, apply to the Secretary, W. R. Hobart, 440 Summer avenue, Newark, N. J. There are ten events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. Totals: Oct. 17, 200 targets, entrance $12.85, added money, $18.50; Oct. 18, 195 targets, entrance $13.75; added money, $19.50. Event 5 on the second day is a three-man team race, and event 10 is a merchandise handicap. Amateur average prizes for all events each day, first, $5; second, $3; third, $2. For both days, $5, $3, $2, first, second and third respectively. To the highest professional in all events, a silver loving cup. Ship shells prepaid to H. Morris, Morris Park, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J. Class shooting. Programme begins at 10 o'clock. Of this club, the Secretary writes us as follows: "The Smith Gun Club, which holds this shoot, is the youngest and most successful in the state of New Jersey. It is the club's first effort with a tournament, but the management is a live one, and will spare no pains to give a pleasant time to its patrons."

Bernard Waters.

Milton Tournament.

Milton, Pa., Sept. 25.—The annual fall tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club was held in the beautiful grove at Farmer Rangler's, under the most delightful conditions; but the attendance was the poorest ever experienced by this hustling club. Those who did attend had a good time, and those who failed to win back their money got it given to them.

R. C. Derk, of Northumberland, won the high amateur average each day, first with 172 out of 180, and second with 172 out of 190. W. M. Wilson, of Marysville, won second amateur first day with 164, and M. P. Derk won the place second day with 168. Neaf Apgar was high expert both days with 166 and 182; total 348 out of 370; Luther J. Squier was next with 164 and 179, total 343; Joseph M. Hawkins was third with 340.

It is the intention of the club to pull off the largest live bird match ever attempted in this state some time after the holidays if there is sufficient assurance that the move will be popular. We have engaged the fair grounds, where the state tournament was held, and have started to procure the birds. We have laid our plans to accommodate about 4,000 pigeons, and if the bird shooters in the state say the word, we will go ahead and give them two or three days of royal sport. Scores:

Sept. 18, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Brk.
R C Derk	13	15	14	15	14	14	13	15	15	15	15	14	172
Apgar	14	12	14	14	13	15	13	14	14	14	14	15	166
Wilson	13	15	14	13	14	13	12	13	15	14	14	14	164
Squier	13	13	14	13	13	14	12	15	15	14	15	13	164
M P Derk	13	14	14	12	12	12	14	15	12	15	15	12	160
Hawkins	14	11	13	13	11	14	14	15	15	15	13	13	159
Everett	15	15	13	12	8	14	12	15	13	13	13	15	158
Godcharles	12	14	11	12	11	15	13	12	13	12	14	13	152
Butler	11	13	11	12	15	10	12	10	14	11	15	14	148
Hoy	10	9	12	14	12	13	13	13	13	12	12	13	146
Rishel	10	10	14	9	9	12	12	14	15	12	10	13	140
Clinger	11	9	9	12	10	9	9	8	12	14	13	12	128
Johnson	11	13	14	11	13	11	13	11	13	12	..	..	122
Shade	12	11	12	13	12	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	97
Shroat	12	14	14	13	8	14	15	13	..	..	..	..	103
Fox	8	13	11	11	13	10	14	..	12	..	..	..	92
Harris	..	8	7	8	5	8	6	..	5	..	..	..	47
Geiger	10	12	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	46
Byers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	12	10	37
Datesman	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..	9	..	..	25
Renn	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	24
Koch	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Sept. 19, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Brk.
Apgar	15	14	15	14	14	15	14	23	15	13	15	15	182
Hawkins	13	15	15	15	13	14	15	23	15	14	14	15	181
Squier	12	14	15	15	14	12	15	25	13	15	15	14	179
R C Derk	15	14	15	14	12	12	14	24	14	14	13	11	172
M P Derk	13	13	12	13	15	12	14	23	12	13	13	15	168
D N Hoy	15	15	14	11	12	12	11	22	11	13	15	14	165
Wilson	12	14	12	12	14	11	12	22	14	14	14	14	165
Butler	13	11	12	12	14	12	13	22	15	14	15	11	164
Godcharles	10	15	12	13	14	13	13	21	13	13	14	11	162
Howell	12	10	12	12	10	9	12	19	10	12	12	10	140
Rishel	9	11	11	8	9	14	10	17	10	11	14	11	135
Fulton	12	9	13	9	12	10	13	21	8	9	9	10	135
Clinger	8	7	10	10	10	9	9	21	11	12	11	12	130
Fox	13	10	7	11	13	11	7	17	..	..	..	..	89
Rangler	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	..	10	8	60
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	7	6	39
J Hoy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	8	..	..	22
Deihl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	..	8	..	28
Deitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14
Haney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12
Rossell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Koch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	16
Geiger	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

Milton Rod and Gun Club won the cup with the following score: Hoy 22, Godcharles 21, Clinger 21, Rangler 20, Rishel 17; total 101.

F. A. Godcharles, Capt.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Saturday, the 29th, was the first regular fall club shoot of the Ossining Gun Club after three months' vacation. The regular opening was to have been held on the 22d inst., but a heavy rain spoiled the fun.

The new grounds are far superior to the old ones, and better scores are being made. The rifle pits are about finished, and everything will be in shape to hold the first rifle shoot on Saturday, Oct. 13.

Event 5 to-day was a scratch 15-target prize event. Blandford got a win with 14.

Event 6 was at 25 targets, misses as breaks handicap, for a hammerless gun. Barlow was high with a possible. Both of these prizes must be won three times to own.

Figures after names are birds allowed in event 6.

Next Saturday the 6th prox. will be the regular club shooting day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	25	20
C G Blandford, 3	8	8	9	12	14	21	..
E Brewerton, 0	5	6	4	7	6	12	11
J C Barlow, 6	7	4	8	10	10	6	..
W H Coleman, 2	..	8	6	14	13	21	17
W S Smith, 6	..	..	3	..	8	17	..
J T Hyland, 3	..	..	4	8	w	15	14
C Swain, Jr., 12	..	..	3	..	..	w	..
A Bedell, 3	..	..	9	..	w	21	..
Le G Wynant, 6	..	..	..	11	8	12	..

C. G. B.

Hell Gate Gun Club,

A beautiful day favored the shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, on Sept. 25. There was some wind from the shooter to No. 5 trap. The members of the club shoot at 100 birds each per year.

The scores for the last half of June, 1906, follow:

C Lange, 28....02*10—2	J H Voss, 30....12212—5
J A Belden, 28....11222—5	P Brennan, 28....10111—4
P Woelfel, 28....11112—5	J Klenk, 28....21120—4
L H Schorty, 30....22022—4	H Forster, 28....1111*—4
J Kreeb, 26....22102—4	J Selg, 26....01020—2
J Schlicht, 28....12202—4	P Garms, 28....00111—3
F Trostle, 28....22212—5	P Albert, 28....20022—3
W G Wilson, 28...12222—5	C Weber, 28....20121—3

The scores for August, 1906, follow:

C Lange ....21202*0211— 7	J H Voss....12*1211111— 9
J A Belden...21*2221112— 9	P Brennan ...0012001100— 4
P Woelfel ...2111211022— 9	J Klenk ....011*121110— 7
L H Schorty.1121111212—10	H Forster ...0211221221— 9
J Kreeb ....2010222002— 6	J Selg ....0021000100— 3
J Schlicht ...1200121*01— 6	P Garms ....1111202212— 9
F Trostle ....2011*21112— 8	P Albert ....1122101211— 9
W G Wilson.02*2210 2— 7	C Weber ....2122110111— 9

The scores for September, 1906, follow:

C Lange ....2122101202— 8	J H Voss....111*121012— 8
J A Belden...2221121212—10	P Brennan ..0211102002— 6
P Woelfel ...2001221120— 8	J Klenk ....2222111101— 9
L H Schorty.12*1111111— 9	H Forster ...1202112111— 9
J Kreeb ....0101100100— 4	J Selg ....1000200100— 3
J Schlicht ...2112122*20— 8	P Garms ....1220121111— 9
F Trostle ....*12020*102— 5	P Albert ....1121201221— 9
W G Wilson..20000102*2— 4	C Weber ....102212111*— 8

The scores for the first half of October, 1906, follow:

C Lange ....02201—3	J H Voss....01*22—3
J A Belden....22122—5	P Brennan ....00001—1
P Woelfel ....11212—5	J Klenk ....01012—3
L H Schorty....20011—3	H Forster ....20111—4
J Kreeb ....10210—3	J Selg ....02101—3
J Schlicht ....01211—4	P Garms ....10210—3
F Trostle ....11201—4	P Albert ....11112—5
W G Wilson....12021—4	C Weber ....12111—5

The handicaps of event 1 governed the other events. Totals for the entire 30 birds were as follows:

C Lange 20	J H Voss....25
J A Belden 29	P Brennan 15
P Woelfel 27	J Klenk 23
L H Schorty....26	H Forster 26
J Kreeb 17	J Selg 11
J Schlicht 22	P Garms 24
F Trostle 22	P Albert 26
W J Wilson 20	C Weber 21

Providence Game Preservation.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 15.—The weekly shoot of the Providence Game Preservation and Gun Club had scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15		
Lambert	10	13	9	14	10	14	8	11	100	89
Griffith	9	13	8	12	8	12	9	15	100	86
Sisson	10	12	8	11	9	13	9	11	100	83
Voelker	9	12	9	11	8	13	9	11	100	82
Keeler	8	9	5	10	7	12	8	13	100	72
Grover	7	12	7	13	10	12	9	12	100	72
Johnson	7	14	5	5	8	13	9	13	100	71
Bain	8	13	9	13	8	13	7	10	100	71
Scott	4	7	4	10	6	9	4	9	100	67
Aldrich	5	9	8	12	6	9	..	..	75	60
Chapman	5	8	4	..	8	4	7	12	85	48
Wolf	3	4	2	..	1	..	..	..	45	10

Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot, 20 singles and 10 pairs:

	S.	D.	T'l		S.	D.	T'l
Griffith	19	11	30	J Flanagan	19	13	32
Keeler	18	13	31	Dr Flanagan	12	5	17
Grover	19	12	31				

Extra events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	10	15	25	10	25	15	25		
Griffith	10	13	20	..	23	..	25	100	91
Lambert	9	11	..	7	..	13	..	50	40
Sisson	5	6	..	7	12	..	..	60	30
Keeler	8	10	22	..	19	..	22	100	81
Grover	..	..	22	..	23	..	20	75	65
Johnson	9	13	20	..	23	..	..	75	65
J Flanagan	..	..	..	7	..	11	..	25	18
Dr Flanagan	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	25	15

A. B. Sampson, Sec'y.

Rising Sun Tournament.

Rising Sun, Md., Sept. 29.—The sixth annual tournament of Cecil County, Md., held under the auspices of the Rising Sun Gun Club, with two days at targets, proved a grand success under the personal management of the hustling trade representative, Lin Wirthington. The weather was bad. A continuous rain the first day kept the attendance down, and the high wind was against good scores the second day.

The pay back system again proved its popularity. Those who did not win their entrance were repaid by the management, with a margin left for the treasurer.

The boys had a fine race on in both classes.

The professionals were well bunched all the time, but Hawkins led the entire field by one target. In the amateur class a battle was on from start to finish with Ressler, Watt, Andrews and England, all together; but Capt. Nat Ressler, the popular crack shot of Lebanon, Pa., managed to pull out ahead with 1 target to the good in Tuesday's programme. Only 4 targets separated the first four shooters, and much interest was shown.

Capt. Jim Malone, of Baltimore, was present the second day and did splendid work. State champion Bowman found plenty of company the second day also.

The Cecil county championship brought out a good field and Capt. A. B. Keene and Hartenshine tied on 42 out of 50. In the shoot-off Hartinstine won by 1 target.

The programme was finished in plenty of time for the boys to catch trains, with a hearty handshake and thank offering to the management, Lin R. Wirthington and A. B. Keene.

The visitors were well satisfied with their treatment, and all showed themselves a good lot of sports.

Capt. Nat Ressler was very busy working up interest in the fall tournament at Lebanon, and the boys from here will turn out en masse to his two days' shoot.

Sept. 27, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Ressler	15	11	12	13	15	13	14	14	13	13	15	13	161
Watts	14	15	13	14	15	15	15	15	15	13	13	14	169
England	12	12	14	14	14	11	15	14	14	12	14	12	159
Andrews	14	13	15	14	14	14	14	13	13	14	12	14	154
Gifford	14	14	13	12	14	13	15	12	11	14	12	11	158
Smith	13	11	15	12	14	12	13	13	12	12	12	10	149
Brehm	12	11	14	8	10	11	12	13	13	11	8	10	133
Keene	12	13	12	14	11	8	15	11	10	10	6	12	134
McCush	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	14	13	15	13	12	14	101
McCommons	11	15	15	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80
Riale	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	9	14	10	..	..	..	59
Amure	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	12	10	..	12	..	..	59
Professionals:														
Hawkins	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	175
Welles	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	15	15	14	14	174
Keller, Jr.	13	14	12	13	15	14	14	15	13	15	14	14	166

Sept. 28, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	Brk.
Capt Ressler	14	14	15	12	9	14	12	15	12	13	23	22	175
Watts	14	14	13	15	13	12	12	13	12	12	22	14	166
England	13	14	13	15	13	14	14	14	14	13	20	18	175
Andrews	12	14	13	13	14	11	15	12	13	14	22	25	178
Smith	10	12	11	11	8	13	11	10	13	10	20	19	148
Capt Malone	15	10	9	12	13	13	11	10	14	..	..	..	107
Thompson	15	13	9	12	12	11	9	11	10	..	..	..	102
Keene	11	13	12	10	14	14	14	10	10	11	22	20	161
Alexandria	11	14	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	53
Famous	13	14	12	13	13	15	13	13	14	11	20	16	167
Tabois	9	11	9	11	10	14	11	11	14	10	..	..	106
Rigdon	7	13	12	10	8	8	11	8	11	..	..	..	77
B Smith	6	10	5	13	14	13	15	..	10	9	..	..	95
Racine	12	9	13	13	10	..	12	11	15	13	..	..	108
Ross	10	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40
Bowman	13	15	11	12	12	14	13	15	14	13	21	22	175
Forsight	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	..	9	..	..	..	37
McCush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	18	61
Hartenstine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	21	21	51
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	18	18	47
F Rigden	8	4	8	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Professionals:														
Hawkins	14	15	14	15	12	13	13	13	14	14	23	22	181
Welles	14	15	14	14	13	14	12	13	12	12	23	25	181
Keller, Jr.	14	14	14	15	14	11	15	13	12	13	23	22	178

Totals two days, 380 targets:

Capt Ressler	336	Hawkins	356
Watts	335	Welles	355
England	334	Keller, Jr.	344
Andrews	332		

A. B. Keene, Sec'y.

Stanley Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, was held last evening at the King Edward Hotel. There was a large attendance of the members, and a good deal of enthusiasm with regard to the prospects for the coming year was shown. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the affairs of the club to be in an excellent financial condition.

During the year some thirteen hundred dollars was expended in fitting up the club's grounds, which are second to none in Canada.

It was decided to hold the annual pigeon shoot, open to club members only, some time during the latter part of November or early in December.

There was also the probability that a one-day tournament at targets will be held, and the club's delegates to the City of Toronto Trapshooting League were instructed to confer with the other clubs in regard thercto. The consensus of opinion was that the shoot should be open to city league clubs only, and the targets trapped at one cent each. Valuable prizes would be offered, and probably no entrance fee charged.

The Stanley club has had a most successful year in every way, and great regret was expressed at the retirement of Messrs. J. H. Thompson and Thomas A. Duff, from the offices of president and secretary-treasurer.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. president, W. H. Pearson, Jr.; president, Geo. W. McGill; vice-president, W. T. Ely; secretary-treasurer, Geo. M. Dunk; field captain, Robt. Buchanan; executive committee, Messrs. A. E. Edkins, Thomas A. Duff, J. H. Thompson, Alderman Robert Fleming and J. T. Massingham.

T. A. D.

PACIFIC COAST HANDICAP

Won by Fred Mills with

WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUN

AND

"LEADER" SHELLS,

his score being 89 out of 100 targets shot from the 19-yard mark. High general average was won by W. R. Crosby, also using Winchester "Leader" Shells. This tournament, held at Los Angeles, Sept. 8, 9, 10, was the last of the series given this year by the Interstate Association, which included the Southern, Grand American, Eastern, Western and Pacific Coast Handicaps. The principal event in four out of these five tournaments was won with Winchester shells; and in the Eastern Handicap Tournament, the Preliminary Handicap and Professional and Amateur Averages were won with Winchester shells. Altogether it was a grand "scoop" for Winchester. This is something more than mere chance, don't you think so? It proclaims with trumpet sound the incomparable, always-to-be-relied-upon quality of Winchester shells, and leaves all other makes far in the shade.

WINCHESTER SHELLS MAKE WINNERS

Aquidneck Gun Club Tournament.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 29.—At the grounds of the Aquidneck Gun Club there was a good gathering of shooting talent. Some corking good scores were made. The trade was well represented by Elliott, commonly known as Sunny Jim (properly named); Stevens, as genial as ever; the same Jack Fanning, and last, but not least, Gill Wheeler. Elliott made high average—good work, James.

There was some rather hot work among the amateurs. Griffith made high amateur average; McArdle second.

Events 1, 2, 3, from scratch, first, Powell; second, Griffith; third, McArdle and W. Hughes, Hughes winning out. Events 4, 5, 6, handicap of added birds: First, Letendre; second, McArdle; third, Griffith. Griff seemed bound to get in trouble all the time.

Events 7, 8, 9, were to have been a team race, but the boys could not gather enough for this occasion. Better luck next time.

The shoot was a success in every way. Birds good, easy breakers, although at times the wind made them jump a little. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Per
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.	Cent.
Elliott	15	14	19	13	14	20	13	14	20	23	165	94 2-7
Stevens	13	8	15	15	14	18	15	12	18	24	152	86 6-7
Fanning	13	14	19	14	13	19	15	14	15	24	160	91 3-7
McArdle	13	12	19	14	14	18	12	13	18	24	157	89 5-7
Wheeler	14	12	16	14	15	18	14	12	18	18	151	86 2-7
Griffith	14	14	17	13	15	19	15	13	18	23	161	92
C Letendre	12	13	15	14	13	19	10	13	12	23	144	82 2-7
Lambert	11	14	12	11	14	13	..	..	..	..	81	81
W Hughes	12	12	20	15	13	16	14	11	16	20	149	85 1-7
Powell	14	14	20	11	13	19	14	12	18	19	154	88
C Hughes	9	14	19	15	13	15	15	11	18	18	147	84
Bowler	13	13	17	12	15	15	14	12	19	23	153	87 3-7
Dring	10	12	12	12	11	13	11	10	15	20	126	72
Brownell	6	7	13	10	9	16	10	8	15	19	113	64 4-7
Bonney	13	7	14	9	12	16	10	8	13	15	117	66 6-7
Berlin	..	..	..	..	12	12	16	7	11	16	18	92	73 3-5

C. M. Hughes, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

The annual tournament of the club was held on Sept. 25 to 27, with a preliminary 100-target sweep on Monday, the 24th.

The affair was the most successful which the club has given, both in regard to number of shooters and number shooting through. Eighty-two shot on the first day, sixty on the last day, and fifty-two shot the entire programme.

The weather during the week was not the best, as a heavy rainstorm on Wednesday and threatening weather on Thursday made disagreeable and hard shooting conditions.

Everything connected with the running of the tournament proceeded smoothly, both on the grounds and in the office, as might have been expected from those having the details in charge.

The trade was well represented by the following: L. J. Squier, C. O. Le Compte, J. T. Skelly, Chas. Dreihs, C. W. Phellis, J. R. Taylor, R. L. Trimble, W. H. Heer, Geo. T. Little, Frank Riehl, D. R. Jones, C. A. Young, J. French, A. M. Hatcher, F. Le Noir, and H. W. Vietmeyer.

Supt. Arthur Gambell had general charge of the traps and grounds.

Luther J. Squier was cashier, and had charge of the office. Charles Dreihs, compiler of scores.

Referees and scorers: Trap No. 1, R. F. Davies; trap No. 2, L. Shepard; trap No. 3 (on Thursday), O. E. Hutchinson, of Lebanon, O.

Squad hustlers: Lutie Gambell and Frank Mills.

The programme was the same for each of the three days, consisting of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance in each, with an optional sweep in each event, $1 entrance. Purses in the regular events were divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. In the optional sweeps, division was 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. Less than thirty entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No deduction for targets in the optionals but all contestants entering these were obliged to enter in the regular events also. There were ten high average moneys of $15 each for the ten high amateurs shooting through.

The club decided to divide the entire profits of the shoot pro rata among the amateurs shooting through and not winning their entrance money. Losses figured on the regular entrance $63, less targets. This special purse was provided for by setting aside 1 cent for each target thrown during the three days, and in addition an extra dollar per day was charged each contestant in the sweeps. This amount, after deducting the average money, was added to the special purse.

Shooting was over expert traps, Sergeant system, unknown traps, unknown angles.

The special purse paid out all right, and all amateurs were paid back sums ranging from $1.25 to $51, according to their losses. This proposition was undoubtedly the cause of such a large percentage of the amateurs shooting through. Generally a man who shoots poorly the first day drops out, but if he knows that his loss will be made good, he sticks it out and gets his two or three days' sport as cheaply as he would at a regular club shoot. The question of profit to the club is eliminated, and this conduces to the good of the sport.

Gambell's target-saving device worked to perfection, and 4,000 perfect targets were picked up at the close of the tournament.

Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., was high amateur for the three days, with 567 breaks, 94.5 per cent. High professional score was made by W. H. Heer, with 564 breaks, 94 per cent. Seventeen men shot a 90 per cent. or better clip.

On preliminary day 5,000 targets were thrown. On Tuesday, 14,200; Wednesday, 11,880, and Thursday, 12,000; a total for the four days of 43,080 targets. The scores:

On Monday, Sept. 24, a preliminary 100-target event was shot, in four 25-target strings, with an entrance of $2 in each event, the money being divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and open to amateurs only. Over forty shooters were entered, most of them shooting through.

The weather was just about perfect, possibly a trifle too much wind, but the scores were not affected by this.

The event was commenced at 1 P. M., and was finished in good season, after which a team race at 100 targets, for the price of the targets, was shot. In the forenoon a few shooters were at the grounds and indulged in a little practice work. Although nothing special was scheduled for to-day, there was a very good attendance of spectators. Among the out-of-town shooters present and taking part to-day were: T. Clay, Austerlitz, Ky.; Justin King, Mr. English, A. M. Hatcher and Dr. S. W. Rhea, of Bristol, Tenn.; J. R. Taylor, Newark, O.; L. J. Squier and W. M. Foord, Wilmington, Del., C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; L. H. Reil, New Paris, O.; F. M. Edwards, Portsmouth, O.; Lon Fisher, Buckeye Lake, O.; F. Le Noir, Springfield, Mass.; C. L. Baker, Richmond, Ind.; W. R. Chamberlin, Columbus, O.; W. T. Davenport, Portsmouth, O.; O. N. Ford, Central City, Ia.; H. W. Vietmeyer, Chicago, Ill.; H. W. Kahler, Davenport, Ia.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; R. L. Trimble, Covington, Ky.; Lester German, Aberdeen, Md.; P. Hood, Scammon, Kans.; M. A. Huntley, Omaha, Neb.; O. T. Lewis, Spartanburg, Ind.

In the morning a team match at 50 targets per man was shot, Squier and Foord defeating Gambell and German by 4 targets: Squier 47, Foord 45; total 92. Gambell 44, German 44; total 88.

J. R. Taylor and Lester German tied for high gun on 96, the latter breaking 49 out of the first 50. W. M. Foord was a close second with 95, breaking 49 out of the last 50. L. J. Squier broke 48 out of the first 50, and tied for third place with O. N. Ford, on 94; L. H. Reid 93. The scores:

Team race, 100 targets, for price of targets:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
A Gambell	100	85	Fisher	100	85
L Meyers	25	8	Le Noir	100	85
Miss F Altherr	100	69	C L Baker	100	87
H R Bonser	100	87	Chamberlin	100	86
T Clay	100	89	Davenport	100	84
English	100	83	Sampson	100	80
King	100	69	O N Ford	100	94
J R Taylor	100	96	Huntley	100	89
A M Hatcher	100	88	Ad Roll	100	76
Rhea	100	90	C Dreihs	100	66
L J Squier	100	94	A W du Bray	50	38
L German	100	96	R Trimble	50	44
W M Foord	100	95	Hood	100	78
C O Le Compte	100	83	H W Vietmeyer.	75	56
L Ahlers	100	87	H W Kahler	100	83
Fultz	100	80	O T Lewis	50	35
L H Reid	100	93	C A Young	25	21
Kerry	100	89	Fischer	25	17
F M Edwards	100	87			

Team match, 100 targets, for price of targets:

Kahler	91	Young	92
Bonser	84	Clay	89
Gambell	90	Ahlers	83
Bullerdick	81—346	Fultz	70—334

Sept. 25, First Day.

Tuesday, Sept. 25, the opening day of the tournament, came in with bright sunlight and the promise of a perfect day; but before noon it began to get cloudy and hazy, making it extremely difficult to locate the targets quickly after they were thrown, and an east wind affected their flight to some extent, so that quite a number of the shooters fell below their average.

The number of shooters present on Monday was largely increased, and eighty-two took part in the events. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, and an extra optional sweep of $1. Over two hundred spectators watched the shooting, several ladies being included in the number. The first squad faced the traps at 9:15, and the last shot was fired about 5 o'clock. Everything worked smoothly, and nothing occurred to delay the shooting, except the occasional tardiness of some shooter to respond promptly when his squad was called.

The shooters enjoyed one of the famous dinners prepared by Mrs. Gambell, and not one failed to score a straight here, however many targets they missed.

C. W. Phellis (Phil) formerly of this place, but lately of Huntington, W. Va., was among the arrivals, and spent a good share of his time greeting his friends, and that means every shooter on the grounds. J. Flick, the one-armed shooter of Ravenna, O., was not in his usual form, but even at that, his score is not a bad one, and many shooters having two hands would have been glad to have missed as few.

The club this year adopted the plan of posting each squad score on a bulletin board placed on the veranda, thus enabling the shooters and spectators to keep track of the way things were going. This plan might well be used at all club tournaments; it saves much confusion at the office.

Miss Frances Altherr attracted much attention. She started out well, but unfortunately broke the firing pin of her gun and was obliged to finish with a borrowed one—a handicap which proved too much for her.

Kerry was another who played in bad luck. He broke his gun on Monday, and to-day used five different guns, none of which fitted him. As a consequence, his scores were not what they ought to have been, judging by his past record.

Lester German was high gun for the day with 191, 95.5 per cent. W. H. Heer, unquestionably one of the best professional shots in the country, was second with 190, 95 per cent. He also made the longest straight run, breaking 95 without a miss in his last 100. J. S. Young and L. J. Squier 189 each, 94.5 per cent.; W. M. Foord 188, 94 per cent.; R. Trimble, M. A. Huntley and W. S. Hoon 186 each, 93 per cent.; A. M. Hatcher and L. H. Reid 185 each, 92.5 per cent.; W. R. Clark and Willard 184 each, 92 per cent.

The banner squad of the day was No. 8—Heer, Huntley, O. N. Ford, Hood and Riehl. In the first event they broke 96 out of the 100, making one 20 and four 19s.

In straights Foord had 58 and 52 to his credit; Rhea 58, Hoon 47 and 51, Squier 49, J. S. Young 46, and Trimble 45. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Brk.
Gambell	16	14	18	13	17	18	18	19	20	17	170
Bell	17	15	19	15	18	18	19	17	17	19	174
Kerry	15	14	14	16	11	13	13	16	9	14	135
Pohlar	16	15	15	17	15	17	20	16	18	17	166
Barker	19	17	19	15	19	20	18	15	18	17	177
Ahlers	16	16	19	18	18	17	19	16	16	17	172
Bullerdick	14	15	15	15	19	17	18	17	17	15	162
Kahler	17	14	18	16	17	19	20	17	17	17	172
Dick	15	13	12	14	14	13	16	17	13	15	142
Alkire	19	20	19	18	16	18	18	19	20	16	183
Roll	19	12	17	15	17	18	16	15	17	17	163
Fultz	16	17	15	18	18	17	16	15	18	16	166
Miss F Altherr	15	13	18	16	15	14	7	10	13	13	134
Davenport	17	17	18	16	16	16	19	17	15	16	167
Chamberlin	18	18	19	16	14	13	16	16	18	19	167
Squier	18	20	19	20	20	18	18	20	19	17	189
German	20	19	20	19	18	20	18	20	18	19	191
Foord	20	20	19	16	17	20	20	19	19	18	188
Skelly	19	17	14	16	19	17	17	16	15	19	169
Le Compte	15	16	17	16	18	18	18	17	16	17	168
English	16	20	15	16	18	18	18	17	19	15	172
J King	17	20	17	18	16	15	18	20	17	14	172
Edwards	18	16	16	19	20	17	18	19	19	19	181
Rhea	18	16	18	15	17	19	17	19	20	20	178
Hatcher	15	20	20	17	20	18	17	19	19	20	185
Lon Fisher	15	16	20	15	16	17	17	14	18	17	165
J R Taylor	19	18	19	15	19	19	19	19	17	19	183
F King	16	19	18	19	18	18	17	19	19	19	182
R Trimble	20	20	18	17	19	19	16	18	19	20	186
Clay	17	18	18	20	18	18	16	19	16	19	179
Le Noir	13	16	17	17	18	17	17	19	19	17	170
Reid	18	19	17	20	19	19	19	18	17	19	185
C A Young	16	18	17	18	16	19	17	18	17	19	175
Dreihs	13	18	14	13	18	18	17	14	18	15	148
Vietmeyer	17	19	16	15	15	15	17	19	17	13	163
Heer	20	15	19	20	17	19	20	20	20	20	190
Huntley	19	19	18	18	18	19	19	19	17	20	186
O N Ford	19	17	19	17	19	20	16	16	20	19	182
Riehl	19	19	15	18	19	19	16	17	17	19	178
Hood	19	18	18	16	16	15	15	19	18	12	166
Bibbee	17	18	17	19	19	17	18	18	20	19	182
Vauss	15	14	17	18	17	17	16	15	18	19	166
W R Clark	17	17	19	19	19	19	20	17	20	17	184
C L Baker	18	17	19	16	20	17	19	17	15	18	176
E T Stuard	17	14	16	16	13	13	18	17	18	17	159
Dial	16	14	16	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	88
M H Johnson	17	16	17	15	12	19	15	19	18	17	165
F Shattuck	14	17	16	17	15	15	12	15	13	15	149
Swihart	14	15	16	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	75
Brandenberg	20	18	15	19	18	16	19	17	19	17	178
Skannel	19	16	19	18	18	17	19	18	19	19	182
Chadwick	17	16	17	19	17	14	18	17	17	17	169
Gregory	17	13	20	14	16	15	19	15	19	16	164
Wm Shattuck	14	18	17	18	19	18	15	20	17	17	173
E Brown	19	18	19	19	18	17	19	17	20	17	183
Felger	16	17	19	18	18	15	18	20	18	18	177
W Watkins	17	16	15	18	15	18	17	14	..	..	133
Flick	15	15	17	13	12	12	16	16	15	17	148
H E Smith	15	16	18	16	18	17	17	16	16	18	167
McConnell	18	16	19	19	18	18	17	16	18	17	176
Lasure	15	15	11	16	13	14	..	..	..	..	84
Alsop	16	15	14	15	14	16	16	16	16	16	154
Hoon	16	19	17	19	20	19	20	18	18	18	186
Holmes	12	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Dull	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
J S Young	18	20	20	17	20	18	19	20	19	18	189
Barto	17	19	19	18	14	18	17	19	19	19	179
Willard	18	16	18	19	20	19	19	18	18	19	184
O T Lewis	17	12	15	19	18	16	17	16	18	15	163
Phil	19	17	18	18	17	12	..	..	..	..	101
H M Carr	17	14	17	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	89
A Porter	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
A W Kirby	..	..	..	16	19	20	16	17	14	17	119
Dea	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	16	14	18	15	92
Peters	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	15
French	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	12	13	8	4	67
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	14	16	69
Herman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	16	11	56
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	13
Gould	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	10	..	33
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	16	56
T H Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	18

Sept. 26, Second Day.

Wednesday came in with rain, and the downpour lasted all day, with a short cessation about noon. The first squad did not begin shooting until 10 o'clock, but when started the firing was continuous, and the last event was finished about 5 o'clock. In spite of the wet, disagreeable weather, at least one hundred and fifty spectators were present and watched the shooting from the shelter of the tents and the club house.

A few new faces were seen at the grounds to-day, among the new arrivals being J. E. French, of Detroit, Mich, and John Coleman, formerly of Cincinnati, who had just arrived from Portland, Me., where he has spent the summer. Mr. Coleman is one of the most popular members of the club, and when living here was a regular attendant at the weekly meetings, shooting under the name of "Williams."

E. O. Felger was taken suddenly ill and was obliged to leave for his home in Grand Rapids, Mich. A. Skannel, Shreveport, La., received a telegram telling him of the serious illness of a member of his family, and he was obliged to leave at once. The boys all sympathize with him and were sorry to have him go. He had been shooting in good form.

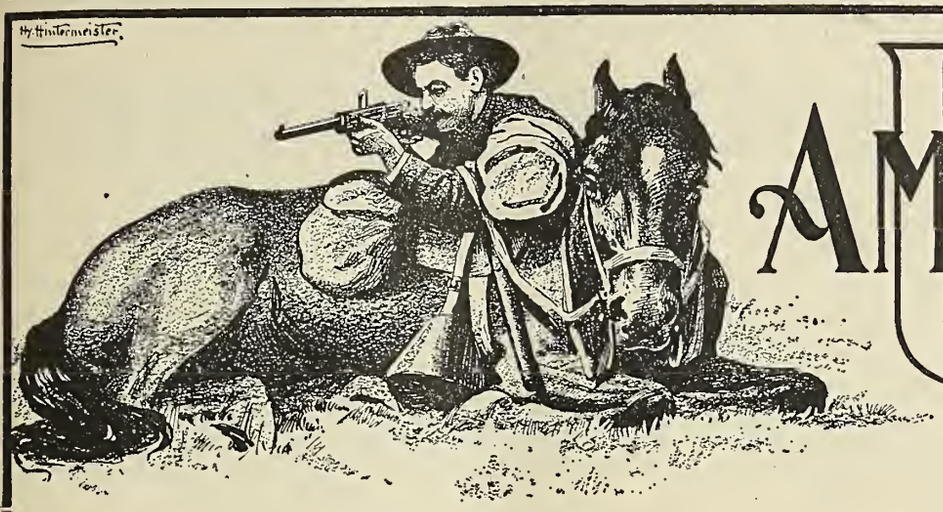
Lester German, one of the best amateur shots in the country, was high man with 192, defeating W. H. Heer by 1 target. H. W. Kahler 189, F. Edwards and S. A. Huntley 187 each, O. N. Ford 185, L. J. Squier, Willard and W. R. Clark 184 each.

The best squad score of the day was made by No. 4, Squier, German, Foord, Skelly and Le Compte 90.5 per cent. or 905 out of 1000. Squad No. 8, Heer, Riehl, Huntley, Ford and Hood, 902, or 90.2 per cent.

Few long runs were made to-day, Lester German making the only one of any length, and he broke over 60 without a miss.

There were not quite so many shooters present to-day, only sixty-four entering the various events, most of them shooting through. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Brk.
Gambell	19	19	18	19	18	16	18	16	17	15	200	175
Bell	19	19	17	16	13	18	18	16	17	17	200	170
Kerry	15	15	19	18	16	18	19	17	18	14	200	169
Pohlar	16	15	15	18	17	18	16	15	16	13	200	159
Dick	14	17	16	17	20	13	15	16	17	19	200	164
Ahlers	14	17	16	16	17	17	17	17	15	16	200	162
Bullerdick	18	16	19	19	17	17	18	15	13	15	200	167
Skannal	19	19	18	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	100	94
Chadwick	14	17	16	17	17	16	16	18	20	17	200	168
Alkire	18	19	18	18	17	17	18	19	17	14	200	176
Roll	19	15	13	19	16	17	12	15	14	14	200	154
Fultz	17	14	12	17	15	18	17	14	20	12	200	156
H E Smith	16	17	16	20	16	17	19	18	17	18	200	174
Davenport	17	16	19	18	15	18	16	16	17	16	200	168
Chamberlain	19	18	18	20	16	18	16	17	16	16	200	174
Squier	19	20	18	17	19	19	17	18	18	19	200	184
German	19	19	19	20	19	20	20	20	17	19	200	192
Foord	19	19	19	19	17	16	19	19	17	18	200	182
Skelly	18	16	14	17	16	16	15	15	16	13	200	156
Le Compte	15	18	18	18	18	18	17	15	15	15	200	167
English	18	19	18	18	18	19	17	19	18	17	200	181
J King	16	18	17	18	14	17	18	14	17	18	200	167
Edwards	17	20	20	18	19	18	19	19	19	19	200	187
Hatcher	17	18	17	17	18	20	16	12	18	18	200	171
Rhea	16	18	19	17	16	19	19	15	19	19	200	177
J R Taylor	19	16	19	16	18	19	19	19	19	16	200	180
F King	17	18	15	19	16	18	17	18	20	19	200	177
Fisher	16	18	19	16	16	17	19	18	16	16	200	171
Trimble	17	20	17	18	17	18	19	19	19	18	200	182
Clay	..	..	17	17	18	18	17	18	18	17	160	140
Miss Altherr	11	14	12	9	16	10	10	11	14	12	200	119
Le Noir	16	17	16	17	15	17	18	17	18	16	200	167
Reid	17	18	18	19	19	16	19	19	18	19	200	182
C A Young	19	17	19	17	17	19	17	19	16	19	200	179
Dreihs	17	19	15	17	18	18	16	19	18	17	200	174
Heer	19	19	19	19	20	18	18	20	19	20	200	191
Huntley	19	18	20	18	19	20	19	20	17	17	200	187
O N Ford	19	18	18	20	19	19	19	17	17	19	200	185
Watkins	..	..	..	14	19	18	15	17	..	..	100	83
Riehl	18	19	20	17	19	18	18	19	17	20	200	185
S Young	19	19	17	17	18	19	16	19	18	19	200	181
Barto	19	19	18	20	19	17	20	17	17	17	200	183



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Willard	18	19	20	19	17	17	17	18	20	19	200	184
Vietmeyer	15	14	15	15	14	12	16	12	9	11	200	133
E Brown	18	18	19	15	17	18	19	18	19	18	200	179
Bibbee	19	18	15	17	17	18	18	15	17	15	200	169
Vause	17	19	18	15	17	19	16	16	18	17	200	173
Clark	17	18	20	20	19	19	18	15	18	20	200	184
C S Baker	16	17	16	18	15	16	15	17	16	13	200	159
Hoon	19	18	16	19	19	17	18	17	15	17	200	175
Alsop	15	17	16	14	16	12	13	16	13	12	200	144
Richmond	10	17	17	17	20	15	14	16	16	..	180	142
Wm Shattuck	19	17	17	17	15	18	15	15	18	18	200	169
Kahler	18	19	19	19	19	18	10	20	19	19	200	189
McConnell	17	19	19	17	15	13	17	14	20	18	200	169
M H Johnson	16	19	16	14	17	14	12	17	18	14	200	157
E T Stuard	18	16	18	18	14	17	17	15	17	16	200	166
F Shattuck	13	15	15	17	18	16	18	20	18	16	200	166
A W Kirby	19	17	19	15	17	18	16	19	19	18	200	177
Gregory	18	17	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	69
Bagby	..	..	..	15	12	18	13	15	..	..	100	73
Mike	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	..	..	40	25
French	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	9	40	22
William	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	40	32

Sept. 27, Third Day.

The day was cloudy and cool, but there was no rain to stop the shooting. The light was poor, and a strong wind played havoc with the flight of the targets. The scores, owing to the hard conditions, were lower than on either of the previous days. In order to finish in good season, so as to allow the shooters to get away on early trains, a third set of traps was put in commission, E. O. Hutchinson, of Lebanon, O., acting as referee and scorer.

The first squad was called at 9 o'clock, and the last one of the ten 20-target events was finished at 2 P. M.

Lem Willard was high man with 191, J. Barto 189, F. Edwards, R. Trimble and C. A. Young 187 each, W. M. Foord, and L. H. Reid 186 each, L. J. Squier, L. German and F. King 184.

Lester German was high gun for the three days with 567, leading W. H. Heer by 3 targets. He got the best of Heer on each day by 1 target.

Not a hitch occurred all day, either at the traps or in the office. Cashier Squier had the moneys all figured out and every one paid before 2 o'clock, and by 3 most of the shooters had scattered to the four points of the compass.

There were no very long runs made. W. M. Foord broke 43 straight, which was the longest run made. C. A. Young got 40 with a miss, and Trimble and E. Brown broke 37 each before dropping one.

After the regular events were finished, fifteen or twenty of the shooters took part in a few sweepstakes over No. 3 traps.

The attendance was smaller than on previous days, only sixty shooters being present, most of them going through the programme. About one hundred spectators witnessed the shooting. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Brk.
Bibbee	13	14	14	18	15	17	14	18	15	15	200	153
Vause	19	16	18	15	19	17	15	16	17	17	200	169
Wm Shattuck	17	17	19	17	17	18	18	14	19	19	200	175
Davenport	17	17	16	17	16	17	16	19	18	17	200	170
McConnell	17	18	18	17	16	17	14	17	18	14	200	165
English	17	17	20	17	18	18	17	17	18	16	200	175
J King	18	16	14	13	17	16	14	12	16	15	200	151
Edwards	19	19	19	19	20	18	19	17	18	19	200	187
Hatcher	18	18	18	19	18	16	19	16	19	18	200	179
Rhea	19	18	16	17	18	17	14	19	19	15	200	172
Squier	19	20	19	19	19	18	17	17	17	19	200	184
German	18	17	18	19	20	18	20	18	19	17	200	184
Foord	20	20	18	17	19	17	18	19	20	18	200	186
Barker	19	18	19	19	18	13	18	16	17	16	200	173
Le Compte	18	17	19	18	18	15	18	19	18	18	200	178
Taylor	18	20	18	16	18	19	19	18	19	18	200	183
F King	19	18	20	18	18	17	19	18	18	19	200	184
Fisher	17	15	17	17	18	17	17	16	17	19	200	170
Trimble	19	17	19	20	18	19	20	19	17	19	200	187
Clay	18	20	19	16	19	17	19	18	18	17	200	181
Heer	17	18	19	19	18	17	19	18	19	19	200	183
Huntley	19	18	18	18	19	19	18	15	19	18	200	181
O N Ford	19	19	19	18	17	18	19	18	19	17	200	182
Hoon	18	18	20	17	13	17	18	14	19	16	200	170
Chadwick	15	15	16	16	18	19	14	19	17	17	200	166
J S Young	17	18	19	18	19	17	19	18	16	20	200	181
Barto	18	19	20	19	20	18	19	19	20	17	200	189
Willard	19	19	19	20	19	19	18	19	20	19	200	191
Vietmeyer	10	9	10	14	14	15	17	9	15	17	200	130
E Brown	18	19	20	16	16	19	20	17	16	19	200	180
Ahlers	14	14	11	18	15	15	14	16	16	17	200	150
Bullerdick	17	18	15	13	16	15	15	15	18	19	200	161
C S Baker	16	17	18	17	14	19	14	14	16	20	200	165
H E Smith	18	16	18	15	15	16	16	17	20	17	200	168
Alkire	18	17	15	18	16	16	17	14	18	16	200	165
Gambell	13	15	19	19	20	16	18	17	18	20	200	175
Bell	15	18	18	17	16	17	17	18	17	16	200	169
Kerry	19	17	18	15	19	18	19	15	16	18	200	174
Pohlar	19	17	17	15	15	14	17	15	15	12	200	156
Dick	19	17	19	16	18	19	15	14	18	18	200	173
Roll	17	14	15	18	12	13	16	17	16	14	200	152
Fultz	17	12	14	16	15	14	13	14	16	16	200	147
W R Clark	18	16	17	18	20	15	18	19	19	19	200	179
Alsop	18	16	17	15	15	18	14	15	16	16	200	160
Chamberlain	16	17	14	19	15	13	18	14	15	16	200	157
Le Noir	12	17	17	18	14	18	17	18	19	16	200	166
Reid	18	17	19	17	20	19	18	19	20	19	200	186
C A Young	19	18	18	19	19	17	19	18	20	20	200	187
Dreihs	20	18	18	16	15	18	14	18	18	9	200	164
Mike	13	11	11	13	15	13	14	10	11	11	200	122
Miss Altherr	17	15	14	16	12	15	16	11	16	15	200	147
Kahler	18	18	17	17	17	19	19	17	14	17	200	173
F Shattuck	18	15	17	17	17	16	18	17	17	19	200	171
M H Johnson	15	14	18	17	11	16	15	12	18	18	200	154
Stuard	17	17	18	14	15	18	16	15	16	19	200	165
Sampson	12	15	16	16	19	..	15	14	17	16	180	140
Skelly	10	17	14	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	100	62

French	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	7	5	80	19
Krohn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	..	40	27
Tuttle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	25	15

General Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Lester German	191	192	184	567
*W H Heer	190	191	183	564
Lem Willard	184	184	191	559
*L J Squier	189	184	184	557
W M Foord	188	182	186	556
Dr F Edwards	181	187	187	555
*R L Trimble	186	182	187	555
S A Huntley	186	187	181	554
*L H Reid	185	182	186	553
J S Young	189	181	181	551
J B Barto	179	183	189	551
O N Ford	182	185	182	549
W R Clark	184	184	179	547
J R Taylor	183	180	183	546
F King	182	177	184	543
E Brown	183	179	180	542
*C A Young	175	179	187	541
*M Hatcher	185	171	179	535
*H W Kahler	172	189	173	534
J S Hoon	186	175	170	531
English	172	181	175	528
Rhea	178	177	172	527
F Alkire	183	176	165	524
A Gambell	170	175	175	520
Wm Shattuck	173	169	175	517
Bell	174	170	169	513
*C O Le Compte	168	167	178	513
J D McConnell	176	169	166	511
H E Smith	167	174	168	509
J Vauss	166	173	169	508
Lon Fisher	165	171	170	506
T Davenport	167	168	170	505
J S Bibbec	182	169	153	504
Chadwick	169	168	166	503
H Le Noir	170	167	166	503
C L Baker	176	159	165	500
Chamberlin	167	174	157	498
J King	172	167	151	490
Bullerdick	162	167	161	490
E T Stuard	159	166	165	490
*C Dreihs	148	174	164	486
F Shattuck	149	166	171	486
L Ahlers	172	162	150	484
D Pohlar	166	159	156	481
A C Dick	142	164	173	479
Kerry	135	169	174	478
M J Johnson	165	157	154	476
Fultz	166	156	147	469
A D Roll	163	154	152	469
Alsop	154	144	160	458
*W Vietmeyer	163	133	130	426
Miss Altherr	134	119	147	400

*Professionals.

PETERS AMMUNITION SCORES AGAIN!

The Annual Competition of the Illinois State Rifle Association was held at Camp Logan, Ill., Sept. 15 and 16. Out of thirteen Matches, ELEVEN were won with Peters Cartridges; also 2d and 3d places in EIGHT matches. Capt. John V. Clinnin won three Firsts and three Seconds, including the

ILLINOIS MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP

Thus is continued the demonstration of PETERS superiority. At the National Military Matches, Sea Girt, Aug. 24—Sept. 6, Peters Cartridges were overwhelmingly victorious, winning twenty-three of the important matches, and a big majority of all the prizes.

At the Ohio Matches, Sept. 10—15, users of Peters Cartridges won twenty-one out of twenty-three All-Comers' events.

The Illinois tournament ratifies the verdict found at both Sea Girt and Port Clinton—**PETERS AMMUNITION**

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And the Tricks of Trapping and Trap Making. Containing hints on camp shelter, all the tricks and bait receipts of the trapper, the use of the traps, with instructions for the capture of all fur-bearing animals. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated. Cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.00.

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The Story of a Prairie People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.75.

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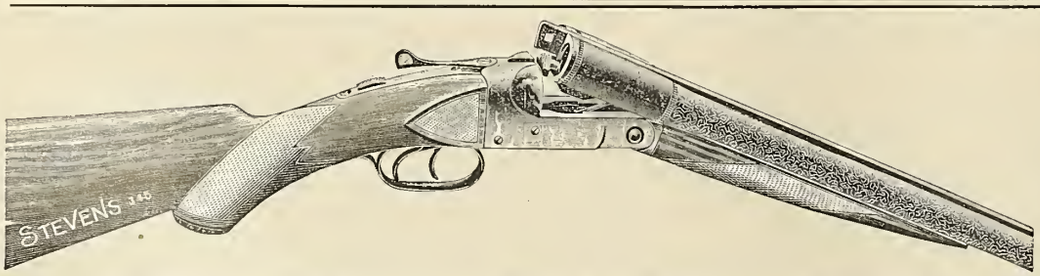

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New York Office, 98 Chambers Street.

M. V. S. L. Tournament.

Morgantown, W. Va., Sept. 25.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city held a tournament here to-day and had but a small attendance, nineteen shooters only participating in the programme.

The trade was represented by H. H. Stevens, J. C. Garland and Ed. H. Taylor.

Mr. Stevens won high expert average for the day with a score of 183 out of 200 shot at.

J. R. Miller won high amateur average; Ed. O. Bower second, and W. A. Wiedebusch and John M Cobun tied for third.

The Ballistite cup, emblematic of the team championship between the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League and the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League, was won for the year by the team representing the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League, the Ohio Valley Sportsmen's League failing to have a team in the competition.

The Smith gold medal, donated by the Hunter Arms Company, and open to all amateurs, at 20 single targets, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs, was won by Mr. W. A. Wiedebusch, with the elegant score of 36 out of 40. In this event he broke his singles straight, and 16 out of 20 of his doubles.

This is the seventh regular monthly tournament of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League for the season, and the final tournament will be held in Fairmont, on Oct. 3, at which time the individual championship race will be shot off for the final ownership of the League championship gold medal. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Brk.
H H Stevens.....	18	20	19	18	18	17	18	19	19	17	200	183
J R Miller.....	18	17	18	16	18	19	17	18	20	15	200	176
E O Bower.....	17	18	20	19	16	18	16	19	15	17	200	175
W Wiedebusch..	15	20	17	18	16	17	15	19	20	17	200	174
J M Cobun.....	16	20	17	15	17	19	19	19	16	16	200	174
W T Nichols.....	17	17	16	17	17	16	17	16	19	14	200	166
J F Phillips.....	14	18	19	18	14	17	15	18	15	17	200	165
Cain	15	15	18	18	17	16	16	16	18	16	200	165
L E Lantz.....	14	16	16	11	15	15	20	19	15	19	200	160
E H Taylor.....	14	15	16	14	14	17	18	14	15	17	200	154
E F Jacobs.....13		14	16	17	12	12	18	19	16	15	200	152
J O McNecly....	14	12	14	20	18	16	15	12	18	7	200	146
W E Price.....	13	13	16	12	13	15	16	15	13	12	200	138
L D Phillips....	16	14	15	13	16	15	12	10	12	12	200	135
J C Long.....	9	6	15	12	12	12	11	8	16	11	200	112
Hubbard	11	11	11	12	7	11	11	14	12	8	200	108
E Wiedebusch...	..	..	..	10	9	11	13	13	10	15	140	81
J H Kennedy...	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	40	21
D Hott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11

League team race, five-man teams, 20 targets:

Fairmont Gun Club—W. A. Wiedebusch 16, *E. H. Taylor 14, J. C. Long 12, J. O. McNeely 18, Capt. Phillips 14; total 74.

*Eligibility in question.

League individual championship, 20 targets: John M. Cobun 19.

Elmer F. Jacobs,
Secretary, M. V. S. League.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 29.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the fourth series. In the club trophy event Stone and Ford tied in Class A on 20; Thomas won in Class C also on 20; no B man in contest.

In the Dupont cup shoot Dr. Meek won in Class A on 14; Thomas won in Class C on 10; no B man in contest.

The day was an exceedingly trying one for target shooting, there being a strong wind and very gusty, making the targets soar and dip so badly that good scores were out of the question, owing to a heavy fall of rain. The attendance was very small.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	15	25	Targets:	10	15	25
Thomas	6	10	20	Stone	6	13	20
Eaton	8	10	17	Ford	8	13	20
Meek	9	14	19	George	9	7	17
Reynolds	7	12	15	Gilman	8	7	23
McDonald	9	9	19				

Event No. 2 was Dupont cup. Event 3 was the trophy contest.

Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

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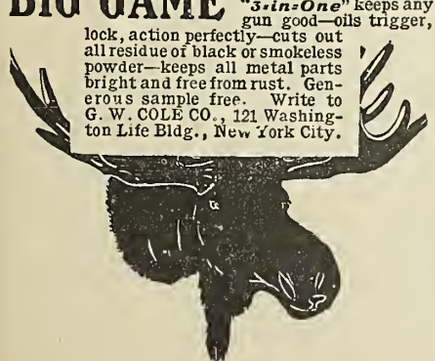

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IVESDALE, Ill., Sept. 20-21—**First, Second** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 22-23—**First** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

TUCSON, Ariz., Sept. 23—**First General Average** and **First Amateur Average.**

All the above records were made with

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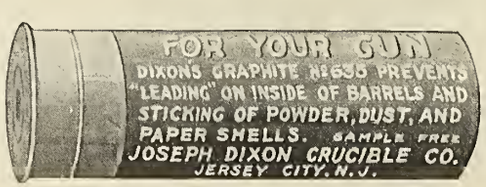
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WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

The gun club at Findlay, O., is holding shoots twice a week, Tuesday and Saturday. P. Clark has made the best score, 24 out of 25. The members are much encouraged over the win of Hancock Seneca, and Wood county trophy by said Clark.

Second series of the bluerock matches was held at the Country Club grounds, at Des Moines, Ia., Wednesday last.

Escanaba, Mich., Gun Club has organized and elected Dr. John Gross as president. Preparations are being made to hold team shoots with other clubs in the Northern Peninsula during the fall.

C. H. Morton, holder of the trophy cup of the Topeka, Kans., Gun Club, was best man in his race with Chas. Kleinhaus. Shooting at 50 targets, Morton broke 38 to Kleinhaus' 29. Homer Grogg killed 15 out of 16 live birds same event. Marple 11, Biscoe 10, Bechtel 10, Kleinhaus 9, Hungate 9, Miller 9, Vore 8, Dye 5, Kessenger 5. In the team shoot, with five men on a side, each 10 targets, Biscoe won over Morton, 43 to 41. At 20 targets, Kleinhaus won with 16, Hungate 12, Anderson 14, Bechtel 9, Biscoe 14.

The Venice Gun Club, Los Angeles, Cal., has organized and made arrangements for the coming shooting season. The new officers are: J. G. French, president; A. E. Jackson, and B. E. Carter, vice-presidents; A. C. Walters, secretary and treasurer.

Good scores were made at the shoot held by the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club last Saturday. Wildhack was in good form and won out with 94 out of 100. There are fair prospects now for the sparrow tournament, and if it comes to a certainty, then many of the best shots of the country will take part, and some champions and ex-champions will shoot matches.

The shoot held by the progressive gun club at East St. Louis, Mo., last Friday was a big one, many visitors being present. At 50 targets: Rogers 46, Clay 44, Baggerman 41, Reithmann 36, Stroh 22. Winans, at 150 targets, broke 126; Snyder at 125, 80; Baggerman 125, 115; Clay 100, 86; Huff 100, 49; Warren 110, 80; Rogers 75, 69; Huff 75, 65.

The touring shooters of the Pacific Coast were heard from a few days ago at Medford, Ore., and as they were a day or two ahead of the shoot, the time was occupied in fly-fishing on the Rogue River, where the trout and the steelheads are rising, and all conditions are just right.

The Onawa, Mich., Gun Club held a shoot Monday, the first shoot of the year. Few were out, and the scores are not like unto those of old. At 25 targets: Druse 20, Wiltshire 18, Hinkley 14, P. H. Mahoney 14, Frank Van Loon 9, Dade 10. George Belding shot at 5 and broke all and had the laugh on the others.

E. A. Mosely won the cup at the shoot of the Dallas, Tex., Gun Club last Friday. He very kindly donated same to the club for a 100-target event. The shooters will be handicapped, and there will be an exciting time in the history of this club.

The last two days of September were occupied by the Herrington, Kans., Gun Club in entertaining their friends with a target tournament; $200 was added, and there was a good time at their shooting park.

Buffalo Center, Ia., Gun Club is planning for a big shoot this fall. Some of the prizes will consist of wild animals—buffalo, deer, etc.

Fuchs made the Crescent Gun Club's, Evansville, Ind., best score, being 25 straight. Hudly and Beard tied on 21, Williams 18, Brown 12.

Members of the South Haven, Mich., Gun Club made scores as follows: At 50 targets: Snobble 13, Nand 21, Cap. Johnson 26, Andrews 27, Hale 35.

There are now four gun clubs at Fort Wayne, Ind., viz.: Wayne, Broadway, Independent, Corner Rod and Gun Club. They are holding club shoots which are very interesting.

The Le Sueur Center, Minn., Gun Club is having an interesting series of matches with the Kilkenny and Waterville clubs.

Shooting at the East Grand Forks, Minn., Gun Club, Dr. Fletcher won the loving cup. Chas. Hanson, the Frazier medal, Ed. Bonik the Haunn medal, Ed. Lodgood the blue light. Shoots will be continued next season.

New Albany, Ind., has a new club—Burgoo Rod and Gun Club. The directors are Henry Page, George Maxwell and John F. Meyer.

Chicago Associated Gun Clubs, with $12,000 capital, has been organized, the incorporators being Fred H. Teeple, Chas. W. Greenfield and Theodore C. Robinson.

Following scores made by the members of the Hawkeye Gun Club, Cedar Rapids, Ia., at 30 targets, Thursday last: C. R. Hartenger 23, C. H. Pearce 20, John Hayeck 19, A. J. Smith 19, W. Stusak 18, J. W. Burgess 18, L. J. Rick 17, F. Rohrbacher 8, J. Rubec 5.

John Sumpter, Little Rock, Ark., defeated Richard Dwyer in the final shoot for the Highland Park cup at the Windsor track, Detroit, Mich. Scores, 25 live birds: Sumpter 21, Dwyer 20. Dwyer had hard luck in the last 5, missing 3.

The fall tournament of the Danville, Ill., Rod and Gun Club will be held Oct. 18 and 19. President John Long and Secretary Herman Tengen are now arranging the details. Shooters from many of the surrounding towns will lend their assistance.

H. Borden and Guy Ward are touring Arkansas. They lately met the boys at Little Rock and smashed a few. At 100: Ward 91, Borden 85, Paul Litzke 79, B. Vinson 75. At 75: H. L. M. Farlin 49, A. B. Poe 42, Mr. Cox 36, Mr. Kirk 50, W. B. Powell 65, John L. Pemberton 51, Ashley Cockrill 51, Mr. Dunn 39, Talbott Field 36, Mr. Barber 37. At 50: Tom Younts 28, Dr. J. H. Lenow 27, B. Jarnett 22, Mr. Raglan 35. M. B. Powell won the Spott and Jefferson medal.

Lee won the diamond medal in the gun club shoot at Ravenna, O., with a score of 20 out of 25. A stiff wind made conditions hard. There will be a tournament held there in October.

At the recent shoot of the Detroit, Mich., Gun Club, Carter won Class A medal, Randall the B, and Cartwright the C. Reed and Ponto Wood made good scores. At 25

targets: Knott 12, Randall 18, Carter 21, Davis 16, McGinnis 13, Sefie 10, Stenton 18, Cartwright 15, Butterfield 7, Wood 23, Reed 21.

The Orlando Gun Club, Jacksonville, Fla., has some excellent marksmen, and improvement is noticed in the weekly practice. Capt. Joant won a gold scarf pin as a prize this past week.

Information has been received that the Berwick Rod and Gun Club, Mt. Carmel, Pa., numbering about eighty sportsmen, has decided not to shoot any quail this season. All sportsmen in that part of the country are requested to join the movement.

Members of an outing club at Springfield, O., indulged in trapshooting, and J. Sheets was high gun, after winning in the shoot-off on a tie with W. U. Schooley. Score on tie 7 to 4 out of 10.

The East End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., held regular shoot at the club grounds last Sunday. Before a large crowd, Harry Hageman was the winner with 22 out of 25, standing at 21yds. The next shoot will occur Oct. 7.

Eureka Gun Club, Bradford, O., held a match last Saturday at which W. H. Somerson and John Jones won prizes. The club now can boast of sixty members, and there are prospects of building a club house on the river this fall.

At the Crawfordsville, Ind., shoot, Lee Barkley made 208 out of 215. L. H. Reed 207, F. Le Noir 206.

Members of the Marion, Ind., Gun Club are very enthusiastic over the prospects for the tournament, to be held Oct. 9 and 10. This club claims to be the best in the State, although it has been organized but a few weeks.

At the shoot held at Kendallville, Ind., at 400 targets, Brown 382, Willard 372, Tarney 371, Shepardson 364, Bruck 329, Anderson 327, Hanagan 322, Barkly 382, Stannard 372, Young 353, Clancey 328.

There will be something doing at Rockford, Ill., on Oct. 14 and 15, when there will be trapshooting galore on the good grounds so generously provided by T. J. Mulaney.

The Boise, Idaho, Gun Club proposes having a tournament during the fair to be held there this month. At the shoot held Thursday, J. G. Gray won the medal on 25 straight, while William Schultz won the Fowler trophy with 45 out of 50. J. G. Gray shot at 125 and broke 47, William Schultz (100) 88, B. S. Eastman (125) 107, Adelmore (75) 64, H. Bayhouse (125) 105, F. M. Eastman (125) 102, Wm. Tatrow (75) 57, C. Aldaman (125) 87, R. A. Martin (50) 28.

Capt. Hardy, the rifle expert, was one of the attractions at the Council Bluff, Ia., state fair.

Members of the West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club are this week busy with live game. Their prospects are good for large bags, as ducks and grouse are reported plentiful. Targets will have the go-by until the snow has passed away next spring.

The directors of the Sherman, Tex., Gun Club met and decided upon a site for the construction of a lake. This will be seven miles west of the city, and will cover sixty-five acres.

The North End Gun Club, of Port Huron, Mich., held its shoots Tuesday last for the trophy. At 20 targets: Merburg 17, Pilkey 16, Schroor 17, Luck 17, Hazelwood 19, Kimball 15, Rumells 12.

The Tulso, I. T., Gun Club has secured new grounds north of town, and will hold the first shoot of the season on Friday next.

Capt. W. H. McFadden, of the Industry Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., is pushing the club's interest, and will not be content unless all the members turn out and shoot regularly.

The Eureka Gun Club, Bradford, O., held a match last Saturday, during which W. H. Lamerson and John Jones walked off with the prizes. The club is flourishing these fine days, and improvements will be made in the club's property.

Word comes from Downs, Kans., that the nimrods are about to revive the gun club, and to that end will endeavor to perfect a permanent organization.

Members of the gun club at Bloomington, Ill., are disappointed in the ruling of the Attorney-General that prairie chickens may be killed legally in Illinois, July 1, 1907.

Members of the Victor Gun Club, Cripple Creek, Colo., keep up the weekly shoots, though a number of the shooters are away on their annual hunts.

Sunday last week, the first big shoot of the Mishawaka, Ind., Gun Club was held at their park. S. F. Greenleaf, an expert, was present and made some good scores, as did President Rosewarne and J. C. Eberhart, Jr. Ernest Beebe, former President Hansenro, Harry Doll and others took part. This club is now booming a tournament for latter part of October. A meeting to be held Monday night will determine the matter.

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Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
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W. R. Crosby, shooting the **PARKER GUN** at Denver, Colo., Aug. 25, 1906, won the Western Handicap with the record score of 97 out of 100 at 21yds. rise. At the same shoot Mr. Crosby also scored 298 out of 300. Such scores as these prove the merits of the Parker Gun beyond question. The **PARKER GUN** has always done the greatest shooting the world has ever known. Send for catalogue.

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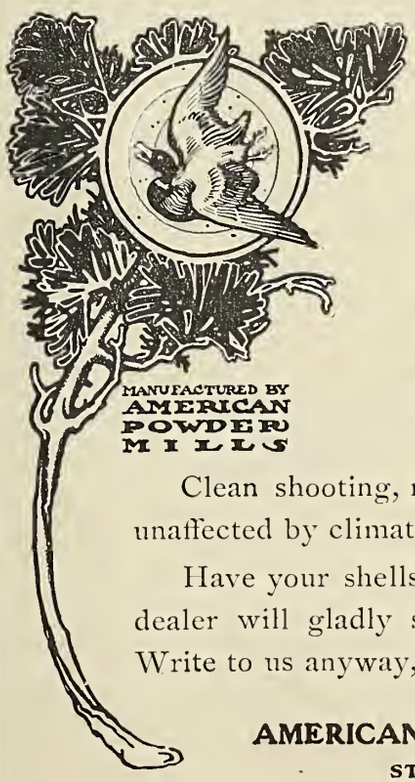

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Model '93, Large Caliber Rifle. When the crash of the fleeing buck and doe makes your heart jump and brings your gun with a jerk to your shoulder,

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Marlin Model '93s are sure-fire and accurate. All *Marlin* rifles are simple, strong, easy to carry and have that balance which makes you shoot well.

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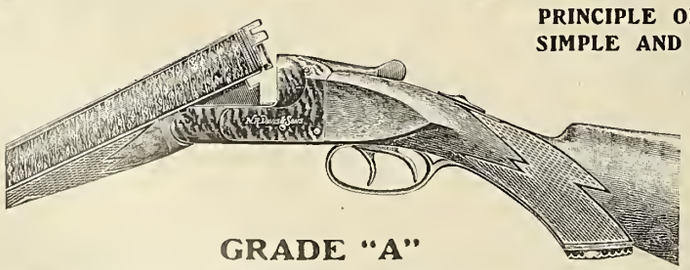

1906

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

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Practical Dog Training; or, Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. To which is added a chapter on training pet dogs, by an amateur. Cloth, 165 pages. Price, $1.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

The best records made by those who participated in the last shoot held at Reading, Mich., are: At 140 targets: Harris 123, Babcock 118, D. Rice 109, B. Cahow 107, Lochow 106.

Dr. R. Cocke made the best score, 25 straight, at the Marshall, Tex., Gun Club shoot, held last Saturday. The attendance was good, there being twenty-five present.

About thirty-five shooters were present at the shoot given by the Auto City Gun Club, Lansing, Mich., last Tuesday. Reed, of Detroit, was high; Benson, of Laingsburg, was second, and John S. Boa third.

On account of the reduced rates on the railroads during the state fair, there was a large attendance at Spokane to greet Capt. Marshall and his gang of world's famous trapshooters when they appeared at the Natatorium Park grounds.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 29.—Handicaps apply only in events 2 and 3. Nine members of the club and two visitors, Messrs. Billings and McMurtry, of the New York Athletic Club, were present to-day. In event 1, for practice, Barnes and Colquitt tied for first place, each breaking 23. Event 2 was won by Boxall with a score of 24, he receiving three boxes of shells as a reward. Event 3, the weekly event for the field gun, gun to be held below the elbow till target appears, was won by Cockefair. Event 4, a walking match, was won by Dr. Talbot, while event 5, miss-and-out, went to Colquitt.

On next Saturday, Oct. 6, the club will hold its annual fall tournament, and shoot the team race with the Newton club.

Nott, Jr., 2..	17	20	19	6	7	Billings, 0...	18	21	19	8	6
Dr Talbot, 2..	17	19	17	9	3	McMurtry, 2.	12	18	18	6	2
Cockefair, 2..	18	18	22	7	4	Bush, 0.....	17	21	18	7	4
Parke, 2.....	16	20	16	7	2	Boxall, 2.....	19	24	17	5	6
Colquitt, 0...	23	22	20	7	8	Winslow, 4..			13	6	1
Barnes, 0....	23	19	14	5	2						

Edward Winslow, Sec'y.

North Side Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 29.—Threatening weather was the cause of a lighter attendance than was anticipated at the weekly shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club to-day. There were six programme events. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	15	15	10	10
H Wright	13	11	..	8	..	5
B Terhune	16	..	6	7	6	4
C Tiddes	12	13	9	8	6	7
J Polhemus	10	..	7	..	5	..
O Buckner	6	..	..	4	..	1
F Brown	13	..	8	..	9	7
W H Wilson	12	..	5	6	7	5
F L Van Houten	11	..	..	8	6	..
N Banta	18	15	12	7	5	..
A Veenstra	16	..	10	..	5	..
A Landis	..	..	11	..	3	..
A Edwards	..	..	6	..	4	..
E Simonton	..	..	6	..	1	..

Indianapolis Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 29.—Mr. Hunter was high gun. Parry, Hunter, Tripp and Smoke made straights. There will be a two-man team race Saturday, Oct. 13, 100 targets per man; $100 a side, between E. H. Tripp, and M. J. Hershey on one side, and Thomas Parry and W. N. Wise on the other. The club will present the winning team with a medal.

Weather conditions, continuous rain.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	17	16	18	19	20	20
Tripp	16	20	16	19	19	18
Wildhack	17	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	20	18	19	17	18	19
Moore	18	16	15	17	13	..
Smoke	16	19	16	20	18	..
Short	18	18	17	17	17	..
Daggett	12	13	11	13	15	..

Secretary.

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

It has been several months since we have had an opportunity to record any pistol scores by our all-around crack man, Wm. Almy. Like most of us, he has been too busy to indulge in much practice; but unlike most of us, the rest has not caused any rustiness, as his 50-shot score of 442 proves.

Some time ago we were taunted by the Taunton Rifle Club, who wanted to shoot a match with military rifles, ten men to a team. This was out of the question with us, as we had but three or four men who knew anything about the military weapon, and they were rusty. During the past month or two, however, interest in this style of shooting has picked up, and we now have five or six men who can handle the Krag in fair shape, and propose to trolley over to Taunton if we can get five men together some Saturday afternoon. It will be a nice ride if the weather is good; we will have a chance to meet some congenial fellows; that is where our end of the game comes to a brilliant finish, for the result of the match can be easily forecast. But if those five men can get away from work, they will be over the Massachusetts line ere long.

There was an extra good attendance at the Saturday shoot, many familiar faces being in evidence, including the .45 "twins." Lack of practice showed poor scores, and but a few could be secured.

Mr. Luther raised our 25yd. Standard rifle record with a pretty 93, all bullseyes. To fully appreciate this, one wants to try a few shots at the inch bull at 25 yards, an 80 is good work on this little terror, with us.

Rifle scores:

Standard, 50yds.: Mayo 77, 77, 81, 82, 77, 81, 76, 77, 76, 80, 83; Luther 82, 81, 83; Leete, .30 Savage, 60.

Standard, 25yds.: Luther *93; Mayo 78, 82, 78, 80.

*Raised record.

Twenty-five yards, ¼in. ring target: Mayo 241, 244, 242, 233, 241, 237, 234, 243, 237; Tillinghast 223, 221; Gardiner *242, 240, 240, 242, 241; Luther 243, 238.

*Medal match scores.

Revolver scores:

Standard, 50yds.: Wm. Almy, .22 pistol, 85, 92, 88, 86, 91; total 442; Parkhurst 76, 79, 86; Argus 79, 73; Willard 80, 78, 82; Hurlburt 81.

Creedmoor, state range count, 50yds.: Argus 46, 45; Hurlburt 44, 46; Parkhurst 45, 47, 48; Willard 46, 46, 46.

Creedmoor, 75yds.: Willard 40.

Standard, 20yds.: Hurlburt 76.

Rifle Notes.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club has nearly finished its rifle pits, and its first rifle shoot will be held on Oct. 13. Thus this club is fully equipped for both shotgun and rifle practice.

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SAM'L G. STONEY, Charleston, S. C. 16

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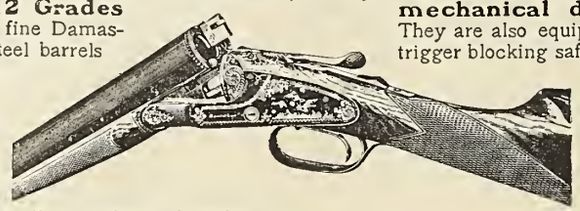

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MELANCHOLIA.

When sadness sits upon the ashen brow;
When e'en a tale of happiness, of joy, of pleasure, is told in mournful numbers;
When cruel bereavement seems impending;
When the grievous weight of deep despondency completely fills the already overburdened soul;
When sorrow is the abiding guest of the mind's most gloomy chamber;
When dark foreboding of evils yet unknown shall choke the sinuous channels of a perturbed mind;
When death itself would be accepted as the welcome guest to speed this parting desolation;
When the dark shadow of bitter disappointment extinguishes the bright and cheerful sunlight of anticipation;
Then, indeed, do we find the cause of this despairing melancholy can be properly expressed only in the colloquial language of the Southland,
"Ah dun los' mah rabbit's foot!"

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Correspondence invited. Send for circulars. Address
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It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

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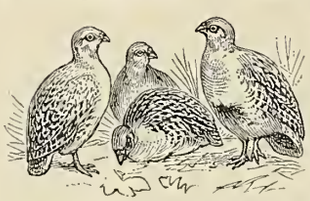

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HOW A YANKEE GOT AWAY WITH "A DUTCH SON OF A SEA COOK."

From the San Francisco Examiner.

WHILE the United States ship Nipsic and several men-of-war of different nations anchored near each other in the harbor of Montevideo the crew of a Dutch man-of-war, which was moored near Uncle Sam's ship, entered into liveliest competitive drill and did their utmost to beat the time made by the American boys in shinning masts up and down and crossing yards. After some very determined racing, in which the American had slightly laid over their persistent competitors, one of the Dutchmen who had succeeded in crossing the mainroyal yard a few seconds astern of the time made by the Nipsie gave a loud shout which drew the attention of every ship in the harbor, and shinning up the long pole to the truck, which is a circular piece of wood about as large as a dinner-plate, fixed at the very top of the mast and used for the purpose of hoisting the flags, he drew himself up and stood on his head on the truck, and twirled his legs around as if to challenge and deride the possibility of any seaman daring to rival him in that line of business, and after maintaining his position for almost a minute he repeated his yell of defiance and slid down the royal backstay to the deck, where he was received by a cheer that could be heard all over the city of Montevideo. The rousing cheer had an instantaneous effect upon the temper of Jack Peterson, the curly-headed captain of the Nipsic's foretop, who after declaring that no square-headed Dutchman under the sun could get ahead of him, rushed up to the main truck, and in attempting to stand on his head, which he had never before attempted to do, he instantly overbalanced and fell a distance of 180 feet into the water, accidentally going in feet first, after the manner of an expert diver. The somersault and fall were entirely accidental and looked from a distance like a feat of great skill. Jack was at once pulled aboard the ship and before he had fully recovered his breath he jumped on the rail, and shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the Hollander, he shouted at the top of his voice: "There, you Dutch pea-soup guzzling son of a sea cook, let's see you beat that."

Nick Barco, of Crystal River, Florida, well-known throughout Hernando and Levy counties of that State as a genial fellow, tells this one of himself: One afternoon, taking his double-barrel on his shoulder, he started through a piece of pine woods surrounding a small hamak to look for a yoke of oxen, and as he turned the point of the hamak, from the further side, two fine deer started out and cantered off through the pines not twenty yards in front of him. He stopped still and watched them, saying to himself, "What a shot! If I had my gun I could get them both." As they disappeared over the ridge, he remembered that he had his gun on his shoulder, and then ran after them; but too late, of course.

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PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS.—Trained and untrained coon, wolf, bear, squirrel and rabbit dogs. Finely trained, experienced and reliable. Guaranteed. D. E. HOPKINS, Imboden, Ark.

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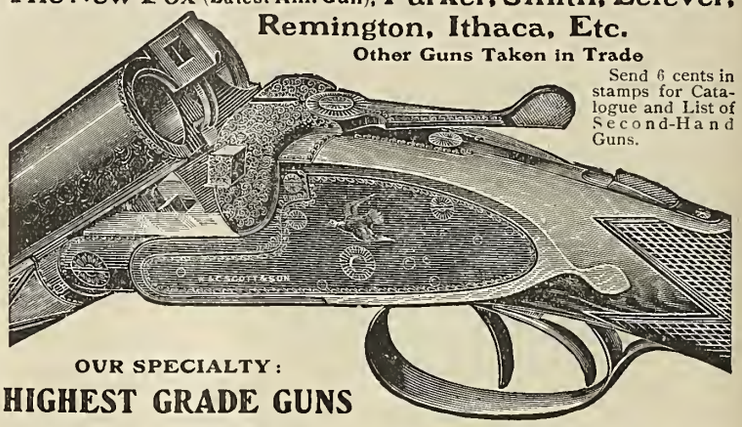

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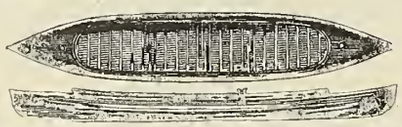

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NEW YORK.

THE GILLIE HELD HIS TONGUE.

As a rule gillies are intelligent and observant, and anxious to do their utmost to secure sport for the "gents." Sometimes, however, friction will arise through misunderstanding, and when such is the case farewell to sport, unless the differences are squared up, or a change of gillie is obtained. I could give several incidents to illustrate this, but one may suffice. A middle-aged officer, who had spent most of his time in foreign service, found his way to the Highlands a few years ago for the first time. His gillie was a capital hand, but rather loquacious. The officer, who had always been accustomed to the strict discipline of the army, and the gulf which there subsists between superiors and inferiors, thought the free and easy familiarities of his attendant altogether out of place. His ideas of propriety were so outraged that he snubbed the gillie; in fact, told him to speak only when spoken to. It must have been a sore trial to a garrulous man like this gillie to remain silent all day, but he did so—only answering his master in as few syllables as possible whenever he spoke. They had a hard day of it wandering hither and thither on the moor. On their way home with empty bags the sportsman was not in the best of humor. He remarked to the gillie how disappointing it was; but how could it be otherwise as they saw neither beast nor bird they could fire at? "Yes, sir," said the gillie. "What do you mean?" retorted the officer. "Surely you don't understand me: I say we have not seen a head of game the whole day." "I have, sir," was the laconic reply. "Indeed! and what did you see?" The tongue-tied gillie now burst forth with his usual volubility. "Well, when we was at Dalmeadhonach I seen a nice fat roe-puck in the brackens apout forty yairds awa', and at Camusguarchan I seen some plack-cock, and at Lubnambirran I seen prown hares, and at Corrymhuiltein I seen——" "And why the d—— did you not tell me at the time?" interrupted the infuriated sportsman. "Jist pecause you ordered that I wasna to spoke at aal until I was to be spoken to." The officer used language which need not be reproduced here; the letter D occupied a prominent position as an initial to some of his expletives. The gillie lost his place. —London Fishing Gazette.

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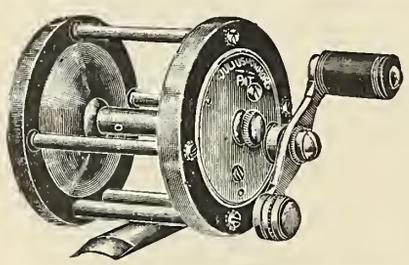

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Forest and Stream

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

HOUNDED.

The English language has been broadly enriched and invigorated by varied tropes which have had their origin in ideas and activities associated with the chase, a term which embodies the idea of pursuer and pursued, and dominates man's thoughts and acts, directly or indirectly, throughout his entire existence. Pursuing or being pursued is a constant of life, whether we consider it in relation to man's existence in a savage state, or in relation to his existence under the highest forms of civilization.

The sports associated with dog, or dog and gun, have been a prolific source of popular figures of speech, sanctioned in usage by high and low, wise and simple, from time immemorial. They have a certain force and application which aid much to vigor of expression and clearness of comprehension. Thus the familiar expression "To run with the hare and hold with the hound," accurately expresses the difficult position of the man who endeavors to make a good pretense of being equally loyal to two or more opposing parties.

The hound has held a dominant place in the idea of persistent, pitiless pursuit. Be the trail ever so long, so difficult, so tangled, he presses onward or unravels it relentlessly. The pursued is in a state of distressing apprehension. Speed and stratagem failing many times to throw the pursuer from the trail, the pursued loses heart, is gradually worn down and finally succumbs to the inevitable. "Hounded to death" has thus come to have a figurative significance in human affairs. Like other expressions, it can be properly used to express a fact or improperly used to express a falsehood. In respect to the latter, a man passed away a few days since by the act of his own hand. He claimed that he had been "hounded to death." He had run a gambling game, notoriously debased and dishonest even among his like confreres. It appealed to the very poor, the class which exists in poverty and squalor, to whom the matter of pennies is a matter of existence. Disregarding the overwhelming advantages of "the game" even when run honestly according to the gambler's standard of honesty, the drawings of his lottery were readjusted so that the smallest possible money would be lost; and this man became a multi-millionaire from the inflow of pennies from women, children and laborers. In due time he became a convict. Later he was freed, and made many protestations of a new and better life, holding possession of his unholy millions meanwhile. With all his wealth, he was ostracised socially, the public opinion of the country was loudly denunciatory, and he found that, notwithstanding his immense wealth, he was viewed as a pariah of civilization. When he plead that he was "hounded to death," he probably did not know that the hounds were used quite as freely on the pests of a country as for the matter of mere sport.

PENALTIES FOR GAME LAW BREAKERS.

The reports from the game fields which have come to us so far this season are in the main satisfactory to sportsmen who favor strict observance of the game laws. Of course there are selfish men who shoot, just as there are selfish men who drive motor cars at terrific speed on the highways. Violations of game and speed laws are punishable as misdeameanors so long as human life and limb are not jeopardized, and there will always be individuals who, for their own selfish ends, will risk even severe fines, and consider that they have purchased their fun cheaply.

Game protection by states and counties is not such an old institution in the United States as to meet the approval of all classes, and there are men who still regard game laws as interfering with their own peculiar ideas of freedom in a free country; but where such men were in the majority a few years ago, they hold a different position to-day, and if it were not for the difficulty in watching the isolated places where they hunt, their actions could be so regulated that they would become law-abiding citizens. Still, the cause of game protection and preservation has made good progress in the face of seemingly discouraging obstacles, and its friends have good reason to rejoice.

For the obstinate ones the lawmakers have tried prohibiting the sale of game, confiscation of the guns and dogs of game law breakers, limiting the shooting to a certain number of birds per day, and prohibiting the killing of females and fawns, respectively. Other means generally conceded to be effective are jail sentences, and the revocation of licenses for a season or longer. Some of these penalties are enforced to-day and seem to be effective.

Prohibiting the sale of game takes away the calling of professional market gunners and is gaining favor gradually. Confiscation of guns and dogs has, where practiced, been wonderfully potent in proving to persistent misdemeanants that honest game wardens cannot be trifled with. To forfeit a valuable gun or dog touches a man's heart as well as his purse. Bird limits are quite satisfactory, but the fault with most of the limit laws is that they place the numbers allowed too high.

It cannot be denied that laws forbidding the shooting of does and fawns protect both men and deer—and there is urgent need of protection for the former. One who knows a careless shot may take him before a magistrate, will think twice before firing at swaying bushes; for, while he may excuse himself for killing a man by saying it was an accident, a similar plea will not save him from a fine for killing a doe or a fawn, curious though this may seem.

When reasonable means fail, however, more stringent ones are necessary, and of these one at least—the imposition of jail sentences—seems to be favored in certain quarters. Dynamiting fish is one of the offenses that should be punishable by a jail sentence and not by a fine, and this practice is deemed a felony in certain states, as it should be, for the dynamiter destroys the state's property in a wholesale way to accomplish his greedy purpose. In some cases a party of men happen to be among the wildfowl when stress of weather drives them into local waters in vast numbers, and they shoot and shoot until all the available ammunition is exhausted, then count their bag and find that three or four figures are required to express the number. Of being fined they are certain, but count it a cheap method of getting home with their ducks, some of which are given away and others left to rot. The same thing happens when men who long for trophies go out for elk, or mountain sheep, or even buffalo, fully prepared to pay the penalty in cash.

If these wilful law-breakers knew that a jail sentence and no fine awaited them, they would not be so eager for records and trophies.

That hunting licenses should be revoked for a season or more as a punishment for those found breaking the laws is conceded, and in cases of careless shooting the prohibition should be perpetual.

THE RIFLE MATCH AT CREEDMOOR.

A study of the scores made by the two teams competing at Creedmoor last week for Sir Howard Vincent's trophy will show how skillful British and American riflemen have become at the mid and long ranges. And it will also show how perfect are the military rifles, sights and ammunition in the hands of volunteers. Almost invariably in a match of this sort a few men on each team make high scores, but the majority fall below their average. The contrary holds good in this match, for the average of every man on both teams is high. It is true that the Creedmoor range is not an easy one on which to make high scores, but while the weather conditions were favorable, except for the haze, the Seventh Regiment men were shooting to win, not to defend, the trophy, and the Queen's Westminsters were not at their best after their long voyage. Riflemen claim the shooting of the two teams was the best ever done at Creedmoor. Certainly it is something both nations should be proud of, while the youth of Great Britain and America should consider similar honors worth striving for, and practice rifle shooting with increased interest.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Siberia.

The Tourists' Compressed Tea.

A 3-pound slab of this hydraulic-compressed tea snugly fits the coat-pocket. Imagine trying to squeeze the bulk of a 3-pound package of loose tea into your coat-pocket! The brick-tea is a higher grade of tea than the average American is accustomed to with his "hyson" and "oolong" and "mixed-tea" mysteries. It is compressed with such titanic pressure (but without the mixture of any agglutinating agent whatever, for that would impair the purity and delicate taste of the tea) that the breaking of a chunk off for the tea-cup is sometimes quite a warm little work. Siberia and Russian camping-outers, trappers and the nomad tribes have used the tea-tiling for generations. Soldiers along the line of a railroad—to save the labor of breaking up the granite-like slabs for the canteen huge kettle-boiler—at times avail of the passage of a convenient train to run over and break up the slabs for them.

In addition to its uses as an article of consumption, the compressed tea comes in handy as a temporary hammer or mallet (you can drive 4-inch nails without chipping it); as a handy writing tablet—its note-paper size of about 6in. by 8in. peculiarly fitting it for this purpose; and (would it be believed) troopers on the march who have "got down at the heel" have actually been known to renew the heels by sawing out heel-like chunks from the inch-thick tea-slabbing, and (after ripping off the lopsided-worn old leather heels) screwing the tea-heels in their place. Screws must be used—not nails—as the tea-tiling is too resisting for the latter. Naturally, it does not wear quite so well as leather, particularly in wet weather, yet it is marvelous what wear can be got out of that tea-heeling.

Footsore soldiers have been known to pulverize the same brick-tea, and place it in their boots to "soften the tread." It is cooling; and possibly the tannic acid of the tea has a certain soothing effect on the foot. The pressure of walking, however, again compresses it into a more or less thickened cake, and the wearer can remove it intact.

For the illustration of the granite-tea, and others interspersed through this paper, credit is due to a paper on the trans-Siberian tea-caravan route in the Tea Trade Journal, of this city.

An Amusing Passport Error.

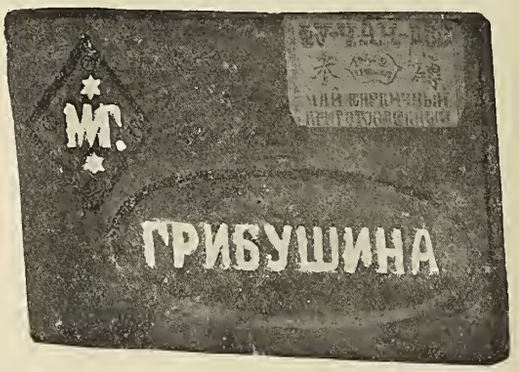
Traveling over slafdom, the passport is a very necessary instrument. During my couple of years' transit from the Pacific to Polonia, I had issued to me altogether some seventy or eighty documents, including permits from local chiefs. One of these I still preserve as a curio.

At a town in eastern Siberia, one of the officials issuing me a document could not understand for the life of him why—among other reasons advanced—I should be in Siberia to "have a look at the [then-constructing] railroad."

"Are there not plenty of railroads in your own country, America?"

My knowledge of Russian at the time was very limited; but another official came to the rescue (or thought he did) in a very novel manner. He ventured to help me out to his chief with the wonderful proposition that what I was trying to struggle out in Russian—through the slow process of a pocket-dictionary—was not that I was in Siberia "to look at the railroad," but "to look for a wife." (The Russian words for "railroad" and "wife" are somewhat similar.)

Singularly enough, all those present appeared to be of this same opinion—self alone excepted—for the simple reason I could not make out what they were getting at. But it is a usual thing in Siberia for a villager, if unable to find a wife in his own district, to visit neighboring communities for one, and to provide himself with a document from the local mayor, certifying who he is, etc. In that category, therefore, they placed me. So I was innocently furnished with



A SLAB OF TEA.

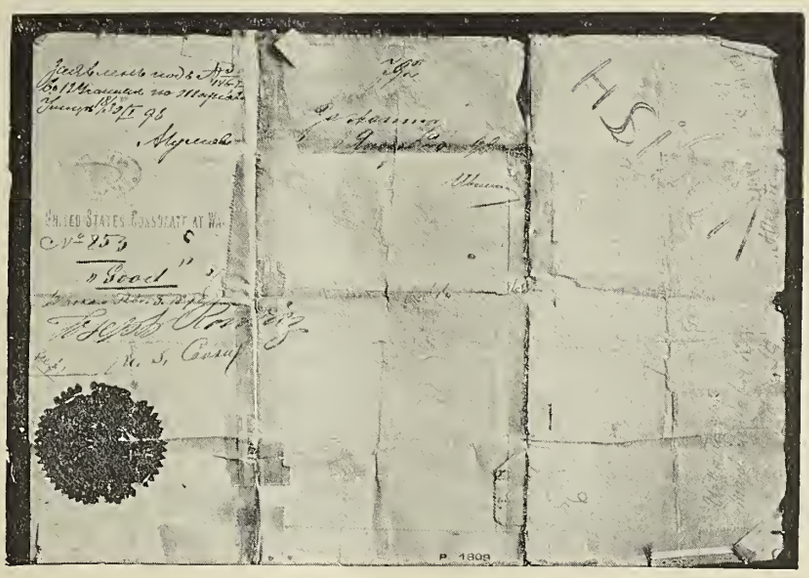
this authorization to "traverse Siberia to look for a wife"; and, still ignorant of the real wording of the paper, was often puzzled in subsequent villages visited, by the grouping round me at the village hostelries of isolated squads of tittering marriageable young women, who, biting their nails, would cast good-humored furtive glances at the "wild animal from America." Of course, in these villages everybody soon knows everybody; and after my document had been read, I was soon the object of a trifling-important curiosity by the "bride-candidates" of the place, who would edge about each other abashed, each trying to get behind the other, and breaking into laughter at one another's bantering remarks.

However, we materially failed to understand each other—I took the humor in good part, and would go my way "happy and rejoicing." Not till some time later was it explained to me by a Russian engineer that those groups of young women were an answer to the document authorizing me to "traverse Siberia to look for a wife."

The Siberian Market Place.

Every Siberian town and townlet has its old-junk marketplace, called bazar, where everything is sold from hens and fresh bread to old samovars and coffins—new and second-hand. There are half-a-dozen museums through Siberia, in the big towns; but few travelers know that the hundreds of marketplaces throughout the land are often veritable unclassified old curiosity museums. Often have I spent a couple of hours passing slowly from stall to stall, rousing the curiosity of the mujik marketmen as to what I could find of earthly interest there, since I rarely bought a thing. There are stalls containing nothing but rusty discarded parts of machinery, and (fairly well posted on machinery myself) I would try to figure out

SIBERIAN MARKET PLACE—KRACHOIARCK.



MY PASSPORT TO "LOOK FOR A WIFE."

what industry's machinery they were from. Often I failed entirely—the parts would be from past-date machinery of an epoch long before my time.

Of course, one can learn nothing new nor get new ideas from these marketplace museums. I would find them fatiguing myself if, to occupy my time, I again happened to saunter through the bazar and lingered too long there. Still, some of them are more interesting than the orthodox museums themselves; and if a traveler ever finds himself sidetracked in the average dull Siberian or Russian town, let him always remember he can get a couple of hours' diversion by inquiring for and sauntering through the local bazar. L. LODIAN.

An American in Africa.

THE greater and wiser the man, the more simple his language and manners. The greater the achievement, the more modest and unassuming the one who has done it. These statements are so generally true, as to be almost axiomatic. They almost invariably apply to one whose life and studies and work have brought much contact with nature. A fine illustration of these principles is found in Mr. Aubrey Danvers, of Denver. The writer recently met and traveled with him for several days, and a more modest, genial, courteous, agreeable fellow-traveler would be hard to find. Yet when he could be persuaded to talk of his experiences in Africa, every listener recognized his intelligent worth and the greatness of his deeds. He certainly illustrated his own definition of a gentleman, "One who avoids trouble and seeks to make it pleasant for those about him." After considerable acquaintance, the writer obtained Mr. Danvers' persuasion to make notes for FOREST AND STREAM, and the following very interesting incidents and observations are given as nearly as possible in his own words. Furthermore, they have never been in print to his knowledge. Though he has written sketches and been interviewed repeatedly, these incidents are fresh.

Mr. Danvers has spent several years in Africa in the combined capacity of sportsman and prospector—he said: "I always combined the two," and has an intimate knowledge of the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Natal and Mashonaland. He also knows other sections. He describes the climate of the Transvaal and Rhodesia as perfect. It gives a restful feeling, so that one can lie down and sleep the sleep of the just, even when lions are roaring in the distance. It is most like the Rocky Mountains in the fall of anything he has seen—only in the Rockies it is a little colder. In Africa there is always some moisture in the air; the air is clear, the stars are nearer, and everything is peaceful. That is the life for enjoyment. He has certainly had a large share of it. His varied experience has also developed that self-reliance and resourcefulness, that courage and adaptation, always requisite to the explorer's success.

Once with a few other white men and native servants, he made an expedition into Mashonaland during the rainy season. The rivers were swollen, and the party found other parties that had been waiting months for the rivers to subside. Mr. D. and his company made a dugout, but that was swamped at the first attempt to use it. Then they made a box five feet square, and covered it with canvas made as nearly as possible waterproof. This was for freighting baggage across the "cowholes." (These were deep places in the rivers 200 to 300 yards across, in which numbers of hippopotami made their abode.) Mr. D. and another man then swam across with a wire, and having made it fast on both sides the river, they ran the baggage over in the freight box running on the wire. Then they ran chains across for the wagons, and ran them over on the chains as guides. The stock swam across. The "sea-cow" (hippopotami) was not dangerous. The crocodiles were; but they were usually frightened off by the "boys" (natives) shouting, throwing stones and clubs into the water, and occasionally shooting. Once a stalwart Afrikander riding a horse across "a cowhole" was seized by the ankle by a crocodile and the beast jerked till the bone broke. The man then threw himself into the water to fight the beast, which at once grabbed him, drew him between the forelegs, and holding him, there swam down among a network of roots and left him. That the crocodile does not eat fresh-killed prey, but deposits it among the roots under water until such time as its condition suits his taste was repeatedly proved by the carcasses of sheep and goats identified at low water. To this habit of the crocodile, the Afrikander owed his life for the time. When left among the roots, he swam out to an island in the middle of the river. The beast came for him, but was frightened off by the shouting, stone throwing, etc., of the men on the bank. They could not go after their comrade, as it was now dark, but in the morning they got him ashore and sent him in a cart to a hospital ten miles away. There a medical student cleaned a butcher's saw and cut off the injured leg below the knee. A man looking on saw a mark in the marrow, and said, "You had better do it right." The student answered, "I know what I am about." The next morning the patient had no pain, and fully described the incident with the crocodile, his feelings among the roots, etc.; but his knee was black. His leg was then cut off above the knee, but it was too late. He died of blood poison. This is characteristic of the bite of a crocodile.

Another time a young fellow, a leader of the oxen, was standing in water waist-deep holding a rope of oxen. A young crocodile seized his hand. He seized the brute and lifted it above the water. It then broke away and took two fingers and part of the hand. Quick treatment saved the native's life, and Mr. D. saw him eight years afterward.

In Rhodesia, Mr. D. was hunting a baboon with dogs. They treed the game, and as Mr. D. came up, it stood in the fork of the tree and showed its teeth. When it turned sidewise, he shot it through the lungs. It fell and the dogs chased it among grass and rocks. It growled fearfully. Finally the growling ceased, and there was a noise of approach. Mr. D. mounted a rock two feet high in a little opening. The baboon appeared walking upright. Mr. D. shot him in the breast at one rod. He never noticed it nor changed a particle, but came right on. The next shot was within an inch of the other and at a distance of eight feet. It broke his back and the beast fell. A dog rushed in and seized it. The beast turned its head and seized the dog by the neck. Mr. D. put his rifle to the brute's head for a finishing shot, and the dog jumped away. The baboon was dead. Examination showed that both shoulders were broken by the first shot. This explained why the arms were down and he walked upright in the charge. Both in the tree and in the charge he looked wicked, devilish.

A leopard one night came near the camp. The dogs gave chase, and Mr. D. and another man hastily followed. The leopard soon treed, but ran at the approach of the men. Several times this was repeated, tree and run, tree and run, till finally he took refuge in a leafless tree and could be seen quite plainly. D. had a 50-caliber rifle, but only one cartridge. His Companion, B., had a double-barrel shotgun. As they came in sight of the game, D. said, "Don't fire both barrels, for I am no good with this one cartridge unless right on him." B. answered, "You need not teach me," and fired both barrels. The leopard leaped down between the men, and B. ran. The dogs closed, and D. tried to shoot but could not, on account of the dogs. Finally the leopard stood up free from the dogs, his head higher than D.'s head, and struck at him, but missed. D. thrust the muzzle of his rifle into the beast's mouth, the dogs seized and threw him on his back, and then, with rifle in the mouth, the one cartridge did its work. After the leopard was killed, B. came up and said, "That was a fine shot of mine. He is mine. I drew first blood." "All right," said D., though he knew well enough the situation. So B. started to carry his leopard to camp. Pretty soon he said, "Something is crawling on my neck." "I guess not, you imagine it," said D. But the complaints were frequent, and throwing down the game, B. insisted that D. should strike a match and look. Of course, he did not see anything. The leopard was infested with fleas, and B. got so many that he was uncomfortable all night. As D. lay in his blankets and listened to the fun, he concluded he was even with B. for claiming the leopard's skin. Next day examination showed that only one pellet of shot had hit the animal.

Mr. Danvers has seen such quantities of game as few countries afford at the present time. A long procession of eland, 300 antelope in a herd, and 26 lions at one time, are among the unusual sights that have greeted him. The 26 lions were around a kill that had been made during the night and were there for breakfast. They were not disturbed.

Once in good koodoo country the camp needed meat. D. and B. started out to get it. They found two bull koodoos, and both fired. B.'s ran, but D.'s fell. When they came near, it up and ran. Getting within range, B. asked the shot. "All right," said D., "only be careful and sure." At 100 yards B. shot suddenly, and the koodoo ran. Again up with the game B. shot twice and missed. By this time D. was so annoyed that he shot and missed at 60 yards. But he plunged ahead and drove the wounded animal into a river, where the natives killed it with assegais. Then all hands hurried to camp, on account of lions, which could be heard all

around before dark. When lions stop their noise, they are near camp. The lion's true roar makes the ground tremble. Nearby it makes a man's hair stand. You know there is something with which you cannot cope in the dark.

In outspanning for the night, the ox yokes are usually laid in a semi-circle and the oxen tied to them by a rope, but inside the circle and facing outward. The fire is about at the center of the circle. The wagons are back of the fire. One night a monster lion crept up and sprang on a big ox at the wagon pole, seized the back of the neck with his teeth, turned the neck with his paw, and broke it instantly. On my expressing surprise that the lion could do it so skilfully and quickly, Mr. D. replied, "That's his business. He gets his living by doing such things."

One evening a lion suddenly seized a donkey within ten yards of the wagons, killed and drew it into a hollow quicker than I can tell it. Several vollies were fired, but failed to dislodge the robber. Within one hour five lions were called there and feasted. In the morning only the "jacks's" backbone could be found. Literally all the rest had been eaten.

One morning a lioness seized a "jack." The native watchman came running into camp and shouted, "Philip (the jack's name) is killed!" "What?" "A lion." Philip was found in grass a foot high, but D. and B. could see no lion. Coming near the lioness was lying close behind the jack's body, and jumped and ran. The dogs started in pursuit, and about twenty jacks, with ears laid back and hehawing as only they could, joined in the chase. It was very funny, even ridiculous, to see that lioness run. Soon the donkeys returned, but the dogs and men followed the game. This was soon brought to bay by the dogs, and B. fired at 100 yards, hitting the lioness which immediately charged. But at fifty yards she suddenly stopped, and B. fired again, hitting her squarely between the eyes and killing her on the spot.

Late one afternoon the wagons and stock were outspanned on a point of land between a river and a donga, or deep gully. The river had three banks rising one above another. D. and B. were working with axes near the river on its lowest bank. Suddenly they heard growls behind them, and turning saw a magnificent blackmane lion standing on the bank above, within twenty feet of them, and looking down on them grandly and growling low. "I shall never forget his majestic look and attitude. He is photographed indelibly on my memory," said Mr. Danvers. The lion had sneaked in behind the two men as they were at work, and they were at his mercy. Their rifles were in the wagons; they had only axes—the situation was critical. They eyed him, and suddenly he sunk back and out of sight behind the bank on which he stood. Waiting a little, they made tracks for the wagons. The lion went into the donga. He was evidently out for supper and intended to get it. He held his position growling. They fired volley after volley in his direction, but he would not budge. As darkness came on, they built fires. The lion would not move. He wanted donkey meat and meant to have it. Finally D. took a dynamite cartridge and advanced cautionsly on the enemy, pushing out a line of fires toward the donga. He would build a fire, and then holding a fire-brand behind his back, advance, say twenty feet, and start another. All the time two men stood behind him with rifles ready if the lion should make a rush on him. D.'s rifle was also ready. In this way he worked near enough to the bank of the donga for his purpose, lighted the short fuse of the dynamite cartridge, and threw it over the bank as near the lion as possible. In four seconds the explosion made the sand and gravel fly in great shape, and the lion dusted. It was extremely funny to hear him running up the donga, roaring as he went. They heard him for about an hour, but he troubled them no more.

One night a lioness seized a "jack" as the donkeys were tied close to a camp. Mr. D. took a rifle and rushed outside the line of donkeys to keep them from stampeding. A little dog seeing him go, rushed impetuously after the lioness, but was soon running back straight for the blankets—and for life. The lioness was after him, and at every leap emitted a low growl-like yeough! yeough. As D. saw the great yellow hulk in the air in the act of leaping past him, he put his rifle against the side and fired. The lioness leaped off sideways, tore up the dirt and gravel, and went off hard hit.

In the morning other negroes found the spoor where it led into a thicket, and set fire to the grass to drive out the lioness. But she did not come out. They found her dead. The fire spoiled her skin. D. got the claws. His night shot had killed.

He generally used a Martin-Henry rifle, .45 caliber, and has shot specimens of all the large game of Africa except elephant and rhinoceros. What this means will be better appreciated by recalling the great exhibit of African game trophies shown by Mr. Douglas at the St. Louis fair and afterward in New York. Mr. Douglas told the writer that Africa has 132 varieties of game animals, and that he was showing specimens of 116 out of the 132. His collection was wonderfully interesting. Mr. Danvers has a large collection in London. When it shall be exhibited in New York (as the writer hopes it may) it will afford a rare treat.

Asked about the poisonous snakes of Africa, Mr. Danvers mentioned two kinds that are very deadly in their bite. The mamba, which is about ten feet long and the size of a man's finger. Once pursuing game in the jungle, D. suddenly saw a mamba hanging among the vines and tangle, and its head close to him. He instinctively put up his arms and crossed them over his eyes and stood still. When he dared look, the snake was gone. The puff-adder is also deadly. It is about two feet long and big as a man's arm. You generally hear them puff as you approach, and so you are warned. D. has killed many with a stick two feet long. But generally the "boys" do the killing.

One afternoon D. strolled from camp with a shotgun to get some birds for supper. Glancing toward the declining sun, he noticed a bright line on the ground some rods away. Looking in the same direction soon afterward, the line had moved, so he knew it was something. Walking softly toward it, he soon came up with a large python moving slowly away and not having seen him. He fired at a spot a few feet back of the head and broke the serpent's back. The head end lashed about and the jaws snapped terribly. Wishing to preserve the skin and so, of course, not wanting to injure it any more if possible, D. undertook to finish the the killing with clubs. They were scarce in the vicinity and several broke in his hands. All the time the snake was snapping and switching viciously. Finally with a stick nearly as large as a fence rail, the reptile was subdued. When D. thought it was dead, he undertook to put a noose around its neck in order to drag it to camp for skinning. He put a forked stick down over the neck, as a precautionary measure, and holding it with one hand, was just ready to slip the noose over the head with the other, when, presto!—the head was snatched back like lightning. "I must have jumped ten feet right backward," said Mr. D., in describing his escape. He then finished the killing for sure, noosed the snake as planned, and dragged it to camp. It created great consternation among the "boys." They said its mate would certainly follow the trail to camp and kill some of them in the night. Not one of them would sleep on the ground. They spent the night in trees. Mr. D. slept in his usual place under a wagon and was not disturbed. The python was thirteen feet in length. That there was some foundation for the terror of the natives was proved by a well authenticated incident in Natal. A gentleman there shot a python, and taking it home, hung it over a chair in his library. Being an inveterate joker, he then went to his wife, and after a little—saying nothing of his kill—asked her to go to the library and bring his house coat. He thought to give her a scare, but she did not return. Going to the library in search, he found her dead in the folds of a monster python wound about and crushing her against the very chair on which he had hung the dead one. He shot this python, but soon went mad from grief, and was taken to an asylum.

Mr. Danvers' knowledge of the natives of southern Africa is very intimate, and his confidence in them is proportionally large. He says they are usually kind and trustworthy—responsive to kind treatment and faithful to it. Trouble is generally made by white wickedness of some sort. Only very occasionally are force and severity necessary. When such occasions do come, great firmness and absolute fearlessness are requisite. The Mashonas wear a dagger six inches long in a wooden sheath hung by a cord around the neck and ready for instant use. A chief's dagger is a foot long and worn the same way. Other tribes have equally characteristic weapons. The sportsman often arms his "boys" with muskets for the killing of game and for defense if necessary. The natives do not hesitate to ask food or other help from the white man. They expect it of him if they are in need. To his "Why should I give you anything? You are a stranger. I don't know you." They reply, "You are a chief, and therefore you should." It is good policy to give to them. They never forget it. And if you should meet one whom you had thus befriended hundreds of miles from the place, he would remember and be ready to return your kindness. Many such instances occurred in my experience.

Once Mr. Danvers was traveling afoot with a mounted white man, who had engaged natives to take him to a certain place. On the way they deserted. The man did not know what to do. D. said, "We'll get them." D. and the white man had each a rifle and revolvers, and D.'s "boy" had two revolvers. Thus equipped, they went into the kraal, where the deserters had taken refuge among 300 or 400 other natives, and ordered them out. The men hesitated. D. said, "Come out or we'll shoot you!" Some other natives started for some muskets that stood in a corner of the kraal. D. said, "Touch them and we'll shoot you!" The deserters were secured without trouble and completed their contract.

JUVENAL.

A Bank Swallow Nesting Colony.

SAGINAW, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a negative taken on the Grand Cascapedia river, Quebec. The boat was moving rapidly down stream (I stood in a canoe to take the photograph). My object in sending it is to show the bank swallows' nests and the changes the river makes. This land was a meadow that formerly extended into the river probably fifty or seventy-five feet more than it does now—that is, within my memory, extending back ten or twelve years. You will notice great clumps of turf that have fallen down from the meadow bank, and right underneath the grassy bank the swallows have formed their usual nesting colony. There are several places on the lower Cascapedia river, where we were salmon fishing, where I noticed these colonies of swallows, hundreds of them; this one occupies an area about two acres in length.

The wearing away of the banks continually changes the river. Bars will form on the opposite side from where the water eats away the soil on the other. Then some old trees and drift wood will lodge in some other spot and begin to build up.

W. B. MERSHON.

Wild Pigeons in Kentucky.

WHILE down home in Louisville, Ky., June 27, I observed about sixteen wild passenger pigeons in one flock, about 100 yards up in the air—too high to be absolutely certain, though satisfied myself. On Aug. 3 I saw a pair in the same neighborhood that were flying not more than twelve feet high. I was on high ground. They were not more than thirty yards away. Their blue-dappled bodies, pointed tails and somewhat dove-like flight satisfied me what they were. They came from southwest and were headed northeast. They were about two miles south of the Ohio river. They were the first I have seen for a great number of years, and I was delighted.

FRED W. THORNBER.

NATURAL HISTORY

Remarkable Increase of Hares.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

One of the most notable changes in the *feræ naturæ* of a given district that has ever come to my personal knowledge has occurred within the past two years in certain sections of Nova Scotia, in which, in consequence of the changes of conditions, which have been brought about as regards environment and a great decrease of rapacious animals and birds which have heretofore kept them in check, the ordinary numbers of the great northern hare have multiplied in a most astonishing manner. Of course, it would be exaggeration to state that these animals bid fair to rival in fecundity and numbers the rabbits which were years ago planted in Australia, the descendants of which have become one of the greatest pests that has ever been inflicted on any country; but it is easily within bounds to say that the northern hare of Nova Scotia shows almost as striking an example of what may be done by even a slight change in the balance which nature has provided to check the too great increase of certain species of animals.

Natural History of the American Hare.

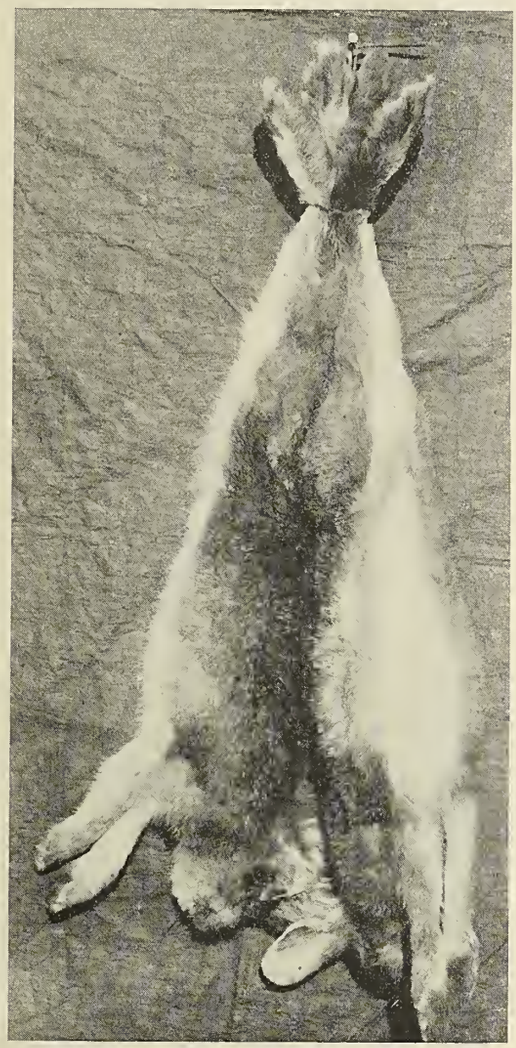
This well-known rodent, commonly called the northern or American hare, *Lepus americanus,* but often, though improperly, named the white rabbit, is more or less abundantly distributed from Pennsylvania northward to about the 68th degree of latitude, where it is replaced by the great Arctic hare, *Lepus glacialis*, its western limit being the Missouri plains. The appellation "white rabbit" that is bestowed on it is a misnomer, for we have no true rabbits on this continent, all our species of *Lepus*—and there are some twenty of them—being strictly hares, in that they do not burrow after the manner of European rabbits, and their young are born with their eyes open, and are, moreover, covered with hair, while the true rabbits are born naked and with eyes closed, in which condition they remain for two or three weeks. Of course, there are many anatomical differences between the two groups by which systematists separate them, but for our present purposes the above simple description of their characteristics will suffice.

The American hare is very prolific, the female giving birth to four or five young twice, and sometimes three or four times in a year, the leverets being brought forth in a soft, slightly raised nest she constructs and lines with fur pulled from her body. In ten days or a fortnight the little creatures, which are veritable hares in miniature, are able to leave the nest or form, as it is called, and run about; but they remain with the mother until they are at least half grown. Prolific as this animal is, and provided as it is with an abundance of food which is accessible on every side, it would, if it were not surrounded by a great number and variety of natural enemies, increase to such a degree that it would become a nuisance to the agricultural interests in localities which it finds adapted to its residence and growth.

Change of Natural Conditions.

The ordinary abiding place of this hare is in a forest-covered country, in which its enemies also find suitable coverts for approach upon their prey. In such surroundings, if the normal equilibrium is maintained, possibility of too great an increase is avoided; but remove the hare from great stretches of forest growth and locate it in a region in which there is scarcely more than a covering of shrubs and bushes and also destroy its natural enemies, and you provide favorable conditions for speedily increasing its numbers to almost any extent, and this is precisely what has been done in many portions of Nova Scotia.

For a number of years extensive forest fires have swept over vast stretches of country, from which the timber and other trees, after having been killed by the flames, have been removed, mostly for fuel, for fire-wood is a valuable commodity in southern Nova Scotia, and as a result immense stretches of treeless barrens are left upon which nothing but bushes and low shrub-



AMERICAN HARES.

bery have sprung up. Now these great wastes, sometimes miles upon miles in extent, furnish an environment that is exactly adapted to the well-being and increase of the hare, and the animal has taken advantage of its opportunities and in many sections is almost as numerous as are the locusts in the harvest field.

Numbers Shot and Snared.

Some idea of its prodigious numbers may be had when I state that on a "snaring trip" of one or two days, or an outing with the gun in the same length of time, from thirty to fifty are a common kill.

According to a local paper of recent date: "A party of seven of our Liverpool sportsmen started for Big Falls on Monday morning and returned Tuesday night with 333 rabbits, which they shot during their absence."

The record bag, however, was made by three hunters, who in a single afternoon shot eighty-six of the handsome rodents. Although immense numbers have been killed, not one has been wasted, for those which were not brought into immediate use on the table were lightly salted, or preserved in spices for future needs.

The destruction has been very great, but it has apparently caused but slight diminution in their ranks; and as the close season is now on, it having begun March 1, a still larger supply may be confidently looked for in the coming autumn.

Enemies of the Hare.

As before stated, the hare has numerous natural enemies, but they are all forest-inhabitors; among them the wildcat, or lucevier, loupcervier, *Lynx canadensis,* is one of the most destructive, but it would probably rarely venture out into the barrens in pursuit of the hares, even if it had not been hunted so closely as to have now become comparatively scarce, for the high prices which fur trappers have realized for pelts in the last year or two have made them more than usually energetic in pursuing this and other animals, a good lynx skin being easily worth about $2, to which must be added the bounty that is paid for the destruction of this animal, which is in some counties $2 and in others but $1.

The common red fox is another relentless destroyer; but the trappers have reduced its numbers so materially that there are not enough left to do much toward keeping it in check.

The mink, were it more abundant, would perhaps work great havoc among the helpless rodents; but in the first place it is most industriously pursued by trappers, good skins commanding very high prices, two comparatively small ones having, to my knowledge, been recently sold to a local dealer for $11.50; so that the time is apparently not far distant when it will in trapping districts become quite scarce. But if it were not so abundant, it would not, in all probability, take up a home upon the barrens in pursuit of the hares, for it is almost as amphibious as is the otter, and is really more of a fish-eating than a carnivorous creature. Of course it kills relentlessly every animal or bird it can overpower, sometimes, I have thought, merely for the sake of killing. But it always prefers the neighborhood of water for an abiding place, and unless it were traveling across country, would not give much attention to the denizens among the dry uplands.

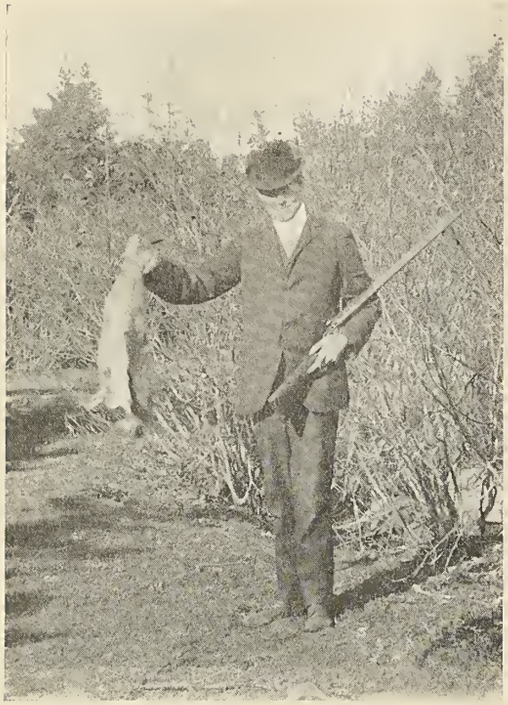
The skunk is another destructive beast; but its pelt has also come to be valuable, and its numbers are therefore too small to work much havoc among the hares.

The great horned owl is, in a forest-covered country, the greatest enemy of all the rapacia to the *Leporidæ*; but is does not pursue them upon the barrens, for, like the wildcat, it prefers to do its hunting among the trees.

Concerning Weasels.

There remains but one of the carnivorous animals which will probably work much destruction among these rodents, and this is the common weasel, or ermine. This active little animal is as bloodthirsty as may well be imagined; it will live and thrive afar from the forest, or from waterways. It is quite prolific, and until very recently has not been valued highly by fur trappers, so that it is much more abundant than is generally supposed to be the case. In late years its beautiful white winter pelage has found a value, and trapping it may in the not distant future reduce its numbers very considerably.

This ermine is the largest of the weasels



"FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE."

found in the Northern and Middle States, often attaining a length of ten or eleven inches exclusive of its tail, which is five to five and a half inches in length, and in both summer and winter dress is, for one-third of its length at the tip, black, the summer dress of the animal being of a chestnut brown. This species of weasel is, I think, the only one found in Nova Scotia; it is the *Putorius novæboracensis* of scientists. In the middle and southern New England states, however, there are at least three other species. The least weasel, *P. pusillus*; the small brown weasel, *P. cicognani*, and Richardson's weasel, *P. richardsonii*.

In one of my old note books I find the following account of the ermine, which I wrote in 1860. It will, I think, prove of some little interest to readers of Forest and Stream who have followed the contributions on the subject which have, from time to time, appeared in its columns.

This species is probably the most common we have; it is literally the "common weasel." Its habits are about the same as those of the other species, but having the activity of the others, together with greater strength, its powers of destruction are much greater, as many a poultryman can bear witness to. Its courage is also great. I have often seen it face a dog, and even give him battle. It has an enemy in every sportsman, because of its bad habit of stealing on a roosting covey of quail, or a brood of partridges or woodcock, and slaughtering every one possible. In seizing its prey, it throws its supple body over and around it, usually biting it at the junction of the head and spine, or through the skull into the brain.

An instance that fell under my notice will go to show the destructive propensities of this animal. A farmer living in Dorchester, Mass., had a fine flock of nineteen fowls. The hennery was built on a side of a hill, the back being dug into the hill, and walled up. This was a mistake —no poultry house should have any stone wall of any kind about it, it but affords comfortable homes for rats and other vermin, and has no recommendation, not even of economy.

One evening a hen was heard squalling, and the farmer on going to the hennery to ascertain the cause, found every hen in the lot was dead, each with a bloody spot at the nape of the neck. Search was made for the assassin, but the artful little villain was safely hidden behind the stone wall. The hens were removed, a steel trap baited with one of their heads was set, and the weasel was found the next morning caught by one of his feet. He was kept caged several weeks, but could not be tamed. He ate greedily of birds, mice and raw meat, but pined and died of confinement.

The great number of rats and mice which the weasel destroys would entitle it to some consideration; but the fact that it visits the poultry yard "with unlawful intent," is enough for the farmer, who pursues it to the bitter end. The tracks of this animal in the snow are easily recognized, his run (a succession of leaps) causing him to bring his hind feet into the tracks made by the fore feet, thus giving a series of pairs of footprints, about nine inches apart. Those who are accustomed to ramble through the woodlands in winter often notice these tracks upon the snow, and sometimes perceive they are following the footprints of a hare, and occasionally one finds a trampled and bloody stain upon the white mantle where the unfortunate victim has been overtaken and pulled down and possibly a portion of the quarry is left, the appetite of the marauder having been satisfied.

The weasel is indefatigable in its pursuit of the rodent, and cannot be shaken off. Of course, when the ground is covered with snow, the footprints of the hare are easily trailed by the pursuer; but even if the ground is bare, the ermine has no difficulty in following the scent of its victim, which it does as persistently and accurately as would a well-trained dog. Like the other weasels, the ermine is mostly nocturnal in its habits, although when pressed by hunger, it hunts in all hours of the day.

The New Zealand Kiwis.

Among the curious native birds of New Zealand and closely related to the wonderful moas, greatest of birds that have been known, are the little kiwis, of which there are several species. One of these is quite large, weighing from 5 to 6 pounds, another is much smaller, gray in color and with a straight bill, while the roa or Haast's apteryx is brown in color and has a curved bill. The nostrils are situated at the tip of the bill, which appears to be sensitive, like that of snipe or woodcock. The kiwi is nocturnal in habit, and at night is swift of foot and very active. Of a bird in captivity, Buller says:

NEW ZEALAND KIWIS.

"It appears to be blinded by the strong glare of sunlight, and although it recovers itself in the shade, it can then only detect objects that are near. Night is the time for its activity, and the whole nature of the bird then undergoes a change. Coming forth from its dirunal retreat full of animation, it moves about the aviary unceasingly, tapping the walls with its long, slender bill, and probing the ground in search of earth-worms. The feeding of this bird at night with the large glow-worm is a very interesting sight. This annelid, which often attains a length of twelve and some times twenty inches, with a proportionate thickness, emits at night a bright phosphoric light. The mucous matter which adheres to its body appears to be charged with the phosphorus, and on its being disturbed or irritated, the whole surface of the worm is illumined with a bright green light, sufficiently strong to render adjacent objects distinctly visible. Seizing one of these large worms in its long mandibles, the kiwi proceeds to kill it by striking it rapidly on the ground, or against some hard object. During this operation the bird may be clearly seen under the phosphoric light; and the slime which attaches itself to the bill and head renders these parts highly phosphorescent, so that, even after the luminous body itself has been swallowed, the actions of the birds are still visible. There is no longer the slow and half stupid movements of the head and neck; but the bill is darted forward with a restless activity, and travels over the surface of the ground with a continued sniffing sound, as if the bird were guided more by scent than by sight in its search for food."

Of some young birds he remarks that they are particularly savage, using their feet as weapons of offense, and manifesting their anger by an audible snapping of the bill; at other times they emitted a peculiar chuckle, but only once he heard them produce the loud whistling cry which is so familiar to the ear in the wild mountain haunts of the kiwi. They often huddle together when at rest, laying one upon another, like little pigs; and when sound asleep no amount of noise would arouse them.

BANK SWALLOW NESTS.
Photo by W. B. Mershon. See page 570.

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

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GAME BAG AND GUN

A Trip to the Berkshires.

Your correspondent left Boston on Tuesday, Sept. 20, going via Fitchburg in order to see some friends in Greenfield, where he passed the night. The secretary of the Greenfield Sportsman's Club, Mr. O'Hara, favored me with a call and gave me some interesting facts in reference to the fish and game conditions, and together we made a call on Mr. Obadiah Pierce, the president of the club, at his store. The next morning I had a pleasant interview with Col. Fred Pierce, an active member of the club, at the post office, over which he is the presiding genius. Two years ago, when I was a guest of the club at its annual game dinner, the colonel officiated as toastmaster in a very happy manner. Later I had a pleasant interview with Dr. L. A. Newton, who told me he felt just as much interest in the welfare of the club as when he was its president in 1905.

I had hoped to see Mr. Charles C. Russell, who was president at the time of my first visit to the club in 1903, but, unfortunately, he was out of town. I learned that several members of the club, unable to wait for the opening of the season on woodcock and ruffed grouse in Massachusetts, had made trips across the border into Vermont, where they found a fair number of birds. The club is putting aside a small sum each month with the intention of some day having a club house. The secretary expressed some disappointment over the failure of many members to turn out at recent meetings, but others with whom I conversed seemed to think the interest in meetings would revive with the advent of the hunting season and cooler weather. In years past the club has held an annual game supper in the early part of winter, on which occasions all the meat courses have consisted exclusively of game. It was on one of these occasions that the late Captain Collins declared that "if it were not for the existence of such organizations the work of the fish and game commission would amount to very little." The captain had learned by long and varied experience the importance of correct public sentiment, such as the protective clubs help to develop. He had observed the result of their combined efforts in securing salutary legislation, and his whole heart and soul were in full sympathy with the purposes and aspirations of the true sportsmen of the commonwealth.

On Wednesday I passed through the Hoosac Tunnel on my way to North Adams, arriving there in time to call on Mr. E. H. Pratt, the secretary of the gun club, before dinner. In the afternoon Mr. Pratt escorted me by electric to Adams, where we found Mr. Sayles, who in turn took us to the trout hatchery, a mile or so from the town and where we met Dr. Burton, who has charge of it. As there are no retaining ponds connected with the hatchery, no fingerlings can be reared there and at this season there are no fish in the tanks. The water used comes from a spring in the hillside in the rear of the hatchery. Mr. Sayles expressed the opinion that the hatchery might be developed into a rearing station for fingerling and adult trout.

The ride from North Adams through the valley is one of the things to be remembered. North Adams is not as old a city as Pittsfield, but its situation among the mountains is extremely picturesque. Late in the afternoon I took a run to Pittsfield by rail, and in the evening had a pleasant call from Mr. Joseph H. Wood, whom your readers will remember as one of the members of the Massachusetts Central Committee for protection of fish and game.

On Thursday forenoon Mr. Wood, in company with Mr. J. M. Stevenson, a veteran of the Pittsfield club, who in years gone by has done much for fish and game interests in Massachusetts, took me for an automobile ride of several miles to and around Lakes Onota and Pontoosuc, two very beautiful sheets of water within the limits of the mountainous plateau within the confines of which the city of Pittsfield is situated. About these lakes have been built many summer cottages occupied by a substantial class of people from Pittsfield and elsewhere.

Passing through Lanesborough, my companions pointed out the farmhouse where Josh Billings was born and in which he passed the last days of his life. A country with greater diversity of scenery it would be difficult to find anywhere in New England. Of the numerous

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.
Photo by Dr. S. T. Davis (Shongo).

mountains stately Graylock, to be seen from many points, dominates all the others. I regretted to learn from Messrs. Wood and Stevens that the stocking of the lakes by the Massachusetts Commission had proved barren of result. It was also noticeable that the streams were very low, and doubtless not a few of the trout in the upper reaches of the mountain brooks have perished for lack of water. This destruction of fish by drought, it seems to me, might be prevented in part at least by providing a few pools on each stream in which the trout would naturally find a retreat.

The North Adams Meeting.

On Friday evening, the 21st, a good number of sportsmen gathered in the parlor of the Wilson House for a conference on matters pertaining to fish and game interests. Mr. Pratt had sent out circulars to members of the gun club and others, and the gentlemen who responded by their presence exhibited much enthusiasm, entering earnestly into the discussion of various topics. Mr. J. M. Van Huyck exhibited his interest in the cause by making the trip from Lee, and urged all those present to co-operate with the state commissioners in their efforts to keep up the supply of fish in the streams and of the game birds and animals in the covers.

Dr. Gadsby, of North Adams, who was made chairman of the meeting, exhibited much tact in getting nearly every one present to express his views on various topics. The writer was especially interested in the discussion relative to the legal limit of length of trout. Many of your readers know that some of our Berkshire friends have contended that in many streams anglers can get no six-inch trout, and therefore the fixing of the limit at six inches is virtual prohibition of trout fishing. Anglers of some other western counties have considered it unfair that Berkshire should have a lower limit than prevailed in other counties. But there has not been a complete agreement among Berkshire anglers, some of them being in favor of the six-inch limit. This difference of opinion was apparent in the meeting. Dr. Rice argued that the large trout, being the breeding fish, should not be taken. In his opinion the streams would hold out better if the small fish only were allowed to be caught. Others thought from their experience on the brooks since the passage of the six-inch law that there was a noticeable improvement in the fishing. In reply to an inquiry as to what view the sportsmen of the eastern part of the state take on this question, I was compelled to say it had never been an issue among the anglers of the eastern portion of the state. I do not remember to have heard the subject seriously discussed at any meeting of the state association. I do believe, however, that when our sportsmen take very small trout they almost invariably return them to the water, unless they are so hooked that they would not live if put back.

When the late Mr. Phinney, president of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, was a member of the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature, as well as of the Legislative Committee of the Clubs, he took the ground that the western counties ought to be able to settle the matter among themselves. I am sure Captain Collins held the opinion that the six-inch limit was of some use as a protection to the fish, and probably that opinion is held by our commissioners at the present time, although they realize that its enforcement is almost impossible without the right of search on the part of wardens. The sportsmen should not relax their efforts to secure the bestowment of such power on game wardens as will render their efforts effective. As one of the board recently said to the writer "With a right-of-search law the present force would accomplish twice as much at it does now."

Another subject upon which there is a common agreement in all parts of the state is the necessity for the planting of fingerling (or yearling) trout instead of fry.

One of the Pittsfield sportsmen who came over to attend the meeting was Mr. Graves, who said he was always pleased to compare his opinions with those of others, and ever glad of an opportunity to learn something new.

An account of the meeting at Lenox on Friday evening must be deferred till next week.

H. H. Kimball.

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WHERE QUALITY IS FIRST.

Campers and sportsmen who demand the best should note that the equipment of every scientific and exploring expedition for the past fifty years has included a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Keeps in any climate and under all conditions. The original and leading brand since 1857.—*Adv.*.

Evading the Minnesota Deer Law.

We have it from a reliable source that in parts of Minnesota it is customary for parties of men to obtain five or six resident hunting licenses each—presumably under several assumed names—go into the woods, kill a carload of deer, attach a tag on each carcass, and ship them home. By law each license-holder is entitled to two deer, but a holder of six licenses could ship twelve deer, two under each one, and if there were five or six men in the "syndicate," each killing the limit named in the several licenses held by him, it would be an easy matter to obtain a carload of deer in a place where they are abundant.

It is not difficult to understand how easily this type of fraud may be carried through, but it is surprising that game wardens will wink at it or fail to investigate and bring the guilty parties up with a short turn. A few convictions on the several charges that might be brought would undoubtedly break up the practice.

The official who issues the licenses cannot well be censured for handing out licenses to strangers who give him assumed names, and no doubt it is customary for residents to apply for a number of licenses, giving the names of several friends, just as it is the custom for people living in the country, on going to town, to ask for their neighbors' mail, as well as their own, at the post office; but the warden's duty is plain enough, and if he sees a number of names on deer tagged by a small party of men, and fails to get at the truth, he is not doing his duty.

Vermont Objects to Foreign Gunners.

Rutland, Vt., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The deer in Vermont were protected a great many years; that is, there was a closed season on them for about twenty years. Then a law was passed allowing a person to shoot two during the month of October. Later there was a law enacted bringing the season down to the last ten days of October, during which time bucks only could be shot. And two years ago the season was again shortened to the last week in October, during which time bucks only can be shot, and must have horns three inches long. These laws have been very well enforced, and the deer are quite plentiful throughout the state, but are found in large numbers in Rutland county and along the main Green Mountain Range. It is a fact that deer have been seen on the streets of Rutland, and it is a very common sight to see them along the roads a mile or so outside the city.

Small game, such as grouse and woodcock, seem to be very plentiful this fall, and the spring and summer are exceptionally favorable for rearing broods. Also I think the gray squirrels are found as usual, although I am not as interested in these as the birds.

As a rule, I think our game laws are very satisfactory. Of course there is some fault found by farmers in the mountains on account of the damage done by deer, which, in most cases, is magnified, and it is said at the coming Legislature steps will be taken to extend the deer season. I do not think this is possible, however, as the people of the state, as a rule, enjoy the deer, and when one is seen in some sections of the state, its coming is talked of, and the neighborhood enjoys the event. Of course there are some deer killed during the closed season, but it is looked upon with disfavor in all communities, and the culprit is very sure to be caught and pay dearly for the same.

We have a bag limit on grouse; not more than five in one day or fifteen in a season, and I believe this is very well adhered to, and if I do not shoot better than I have recently, I certainly will keep within the law.

The foreign element is the worst menace to game and song birds, the same as in other states, and our law prohibiting Sunday hunting was passed to overcome this evil, and this law has caused more or less dissatisfaction. Recently there was formed a club, to be known as the Rutland County Fish and Game League, and I believe it is its intention at the coming Legislature to get a law passed, requiring a gun license, only naturalized foreigners to carry arms, etc. I think, however, as a rule our fish and game laws are just and well followed by sportsmen and vigorously looked after by our wardens.

The law allowing bucks only with horns to be shot is an exceptionally fine law, as it protects the hunter in a measure from the crazy hunter, who would shoot at a moving branch, mistaking it for a deer. As the law stands you have got to know what you are shooting at.

R. W. Wheeler.

Forestry and Land Cultivation in Game Reserves.

Often have I wandered through game reserves (I will not say whose—I might hurt the feelings of the owners), and I have yet to see an intelligently conducted one. Where the honey is to be gathered there are the bees, and it is the same with game, for where food is, there they love to stay. It is a very mistaken idea that the density and quiet of a forest is sufficient to induce game of all kinds to harbor in it. The white oak that grows in the shade of the red oak will not grow acorns; then common sense would tell you to cut the red oak down, as the red oak grows the bitter acorn (that is not food), while the white oak grows the sweet acorn that is food to almost every kind of wild game. Carry this principle on to its logical conclusion and you will have an ideal game reserve that game will love so much that it will actually be a hard matter to drive it away. But let us continue in this line and see where we are. Cut down the—Buckeyes and horsechestnuts, and leave the sweet chestnuts; the Virginian creepers, and leave the fox grapes; the birches and maples, and leave the beech; the basswoods, and leave the hickory; the cottonwoods, and leave the walnuts; the witchhazel, and leave the hazel; the whitewoods, and leave the butternuts.

Sycamores, elms, dogwoods, willow, sassafras, should be all cut down and thus give more sunlight and room for the food-producing trees. Certain kinds of haws should be left, while others should be destroyed as weeds. The pawpaw and persimmon should be given a chance to see the sun. The Indian pear, the bear berries and all food berries should be helped, while all poisonous berries should be killed. Bare fields of weeds are much better plowed up and planted with sunflowers, artichokes and corn. The very impoverished sandy and rocky parts should be thickly planted with pine, hemlock, balsam, cedar and fir, etc., and thus produce windbreaks and dense safe retreats. Tamarack and larch serve no useful purpose and should have 23 for a number. All dead trees should be left standing, as they afford a good nesting place for small game, but always plant a fox grape at the foot of the tree. Many weeds there are that serve no useful purpose to game and take up a lot of room. In the water wild celery and rice are as much more attractive than bullrushes.

By the exercise of intelligent judgment a few hundred acres will produce more game than the same number of thousands, for the same piece of ground that will grow a milkweed would also grow blueberry or raspberry. Nowadays, while so many unemployed are walking the streets of the cities, it is only the act of a dog-in-the-manger to have thousands of acres of waste land where hundreds of acres, if properly attended to, would serve the same purpose.

I am not hinting that it is a moral wrong to own large tracts of land for game purposes, for there are large tracts of land that will never be fit for any other purpose and it would be a moral wrong to not use it for the only purpose that it is fit for.

Again, I would say that it is not the thick, dense, quiet woods that game of all kinds is attracted to, but to food-producing trees. Listen to the partridge, scratching under the beech tree. See the deer, the wild pigeon and the squirrels under the white oak. Not only the wood duck, but other wild duck will land under the white oak, while the red oak is good for nothing and is shunned by all woods life. Then the density of woods prevents a good crop of food, just like an unpruned fruit tree will bear scanty and poor fruit.

G. H. Cossan.

Balmy Beach, Toronto.

GOING OFF BY ITSELF—A CRUIKSHANK WHIM.

No Game Laws on Military Reservations.

A few weeks ago Chief Game Warden George L. Carter, of Nebraska, asked United States District Attorney W. S. Summers, for an opinion on the question of shooting out of season on an Indian reservation in that state. Mr. Summers in his opinion held that in order to hunt on the reservation every person must obtain a permit from the Indian agent and hold a license to hunt issued by the state. In other words, no one can hunt out of season on a reservation, for licenses are good for one open season only.

Shortly after this decision was rendered, a deputy warden of the state, hearing that officers stationed at Fort Niobrara, with their guests, were shooting prairie chickens in the closed season on that reservation, went there and attempted to stop the shooting. The post commandant ordered a squad of men to escort the deputy to the reservation line and advised him to go away and mind his own business, as the state had no jurisdiction over government property.

Chief Warden Carter, being appealed to, wrote to the war department at Washington, and received the reply from the acting secretary:

"Referring to your letter of Aug. 16, in which you make inquiry, in effect, as to whether the fish and game laws of the state of Nebraska are operative on the military reservation at Fort Niobrara, and whether you and your deputies are or are not subject to ejectment from that reservation as intruders if you attempt to enforce observance of the state fish and game laws thereon, I have the honor to advise you that the judge advocate general of the army, after discussing the legal features of the case, which was referred to him for consideration, reports as follows:

"'I am, therefore, of the opinion that the fish and game laws of the state of Nebraska are not operative on the military reservation of Fort Niobrara; and, it is suggested that the chief game warden of the state be so advised. If, after such notification, the attempt is made to execute the game laws within the limits of the military reservation, the warden or other officer attempting such enforcement should be ordered to desist, for the reasons above stated, and, if he persists in such attempted execution, he may be removed from the reservation.'

"These views of the judge advocate general of the army, as set forth above, have been concurred in by the acting secretary of war, and by his direction are hereby communicated to you for your information."

Mr. Carter says he will not carry the matter any further. The wardens will watch the reservation and arrest any person taking illegal game away, but as it borders on South Dakota on one side, game could be carried out there in defiance of the Nebraska authorities.

Alabama Game and Fish Protection.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Virtually speaking, Alabama is practically without game protection at this writing. However, there is a popular interest on foot now to establish game lesiglation that will be second to none when inaugurated. This we hope to succeed in securing during the next session of our legislature, which convenes in December this year. In 1899 a game law was passed by the legislature, but it seemed that public sentiment was largely against it at that time and in consequence of which counties began to repeal the existing law which resulted in almost a total emasculation of same, only six counties in the state remained that did not repeal the law protecting its game. In these the law was not enforced, and natural results followed.

Since Alabama was the only state in the South that did not have some order of game protection, market and pot hunters of every description invaded our territory and abused their privilege in every way imaginable. In a few years this onslaught of game butchers began to tell on what was once a paradise for sportsmen, for in a short while longer, if tolerated, our sportsmen will be compelled to seek foreign territory for the pleasure afield they once enjoyed at home, on account of the depleted condition of our forests, fields and streams.

With these facts confronting us, we began this year to organize for a crusade against this wholesale destruction of our game, and I am pleased to announce that public sentiment now is up in arms against the very measure it favored a few years ago. We have every reason to be assured that the movement inaugurated by the Alabama Game and Fish Protective Association will be successful.

We have profited by the experience and wisdom of other states relative to the game we hope to put into effect, by selecting the best features of all of them that we have had access to. Our policy is to establish a law that will carry with it all the necessary protection to our game, without working a hardship on our local sportsmen and land owners. When once installed, strong measures will be used to enforce the law as provided, and we hope to enjoy the best of results from same. J. M. KIRKPATRICK, Secretary.

Appended are some items clipped from the local papers which may be of interest to hunters of big game:

A party who hunted last week in the neighborhood of the Gaff Topsails, secured, so it is reported, a very large black bear. The geese have begun to come out of the country, and in the neighborhood of Random sound are very plentiful. Mr. Soper, of Britannia Cove, one evening last week, got five very fine ones.

There are more sportsmen on the caribou grounds at present than at any time since the opening of the railway; and during the next two weeks it is expected that at least one hundred more will be on the grounds. The deer have not come south in great numbers to date, though last week fairly good sport was had at Gander lake, Patrick's marsh and Howley. By yesterday's Bruce about twenty good heads were shipped, they having been secured by American sportsmen at the foregoing places. At Union Siding a monster stag was killed Friday last, which weighed in the vicinity of 450 pounds. The antlers, however, were poor, though large.

Dr. H. H. Longstaff, wife and son arrived here Sunday.

Dr. Steele, of U. S. A., hunted caribou along Morris' brook, near North Branch, where he secured one fine head.

Mr. J. P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, hunted around Aides pond, and returned home Friday. He secured one head with twenty-six points.

Mr. G. M. Phelps and Mr. N. Edgar, of New York, who hunted caribou around Sandy pond, returned home Friday with three heads.

Mr. W. A. Tateum, of Michigan, arrived at Log Cabin Sunday and is now hunting caribou between there and Grand lake.

Mr. Daniels and son, of Massachusetts, had great success hunting caribou at Terra Nova. They secured six heads, the largest of which carried thirty-eight points.

Messrs. Sydney M. Williams and S. P. Shaw, Jr., of Boston, returned home Friday after spending a fortnight in Sandy pond region, where they secured one fine head.

Mr. John Bryant and Mr. H. H. Fay, who were hunting along the Upper Humber region, returned to New York last week.

Messrs. J. T. Nevin, E. C. Smith and C. A. Atwell, of Pittsburg, who fished and hunted around Sandy pond, returned home Friday. Mr. Shiras, who came here with the same party to hunt caribou with camera, returns to-day.

Mr. H. A. Jarvis, of New York, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. C. S. Gadsen, went up country yesterday to hunt caribou.

Messrs. M. W. Hall, F. G. Mason, C. A. Colley and J. J. O'Neil, of Connecticut, returned home Friday, after spending a fortnight in Birchy pond region, where they secured three caribou. The heads were the best we have seen this year, and contained 22, 28 and 24 points.

Dr. G. R. Pisek, Dr. R. L. Loughran, of New York, and Dr. Tinkham, of Vermont, went to Stephenville Monday. They went up country on the 11th and hunted caribou on the eastern side of Grand lake, where they secured nine fairly good heads, and enjoyed the sport.

Mr. Henry Bigelow and his young wife, of New York, came to town Saturday night. They had been on a trip to the interior, having left here on Aug. 18. The trip to Millertown was made by rail, and from there went inland 80 miles by way of Red Indian lake, Loyd's lake and George IV. lake, and twelve miles beyond there. Mr. J. A. Pennel was their guide. They saw a great many caribou and captured three for food. Three bears were seen and one of them was secured. Mrs. Bigelow is the first woman to visit that part of the country. She has been accustomed to camp life, and on this trip packed her load over the barrens, and took her place in the canoe by paddling, etc.

WATCHING FOR CARIBOU ON THE MARSH, NEWFOUNDLAND.
Photo by Dr. S. T. Davis (Shongo).

Birds in no Danger.

Host of exceedingly harmless shooting party—Look 'ere, Mac. These gents 'ave to return to town end of the week. Would it do the birds any 'arm to drive the ground again day after to-morrow?

Macdougal—Dod, man, ye micht drive it the morn's morn. Fleein' aboot canna hurt them!—Punch.

Carrying Game Across New Jersey.

State of New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioners, Long Branch, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to advise you in answer to your favor of the 6th, that the rule adopted by the Commission several years ago, relative to shipment of game across or through the State of New Jersey, has not been changed. The Commission's intention of the law was to have it apply only to game killed in New Jersey. Where parties can satisfy the wardens that the game was killed out of the State of New Jersey they are not molested. When commenting upon this, however, you should take pains to make it very clear that the parties must have some evidence that the game was killed from without the state, by letter, railroad ticket or something of that sort from another state. Being on a through train that does not stop within the borders of the state until it reaches Jersey City, is sufficient proof. You may not be aware of the fact, but hundreds of people are evading the laws of our state daily during the season, and take advantage of our rules in this matter to evade the law.

Protection of deer was extended last winter for three years more, and of course the month of October is a closed season anyhow. We have positive evidence that two deer were killed in the northern part of the state this week, right on the borders of one of our large preserves. This was in Sussex county, near the Water Gap. It is hardly possible to believe, with the few deer that there are in Jersey, and with the large penalty for killing them unlawfully that is imposed, that there would be any persons who would dare to do such a thing. Having strict laws upon the books, does not deter rascals from violating the law. It is only the constant vigilance of the wardens and the occasional catching of a violator that prevents game from being exterminated.

Benj. P. Morris, President.

Small Game Near Des Moines.

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is an evident increase in quail this year. The season has been rather dry since the first of April, hence no drowning of young broods. During the state fair I met people from different parts of the state who spoke encouragingly of the prospects for sport. The weather is very warm here yet, with plenty of feed and fine weather. There is every chance for young quail to be in good condition for the open season.

As this state is thickly settled, except in the northern tier of counties, prairie chickens have been scarce for many years; but farmers in central Iowa tell me that not in ten years previous have they seen so many of these birds as this season. Sportsmen here are accustomed to go to northern Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas for chicken shooting. We do not usually see many here until after the heavy snows and cold weather have driven them down from the above places; then we cannot legally shoot them, it being the close season. They are so wild then that a gunner could not get in shooting distance.

I do not believe it would pay sportsmen to come here from a distance to hunt quail and chickens as there are not enough of them. Nearly every farmer and his boys keep guns, and the cities and towns send out hordes of gunners, who soon quickly thin out the coveys. The genuine sportsmen generally respect the game laws; but in my river trips I have frequently come across farmer boys with quail in their pockets killed out of season. The weather is too warm as yet to bring the ducks down to northern Iowa lakes. Only light frosts have occurred yet.

Farmer boys report having seen large numbers of young rabbits, more than ever before. There being no closed season on them, we will begin to go after them as soon as cooler weather will permit of tramping. Untold thousands of bunnies are brought into our markets during every winter. It is great sport hunting them in the early winter days.

I have heard of no dissatisfaction with the game laws except that decent sportsmen would like to see a gun license law enacted, helping to shut out many $2.98 gunners from roaming about the country, shooting every bird of any kind in sight.

R. L. Blair.

Back from the Arctic.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischman, of Cincinnati, arrived in New York city, Oct. 3, on the steamship Oceanic, after spending nearly a year abroad. After their marriage last winter they went to the West Indies, and from there to Tromsoe, Norway, where the steam whaler Laura was chartered and arrangements made for a cruise to Greenland. The Laura sailed on June 15 with the Fleischmans, several of their friends, and a crew of nineteen on board. The ice pack was so heavy that they failed to make a landing on the Greenland coast, and the ship was fast in the ice for six weeks, after which she put back and the party stopped on Shannon island until Sept. 15, when they returned to Tromsoe, leaving three of the crew on Jayman island to collect rare specimens of birds and animals. They will be taken off next summer, when another cruise will be made by the Fleischmans.

Twenty-three polar bears, thirty reindeer, several blue foxes and seals, and a large number of arctic waterfowl were shot by the party, Mrs. Fleischman killing one of the bears from the Laura's decks, while two cubs were caught alive and brought back to this city. They will be sent on to Cincinnati; one of them to the Zoological Gardens, and the other to the Fleischman home.

Mississippi a Mecca for Sportsmen.

Yazoo City, Miss., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for the perpetuation of that exhilarating and healthful outdoor recreation called sport was never more flattering in Mississippi than at the present time. The new game law surpasses any statute passed by any Southern state. It places a bag limit of twenty birds and one deer, and prohibits the export and sale of game at all times. A non-resident license of $20 is exacted from visiting sportsmen, not by any means for any hostile motive, but for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the new law. Visiting sportsmen will find a mecca east of Yazoo City in the hills where the fields teem with quail, and there seems to be no end to their productiveness, for the coveys this season are greater in number, and contain the largest number of birds that I have ever seen; in fact, I am almost led to believe some have raised two broods. Our trespass laws are not severe and the farmers are always willing to show sportsmen every courtesy.

West of here in Delta are to be found Virginia deer in abundance which I am sorry to say are hunted with hounds, still-hunting being almost unheard of here. There are also to be found gray, black and fox squirrels and wild turkeys, which are killed from behind blinds over live decoys with splendid success. In the small lakes are to be found the wily black bass, croppie, rock bass and numerous varieties of sun perch.

M. Carroll.

Conditions in Utah.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The principal shooting we have at this season of the year is the wild water fowl, various kinds of ducks, geese and snipe, together with a short season on quail during the first ten days in October. This sport, however, is not very encouraging to non-residents from the fact that most of the shooting grounds and swamps are occupied by private clubs nearly all over the state, and unless one belongs to one of these clubs it is difficult to get any good shooting, and if a non-resident should have a membership in any of these clubs, he would have a license fee of $25 to pay for shooting privilege.

The game laws are being fairly well respected and enforced; nevertheless, we have our share of pot hunters and market shooters.

Our grouse and other game is of little consequence at the present time. The late rains last spring seem to have killed most of the eggs of the sage hen, blue grouse, ruffed grouse and sharptail grouse, or western prairie chicken. Our deer are now under a close season for four years, two years of which are yet to run.

Water fowl prospects are above the average this season, but aside from this class of game there would be little inducement for the visiting or even the resident sportsmen.

John Sharp,
State Fish and Game Commissioner.

Sooners at Work in Florida.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some of the "sooners" have been shooting quail for the past three or four weeks, and still no one has been arrested. It is a shame the way the game laws are violated in this state, but it seems impossible to arouse the county commissioners of this (Duval) county sufficiently to make them allow a decent salary to a game warden and see that he does his duty. The present game warden offered a reward of $10 to anyone who would furnish evidence sufficient to convict after two or three complaints had been made in the newspapers against sooners. Imagine the extent to which this munificent reward will retard these so-called sportsmen.

I have been informed quail are quite plentiful, and hope this is true.

The blacks do practically no damage to the quail. The market hunter and the tourist were the ones who, in past years, thinned them out. The law passed at the last session of the legislature prohibits the sale of quail and also cuts down the number each man may kill in a day. Prohibiting the sale of game by market hunters is, in my opinion, one of the best protective measures ever passed by our legislature. With game wardens earning decent salaries and compelled to do their duty, there is no reason why the sportsmen of the state should not enjoy good shooting for years to come.

One of the drawbacks has been that the game laws have never been taken seriously, and are not to-day. A dismissal of a case on some slight technicality or a fine of a few dollars will never remedy the evil. We have plenty, and to spare, of game laws on the books, but they are like too many laws in this and other states—a good thing to have on the statutes, but a mighty poor thing to put into practice.

George A. Irwin.

Long Island Game.

Center Moriches, L. I., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are quite a few black ducks here—fully as many as last year—and more of them were hatched out here during the season than in any other season in several years. The close season in the spring accounts for this fact, many old ducks remaining in our waters ever since last fall. There are a few redheads and widgeon and quite a number of teal, but the latter remain in these waters for only a few days after the season opens.

Some good bags were made on opening day, considering the sort of day it was. One party killed thirty-five ducks, and I had one man out and killed ten ducks. It is too early yet for broadbills. Last spring a good many remained here until along in March, and as no one bothered them, they ought to come again this winter.

There are more quail here now than in several years. I know of seven coveys within a mile of where I live, and rabbits are as plentiful as ever. The biggest part of the bay is controlled by the Smith's Point Gun Club, and guides have to obtain a license to take gunners there. They are very strict in regard to the game laws, and one of the club rules forbids any shooting on its territory until after sunrise.

Opinions here are divided. Many people think the Brown law is all right, but more think it is an outrage to stop spring shooting.

Charles Nielsen.

All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Canadian Wild Goose Eggs for France.

Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society, Halifax, N. S., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the inclosed copy of a letter I received from the secretary of the Fish and Game Association of Prince Edward Island, as it interests all sportsmen. I thought a letter in the Forest and Stream would help to abolish such wholesale destruction of such fine birds. Geo. Piers.

P. E. I. Fish and Game Protection Society, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 3.—George Piers, Esq., Secretary Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society.—Dear Sir: Our association has received reliable information that carloads of wild goose eggs have been shipped from Anticosti to France. If this practice is allowed to go on, it means that wild goose shooting will soon become a thing of the past.

I am instructed to ask your society to use its influence in putting an end to such a detrimental business. We are addressing a letter to the Secretary of State, Ottawa, asking the government to take steps to prevent its recurrence.

Yours truly,

(Signed) E. T. Carbonell,
Secy. F. & G. P. A.

Injured by Elk and Deer.

The viciousness of male elk and deer in the autumn months is well known, and two cases at least have come to our attention within a few days.

While Chauncey B. McCormick, of Baltimore, and Fleming H. Revel, Jr., of Evanston, Ill., both Yale students, were walking through the game preserve of Percy R. Geist, near New Haven, Conn., last Sunday, they were attacked by a young bull elk, which knocked Mr. McCormick down and used him very roughly before Mr. Geist and several men, who were attracted by the students' calls for help, drove the bull away. Young McCormick was injured about the body, and one arm was hurt by the elk's hoofs or antlers, but the surgeon who attended him could find no serious injury.

Near Greenfield, Mass., a buck deer has been frightening timid persons of late, and it is even credited with killing or crippling sheep in the hillside pastures.

A Valuable Asset.

Mohawk, Fla., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Winter will soon be with us and I have no doubt many of your readers are thinking of the sunny South, Florida and oranges. Perhaps many who have never been to the land of flowers would be glad to get some information as to where to go for the various kinds of game and fish, what to bring, and the cost of board, guides, etc. Northern sportsmen have been very good in giving me this information, and I will be glad to return the compliment, provided they will be as brief as possible and enclose a stamp for reply. Am glad to report that we have had an excellent summer, and game of all kinds is fully up to the average. Our game wardens and the people generally are beginning to see that the game is one of our most valuable assets, and so far as I can learn no game has been killed out of season, or game laws broken in this section.

C. H. Stokes, Postmaster.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

Winsted, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season on deer in the Adirondacks has been changed from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1. While the change might be best for the deer, is is not for those of us who cannot be away from home in October. It is all right for those who can, but those of us who have been spending our vacation in the woods for forty years don't like to have all our sport taken away from us. Chas. Hallock says that deer are not fit to eat in October and November. We may not all agree with him, but with the law changed, it might just as well have been to December.

C. S. F.

Game in Texas.

Guffey, Texas, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail and prairie chickens show large increase this year, and while spending two days in the forest last week I noticed lots of deer signs. Squirrels are also plentiful. Ducks and snipe are coming in in large numbers, and as the season is always open for shooting ducks, snipe, squirrels and rabbits, the hunters never have any cause to break the law.

The only dissastisfaction that we have had over existing laws was the law passed in 1902 allowing the hunters to kill twenty-five ducks each day, but prohibiting the sale of any kind of game. This law has been fought by the people until it has been declared unconstitutional. For no one family can consume twenty-five ducks each day. If it is unlawful to sell one duck, it should be unlawful to kill so many each day, but as this has been changed the people are satisfied.

W. H. Hawkins.

People Leaving the Adirondacks.

Loon Lake, N. Y., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game shows an increase. Deer are found anywhere one may go, and the law is well observed by most hunters. There is a certain class of men in this section that hound a little. I have heard dogs this week. The cutting off of thirty days from the hunting season was bad for the Adirondack hotels and guides. Very few deer are killed by sportsmen, I mean the city people who come to the hotels, yet they are willing to spend their money for guides, even if they get no deer; but this year they all went home. Since 1880 I have never known people to leave this section so early before. The forest commission should see to it and have the game keepers travel over the country more, and not spend so much time digging potatoes or buying hops. F. F. Smith.

Another Labrador Expedition Completed.

Last June, shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. M. Tasker, of Philadelphia, went to the Hudson Bay coast of Labrador, and procuring dogs and sleds, started across country en route to the east coast. Since then nothing has been heard from them until last week, when Mr. Tasker's mother received a telegram from him at Domino and sent via Cape Race, Oct. 4, stating that he and his wife had crossed Labrador and all was well. The native who took his message to the nearest telegraph office said that the Taskers had lost their way when only a few days out from Hudson Bay, and their provisions giving out, they were compelled to shoot their sledge dogs one by one for food until all were gone, and to push on without their outfit. Fortunately they came to a native village where they were given food and shelter and evidently they are awaiting a ship to bring them home.

Mr. Tasker is a marine engineer in the navy, stationed at the Cramp ship yard, and is away on furlough.

Ignoring the Law in Cecil County.

The new law relating to rail and reedbirds has not been enforced in Cecil county, Maryland, a famous place for them, and the old law is being observed. The latter made Sept. 5 opening day, whereas the new law makes the open season Nov. 15 to Dec. 25 inclusive in that county. Mr. William B. Davis, the author of the present law, has notified the state game warden that the dates of the Cecil county season were erroneously changed by him and in that shape the law passed. His intention was to make the opening date Sept. 5, and this is being observed in Cecil county.

The Wild Rice Crop a Failure.

Port Hope, Ont., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wild rice crop is a failure this fall on account of the hot and dry weather. The Indians could not gather a pound. Every fourth year there is a short crop, and this is the fourth year. Charles Gilchrist.

The Outlook in Northern Ohio.

Steubenville, O., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our quail wintered well this year and in certain portions of our county are fairly abundant. However, it is noticeable that when hunters want to go out for a week or two, they travel thirty to fifty or more miles away. They report quite a number of pheasant which, however, are protected for a year or two more. There are a few gray squirrels, but they do not seem to be plentiful. The woodchuck, as eastern people call him, or ground hog, as he is known in this section, is very plentiful and not much hunted. It is good fun shooting these pests with the rifle. George S. Hawkins.

Game Laws Too General.

Alpine, Texas, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All kinds of game, except blue quail and doves, show marked decrease. The game laws are not strictly enforced, and the authorities pay but little attention to their enforcement in this section of the state. Texas game laws are the best that we have ever had, but are not satisfactory in the matter of open seasons. We have time enough, but Texas is so large that the open seasons do not suit all.

Rev. Geo. W. Baines.

Prairie Chickens Abundant.

Farmington, Minn., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was surprised when, on the opening of the prairie chicken season here, we bagged twenty-three birds on opening day, after getting just four a year ago. A couple of days later we got seventeen and saw nearly 200. I do not know what was the reason, but it certainly looked good to me.

There are more deer in Minnesota to-day than in the rest of the United States.

Norman H. Crowell.

The Adirondack Outlook.

Adirondack hotel and camp keepers say they are receiving a much larger number of orders for accommodations during the deer shooting season than usual; guides and resident sportsmen claim the deer have increased materially, the leaves will be down, and other reasons are given for the belief that the present open season for deer will be a lively one. Last winter's mild weather and absence of much snow favored them. They are reported to be in good condition, and any man who gets an Adirondack buck this month should be happy.

Baltimore Flickers Protected.

State Game Warden Dennis, of Baltimore, has served notice on all shooters that flickers cannot be shot in Baltimore county. The local laws of Baltimore and Cecil counties do not refer to flickers directly, but protect at all times "hanging birds or woodpeckers," and Warden Dennis holds that "flickers come under the head of the species known as woodpecker." Therefore his deputies have been instructed to enforce the law accordingly.

Game Scarce in Iowa.

Garden Grove, Iowa, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is not much to hunt here. If I were going out for sport I would go to some other point. We see a few rabbits and occasionally a squirrel, but I have not seen a quail, duck or wild goose this season. Prairie chickens are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.

H. P. Flanagan.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Susquehanna.

The Susquehanna during the past fortnight has furnished the best fishing that local anglers have enjoyed for years. The water apparently has been at its best, and almost anywhere between Owego and Wyalusing, and some distance below plenty of fish were to be had. Catches of black bass, and the yellow bass or pike, have averaged large. Indeed, so voracious have been the fish that the inexperienced angler with his crude outfit and still cruder notions, has had no difficulty in making a good display alongside of the more experienced angler. Lampreys, which for a time in midsummer were the most killing bait, have given way to helgramites and little bullheads, the appetite of the bass varying with the varying atmospheric and other conditions.

One of the peculiar facts in connection with the use of lampreys as bait for the river bass is that they cannot, it is declared by experienced bass fishermen, be used with success in lake fishing. In other words, lampreys, as bait, are adapted only to running water, and bass inhabiting lakes and ponds and other bodies of practically still water, cannot be induced, as a rule, to take the slimy fingerlings. Quite extensive experiments, I am advised, were made with lampreys as bass bait at North Fair Haven, Lake Ontario, the past summer, and the results confirmed the deductions reached previously.

Generally speaking, Susquehanna bass have not averaged large this season, the record black bass, so far as the writer has information, scoring in at a trifle less than four pounds. However, it is not the largest bass, taking rivers as they go, that afford the angler the most exercise in the capture. Some of these 1½ and 2-pound smallmouths fight with the strength and activity of a steam engine, whereas the bigger fellows lie down and permit themselves to be hauled in as one might lug a lazy catfish aboard.

About a mile or so north of Hornet's Ferry, above the dam, is a fussy, plunging streak of water that is said to be one of the likeliest smallmouth bass grounds abounding anywhere along the Susquehanna, and a party from Sayre, fishing this smart reach of water a few weeks ago, caught some rare good ones. Nevertheless, this season there is little to choose between places on the upper lengths of the rivers. The bass, both black and yellow, are here, and given ordinary conditions, may be taken with about any kind of tackle, barring the bent pin and shoe string combination.

From North Fair Haven, Lake Ontario, a point to which many fishermen from northen Pennsylvania journey for autumn angling, comes word that pike and pickerel fishing will be at its best after the visitation of a sharp frost or two. Smaller pickerel, to be sure, are being caught in plenty, but the really big ones do not get into fair water until the swamp growth and water vegetation become scorched sufficiently to let in daylight.

North Fair Haven is easily reached by rail. Boats, bait, fishing tackle and accommodations good enough for anyone of not over luxurious inclinations are to be had at the lakeside hamlet on terms that are just and reasonable.

From Cayuga lake, advices are to the effect that at various points along that charming sheet of water the bass, pike, pickerel and maskinongé fishing continue to be of a goodly state. At Union Springs, in particular, the pickerel and bass have run fine in size with some locally big maskinongé interspersed. The stocking of these waters has been attended to with much diligence for a long term of years, which accounts in large part for the generally excellent fishing enjoyed by lake anglers during these later years.

M. Chill.

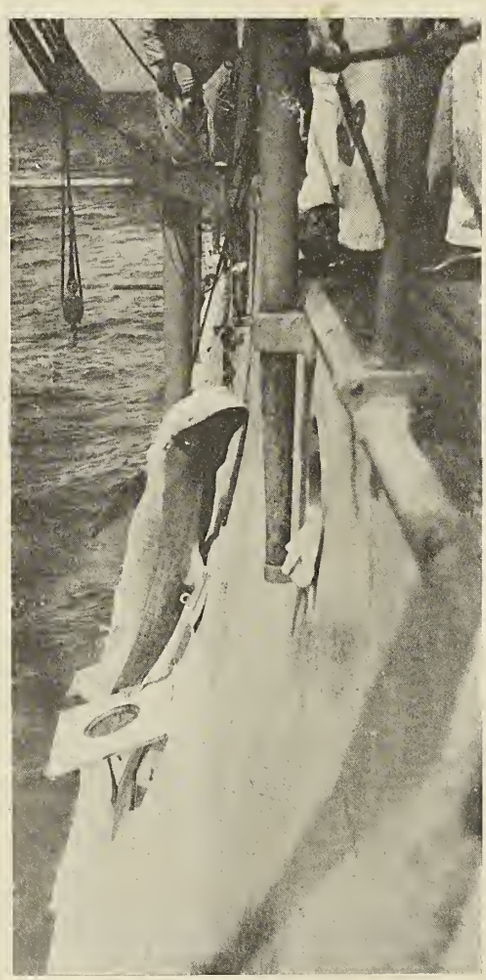
Sharks in the Canal Zone.

Colon, Panama, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While lying in the harbor here, the other day, to break up the monotony of the daily routine on board a man-o'-war, I mentioned the plan of fishing for sharks, and everybody got enthusiastic over the idea. For information in regard to tackle and bait we applied to an old salt of this ship's company, whose picture you see herewith; he has been to sea for twenty-two years and has had lots of experience in that line, and was only too willing to superintend the operations. We first got 23 fathoms of 21-thread hemp, and to the end of this we spliced a shark hook with a chain leader 4 feet long, got a piece of salt pork weighing about 2 pounds and baited the hook, took the line to the end of the boom which projects about 50 feet from the ship's side and payed out the hook with about 12 feet of the line in the water, and made the other end fast on deck. We also took the slack part of the line and made it fast on the end of the boom with a rope yarn, so when the shark should get the hook, the rope yarn would give way, the standing part still fast on deck.

All hands then waited for a sign of a shark. We were finally rewarded by seeing a fin above water, heading toward the ship. This we knew to be a shark, as a shark always swims with his fin above water. After a few minutes we had the pleasure of seeing the slack line jerked off the boom and the shark heading out to sea, when we knew we were in for some sport. We then took a turn around the winch and hauled him alongside the ship with his head about 2 feet above water right under a davit, when a man climbed down the ship's side and put a running bowline right under his two fins. A tackle was then placed on the bowline and all hands clapped on and hauled him on deck, as per photograph. We first measured him and found him to be 10 feet long from tip to tip. The ship's cook then brought his ax into play, and started to cut his tail off (as most of his power is in the tail). With one swing the ax bounded off his tail and flew overboard. Another man then came along with a large carving knife and cut the shark open. It was a surprise to all to see what his stomach contained. The first thing we picked out was a can of tomatoes that had never been opened, and a piece of raw beef weighing about 10 pounds. Then followed other articles, too numerous to mention, among them two large-sized fish hooks. The curio hunters then came out in full force. One man cut out his backbone, which, when cleaned and put together, makes a fine cane. Another got his jaws, which contain about 300 teeth in double rows, and are as sharp as razors, which, when cleaned, can be made into a necklace which looks very odd. The remainder of the carcass was heaved overboard, and a hose was played on the deck to wash the blood off. We caught several other sharks after that, but that one was the largest.

Leo Volgmuth.

U. S. S. Columbia.



TAKING HIM ABOARD.

In Newfoundland.

In Sept. 15 issue of Forest and Stream, under above heading, appeared an item clipped by me from a local paper, with some comments of mine on the same. The item was to the effect that a foreigner named Notman had built a camp on a pool at St. George's; that he had assumed proprietorship over the pool; that he had warned off some local sportsmen who had trespassed; and that he had sold the rights of the pool to another angler.

The item was clipped out of a local paper, and sent among other clippings of interest to sportsmen to Forest and Stream. I took the particular item, as I have taken hundreds of others, cut it out and forwarded it to Forest and Stream in all good faith, and in all good faith I commented on it. I wish to say that I assume no responsibility whatever for the item in question. I did not write it originally, nor inspire it, nor know anything about it, till I saw it as an ordinary news item, and cut it out as it interested me, and sent it along as I imagined it would interest others as well.

I have received a note from Mr. Notman in which he complains of the cruel injustice I have done him, and from which I infer that he is justly and deeply aggrieved. The item said he was a foreigner. Mr. Notman proves he is not. It insinuated he was a German; this he denies, and further states that he has been domiciled so long in Newfoundland, that he is a registered voter. He also denies that he ever assumed any proprietorship over the pools, or that he had sold such rights, or had ever hindered any one from fishing. On the contrary he points out that on many occasions he has helped to make it pleasant for visiting and other sportsmen. Now as I have no personal knowledge whatever of the matters complained of, I unhesitatingly accept Mr. Notman's denial of every charge made in the item, and while not assuming any responsibility for originating the canard, regret exceedingly that I was the innocent cause of propagating it. I could have no motive whatever in

TEN FEET FROM TIP TO TIP.

maligning a perfect stranger, if I myself had not been deceived. I feel very sorry, indeed, that I caused Mr. Notman, unwittingly though it was, such annoyance, and feel confident that he will accept the above explanation in the same spirit as it is tendered. As far as I can learn, the fact that Mr. Notman sold a camp to Mr. Wagstaff (an American angler), is the sole foundation for the whole story. W. J. CARROLL.

Fish and Fishing.

Private Preserves and Public Opinion.

There can be no doubt that the leasing of vast blocks of country to private individuals or clubs for sporting purposes is becoming more and more unpopular in this country. None but those who can afford to lease territories for themselves or to join clubs holding such leases, are in favor of the present system, which certainly draws a broad dividing line between wealthy sportsmen and those who are possessed of a smaller extent of this world's goods. On the other hand, too little credit is often accorded to the fish and game clubs and private lessees of fishing and hunting rights for the valuable assistance they have given to the cause of fish and game protection. There are large sections of the province of Quebec where the fishing and hunting is better to-day than it was a score of years ago, thanks altogether to the protection afforded fish and game on neighboring preserves.

The same object might have been attained by the setting apart of more large sections of land as government forest, fish and game preserves, on the plan of the Laurentides National Park. But the guardianship of these necessitates a large public outlay, and the province has so far had its fish and game protected for it by a number of its lessees of fishing and hunting territories, much better than it could possibly have done it for itself, and has been in receipt at the same time of a good revenue in the shape of rentals. Where the original mistake was probably made was in leasing such large tracts of country, in many instances, to private individuals or clubs, that little or no opportunity was left in some sections of the country for the sportsman of small means to enjoy the fishing and hunting of his own country. There are also sections of country which are practically valueless to all visiting sportsmen, save those holding leases in the neighborhood, because of the monopoly of the sport enjoyed by these latter. The railway companies have realized this fact and have plainly told the government that there is no longer any object for them to advertise the attractions of such localities. The error is also fully appreciated by the present Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, Hon. Jean Prevost, who while not inclined to any radical change in the policy of leasing certain available fish and game territories, is determined to limit the territories so disposed of, and to leave a certain amount of unleased territory in every section of the country, available for those hunting or fishing under the authority of a license only.

A Red Ibis and a Bear.

When speaking the other day in this column of the introduction of ouananiche into parts of Canada from New Hampshire, I omitted to tell a good story told of the visit of Mr. J. W. Titcomb and Mr. Nat. Wentworth to Maskinongé county at the time of the exchange of ouananiche spawn for that of the Canadian red trout. The then New Hampshire and Vermont commissioners, accompanied by General Henry, paid a visit to Sand Lake on Mr. Simpson's preserve. Mr. Titcomb remained in camp one day while Mr. Wentworth and his guides went fishing up the lake. Mr. Wentworth had thought of taking his rifle with him, for it is a great bear country. Finally, however, the weapon was left behind. Sure enough, Bruin was not only seen by the fishermen, but afforded a splendid shot to the gunless sportsmen. Mr. Wentworth returned to camp and sorrowfully related the story. Mr. Titcomb listened with interest and finally inquired of his brother commissioner from New Hampshire what fly he had used as a dropper. "A red ibis," replied Mr. Wentworth. "Well," said Mr. Titcomb, "this is the first time I ever heard of a man going fishing for bear with a red ibis!"

This story calls to mind another bear fishing anecdote, in addition to those which I have related in a previous letter. Admiring the beautiful lustre upon a bearskin covering a table in Mr. Simpson's elegant Canadian home at Lake Carolus, I inquired where he had got it, and elicited the following story: He was ascending one of his big lakes on a very misty morning, when being on the lookout for a certain well-known rock, it gradually came into view through the mist, appearing much larger than usual. It was soon seen that something was perched upon it, and it did not take long to see that the something was a bear, fishing for his breakfast. The canoe was carefully held in position, while the occupants watched the operations of Master Bruin. One after another he was seen to scoop out the big trout on the narrow spawning bed in which the rock was situated, and when it was thought that he had wrought destruction enough and that his methods had been sufficiently proved to warrant his destruction, a well directed bullet put an end to his lawless fishing out of season, for Mr. Simpson had not depended upon his red ibis when he went out that morning for bear.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK ANGLERS' CLUB IN CENTRAL PARK.
From left to right they are: G. M. L. La Branche, Charles Stepath, President A. B. Lawrence, and C. G. Levison.

Bait-Casting Scores.

The Kansas City Bait and Fly-Casting Club has one method of scoring in a combined distance and accuracy bait-casting contest that is worthy the attention of all who practice this form of sport. It is used in bait-casting with half-ounce weights, but is equally simple for fly-casting. The scheme is this: A V-shaped court is laid out on the grass, with a tape-line in the center. The contestant casts for distance and accuracy combined, and the judges note where his weight strikes first, say 120 feet from the score-line and 6 feet away from the tape-line. For every foot the weight falls from the tape a demerit of 1 foot is scored, and the total deducted from the distance cast gives his net score, or 114. Let us suppose the following table represents the result of his five casts:

Distance.	Accuracy.	Net.
120	6	114
98	2	96
137	9	128
119	3	116
120	10	110
594	30	564

Average, 112 4-5.

His distance average is 118 4-5 feet, his accuracy average 6 feet, leaving a net total of 112 4-5 feet, a simple method of computing a combined score on the spot, so that the next caster can see what he must do to win.

But while this method serves to encourage contestants to cast straight, it is not so difficult as casting for accuracy at buoys in the water or marks on the lawn. Here one must cast straight and true. Suppose his score to be as follows:

Feet.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Total.
60	1	2	0	0	1	4
80	2	0	3	4	0	9
100	6	2	4	4	3	19
Grand total						32

In computing the result the judges must score each cast that strikes the buoy as perfect, or O; Within a foot, 1, etc. This is the demerit score, the sum total of which, in this case 32, divided by 15, constitutes the demerit per cent., 2 2-15. Deducting this from 100 gives the accuracy percentage, 97 13-15, a nice method of arriving at a score with 100 as the possible, but one requiring some calculation which most judges prefer to avoid while surrounded by persons talking, and the scores are often left until the close of an event before being computed and the results announced.

Rapid Growth of Trout.

Capitola, Cal., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Santa Cruz county conducts a fish hatchery of her own. It is, I think, one of the most successful trout hatcheries in the United States, and this year expects to hatch and liberate in the thirty-odd streams in the county upward of 3,000,000 trout and salmon. This work will make Santa Cruz county the mecca for all California anglers, not only for trout, but sea fishing. I went out the other day and took forty-six fine trout in a few hours on fly. At the present time one can leave the most prominent hotel in the city of Santa Cruz, a city with upward of 10,000 inhabitants, and in ten minutes' walk be on the stream and return with the limit (fifty trout) in two or three hours. At this time of year the trout range for seven- and eight-inch fish to three and four pounds in weight, and are in prime condition. They are steelhead trout. Two female fish were spawned at the hatchery last winter and over 19,000 eggs taken from the two fish. The trout hatched from these eggs are now at the hatchery and are over five inches in length, having attained that size since the latter part of March, in which month they were hatched. Trout at the hatchery 18 months old weigh as high as two pounds. I do not think it will be long before this hatchery will attract the attention of sportsmen all over the United States. All the spawn is taken from the wild trout, and no trout is spawned that weighs less than five pounds, and many weigh as high as eighteen pounds.

THE ANGLERS' CLUB MEMBERS PRACTICING BAIT-CASTING ON THE POOL IN CENTRAL PARK.

The annual meeting of the Fish and Game Protective Association will be held at Monterey on Nov. 9, 10, 11, 1906.

Walter R. Welch.

California Commission Asks for Proofs.

Since the publication, last week, of comments respecting the deputy wardens who were recently discharged by the California Fish Commission, Charles A. Vogelsang, chief deputy, has written us, denying all of the charges that have been made against him, and stating that "thus far no association, save the Santa Clara, has sent a communication to this office, except such as were complimentary to the board." Mr. Vogelsang incloses a copy of a long letter from Commissioners Van Arsdale and Bermingham (Mr. Gerber, the third member, being out of the state) to the Santa Clara County Fish and Game Protective Association, in which appears the following challenge:

"If your organization or any other body or individual can prove to us at any time that Mr. Vogelsang, or any other deputy, assistant or employee in the service of this commission, is either incompetent or unscrupulous or unreliable, he will be discharged forthwith and without any ceremony attending his going."

The letter then takes up the Santa Clara association charges and passes on them, denying some, justifying the chief deputy's position in others and finally giving a statement of the comparative number of arrests, the nature of the offenses and the amount of fines collected during recent years, as showing that the commission has been active in the discharge of its duties. The tables show that whereas eight arrests were made and $100 in fines collected during the years 1897-8, the returns for 1905 and 1906 to date show $4,120 in fines, and ninety arrests for violations of the striped bass law.

During the same years mentioned, in enforcing the duck law, the arrests increased from 14 to 75 and the fines from $220 to $1,530; deer law violation, 165 as against 11, and fines amounting to $4,330 as against $100; quail law arrests, 7 and 105, and fines of $40 and $2,270 respectively; salmon law arrests, 19 and 39, and fines $200 and $3,300 respectively. For trout law violations arrests increased from 21 to 33, and fines from $345 to $725, 1901 to date; and in enforcing the shrimp law, arrests increased from 8 to 22 and fines from $183 to $625, 1901 to date.

Racine Casting Tournament.

The Racine Fly-Casting Club, through A. H. Barnes, its secretary, has formally announced the time for the holding of its fly- and bait-casting tournament in Racine, Wis., next August. The announcement follows:

"The Racine Fly-Casting Club desires to announce that by virtue of a resolution unanimously adopted at the first convention of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, an international fly- and bait-casting tournament will be held at Racine, Wis., under the auspices of the Racine Fly-Casting Club during the month of August, 1907.

"This will be the first official international series of events to be held under the rules and regulations of the national organization, and every effort is already being put forth toward promoting a successful meet, and the prestige of national organization support and endorsement should add materially to this success.

"Racine extends a cordial invitation to all those interested to attend and participate. Actual dates will be announced later."

Michigan's Record Bass.

A correspondent calls our attention to a paragraph that appeared in these columns in August, in which William E. Shoemaker gave the dimensions of a small-mouth black bass which he caught in Long lake, Michigan, and which the Michigan Fish Commission says is the record fish of its species for that state. Its weight was 9½ pounds when caught, and 8½ two days afterward. Mr. Shoemaker gave its length as 24 inches and its girth as 19 inches. By an error its girth was stated to be only 9 inches.

Good Fishing—for Overalls.

From the New York Times, Oct. 8.

The Brownsville Independent Fishing Club held a political meeting yesterday afternoon in Ludwig's Hall, the intention being to put forward a candidate for Fish Commissioner, or, in other words, to obtain a promise from either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hearst that a member of the club would receive the appointment in consideration of having the support of the club members and their friends on Election Day. Dr. Louis Edelmuth, who was famous as a veterinary surgeon in the days of the old East New York car horse, presided. He said that the time had come for all good amateur fishermen to stick to the Gubernatorial candidate who would promise to "remedy the conditions in the bays and waters of the Empire State, so that a man might get a fish at least once in a while."

"Nowadays," he continued, "we find in every stream about New York only a few fishes, where we should have millions. It isn't the fault of the fish that we catch them no more; it is the fault of the system that allows oil to be poured into Jamaica Bay and other streams from oil works. Last Sunday I fished for eleven hours in oil that got into the bay from the gas company's plant of the Queens County Gas Company. Now, what do you suppose I caught?"

"A cold," suggested one man.

"A sardine," shouted another.

"No," replied Dr. Edelmuth, "I caught a pair of overalls on my line, and I wouldn't have minded that so much if they had been new ones, but they were full of tar. Now, as a horse doctor, I know something about animals, and let me tell you a fish can't live on tarred overalls."

"Which kind of bait did you use?" shouted Arndt, the East New York delicatessen man.

"I used every kind of bait," replied the chairman.

"In dot case you should have caught all sorts of clothing," said the delicatessen man, laughing.

"Well," continued the horse doctor, "if a man spends eleven hours fishing and only catches one pair of tarry overalls, it's time we should complain on the State of New York. I don't mind waiting eleven hours for a bite, but I do object to overalls biting after I've waited."

"I once had a beer bottle bite on my hook," remarked Sol Lipman, the treasurer. "I was fishing on Canarsie, und a party of men in another boat threw empty bottles out from their boat, and I catched one."

"At Broad Shannel we catch only barrel hoops," said a mild-looking member in the rear of the hall. "How is it ve got no barrel hoop inspectors in the State Fish Compartment?"

"In my opinion," continued the chairman, "we should ask the State Fish Commission to stock the bay over again and arrest whoever throws oils overboard from factories."

"Well," said Mr. Arndt, "vhy not ask der State Fish Commission to hatch out some hard shell crabs. We ain't got no hard shell crabs in Yamaica Bay for putty near three years."

"I want bluefish in der bay," remarked another member of the club.

"I want weakfish," suggested the vice-president.

"I prefer to catch fluke," chimed in a third member.

"Any sort of fish will suit me," resumed the chairman, "but it's time to call a halt when we pay a dollar for shedder crab bait, and only catch tarry overalls. We must choose our own Fish Commissioner, too, if we want redress."

"I would redress if I could catch a new suit of clothes," remarked the vice-president. "But what we must do is bait the politicians."

The club decided to submit a list of questions to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hughes and demand that Dr. Edelmuth be made Fish Commissioner. The resolutions adopted reminded the candidates that there are 30,000 amateur fishermen in Greater New York.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

A Hook in a Trout.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sending you herewith photograph of what I have been pleased to regard as a very interesting souvenir of my fishing trip this summer, and thinking that you might desire to publish an account of the same in your excellent magazine, I am sending you the information with reference to it for that purpose as follows:

The photo, which is exactly of the dimensions of the hook and line taken, represents what is evidently a cod fish hook, and six inches of double

MACKEREL HOOK AND LINE FOUND IN A TROUT. ACTUAL SIZE.

mackerel cord attached, which was evidently set out at sea, probably in the neighborhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, inasmuch as I took the hook from the belly of a 3-pound mackerel trout at Robinson's pool on the Escuminac river, Province Quebec, Aug. 18. The only evidence of the presence of the hook was a small sore about the size of a BB shot, which on examination disclosed the point of the hook. Some effort and strength were required to withdraw the hook, which we were however successful in doing by pressing back the hide so as to insure a better hold. After the hook and line were removed the trout was returned to the pool, apparently as well as ever, although I have since been informed by the guardian of the stream, that the fish was found dead about two weeks afterward, some three miles down the river. When taken the trout was extremely active, and I can only account for his death after the operation, as being due perhaps to our having injured him internally when the eye of the hook was drawn around in removing it.

You will note from the photo that the hook had been in the trout a sufficient length of time so that it had nearly rusted through up near the eye; in fact, at one point it is no thicker than a fine piano wire, and it is the writer's judgment, as well as others who have seen it, that it must have been in the fish for anywhere from eighteen months to two and a half or three years.

A. E. Schafer.

The New York Casting Tournament.

In view of the fact that the tournament of the Anglers' Club of New York is being held this week on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, the accompanying pictures may be of interest to anglers. They were made during the practice casting on the Pool last Saturday and show several of the prominent anglers of New York city.

In mentioning the fact that Mr. John Enright, of Castleconnell, Ireland, would take part in this tournament, the London Fishing Gazette says that "it will be a case of greenheart against split cane," and hopes Mr. J. J. Hardy will also come to New York to compete. It should be explained in this connection that a heated controversy has been carried on in the Fishing Gazette for several months on the respective merits of greenheart and split bamboo, and as our fly-casters employ the latter quite generally, and the British anglers are partial to greenheart, and Mr. Enright is one of its firmest advocates, the result of the salmon fly-casting event and the unlimited trout fly-casting event on Harlem Mere will be of great interest to anglers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Enright cabled that he would arrive in New York city on Wednesday. Mr. Hardy has not been heard from, which is to be regretted, as it is certain that even he might learn something of fly- and bait-casting in a visit to the country of split bamboo fly-rods.

The Kalamazoo, Chicago and several other western clubs have promised to send representatives, and although this issue of Forest and Stream goes to press before the tournament takes place, it is quite certain the events will have large entry lists.

Fishing Notes.

"John G. Hall, who drives the stage between the Berkshire hills and Winsted, was two hours late arriving here this morning, having spent that time scooping up speckled beauties stranded in pools and placing them further down stream, where there was water." Thus wrote the Winsted correspondent of the Boston Traveler. Mr. Hall deserves a gold medal. Many another man would have reported that the streams in drying up had left the trout stranded, and all hands would have gone to the spot, there to clean out all the helpless fish and carry them home.

During September the Nicollet and Le Sueur Counties Game League planted a million black bass fry in Swan lake, Minnesota. Years ago this was a popular fishing resort, but when, two years ago, a large number of fry were placed in the lake, it was to replenish the supply, which had been almost exhausted. These fish have grown rapidly, and it is expected that Swan lake will in a few years recover its old popularity.

Washington is one of the cities where small power boats are used extensively by anglers, and the indications are that the already large number of these boats used will be augmented next year by many new ones. Cruises down the Potomac to the best salt water fishing grounds are of daily occurrence among the owners of these handy little power boats.

THE POWER BOAT RULES.

There has been much complaint since the end of the power boat racing season, that the rules formulated some two years ago, and adopted by the American Power Boat Association, are inadequate and unfair.

There have been protests, and their decision has brought up questions that seemed out of the reach of the committee to solve. The power of the boats produced under the rules is very much an unknown quantity. The handicaps have eliminated, before many of the races, some of the largest and fastest boats. These large boats are in many cases better adapted to test and show, for purposes either of commerce or of pleasure, the possibilities of explosive motors. Under the rules some of the 60-footers would, according to their ratings, have to make forty or fifty miles speed to beat a 25-footer with a 20 horsepower engine. All this is ridiculous. That the racing of power boats is not as popular to-day as it was hoped it would be, is not denied. Many people interested in boating willingly would have taken to power boats, but for the idle talking, and promises of great but never realized speeds.

Fortunately the meeting of the Motor Boat Club and A. P. B. A., on the Hudson, changed by its success a result which would not have looked very bright along with the summer's record of yachting under sail.

The power question is one that cannot be dodged. Moreover, it is time it should be fairly looked at for its own sake. The power derived from an explosive motor as applied to driving hulls, may be said to apply in four distinct ways: To supply a low auxiliary power to sailing vessels. To apply power to open or semi open boats or launches. For power in trading boats and for racing.

These four uses seem to cover all the purposes that can be conceived of for this machine. It is manifest that the small power is the one in greatest demand because of its economy of fuel, convenience and simplicity of parts.

For racing purposes big engines of extreme lightness and strength are required; they must also be reliable, assuming conditions of good management.

The racing boat is light. It must be to obtain the greatest ratio of horsepower to displacement. Every boat in the speed class should be cut to the last inch, then when something goes, it can be traced to its proper cause. We do not recommend recklessness, but we want to see better watermanship and less beating of the rule, more faithful attention to mechanical perfection in design of hull and engine. We want a rule, under which the winning of a prize by a boat may demonstrate to the public that such an engine, or boat or combination of both, is good, safe and reliable. A revision of the present rules in the light of data now available should clarify the situation. It will place the maker, builder, individual and the clubs in a better condition even than they enjoy at this time, and help an industry which, though promising some developments and improvements in the future, has come to stay, and has earned in the last ten years a place for a legitimate product and one invaluable in the pursuit of trade, exploration and pleasure. Let us then get at the rule, bravely, for the betterment of our motors and boats, that they may take their place as they should, as safe, reliable and cheap contrivances to do their work under a rule which takes fair account of the dimensions and power and will yet not stifle competition.

Boston Letter.

Mr. Louis B. Goodspeed, secretary of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association, has called a meeting of that association for Tuesday, Oct. 9. Efforts will be made to revive interest in the class with the hope that it will once more regain its high estate. The boats are too well known to need a description, or a recapitulation of the class restrictions, at this time. They were admittedly a perfect success in the results which they were planned to obtain—they were easily handled, comfortable boats for afternoon sailing and speedy little racers. It is hard to conceive of any material changes in the rules that would be an all-round improvement. More sail might make them faster, but would surely make them more of the scow type; heavier construction would be advantageous, but would handicap any new boats. Possibly by limiting the expenses the boats might regain popularity—this might be done by prohibiting the use of hollow spars, limiting the number of times a boat might be hauled out for cleaning and painting, barring professionals from the crew, as well as from acting as helmsman (which is at present the only restriction on professionals), allowing the use of balloon jibs as well as spinnakers, thus permitting a wider range of judgment in sail selection, and prohibiting double-planking and the use of mahogany for planking.

The cause for the waning interest in the class has not been due, however, to any particular fault with the boats. They have merely gone out of fashion. It was the same story with the 21ft. knockabouts, the raceabouts, and the catboats. Racing classes are subject to as many whims and passing fancies as is milady's dress. Then, too, as the rules of any class come to be understood, the boats approach a mono-type in design, a little knot of expert helmsmen corral all the prizes and their less experienced competitors (or those with less time to devote to tuning-up their boats) scarcely get a look in at the money. But with the more prominent helmsmen all interested in the sonderklasse and about to become enthusiastic over class Q, perhaps this is the very time to resuscitate class I. Just as the whirligig of fashion swings into new favor some old forgotten style, so the Cape catboat, after a long period of unpopularity, again reached its former prominence. Why not the 18ft. knockabout association? The wares that it offers are wholesome, attractive and meritorious, their prices are reasonable; let us hope that they will find a good market.

A certain member of the Boston Y. C., whose name is inevitably linked with its Hull station, is endeavoring to organize a one-design class of 15-footers to revive the racing at Hull. The move is commendable, especially as the intent is to provide a wholesome model with a fair amount of outside ballast and of either the keel or compromise type. The Massachusetts Y. R. A. class of restricted 15-footers, formulated in the autumn of 1903, never attained popularity, chiefly because of the extreme features possible in the hull and the somewhat excessive rig. As there is then no desirable class of this size to be built for, and as a one-designed class can be built with the most economy, there is every reason to believe that the plan may be successfully realized. It is a "consummation devoutly to be wished" in order that Hull may again witness the keen racing that she saw in 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904, but which was very nearly extinguished last summer.

The air is vibrant with orders for designers, and the yards are already beginning to show signs of activity. Lawley has commenced work on the Crane 140ft. steel auxiliary schooner. He is about to close orders for a 110ft. and a 90ft. schooner, one designed by A. S. Cheeseboro, and is figuring on an 85ft. fast steam yacht of the Scout type. With these, a number of smaller boats, a 60ft. now nearing completion, and a probable 86ft. auxiliary, the Lawley corporation bids fair to begin the winter with orders amounting to $1,000,000.

Messrs. Small Bros. have every reason to anticipate a busy winter. They now have orders for an 81ft. auxiliary schooner for a Chicago yachtsman, a 22ft. yawl for A. M. Blinn, Esq., of Boston, a 60ft. power cruiser for a Mr. Asseleck, of Toronto, a 25ft. sloop for use in Maine by a Mr. Pratt, a 35ft. cabin power launch and a class A boat for Lake Geneva, 38ft. over all, 26ft. waterline, and having 500 sq. ft. of sail. The marked success on the Great Lakes this summer of their 1904 designed 21-footer Spray in winning the practical championship of her class over the new boats should increase their hold on Western business and bring them many new orders.

William Lambart Barnard.

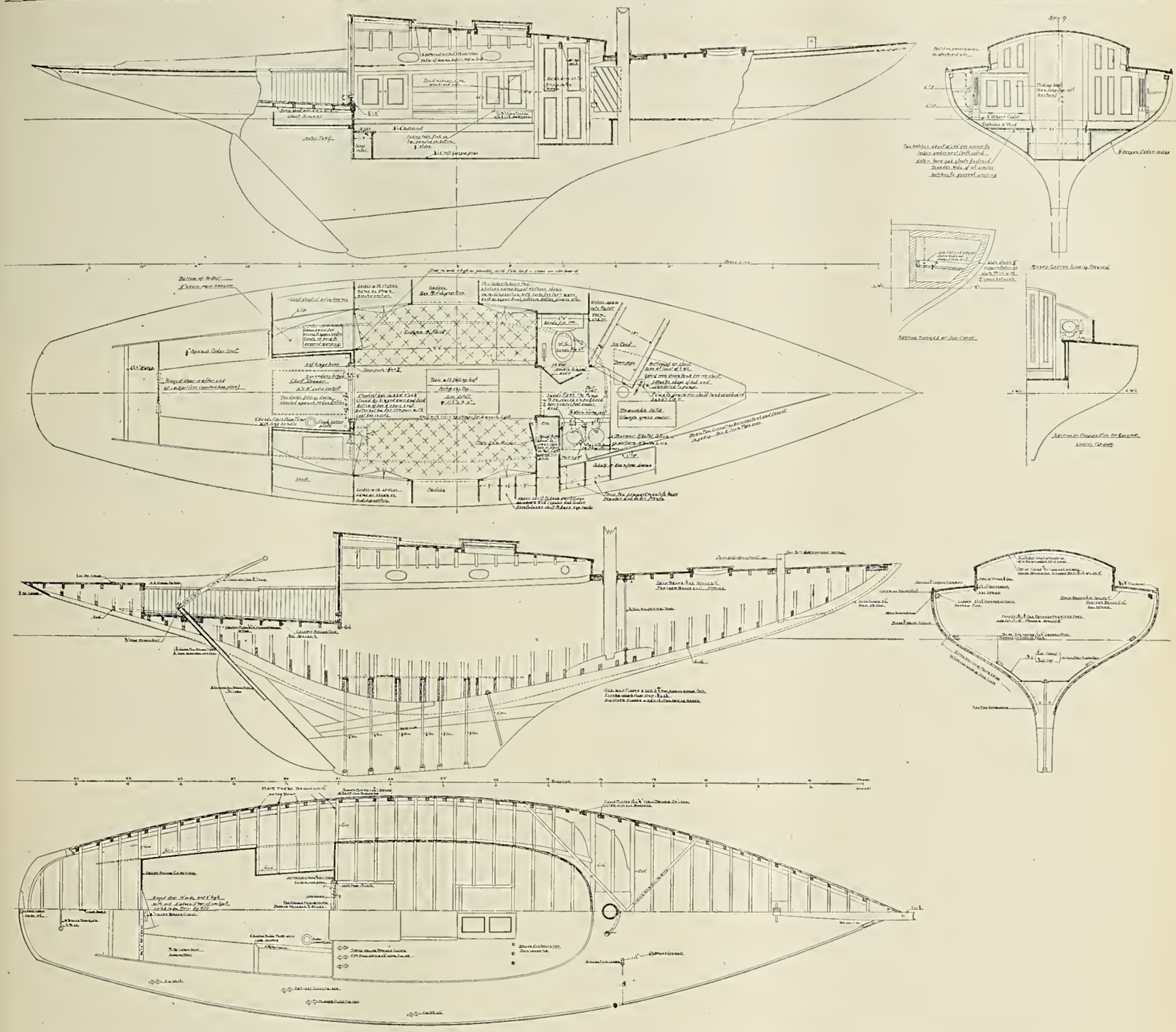
The Quincy Cup.

Commenting on the account of the Quincy cup affair, as given in our Boston Letter, Mr. S. N. Small, a member of the firm of Small Bros., of Boston, writes: "We wish to call your attention to the articles published in your Boston Letter by W. L. Barnard, describing in a biased way the races for the Quincy cup at Manchester. Mr. W. L. Barnard writes a very unfair and unjust criticism of Windrim Kid, my brother, J. F. Small, who sailed her in these races, and her owner, F. G. Macomber. Our yachtsmen in Boston and vicinity will tell you that there is no fairer racing man in the game than J. F. Small, or one who knows the rules better, or whose word is more respected. There is also no fairer sporting yachtsman than F. G. Macomber; and there is no faster boat in the sonderklasse than Windrim Kid, designed by us. In reference to the protest that Mr. Barnard lays so much stress upon, it was adjusted fairly and as it should have been, by fair men who had heard evidence and decided the matter from a right interpretation of the rules, which rules are properly made for the sake of the sport and to protect each boat from unfair tactics. It is the man who sails unfairly who should be criticized, instead of the victim of such fouls—that is why the rules are made and enforced.

"S. N. Small."

This having been referred to our correspondent, Mr. Barnard writes:

It was with the most sincere regret and the utmost hesitation that I wrote my criticism of the Quincy cup controversy. I was tempted to gloss over the affair or to dismiss it with scant attention—as did the daily papers. I had no desire to alienate the friendliness of men who stand well in our yachting world, and whom I have many reasons to admire. But I felt, and



CABIN AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS OF MULTNOMAH—DESIGNED BY MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR MR. FRANK DRAKE.

still feel, that if I was to write anything about the Quincy cup races, I owed it to myself, to FOREST AND STREAM, and to the reading public that supposedly was to derive its information concerning those races from my account of them, to describe that contest, and the incidents connected therewith, as they appeared to me, to review them fully and freely with such candor as my individual mental shortcomings would permit, and to draw such conclusions as to me seemed fair, reasonable and just.

The criticism to which I gave utterance and to which Mr. Small objects was, and remains, my sober judgment. It was not a hurried, ill-considered expression of my thoughts. It had been written, amended, amplified, constricted and rewritten. As I reread it, I see no cause to make any changes. Such of it as, inferentially, applied to Mr. John F. Small was not, and to my mind cannot fairly be construed to be, a criticism of him personally, but of a certain phase of our interpretation of the word amateur. I purposely refrained from naming Mr. Small as I did not wish to stigmatize him but only the system of which I complained. And I purposely added words to free him from any accusation of deliberate, or even conscious, misrepresentation. For Mr. John F. Small is all that his brother says of him—"there is no fairer racing man in the game, none who better knows the rules or whose word is more respected." The paragraph of which Mr. S. N. Small complains was summed up in the words—"the builder, sailmaker and designer are as dependent upon results for success in business as is the paid hand himself. The best of us become unconsciously blind under such circumstances." I do not consider those words irreconcilable with the foregoing praise of Mr. Small. I admit that, had I been in Mr. Small's place, I, too, should have taken his attitude—I believe that every one of us, deep down in his own heart, realizes that if his boat is in a foul that involves a close interpretation of the rules he finds it almost, if not quite, impossible to be absolutely fair in describing the events that led up to and included that foul. (Not that Mr. Small or any true sportsman would necessarily protest such a foul if it in no way affected the result of the race). If Mr. S. N. Small believes his brother exempt from such human frailties, or if he still sees cause for offense despite this woefully long analysis of my state of mind in writing as I did, I am very, very sorry to have wounded his feelings or those of his brother, and I regret that self-respect will not permit me to make any other apology.

As for Mr. Small's complacent statement that "there is no faster boat in the sonderklasse than Windrim Kid," my idea of impartial, fair, unbiased criticism obliges me to stick to statistics; all I dare to say is that Lorelei was not the fastest, and that Vim, Bonidrei, Windrim Kid and Auk made a better showing than the others under the disappointing conditions that prevailed last summer. In fourteen times that Bonidrei and Windrim Kid met, each defeated the other seven times. Bonidrei took four firsts to the Kid's two. The average percentages for those fourteen races give Bonidrei 77.6 per cent., Windrim Kid 72.3 per cent.

WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

Beverly Y. C.

Three hundred and ninety-first regatta. Open race off Mattapoisett, Aug. 31, 1906. Judges: Louis Bacon and Chas. H. Taylor, Jr. Wind W.N.W.:

Special Class—Course 1—12 Miles.

Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 06 00
Emily Jane, Alfred Meyer	3 05 25

Young Miss wins on time allowance.

21-footers—Restricted—Course 1—12 Miles.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 48 03
Idler, H. W. Emmons, 2d	1 50 08
Quakeress, W. E. Harrison	1 51 02
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 51 11
Rosamond, Miles W. Weeks	1 51 16
Amanita III., Joshua Crane	1 51 26
Owl, F. C. Paine	1 52 22
Radiant, Charles Brewer	1 52 28
Illusion, C. M. Baker	1 53 08

18 to 21-footers—Course 8—7¾ Miles.

Barracouta, T. T. Gaff & Chas. N. Hinkle	1 24 20
I. O. U., W. F. Phinney	1 27 50
Shadow, J. G. Arms	1 28 38

18-footers—One-Design—Course 8—7¾ Miles.

Wizard, F. W. Sargent	1 20 45
Wanderer, A. S. Whiting	Did not finish

15-footers—One-Design—Course 8—7¾ Miles.

Seeps, S. D. Warren	1 27 00
Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 28 05
Catspaw, S. D. Warren	1 28 48
Banzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 29 40
Yalu, Miss Margaret Codman	1 30 21
Flickamaroo, O. E. Hellier	1 33 01
Japanski, J. Perkins	1 33 15
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton, Jr.	Did not finish
Mongoose, Miss Eleanor Emmons	Did not finish

One-Design 15ft. Cats—Course 8—7¾ Miles.

Trident, Ned Hellier	1 31 57
Wren, Miss Whiting	1 34 00
Swallow, Miss Bullivant	Did not finish

Fourth Class Cats—Course 8—7¾ Miles.

Weweantit, F. B. Smith	1 39 50
Unnamed	Did not finish

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Oct. 6.

On Saturday there was sailed, under the auspices of the American Y. C., a special match race between two dories representing the Crescent A. C. and the American Y. C. As a result of a mistake, a warning signal was taken for the start, and Spray was jibed over too quickly in the heavy weather and capsized. The crew were soon rescued. The course was laid off inside the harbor. The times follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tauton, G. G. Fry, Am. Y. C.	4 05 38	0 20 38
Skiddoo, P. Marquand, Am. Y. C.	4 57 39	0 22 39
Zip, A. G. Hanan, Crescent A.C.	4 57 48	0 22 48
Mamie, J. W. Bergen, Crescent A.C.	4 58 16	0 23 16

New Steam Yachts.

We print from the London Yachting World a notice of a steam yacht nearing completion in Scotland. A number of our fine steam yachts are English products. It is a pity that some chance is not afforded some of our builders, as their success with smaller vessels or yachts known as the American type of steam yachts have never been beaten or excelled.

Ramage and Ferguson, Limited, Leith, launched from their yard recently a finely modeled steel screw steam yacht of about 700 tons yacht measurement, built to the order of Mr. C. W. Harkness, New York Y. C., from the designs and under the superintendence of Messrs. Cox and King, 5 Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, London.

The principal dimensions of this yacht are: Length over all, 214ft.; breadth, 27ft. 6in., and depth moulded 16ft. 9in.

The yacht is constructed of steel to Lloyd's highest class with awning deck extending full width of vessel and for about two-thirds of the length, with chart house and navigation bridge placed above same.

Under the awning deck is a long range of deck houses, with drawing room finished in rich hardwood at aft end and passage leading forward to a large dining room.

The staterooms, which are fitted in choice hardwoods and handsomely furnished, are situated below the main deck, the owner's private rooms being forward of the machinery space and his guests' rooms abaft same.

The yacht is fitted complete with all the most modern equipment, including steam windlass and capstan forward, steam warping capstan aft, combined steam and hand steering gear, electric light, steam heating, refrigerating machinery, etc.

The propelling machinery consists of a set of four crank triple expansion engines with cylinders 17in., 27in. and two 31in. diameter by 27in. stroke, steam being supplied from two large single-ended boilers working up to 180 pounds pressure.

On leaving the ways the yacht was named Agawa by Mrs. Harkness.

This is the fourteenth yacht built by Ramage and Ferguson, Limited, to the designs of Messrs. Cox and King, and they have two other yachts on the stocks for the same designers.

Stearns & McKay.

We publish herewith a partial list of boats hauled out at the main yard of Stearns & McKay, yacht builders, Marblehead. For some time past this firm realized the possibilities of storage in Marblehead, away from coal dust and on clean water, and accordingly some years ago acquired a large property on a little harbor, on which have been erected sheds for storage of yachts under cover. The increasing number of boats to haul out each year has shown that the efforts—and successful ones in the line of prompt deliveries in the spring—were appreciated by the yachtsmen. The firm builds launches and small boats, and have turned out some very successful large boats. In the small launches, the results obtained have not been widely published, but have been very successful, and a constant demand demonstrates their success and reputation. The number of boats hauled at both yards will reach 150.

Among those hauled at their main yard are: America, C. W. Sherburne; Melusina, E. A. Doyle; Intrepid, H. A. Church; Ranger, Henry P. King; Margaret, G. A. Tuttle; Golden Rod, George E. Bruce; Kiowa, W. H. Bradbury, Heron, Walter I. Badger; Clarita, Dr. J. L. Seward; Yarico, W. H. Rothwell; Waitua, Geo. S. Payson; Alvida, James R. Ely. At the No. 2 yard are: S.Y. Vixen, Thomas B. Homer; Arab, G. B. Agnew, Mr. F. L. Cobb's houseboat; Dr. Dexter's 35ft. launch; Gabrielle, Edward P. Lincoln; Vigilant, A. C. Potter; Chickadee, F. E. Peabody; Eastern Y. C. launch; Olita, S. A. Raymond; Avanti, Miss Elizabeth Mansfield; Midge, E. E. Baldwin; Margaret, Dwight Vaughn; Katrina, W. L. Pitcher; Cod, Dr. Morton Prince; Ellen, C. P. Curtis, Jr.; Scud, C. P. Curtis; Kayserine, C. E. Aldrich, Jr.; Mustang, Richard Stearns; Puffin II., N. F. Greeley; Juanita, Asa Schofield; Princeps, Henry Schofield; Louise, John Harwood; Bantam, D. C. Roberts; Hoiden, R. J. Leavitt; Athlon, H. H. Walker; Idol, C. B. Gleason; Calista, Henry Davenport; Philopena, H. B. Stearns; Alice, John R. Strong; Gosling, G. E. Bailey; Skeeter, Theodora Schwarz; M. Cocktail, A. N. Lock; Dorothy, Herbert Otis; Wasaka, C. E. Adams; Kotik, C. H. Williams; Papoose III., Herbert N. Nute; Gertrude, Herbert Humphrey; Great Republic, John R. Strong; Starc, Alexander Galt; Idler, N. H. Atkins; Eugenia, I. S. Palmer; X. Y. Z., A. H. Marks; Brenda, W. F. Hill; Grig, Franklin Dexter; Alert, William B. Chubb, and Julia, owned by M. B. Roach. Recent orders are for cruising launches for Sharon M. Beach, Seymour, Conn.; W. J. Beane, San Francisco, Cal. The cruising launch for W. W. Carnes, of Tampa, is nearly completed, and will leave for Florida after trial in about two weeks.

A Cruising Boat.

We publish this week the cabin and construction plans of Multnomah, a sloop designed last winter by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, for Mr. Frank Drake. The plans show well the scheme of construction and arrangement. The lines and sail plan appeared last week.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Utowana, Mr. Allison V. Armour, New York Y. C., has returned to New York after a four months' European cruise. Mr. Jordan L. Mott, accompanied Mr. Armour. Stops were made at ports in England, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The passage home was very rough, the yacht being hove to about eight days, but came out of it very well and proved what a good sea boat she is.

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IN THE OVEN'S MOUTH.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

From Rochester comes news of a mutiny aboard a steam yacht, Nerita, owned by Mr. S. J. Murphy, Jr., of Green Bay, Wis. Nerita has been cruising along the Atlantic coast for the last year, and on the way home, via the St. Lawrence, the yacht put in at Portland where two seamen were shipped. One of these became unmanageable and was put ashore at Halifax; the other was kept on his promise to behave. Captain Graham reprimanded the man for sleeping on watch, and the sailor attacked the Captain, who is suffering from a bad battering. The owner was aroused and put in an appearance with a pistol, driving the man in a cabin. When the vessel made port he was turned over to the federal authorities.

At the Port Jefferson yacht basin the following yachts have been laid up: Sch. Palestine, H. C. Tinker, N. Y. Y. C.; yawl Geraldine, T. Cousins; steam yacht Orion, Arnold Thayer, N. Y. Y. C.; steam yacht Saghaya, Howard C. Smith, N. Y. Y. C.

It is reported that the English turbine steam yacht Albion has been chartered by Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, for a winter cruise to the Mediterranean. Albion is owned by Sir George Newnes and now fitting out at Southampton.

Last week the steam yacht Varuna, owned by Mr. Eugene Higgins, New York Y. C., began her twenty-second voyage across the Atlantic. Mr. Higgins and a party of friends are aboard. Varuna will stop at Bermuda, Madeira and Gibraltar on her way to the Mediterranean, where she will cruise during the winter. Varuna was designed by Geo. Lennox Watson, built in Scotland, and is one of the finest of the steam yachts enrolled in the New York Y. C.

Mr. C. L. F. Robinson, New York Y. C., who lately sailed for Europe with his family, has chartered from the Earl of Lonsdale, his steam yacht Norseman. The yacht is at Southhampton refitting. It is rumored that Mr. Robinson's cruise will extend as far east as Japan.

The steam yacht Oneida, Commodore E. C. Benedict, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., sailed last week with a party of friends for Buzzard's Bay for a week's fishing. Commodore Benedict's guests are, Frederic C. Penfield and Lary D. Huntingdon.

The sloop Irolita, Commodore E. Walter Clark, has been taken to Briston for alterations. Her centerboard will be removed, and other changes will be made to improve her speed. Irolita did not win any races this year and was repeatedly beaten by Effort, Weetamoe and Neola.

Three Harbors.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

(*Continued from page* 466.)

When you have furled your jib and mainsail, look about you. Do it leisurely, for you are in the most beautiful spot on the Maine coast. Your point of entrance is hidden by two islands, and the anchorage seems landlocked. The effect is supremely peaceful—the silence almost audible.

The two diminutive islands near you are Big Ram and Little Ram, but I prefer to call them Cathedral and Chapel, for they are perfect specimens of Gothic architecture. Let me warn you here that they are mine. A search through the Registry of Deeds would not disclose that fact, nevertheless it is true—to me. However, I'll permit you to land on them and, if you will never make the claim in my presence, you, too, may pretend that they are yours.

The shore east of the anchorage is dotted with farms, but I did not discover the fact until my second visit. Near at hand is a long, winding cove, Puring's Dam, a fine place for clams, which you will find hidden beneath the rockweed in large colonies, as well as snugly tucked in the mud. A short row to the south will take you past a small island, back of which is a narrow path with a wood road leading inland. If you follow this road to a path on the left and pursue the path across a brook, you will find, still on the left, two springs of deliciously cool, pure water at the base of a little hill. The owner boasts that they have three virtues—they are the coldest in summer and warmest in winter of any on the island, and they never run dry or freeze. He is a genial specimen with a fine garden.

You can spend a couple of days very enjoyably at Quohog Bay, exploring the coves, fishing, clamming and swimming. The water is surprisingly warm and affords the best bathing that I have found in Maine.

From Quohog Bay it is a good day's sail to the Ovens, at the head of the Sheepscott Back River. The best way is to go up the Sheepscott itself, as the scenery is more attractive, and it is easier to navigate than is the Back River (which has a very narrow channel), and pass through Cross River just above Barter's Island. This will bring you to the Ovens' Mouth, which you will not see until you are at the very opening.

Picture to yourself a straight, narrow gash through the forest, 900 yards in length and 60 yards wide; a cut with steep, rocky sides 30 feet high and topped with 90-foot trees growing on the very edges of the rocks; then turn a stream of water through it at a 6-knot clip and you will have a very fair idea of the Ovens' Mouth. You will seldom carry any breeze with you as you pitch through this gut, owing to the trees cutting off the air; and that you cannot go through against the current hardly need be started. The current, however, runs very true

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NORTH SHORE, CROSS RIVER.

with few whirlpools, and you will drift through safely, although it is advisable to keep steerageway on by using a sweep.

The swift flight through the Ovens' Mouth is most exhilarating; in fact, intensely exciting. The water seems actually to run down hill and drop through; you'll swear that it does if you once try it; and you'll stick to your oath after the trip out.

Once inside you find the Ovens to be a large bay, over two miles long and half a mile wide in places, but so cut up by points and bends that it nowhere discloses its true size. The best anchorage is directly opposite the mouth, in about the middle of the bay, in 3 fathoms. Use your lead before anchoring, as there is a 13-fathom hole just inside the entrance.

The scenery is picturesque in the extreme; rolling pastures, interspersed with wood lots to the east, while to the west are rocky shores crowded with woods, through which an occasional roof may be seen. One jarring note was introduced in the summer of 1905 by the erection of a summer cottage which, while attractive, seems an unwarranted intrusion.

Continued on page 596.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Amendments.

The following amendments are proposed for action by the executive committee on Oct. 27:

CONSTITUTION.

Amend Article III. to read as follows: "*Membership.*—Any gentleman over the age of sixteen, and a competent swimmer, may become an active member of this association fourteen (14) days after his application has been announced by the treasurer in one of the official organs of the association, and approved as provided in the Constitution."

Amend Article IV., Sec. 2, to read as follows: "*Associate Members.*—Ladies may be elected associate members by the executive committee when proposed by a member of that committee, provided they are of the immediate family of an active member, and have attended at least two general, or division, camps. They may be elected only after publication, as provided for active members. The associate membership may be revised at any time by the executive committee."

BY-LAWS.

Amend Chapter I., Sec. 2, first paragraph, after the word "roll," as follows: "may be reinstated fourteen (14) days after his application has been specifically announced by the treasurer in one of the official organs of the association, and upon the approval of the commodore, provided he pays the sum due and gives such a reason for his default as in the opinion of the commodore should excuse the neglect, the money to be refunded if the excuse is not accepted."

Amend Chapter I., Sec. 2, fourth paragraph, last line, page 12, by striking out, "more than two nights in camp," and substituting therefor, "one night, or more, in camp"; the rest of the paragraph on page 13 to remain as at present, with the addition of the following: "A minor in the foregoing is understood to mean a person under the age of sixteen."

H. Lansing Quick, No. 1217.
J. K. Hand, No. 464.

ON QUOHOG BAY.

A. C. A.

Proposed Changes in Racing Regulations.

[To be acted upon by Racing Board Oct. 27.]

At the end of Rule III., Sec. 1, add the words "Except racing paddling canoes for one and two men."

Change Sec. 6, of Rule IV., to read, "A paddle at least four feet long shall always be carried."

Add to the heading of Rule V., Sec. 1, the words "sailing type"—making all that follows in that rule apply only to open canoes of the cruising class; and add to the end of Sec 1, "The beam at the waterline with 150 pounds weight aboard must be at least 90 per cent of the over all beam."

Change the wording of Sec. 5 to read, "The minimum weight of open canoes of this class shall be 70 pounds."

Add a new rule following No. 5 to be numbered 6, as follows: "Paddling canoes for racing—one and two men. Maximum length 16ft.; minimum beam 30in.; minimum depth 10in.; minimum weight 51 pounds."

This latter is the same as the old rule covering the paddling canoe, and, I believe, is generally wanted by the paddling men.

We call attention to the fact that no provision is made in the rules for obtaining bonds for the A. C. A. trophies, and think it desirable that some instruction should be given the Regatta Committee on this point.

For the purpose of obtaining action, we recommend that Chapter IX., of the By-Laws, be amended in such way as the Executive Committee shall deem proper, making it the duty of the Regatta Committee to obtain suitable bonds from the winners of all permanent trophies.

(Signed.) Geo. P. Douglass,
Chairman Regatta Committee 1906.

A. C. A. Membership.

A. C. A. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Miss Edna Harding Moore, New York city; Miss Mabel Alice Moore, New York city; proposed by Louis C. Kretzmer, No. 1765.

Mrs. Geo. P. Douglass, Newark, N. J.; proposed for associate membership by H. L. Quick, A. C. A. 1217.

Mrs. E. Ohlmeyer, Miss Emma Ohlmeyer, West Hoboken, N. J.; proposed by L. C. Kretzmer, 1765.

Mrs. Perry D. Frazer, New York city; proposed by Mat. Ohlmeyer, 3635.

Errata.—Names printed in issue Sept. 29 should be Mrs. Mary Cramphorn instead of Crampham; Miss Edith Howe instead of Harve.

W. G. Harrison, the present owner of Canuck, has bought from H. Lansing Quick his canoe Pretty Quick, the winner of the Mab trophy at the last camp. The latter will design and build a new canoe for the coming season.

Mat. Ohlmeyer has ordered a new racing canoe to be designed by Starling Burgess.

Louis Reichert has bought from G. S. Morrisey the Az Iz, next to the last racing canoe built by Captain Ruggles.

The Cygnet Boat Club, Manchester, N. H., closed its twenty-fifth season on the Merrimack river, on Friday, Oct. 5. The Brooklyn Canoe Club went out of commission for the season on Thursday, Sept. 27.

The Year Book of the American Canoe Association for 1906 is out and a copy of it is acknowledged.

WHAT HE SAYS HE DID.

I sat by the sick bed of the river; bathed the brow of a neighboring hill; fired a deadly shot into the heart of the wilderness; bound up the limb of a tree; and listened to the bark of a sycamore.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 10-11.—Chillicothe,. O.—Scioto G. C. O. P. Tatman, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Wilmington, Del.—Delaware State Trapshooters' League fall tournament.
Oct. 11-12.—Larned, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 11-12.—Capron (Ill.) G. C. A. Vance, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Newton, Ill., G. C. first annual tournament. J. A. Batman, Mgr.
Oct. 16.—Shrewsbury, Pa., G. C. W. H. Meyers, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Raleigh, N. C.—Sixth annual tournament; $150 added. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Bellevue, Ky.—Northern Kentucky G. C. tournament. Dr. I. P. Gould, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-18.—Newark, N. J.—New Jersey State Sportsman's Association autumn tournament. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y
Oct. 23.—Lexington, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 25-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association
Oct. 29-30.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hapkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Watertown, Mass., G. C. first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Louis Erhardt, of Atchison, Kans., writes us that the Salina, Kans., shoot fixed to take place on Oct. 31-Nov. 1, has been declared off.

The next club shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on Oct. 20. Also the club will hold an open shoot on Thanksgiving Day. A cheerful feature will be added money.

Dr. J. O. McNecly, of the Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club, in the championship contest of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League, Oct. 3, scored 96 out of 100 and thereby came into permanent possession of the title of League medal, emblematic of the League championship.

The sparrow shoot of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Oct. 25, will consist of six events, at 9, 12, 15, 18, 21 and 25 sparrows, with entrances of $2.25, $3.00, $3.75, $4.50, $5.25 and $10.00 respectively. The popular and efficient secretary, Wm. Armstrong, will be pleased to give all necessary information on application.

The Rahway, N. J., Gun Club has issued invitations to its afternoon shoot, to be held on Oct. 13. Twenty beautiful prizes will be the rewards of good competition in the 50-target event, $3 entrance, the high guns taking choice of the prizes in the order of merit. Sweepstakes also will be shot if time permits. E. A. Mahnken is the manager.

Ten 20-target events, entrance $2, added money $7.50, constitute the programme each day—Oct. 16 and 17—at the sixth annual tournament of the Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club. Oct. 15 will be practice day. Sliding handicap. Class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. There will be an extra event on Oct. 17 for a Marlin rifle. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock each day. R. T. Gowan is the Secretary.

Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank E. Butler), whose wonderful skill with the shotgun and rifle is a marvel of attainment, was in Chicago last week, her presence there having to do with her liber suit against a leading daily for the heartless libel published by it in 1903 concerning her. It will be recalled to memory that a woman arrested in Chicago for intoxication gave her name as Annie Oakley, whereupon a number of papers published an enlarged version of the matter, proclaiming that the unfortunate woman was Annie Oakley, champion shot of the world. As a matter of fact, the real Annie Oakley was in the East at the time. The manner in which several juries have returned a verdict in her favor, in suits against the libelers, is but a small reparation for the anguish and the injured health she has suffered consequent to the libels.

In the nine-man team race, a feature of the tournament held by the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club on Oct. 6, the Newton Gun Club defeated the Montclair Gun Club by a score of 176 to 164 out of a possible 225. Montclair three-man team No. 1 was victor with a score of 66 out of 75, defeating Newton teams Nos. 1 and 2, Southside, of Newark, Orange and Montclair No. 2. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott won the professional prize.

The New York Athletic Club commenced its shooting season on Saturday of last week, on the shooting grounds of the club on Travers Island. The weather was unfavorable, yet seventeen participated in the different events. Mr. Gus E. Greiff was first in six events and was chief winner in the day's doings. Other winners were: Messrs. A. O. Fleishman, J. W. Hibbard, Dr. De Wolfe, C. E. Forster, Wm. Elias and Mr. Scott.

There is uncertainty concerning whether or not the Crescent Athletic Club will use its well equipped grounds at Bay Ridge, L. I., in the future. A handsome residence has been erected at Eighty-third street and First avenue, adjacent to the grounds, and the unfavorable or favorable opinion of its owners concerning the club shoots will have an important bearing on this subject. In any event, the club shoots will be resumed there or elsewhere on Nov. 3.

Mr. H. C. Kirkwood, of Boston, Mass., writes to us as follows: "The first annual shoot of the 'Palefaces' will be held at Wellington, Mass., Friday, Dec. 7. The tournament will be of one day's duration, programme commencing at 10 o'clock and continuing through ten events, or 125 targets in all. The average moneys are four in number, and a special 100-bird race, distance handicap, with fifteen merchandise and money prizes. The shoot will be run under the direct supervision of the shooting committee, consisting of Dr. E. F. Gleason, Buffalo F. Smith and H. C. Kirkwood; and the fact that the grounds selected are the well-known Boston Shooting Association grounds, is in itself assurance that the conditions will be all that can be desired."

We are informed that Mr. Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, Md., joined the professional ranks on Oct. 1, being now a member of the Dupont Company's staff of bright and able men. His territory will be in the vicinity of his home; that is, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, etc. Mr. German has been shooting with phenomenal success in the best and closest of competition during some years past, performing equally well at targets or live birds. The fact that he won high average by breaking 567 out of 600 targets at the recent tournament of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, Sept. 25-27, at which some of the greatest experts participated, demonstrated that he is in the front rank of his profession. Some of his recent notable performances are as follows: Wilmington, Del., May 29, defeated A. B. Richardson in a match for the Wawaset Gun Club's trophy, by the score of 94 to 92, scoring 74 out of his last 75. He won high averages at Indianapolis, Ind., June 19-22, 191 out of 200; Philadelphia, July 17-19, with 340 out of 360; Betterton, Md., Aug. 28-31, 404 out of 445, all shot at from the 20yd. mark; also 49 out of 50 from the 16yd. mark in the team race, and 98 out of 100 from the same mark when he defeated Edward Banks in the challenge contest for the Wawaset Gun Club's trophy; at Lynchburg, Va., Sept. 3-4, high average with a score of 388 out of 400; Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 7-8, 346 out of 360; Annapolis, Md., July 27, 99 out of 100 in a team race between the Colgate Gun Club, of Baltimore, and the Annapolis Gun Club. The foregoing records show a total of 2715 targets shot at from distances ranging from 20 to 16yds., with a score of 2572 breaks, or an average slightly over 94.5 per cent. Besides being such an accomplished marksman, Mr. German is possessed of the amiability and tactfulness which makes and holds friends.

Bernard Waters.

Keystone Gun Club.

Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 6.—The date selected by the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., for its eleventh annual fall tournament will be Oct. 25-26; first day targets, with twenty-five merchandise prizes, to go to the twenty-five high guns. Total value, $110, any of which are worth having. Second day, live birds. To the high gun will be awarded a beautiful gold watch fob, with locket set with fancy stones. This will be a record-breaker in attendance. A welcome greeting awaits you all. Everybody welcome. Thursday evening, Oct. 25, reception at the club's parlors. Band of music will render a concert. Write Capt. Nat Ressler, Lebanon, Pa., for programmes.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 6.—The Montclair Gun Club held its annual fall tournament to-day. Notwithstanding the very unpleasant weather, some thirty-six marksmen were in attendance and took part in the several events.

The nine-man team race for a handsome silver cup, between Newton and Montclair, was won by the Newton club with 12 points to spare. While Montclair was handicapped by the absence of three of her best men—Allan, Moffett and Perley—Newton would probably have won in any event.

The three-man team race was hotly contested, Newton and Montclair tying in the first round, Montclair finally winning out, and thus becomes the possessor of another handsome trophy.

The other events for handsome silver prizes excited at times considerable interest, as there were many ties to be shot off.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Elliott, Fanning, Butler and Welles. Elliott won the prize for professionals.

Nine-man team race, 25 targets:

Newton.		Montclair.	
Brickner	19	Barnes	23
Wood	16	Colquitt	21
Church	22	Bush	22
Sitgraves	23	Talbot	15
Woodward	22	Crane	21
Kenney	15	Cockefair	15
Cahrs	21	Batten	14
Coe	19	Boxall	16
Morford	19—176	Nott, Jr	17—164

Three-man team race, 25 targets:

Montclair No. 1.		Southside, of Newark.	
Colquitt	21	Piercy	19
Barnes	23	Talbot	20
Bush	22—66	T Dukes	22—61
Newton No. 1.		Orange.	
Brickner	18	Mosler	5
Coe	24	Baldwin	13
Woodward	20—62	Wakeley	17—35
Newton No. 2.		Montclair No. 2.	
Wood	20	Craver	18
Cahrs	20	Batten	15
Sitgraves	19—59	Boxall	18—51

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	15
Elliott	10	15	15	14	14	15	15	24	22	15
Fanning	10	14	13	13	12	14	13	22	22	13
Butler	8	13	11	12	10	13	11	19	17	9
Welles	7	13	11	15	13	15	15	23	20	11
Bush	6	10	12	..	..	11	13	22	20	11
Morford	8	10	14	12	11	..	..	19	..	..
Parke	9	11	14	9	13	12	14	22	17	13
Kenney	8	13	11	13	11	7	13	15	..	9
Woodward	9	13	11	15	13	..	..	22	20	..
Nott, Jr.	9	10	11	12	..	9	13	17	18	..
Colquitt	10	13	15	15	14	13	14	21	23	12
Brickner	10	14	10	14	14	12	12	19	18	..
Coe	7	13	13	..	..	..	..	19	24	..
Cockefair	10	13	14	11	9	11	10	15	15	9
Church	9	12	14	14	13	..	13	22	..	..
Soverel	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Winslow	6	12	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Talbot	..	12	11	13	14	..	..	15	20	..
T Dukes	..	14	12	10	11	11	9	..	22	12
Holmes	4	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8
W A Dukes	..	..	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	12	..	19
Hallenger	..	..	..	..	9	11	10	10	..	..
Sitgraves	..	..	..	..	13	11	12	14	23	19
Wood	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..	16	20
H Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	..
Tunis	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	7
Cahrs	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	21	20
Barnes	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	23	19
Crane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	18
Batten	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15
Boxall	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	16	18
Mosler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11
Baldwin	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11
Dr Wakeley	7	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	17
Milliken	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

Ties were shot off in succeeding events.

Edward Winslow, Sec'y.

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 6.—Six shooters took part in the shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club to-day. The intermittent showers would have dampened the ardor of the average sportsman.

Taking the unfavorable conditions into consideration, the men made good scores. Dr. Charles Hunter, of the Riveredge Gun Club, shot well.

The Northsiders have greatly improved the grounds and their club house. Those present enjoyed to the full the many pleasures. The club proposes to entertain a large number of gun lovers during the season, and will have targets and ammunition always on hand for that purpose. The membership of the organization is now composed of seventy-two enthusiastic sportsmen from various parts of this country, and it is the desire of those interested, to make the even hundred mark. The initiation fee is to be raised in the near future. Those who desire to enter at the low price existing should take advantage of it. Meetings of the club are held on the first and third Tuesdays of the month at Liberty Hall, 1 Arch street.

This club was organized and incorporated in 1900, and has been successful in every particular since.

The result of the shoot was:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
J Spaeth	22	17	23	20	21	22	19
J E Bender	18	16	17	18	17	17	19
Dr Hunter	17	20	19	20	20	19	18
J Smith	18	14	..	..	..	..	15
H Beckler	..	..	17	11	..	..	..
W Banta	..	..	16	13	16	..	..

Uncle Hank.

At Philadelphia.

The first shoot of the Trapshooters' League series was held at Holmesburg Junction on the grounds of the S. S. White Gun Club. The five members of the League were represented, though two were inadequately so, Merchantville being eight short of the necessary ten men, while Camden was two short.

The S. S. White team won the honors. They totaled 390. Highland finished second with 372. North Camden was third with 322. Media 304. Merchantville 237. Each absent member is credited with 25 broken targets.

High individual score was made by A. Ballantine, of the Highlanders. He broke 46 out of 50. Little, of Media, was a close second with 45. Griffith and Newcomb, of the S. S. White team, tied for third, with 43. Chalmers, of North Camden, broke 42, while Johnson, of Highland, and Pratt, of the Whites, broke 40.

The next scheduled shoot is due for Media, on Nov. 3. Scores:

S. S. White G. C.		Highland G. C.	
Griffith	23 20—43	A Ballantine	23 23—46
Newcomb	23 20—43	Johnson	22 18—40
Pratt	18 22—40	R Bisbing	19 20—39
Fontain	20 19—39	Ringgold	20 18—38
Brenzier	18 20—38	Smith	20 18—38
Lilly	20 18—38	Dalton	20 18—38
St Clair	19 19—38	Franklin	18 19—37
Cantrell	17 21—38	M Wentz	18 18—36
Harper	16 21—37	F Wentz	18 13—31
Cotting	16 20—36—390	Burn	16 14—30—373
North Camden G. C.		Med'a G. C.	
Chalmers	21 21—42	Little	24 21—45
Felton	18 18—36	Copple	18 21—39
Wicks	19 17—36	Williamson	20 18—38
Marcy	20 15—35	Rodgers	17 17—34
Johnson	14 19—36	Beatty	14 19—33
Rice	17 16—33	Dee	11 10—21
Fleming	16 16—32	Rigley	11 8—19
Pfeil	16 12—28	Three absentees	75—304
Gest	12 16—28		
Fink	18 11—29—332		

Merchantville Gun Club.

Eyster	13 12—25
Newman	9 3—12
Eight absentees	.. .. 200—237

Glenside Gun Club.

Skaneateles Junction, N. Y., Oct. 4.—The tournament of the Glenside Gun Club was a success, with twenty-four shooters present. Thirty five hundred targets were thrown.

In event 7, re-entry, for a $20 hammerless gun, there were seven straight scores out of eighteen entries and twenty re-entries. In the shoot-off in the next event, Mr. Henry Knox, of Auburn, and Mr. Geo. Lewis, of Fulton, broke straight and divided.

Jos. H. Knapp, of Auburn, won first average with 94 per cent.; O. E. Carpenter, of Syracuse, second, with 91, and Geo. Lewis, of Fulton, and Charles Cottle, of the home club, tied for third with 90 per cent.

Mr. Geo. Ginn, the popular trade representative was present. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Frantz	13	12	12	14	12	15	11	14	13	14	13
Cottle	12	14	14	13	12	14	13	14	14	15	14
Brown	9	11	9	8	8	10	12	12	12	12	8
Corfield	13	12	10	11	8	13	10	12	13	11	..
De Bee	12	9	12	12	10	10	15	13	12	13	12
Knox	14	13	11	11	12	14	15	15	13	12	12
Carpenter	13	15	14	12	14	12	15	15	14	14	14
Knapp	15	13	15	13	14	15	15	14	14	14	14
Lewis	14	15	14	13	12	14	13	15	12	12	13
Dr North	6	12	8	10	10	12	..	9	9	9	11
Dr Nearing	12	10	8	11	9	7	..	10	8	11	10
Phillips	15	14	11	12	12	11	13	14	13	14	14
Beek	8	11	9	10	11	12	..	13	7	10	10
Hobbie	13	13	14	12	14	11	..	15	13	14	11
Morris	13	12	14	12	14	13	12	11	12	14	13
Smith	14	13	14	12	13	11	11	10	14	12	..
Dalley	13	12	14	10	15	13	14	12	14	14	12
Macomber	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	5	10	..	..
Post	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	9	10	..	..
Marvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	11
Ben	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	14	10
Conners	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	12
M Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..
Doman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..

Cottle & Knapp, Mgrs.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Oct. 6.—The first shoot of the New York Athletic Club fall and winter season began to-day with a good attendance. Good scores were made. A number of events were shot. The main event was the cup contest, 50 targets, handicap allowance, as follows:

G E Greiff, 0	42	A O Fleishman, 8	46
E P McMurtry, 6	34	C E T Foster, 4	36
C W Billings, 8	44	C Hibbard, 12	45
A H Chadbourn, 10	42	Wm Elias, 10	44
Dr Held, 8	42	F Vilmar, 10	47

Ties, 25 targets:

Vilmar, 5	22	Hibbard, 6	25

Special cup event, 25 targets:

G E Greiff, 0	24	A O Fleishman, 4	25
E P McMurtry, 3	17	C E T Foster, 2	18
C W Billings, 4	25	Dr Brown, 7	24
A H Chadbourn, 5	20	C Hibbard, 6	25
Dr Held, 4	17	Wm Elias, 5	24
F Vilmar, 5	22	Scott, 3	17
Beakard, 0	15		

Several other events were shot, but they were subordinate to the club events in interest.

WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

The Springfield, O., boys are pleased that Chas. Young made such a good score at the Cincinnati tournament.

Joseph Zimmerman and Henry Geise, of Quincy, Ill., were among those who took part in the big shoot at St. Louis last week. They extended an invitation to all present to attend the shoot to be held at Quincy Oct. 16 and 17.

Las Vegas, N. M., Gun Club is planning for a large tournament, to be held Dec. 18, 19 and 20. There will be prizes awarded that will make it compulsory to hold annual meets.

Lester German is attracting much attention in the west, where he has made such extra good scores at the traps. The "fans" remember him as a ball pitcher.

Members of the Golden Gate Gun Club, Oakland, Cal., fired their last shot for the year at their grounds Sunday last. The feature of the day was the pulverizing of 98 out of 100 by M. J. Iverson, which gave him the record for the season. Previous to this, Emil Holling was high with 97.

The Gilman, Ill., Gun Club, assisted by some neighboring shooters, held a friendly contest with good scores on Tuesday last.

The Auto City Gun Club, Lansing, Mich., held a one-day shoot Tuesday last with about forty shooters present. A team shoot for a cup was the main feature. Laingsborg won the cup, with Lansing last. John Boa, the Chicago expert, was high. J. L. Reed, Detroit, second, and John Rosevear, Owassa, third. Capt. H. D. Parker was high for the local shooters, and all the members were enthused to the extent of announcing a shoot for next year.

A target shoot was held at Bloomfield, Neb. It was a side attraction for the fair. Harry Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., was present, and missed but one target out of 150.

J. R. Miller, of Morgantown, W. Va., won high score at the home tournament given last Wednesday with 146 out of 200; Ed. Bower, of Sistersville, was second, 175; W. A. Wiedebusch, of Fairmont, third, 174. John M. Cobun won the individual championship. The team event was won by Fairmont with 74 out of 100.

J. E. Openo reports having just organized a gun club at Frankfort, Mich. The bluerock will be the flying target, and this may help to stimulate others to lend a hand. The shooting game in Michigan is very quiet at the present time. It will bear rejuvenating.

There was a good attendance at the Tabor, Ia., shoot, held last Thursday and Friday. W. H. Fickle, of Henderson, Ia., was high man; Wm. Boyd, of Tabor, second; W. H. Viner, third. Scores: At 300 targets: Fickle 268, Boyd 267, Viner 260, F. Arnold 236, Huntsman 234, Deon (215) 179, Cook (200) 172, Brown (200) 162, Stitt (135) 102, Myers (100) 78. Edwards (100) 82, Burton (100) 68, Crow (85) 64, Otis (80) 68, E. Arnold (45) 29.

At the traps of the new country club at Des Moines, Ia., there will be special prizes offered for those shooting who have passed the age of 45.

Prominent shooters from all over the state were present at the shoot at Shelton, Neb., held last Thursday. Hardy and Carter, of Lincoln; Bray and Schroeder, of Columbus, and Lambert, Kearney, Dieffenderfer, Wood River. The high score was made by D. Linderman. Capt. Hardy gave one of his exhibitions that please the western people greatly.

D. Y. French set the boys a moving pace at the Highland Park grounds Friday last, as 94 out of 100 was a good one. Adams, Budd and Klein were present. The club is getting in line for the big shoot, to come off in October.

Dick Appleget won first prize at the shoot held at Beatrice, Neb., last week. E. Bigler second, and John Morris third.

After being idle all summer, the Manga Gun Club, Sterling, Ill., will hold a club shoot. Visitors will be present, and there will be an awakening in the bluerock smashing.

There will be some big doings at Goshen, Ind., late in October, as a big tournament is to be held. New automatic traps have been ordered, and there will be many improvements made at the grounds.

It is reported that William H. Armstrong and Ernest Tripp have been selected to represent Indianapolis at the Interstate annual meeting, and endeavor to induce the Association to make Indianapolis the fixture for the G. A. H.

Members of the Creston, Ia., Gun Club are busy with preparations for a shoot to be held in their city Nov. 8 and 9.

Curley won the medal among the members of the Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club. At 50 targets, Curley 43, McDonnand 39, Crothers 34, Sikes 35, J. Gray 34, Davis 35, Radbourn 35, Evans 33, Bender 32, Stillwell 30.

Link has won the trophy of the Symmes Corner Gun Club, Hamilton, O., with 44 out of 50.

When the Marion, Ind., Gun Club met for the weekly shoot, it was discovered that the carnival was the attraction for many of its members. Those present had a good time and scores were fair. W. A. Brown shot at 100 and scored 52, Frank Howard (50) 27, Wm. Parker (75) 59, Chester Crevison (75) 50, H. C. McLellan (75) 38, Bob Burk (75) 23, Buck Edminston (25) 8, Frank Derr (25) 12, Frank Cole (25) 11

The winners at the last shoot of the Beatrice, Neb., Gun Club were R. R. Appleget, Edward Rigby and John Morris.

C. K. White won the loving cup at the Temple, Tex., shoot, held last Friday week. Scores at 20 targets: White 17, Livingston 17, Booker 16, Kendall 15, Campbell 13, Jarrell 13, Jackson 7, Sherritt 6, Cox 5.

The last shoot of the Toronto Junction Gun Club was held last Wednesday. G. W. McGill wins the Hunter medal for three high scores, J. H. Thompson the McGill cup with longest run, 44. The summer handicap winners, out of 200 shot at, are: Class A—J. H. Thompson 184, G. M. Duke 183, W. R. Wakefield 182, G. W. McGill 182, G. L. Vivian 181, P. Wakefield 176. Class B—P. Ellis 171, D. C. Walton 164, J. Smith 151, J. Fleming 150.

WINCHESTER

LIGHT WEIGHT MODEL 1886 RIFLES

.45-70 GOV'T. CALIBER

Big game hunters who cling to the old reliable .45-70 Government cartridge will find that Winchester Model 1886 Light Weight Rifles made in that caliber will suit them in every way. They are lighter and handier than other rifles handling this cartridge, and, like all Winchester rifles, shoot strong and accurately and wear well. They are made with 22-inch round nickel steel barrels, in Solid Frame and Take-Down styles. The former weighs only about 6 3-4 pounds and the latter about 7 pounds. This rifle and Winchester High Velocity Cartridges, which are made for it, make a very effective combination.

Send for catalogue describing this and all Winchester Rifles and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Members of the Salk Lake, Utah, Gun Club took a shy at the bluerocks last Sunday, and for the time being broke them good-by. Callison, at 100, broke 83, P. Baley 81, Benson at 75 broke 57, A. W. Smith at 75, 55; Bransford at 50, 42; Keefe at 50, 42; Mills at 50, 46.

One of the clubs winding up the season was the Oklahoma City. E. C. Young won the Hartwell trophy, J. C. Clark the powder trophy. C. V. Topping and J. C. Clark tied for the medal. Scores for the season: E. P. Gallup, 250 out of 300, A. W. Clark (320) 250, J. G. Clark (200) 150, C. V. Topping (200) 139, E. C. Young (220) 180, J. P. Mathews (220) 183, J. Abbott (220 165, J. G. Lindsey (200) 135.

Earl Farmin and Oscar Travis, members of Sand Point, Idaho, Gun Club, were visitors at Spokane, Wash., during the tournament held there.

R. R. Barber, the expert, has been stirring up things at the town of Ames, Ia., where he broke 90 out of 100 with bad weather conditions. Clayton Smith, the youngest shooter present, was high in the 25-target event with 24. Other scores: Clark, for the afternoon, 53, Young 59, Adams 53, Smith 58, Koons 59, Proctor 53, Wing 46, Harriman 47.

The Ascoda and Au Sable, Mich., Gun Club was organized last week. The officers: President, A. R. Weir; secretary, Dr. A. P. Miller; treasurer, George E. Hamilton.

Emerald Gun Club.

Oct. 4.—The finish of the year's shoot, from March 1, 1905, to March 1, 1906, follows. Tom Short won the point handicap, first prize, 88 out of 100, from 28yds. L. H. Schortemeier won the average prize, 89 out of 100, from the 31yd. mark.

No shoots for July or December were scheduled.

	Nov., 1905.	Jan., 1906	Feb., 1906.
P. May, 28.....	21111212*1	11001*1112	2110112111—25
M Reierson, 28 ...	0101211212	1202120110	1112211112—25
W Catton, 28.....	1021110211	1121001212	1011121221—25
Schorty, 31.....	1022201212	2221212*22	1222222112—27
Koegel, 30.....	2102002202	2*11121112	0221212121—24
T Short, 28.....	12122111*2	2110020222	1212212121—26
Capt Dreyer, 28...	2210011111	1211110222*	2112220010—23
J Fischer, 28.....	1121121012	1121110022	1211012212—26
Dr Hudson, 28.....	1211111112	1211201111	1111120011—27

Mr. Koegel was taken ill at a previous shoot and could not contest in consequence, so shot up the following scores:

	Nov., 1905.	Jan., 1906	Feb., 1906.
H C Koegel, 30...	1122211211	1211210221	1111122111—29

P. G. P. and G. C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 8.—The appended scores were made at the Providence Game Preservation and Gun Club shoot for the National Sportsman's cup, Saturday, Oct. 6. It rained steadily nearly all the afternoon, and the wind blew in gusts, so that it was no easy matter to break the targets as they went bobbing up and down. Hugh W. Bain, of Arlington, R. I., was the winner with a score of 111 out of 125. The sliding handicap, from 16 to 20yds., was used, and Bain won, shooting from the 18yd. mark, in every event except the first and fifth.

In spite of the rain, shooters lined up at the firing line, ten of whom shot the entire programme. Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., met with a mishap to his gun, which put him out of the race. He tried to borrow a gun, but could find none that did not cut his cheek, so was forced to give it up. N. F. Reiner, of Centerdale, R. I., also met with an accident to his gun in the same event, which forced him to give up the competition. Much disappointment was felt, as every one had expected to see some good shooting from both Reiner and Griffith.

The trade was represented by Mr. Le Noir, who broke 73 out of 90.

Trapshooting has revived considerably in Providence this year, and everything points to a much better season next year. The club has planned to build a larger house, to accommodate a bigger crowd and make a warmer place to hold winter shoots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	at.	Brk.
Bain	14	18	13	17	13	18	18	125	111
Lambert	14	15	12	15	15	18	18	125	107
Powell	12	18	14	17	12	18	15	125	106
Sisson	12	16	15	14	14	14	18	125	103
McArdle	13	16	14	16	14	12	17	125	102
Gavitt	11	16	12	14	14	16	19	125	102
Barnhill	10	15	8	13	12	16	15	125	89
J Flanagan	8	14	11	13	12	14	14	125	86
Dr Flanagan	11	15	13	11	8	11	13	125	82
Le Noir	..	..	12	17	12	16	16	90	73
R Sheldon	10	16	11	16	10	..		85	63
Lovell	..	14	11	13	9	13	8	100	68
Griffith	14	14	11	..	..	..	..	50	39
Heflin	..	..	10	10	8	..	..	50	28
Johnson	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	35	26
Reiner	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Le Tendre	15	14	13	18	11	19	16	125	106

A. B. SAMPSON, Sec'y.

M. V. S. L. of W. Va.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Oct. 3.—The Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, held its eighth regular monthly tournament here to-day under the auspices of the Fairmont Gun Club. This tournament closes the League season of 1906, and in addition to the regular programme, the competition for the League gold medal, emblematic of the League individual championship, was shot off, and Dr. J. O. McNeely, of the Fairmont Gun Club, by making the excellent score of 96 out of 100, wins the permanent possession of the medal and the title of League championship for 1906.

This race was one of the prettiest races that has ever been shot in this League, and the best exhibition of nerve, as the detailed scores below will show.

The scores for regular programme and in championship event follow:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
W Wiedebusch	280	268	E F Jacobs	180	141
J O McNeely	280	259	Carey	180	141
J M Cobun	280	258	F Amos	180	138
E H Taylor	280	252	W Mawhinney	180	110
J F Phillips	180	168	D P Fitch	60	52
J Merrifield	180	166	A H Donally	60	52
T A Neill	180	165	J C Long	40	31
G A Long	180	155	Geo Miller	40	16
H D Auckman	180	154	F Coogle	20	18
G M Lilly	180	154	J A Jamison	20	15
B F Colpitts	180	147	C G Badgley	20	12

League individual championship gold medal, 100 targets: W. A. Wiedebusch 94, E. H. Taylor 91, J. O. McNeely 96, J. M. Cobun 95. McNeely wins medal and title of League champion.

ELMER F. JACOBS,
Sec'y M. V. S. L. of W. Va.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 6.—Messrs. Bell, Parry and Moller made straights. Mr. Moller made long run, 51 straight. Mr. Jackson was high gun.

The weather was clear and cold. A stiff west wind was blowing across the traps. The scores were excellent under the prevailing conditions of the weather.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	17	19	18	18	18	18	20	..
Jackson	17	19	19	18	19	19	19	18
Moller	14	16	20	20	16	18	16	17
Dixon	17	12	16	17	18	..	..	..
Smoke	19	17	17	15	16	15	17	..
Beck	13	17	19	16	18	..	..	..
Daggett	13	14	12	14	12	14	..	..
J W Bell	15	18	18	18	18	20	20	..
Habich	14	17	16	16	15	..	..	..
Neighbors	9	11	14	5	..	..	..	..
Nelson	10	13	8	..	..	..	..	..
Southern	15	11	17	..	..	..	..	..
H M Litel	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leib	18	17	18	..	..	..	..	..
Steffin	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The sparrow shoot will be held on Thursday, Oct. 25. It will consist of six events; handicaps from 25 to 30yds., according to conditions of weather; 20 entries or under, 3 moneys, 50, 30 and 20; over 20 entries, 4 moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Event 1, is at 9 sparrows, $2.25 entrance; event 2, 12, $3.00; event 3, 15, $3.75; event 4, 18, $4.50; event 5, 21, $5.25; event 6, 24, $10.00.

SECRETARY.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the fourth series. In the club trophy event, George won Class A on 22, J. L. Smedes, Class B on 19, Thomas, Class C on 18. In the Dupont cup shoot, George again won Class A on 15, Dr. Huff and L. T. Smedes tied for Class B on 11, and Thomas won Class C on 12.

Paul Meek, aged eleven, made his debut as a trap-shooter, using his new pump gun, and broke 9 out of his first 10, and 6 out of the next 10, which was better than many of the old hands did, as the disks were hard to locate to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	10	10
McDonald	20	11	7	10	..	8	..
Dr Meek	13	6	6	4	5	2	4
George	22	15	8	6	5	7	8
Dr Reynolds	21	11	8	9	..	..	..
Thomas	18	12	6	5	6	6	8
Dr Huff	17	11	8	9	7	5	6
Eaton	17	12	8	6	9	7	6
Ford	19	13	10	9	..	..	..
Vietmeyer	19	11	..	4	..	7	9
T L Smedes	19	11	..	..	9	8	8
Paul Meek	..	..	..	..	6	..	9
Seymore	..	..	..	..	9	10	7

No. 1 was trophy event. No. 2 was Dupont cup. Nos. 6 and 7 were from the 20yd. mark.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 6.—This afternoon's shooting was of the sensational order, as the wind was very brisk and made very difficult work to find where to hold. Shattuck won the Wolf trophy from Geo. Buchanan, 37 to 36, in a high gale. Mr. Baker was high this week in the Peters trophy race, 45 out of 50. Webster was high in the Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot, scoring 25 out of 30 singles and 17 out 20 doubles.

The six-man team goes to the Chillicothe tournament on Oct. 10 and 11. Chillicothe always has a nice shoot and a large crowd will be in attendance. Event 7 was at doubles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	30	20
Buchanan	21	15	22	20	..	25	11
Shattuck	20	17	20	..	..	23	11
Webster	24	21	21	23	20	25	17
Ward	19	18	14	..	..	26	14
Wilson	19	15	22	16	16	21	15
Sohr	17	18	16	..	..	..	..
Cavanaugh	16	17	18	17	..	..	..
Wagner	17	16	18	19	..	..	..
Selbach	17	19	18	16	..	..	..
B Boit	16	17	..	..	..	..	..
Landacre	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Shirk	16	15	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	22	23	17	18	..	..	..

FRED SHATTUCK, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 6.—Three members were on hand to-day to demonstrate that a driving rain from the south can dampen clothes, but not the ardor of lovers of trap-shooting.

Next club shoot will be held Oct. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
C G Blandford	21	21	23	Ed. Brewerton	..	13	17
J C Barlow	..	17	14				

C. G. B.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Zettler Annual.

THE thirty-second annual rifle tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club was held in the new shooting pavilion in the park at Union Hill, N. J., Oct. 3 and 4. On both days the sky was overcast most of the time, keeping a number of visitors away who always make it a point to be present on Zettler days; but there were plenty of shooters on hand, particularly on the second day, when the ladies competed for prizes on the short range targets with .22cal. rifles.

So far as rifles, sights and shooting positions were concerned, there were no restrictions; but the use of high-power cartridges and mantled bullets was prohibited. Among those who used telescope sights we noticed Fred C. Ross, John Kaufman, F. L. Smith, Michael Dorrler, Arthur Hubalek, Owen Smith, S. M. Murphy, Louis C. Buss, George Schlicht, part of the time, and W. H. French. Others might be included as users of telescopes, but they did not employ them on this occasion. Mr. French's telescope is full length, while all the others range from 14 to 18 inches in length, with magnifying powers of 3 or 4 diameters.

Barney Zettler got the first red flag when the shoot opened, and Fred C. Ross scored 72 on the honor target. Arthur Hubalek was high the first day on the ring target with two 72s, and a 71, W. H. French and L. P. Hansen following with two 71s, and Mr. Muzio, of the Italian Shooting Association, fourth, with 70. Mr. Hubalek was also high man on the Zettler trophy target with a total of 72.

William A. Tewes had a slight accident on the second day that might have resulted seriously had his position been different. Taking his place at one of the firing points, he inserted a loaded shell in the chamber of his rifle and attempted to close the block, when the primer, which had not been seated deeply enough in its pocket, was set off by the breech-block, the powder and bullet, of course, following. A part of the primer struck Mr. Tewes on the right cheek, cutting a small but painful gash as it glanced by, but fortunately he was not otherwise hurt.

Worthy of note this day was the score of 36 on the honor target, made by Ferdinand Fabarius, the veteran rifleman, who is in his eighty-seventh year, but still enthusiastic over rifle shooting. Every year he insists that his shooting days are over, but his eyesight is still good enough for him to see the bullseye at 200yds., and he is always eager to try again.

Michael Dorrler was shooting on one of the targets, when his wife came over from the short ranges where the ladies were shooting, and stood looking over his shoulder, greatly interested. He remarked afterward that while Mrs. Dorrler had become familiar with the rifle and shooting devices in his den at home during the thirty years he had been a marksman, this was the first time she had ever looked over his shoulder while he was shooting.

Louis C. Buss scored a 73, and took first place on the ring target, with a total of 145, leaving Mr. Hubalek in second place, but the latter won the highest premium, and also captured the Zettler trophy, while R. Schwaneman won the judges' first prize.

Henry D. Muller came back from the ranks of the has-beens and showed that he was still entitled to be called "Bullseye" Muller by placing a shot within 14-64 of an inch of the exact center of the bullseye. Arthur Hubalek made the most bullseyes. Fred C. Ross won the target of honor prize with a total of 72, and Charles Zettler took second prize.

In the afternoon the ladies held their shoot on the short ranges for a number of handsome prizes, and a dinner followed, with dancing afterward.

The scores follow, all at 200yds., offhand:

Ring target, best two 3-shot scores to count, possible 150 points:

L C Buss	73 72—145	M Baal	69 69—138
A Hubalek	72 72—144	W H French	71 67—138
L P Hansen	72 71—143	J Kaufman	69 68—137
M Dorrler	72 70—142	A Kronsberg	71 65—136
F C Ross	71 70—141	O C Boyce	67 68—135
F L Smith	71 69—140	R Busse	69 66—135
J Muzio	70 69—140	G Schlicht	67 66—133
W Keim	71 68—139	C G Zettler	67 66—133
L Vogel	70 69—139	G Bain	66 65—131
W A Tewes	69 69—138	C A Niemeyer	66 65—131

Premiums for best five scores:

Arthur Hubalek	72	72	71	71	71—357
L C Buss	73	72	69	69	68—351
L P Hansen	72	71	71	68	68—350
F C Ross	71	70	70	69	69—349

Zettler trophy, three shots, possible 75 points, no re-entries:

Arthur Hubalek 72

Judges' target, three shots, no re-entries, two prizes:

R Schwaneman	50	H Heinecke	48

Bullseye target, degrees:

H D Muller	14	W A Tewes	41
L P Hansen	26	M Dorrler	49½
F C Ross	26½	O C Boyce	49½
A Hubalek	26½	F L Smith	50
R Schwaneman	33	S M Murphy	50½
B Zettler	35	G Schlicht	56½
Gus Zimmerman	36	L C Buss	65
W H French	38	J Kaufman	68½
G Hoffman	39½	Louis Vogel	86

Premiums for most bullseyes:

A Hubalek	62	S M Murphy	29
F C Ross	44	L P Hansen	23
G Schlicht	36		

Target of honor, three shots, possible 75:

F C Ross	23 24 25—72	A Begerow	19 19 22—60
C G Zettler	22 24 23—69	P F Schmitt	23 20 17—60
G Schlicht	22 23 21—66	G Zimmerman	20 20 17—57
A Hubalek	22 24 20—66	A Kronsberg	17 15 24—56
R Busse	23 22 20—65	B Zettler	17 22 17—56
H C Zettler	19 21 24—64	G Amauroux	18 20 17—55
W A Tewes	19 24 21—64	H D Muller	20 23 11—54
S M Murphy	21 23 19—63	G Ludwig	16 15 19—50
L P Hansen	20 20 22—62	T H Keller	21 13 13—47
L C Buss	20 23 19—62	O Smith	18 8 21—47
M Dorrler	24 20 18—62	F Fabarius	6 18 12—36
O C Boyce	24 21 17—62	F Hecking	6 12 12—30
H Koster	20 23 18—61		

Three-shot tickets on the short range, with .22cal. rifles, muzzle rest:

Miss Bessie Ludwig	15	19	18—52
Miss Florence Muller	17	18	17—52
Miss Eusner	19	15	14—48
Mrs K Hubalek	16	11	19—46
Mrs H Fenwirth	17	13	15—45
Miss M Ludwig	12	14	16—42
Mrs S M Murphy	8	17	13—38
Mrs Barney Zettler	11	11	13—35
Mrs Gus Zimmerman	8	3	10—21
Mrs Michael Dorrler	11	8	0—19
Mrs Warner	0	0	14—14

Lieut. Farrow's High Score.

DURING the competitions on the Congress Heights rifle range, near Washington, Oct. 3-6, W. Milton Farrow, once the military rifle champion of the United States, now Inspector of Rifle Practice of the Fourth Battalion, N. G. D. C., scored 48 out of the possible 50 at 1000yds., with military rifle. Lieut. Farrow fired two sighting shots and started his score with a bullseye, followed by four more 5s, then a 4 on the edge of the bull at 4 o'clock, a 5 and a 4 at 2 o'clock, winding up with two bullseyes. Mr. Farrow's son won second place in the match with a score of 41, and was third in the Evening Star trophy match with 88, 90 winning.

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Vincent Shield Match at Creedmoor.

In the rifle match between teams from the Queen's Westminster Regiment of London and the Seventh Regiment of New York city, at the state range at Creedmoor, Long Island, October 2 and 3, the English marksmen were defeated by 60 points; and the New York marksmen also won both of the individual prizes involved.

The scores at the end of the first day, when the 500 and 600 yard stages had been shot, showed the Seventh marksmen in the lead with a margin of 34 points, or 833 to 799 for the visiting team. High man at 500yds. was Capt. McAlpin, of the Seventh, with 73, while Sergt. Myer, reserve, had 72. At 600yds. marksman Sheppard, of the visiting team, tied Sergt. Short, of the home team, each with 72 points. The attendance was very slim.

On the second day two or three thousand persons were on the grounds. The wind was raw and unsteady and the sky overcast. At the first stage, 800yds., the English team tied the New Yorkers, but at 1,000yds., the Seventh's team scored 3 points more than at 800, and won easily, despite the belief that at the longer ranges the visitors were stronger than at the mid ranges.

In the individual matches the scores were closer. For the Landon cup, Sergt. W. B. Short was high man with 278 points, but Corp. Fulton, of the visiting team, had a chance to beat his score. He needed 71, but made a 3 to start with; then, still with a chance to win, he scored two 5s and two 4s, then ran nine bullseyes; and with a bull to win or a 4 to tie, he scored a magpie and lost. Each man fired two sighters at each range, and a score of 15 shots.

The next match will be shot at Bisley, England, in 1908. Sir Howard Vincent, donor of the shield, said his regiment would not challenge the victors for a match next year, because of the expense of a trip to England. The results follow:

Seventh Regiment Team.

	Yards				
	500	600	800	1000	Total.
Sergt Short	69	72	67	70	278
Corp Taylor	71	69	69	68	277
Sergt O'Connor	68	68	67	68	271
Capt McAlpin	73	66	68	63	270
Lieut Crall	69	65	70	73	277
Pvt Beach	72	71	65	67	275
	422	411	406	409	1648
Reserves.					
Sergt Fowler	66	67	64	64	261
Pvt Meyer	72	64	69	64	269
					530

Queen's Westminster Team.

Marksman Sheppard	72	59	66	63	260
Sergt Tyrell	64	62	65	62	253
Marksman Halls	66	65	69	67	267
Marksman Gill	71	70	70	60	271
Corp Fulton	69	71	68	69	277
Marksman Thompson	64	66	68	62	260
	406	393	406	383	1588
Reserves.					
Marksman Stocker	66	63	56	50	235
Marksman Roche	68	69	70	56	263
					498

Landon cup, for the highest combined score:
Sergt W. B. Short, Seventh Regiment—
500yds.....5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5—69
600yds.....5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4—72
800yds.....4 3 5 5 5 4 5 5 3 5 5 4 4 5 5—67
1000yds.....5 4 4 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4—70—278

Appleton cup, for the highest score made by a reserve man:
Private H. C. Meyer, Seventh Regiment—
500yds.....5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—72
600yds.....4 4 5 4 3 4 5 5 5 4 4 3 4 5 5—64
800yds.....3 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5—69
1000yds.....3 5 5 5 4 3 5 5 5 5 4 5 0 5 5—64—269

The Trajectory of Sporting Rifles.

Although the .303 rifle has been used as a sporting weapon for well over ten years, and although great emphasis has been laid on the importance of its rapid manipulation at short ranges for military purposes, details of its trajectory are singularly vague and incomplete. The sparsity of up-to-date tables of trajectory implies a great difficulty in their production; yet the arithmetic involved would lie well within the reach of the ordinary boy of twelve years of age. In the Text Book of Small Arms three values only are given up to a distance of 300yds., and these assume a muzzle velocity of 2037 f. s., and a value for "*n*" of .8, whereas other portions of the book show that 2060 f. s. is the standard figure for velocity, and .78 for the value of *n*. Metford's table of angles, reproduced on page 275, is for the same velocity, and fits in with the same value of *n*. To produce a consistent curve the values are given to nine decimals of a minute of angle. The pity is that equal consistency was not observed in regard to the underlying data. Gibbs, the well-known rifle maker, also issues a table of angles; but these, again, are only approximate, as the weight of bullet assumed is 200 grains instead of the present 215 grains. The angles are nevertheless the same as Metford's. Even when a table of angles is obtained, the trajectory table has yet to be constructed. Possibly one of the reasons why tables of trajectory are so seldom issued is that a certain amount of responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who would produce something new to take the place of old and tested material. More than this, trajectory tables have a merely indirect relation to practical marksmanship as at present carried on. Rifles are certainly sighted on a basis of calculated "drops," but even so, the Bisley marksman knows by experience that it is unwise to place too much reliance on the fixed markings of a new rifle. At any rate, knowing that the 800yds. target is relatively about the size of a large visiting card when viewed from 25yds. distance, he prefers to work up to the long ranges by a succession of stages. He first finds the sight adjustment for the 200yds. target, where the area is relatively large, and the possibility of serious error small. This he regards as a kind of zero adjustment, and he knows what elevation to add to hit the 500 and 600yds. targets. With the information so gained, he can proceed to 800yds. with reasonable certainty of hitting the target.

The sporting rifle shot is not perplexed by these details. Each rifle is separately sighted for each distance, and a very little private practice suffices to establish the amount of foresight which must be seen to ensure hitting the mark at the various sporting distances. Target shooting differs from sporting conditions of marksmanship by the circumstance that in the one case distances are prolonged and hits are assured by previous experience of the same rifle and ammunition at the same measured range, whereas with the sporting rifle the distances, while short, are only approximately measured by estimation before taking a shot. The target shooter is allowed a sighting shot; the game shooter must usually abide by the first result. In so far that the soldier has been urged of late years to familiarize himself with the conditions of snap shooting at short ranges—say up to the sporting limit of distance of 300yds.—it is curious that definite measurements of trajectory up to this range have as yet not been supplied for his guidance. Sporting conditions of shooting seldom allow for adjusting the sight to a nicety before taking a shot. A fixed adjustment must, as a rule, be settled beforehand, and if the judgment suggests that a chance which presents itself represents more or less than the fixed sighting distance the shooter must know where to aim, above or below, to increase the probability of a hit. It is all very well to assume a flat trajectory for so many hundred yards from the muzzle of the rifle, and to trust for a hit to a ricochet from the ground; but this kind of approximation fails to satisfy the shooter who is good to hit a dinner plate up to 300yds., given an approximate idea of the distance.

With no desire to claim greater merit than is involved in the ability to perform ordinary arithmetic, we put forward a table giving thirty-six trajectory measurements for the first 300yds. of the flight of a .303 bullet. The resulting table will doubtless be of great interest to all deer stalkers and big-game shooters, because express rifles as a rule give similar ballistics to those of the service cartridge. The bullets are adjusted to the same density, and the velocity of most of the cartridges in

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The Anglo-American Rifle Competition between the Queen's Westminster Volunteers and the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. N. G , at Creedmoor, N. Y., Oct. 2 and 3, 1906, resulted in a decisive victory for the Seventh Regiment team; all the members using the famous .30-cal. bullet manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Company. The team and individual scores indicate once more the superior results attained by the use of

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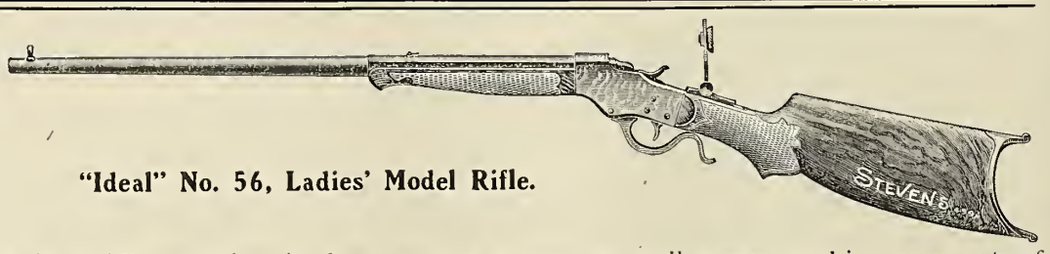

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use approximates very closely to the behavior of the service rifle in that respect. The muzzle velocity has been taken at 2060 f. s., and the value of "C" at .415. Working by Handcock's table, and after slightly adjusting two of the results, the following angles of elevation were obtained:

50yds.	100yds.	150yds.	200yds.	250yds.	300yds.
2.0′	4.3′	6.6′	8.9′	11.4′	14.3′

Metford's table gives an angle of 4.4′ for 100yds., and 15.8′ for 300yds. Hardcastle's table, published in these columns on Dec. 16 last year, gives 9.0′ as the 200yd. angle. From these angles the following values of drop are obtained, drop being the distance which a rifle must be aimed high to hit a mark at a given distance:

50yds.	100yds.	150yds.	200yds.	250yds.	300yds.
1.05in.	4.50in.	10.37in.	18.64in.	29.32in.	44.92in.

From these values an ordinary table of trajectory has been compiled. The official Text Book says that when using 200yds. sighting the bullet is .4 of a foot high at the halfway distance. This is equal to 4.8in. Our table gives the same figure exactly, but this is merely a coincidence, as the true calculated value might vary between the limits of .35ft. and .45ft., viz., 4.2in. and 5.4in. All that can be said is that the two tables are in approximate agreement on this point. Shooting with 300yds. sight adjustment, the Text Book table says that the height at 100yds. = 1.0ft. = 12.0in., and at 200yds. 1.1ft. = 13.2in. Our table gives these values at 10.5in. and 11.3in. respectively, implying a slightly flatter trajectory, no doubt due to the higher velocity and better shape of bullet assumed. The differences are in any case very near to the limits which practical shooting tests could distinguish. These values, the only ones available for comparison, show that the table to be introduced, while more acurate in detail, makes no bold bid to strike out a new line of its own. It is merely a fuller table, and in the matter of odd inches in greater accordance than any other published figures with the latest statistics of the service cartridge.

Quotations only have been given so far from our own table of trajectory. This is because the table which we propose to publish has been extended to show the amount of drop which the bullet sustains after passing the distance for which the sights are adjusted. Fremantle once published such a table for the .303 rifle; but his table was, we believe, based upon the assumption that the line of sight was level with the barrel at the moment of the bullet's departure. Giving the foresight a height of three-quarters of an inch above the axis of the bore, an assumed value which is near enough for practical purposes, material corrections must be made in a table which aims at extreme accuracy. For instance, when using 100yds. elevation to hit a mark at 300yds., the table value says aim 31.4in. high, but the height of foresight necessitates a reduction of this allowance by 1.5in. This may not be a practical difference, but the existence of a source of error of this extent stultifies the use of highly exact figures throughout the table. It is possible that the existence of this source of error accounts for the absence of particulars in the Text Book tables for drop values beyond the sighting distances. The particulars are of very great practical importance to all shooters who are called upon in the exigencies of the amount to take a shot at an object, the distance of which is clearly different from that for which the sights are set. We accordingly place before the reader a trajectory table for the .303 rifle, with an assumed height of foresight of .75in.

Short Distance Trajectory Table for the .303 Service Rifle

Sightsadjusted for	Position of bullet in relation to line of sight at— Muzzle.	50 yds.	100 yds.	150 yds.	200 yds.	250 yds.	300 yds.
50yds.		0.0					
	.75	0.0	1.7	5.7	12.2	21.1	34.9
100yds.		.8	0.0				
	.75		0.0	3.2	8.9	17.0	29.9
150yds.		1.9	2.2	0.0			
	.75			0.0	4.6	11.5	23.3
200yds.		3.0	4.4	3.4	0.0		
	.75				0.0	5.8	16.6
250yds.		4.2	6.8	6.9	4.7	0.0	
	.75					0.0	9.6
300yds.		5.8	10.0	11.8	11.1	8.0	0.0
							0.0

All values are given in inches.

A 50yds. sight adjustment is clearly unsuitable for the .303 rifle, since it multiplies errors at the longer distances, without giving any compensating advantages near to. The same remark applies in a lesser degree to the 100yds. setting of the sights. With 150yds., on the other hand, the errors at the nearer distances will but slightly exceed 2in., while at 200yds., viz., at 50yds. beyond the sighting range, the drop is only 4.6in. At 250 and 300yds., allowances of approximately 1ft. and 2ft. respectively must be made. The 200yds. adjustment makes a 4.4in. allowance necessary at the middle distance, and reduces the necessary lift for a 300yds. shot to 16.6in., and so forth for the other adjustments specified. With this table before him the shooter can easily appreciate the niceties of snap shooting at short ranges, and he can gain a great deal of useful knowledge concerning the behavior of his rifle.—Field (London).

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

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348 STRAIGHT

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noons will continue to be popular with those who have the good fortune to spare the time.

Plans are being made for a three-cornered shoot on the 13th between teams of the Attleboro, Taunton and Providence clubs, at the range of the Taunton club. Krag rifles will be used at 200yds., and a suitable trophy goes to the winning team. Indoor shooting with reduced load in the Krags will occupy a prominent part in the winter competitions, and a loving cup is already in the secretary's hands for competition. Chief Yeoman Mayo, of the local navy recruiting station, is the second member of the club to make a 5-shot possible with .22 rifle at 25yds., all of the 5 shots scoring on the half-inch center. Another rainy Saturday prevented a full attendance on the 6th, but a few good scores were made:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard American target: H. Powel (pistol) 85, 83, 83; W. Almy 85, 83, 81.

Standard target, 20yds. (indoor range): Hurlburt 82; Miller 81, 80, 85; Willard 80, 81, 79, 78; Gardiner (pistol) 76, 71.

Rifle, 25yds., Standard target, indoor range, the ladies shooting on the 50yds. target: Chief Yeoman Fred. S. Mayo 85, 82, 83, 86, 87, 82; Mrs. Mayo 82, 87, 73, 73, 73, 80, 79; Mrs. Hurlburt 67; H. Monroe 68.

Ring target, 25yds., ¼in ring: Mayo 238, 246, 238, 238, 242; Mrs. Mayo (elbow rest) 238.

Cumberland Valley Rifle Association.

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 6.—In the monthly shoot, held to-day, H. E. Donson won the gold medal, S. E. Boyer the silver medal and John Sennett the bronze medal. The scores follow:

H E Donson	71	Wm Failor	42
H Bear	63	A G Hughes	40
T E Vale	59	H Lintner	46
S E Boyer	51	R Lintner	36
John Sennett	42		

MODERN TREASURE HUNTING.

SOME three weeks ago this paper announced, on the strength of London advices that the steamer Xema had sailed from London for an unknown destination, probably in search of the famous Cocos Island treasure, since she was commanded by Capt. Grey, well known in connection with the island that made Earl Fitzwilliam famous. It appears, however, that the inference was not altogether justified, since it is not at Cocos Island that the Xema will search for treasure, but in a mysterious island off the coast of West Africa, to which reference was made in an article, under the same heading as the present, which appeared in the issue of Shipping Illustrated of July 28. In other words, the Xema is the craft which the £25,000 syndicate has retained to secure the valuable diamonds hidden in the fortunate isle. This island, as Capt. Grey declared, was discovered by a seafaring man named Dick Powell, serving on board a craft commanded by a Welshman named Jones, to be sure, and plying between Cardiff and Cape Town. Powell had some of the stones he had picked on the island and showed them to Capt. Jones. This was about six years ago. When Capt. Jones reached Cape Town on one of his voyages he went to a Mr. Griffith, said to have been then manager of the De Beers Co., and told him of Powell's discovery. An expedition was organized under the command of Capt. Jones, who, in a small craft manned by blacks, repaired to the island and found a number of diamonds. However, having no machinery, he was unable to carry out any sinking operations, so that the pipe was left undiscovered, and Jones returned with his treasure to Cape Town. Griffith, to whom the stones had been shown by the faithful Jones, valued them at £15,000. Whoever was responsible for their subsequent disappearance is one of the numerous mysteries in which the present tale abounds; however, the gems were traced to a sale in London, where they had ben disposed of for £23,000. Nobody appears to have made any efforts to establish a prior right to the property, but this is besides the point at issue. In any case, another expedition was suggested, but Mr. Griffith was unable to carry it out, he being at that time under contract to proceed to Tasmania. The chart showing the location of the island remained in Jones' possession, but he disposed of it in favor of a Cape Town apothecary named Williams, who in turn bequeathed the document at his death to Mr. Griffith, as the only compatriot he knew in Cape Town. The chart and a description of the island—in Welsh—are said to be deposited in Lloyd's Bank, London. And it is on this tale that, as previously announced, a syndicate was organized with a capital of £25,000, to carry on the search for diamonds. By a strange coincidence, the syndicate selected the steamer Xema to transport the expedition, the very vessel which was purchased in 1904 by Earl Fitzwilliam for his raid on Cocos Island, but for which he eventually substituted the Harloch Castle, of much larger dimensions, and which he renamed the Veronique. Another coincidence was the appointment of Capt. Grey to the command of the expedition, as Capt. Grey made several treasure-hunting trips to Cocos in his yacht Rose Marine. However, no expense has been spared in fitting out the Xema, and it is said that some £15,000 has been expended. She is a handsome craft, 260ft. long and 60ft. beam, with a carrying capacity of 1,400 tons deadweight and 1,000 tons of bunker. The crew consists of about forty hands all told. There are on board a number of miners of varied experience, and among the outfit carried is a quantity of mining machinery, washing plant, gas engines, sun condensers, huts, tents, general mining implements, detonators and ammunition. Capt. Frederick G. Jackson, leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth polar expedition of 1894-97, has been selected to accompany the diamond hunters as the representative of the directors. Glancing over the list of shareholders of the syndicate, one is immediately struck by the high-flown character of the enterprise. No mere earls and admirals this time, but real princes (though they be dusky in shade), marquesses, lords in plenty, knights and baronets galore. The capital of the syndicate is, as stated, £25,000,

divided in £1 shares. These already command 10s. premium, and among the heaviest subscribers figure Lord Aberdare (500 shares), Lord Ardwall, judge of the Court of Sessions (300 shares); Lord Dunedin, Lord Justice General of the Court of Sessions (200 shares); Sir W. H. Holland (200 shares), Sir Neil Menzies (200 shares), Marquess of Tweddale (100 shares), Lord Willoughby De Eresby (100 shares), Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, R. N. (100 shares), Sir W. Barrington, K. C. M. G. (104 shares), Earl of Albemarle (50 shares), Sir G. W. Des Voeux, K. C. M. G. (50 shares), Sir A. Conan Doyle (30 shares). Notwithstanding such an array of gentility, one cannot help feeling that in this, as in other ventures of a more or less hazardous nature, high-sounding names are no guarantee of success, and the surprise will run high should this syndicate not share the fate met some time ago by the "suckers" who backed Earl Rosslyn's scheme to break the bank at Monte Carlo.—Shipping Illustrated.

THE ANGLING ANANIAS.

An angler sat by the winter fire,
While only his wife was nigh;
And he said to himself,
Did this cunning old elf,
"I'll tell 'em a whopping big lie—
A brilliant and intricate lie."

He leaned his chin on his ancient hand,
While gently he stroked his beard,
Then he gathered his pen,
His ink, and then—
He slyly and knowingly leered—
A leer that was foxy and weird.

He gazed aloft at the ceiling dark,
And then he looked down at the floor,
And he said "Of a bout
After salmon and trout,
I'll give 'em some angling lore—
Some lovely and lying old lore."

He wrote and he wrote, a solid hour,
His wife all the while sitting by,
Very certain, however,
That her Hubby, so clever,
Was working up some novel lie—
Some wild and extravagant lie.

When sudden the old man rose up stark
With looks that were wizen and cold;
"What's the matter?" cried she;
"The devil," said he,
"I'm certainly fast growing old—
"Every lie I can think of's been told!"
—Exchange.

THE BIG TROUT.

Dashing, splashing, runs the stream,
O'er the mill-wheel's dripping beam;
Hurls in air the whitening spray
And glistens bounding on its way.

Underneath the old stone bridge,
Where the dancing gnat and midge
Tempt the phœbe from her nest,
Eddies give a moment's rest.

There the big trout lives alone,
'Neath the deepest shelving stone;
Handsomest of all his kin,
Of scarlet spot and white-ribbed fin.

If a fluttering miller slip
From the waving fern frond tip,
Frightened minnows glancing out,
Mark the first rush of the trout.

Then with all his might and main
Springing surfaceward again,
Turning somersaults in air,
He casts the clear drops everywhere.

Foam flecks circle slowly by,
Water spiders graceful lie
Near the dipping mosses green,
Where one white torn wing is seen.
—Mark West.

Lieutenant (examining soldier)—What should you do if you met an enemy on the field of battle?
Soldier—Shoot him dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Right. And what should you do if you met a whole battalion of the enemy?
Soldier—Shoot them dead, sir.
Lieutenant—You couldn't by yourself. You should fall back and give warning. What should you do if you met a cow belonging to the enemy?
Soldier—Shoot it dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Wrong.
Soldier—Fall back and give warning, sir.
Lieutenant—Wrong again. You should catch hold of it by the horns and bring it into camp. Now tell me what you should do if you met me in the field?
Soldier—Shoot you dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Rubbish! I'm not an enemy. I wear the same uniform as you do.
Soldier—Fall back and give warning.
Lieutenant—Wrong, stupid! I'm not a battalion of the enemy.
Soldier—Well, then, I'd catch hold of you by the horns and lead you into camp.
Lieutenant—————.—Lustige Blätter.

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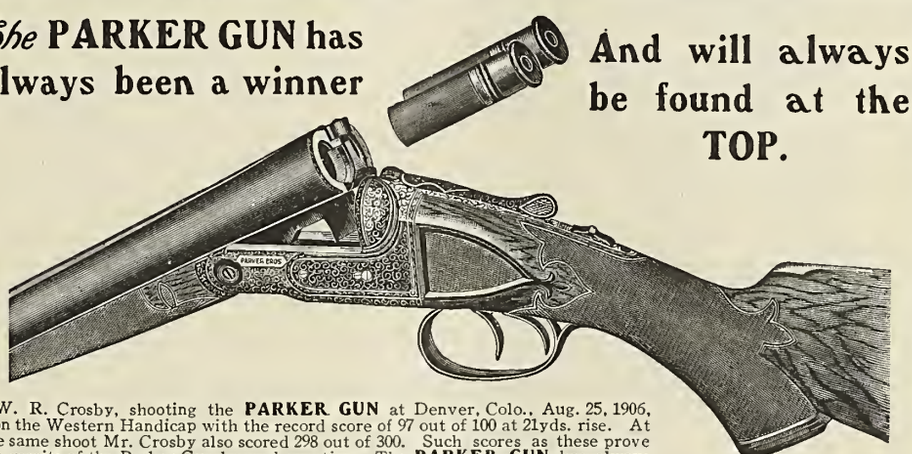

W. R. Crosby, shooting the **PARKER GUN** at Denver, Colo., Aug. 25, 1906, won the Western Handicap with the record score of 97 out of 100 at 21yds. rise. At the same shoot Mr. Crosby also scored 298 out of 300. Such scores as these prove the merits of the Parker Gun beyond question. The **PARKER GUN** has always done the greatest shooting the world has ever known. Send for catalogue.

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About 600 pages, 58 portraits of fowl, 8 full-page plates, and many vignette head and tail pieces by Wilmot Townsend.

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Mr. Hammond enjoys among his field companions the repute of being an unusually good shot, and one who is particularly successful in that most difficult branch of upland shooting, the pursuit of the ruffed grouse or partridge. This prompted the suggestion that he should write down for others an exposition of the methods by which his skill was acquired. The result is this original manual of "Hitting vs. Missing." We term it original, because, as the chapters will show, the author was self-taught; the expedients and devices adopted and the forms of practice followed were his own. This then may be termed the Hammond system of shooting; and as it was successful in his own experience, being here set forth simply and intelligibly, it will prove not less effective with others.

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The Lyman Targets received. They are the best I ever saw.
Charles King, Gunsmith.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

THREE HARBORS.

Concluded from page 586.

Numerous farms will replenish the larder, and the farmers are delightful conversationalists. One informed me proudly that the place was a great resort for yachtsmen, stating that twenty-four yachts visited there the previous summer. Seeking to quiz him, I asked if he meant all at one time, but a fleet of twenty-four yachts was beyond the wildest flights of his imagination. He told me that a certain steam yacht, over a hundred feet in length, made a stop there every season. As the chart shows at least 16 feet all the way through the Ovens' Mouth, I presume that fairly large craft could enter if easily handled.

It is 9¼ miles from the Ovens to Griffith's Head at the mouth of the Sheepscott, but in going out a pleasant diversion is to run down through Townsend's Gut, a charming little passage, as narrow, and bordered with as many cottages, as a suburban street. It can only be negotiated with a fair tide, and is crossed by a drawbridge. It is a decided short cut if you are making for Boothbay Harbor, and saves 2 miles when bound to the eastward.

I shall never forget my first entrance to Seal Bay. We had come across from Camden in a freshening southerly breeze and, while running through beautiful Fox Thoroughfare, tied a reef in the mainsail. That not proving to be enough, we lowered away the mizzen and shifted to storm jib, thus reducing Sassoon's canvas as much as I have ever been compelled to do. Passing Goose Rocks Light, we hauled on the wind and had a magnificent sail to Winter Harbor (Vinal Haven Island), where we pinned in our sheets for the thrash to windward into the anchorage. The shores are bold—running from 60 to 140 feet high—so the flaws came screaming out of the entrance with the speed and weight of "perishable freight" trains. They came from all directions, too, so that just as we were tacking they would take us aback with a terrific slam. I had to be guided entirely by a friend's description of the place and my memory of the chart, for it was a fight to get in and to consult a chart then was an utter impossibility. A puff would hit us like a bolt from the blue, coming over the cliffs above us with no warning, and the Sass would go down, down until green water poured into the cockpit. Then she would wrench to her feet again and spring ahead like a horse under the lash after stumbling. Rapid fire tacks carried us in by the Hen Islands (both to port), where we put the helm hard-a-starboard and pinched in between the inner Hen and Long islands, keeping close to the former to avoid some bad ledges; the channel is a scant 30 yards wide in places, and the steep, wooded shores make it seem very much narrower. Passing two small islands, we held along, intending to beat up the bay to an anchorage, northwest of Hay Island, but the "williwaws" were too much for us, so we anchored where the chart shows 11 fathoms, meanwhile having crossed a hole that carries 21 fathoms.

Seal Bay is on the East Penobscot, about opposite the northern end of Isle au Haut. The easterly side of the entrance is marked by Bluff Head, an island whose summit rises 80 feet above the water and which looks like a part of the main island when seen from outside. In the bay are sixteen islands, thirteen small coves and numerous ledges. The current runs with considerable strength and it is advisable to lie to bow and stern anchors. There are three farmhouses on the easterly shore, which is cleared and tilled. The rest of the bay is closed in, apparently, by virgin forest. Strawberries grow in great profusion on the islands, and, if of mischievous disposition, you can have great larks chasing sheep. Here it was that a friend once pursued and caught a sheep, and in the ensuing struggle they both fell over a 15-foot cliff, locked in each others arms (so to speak). One of them was killed—but I won't say which.

In a farmhouse in Deep Cove we found delightfully hospitable people who gave us liberally of their harvests and filled our water tanks.

A pet lamb in the barnyard was so terrified by my countenance that he broke adrift, and, in order to "square" ourselves with his generous owners, Mrs. B. and I gave chase. It was a ludicrous performance, and the antics of we three would have excited the envy of a Francis Wilson or a Frank Daniels. Our audience was small, but exclusive, and we brought down the house before we brought back the lamb.

We were at Seal Bay for three days, and might profitably have stayed longer had we possessed a power tender. But *tempus fugit* and a dozen other goals remained to be won. Burnt Coat Harbor, Somers Sound, Blue Hill, Pulpit Rock, Carver's Harbor, Monhegan, Maple Juice Cove, Friendship, McFarling's Cove and the New Meadows Basin—all these and countless others to be "discovered" or revisited. You might cruise in Maine summer after summer without exhausting the interesting places.

So take my advice—depart from the well-known route, do not try to fly from one "resort" to another, abandon hops, pink teas and the everlasting summer girl! Shape your course for these "pleasant Isles of Aves" and, sailing in the Maine that nature made, dream away your time among primitive surroundings. "I have spoken!"

Two anglers intent on fishing came across a likely piece of water, on the bank of which the following warning was roughly scrawled on a blackboard: "Notice.—Any persons fishin' here do so at there own risk as these grounds is privit. If there be any fish they ain't the sort to be tempted by common worms or dough Besides, there ain't——" Apparently the board was not large enough, as the sentence thus abruptly terminated. The water, however, looked so inviting that the fishermen decided to take all risks. After fishing for some hours without getting a nibble, they heard a shout from a rough-looking farmer: "Ain't you read that there notice?" to which the culprits replied, "Yes; but the water looked so fishy that we really could not resist the temptation." "All right, misters," said the farmer; "no harm done; but, seeing you keeping on so steadily, I thought as how you had not read t'other side of board." The anglers rushed to the board, looked at the reverse side and gasped. There was the continuation of the notice —"No blessed fish."—London Shooting Times.

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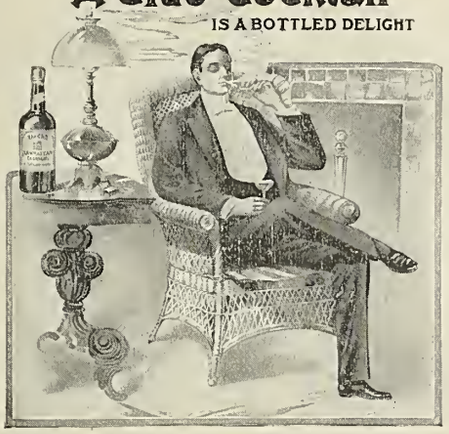

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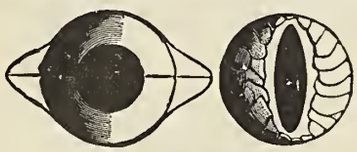

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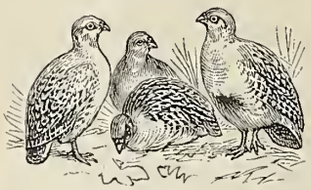

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AN EAGLE MASCOT.

Reported by the Boston Journal and transmitted to the FOREST AND STREAM by Walter B. Savary.

THE fishing schooner Frances P. Mesquita arrived at T wharf, Boston, the other day, having on board one of the strangest passengers ever picked up at sea—a beautiful brown eagle, 18 inches long and measuring exactly 4 feet from tip to tip. The bird, which is called one of the rarest of its kind, was proudly exhibited by Capt. Mesquita all during the afternoon and large sums were offered for it.

Strange as is the fact that the bird was picked up so far away from land, for when Capt. Mesquita first saw it, he was 200 miles from Boston Light, the story of its final capture told by the captain and the crew of the schooner is far stranger. As told by them to The Journal reporter, last Wednesday at noon the eagle appeared and alighted on the bowsprit. It rested there perhaps half a minute and then again took flight. Nothing more was seen of it until Saturday night, when the vessel was sixty miles out, the bird came up a second time. Then it flew around the vessel several times in a circle, as though making up its mind whether this was the same schooner, and finally decided it was and alighted. While first it appeared afraid, the second time it showed no fear and allowed itself to be caught by Hugo Savanna, one of the crew. It was evidently exhausted by a long flight and ate eagerly the food that was given it by the men.

The eagle's head is crested in a wonderfully beautiful manner. It has a breast of pure white, while the remainder of its body is of brown feathers flecked with white.

Old sailors who saw the great bird yesterday said it looked like a South American eagle and another said it belonged to the family of the European sea eagles. But where it came from is a mystery that has been puzzling Capt. Mesquita and his men. From its peculiar actions, especially in flying around the vessel on its second appearance, the crew believe it had been following the little schooner for the three days.

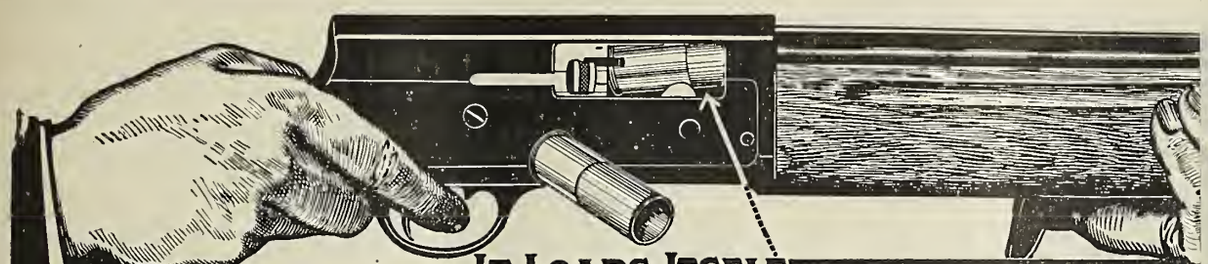
The Mesquita, the principal share in which is owned by Capt. Mesquita himself, brought in a big cargo of fish, not less than 90,000 pounds being in her hold. Each man aboard will receive a good slice of the profits from to-day's sale. And each man, too, is willing to swear that the big catch is due to the presence of the strange mascot.

WHY THE CAT ALWAYS FALLS ON ITS FEET.

IN the scientific department of The Literary Digest some space was given recently to a discussion in the French Academy of Sciences regarding the fall of the cat and its interesting power of turning itself about in mid-air so as always to alight on its feet. A recent French traveler in Persia, Col. E. Duhousset, relates that the inhabitants of that country have a legend that professes to explain the same fact. If for no other reason, this legend deserves attention as showing that the cat's power—only recently taken up by scientists for explanation—was noticed and accounted for, in a fashion, in Persia many centuries ago. We translate below from Le Magasin Pittoresque, Jan. 15, part of Colonel Duhousset's story. In traveling through Persia, it was his fortune to spend a night with a descendant of the Prophet. During a conversation, a cat that had been walking on the cornice lost its balance and fell to the ground. Says the Colonel:

"Turning to me, my host asked if I knew the reason why the cat possesses the enviable power of making perilous leaps with impunity, and of always alighting on its feet.

"I was completely floored. I recollected that in France we have in familiar speech a proverb that asserts this fact, but is mute as to its cause. I had to acknowledge that I found it impossible to solve the question. This is how my host solved it for me, in all seriousness: 'You know,' he said to me, 'that it is due to a miracle wrought by our venerated imam Ali (The Sublime), the designated successor and son-in-law



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of the Prophet. His brother-in-law Omar was very jealous of him, and frequently showed his feeling.

"'One day when Ali was making him a visit, Omar advanced holding out his right hand, which held a grain of wheat between its thumb and forefinger, and with haughty mien thus addressed him: "Ali, thou who vauntest thyself to be able to predict the future, by the power of the Most High, be pleased to tell me if this grain of wheat is destined for my nourishment to-day." Ali, keeping calm, answered coolly: "I should disregard with contempt a question made in such a tone, but to put thee to confusion, I tell thee, trusting in God—No! this grain will profit thee nothing!"

"'The irascible Omar, in his anxiety to show the falsity of this prediction, tossed the grain into his mouth with such promptness that it took the wrong course, lodged in his wind-pipe, and was at once coughed up.

"'Ali's cat, who was quietly purring near his master, then devoured the grain of wheat that Omar had coughed up, while the latter retired in confusion.

"'It is in memory of this service,' added the descendant of the Prophet, 'that Ali gave to the cat the power of never touching the earth otherwise than as you have just seen. I hope that you will have no doubt as to this miraculous solution, showing as it does the imposture of Omar, the chief of our religious antagonists the Sunnites, and the venerated saint of the Osmanlis (the Turks).'

"I thanked my host cordially, having sufficiently learned the cause that, according to the Persians, makes a cat always land on his feet."—Translated for The Literary Digest.

THE OYSTER HAS BRAINS.

THE story of how Travers suppressed an oracular individual who was boring everybody with a long-winded essay on the oyster had considerable vogue. The fellow was going on endlessly and aimlessly, and finally started upon a discussion as to the intelligence of the bivalve, saying that it was a disputed point among scientists whether the oyster had brains.

At this juncture Travers came to the relief of the wearied company with the interruption: "Of c-c-course, the oys-oys-oyster has b-b-brains. The oys-oys-oyster kno-no-nows when to sh-sh-shut up."—Sunday Magazine.

WE all sat around the club room after a fair day on the marshes, when up spoke an old punter: "I saw Mr. M. make the blankdest longest shot, to-day, I ever saw. He shot from Peach Orchard, while the duck was over Cow Island" (200 yards).

This, of course, was received with astonishment, which was pictured, open-mouthed, on every face. Finally, some one said, rather timidly: "W-e-ll, did he kill the duck?"

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Reporter—"Uncle, to what do you attribute your long life?"

Oldest Inhabitant—"I don't know yit, young feller. They's several of these patent medicine companies that's dickerin' with me."

ON A FISHERMAN.

A fisher, while he angled in a brook,
A dead man's skull by chance hung on his hook;
The pious man in pity did it take
To bury it, a grave with 's hand did make;
And as he digg'd, found gold; thus to good men,
Good turns with good turns are repay'd again.
Alexander Brome, 1664.

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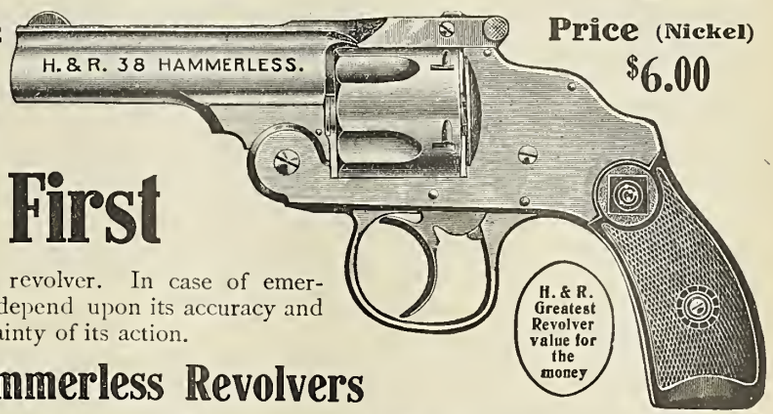

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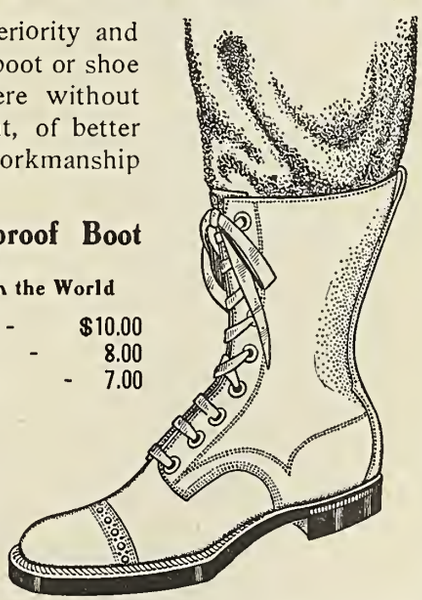

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TO every reader of this periodical who loves nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send without charge four beautiful pictures, which sell at retail for 50 cents each. These pictures are wonderful examples of the art of color photography, being printed on heavy plate paper by the most improved process. Framed at moderate cost they will make splendid decorations for den or cozy corner, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. The subjects represented are such as will appeal to nature lovers generally. Exact size of pictures, 10½ x 7½ inches.

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The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which the illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

No Obligation Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the Library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

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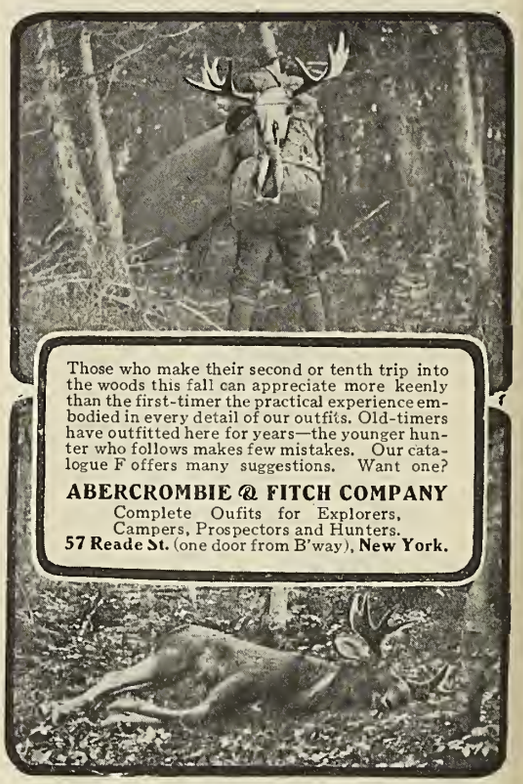

Those who make their second or tenth trip into the woods this fall can appreciate more keenly than the first-timer the practical experience embodied in every detail of our outfits. Old-timers have outfitted here for years—the younger hunter who follows makes few mistakes. Our catalogue F offers many suggestions. Want one?

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A SINGULAR method of determining the height at which birds fly when they are migrating is recorded in the "Morning Post." Two observers watched the moon's disc at night through small telescopes placed some distance apart, and from the different paths of the birds which were seen, projected against the moon, from the two stations, it was possible to compute the height and direction of flight of each bird. This method has been employed and further developed this year by Mr. Joel Stebbins and Mr. E. A. Rath, of the University of Illinois, and has been used to estimate not only the height at which the birds fly, but to find with much greater accuracy than has been possible heretofore the speed of their flight. The average height at which migrating birds fly is not more than 1,500 feet from the ground, but the speeds at which they travel appear to be greater than has of late years been believed to be the case. The minimum speeds of the birds observed varied from eighty miles to 130 miles an hour. It should be said, however, that the birds were flying with the wind.—Shooting Times.

CATS were the subject of discussion one evening, and the boys came out strong with a string of capital tales. Finally one of the veterans related a little anecdote, wherein his favorite cat—who was hopelessly behind a squirrel she was chasing across the yard—had been intercepted by him and seized by the tail, and slung with such momentum that when she struck she at once overhauled and seized her prey. This brought Cud to his feet.

"That reminds me," said he, "of the scrape that brother Bill and I had with our cat on the Fourth of July. The boys had been firing a cannon just back of our house, and had left it there. Bill and I thought we would have a little celebration on our own hook. So we got about a quart of powder and loaded up the old gun. Just as we got the wad down, old Tabby came purring round, when Bill—who was always a bit queer—grabbed her, and chucking her into the muzzle, rammed her home. We then rigged up a slow match, and touching fire to it, scampered for the hillside toward which the gun was pointed. We hadn't much more than got there when we saw the old twenty-four hist more than ten feet, and, as the smoke cleared a little, we saw old Tab a-coming, first sideways and then endways, with a 'Yeow, yeow' at every turn. Pretty soon she struck on top of the knoll, and Je-ru-sa-lem, how she did run!" SHADOW.

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A visitor to Florida can hardly make the trip without this book, if he is at all interested in angling. It gives a very complete list of the fishes of the East Coast of Florida, and every species is illustrated by a cut taken from the best authorities. The cuts are thus of the most value to the angler who desires to identify the fish he takes, while the colored plates of the tropical fish shown in all their wonderful gorgeousness of coloring, are very beautiful. Besides the pictures of fish, there are cuts showing portions of the fishing tackle which the author uses. A good index completes the volume.

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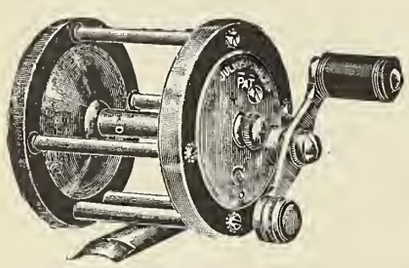

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California Mammals.

By FRANK STEPHENS

Illustrated by W. J. FENN, from Studies in the Field.

A GENERAL work on the mammals of California has just been published, and the work brought up to this year 1906, by Mr. Frank Stephens, one of the best known faunal naturalists of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Stephens has probably more knowledge about California mammals than any man living, and the present work of 350 pages contains a very great mass of information on the life histories of these species.

Every naturalist must of necessity possess this volume, and every big-game hunter ought to have it also, for in it there are described no less than fifteen species of big-game which the California hunter is likely to meet with.

The total list of mammals numbers 276.

Large octavo cloth, illustrated, 351 pages, Price, $3.75.

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HOW TO BUILD AND FURNISH THEM.
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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 16. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF WILDFOWL.

We have in type for publication an elaborate brief prepared by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d in support of the proposition advanced by him, that to the Federal Government should be entrusted the protection of migratory wildfowl. The paper will be given as a supplement in an early issue.

DEATH OF HENRY C. SQUIRES.

As we go to press we learn of the death of Henry C. Squires, at his home in Plainfield, N. J., from angina pectoris. His age was seventy years. Mr. Squires was born in Binghamton, N. Y., but his parents removed to this city when he was but two years of age. Thirty-six years ago Mr. Squires began business as a dealer in sportsmen's supplies in old Chatham street, near the Brooklyn Bridge, under the firm name of Smith & Squires. Later on this partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Squires removed to 1 Cortlandt street, where he carried on business in the Benedict Building for about twelve years, removing thence to 178 Broadway, where he remained for ten years. While there his son, G. Harry Squires, grew up in the business, as one might say, and when Mr. Squires removed to 20 Cortlandt street, Harry was taken into partnership, and for the last fifteen years the firm name has been Henry C. Squires & Son. Last month the building at 44 Cortlandt street was leased and the business was removed there, and the excitement and worry was evidently too much for Mr. Squires. Last Sunday there was a rally in the church in Plainfield, followed by a family reunion, and Mr. Squires evidently overtaxed his strength.

He is survived by Mrs. Squires and five sons, two of whom were associated with him in business.

REFORM NEEDED IN THE SOUTH.

That the North Carolina game laws are not enforced as they should be is evident. One of our correspondents says they are not enforced at all in his county, and others say they are observed only by the sportsmen; while Northern sportsmen with whom we have talked say it is unfortunate that so little attention is given the subject in that state.

Perhaps the North Carolinians have not as yet come to a full realization of their opportunities. As a winter resort for Northern sportsmen and their families North Carolina has peculiar advantages, and the opportunities for making her resorts increasingly popular should not be lost sight of, for vacationists take money with them and are willing to spend it freely so long as they feel that they are getting something in return for it. If the residents of a state are permitted to wipe out the game, or wink at violations perpetrated by visitors, in the course of time there will be nothing to induce these winter visitors to come, and a large sum of money will be diverted annually to other states, where a better policy is observed.

Vast numbers of sportsmen look to the South Atlantic States to provide upland and wildfowl shooting and fishing during the winter season. The revenue alone which is derived from this source seems a sufficient inducement to spur the people of these states on in an effort to make their winter resorts as attractive as possible. Without game and fish these states will have little to offer the visiting sportsman.

The sportsmen's associations alone can act in concert in states where wardens have not been appointed, but individuals can help materially. More associations are needed—county organizations especially—and there is work for all hands. Men who have been in the habit of shooting for the market can be shown how much more profitable it will be for them to act as guides and boatmen for sportsmen, and that it is to their interest to preserve the game and fish. Local interest is needed in the South, as elsewhere, and the missionary work must be done by resident sportsmen.

QUAIL NETTING FOR WINTER.

In a circular just issued by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Secretary Joseph Kalbfus reviews the work which has been done to restock the quail covers, and urges further effort in this direction. Six times within the experience of Mr. Kalbfus the birds have been almost exterminated by severe winters and excessive slaughter, and the stock has been restored by purchasing quail in other states, and the funds have been provided by the sportsmen. In February, March and April of this year, the Game Commissioners imported from Alabama about 3,700 quail at a cost of $9 per dozen; and distributed them in various parts of the state. Many more birds were brought in and liberated by private enterprise. But with the increased demand for live birds for stocking the supply in states which formerly furnished the birds has been exhausted, or laws have been enacted to stop the export; and unless some such expedient as government bird preserves for the supply of live quail shall be provided, the Northern states will in the future be obliged to depend on their own resources.

Secretary Kalbfus makes an earnest plea to the citizens of Pennsylvania to conserve the quail by a wholesale netting of the covers and confinement in pens during the period from Jan. 1 to April 1, to the end that they may not be destroyed by the rigors of the winter. The Pennsylvania law permits this.

Should the recommendation be generally adopted, the quail net would come into common use. What the result would be is a subject of conjecture. If all the netters of quail netted the birds for the single purpose of keeping them through the winter, and possessed the skill to care for them properly, and devoted to them exacting attention necessary to keep them alive, and put them out in the spring in a way to restore them to the natural conditions in which they were found when captured, the result would undoubtedly be beneficial. But is there good reason to believe that any large number of netters would be successful in carrying the birds through from January to April? Is it not probable, on the contrary, that the mortality among the confined birds, due to the captivity and the ignorance and neglect of those who had assumed the burden of caring for them, would be much greater than with the birds in their native wilds?

Moreover, unless Pennsylvania human nature is essentially different from that which prevails elsewhere, the indiscriminate netting of quail ostensibly for preservation will in fact give opportunity for netting quail to be marketed.

BAIT-CASTING IN THE EAST.

The results of the tournament held in Central Park last week, a full account of which appears elsewhere in this issue, will be beneficial alike to anglers and the fishing tackle trade for a long time to come. It will serve to draw the anglers of the Eastern states together, clubs will be formed, and these will hold similar affairs. Already we hear of at least two fly- and bait-casting clubs that are about to be formed as a direct result of the meeting of anglers on the shore of Harlem Mere, while the Anglers' Club will hold another open tournament next summer, and will start early next year with an interesting series of club contests, with special inducements to beginners.

Friendly rivalry between the anglers of Great Britain and the United States will follow the cordial reception given Mr. Enright, and his exhibitions of salmon fly-casting will awaken interest in that form of casting, to the end that anglers who fish for salmon in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia can go there prepared to handle these heavy fly-rods with more skill than they possess at present.

It is proposed to awaken an interest in bait-casting contests with salt-water tackle, to the end that anglers for our salt-water game fishes may learn, through practice, what types of rods, reels and lines are peculiarly adapted to their needs. A large number of anglers are interested in this branch of the sport, and inter-club contests are to be encouraged.

Bait-casting, so popular in the Middle states, will become better known in the East, and through competition the anglers of the two sections will be drawn closer together.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Mounta'n Moonshiner.

III.—A Leaf from the Past.

In the United States, moonshining is seldom practiced outside the mountains and foothills of the southern Appalachians, and those parts of the southwest (namely, in southern Missouri, Arkansas and Texas), into which the mountaineers have immigrated in considerable numbers.

Here, then, is a conundrum: How does it happen that moonshining is distinctly a foible of the southern mountaineer?

To get to the truth, we must hark back into that eighteenth century wherein, as I have already remarked, our mountain people are lingering to this day. We must leave the south; going, first, to Ireland of 150 or 175 years ago, and then to western Pennsylvania shortly after the revolution.

The people of Great Britain, irrespective of race, have always been ardent haters of excise laws. As Blackstone has curtly said, "From its original to the present time, the very name of excise has been odious to the people of England." Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defined excise as "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." Perhaps the chief reason, in England, for this outspoken detestation of the exciseman lay in the fact that the law empowered him to enter private houses and to search at his own discretion. In Scotland and Ireland there was another objection, even more valid in the eyes of the common people; excise struck heaviest at their national drink. Englishmen, at the time of which we are speaking, were content with their ale, not yet having contracted the habit of drinking gin; but Scotchmen and Irishmen preferred distilled spirits, manufactured, as a rule, out of their own barley, in small pot-stills (*poteen* means, literally, a little pot), the process being a common household art frequently practiced, "every man for himself and his neighbor." A tax, then, upon whiskey was as odious as a tax upon bread baked on the domestic hearth—if not, indeed, more so.

Now, there came a time when the taxes laid upon spirituous liquors had increased almost to the point of prohibition. This was done, not so much for the sake of revenue, as for the sake of the public health and morals. Englishmen had suddenly taken to drinking gin, and the immediate effect was similar to that of introducing firewater among a race of savages. There was hue and cry (apparently with good reason), that the gin habit, spreading like a plague, among a people unused to strong liquors, would soon exterminate the English race. Parliament, alarmed at the outlook, then passed an excise law of extreme severity. As always happens in such cases, the law promptly defeated its own purpose by breeding a spirit of defiance and resistance among the great body of the people.

The heavier the tax, the more widespread became the custom of illicit distilling. The law was evaded in two different ways, the method depending somewhat upon the relative loyalty of the people toward the crown, and somewhat upon the character of the country, as to whether it was thickly or thinly settled.

In rich and populous districts, as around London and Edinboro and Dublin, the common practice was to bribe government officials. A historian of that time declares that "Not infrequently the gauger could have laid his hands notice, so that by daybreak next morning 'the boys,' with all their utensils, might disappear. Now and then they were required to leave an upon a dozen stills within as many hours; but he had cogent reasons for avoiding discoveries unless absolutely forced to make them. Where informations were laid, it was by no means uncommon for a trusty messenger to be dispatched from the residence of the gauger to give due

QUILL ROSE, EX-KING OF THE MOONSHINERS.

Quill and his part-Indian wife, "Aunt Vice," have lived for twenty-five years in the Eagle Creek wilderness, and to this day there is no wagon road, nor even a sled road, within five miles of their home. Quill has some notches on his gun stock; but he has turned over a new leaf, and is a jolly, good-hearted fellow. The portrait was taken when he was visiting us, one day last month.

Photos by F. B. Lancy and Horace Kephart.

old and worn-out still in place of that which they were to remove, so that a report of actual seizure might be made. A good understanding was thus often kept up between the gaugers and the distillers; the former not infrequently received a 'duty' upon every still within his jurisdiction, and his cellars were never without 'a sup of the best.' * * * The commerce was carried on to a very great extent, and openly. Poteen was usually preferred, even by the gentry, to 'Parliament' or 'King's' whiskey. It was known to be free from adulteration, and had a smoky flavor (arising from the peat fires) which many liked." Another writer says that "The amount of spirits produced by distillation avowedly illicit, vastly exceeded that produced by the licensed distilleries. According to Wakefield, stills were erected even in the kitchens of baronets and in the stables of clergymen."

However, this sort of thing was not moonshining. It was only the beginning of that system of wholesale collusion which, in later times, was perfected in our own country by the "whiskey ring." Moonshining proper was confined to the poorer class of people, especially in Ireland, who lived in wild and sparsely settled regions, who were governed by a clan feeling stronger than their loyalty to the central government, and who either could not afford to share their profits with the gaugers, or disdained to do so. Such people hid their little pot-stills in inaccessible places, as in the savage mountains and glens of Connemara, where it was impossible, or at least hazardous, for the law to reach them. With arms in hand, they defied the officers. "The hatred of the people toward the gauger was for a very long period intense. The very name invariably aroused the worst passions. To kill a gauger was considered anything but a crime; wherever it could be done with comparative safety, he was hunted to the death."

Thus we see that the townsman's weapon against the government was graft, and the mountaineer's weapon was his gun—a hundred and fifty years ago, in Ireland, as they are in America to-day. Whether racial character had much to do with this is a debatable question. But, having spoken of race, here a new factor, and a curious one, steps into our story.

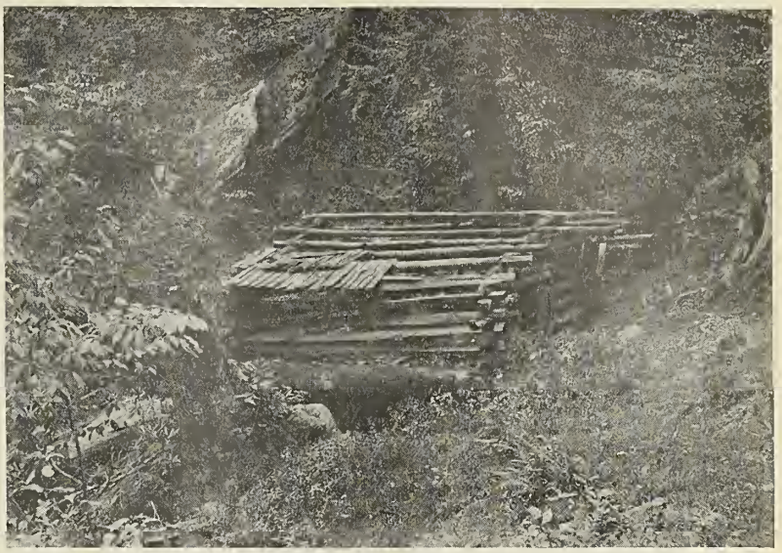
The north of Ireland, at the time of which we have been speaking, was not settled by Irishmen, but by Scotchmen, who had been imported by James I. to take the place of native Hibernians whom he had dispossessed from the three northern counties. These immigrants came to be known as the Scotch-Irish. They learned how to make poteen in little stills, after the Irish fashion, and to defend their stills from intrusive foreigners, also after the Irish fashion. By and by these Scotch-Irish fell out with the British government, and large bodies of them emigrated to America, settling, for the most part, in western Pennsylvania. They were a fighting race. Accustomed to plenty of hard knocks at home, they took to the rough fare and Indian wars of our border as naturally as ducks take to water. They brought with them, too, an undying hatred of excise laws, and a spirit of unhesitating resistance to any authority that sought to enforce such laws. It was these Scotchmen, in the main, assisted by a good sprinkling of native Irish, and by the wilder blades among the Pennsylvania-Dutch, who drove out the Indians from the Alleghany border, formed our rear-guard in the revolution, conquered that rough mountain region for cultivation, left it when the game became scarce and neighbors' houses too frequent, followed the mountains southward, settled western Virginia and Carolina, and formed the vanguard westward into Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and so onward till there was no longer a west to conquer. Some of their descendants remained behind in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge, and the Unakas, and became, in turn, the progenitors of that singular race which, by an absurd pleonasm, is now commonly known as the "mountain whites."*

The first generation of Pennsylvania frontiersmen knew no laws but those of their own making. They were too far away, too scattered, and too poor, for the crown to bother with them. Then came the revolution. The backwoodsmen were loyal to the new American government—loyal to a man. They not only fought off the

*Absurd, because there is no such thing as a mountain black. The few negroes who hang about the valley railroad towns are mountaineers in nothing. The native whites will have nothing to do with them. In Swain and Jackson counties, North Carolina, are some 800 mountain reds, still in possession of their aboriginal hunting grounds—genuine mountaineers, of whom more anon.

"BILL KIRBY'S" MILL.

The largest log is not over 6 inches thick. A man cannot stand upright inside the mill. Capacity, half bushel of corn in 12 hours. Such slow grinding makes the best meal in the world, and is particularly favorable to "sprouted corn."



A BLOCKADE STILL-HOUSE.

Despite the looks of the roof, this still-house is not permanently abandoned. The wild glen in which this house is hidden is so remote from roads and horse trails, that it often re-echoes to the thrum of banjos and the eldritch cries of midnight revelers who fear no law of God or man.

Indians from the rear, but sent many of their incomparable riflemen to the front as well. They were the first English-speaking people to use weapons of precision (the rifle, introduced by the Pennsylvania-Dutch about 1700, was used by our backwoodsmen exclusively throughout the war). They were the first to employ open-order formation in civilized warfare. They were the first outside colonists to assist their New England brethren at the siege of Boston. They were mustered in as the First Regiment of Foot of the Continental Army (being the first troops enrolled by our Congress, and the first to serve under a federal banner). They carried the day at Saratoga, the Cowpens, and King's Mountain. From the beginning to the end of the war, they were Washington's favorite troops.†

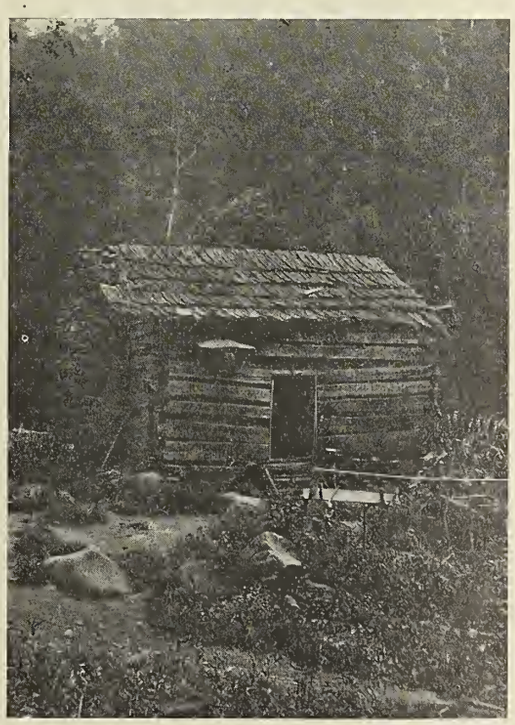
And yet these same men were the first rebels against the authority of the United States government! And it was their old commander-in-chief, Washington himself, who had the ungrateful task of bringing them to order by a show of federal bayonets.

It happened in this wise:

Up to the year 1791 there had been no excise tax in the United Colonies or the United States. (One that had been tried in Pennsylvania was utterly abortive). Then the country fell upon hard times. A larger revenue must be raised, and Hamilton suggested an excise. The measure was bitterly opposed by many public men, notably by Jefferson; but it passed. Immediately there was trouble in the tall timber.

Western Pennsylvania, and the mountains southward, had been settled, as we above have seen, by the Scotch-Irish; men who had brought with them a certain fondness for whiskey, a certain knack in making it, and an intense hatred of excise, on general as well as special principles. There were few roads across the mountains, and these few were execrable—so bad, indeed, that it was impossible for the backwoodsmen to bring their corn and rye to market, except in a concentrated form. The farmers of the seaboard had grown rich, from the high prices that prevailed during the French revolution; but the mountain farmers had remained poor, owing partly to difficulties of tillage; but chiefly to difficulties of transportation. As Albert Gallatin said, in defending the western people, "We have no means of bringing the produce of our lands to sale either in grain or in meal. We are therefore distillers through necessity, not choice, that we may comprehend the greatest value in the smallest size and weight. The inhabitants of the eastern side of the mountains can dispose of their grain without the additional labor of distillation at a higher price than we can after we have disposed that labor upon it." Again, as in all frontier communities, there was a scarcity of cash in the mountains. Commerce was carried on by barter; but there had to be some means of raising enough cash to pay taxes, and to purchase such necessities as sugar, calico, gun powder, etc., from the peddlers who brought them by pack train across the Alleghanies. Consequently a still had been set up on nearly every farm. A horse could carry about sixteen gallons of liquor, which represented eight bushels of grain, in weight and bulk, and double that amount in value. This whiskey, even after it had been transported across the mountains, could undersell even so cheap a beverage as New England rum—so long as no tax was laid upon it.

But when the newly created Congress passed an excise law, it virtually placed a heavy tax on the poor mountaineers' grain, and let the grain of the wealthy eastern farmers pass on to market without a cent of charge. Naturally enough, the excitable people of the border regarded such a law as aimed exclusively at themselves. They remonstrated, petitioned, stormed. "From the passing of the law in January, 1791, there appeared a marked dissatisfaction in the western parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. The legislatures of North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland passed resolutions against the law, and that of Pennsylvania manifested a strong spirit of opposition to it. As early as 1791, Washington was informed that throughout this whole region the people were ready for revolt." "To tax their stills seemed a blow at the only thing which obdurate nature had given them—a lot hard indeed, in comparison with that of the people of the seaboard."



A MOUNTAIN HOME.

This cabin is neither better nor worse than the average dwelling in the Smokies. The boards and shingles are split from the log.

Our western mountains (we call most of them southern mountains, now) resembled somewhat those wild highlands of Connemara to which reference has been made—only they were far wilder, far less populous, and inhabited by a people still prouder, more independent, more used to being a law unto themselves than were their ancestors in old Hibernia. When the federal exciseman came among this border people and sought to levy tribute, they blackened or otherwise disguised themselves and treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, at the same time threatening to burn his house. He resigned. Indignation meetings were held, resolutions were passed calling on all good citizens to *dis*obey the law, and whenever anyone ventured to express a contrary opinion, or rented a house to a collector, he, too, was tarred and feathered. If a prudent or ultra-conscientious individual took out a license and sought to observe the law, he was visited by a gang of "Whiskey Boys" who smashed the still and inflicted corporal punishment upon its owner.

Finally, warrants were issued against the law-breakers. The attempt to serve these writs produced an uprising. On July 16, 1794, a company of mountain militia marched to the house of the inspector, General Neville, to force him to give up his commission. Neville fired upon them, and, in the skirmish that ensued, five of the attacking force were wounded and one was killed. The next day, a regiment of 500 mountaineers, led by one "Tom the Tinker," burned Neville's house, and forced him to flee for his life. His guard of eleven U. S. soldiers surrendered, after losing one killed and several wounded.

A call was then issued for a meeting of the mountain militia at Braddock's Field. On Aug. 1 a large body assembled, of whom 2,000 were armed. They marched on Pittsburg, then a village of 1,200 souls. The townsmen, eager to

†Any one interested in the extraordinary career of our backwoods sharpshooters in the revolution will find details, elsewhere unprocurable, in an article on "The Birth of the American Army," which I contributed to Harper's Magazine in May, 1899.

conciliate and to ward off pillage, appointed a committee to meet the mob half way. The committee, finding that it could not induce the mountain men to go home, made a virtue of necessity by escorting 5,400 of them into Pittsburg town. As Fisher says, "The town was warned by messengers, and every preparation was made, not for defense, but to extinguish the fire of the Whiskey Boys' thirst, which would prevent the necessity of having to extinguish the fire they might apply to houses. * * * Then the work began. Every citizen worked like a slave to carry provisions and buckets of whiskey to that camp." Judge Brackenridge tells us that it was an expensive as well as laborious day, and cost him personally four barrels of prime old whiskey. The day ended in a bloodless, but probably uproarious, jollification.

On this same day (the governor of Pennsylvania having declined to interfere) Washington issued a proclamation against the rioters, and called for 15,000 militia to quell the insurrection. Meantime he had appointed commissioners to go into the disaffected region and try to persuade the people to submit peacefully before the troops should arrive. Peace was offered on condition that the leaders of the disturbance should submit to arrest.

While negotiations were proceeding, the army advanced. Eighteen ringleaders of the mob were arrested, and the "insurrection" faded away like smoke. When the troops arrived, there was nothing for them to do. The insurgent leaders were tried for treason, and two of them were convicted, but Washington pardoned both of them. The cost of this expedition was more than one-third of the total expenditures of the government, for that year, for all other purposes. The moral effect upon the nation at large was wholesome, for the federal government had demonstrated, on this its first test, that it could enforce its own laws and maintain domestic tranquility. The result upon the mountain people themselves was more dubious. Thomas Jefferson wrote to Madison in December: "The information of our [Virginia's] militia, returned from the westward, is uniform, that though the people there let them pass quietly, they were objects of their laughter, not of their fear; that one thousand men could have cut off their whole force in a thousand places of the Alleghany; that their detestation of the excise law was universal, and has now associated with it a detestation of the government; and that a separation which was perhaps a very distant and problematical event, is now near and certain, and determined in the mind of every man."

But Jefferson himself came to the presidency within six years, and the excise tax was promptly repealed, never again to be instituted, save as a war measure, until within a time so recent that it is now remembered by men whom we would not call very old.

The moonshiners of our own day know nothing of the story that has here been written. Only once, within my knowledge, has it been told here in the mountains, and the result was so unexpected, so absurd, that I append the incident as a color contrast to this otherwise rather sombre narrative:

In a certain creek valley, not far from where I recently camped, lives a white-bearded patriarch who is rather vain of his historical learning. He can not read, but one of his daughters reads to him, and he has learned by heart nearly all that lies between the two lids of a "Universal History," such as book agents peddle about. Like one of John Fox's characters, he is fond of the expression "hist'ry says" so-and-so, and he considers it a clincher in all matters of debate.

A northern gentleman was visiting him not long ago, and the conversation drifted upon the topic of moonshining.

"Down to the time of the Civil War," declared the old settler, "nobody paid tax on the whiskey he made. Hit was thataway in my pa's time, and in his'n 'efore him, 'way back to the time of George Washington. Now, hist'ry says that Washington was the Father of his Country, and I reckon he was the *greatest* man that ever lived—don't you?"

The visitor murmured a complaisant assent.

"Wall, sir, if 't was right to make free whiskey in Washington's day, hit 's right *now!*" and the old man brought his fist down on the table.

"But that is just where you make the greatest mistake of your life," replied the guest. "Washington *did* enforce a whiskey tax." Then he told about the Whiskey Insurrection of 1784.

This was news to Grandpa. He listened with deep attention, his brows lowering as the narrative proceeded. When it was finished, he offered no comment, but brooded to himself in silence. Finally the visitor, whose thoughts meantime had wandered far afield, was recalled to the topic by a blunt demand:

"You say Washington done that?"

"Yes, sir."

"George Washington?"

"Yes, sir—George."

"Wall, I'm satisfied, now, that Washington must 'a' been a leetle-grain cracked!"

HORACE KEPHART.

MEDIN, N C.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHERMEN AT DINNER, "BEAUTIFUL BEND," NEAR GRAYLING, MICH.

The Au Sable.

WE are indebted to Mr. J. E. Defebaugh, editor of the American Lumberman, for the two illustrations from that journal picturing the attractions of the Au Sable river. Of the Michigan stream once famous for its grayling, and now yielding generously to the trout fishermen, the Lumberman's staff correspondent writes, from the town of Grayling:

"Whether the town was named after the famous grayling game fish that used to inhabit the limpid waters of that section, or the fish were named after the town, this record will contain no sign. The town remains spread out over many hills, having grown greater each year, and the fish have gone somewhere.

FISHING BOATS NEAR "BEAUTIFUL BEND," AU SABLE RIVER.

NATURAL HISTORY

For the Kingfisher.

Norwood, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As an interested reader of your excellent paper, I would like to make a few remarks under the above subject. In your issue of Sept. 1 there appeared an article entitled "About Kingfishers," signed by Wooden Sinker. The writer states that he has killed 189 of these birds in the past five years and has made a pillow from the feathers thus obtained, which he expects to use on his camping excursions.

Now, on a camping trip or outing, one of the greatest pleasures to me (and I think many others will agree with me) is the bird life along our streams and around our lakes, and one of the most interesting forms is that of the kingfisher perched on a solitary stake or dead limb from which he now and then makes a headlong dive into the placid water, many times returning to his perch without his intended victim and, when he does make a catch, it is generally a shiner, chub, or some other inferior species of the fish family. Can it be that our beautiful kingfisher is depleting our streams and lakes of our most valued game fish? I say no. He is only making an honest living for himself and family, catching just enough for his own consumption and no more.

Surely our friend Wooden Sinker should use his time and energy in exterminating the kingfishers who operate at night with dynamite and seine; they are certainly the most despicable and dangerous enemy of our fish.

The Audubon societies all over this country are endeavoring to preserve one of the grandest gifts which God has bestowed on mankind, our native birds. Let us all co-operate with them. I would rather rest my head on the bare, hard ground than on a soft, downy pillow containing the evidence of the slaughter of 400 innocent birds.

T. S. Allen.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over Forest and Stream for the past month I came with much regret upon Wooden Sinker's article on the kingfishers in the number for Sept. 1, and if such an expression will be tolerated I think he should be well ashamed of it.

From the kingfisher's standpoint Sinker is not merely a thief, having possessed himself of their waters, but a murderer. Furthermore, he does not object to fish being killed, but to their being killed by any one but himself, for Wooden Sinker is not raising fish for the fun of it, but either to sell or catch them later on. It is granted that kingfishers do kill fish, especially in ponds devoted to fishculture. But the majority of us do not and never will own fish ponds, do care something about birds, and protest against their slaughter for the mere pleasure of one man. As for Sinker's elaborate calculation of the fish eaten and fish saved, it is not worth the paper it was written on. Sinker probably does not know the number nor the species eaten, nor the inter-relation between them, other fishes and life in general. Were all the kingfishers in the United States killed, it is doubtful if it would have any visible effect on the increase of fish. A dry season, a single flood, an unusually severe winter wreak more havoc among the finny tribes than do their feathered foes. The output of one sawmill or of one factory will clear out a stream far more effectually than a hundred kingfishers; and if Sinker would devote his energies to the making and enforcement of proper laws, he would do more good than by killing kingfishers. A single bait-fisherman, be he never so careful, will destroy more fishes in a day than a kingfisher will catch in a month, and here I speak from personal experience.

Right beside Sinker's tirade against the kingfishers was Dr. Henshall's article on the enormous destruction of trout by irrigation ditches, a destruction readily preventable and entirely unnecessary; a little further on was an article on the mortality among fishes in Newark, N. J., apparently due to natural causes. It has come within my own observation to see the fish driven from a large section of Waubaushene bay by sawdust; all the fish in one pond killed by a severe winter and all in another swept into the sea by the breaking of a dam. Compared to such accidents as these, the food of the king-

YELLOWSTONE PARK BEARS.

fisher is a drop in the bucket, while the real depletion of our waters comes from sewerage, manufactories, sawmills and—by no means least—overfishing. To destroy fish in this wholesale manner and then lay the decrease to the kingfisher is to add insult to injury; it reminds one of the thoughtful fly who would not light upon the horse because he did not wish to tire the poor beast. If Sinker is to be consistent, he should advocate not only killing the kingfisher, but every other fish-eating beast, bird and reptile; herons, gulls, terns, ducks, cormorants and pelicans, muskrats, minks, turtles and snakes; as a side issue he should kill every bobolink that comes within range and destroy each nest he may find, for the damage done by this songster to the rice crop is far more evident than that done by kingfishers to fish. If man will only use proper care, there will be fish for all, including the poor kingfisher.

F. A. L.

Catching Fish with Intoxicants.

The fruit of a tree common in Guam the natives use to stupefy fish.

The fruit is pounded into a paste, inclosed in a bag, and kept over night. The time of an especially low tide is selected, and bags of the pounded fruit are taken out on the reef next morning and sunk in certain deep holes in the reef. The fish soon appear at the surface, some of them lifeless, others attempting to swim, or faintly struggling with their ventral side uppermost. The natives scoop them in their hands, sometimes even diving for them. Nothing more striking could be imagined than the picture presented by the conglomeration of strange shapes and bright colors—snake-like sea eels, voracious lizardfishes, gar-like houndfishes, with their jaws prolonged into a sharp beak; long-snouted trumpet-fishes, flounders, porcupine-fish, bristling with spines; squirrel-fishes of the brightest and most beautiful colors—scarlet, rose color and silver, and yellow and blue; parrot-fishes (Scarus), with large scales, parrot-like beaks, and intense colors, some of them a deep greenish blue, others looking as though painted with blue and pink opaque colors; variegated Chætodons, called "sea butterflies" by the natives; trunkfishes with horns and armor, leopard-spotted groupers, hideous-looking, warty toadfishes.

In the mangrove swamps when the tide is low hundreds of little fishes with protruding eyes may be seen hopping about in the mud and climbing among the roots of the Rhizophora and Bruguiera. These are the widely spread *Periophthalmus koelreuteri*, belonging to a group of fishes interesting from the fact that their air bladder has assumed in a measure the function of lungs, enabling the animal to breathe atmospheric air.—National Geographical Magazine.

Savage Deer in Parks.

Whitneyville, Conn., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sending with this a clipping from one of the New Haven papers in refutation of the claims often made by some sportsmen that there are no wild animals in the United States which will voluntarily attack man. And this is not the only instance in which an attack has been made on a person in this same game preserve. It was about a year ago that a boy was badly injured by an enraged red deer buck in much the same manner.

The students referred to had no business whatever on the Greist premises at the time they were attacked, as there have been advertisements in the leading newspapers notifying the public that the park was closed, owing to the rutting season. Owing to the liberality of the Greists, this beautiful and interesting preserve is opened to the public at all times of the year.

William H. Avis.

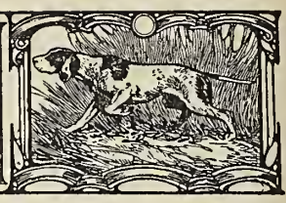
[The clipping refers to the injuring of young Chauncey B. McCormick by a bull elk near Percy R. Greist's game preserve, New Haven, recently, which we mentioned last week.

According to the account given by young McCormick and his companion, Fleming H. Revell, Jr., they saw a number of elk browsing quietly at a distance, and approached them. The bull, they said, seemed to be quiet, but suddenly he lowered his head and plunged at them, catching his antlers in McCormick's clothing, and carrying the latter bodily for some distance before tossing him aside. The bull then ran after Revell, but the young man reached the fence safely. Meanwhile McCormick attempted to reach a tree, but was overtaken by the bull and, it is said, gored. He lay still and the bull finally left him. He then climbed a tree, and although bleeding from several ugly wounds, remained there until dark, as the crowd that was attracted excited and angered the bull, so that he frustrated all attempts to rescue McCormick for a time, but finally followed some cows and the student was carried out of the enclosure.

The injured student, who is a nephew of Robert S. McCormick, our ambassador to France, is recovering satisfactorily from his hurts.

Those who have tamed bull elk are very careful to watch them during the rutting season, to guard against attacks on persons, especially strangers, coming near them. Some bulls that are as gentle as kittens at other times, are vicious then.—Editor.]

GAME BAG AND GUN



Big Game Hunting in New Brunswick

In September, 1904, Stanley Ray, of Harrisburg, and I spent a couple of weeks in the forests of New Brunswick, hunting for moose. We had a delightful trip, and each succeeded in killing a very fine bull moose. We caught a splendid lot of brook trout, and I then determined that, at some future time, if possibe, I would return to New Brunswick for another hunting trip. In addition to spending some time hunting for moose, I had a desire to kill a caribou.

In 1904, we made no effort to secure a caribou; in fact, there were none near Clear Water lake, where we then camped, but were told that they were quite numerous some fifteen miles northwest of Clear Water lake, in the neighborhood of Bald Mountain. We then found deer rather scarce in the neighborhood of our camp, though we saw some signs of deer.

Hon. James Flynn, of Charleston, W. Va., well known in Central Pennsylvania, had arranged to accompany me. He is a native of New Brunswick, having left there in his boyhood days and never having returned; but the day before he was to start, one of his big sawmills burned down, and I was compelled to hunt a companion elsewhere. As a substitute, I took with me Frank B. Row, Deputy Register and Recorder, who proved a very keen sportsman, good shot and agreeable companion.

We stepped off the Maritime Express, at New Castle, N. B., at 7:30 A. M., Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1906, and were met at the Waverly Hotel by our guide, Carl Bersing, and the gentlemanly game warden, John Robinson, Jr., who had made arrangements for livery team, and who had purchased our supplies and sent them to camp at Clear Water lake.

We had a good dinner at Michael Oldfield's, where we forded the Miramichi. Here we were met by John W. Russell, a member of the Royal Artillery, and one of the best teamsters I ever saw, who took us, in his heavy wagon, to the supply camp, where we stayed all night. The next day, at 6:00 P. M., we landed at Ritchey's camp, a log camp that had been occupied last year, and five miles below Clear Water lake. The tote road from the supply camp to Ritchey's camp, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles, is the roughest, rockiest, muddiest, hilliest road I ever saw, and to save our lives, and in order to be more comfortable, we walked most of the way; this was not the fault of the driver, for John Russell can drive a team where very few men would think of doing so, and he is a gentleman, in addition, every inch of him.

Friday noon found us at Clear Water Camp, where Ray and I spent some happy days in 1904. To reach this camp we footed it over the trail from Ritchey's camp, a distance of five miles. At Ritchey's camp we met Neddie, the cook, and Norman, the other guide, one an Irishman and the other a Scotchman, both very clever young fellows, strong, active and willing. The next day the season opened. Row and I were tired and not very strong, as we had not been very well. Row had been working hard, closely confined, and needed recreation.

Saturday, Sept. 15, we opened the season by killing two deer and a bull moose on Clear Water lake. The first deer, a fine doe, I shot across an arm of the lake, at a distance of abour 125 yards; I saw it at a distance of a half mile across the lake, circled the lake through the woods, and succeeded in killing her at the first shot. Bersing took it across the lake in his canoe, and carried it to camp.

That evening found Row and myself at the lake alone, the guides having gone to Ritchey's camp for a load of provisions. We were standing in the blind, which consisted of an old beaver house surrounded by growing bushes, and just in the edge of the lake, watching the lake for moose, when another deer came up behind us and stood looking at us, within forty feet. Row killed this by knocking out one of its eyes, a very fine doe, much better than the one killed by myself. We dressed this one and laid it out on the grass, when we saw a bull moose at the head of the lake feeding on the lily pads. I was anxious for Row to have a shot at a moose; I had killed one in 1904 in New Brunswick, and in 1905 had succeeded in getting a fine specimen on the waters of Hudson's Bay, in Ontario, and I determined to give the preference to my companion.

We circled the lake through the woods, came out to the edge of the water at a distance of about 150 yards from where the bull stood in the water, when Row shot him through the heart, dropping him in his tracks. We skinned out the head and neck, and took it, together with Row's deer, to camp. In view of the fact that I saw no deer in 1904 in New Brunswick, I thought that two deer and a bull moose, the first day of the season, was rather a good beginning.

We had all the meat we needed for camp, and devoted some time to fishing for trout. I had taken my fly-rods and tackle along with me, knowing something of the character of the Clear Water trout. During our stay in Clear Water Camp, we caught all the trout we needed for camp use. The Clear Water lake trout run in size from 10 to 15 inches, and we caught but one under 12 inches; they are the most beautiful brook trout I ever saw, beautifully marked and great fighters. We fished for them in Bersing's dugout canoe, and as I am a good canoeman, I did the paddling while Row caught most of the trout.

The calling season for moose had not yet arrived, and while we saw a number of cows, we saw but one bull up to this time, the one we killed. The full moon was due on Oct. 2. Bersing said, as this approached, the rutting season would begin, and we would have no difficulty in locating another bull moose. I was not especially anxious to kill a bull moose. I have two splendid heads in my house, and had been informed that if I brought another one in as big as those, it would be necessary to build an addition to the house. I did not want another one unless it was a good one, and so told Bersing, the guide. I was especially anxious, however, to kill a bull caribou. I had never seen one wild in the woods, and preferred to look after my caribou before giving any time whatever to hunting for moose.

On Wednesday, Sept. 19, we packed our duffle for Bald Mountain Camp. Bald Mountain is the highest land in New Brunswick; it consists of two peaks or sugar loaf mountains, located near the headwaters of the Miramichi, the Nipisiguit and the Restigouche rivers, and rising some 2,700 feet above sea level. The surface of these mountains is covered with blueberry bushes and a growth of moss, upon which the caribou feed. They have runways to and from the headwaters of these different rivers, which runways cross Bald Mountain, or near to it.

We reached Bald Mountain Camp, a small camp built by Bersing during the summer of 1906 for the accommodation of his patrons, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. That evening we walked up to the mountain, a distance of three miles, and saw, through our field-glasses, two caribou up against the mountain side. As they carried no antlers, we returned to camp.

The next morning was bright, clear, cold and frosty. We went to the mountain and saw several caribou, one of which carried a fine set of antlers; he fled across the mountain in advance of us, and we saw nothing more of him. A little later, we saw a yearling bull that was very tame and playful; he ran up to us and looked at us several times, then turned in his tracks, threw up his tail and disappeared. I do not think he had ever seen a human being before, and we did not disturb him.

Row and Norman were left on a runway on the mountainside, from which point they could see quite a distance over toward the Miramichi and Nipisiguit, while Bersing and I went down toward the Miramichi waters and around a bunch of timber. On our way there we saw several caribou, consisting of young bulls and cows, and a calf or two; these were allowed to escape. As we rounded a bunch of timber, we discovered several caribou in a thicket; they discovered us at the same time, and started to run across the flat toward the heavier timber; the bull that accompanied this herd remained in the thicket for a little time, but in a very few minutes he came out on a jump, following the cows and the others of his company. As he seemed to have a nice pair of antlers, I was exceedingly anxious to get him, which I did after shooting him three times as he ran across the flat; each time he went down, but the third shot killed him. While I was doing this shooting, I heard Row's gun up on the mountainside. We took the head and antlers of the bull that I killed and went up to see what Row and Norman had done. When we got there, we found them skinning a bull caribou that was fully as fine, if not finer, than the one I had killed; each of them carried a magnificent pair of antlers, having sixteen points. I looked at my watch, and it was just 8:15 in the morning. We took our trophies and returned to Bald Mountain Camp, and spent the afternoon in resting, preparing for the trip back to Clear Water on Friday.

During our tramps over the different trails, we carried with us a little .22 automatic rifle, and with this we succeeded in killing all the partridges necessary for camp use. We took with us from Bald Mountain a quarter of caribou meat; this proved a very agreeable addition to our menu. Ned is a good cook, and when I tell you that we had the finest brook trout in the world, roast venison, moose meat and caribou meat, broiled venison and caribou, fried partridges, as well as stewed partridges and partridge pot-pie, I am giving you a menu that cannot be duplicated at the Waldorf Astoria, or even at the Dimeling.

Friday afternoon, Sept. 21, found us back at Clear Water Camp. We had then in camp two fine deer, a bull moose and two bull caribou. Bersing was determined that I should have a shot at the biggest bull moose on the Miramichi, and when he determined to do anything of that kind, he generally gets it done. That evening we visited the lake and spent several hours in our blind. We saw nothing, but heard a cow moose calling across the lake. We caught some trout and went back to camp. During the night the old cow kept up her calling, and Bersing was sure that she would have company before morning. At 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, Sept. 22, I called Ned out of his bunk and told him to make a pot of coffee. The weather was icy cold, clear and quiet; an ideal morning for calling. At 6 o'clock Bersing and I reached the lake. Before we reached our blind, Bersing detected, in the early sunlight, at the head of the lake, a magnificent bull; he was seeking his companion, who seemed to be in trouble on the other side of the lake.

To call a bull moose away from a cow in the rutting season, requires the highest skill of the moose hunter. Bersing can do this, for I have

THE GAME OF THE ROCKIES.

seen him do it twice. When we discovered the bull at the head of the lake, heading toward the calling cow, Bersing put his horn to his lips and gave one call; the bull stopped in his tracks, turned round and looked in our direction; another call, accompanied by the snapping of a dead twig, turned the bull round and headed him toward us; for quite a distance he was concealed in a bend of the lake by a piece of timber, but about every thirty seconds we could hear him roar as he came toward us; at a distance of about 150 yards he appeared in sight, stopped and looked in our direction. I think, if I could read his thoughts, he was looking for another cow, accompanied by one of his rivals. Standing as he did, on the shore of the lake, in the early morning sunlight, with his head and antlers high in the air, he presented a magnificent sight. We were concealed behind some spruce bushes. Row and Norman had, in the meantime, come up where they could see the bull. As the distance was a long one, and the sun shining in my face, I knew it required careful shooting lest the moose should escape in the woods, which were but a few feet distant. I raised my rifle and fired, taking careful aim at his breast; when the gun cracked, I saw the blood gush out of his nostrils, and the only move he made was to turn around and give me a better opportunity. I shot him four times in the breast and neck, when he fell in his tracks. We photographed him where he lay, and found that he had a spread of antlers 48 inches and 18 points, the finest head that I have secured.

Our hunting was over; we had killed about all the law permitted us to kill of big game, and we were satisfied.

The heads are now with Charles H. Eldon, of Williamsport, Pa., for mounting, and I am sure that few finer specimens will be brought out of Canada this fall.

The supply of game in New Brunswick is on the increase. Two years ago, I saw no beaver signs in the wilderness of New Brunswick, except some old dams that had been abandoned years ago. This year, at Ray's pond, where Ray killed his moose, the beavers have constructed a dam covering two acres of ground, where the water is five feet deep. I sat in the timber, at the edge of the dam, with Mr. Row and watched the beavers at work, a most interesting sight; and while we sat there, a splendid deer came up within thirty feet of us and watched us, and pine squirrels cut down the spruce cones and dropped them on our heads, while the beavers were at work.

We saw several deer this year; all of them either does, or does with fawns. We could have killed more of these; we did not do so, because we had all the meat we needed. The bucks seemed to have been hidden away and were not on the move, hence we did not get any buck heads. Moose seemed more abundant than they were two years ago. We saw several splendid cows, but, for reasons given above, we saw but two bulls; if we had stayed longer, no doubt they would have been more in evidence. I am sure there are plenty of them in the Miramichi woods.

The birch partridge of New Brunswick is the same bird known in Pennsylvania as the ruffed grouse, or pheasant. In New Brunswick, however, they are very much more tame, and it is no trick to shoot the heads off them with a rifle, as a club thrown among a covey of them will drive them into the trees, where they sit, like fools, and allow you to shoot them. This comes from the fact that they are very rarely hunted, and are not afraid of man.

Hunting moose in the New Brunswick wilderness is no child's play. I said, in a former article, that to hunt moose successfully, you must live like a moose to some extent. On this trip we walked at least ten miles a day, on an average, over the roughest of trails, and sat, early and late, in the blinds, watching for our game. The work of the guide in moose hunting is the hardest kind of work. The moose hunting camps are located far from civilization. Bersing's Bald Mountain camp is sixty-five miles from a railroad, and over twenty miles from a wagon road; that twenty miles must be traveled on foot. The supplies for these camps must be packed on the backs of the guides all that distance, and one who has not seen the loads that they carry over these trails, has no idea what it means; they are, however, strong, active, willing and intelligent men, who charge you good prices, but earn their money.

On our return we met John Russell at Bersing's home camp, forty miles from New Castle, and twenty miles of that distance is through the wilderness. We reached Ned Way's at noon on Wednesday, Sept. 26, where we disposed of a splendid dinner, consisting of roast lamb, roast chicken, boiled cabbage and other knick-knacks and scarcities not found in our menu at Clear Water Camp. We reached New Castle that evening at 5 o'clock, having traveled forty miles, one-half of which was over a muddy, rough road, and that night took the Maritime Express, on the Inter-Colonial Railway, for home.

I may never revisit New Brunswick for moose hunting, as I would like to vary the programme by killing some other kind of big game. I can cheerfully recommend, however, the Miramichi country as one of the best big-game countries I know, and I have seen many of them; and one who can shoot, and can follow Carl Bersing over the trails of the Miramichi, may be sure he will get his complement of game.

We were treated with the greatest courtesy by Mr. Robinson, Jr., the game warden for that district, who spared no pains to make our trip pleasant and profitable.

I would like to say something, if space permitted, of the beauty of the New Brunswick forests. The coloring of the beeches, the different species of birches, the maples, sugars and poplars, intermingled with the balsams and spruces, exceeds anything that I have ever seen. They present a picture that one can never forget, and this, in addition to the wonderful wild animal life of that country, so attractive to one who loves nature, will linger long in the memory of those who have seen it.

FRANK G. HARRIS.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 10.

Montana Game.

WOLF POINT, Mont., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game is very plentiful and it is pretty well protected in this section.

W. J. COLWELL,
Kelly County Deputy Warden.

THE GAME OF NEW ENGLAND HILLS.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a summer in the Adirondacks, in which I had and improved an opportunity to learn something of the general feeling toward the new law and its workings, I think I am qualified to at least have an opinion. In your last issue you say of the present arrangement " opinions differ radically." Undoubtedly that is true of the state as a whole. But I believe it is not at all true in at least one of the largest counties in the Adirondacks. There opinion, so far as I could gather it, is all one way, and it is radically against the present law which opens the deer season Oct. 1. Summer visitors and residents alike expressed themselves in strong terms. Not only do visitors—few of whom can remain till October—feel that great injustice is done them, but residents think the same of it themselves. Both judgment and feeling are enlisted, and often the feeling is bitter. Asked their opinion of the new game law, many said with a look of disgust, "Oh! that is the work of ————" naming certain millionaire influences which have been prominent in the matter and which many believe are mainly selfish in their action. I am not discussing the accuracy of this view. I only state the fact, and that the view is widespread.

Many expressed adverse feeling when hounding was abolished, but that was as a zephyr to a thunder storm compared with the feeling now. Continual changes of the law are not relished in themselves. Men say, "When they had it fixed well enough, why couldn't they let it alone?" But when the change involves such curtailment as the present on the first of the season and continue the open season until the middle of November, sane judgment and manly feeling rebel.

It is not merely that the time when a resident may legally provide venison for his table is so far postponed, but that his chance for earning honest dollars by guiding is almost wholly taken away. To him and his family this is of great consequence.

Many summer visitors—sportsmen—feel that the present law amounts almost to class legislation inasmuch as the majority of them could have a few days' hunting in September, but cannot in October nor later. And the number of these is far greater than of those who can hunt any time they like. The first class usually take their families with them into the mountains, the other class go with hunting comrades specially for game. Their stay is relatively short, but they deplete the game more than the other class. Most of the others are satisfied with one deer in a season. Those who go for hunting only must compensate themselves by getting all the deer they can. If possible, the party must average two apiece, and in addition the camp must be well supplied.

I speak of what I know to be customary among both classes, and I submit that the September hunters, though largely outnumbering those who hunt in late October or in November, are nevertheless not nearly so destructive of deer. I hold no brief for hotel and boarding house keepers, but I am sure their legitimately-to-be-considered interests are on the side of an open September. And in considering their interests, real consideration is also given to the interests, the opportunity, comfort, and well-being of thousands of Adirondack visitors who never fish nor hunt, but annually go to the mountains to enjoy their beauty and for recuperation. These citizens have a claim upon legislators.

Now as to the practical effect of the present law. Of course it cannot be judged fully at this writing. But some things are clear. To be most effective, any law must command the respect if not the assent of those most nearly concerned. This law does not have either. A man, whose opportunities for knowing are great and extended, said to me. "There have been more deer killed out of season this year than in any ten years before. The people are disgusted with the law, and they don't care. Nobody will say a word, no matter how many deer are killed." This, I believe, represents a widespread sentiment, and it is certainly to be reckoned with. I myself heard more shooting this year before the open season than ever before. Of course, I cannot say that every or any shot fired was at a deer, but knowing the region and the resorts of deer as I do, I believe that most of the shooting was at deer. Nor was it always when I was in the woods on a tramp or a fishing trip. Repeatedly did we hear shots when at home at our lakeside cottage. The time of day and the direction told the story.

Thus much for the facts—now for the opinion:

1. I believe that the people of the Adirondacks will in general observe a law that they respect as reasonable.

2. I believe that a two months' open season —Sept. 1 to Oct. 31, inclusive—would be reasonable, and the law respected. This would meet the real situation for all classes of people interested.

3. If after trial it should be found necessary, limit the number of deer a man might legally kill to one per annum; and if further necessary, make that one a buck.

4. As soon as possible let the state acquire all the forest lands within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, *and stop all lumbering within those limits.*

I am morally certain the above plan would conserve the interests of the greatest number of citizens and would effectually preserve our noble game.

JUVENAL.

Nova Scotia Against Preserves.

DIGBY, Nova Scotia, Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen of Nova Scotia, and a good many people who never catch a fish, or fire a gun, have recently formed an association known as "The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia." This organization has branches in almost all the towns in the province, and though it has only been in existence for a few weeks, it numbers over a thousand members already. We are in receipt of a copy of the constitution and by-laws of one of the branches. The clauses which are deemed of especial importance in the province are:

"To protect and preserve the right of the people of Nova Scotia in the game and fish, and to prevent the sale of game and fish preserves to foreign or other syndicates or individuals;

"To prevent the game and fish from getting into the ownership or under the control of any private corporation or individuals."

The "raison d'être" of the society is as follows: At the last session of the local legislature an act was passed called, "The Petty Trespass Act." It has for its reputed father, an alien lumber company, and for its sponsor in the local legislature a member who retired into private life after the last election. Had this act remained law, any person who set foot on another man's ground, cultivated or uncultivated, enclosed, or unenclosed, could have been arrested summarily by the owner, or any person deputized by him, taken before the nearest justice of the peace, and fined, or sent to jail. No provision was made to safeguard the prospector, hunter, or camper. It was not necessary to prove a cent's worth of damage. The mere climbing over a fence, or crossing a line blazed through the forest, without the owner's permission, was enough. The act was rushed through the legislature, but the public became alarmed. Petitions with thousands of names signed to them came pouring in, and when the act received the assent of the Lieutenant Governor, the next act handed in for his approval was one annulling it in toto.

The concern or combine of concerns which attempted to pass this iniquitous bit of legislation, did so with the intention of leasing the "sporting rights" on their timber limits to private individuals or to corporations. With the exception of certain grants given in the time of the Georges, no "sporting rights" exist in the province. A few deeds were granted, with a clause conveying "the rights of fishing, fowling, hunting and hawking," to the owners of the land. In the same deeds were clauses against "Harboring Popish recusants and Jesuits." The existing law relating to trespass gives the farmer all the protection he needs. The act relating to forest fires gives the lumber companies all the protection possible. Thousands of Americans come to Nova Scotia every summer, and enjoy themselves camping and fishing on the lakes and streams. A considerable number remain until the fall, and participate in the unexcelled moose hunting the province affords. Had the petty trespass act remained law, they would have been compelled to forego camping, fishing and hunting, or run the risk of being haled before some illiterate justice of the peace, and paying heavy fines, or going to jail in default of payment.

His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, has joined the new society. A number of open air loving Americans have also done so.

J.

Arizona Game.

FLORENCE, Ariz., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am inclined to believe that Arizona contains more bighorn than Montana, although the latter has always been considered the best section for this game within the boundaries of the United States. Certain it is that every range of bare mountains, and every insignificent group of buttes, which lift above the gray illimitable desert, support numbers of this splendid game animal. There are plenty of them in the Superstition range just north of this place, and plenty of mule and white tail deer also. There are numerous springs in this range, else the deer would not inhabit it, but absolutely no water is found in numbers of places inhabited by the bighorn, except when it rains, and months frequently pass here without even a light shower. South of Casa Grande, some twenty miles, there is a range of sharp, nameless buttes, for instance, about four miles long, and the nearest water to them is a lone rancher's well five miles distant. Yet a large number of bighorn thrive on these bare peaks. They certainly don't climb down into the rancher's well, so for long periods of time they do not drink. How, then, do they manage to exist? the interested pilgrim asks. At least that is what I asked, without losing any time about it, and my informant replied that they obtained sufficient liquid nourishment by eating several varieties of cactus and the prickly pear. Being a pilgrim, and a natural doubter, I took this *cum grano salis.* Yet I made further inquiries into the matter with due caution, and from what the old timers here tell me, ranchmen, vaqueros, rangers and prospectors, I am now satisfied that my first informant's statement was correct. One ranger, who is something of a naturalist, says that the bighorn prefer the cholla cactus to all others, and that when the fruit of that variety appears they eat large quantities of it. He further states that antelope also depend upon the cactus for water. There are a great many pronghorn on the desert between this point and Tucson, yet in the hundred mile stretch there is but one spring, and that is frequented by but few of the animals. Quail (Gambel's partridge) and rabbits are also plentiful on the desert, miles and miles away from water. The ranger is inclined to believe that these also obtain the little water they require in the food they eat; that it seems impossible for those twenty and thirty or more miles from a stream or spring to get it in any other way.

The numbers of quail that inhabit the Arizona valleys are almost unbelievable. I went out shooting with a young lady the other day. We drove for a couple of miles up the course of the Gila valley. That is, I drove and she did the shooting, firing from her seat in the buckboard. We had only twenty-five cartridges, but she killed seventeen birds with them, a good bag for a lady considering the conditions. It's not so easy to shoot from a seat in a wobbly buckboard. I do not hesitate to say that we saw at least a thousand quail during our two hours' drive. There wasn't a moment of the time that more or less of them were not in sight, to the right, the left, and ahead of us, feeding on chickweed seed and chasing one another away from the best patches of it. They are as pugnacious as they are handsome.

MANZANITO.

Massachusetts Game.

The eighteenth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, at Barre, the past week brought together a goodly number of the men who love the baying of the hounds. Monday was Derby day, when the puppies had their innings. The judges were C. J. Prouty, of Scituate; H. L. Morrill, of Boston; Otis Daniel, of Tilton, N. H., and Messrs. Eastman and Walker, of Virginia. F. M. Gilbert, of Newton, received a fall, but although unconscious for a few moments, was not seriously injured. At the show Z. E. Call, of Northport, N. Y., won a prize for the best dog, and N. I. Bowditch, for the best bitch. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Perkins, of Boston; Admiral W. S. Cowles and Mrs. Cowles (President Roosevelt's sister), of Washington, D. C., and Capt. F. St. G. O. Colby, of Boston, were some of the distinguished guests of the club on Monday. The Derby was not concluded till Wednesday, and first prize was won by bitch Mat, owned by W. S. Walker, of Kentucky. On Wednesday a niece of the President, Miss Katherine Roosevelt, was in attendance.

On Friday weather conditions were good. A pack of nine hounds started at 6 A. M. The party consisting of L. O. Denison, Mr. Perkins and about a dozen others, of whom several were women, was on hand for the final run. The one fox started was driven to earth and the chase was called off. Mr. Walker, of Kentucky; A. B. F. Kinney, and O. S. Joslin, had quite a hunt for Mr. Walker's dog Scrapper, known as "The Skiddoo," but at last accounts the dog had not been found. Among the entries Framingham sportsmen represented were Messrs. N. I. Bowditch, C. H. Macomber, W. F. Welch and C. F. Perkins (S. Framingham). From other Bay State towns were Paul Within, Northbridge; Dr. A. S. Lamb, Burlington; L. O. Denison, Waltham; C. T. Brownell, New Bedford; J. T. Burnett, Southboro; C. H. Alley, Burlington.

The Middlesex Hunt Club held its seventeenth annual horse show Oct. 13 at the Kennels, S. Lincoln. The Sporting Parson, ridden by the owner, R. B. Barrett, of Concord, took the first two jumps, but refused the third. For the third successive year the president's cup was won by A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H., and thus becomes his property. Mr. Higginson also secured first honors in several other competitions. Mrs. Edward H. Fay, Miss M. W. Pope, Miss Harriet S. Jaques, Miss Allen and Miss Penhallow, Mrs. Phillip H. Sears and Miss Alice Bowker won prizes.

With a report as loud as a pistol shot, a partridge crashed through a plate glass window in the store of C. S. Henry in Westboro recently, the bird being killed instantly and causing considerable damage to store fixtures. Some of the hunters report the killing of but a few birds as yet, on account of the heavy foliage, but most of those who have been out say there are quite a number of grouse. George M. Poland reports that friends have seen a number of flight woodcock evidently impelled to move on southward by the recent frost.

So many of the board of management of the association are now away that the secretary had difficulty in getting together enough for a quorum yesterday. Ex-president Reed, Mr. N. C. Nash, Dr. Norris and several others are in the big-game country. Dana Flanders recently returned from New Brunswick with a wonderfully fine moose head.

Acting under notification of Canadian officials, Warden Neal, at Bangor, seized a moose brought from New Brunswick, the hunter not having the permit required by the New Brunswick laws.

The failure of an express agent to attach a tag to a legally killed deer caused the hunter some annoyance, but as he had his license with him, he was allowed to take the deer along.

W. F. Crabtree, Chas. Johnson, F. H. Ball and J. E. Briggs, all of Boston, have returned from Maine with deer; also Messrs. Kilgore and Sprague, of Lexington, and A. J. Bigelow, of Worcester. So far the Bangor record is not up to last year.

A prominent city official of Lynn, Mr. Belfield, related to me his experience on a recent hunting trip to Nova Scotia.

At Yarmouth he was met by Warden K., who accosted him with the inquiry, "Are you going hunting?" Mr. Belfield replied that he was, and was dominatingly told by the warden that he must buy a license from him, as he had licenses to sell. Mr. B. informed him that he was going to Shelburne, where he proposed to buy his license. This he did and was successful in killing a moose. He gave away most of the meat, but had one of the hind quarters shipped out of Shelborne for Boston. After the meat was put in the refrigerator on the Dominion Atlantic steamer, Warden K. came on board and seized the meat, in spite of the hunter's protests. Mr. Belfield had paid for its transportation from Shelborne to Boston, a receipt for which he still holds and which, as well as the license, he showed to me. He was sent to me by an officer of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, which he tells me stands ready to back him up in an attempt to secure redress which he says he is determined to have. Of course he felt great disappointment not to be able on his arrival home to give a few friends a piece of moose meat. His trip had cost him some two hundred dollars, and by the action of the warden, he had to return without the meat which he had obtained legitimately, having complied with the laws of the province in every particular. He says a police officer in Yarmouth told him the reason for the warden's conduct was simply that the license was not purchased of him, and further, that it was the custom of Warden K. to approach all Americans landing from the steamers in a manner designed to force them to buy a license of him. As Mr. Belfield expressed it, his game is to bulldoze strangers into buying licenses of him. Mr. Belfield says he has been into the same region for moose several times, and he considers it no more than courtesy to buy his license in the region to which he goes.

It would seem to be well for all sportsmen going to the moose grounds of Nova Scotia via Yarmouth to insist on their rights. The chief game warden, Mr. Knight, of Halifax, has been informed of the above facts.

H. H. Kimball.

North Dakota Ducks Abundant.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The condition of the game birds of this season are encouraging in some respects and very discouraging in others. Owing to the vast amount of rain during the early summer months and continuing to the present time, all the sloughs are well filled with water. Ducks hatched their broods and continued with us all summer, consequently we have a great number of local birds. Old hunters say that when the flight commences (which will be as soon as the cold, stormy weather sets in), there will be the best shooting we have had in ten years.

Prairie chickens are not plentiful, nor have they been for a number of years. Few hunters have killed more than six or seven in any one day. However, the best hunting is in the northern part of the state. The cause for the scarcity of chickens when the season opens is apparent. The farmers kill them before the season opens.

There seems to be a lack of interest in the protection of game birds. The season opens Sept. 1, and continues until Jan. 1. Restaurants are allowed to sell and serve them in season, which should be prohibited. The number of birds that may be killed in any one day is fifteen. There should be some federal legislation on the sale of game; also in game protection in general.

Quail are increasing, due to the fact that they are not sought by the hunter as their more unfortunate neighbor, the chicken.

The game laws are regarded as satisfactory by some and not by others. Personallly, I do not think they are sufficiently rigid, nor are they correct. For instance, the quail season opens Oct. 1, and that is too early. I talked with the nursery man the other day, and he told me that he had one covey on his place that were just able to fly well.

There were a few arrests at the opening of the chicken season, but they were non-residents and fined for not procuring the license that the law requires. Herbert Abbott.

Game Abundant in Washington.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this state there is very general satisfaction expressed among sportsmen with the game laws, which are rigidly enforced when it is considered that so large a state is so sparsely settled. Last month one man was fined in Walla Walla county in the sum of $50 for killing a deer out of season, and another is awaiting trial in the same locality for a similar offense.

There is a noticeable increase throughout the state in the number of quail and Chinese pheasants. Many hundreds of the latter were brought here several years ago and they have increased rapidly in various sections of western Washington and in Oregon. Grouse and partridges are quite plentiful. There is always good duck shooting in this section of the state, the birds shot in the interior being of various varieties and fat and juicy. Ducks shot on the passes along the sound, however, are strong and fishy, even mallards and canvasbacks taking on the strong taste soon after arriving from the north.

Deer are quite plentiful along the coasts, and many parties go out from here every fall. One party of three last fall, out only four days, brought in seven fine deer which were shot not more than twenty miles distant from this city. Mining prospectors along the Cascade Mountains report seeing numerous bands of elk, and there are quite a few mountain sheep, bear and cougar in the foothills and higher up the defiles of that unfrequented range.

Last week a bear was seen on two successive nights in the southern portion of Tacoma not a mile from the post-office. Night shirt hunters were out after Bruin, but he escaped through a small thicket.

Nearly every vessel coming from Alaska reports seeing many deer swimming the channel in the vicinity of Wrangel narrows. On one trip, which I made to Alaska four years ago, on the steamer Dolphin (Capt. O'Brien, formerly of New York), we picked up three deer at Wrangel narrows as they were swimming across. Boats were lowered and the crew had little difficulty in capturing them alive. A. E. Chantler.

North Carolina Lacks Wardens.

Statesville, N. C., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been an unusually hard season on young quail. It has rained continually since the first of June, but birds seem to be very plentiful; in fact, have shown an increase over last season. I have made inquiry in different sections and all report an abundance of quail on uplands. I suppose high water has destroyed most of the young ones in lowlands on creek and rivers. I think visiting sportsmen will find some good shooting in this section. The wild turkeys in this section have about all been killed out. The game laws are not enforced at all. We have a plenty of laws to protect the game and fish, but they are not enforced as they should and must be. I am anxious to see a good warden on the ground, one that is not afraid to do his duty.

I do not like one clause in our law for this county. It says if a man is a landowner he can sell birds killed on his own place. This means a man can own ten acres of land and sell five hundred birds in a season and claim to kill every one on his farm. I stand for no birds being sold under any condition. This is the only way to cut out the pot hunter, and he must be cut out once and for all if we want to protect our game for sport. Our season opens Nov. 15, and closes Feb. 15.

A good sportsmen's journal is one of the very best means to awake sportsmen to a realization

of what game protection means to a state or community.

I wish you much success in helping to establish laws all over this land of ours that will protect game and fish. J. A. Vaughan.

Ohio Protectors Handicapped.

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for fall shooting is not of the best. The quail have been scarce in most parts of Ohio for several years. About this time of the year you can hear of localities where the natives claim they see lots of birds, but when the season opens, you find them very scarce. I think from what I have observed the quail are steadily decreasing.

J. C. Porterfield, our chief warden, is a very painstaking and hard working official, and does everything in his power for the protection of fish and game, but our laws are such that he is handicapped in their enforcement. We have departments in our state house where high salaried clerks are so thick they lack elbow room. They have absolutely nothing to do but look wise and draw their pay from the state; but when the sportsmen of the state ask our lawmakers for an appropriation for the benefit of fish and game protection, they cry economy.

If our deputy wardens could be put on salary, instead of working for fees, we could get better men to act. The fee system puts some disreputable men in office who will arrest a small boy with an air gun for killing a robin if the boy's father is known to have money; then they will ignore reports from sportsmen that streams are being dynamited, or quail are being exposed for sale, if they regard it as doubtful whether they can collect fines from the perpetrators.

A. A. Marriott.

Oklahoma Overrun with Dogs.

Muncie, Okla., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a tremendous number of quail here and any quantity of rabbits, both of the jack and cottontail varieties. The game laws are now fairly well observed, but heretofore the quail shipping business has been very hard to control. However, the greatest enemy of our game, especially the deer, is the domestic dog. Every family has from one to six half-starved dogs, and mixed all the way from staghound down to pug, and usually the poorest family have the greatest number. When one goes out in the timber he will see more sneaking dogs than anything else. What a grand thing it would be if a law was passed to kill off all those mongrels and allow none but those of a pure breed to be kept, and tax them heavily too. This would protect the poor innocent children from hydrophobia and our deer from all being chased out of the country. Within a few years we will hardly have a deer in Oklahoma if something is not done with these dogs. Our game laws are very well observed and but for these dogs everything would be as well as could be, but the present laws, of course, will not reach the dogs, unaccompanied by their owners, as they usually are.

J. G. Marshall.

Game Near Oakland, Cal.

Oakland, Cal., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail are more plentiful than usual. On account of the mild weather north the ducks have not come south yet. The game laws are observed to some extent, when the would-be sportsman cannot help himself. There is no dissatisfaction from any fair-minded man. Dissatisfaction is caused by the monopoly of all the duck grounds by the different gun clubs. There is not one piece of ground within a moderate distance of San Francisco that is not reserved, thus barring out all individuals not belonging to the clubs.

I would advise visiting sportsmen to go to the upper end of the San Joaquin valley, say to Modesto, Merced, or any other small town where the farmers irrigate their land from the irrigating canals for that purpose any time after the ice begins to form in the north, and he will have nothing to complain of.

The disaster of April 18 has jarred the nerves of all of us, even the sportsmen, and I do not believe there will be so much done in that line this season as usual. Capt. George Scott.

Hartford Show Association.

The Hartford, Conn., Show Association was formed Sept. 25, with Mr. W. L. Davis, president; Mr. J. F. Crangle, vice-president; Mr. F. O. Groesbeck, secretary-treasurer. The secretary is empowered to incorporate the association and immediate steps will be taken in that direction. The Constitution, Article II., reads: "The objects of this association shall be the holding of annual dog shows, or field trials, or for the protection or benefit of dogs, the holding of poultry and pet stock exhibits and the improvement of live stock breeding."

The promoters are all well known to fanciers through the country. Mr. Davis being owner of

NOW BEGINNETH THE HUNTING SEASON.
From the Milwaukee Journal.

the Willow Brook Kennels, also Willow Brook Farm, Berlin, Conn. Mr. Crangle, superintendent of Valley Farm, Simsbury; Mr. Groesbeck, owner of Elm Poultry Yards, also Sky Farm. Mr. Groesbeck has for several years been secretary-treasurer of the Hartford-Manchester Poultry Association who gave annual exhibits, the last being a great success, and the combining dogs with poultry necessitated cancelling many entries; and by forming the Hartford Show Association with active membership to the American Kennel Club, also the American Poultry Association, will bring Hartford exhibits to highest possible standard, drawing hundreds of breeders to the exhibit, as the winnings will count toward championship honors. F. O. Groesbeck, Secretary.

Hartford, Conn.

A Massachusetts Warden Shot.

Last Sunday Adam Rausch, a game warden in Essex county, Massachusetts, attempted to arrest Patrick Cahill for violating the game laws when he found the latter in the woods with a gun. Cahill shot the warden in the right breast with a charge of bird shot, and then gave himself up to the authorities and was jailed at Newburyport, while Warden Rausch was taken to a hospital, where he is not expected to live. Cahill claimed he fired the shot in self-defense, not knowing Rausch was a game warden.

Grouse in Chenango County, N. Y.

Smithville Flats, N. Y., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seem to be more partridges in the woods this year than there were last year. I have no trouble to flush from 40 to 50 a day; only the leaves are not falling very fast, and it is hard shooting on account of them. The game laws are closely observed by the shooters themselves. I think the game laws are satisfactory, but it would be better to cut off the fifteen days in September and add them in December, making the open season from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. The best time to hunt is when the leaves are off.

We have very good trout fishing when the season is open on the Geneganslet. I caught one this summer that weighed 3½ pounds and measured 22 inches. F. Hansmann.

California Deer Abundant.

Fairbanks, Cal., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game seems to hold its own in this section, and the game laws are fairly effective, and give general satisfaction, so far as I know. Our deer shooting season expires on Oct. 15. I have killed one so far, but have been too busy to hunt, and am afraid I will not find another opportunity to go again. I have a vineyard and an orchard almost adjoining the house, and the deer and raccoons are very destructive, deer being frequently seen in the vineyard, and last season I killed a fine buck in it in the middle of the day. I have a farm and stock ranch of 840 acres through which the river runs for 1¼ miles. It is a fine trout stream. In the winter the salmon come up to it, a distance of about 20 miles as the crow flies from the ocean opposite Point Arenas. Sportsmen coming here should go from San Francisco to Cloverdale by train, thence 27 miles by stage to this place.

M. W. Fairbanks.

New Hampshire Game Increasing.

Lyme, N. H., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game seems to be more plentiful this season than for some years. Gray squirrels in this section are quite plentiful; ruffed grouse fairly so. Deer are increasing very fast. The season opened Oct. 1 and three were killed in this town the first day, but no very large ones. I have seen them weighing 250 pounds (drawn).

The game laws seem to be well observed, and all non-residents must have a license which costs $10 when hunting in the deer season, October and November.

A large bear and two cubs were seen in an open field one day last week, but no one got a shot at them. George W. Lambert.

Virginia Game Increasing.

Osborn's Gap, Va., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game in this section (Cumberland Mountains) shows an increase over that of last year. Of course, there is not much large game, such as deer, bear, etc., but there are quail, pheasants, squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, opossums and some wild turkeys. The game laws are not closely observed, nor have these laws been enforced by the authorities. There is a large area of wild lands in these mountains, and only our local sportsmen hunt over them—not that outsiders are forbidden, but that they do not come.

Frank Monroe Beverly.

North Carolina Quail Scarce.

Concord, N. C., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail is about the only game that interests sportsmen in central North Carolina. They are not in as great abundance this year as last, owing to the heavy rains during the hatching season.

The game laws are observed by the shooters and the authorities are trying to enforce them. The present game laws seen to give general satisfaction and very few changes are being made.

W. A. Foil.

Good Duck Shooting in Illinois.

Oquawka, Ill., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for the sportsman who is after ducks is, in this locality, simply magnificent, especially in New Boston bay, which is merely a vast extent of sloughs and islands extending nearly to Muscatine. Other game is not of much account. The laws are satisfactory, are strictly enforced, but not always obeyed, wherein a fine plays an important part.

A. T. Bennauer, Jr.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

An Inquiry Concerning the True Joy of Angling.

For a great many years I have been a member of a family in which everybody fishes, except the women. When they don't fish, they go for bait. They hunt, too, these anglers of mine, in the fall; but it is quite evident to a disinterested observer that while it may be that they fish because they have to, because they can't help it, they hunt because there is nothing to catch at that time of the year. Of course, I do not mean to intimate that these anglers fish to the exclusion of all other pursuits, but mornings and evenings—on every holiday and every vacation, and at every other moment they are able to purloin. Indeed, so complete is their obsession that the greatest longing of each one of them is to find a medical man who will order them to take a year's rest from business.

Being a woman, myself, I have never, of course, actively participated in the family dissipation. None the less I have theories thereupon. Theories that have taken years to formulate. One of them is upon the questions as to wherein lies the true joy of the angler.

I have studied this question with care—summers, springs, falls, winters. I have studied it in the early morning hours, after the anglers, for whom I have prepared a 4 o'clock breakfast, have joyously taken themselves off. I have studied it as midnight approached, and was still waiting for these same fishermen to return for their suppers. I have studied it while removing reels, and flies, and bait cans from my best pail or mantel-piece, while carrying away wet and fishy old clothes from my best bed, while stumbling over nets and fishing rods and gum boots in my front yard, while seeing my cellar turned into a regular bait preserve, my best washtubs water logged, my new wash-boiler rusted full of holes. I have studied it, too, while breakfasting, dining and suppering on fish stories, as we have persistently done all these many years; while acquiring a speaking acquaintance with every fish caught by every member of the family during their entire lives; while sitting by my fire on winter evenings, welcoming with joy any late addition to some long familiar yarn.

The result of this enlightened cogitation is the conviction that in the long run, the greatest enjoyment of the angler does not lie in catching fish.

Wherein, then, does it lie?

When anglers go a-fishing they talk with enthusiasm of the blue sky, of the wind in their faces, the ripple of the mountain stream and the beautiful shadow of the mountain. They extol the delight of loitering along the water, of sleeping with only the stars for covering, of the smoke of the camp-fire and of the freedom from care. Yet it lies in none of these.

It certainly does not lie in the bait getting aforementioned, when, long after nightfall, armed with lanterns and torches and nets large and small, the anglers dredge the bottom of some favored run for stone catfish, a dainty beloved of the bass; when they stand on a riffle in the noonday sun, turning over stones and driving the escaping helgramites into a net; nor even while digging for lamprey eels, up to their knees in mud and ooze.

Neither does it lie in the anticipation nor in the preparation, though the former may extend over months and the latter involve the overturning of the whole house and of every store in town. The real joy of the angler does not even lie in the fishing trips themselves. It lies, I am convinced, in telling about them.

Consider the Old Angler. He has been catching fish in the waters hereabouts for well-nigh sixty years. Many of the tales he tells are of events that happened quite that long ago. Once, for instance, on a beautiful day in April, when the ice was still clinging to the edges of the stream and occasionally snow flakes filled the air, and clung to his rod and line, he caught so many trout that his basket wore off all the skin on his hip carrying it home, it was so heavy. Now—of course there was tremendous sport in such an afternoon's angling. No one will deny

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE.
President of the Anglers' Club, of New York.

that. But could it possibly have been as interesting as it has been to tell the story for sixty years?

Then there is the Young Angler. Twenty years ago he caught an enormous trout in a most peculiar way, and was so excited thereby he has not quite cooled down yet. It was a big trout. When he held it up for me to see, I thought it was a shad. He caught it after dark, on a white-miller, at the mouth of a mountain river. It jumped at an upper fly, and missing it, hooked itself on a lower one through the tough skin behind the fin on the top of its back. He had a thrilling contest before landing it; indeed, he had to call for help to do so.

Now, I am willing to admit that the pleasure of the fray was keen; that undoubtedly one of the proudest moments of his life was that in which he walked into the waiting room of the little mountain inn, bearing with him his captive. But he has told that story for twenty years, each time living over the entire scene.

Another time, quite as long ago, the Old and the Young Angler went a-fishing together. By an accident delightful because of rare occurrence, the Young Angler caught all the fish, having at the end of the day twenty-two fine trout, while the old man had but two or three rattling around in the bottom of his basket. Now, I ask you, did not a large part of the Young Angler's joy in catching these fish lie in the fact that he was already, in his mind, telling of his exploit, and looking ahead through the long years during which he would dangle those twenty-two trout before the old man's eyes? Of course it did!

Therefore is it my conclusion that the angler's chiefest joy lies in telling of the fish he has caught. From this conclusion nothing can move me! Nothing! No argument or ridicule or assertion can convince me that the delight of the catching of any fish, however enormous it was, however strong it pulled, however long it sulked, however many times it was reeled in and out, however notable its capture, ever, by any possibility yielded the profound and soul-satisfying bliss contained in sixty or forty or even twenty years talking about it.

Justina Johnson.

Those Bay d'Espoir River Salmon.

New York, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of Sept. 1, 1906, signed L. O. Crane, and to another in your issue of Sept. 22, 1906, signed W. I. Carroll, in both of which reference is made to myself.

The false reports circulated by your correspondents in these articles have been corrected in the latter issue by your publication of a letter to you from the Fishing Gazette, but I wish to point out that the following paragraph, which should have been easily available to both of your correspondents, appeared in the St. Johns Evening Herald of Aug. 9, 1906:

"THAT SALMON CASE.

"Mr. A Muir, the Scotch angler who was salmon fishing on the South Coast and respecting whom the charge of leaving some 200 to 300 salmon to rot on the bank of Bay d'Espoir river was made, is now in town, with his guides, Arthur English and Charles Blanchard, of the West Coast. They explain that the cause of the salmon, about 60 in all, being left there, was that the gasolene schooner which he had hired from Penneys, of Ramea, was sent there for provisions, but was delayed by fog and, being short of food, Mr. Muir and they had to break camp and come out to the coast, and their canoe would not carry the fish, as well as their outfit, so the salmon had perforce to be left behind."

Regarding this paragraph from the St. Johns Evening Herald, I extract the following from my letter of Sept. 13, 1906, to the Editor of the Fishing Gazette:

"That paragraph was not inspired by me, but although inaccurate it shows why the fish had to be abandoned."

I may add that the salmon caught before the schooner was sent away for mail were, of course, taken down to her (by boat), and it was only those caught while she was away that had to be abandoned when, owing to the unexpected delay in her return, I was forced to break up camp.

Your correspondent, Mr. Carroll, refers to statements made to him by Mr. O'Rielly concerning me. Although I cannot say what Mr. O'Rielly may have told Mr. Carroll, I do know that the former was perfectly well aware of the number of fish that had to be abandoned at Little river, and the reason for it. I may therefore be permitted to doubt the absolute accuracy of Mr. Carroll's repetition of whatever statement Mr. O'Rielly may perhaps have made to him.

I see that on page 578 of your issue of Oct. 13 your correspondent, Carroll, has had to unreservedly withdraw a slander repeated by him regarding another angler, a Mr. Notman. What-

ever may be said of your correspondent Mr. Crane, it is apparent from the admissions made by Mr. Carroll in his retraction concerning Mr. Notman, that he feels amply justified in circulating in public print slanders and libels concerning others purely upon the basis of hearsay, and though he has no knowledge of the actual facts. He invests himself with judicial office, and if his informants appear to him truthful, he deems himself justified in spreading broadcast libelous characterizations founded only upon such hearsay reports. He refers to himself as the "innocent" cause of circulating the statements, and admits that he has been guilty of "maligning a perfect stranger," he himself being "deceived."

I desire only to add that it may not be long before both of your correspondents find that the excuse of not having originated a libel will not serve as any defense in a court of law, and that the courts do not regard their misstatements as "innocent." J. F. Muir.

From the Beaverkill.

The habits of trout appear to vary a good deal; some are home lovers and may be seen day after day in the same place; others are fond of travel. They come up from below on a push of water, remain a short time in the big pool and pass on up stream. There are not many places where the trout can be observed at all times, but it is very instructive to follow their movements where it is possible to do so. For one thing we learn how necessary it is to fish a long piece of water thoroughly, not skipping even the shallow sides and unlikely places. The fish may be anywhere in the pool, and the largest of all may be on the lookout for minnows or other food in dead water only a few inches deep. Again they are lying in the center, or at the tail of the pool, or in the swift water at the upper end. They may be hidden under rocks, or, in hot weather, lying like dead things on the bottom, scarcely moving gills or fins. In the last position they are sometimes indifferent to everything about them, and may be approached within a few feet. I have actually touched several with a stick before they darted away. They appear to be asleep, or in a trance or comatose state.

Sometimes a big fish will cruise along the edges on the shallows. They may be too lazy to catch the minnows, but are satisfied when they have frightened them nearly out of their wits. The last time I saw a trout doing this, it followed the minnows into water only two or three inches deep, yet made no real effort to catch one. I know from previous observations that it could have taken them if it was hungry and in earnest.

Judging by these notes made from the high bank of a long pool of no great depth, I should say that on a stream fairly well stocked with trout, it is scarcely possible to fish too slow or to be too careful to keep out of sight of the sharp eyes of the trout. I have seen men wading where they should be casting their flies. Nothing spoils sport for the angler who comes after one like deep wading. This is one reason why we would rather fish after a good fly-fisher than a man who is using bait. The latter is apt to wade deeper and alarm the trout more. It is of no use to fish for trout on the surface when they are hidden away under rocks and in the deepest holes. The only thing to do is to sit down, smoke a pipe and take it easy for at least half an hour. The larger the stream the sooner the trout recover from their fright. I sat on a rock near the Neversink, on one occasion, and allowed nine men to pass me. They were all in a hurry to take the stream first, and I had gone out to fish, not to run a footrace over rocks and through the water. After a good rest, I fished after the progressive ones, going very slowly, and had quite a satisfactory day of it. On a small brook the probabilities are that I would have caught nothing, except a few baby trout.

I am convinced that brown trout and rainbow trout can endure higher temperature than our own *fontinalis*, and think that the introduction of the first-named into so many of our eastern waters was very wise, particularly in the large streams, which nowadays become so warm in summer. Our climate seems to have changed considerably in the last twenty years. It is warmer at the north, colder in the south. When I lived in Florida, many years ago, there was an absolute frost line, below which tropical fruit trees were safe. Since that time killing frosts have occasionally extended down almost to the end of the peninsula.

The past summer in Sullivan county has been the warmest I have ever known, and the humidity has been much greater than usual. Possibly some scientist may be able to tell us why the prevailing winds have been from the southeast instead of from the northwest. Southerly winds are favorable to the fly-fisher in this section as long as the water is reasonably cool, but there is nothing I hate so much as luke-warm water

GONZALO POEY,
Treasurer of the Anglers' Club, of New York.

in a trout stream. However, we must take the rough with the smooth, and be thankful when we can be anywhere near water in which there is a possibility of finding a rising trout.

After all, it is largely a question of size and shyness. I have been happier over the capture of three large trout than I would have been with a basketful of small fish.

When we are obliged to use small flies and fine gut, the fishing is more interesting and exciting. Some years ago I read the autobiography of an old angler who had never used a gaff or net in landing salmon. He considered it unsportsmanlike to mar the beauty of the fish; but he must have lost many that were lightly hooked, in playing them to the point of exhaustion before stranding or taking them out by gripping just above the tail. He wore a lisle thread glove to give a better hold. It would not be possible to take trout by the tail grip, as they are not formed in the same way as the salmon; but where it is possible to do so, I find it more exciting not to use a net. One may have to take a large fish a long distance down stream to find a suitable place to land it, and it is certainly exasperating to lose a big one that a net would surely have saved.

In my experience no fish is more dangerous than a lazy one. Some of these beggars come right along or swing in to your side of the stream up into shallow water, then bear slowly and heavily away. They do not really tire, and may be galvanized into sudden life and action at the last moment. However, there were not many poky trout this season. Most of them rushed up stream the instant they felt the hook and fought desperately until completely played out.

I am surprised that more women do not go a-fishing. I find that, given the opportunity, many women are interested in the sport, particularly in fly-fishing. In fact, they are enthusiasts when they do take to it. Casting from a boat or canoe is easiest, but a woman can wade, if she wants to, just as well as a man. The best chum I ever had in fishing was a girl, and she tramped just as hard and fished quite as patiently as any man I ever knew.

Theodore Gordon.

Beaverkill, Sullivan County, N. Y.

Red Drum and Sheepshead.

Galveston, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wonderful success of the experiment of planting striped bass in the Pacific, has suggested the possibilities of a planting of the gulf redfish. Atlantic authorities have in answer to this suggestion said we have the redfish in the waters of the Atlantic, and it is an almost worthless fish, coarse and stringy. The gulf ports, especially Galveston, have fish markets that show a range and quality of edible fish that is not surpassed, if equalled. If it was put to a vote of the fish eaters here, I think it would be found that the people who buy the best in the markets would say that as a fried, boiled, baked or broiled fish, the redfish of from two or five pounds weight would be their choice if they could have only one fish the year round. Pompano, Spanish mackerel and salmon are fish that any one would tire of if put before them every day for a month, but the redfish is as staple as a potato, and can be eaten with a relish every day of the year. My recollection of boyhood days on the Chesapeake Bay is that the redfish (red drum of those waters), are never found under ten or fifteen pounds weight, oftener twenty-odd pounds, and are but the stray bull redfish of the gulf; that whether caught in gulf or Atlantic they are old, tough, strong and rank in taste; at fifteen pounds or over, up to thirty-five pounds, they are only fit for chowder, but make good chowder.

I would like to know from Atlantic coast fishermen whether the red drum breeds on the Atlantic coast or in the bays and estuaries of the bays as they do in the waters tributory to the gulf. Recently a party of seven caught 157 redfish at Paper Grove reef, near Galveston, in Galveston Bay in two or three hours, that weighed from 1½ to 2½ pounds apiece, and a few days later, at the same place—I was one of the party—four men caught twenty-seven, the largest about 5 pounds. I am taking it for granted that the red drum and the gulf redfish or channel bass, as it is sometimes called on the Florida coast, are the same.

Has the red drum a black spot on his tail about the size of a dime, sometimes larger, occasionally two or three black spots on its tail?

If there are no small red drum in the estuaries of the Atlantic coast, it is an interesting question, why not? The commonly received belief on the Texas coast is that the very large, over fifteen pounds, redfish are all "bulls," and they are so called. By the bye, I caught a seventeen pound "bull-red" recently, and the way he made my reel hum off and on for twenty minutes would have done credit to any fish of his weight.

As far as I am advised the sheepshead is another fish that is only known in Atlantic bays as a stray from the gulf. Has any one ever caught a sheepshead in the waters tributary to the Atlantic so small as to make it probable that the sheepshead breeds there? The waters of Galveston bay swarm with small ones, and curious to say, they never grow in our waters as large as they do in the Chesapeake or the bays of the Jersey coast. Eight pounds is about as large as ever I saw one from the gulf. I have known them of double that weight in the Chesapeake.

We know as yet so little about salt water fishes and their habits, that I take it for granted that an exchange of facts as to them from different sections of salt water coast will be found not without interest to many.

Recently a party of five of us caught six black drum while fishing for salt water trout. These

drum ranged from seven to twenty-odd pounds each; in the Chesapeake the black drum is considered a fairly good fish. Here we occasionally use one if under three pounds, but the large ones are killed (they destroy oysters), and thrown over. They put up a pretty fight, in a slow heavy way, though, and are hard to reel in.

G. E. Mann.

[*Sciænops ocellatus* Linn. is variously called red drum, channel bass, redfish, bull redfish and pescado colorado. Its length ranges from two to five feet and its weight 10 to 75 pounds. It is found all along the Atlantic and gulf coasts from New York to Texas, gaining in numbers southward. The black ocellated spot near the tail is often duplicated. Two spots, sometimes three or even more are found in some specimens.

Among the sheepheads, *Archosargus unimaculatus* Bloch, called by the Spanish-Americans salema, is common in the West Indies and north to Key West, while Gronow found it as far north as South Carolina. *Sargo raiado* is found all along the Atlantic coast as far north as Cape Cod, and along the gulf coast to Texas. It is the more common. *Diplodus holbrookii* Bean is common from Cape Hatteras southward to the Florida keys and along the gulf coast. Holbrook says the young swarm about the wharves of Beaufort, but no mention is made by him or by Jordan and Evermann of their breeding places, which, however, cannot be far distant from the places where the young are found. As our correspondent says, notes relative to our salt water fishes would be of interest to anglers fond of that branch of fishing.—Editor.]

Anglers' Club Casting Tournament.

All things considered, the fly- and bait-casting tournament held on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, New York city, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12 and 13, was one of the most successful ones held in the East in many years. It was the first annual tournament of the Anglers' Club of New York.

In the first place, this club was organized by a few anglers less than a year ago; and in so large a city it was difficult to obtain a place where members could practice, and the privilege to use the Pool, on the west side of the park, was obtained but a short time ago, so that the members have never held a contest among themselves, and they practiced only three or four times in all. Less than a month ago word was received by members that John Enright, of Castleconnell, Ireland, who held the record for fly-casting with a salmon rod, made at the Crystal Palace, in London, was contemplating a visit to America, and it was thought that Walter D. Mansfield, who holds the record in this country for trout fly-casting, could come on from San Francisco to attend a tournament, if one could be arranged during Mr. Enright's visit. The members got together and decided on the dates, then notified both of these gentlemen, and scores of others, hustled around for prizes, got out a preliminary and a finished programme, built a platform on the Mere, made an accuracy target and a measuring line, and did everything they could to make the affair a success. They knew it would be almost impossible for anglers to come from a distance, because October is a busy month in a rush season, but it was then or not at all this year, and they went ahead.

The success of the affair in due to the hard work of G. M. L. LaBranche, chairman; Charles W. Stepath and R. J. Held, of the tournament committee, and the assistance of other members and anglers who helped materially in many ways. The weather was very favorable, particularly on the second day.

Mr. Mansfield could not attend the tournament, but the next day after Mr. Enright received word of the dates, he got a few rods together, packed his bag and took passage for New York, arriving on the 11th. He was met at the pier by Mr. LaBranche, who saw him comfortably settled at a hotel. Next day Mr. Enright was at the Mere and ready for practice. That day he broke his own record of 147 feet with a salmon fly-rod 20 feet long, scoring 152 feet. Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, president of the club, established a new club record of 173 feet with half-ounce weight in bait-casting. On Saturday Mr. Enright broke his previous record for salmon fly-casting with a 14ft. rod, scoring 126 feet, and Reuben C. Leonard made a new record for the East with bait-casting rod and half-ounce weight, scoring 187 feet. This cast, as well as all others, was made on the water, not on a lawn with a dry line, and there was not only no wind to assist, but the light was failing, as the time was near sunset. Mr. Leonard's cast was 4ft. 2in. better than Abe Rabbers' cast of 182ft. 10in., made on the grass at Kalamazoo, Mich., in the tournament held there last August, but the record made a year ago by E. B. Bartholomew, at Chicago—198ft. 10in. on the grass—still stands for distance.

REUBEN C. LEONARD.

Mr. Leonard enjoys the distinction of being the most expert all-round fly-caster in America; and has a remarkable collection of medals (some of which are here shown), cups and other trophies won in casting competitions.

At a tournament of this sort there are always ten or more highly interested spectators for every contestant, but they come, not merely to look on, but to learn, and the benefit they derive is important in the gentle art of angling. Besides learning how the casting is done, they pick up all sorts of information valuable to them in fishing or practice casting, and are eager to know what make and kind of rod, reel, line, etc., the successful contestants use, and all the little wrinkles the latter take advantage of to make themselves more proficient. At this tournament there were scores of such men who would not cast in public for a fortune, but who picked up no little information for future use. The daily press had a number of reporters on hand, and the illustrated magazines sent their best men, and these were banging away half the time both days with big reflecting cameras and fast shutters, but they all admitted that catching a split bamboo rod in motion was pretty difficult. Under Mr. Stepath's direction the casting platform was set about sixty feet from shore, with a walk from it to a second platform nearer shore. This latter platform was crowded with anglers all the time, and why it did not go down with the weight was a mystery. As it was the police kept every person away who had no special interest in the tournament, but this was not an easy thing to do. Occasionally a member would attempt to distribute programmes among those in the crowd who were interested, but he was instantly mobbed and the police had to help him out of the tangle. On Saturday afternoon the lakeside presented a pretty sight with all the varied colors of the spectators' garb, backed by the green trees and grass, and all reflected in the calm water of the Mere.

Uncle John Waddell, of the Grand Rapids Fly- and Bait-Casting Club, Grand Rapids, Mich., was present, and he did everything he could to assist new men at this game, offering advice, pointing out their faults, and giving them the benefit of his long experience, all of which was very highly appreciated.

In the fly-casting contests split bamboo rods only (with the single exception of Mr. Enright's rods) were used, the preference being for six strip rods. In the bait-casting nearly all of the rods were split bamboo, the exceptions being one bethabara and two or three lancewood. In length these rods varied from 5½ to 6½ feet, with two under the former length. The preference was given to a trifle longer and more pliable rods in the accuracy event. All of the reels used were quadruple multipliers of the free-running type, differing from service fishing reels only in that most of them were smaller and with longer spools and shorter handles. By "free-running" it must not be understood that free spool reels were used, for all were alike in mechanism to the ordinary fishing reel, in that the gears were always in mesh.

The lines were the smallest obtainable—much smaller than "H" lines, although the sizes varied slightly.

The line used for measuring the casts was twisted galvanized wire an eighth of an inch in diameter. When it was in position the first mark, a red float with a numbered disk surmounting it,

Dr. R. Johnson Held of the Tournament Committee.

appeared at 50 feet. At 60, 70 and every 10 feet up to 220 there was a similar red float, while every fifth foot was marked by a blue float and every foot between the others with small white floats. The marks were verified time after time, both ashore and afloat, with a steel tape. The line gave satisfaction.

The accuracy contests were cast at a target that was designed by Mr. LaBranche, and he had good reason to be proud of its success. It was made in segments, the four being bolted together when ready for use. The outer rim is triangular in its cross section, the flat surface being on top. It is water-tight. One foot within this rim there is a circlet of iron pipe, another one a foot nearer the center, and a third one encircling the bullseye. The bullseye is an iron cylinder 8 inches in diameter. Each segment is complete in itself, for convenience in storing and handling, and the can fits the center. This bullseye is painted white and floats 6 inches above the surface of the water. All of the rest of the target is painted dark green, and when in the water it resembles a large wagon wheel with four spokes and a large hub. Only the bullseye is visible when it is properly weighted, although during the tournament the marking circlets were flush with the surface and could be dimly seen. In use its advantages are that no matter where one's weight falls, it drops through the target, and the judges can see exactly its location, for the circlets hold the line without injuring it, and the weight cannot skip or bound nearer the bullseye—or further away from it—after it touches the water. In scoring, hitting the bullseye counts perfect; within the inner circle counts 1 demerit; the second circlet, 2; the third, 3, and the outer rim, 4; outside the target, the distance must be estimated by the judges.

First Day, Oct. 12.

The initial event of the tournament was half-ounce single-hand bait-casting for distance, open to novices who had never cast over 100 feet in any contest of this sort, and as only five of those present come within this class, the entries were limited to that number. Lots were drawn and Dr. Held led off, following his preliminary casts with two backlashes, but on his fourth cast he scored 131ft. 6in. His next cast, however, was spoiled by his line overrunning. John L. Kirk cast evenly, and retired with 129 feet to his credit. Perry D. Frazer took one preliminary cast, following it with 139 feet. His line overran in the fourth cast, but he finished with 141ft. 6in. Charles Stepath made his longest cast on his second trial, 139 feet. Robert B. Lawrence's first cast was the best made so far, 149ft., but he made 159 on his fourth trial, and followed this with 173ft., winning first place and establishing a new record for the club in this style of casting. Everybody was pleased that the club's president should set as good an example as this, and Mr. Lawrence not only kept the weight he won with, but marked the distance on it and carries it for a pocket piece. The scores, in feet and inches:

	1st Cast.	2d Cast.	3d Cast.	4th Cast.	5th Cast.	Best Cast.
R. B. Lawrence	149	143	109	159	173	173
Perry D. Frazer	139	120	134 6	90	141 6	141.6
Charles Stepath	134	139	134 6	108	109	139
R. J. Held	80	40	127	131 6	96	131 6
John L. Kirk	129	114	107	115	115	129

Messrs. Lawrence, Frazer and Stepath won the club trophies.

The prizes for high average were three, all fishing tackle, and were won as follows: Lawrence, 146 3-5 feet, first; Frazer, 125 feet, second; Stepath, 124 4-5, third.

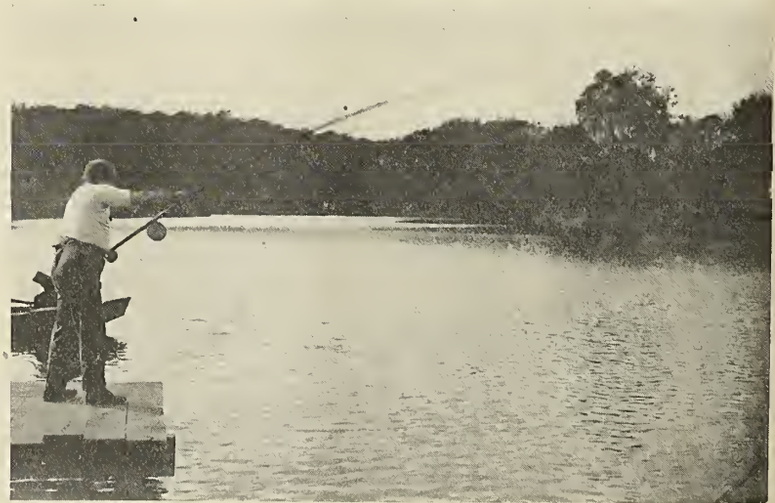
Mr. John Enright was then given the use of the casting platform in order that he might limber up after his voyage across the Atlantic, and he delighted the anglers and the large crowd of spectators as well with the prettiest exhibition of salmon fly-casting any of them had ever seen. Mr. Enright uses greenheart rods of his own make, and these are not jointed with ferrules, but the separate pieces are bevcled and when joined are whipped with cord and wound with tape, making a three-piece rod practically one piece—in short, a Castleconnell rod. His heaviest rod is 20ft. long and weighs over 3 pounds. (Mr. Enright said he did not know its weight), while the 14ft. rod is not more than half as

George M. L. LaBranche, Chairman Tournament Com.

heavy. He is of medium stature, but hard as nails, his arms especially being as knotty as those of a wrestler. Still, he handled the big rod and an unusually heavy line as though they were playthings, although he admitted, after practicing for forty minutes, that he was ready for a hearty meal.

Mr. Enright's record in salmon fly-casting is 147ft., made in public at the Crystal Palace in London three years ago. And as he had expressed to the members of the Anglers' Club a wish to try to beat this record—which had never been beaten—he was invited to try for a new record. This he did immediately after luncheon. The measuring line was gone over for the second time with a steel tape of government standard and found to be correctly set and marked. The sun was bright, but light clouds obscured it slightly at times. The wind, which was from the northwest, eddied about and swept across the lake in little catspaws, now from the northeast, then west or northwest, alternating with calms, making it difficult to cast smoothly. Mr. Enright tried a few casts, and when ready was timed, his furthest cast in ten minutes breaking his record by 5 feet, or 152 feet flat. He was given an ovation, which he acknowledged very

E. J. Mills in the Salmon Fly-Casting Contest.



John Enright Breaking the Record for Salmon Fly-casting.

G. M. L. LaBranche Casting in the Accuracy Contest.

Reuben C. Leonard Casting the Fly in the Fifth Event.

modestly. His average casting was very close to the 50-yard mark, and he came off the platform apparently as fresh as when he began the long ordeal—for it was an ordeal to handle that heavy rod for ten minutes straight, after an equal length of time given to practice.

The long distance salmon fly-casting event was postponed for the day and Event 3 started. This was open to all, half-ounce bait-casting for accuracy, five casts at each distance, 60, 80 and 100 feet, with no preliminary casts. The prizes were three trophies for the highest percentages, and three tackle prizes for the most perfect casts. In the first round, at 60 feet, C. G. Levison was high with only seven demerits, and Uncle John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, was second with eleven. At 80 feet Reuben Leonard was high with eleven, and he was the winner of the 100ft. round, with a grand total of only thirty-five demerits and a percentage of 97 10-15. Mr. LaBranche was second. In scoring, the sum total of the demerits is divided by 15, and the result deducted from 100, giving the accuracy per cent. The scores follow:

Mr. Leonard also won a choice of two fine reels, prizes for the greatest number of bullseyes, and LaBranche, Levison, Stepath and Waddell tied for second and third prizes.

Afterward, to save time, lots were drawn by those tied for bullseyes, and Mr. Waddell won first choice. Mr. Leonard chose one of the two prize reels, and Mr. Waddell took the other one.

Second Day, Oct. 13.

The weather conditions showed improvement on Saturday morning. The wind came from the southeast, very light, the sky was slightly overcast at times, and the air was balmy. Long before the arrival of the members of the tournament committee a large crowd gathered and lined the edge of the Mere for two hundred yards, growing in size steadily as the day wore on, until in the afternoon the squad of police on duty had difficulty in restraining the more eager ones. In the afternoon there was a noticeable change in the character of the crowd, for at that time every man interested in angling who could attend, was there watching every cast and commenting intelligently with his friends. In order to keep the small boys from crowding each other into the lake, the police formed a fence of park benches, outside which only those directly interested in the tournament could walk, and in this way smoothed the way for visitors who were not there out of idle curiosity.

The first event called was No. 4, trout fly-casting for distance, without restrictions on rod or leader, but open only to these who had never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest. The judges were Thomas D. Whistler and Perry D. Frazer, with Gonzalo Poey as referee. Charles Stepath was first to cast, and he, as well as others who followed him, was handicapped by the wind, which eddied around the trees and cut down the casts. His best cast in ten minutes was 82 feet, high score for the event. G. M. L. LaBranche came within six inches of his best score, but could not beat him. The score, in feet and inches:

	Distance.	Best three Casts.		
Charles Stepath	82	79 6	80 6	82
G. M. L. LaBranche	81 6	81 6	79 6	78 6
R. J. Held	77 6	77 6	75	74
Milton H. Smith	60 6	60 6	60	59

Besides the three cups taken by the winners, there were prizes of fishing tackle for the best two averages, and these were won, Stepath, first; LaBranche, second.

The wind had grown lighter when Event 5 was called, shortly before noon. This was trout fly-casting for distance, with no restrictions on rod or leader. Reuben Leonard won easily, with 105 feet for his longest cast, and he was also high for best three casts. Louis Darling was second and King Smith third, while Leonard and Darling took the merchandise prizes for best casts. The judges were E. H. Meyers and R. B. Lawrence; referee, J. H. Cruickshank. The scores, in feet and inches:

	Distance.	Best three Casts.		
R. C. Leonard	105	105	104	104
Louis Darling	96	96	94 6	92
King Smith	93 6	93 6	93	91 6
E. J. Mills	88 6	88 6	87	87
N. S. Smith	87	87	82	81
R. F. Cruickshank	85	85	83 6	79
John Waddell	85	85	80	79
G. M. L. LaBranche	77	77	72	71
Charles Stepath	72 6	72 6	71	70

The casting so far on Saturady was done toward the south instead of toward the north, as on the first day. After noon, however, the measuring line was towed back on the north side of the platform, and all of the casting was done there during the afternoon, as the light was better, and the contestants had the benefit of the wind. This, however, aided them not at all, as the wind fell flat before noon, and the closing hours were ideal, for at no time was the sun obscured more than for a few minutes, and then by very light clouds. A few of the contestants went away for luncheon, but most of them remained, depending on sandwiches, loth to miss any part of the fun. Shortly after noon Mr. Enright was given the platform. He had announced his wish to try to break his own previous record with a 14ft. greenheart rod, and in the ten minutes allowed him for the trial, he did break it, scoring 126 feet. This pleased the crowd, and three hearty cheers were sent up.

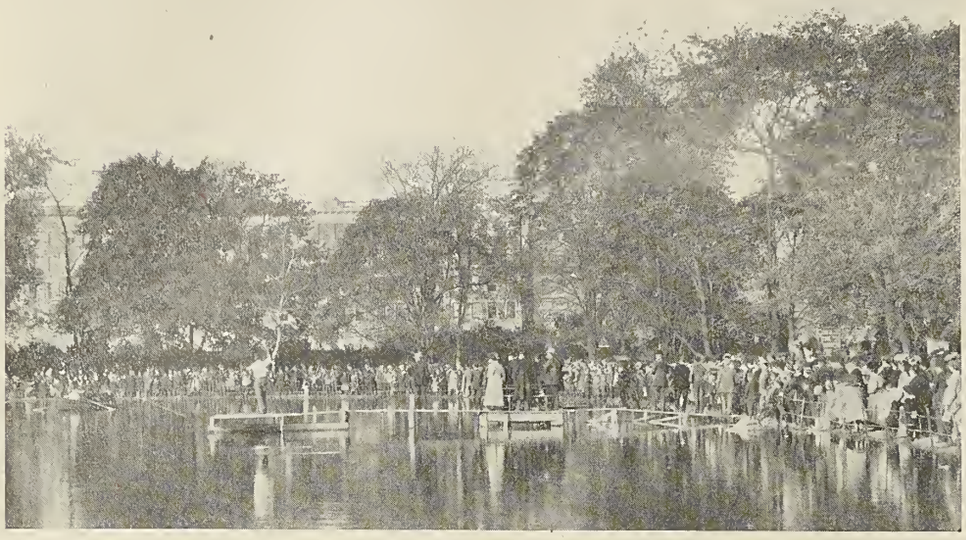
Then followed Event 2, postponed from Friday. It was open to all, salmon fly-casting for distance, rods restricted to 18ft. Unfortunately Mr. Enright's rod measured more than 18 feet, and although he cast further than anyone else, he could not win a prize, although all of the contestants agreed to waive their right to object to his rod. Mr. Enright, however, wished to abide by the committee's rules, and Mr. Leonard took first prize, with E. J. Mills second. Mr. La Branche was too tired, after the strenuous work put upon him, to handle Mr. Enright's 14ft. rod, which he used on Mr. Enright's invitation, as successfully as he might have done at another time, but his average was good. He had never before used a rod of that length and weight. The scores, in feet and inches:

	Distance.	Best three Casts.		
R. C. Leonard	137	137	135	129
E. J. Mills	125	125	124	122
G. M. L. LaBranche	84	84	83	83
John Enright	148 6	148 6	148	146

Messrs. Leonard, Mills and LaBranche won the

SCORES OF SALMON FLY-CASTING.

	60 feet					80 feet					100 feet					Total Demerits.	Per Cent
	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5		
R. C. Leonard	7	0	3	2	0	2	1	1	2	5	1	4	2	3	2	35	97 10-15
G. M. L. LaBranche	0	3	3	5	3	4	2	1	4	4	1	8	4	4	5	51	96 9-15
C. G. Levison	2	0	2	1	2	5	4	10	1	4	2	5	7	4	3	52	96 8-15
Charles Stepath	7	0	3	1	2	5	3	4	7	2	4	2	5	9	3	57	96 3-15
John Waddell	3	0	2	4	2	6	4	6	4	8	6	6	6	7	4	68	95 7-15
M H Smith	2	4	4	2	7	2	3	4	8	10	4	7	5	7	10	79	94 10-15
P. D. Frazer	2	8	3	3	4	5	4	1	4	6	60	5	4	2	1	112	92 8-15
Louis Darling	3	3	3	3	3	4	5	1	3	1	10	75	3	2	3	132	91 3-15
R. J. Held	4	7	7	1	0	4	5	8	1	4	8	65	60	..	..	..	w



The Platform and the Crowd of Spectators on Saturday. E. J. Mills Casting.

three trophies, and Leonard and Mills took the merchandise prizes for best three casts. The judges were E. H. Meyers and H. B. Leckler, with C. G. Levison as referee.

James D. Smith and V. R. Grimwood judged the last event, No. 6, and Gonzalo Poey was referee. This called for single-hand bait-casting for distance, and was open to all. Every contestant was required to cast with a half-ounce weight, overhead, five times consecutively, his longest cast to count for one of the cups, and his average to count for merchandise prizes. He could take not more than three preliminary casts, but most of them took only one or two. Reuben Leonard won first prize with 187 feet, establishing a new record for the east, and beating the highest score made at the Kalamazoo tournament last August (182ft. 10in., made by Abe Rabbers). His average, however, was 176ft., while Mr. Rabber's averaged 177 45-60ft. R. J. Held was second with 160 feet, winning second cup and second merchandise prize, while Charles Stepath won third cup. The scores, in feet and inches:

Casts:	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	Best Cast.	Average.
R. C. Leonard	159	175	173	187	186	187	176
R. J. Held	145	95	157	160	155	160	142
Chas. W. Stepath	129	126	157	120	125	157	131 1-5
G. M. LaBranche	129	153	99	146	80	153	121 1-5
Robt. B. Lawrence.	40	150	95	130	135	150	110
E. J. Mills	124	139	85	95	148	148	118 1-5
Louis Darling	133	105	130	125	142	142	127
Milton H. Smith	116	138	137	138	133	138	132 2-5
Perry D. Frazer	119	128	117	119	132	132	123
C. G. Levison	130	90	95	124	w		

Mr. Enright Ready to Cast with His 14-foot Salmon Rod.

The Kansas City Casting Tournament.

The Kansas City Bait- and Fly-Casting Club made its debut before a goodly crowd of anglers and their friends on Oct. 6. This club was started last March with three members, J. W. Bramhall, Clarence Cheney and E. Mier. It now has over forty members. In the ¼-ounce event, 60 to 80 feet, J. W. Bramhall, captain, carried away first prize, while W. L. Rock won in the second event, ½-ounce, 60 to 100 feet. The hard-working secretary carried away a beautiful fly-book as the result of his hard work in the handicap, 70 to 90 feet, and the president of the club, F. B. Robinson, walked off with an automatic reel in the fly event.

This is a new game to most of the Kansas City anglers, all of whom would have been at home on the water with a fish hung on their line; in fact, some of our best fishermen made poor scores, and all were more or less affected with "stage fright," which was a source of great fun to the onlookers, at each individual "fall-down." However, what they lacked in science, was made up with good natured fun for everybody, and next year we expect to have a different tale to relate; the club being well pleased with its rather impromptu tournament.

Quarter ounce event, 60 to 80 feet, 15 casts:

J. W. Bramhall	98 1-15	Bill Anderson	95
F. B. Robinson	97 10-15	Clarence Cheeney	94 10-15
W. H. Wetzel	96 11-15	Geo. Robirds	93 2-15
Ed Mier	95 13-15	Jack Elliott	93 1-15
Jack Davis	95 9-15	H. Smith	93 1-15
W L Rock	95 7-15	Dr. Kerner	92 10-15
Joe La Brie	95 4-15	W. H. Shuff	91 13-15
Charles Smith	95 2-15	Fred Burger	91 5-15
J. W. Clark	95 2-15	Dr. Hollingsworth	87 14-15

Half ounce event, 60 to 100 feet, 15 casts:

W. L. Rock	97 13-15	H. Smith	94 2-15
Geo. Robirds	97 9-15	Will Kerr	94 1-15
Clarence Cheeney	97 8-15	W. H. Wetzel	93 13-15
J. W. Bramhall	97 5-15	Lewis Westervelt	93 12-15
Ed. Mier	97 4-15	Lowe	93 12-15
J. M. Clark	96 14-15	Chas. Hith	93 7-15
Chas. Smith	96	Jack Elliott	93 5-15
Joe La Brie	95 14-15	John Kopp	93 4-15
Bill Anderson	95 13-15	Dr. Kerner	92 12-15
F. B. Robinson	95 12-15	W. H. Shuff	92 4-15
Jack Davis	95 12-15	Mour	91
Will Stine	95 8-15	Groya	89
E. D. Downie	95 1-15	Simmons	89

Handicap, 10 casts:

Ed. Mier	97 9-10	Will Kerr	95 5-10
Clarence Cheeney	97 7-10	H. Smith	95 4-10
Chas. Smith	97 5-10	Dr. Kerner	94 9-10
Chas. Heta	97 1-10	J. M. Clark	94 9-10
Jack Davis	97	Geo. Robirds	94 8-10
E. D. Downie	96 6-10	Lewis Westervelt	93 9-10
Fred Burger	96 6-10	W. L. Rock	93 4-10
John Kapp	96 5-10	F. B. Robinson	93 5-10
W. H. Wetzel	96 3-10	Lloyd	91 5-10
Jack Elliott	96 3-10	Joe Le Brie	91
Dr. Hollingsworth	96 2-10	J. W. Bramhall	91 4-10
Simmons	96 2-10	Jack Elliott	90 3-10
Bill Anderson	96	W. H. Shuff	89-9-10
Will Stine	95 7-10		

Fly-casting event; 40-45-50; 15 casts:

F. B. Robinson	97 5-15	W. L. Kock	93 4-10
J. M. Clark	96 10-15	W. H. Shuff	94 10-15
Lewis Westervelt	96 10-15	Jack Davis	94 9-15
Joe La Brie	96 2-15	J. W. Bramhall	90 7-15
Walter Hair	96 2-15		

W. H. Shuff.

Fighting Qualities of Game Fish.

In speaking of the trout fishing in the Beaverkill, in Sullivan county, New York, recently, a well-known fly fisherman said that he could not notice any difference in the fighting qualities of the German brown trout and the native speckled trout. This seems strange. Perhaps, other anglers who have caught both in the Sullivan county streams hold different views.

The above recalls what a correspondent of the Fishing Gazette said not long ago about the actions of salmon and sea trout when hooked.

"In the sea, at any rate, a salmon leaps out of the water at an angle of about 30 degrees, falling on the side, and repeating the leap three or four times, with a little more space between the leaps and a little more height; while your sea trout bounds out of the water vertically, falling back tail first in, as it were, the same hole. A small sea trout will spring three or four feet into the air, falling tail first, but a large one will barely get his tail above the water."

Scene at Rock Lake During the Tournament of the Kansas City Bait- and Fly-casting Tournament.

TWO NEW RACERS.

Much interest centers in the announcement recently made that two one-design racing boats have been ordered. The owners of these boats invited other prospective owners to join them. The new boats are to be of composite construction and have good accommodations, though they are avowedly racers. The success last season of the sloop Effort in racing, as well as cruising, seems to point to her as a fine example of that size of boat, and one that might be a splendid nucleus for a class, which would afford the best of racing.

Effort's rating is 60.10; that of the new boats 57. Thus to make Effort come in the class would necessitate a reduction in length of 5 per cent., breadth and depth 3 per cent., and 4 per cent. in height and length of sail plan. Conversely, no appreciable difference could be found in increasing the new boats to a rating of 60., which, were no others to be built to the class than the two boats already ordered, would make the number of competitors three.

The point of the whole business is that, to introduce many classes varying but little in measurement does not produce good racing, as the classes do not fill. Lack of competition has knifed many a season's racing. The spirit of sport is the only one that should prevail. It is only when yachtsmen begin to think less particularly and more generally about the welfare of the sport that we shall have bigger classes numerically and keener competition. We are perfectly aware that there may be many reasons that are altogether good concerning the size of the new boats. However, there is a feeling, fairly well held, that unless one can build up he should do nothing obstructive, as there are so many who, not finding things to their liking, proceed to blacken and destroy. Yachting relies to-day, as it always has, on an ideal, on the pursuit of the sport for its own sake, and on a desire for its promotion which will foster and encourage the art, which is one of the finest in developing the best qualities among men.

We reprint from the October number of the London Yachting Monthly a comment upon an editorial which appeared in the Forest and Stream on Sept. 8. It is interesting, both in view of our remarks and gives a view of English yachting, perhaps not much realized at home:

"An American contemporary raises the question, 'Should owners sail their own boats?' Assuming, probably, that the question does not apply on the other side of the Atlantic to the smaller size of boat, the larger craft only are dealth with. Here with us it is otherwise, and down to the smallest boat the paid hand is very much in evidence. In racing matters it is still worse, and, although the trend of later years has been in the right direction, we are still lamentably short of amateur crews. In this respect racing might be of the greatest service. Now it is known to all that it is not so much the boat as the man who sails her, yet in spite of this fact the important factor remains unknown and unrewarded. The man who takes pleasure in flags he never won is of little service to any sporting community. We are strongly of opinion that a small racing boat should be steered by her owner, or, when that is not possible, by some one who is mentioned as having been in charge. We have great admiration for the owner who is content to be an 'also ran' rather than sacrifice his own pleasure to the hollow victory won for him. He plays the game, and of any flags which may fall to his lot he may justly be proud. It will avail us little if we spend a hundred years in evolving the ideal yacht if we have then no men to sail in it. Small-boat racing should be a school for amateurs, but we can hardly see how it will be so long as the chief factors in a race are not recognized to be the man and the boat, not the latter and her owner. On this account also it is almost impossible to arrive at the true form of the greater number of our small yachts. Action in this matter might mean the loss of a few owners, but it would lead to a large increment in the ranks of boat sailers, and that must be the primary consideration of 'beneficent government.'"

Boston Letter.

In taking the sloop Little Rhody, winner of the Lipton cup in the race from New York to Marblehead via Nantucket shoals, from Marblehead to Bristol, R. I., last week, her amateur crew experienced a voyage replete with incident. They were Charles F. Tillinghast and Rayner Wheaton, of Providence, and John G. Alden and John W. Olmstead, of Boston. After beating down the Cape to a point beyond Nausett harbor, the wind and sea rising until a four-reefed mainsail overpowered their craft, they decided to run back. Unable to beat from Wood End in to Provincetown, and deterred from anchoring in the lee of the beach, by the possibility of a shift of wind, they ran off for Gloucester. But when twelve or fifteen miles N.N.W. of Race Point they were caught in a 50-mile blow from N. by W. They thereupon ran before it for Provincetown in company with a large fleet of fishing and coasting schooners. Little Rhody's crew lost their tender and saw the reefed mainsail and foresail of a coaster blown from the bolt ropes. The tender was picked up by life savers and returned.

Mr. Olmstead was obliged to leave the boat at Provincetown, but his three companions continued their cruise. Beating down the back of the Cape in thick weather they in some manner went astray, and passing outside of Pollock Rip sighted the lightship on Great Round Shoal before getting back to their course. They made a wonderfully fast run through Nantucket Sound with a favoring tide and, passing through Woods Hole, finally made a harbor in Cuttyhunk Roads. Being warned to leave there by the life savers they ran for Brenton's Reef before a strong S.E. wind through a very high sea which they estimated to be at least fifteen feet from hollow to crest. Off Sakonnet river they were forced to seek shelter and running two miles up that stream anchored within 200 yards of the shore. But although in a lee the sea was so sloppy even there that Little Rhody plunged bows under. There they experienced a remarkably severe rain storm with a wonderful electric display. After which they ran up the river and beat over to Bristol.

During the worst portions of the trip the cockpit was knee-deep with water and occasional seas swept the craft from bow to stern. That she finished the trip without mishap was largely due to the equipment of new sails, new running rigging, and stout spars and to the fact that the sill to the companionway is above the level of the deck. Then too Little Rhody, although essentially of a racing model, is very heavily built and in a most thorough manner. All these elements would, however, have been unavailing, I am sure, without skillful handling which the trying experiences served but to accentuate.

The meeting of the Eighteen Foot Knockabout Association, on the ninth instant, was one of great enthusiasm. Dr. Fred Gay, of the sloop Sunshine, has promised a magnificent silver cup for next summer's championship, and it is hoped that this trophy will be an incentive for a more generally, and more keenly, contested class series. Mr. A. W. Finlay, owner of this year's champion, Dorchen, and Mr. Fred Bogardus, owner of Omar III., announced that they will build new boats for the class. There was some discussion in regard to handicapping the centerboard boats in some way, but this did not meet with general favor and will not be undertaken. Restrictions will be adopted, however, to minimize such expenses as that of pot-leading the boats. And such restrictions, if properly worked out, will do far more to revive the class than will the most expensive trophies.

Boston yachtsmen look forward with interest to the coming visit of Sir Thomas Lipton, who is to spend a day or two here early in November or the latter part of this month. He comes by invitation of the mayor and aldermen, and while we have not hitherto considered them as closely affiliated with yachting we are forced to recognize on second thought that politicians, like yachtsmen, trim their sails to every favoring breeze. So we overlook the cause in the result and propose to make the visit of Sir Thomas a noteworthy occasion.

The new owner of the 46ft. Alga, whose sale was announced some weeks ago, is Mr. W. Starling Burgess, the designer of Orestes. It is thought that in making an auxiliary of Alga he will follow the same general scheme as that which he adopted in the case of converting the old cutter Edith.

Mr. Harold J. Glidden, of the Hingham Y. C., has purchased the 22-footer Sanderling of Walter S. Burgess, Esq., secretary of the Boston Y. C., giving in part payment his 17ft. sloop Clara, twice the champion of her class in the Hingham Y. C. Sanderling was designed by W. B. Stearns and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard in 1900, and raced this year with some success in class Q.

Norman L. Skene, Esq., the designer of the schooner yacht Black Hawk, and many other very interesting and capable boats, has withdrawn from the active practice of his profession to accept a position as head of the engineering department of the A. S. Morss Co. He has a splendid technical education, and his writings on technical subjects have been not only accurate, but most readable, winning for him a host of well wishers who hope and expect to see him make a success in his new position. It is also to be hoped that he will find time in his spare moments to continue his designing, especially in the power boat field where his originality has won deserved commendation.

William Lambert Barnard.

The steam yacht Aphrodite, Col. Oliver H. Payne, New York Y. C., arrived home last week from a five months' European cruise. Col. Payne's guests included Col. LaTrope, Mr. J. R. Hanna, Dr. Lewis A. Stimson and Miss Stimson, who it will be remembered sailed on board the Fleur de Lis in the Emperor's cup race from New York to the needles. Aphrodite cruised in the Mediterranean, then proceeded to Cowes, from there to the Baltic, and after returning to England, Col. Payne and his guests left the vessel for some shooting in Scotland. Rejoining the yacht at London the party proceeded to New York.

A SCOOTER RACE START ON GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Scooter Races.

Through the courtesy of Capt. Will Graham, of Blue Point, Great South Bay, we are enabled to publish an interesting little photograph of the start of one of the scooter races held during the past summer, for the Smith medal and the Log cup. The Log, by the way, is a newspaper of a monthly appearance, edited by Capt. Graham. The scooter is a boat peculiar to Great South Bay, and is a boat as readily used in summer as winter, sailed in water or on ice, and is much used to get about the great meadows and marshes hunting or fishing. These boats are flat-bottomed, straight sided, and besides lee or centerboards, are equipped with shod runners, and on ice these boats perform very well.

The race in question was in charge of Capt. Graham, of Patchogue, and Rear Commodore C. W. Wilson, of the South Bay Y. C. The officers of the races and newspaper men saw the race from aboard Admiral, the yacht belonging to Arthur White.

The boats entered were three in number. Scud Capt. Fred D. Smith, of Bayport; the other two scooters were owned by Mr. Chas. Lau, and Mr. Dayton Hedges, of Patchogue, the scooters finishing in the order given.

Scud won the Log cup, which must be won once on open water and once on ice. Great South Bay is an ideal place for sailing, and of late years many yacht clubs have sprung into existence and are doing good work in developing the sport as adapted to sailing those peculiar waters. The gift of cups and medals by Capt. Graham and Mr. Smith show a sane way of promoting interest and encouraging racing of a good kind which may be done either summer or winter in that *multum in parvo* the South Bay scooter.

A New Steam Yacht.

It is very gratifying at this time to learn that contracts are being placed for deliveries next season. It cannot help but put the yards in good condition, and will give them time to make good and creditable work, and save worry later. We publish a description of a new fast steamer, designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Peter W. Rouss. The contract has been awarded to Mr. Robert Jacob, of City Island. The yacht will be built of steel, and is to be delivered on June 1 of next year. The model and lines show a well turned and graceful boat and one well suited to the conditions of express service between New York and Long Island Sound.

The principal dimensions of the new vessel will be: Length over all, 141ft. 6in.; load waterline, 140ft.; beam, extreme, 15ft. 6in., and draft, 6ft. She will be built in the best possible manner and of the highest quality of mild steel, which will be subjected to chemical and mechanical tests, as well as rigid inspection, before being used. Every precaution will be taken to make the craft safe and seaworthy, as is shown by her double bottom amidships, which will serve as fresh water tanks or can be used for water ballast in a seaway. She will have four watertight steel bulkheads.

Forward there will be a mahogany deck-house 22ft. in length, the forward end forming a dining room, with a seating capacity for fourteen persons. Abaft of the dining room, on the port side, will be a butler's pantry, with refrigerator, ice-box, racks and a dumbwaiter leading to the galley below. On the starboard side will be the captain's stateroom.

The quarters forward below deck for the crew will be commodious and comfortably arranged. Aft of the crews' quarters is located the galley, with a large ice-box and refrigerator fitted in addition to the usual dressers and lockers.

The machinery space comes next, and in order to deaden the sounds, keep the heat away from the living quarters forward and aft and to reduce the labor of firing to a minimum, athwartship coal bunkers are fitted.

Abaft of the machinery space is a dressing room extending the full width of the vessel, with toilet and bath with tiled floor. Aft of this are two large connecting staterooms with wide berths, sofas, bureaus, etc., complete. Then comes a large cabin extending the full width of the vessel, arranged with sofas. Still further aft on the port side will be a toilet and bathroom, and on the starboard side will be a stateroom. The sofas, berths, bureaus and sideboards will be of selected mahogany, polished, and the rest of the interior finish will be in white enamel with line gilding. The plumbing will be thoroughly modern.

Particular attention has been given to the machinery and nothing will be spared to have it of the first class and to secure the smoothest running. There will be two main engines of the four-cylinder triple expansion type, four cylinders being used to secure a perfect balance of the reciprocating parts, and great strength, with lightness, has been obtained by using steel of 80,000 pounds tensile strength per square inch. In fact, with the exception of the cylinders the engines are of steel throughout.

Steam will be supplied by boilers of the water tube type, built for a working pressure of 275 pounds to the square inch, of ample size to furnish steam under forced draft for driving the vessel at a speed of 25 miles an hour.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Sloop Mira Sold.—Mr. Chas. Lane Poor, of the New York Y. C., has sold his well-known sloop Mira to Mr. John T. Pirie, of this city, through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York city. Mira was designed by Wm. Gardner, built in 1899 by Frank Wood, City Island, N. Y., 54ft. by 35ft. by 12ft. by 8ft. She has been one of our most successful craft, representing a wholesome type and at the same time showing good speed. Messrs. G. L. and A. M. Pirie, sons of the purchaser, have been well known in the raceabout class, having won the championship several seasons; so Mira may be expected to be heard from next season, when she will undoubtedly appear against Irondequoit and others of the class.

The New York Y. C. has acquired through Mr. A. B. Tuthill, by purchase, Sheffield Island, the most beautiful of the Norwalk Islands on Long Island Sound. The club will establish a station and convert the fine old mansion into a club house.

The firm of A. Carey Smith & Ferris have been appointed to superintend the construction at Newport News, of a steamer building there for the Mallory Line.

The firm has in charge for alterations the yacht Julia, ex Oonas, owned by Mr. J. H.

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Sanderson, of Philadelphia. The alterations include the installation of a 100 horsepower standard motor.

THE steam yacht Varuna, which sailed from here on Oct. 6, has been reported at Bermuda. Varuna belongs to Mr. Eugene Higgins, New York Y. C., who is bound to the Mediterranean to spend the winter with a party of friends.

On Monday last, while lying at Oyster Bay, prior to departing for New York, a manifold exploded in the fire room of the steam yacht Colonia, owned by ex-Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C. Two men were killed outright, and three more are injured. There was great bravery shown by the crew in getting the men out of the fire room, which was soon filled with steam. A special train took the men to the Mineola hospital.

Colonia was formerly Alberta, and was built on the Delaware in 1899.

THE power boat races, scheduled to be run on Oct. 11 to 12 by the Larchmont Y. C., ended in a fizzle. There were but two entries to materialize—one of these a raft fitted with pipes, intended to prove some theory. The race committee after putting up with much worry and delay called the matter off. There is no use trying to run off events when the boats entered do not turn up, and this closing event would best have been postponed before any racing took place.

THE following steam yachts have been laid up at the works of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., Morris Heights: Limited, A. C. Bostwick; Florette, A. H. Alker; Allita, J. H. Flagler; Vamoose, Walter Lewisohn; Levanter, Alfred Marshall; Machigonne, Cyrus K. Curtis; Cherokee, S. H. Vandergrift; Rose, A. Abraham; Seabird, W. E. Burnham; Viva, Edward Eyre; Golden Rod, Archibald Watt estate; American, Archibald Watt estate; Nanita, C. V. Brokaw; Vitesse, General Brayton Ives; Presto, John W. Sullivan; Haida, Max Fleishman; Bellemer, Samuel T. Shaw; Crescent, George Rose; Duchess, L. J. Busby; Advance, W. M. Cole; Corinthia, T. M. Turner; Roxana, John W. Gates; Scud, Samuel T. Untermyer; Mohawk, H. Wallerstein; Mabel, M. A. Shumard; Jule, Alfred Costello, Halycon and Dawn.

The following launches are laid up: Adelaide, W. A. Titus; Cactus II., C. E. Proctor; Captain, J. A. Mollenhauer; Rambler I., A. E. Foye; Siesta, Sheboygan, J. L. Reiss; Vampa, Clement March; Skeeter, Robert Collier; Esther, Frederick Southback; Josephine, George B. Lester; Lasara, M. G. Foster, and Kahkin III., Jennie Francis, Menona, Beatrice, Roma, Osceola, Alcedo and Nila.

Colma, J. L. Eisenlohr; Mascotte II., F. C. Havens; Mary Ann, Lemuel E. Quigg; Sally Growler, H. F. Terrell; Jemima F., C. H. Fletcher, and Brush By, John B. Rose.

The new 175ft. steel twin screw steam yacht, building at Seabury & Co.'s, is progressing rapidly.

A new set of launches, lifeboats and dinghies for Frederick H. Stevens' steam yacht O-we-ra are being built.

A 45ft. auxiliary ketch for A. H. Hubbell and a 36ft. auxiliary ketch for L. Q. Jones are being built. Both of these boats will be fitted with Speedway gasolene engines, and will be ready for delivery on Dec. 1, as they are for use in Florida waters the coming winter.

Twelve Speedway gasolene engines of various sizes have been shipped to Buenos Ayres, to be installed in motor boats that are now being built for use in South America.

A GENERAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 4. The following nominating committee was elected: Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Mr. Frederick G. Bourne, Mr. Philip Schuyler, Mr. Robert P. Doremus, Mr. Edwin D. Morgan, Mr. Frederick F. Brewster, Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr.; Dr. Lewis A. Stimson and Mr. Frederick H. Von Stade.

The last general meeting of the club takes place on Thursday, Dec. 20. Upon the report of the model committee, reporting the receipt of the three models of the Shamrocks a vote of thanks was voted to Sir Thomas Lipton.

At this meeting announcement was made that Mr. H. F. Lippitt, owner of Weetamoe, and Mr. Geo. F. Pynchon, had commissioned Herreshoff to build them two one-design sloops for the 57ft. class. These boats to be composite construction, 60ft. waterline. Irolita is in the same class. The new boats will be racers pure and simple. The N. Y. 30ft. class will not be very strong, as most of the boats have been sold out of the club.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. will on Thursday, Oct. 25, give a complimentary dinner to Sir Thomas Lipton, at Delmonico's. Arrangements have been made to have seating capacity for such members of the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. and Gravesend Bay clubs as would care to attend.

Mr. Frank Maier, at a dinner held at the Brooklyn Y. C., on Oct. 6, announced that he had presented a cup valued at $1,000 to be raced for between New York and Bermuda in 1907.

THE Astor cup awarded to Humma, Mr. R. W. Emmons 2d, but which was protested, has been upon reconsideration of the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., awarded to Weetamoe, owned by Mr. Henry F. Lippit.

Huntress.

WE publish this week the sail plan and accommodation plan of the centerboard twin-screw auxiliary ketch, which is now nearing completion at the yard of Robert Jacob, at City Island. Huntress was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, through whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce her very well made and interesting plans. The owner, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, is a sportsman outside of his professional work, and has spent his winters for the last ten years in Florida, cruising, fishing and shooting. Dr. Pierce then, with his knowledge of actual conditions, was well able to make known his desires, and certainly even a cursory examination of the plans will show how well Mr. Gielow solved the many problems incident to such a yacht, which is at once a houseboat, sailing vessel and a launch, and that under all the varied conditions of service would be safe, able, fast and comfortable on a very shallow draft.

The plans need very little explanation, as their clearness and legibility is remarkable. The sail plan shows a profile of pleasing appearance with short ends, denoting a maximum of accommodation on a minimum length, and indeed for the work contemplated, ends do not count for much. The cabin trunk is much pierced by ports, which will be of brass and insect proof, will also assure good ventilation. The cabin plan shows good space, and an arrangement that is suited to the owner's wishes—a point few take into account in judging of the accommodation plan of any yacht. There will be three staterooms, besides two berths, made up in the main saloon if necessary. The engine room is separated from the rest of the ship by watertight partitions, and contains two 25-horsepower standard motors, which will drive the boat under normal conditions at a speed of nine miles per hour. The arrangement of dining saloon is good, as it isolates smell and noise from the sleeping quarters and makes the work of the cook easy. The accommodation for the crew includes a stateroom for the sailing master, and four berths for the crew in the forecastle. Forward of the forecastle is located in a watertight compartment a 650-gallon tank for gasolene. Aft these are two 300-gallon tanks for fresh water, besides one of 300 gallons amidships.

An interesting feature in connection with the water supply, is that fresh water in Florida is not always obtainable, and special provision has been made to utilize the great rainfall. The idea of collecting rain water was in use on

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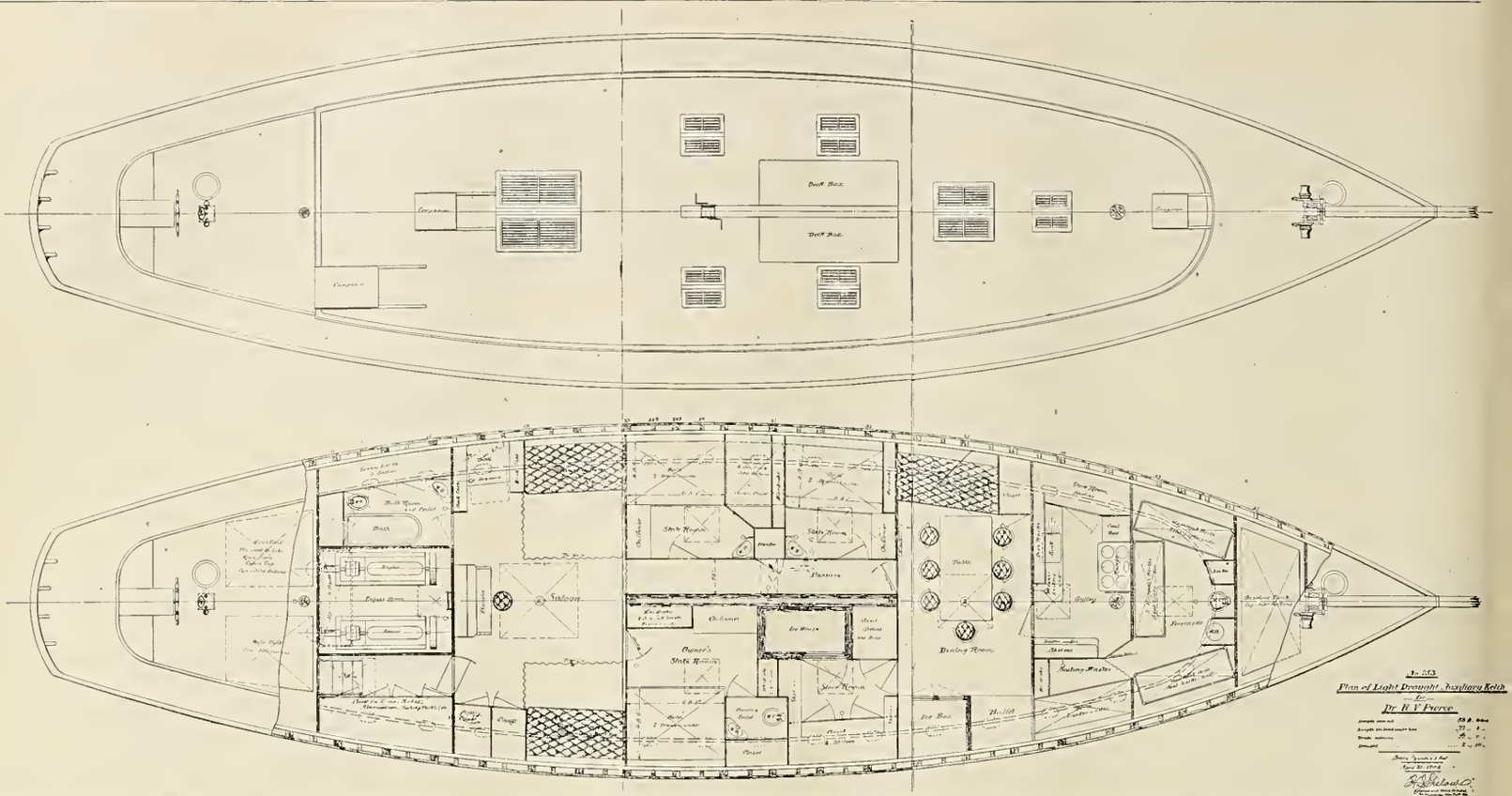


DECK AND ACCOMMODATION PLATES OF TWIN SCREW AUXILIARY KETCH HUNTRESS. DESIGNED BY H. J. GIELOW FOR DR. R. V. PIERCE.

Whim Wham, used by Dr. Pierce for some eight years, living aboard of the boat from six to eight months with his family. The upper part of the cabin house, about a 1000 sq. ft. in area will be arranged to collect the rain water and drain it to large pipes connected with a charcoal filter and from there to the water tank.

The arrangements are very complete for the stowing of all the necessaries, and large lockers have been provided in which to stow guns, ammunition and fishing tackle; they will be located just inside the companionway in the passage, and at all times will be readily accessible. The ice capacity is about a ton and a half. Generally, then, Huntress is a boat well adapted to many conditions of service, and she should prove altogether an ideal craft for the ends expected. The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	88ft.	4in.
Waterline	77ft.	8in.
Breadth	22ft.	
Draft	2ft.	10in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	7ft.	
Midship	4ft.	11in.
Aft	4ft.	9in.
Sail area	4000 sq. ft.	
Engines, two (Standard motors)	25 H.P.	
Speed, under engines	9 miles	

Canoeing.

An International Trophy.

We reprint a letter from the columns of the London Yachting World that is of great interest to American canoeists. We hope to publish the lines and sail plan of a "B" canoe very shortly. These are a fine type of boat, and are doing much toward rehabilitating the sport of canoeing, which for some years except in certain localities had passed from popular favor:

"Sir—I write to inform you that the committee of the Royal Canoe Club have decided to offer a trophy for international competition during next year. The conditions, as so far settled, are as follows:

"Each competitor will satisfy the committee that he is a genuine amateur and be nominated by a regular club.

"No country to be able to nominate more than two competitors (this rule also applies to the R. C. C.), and, furthermore, the British Isles count as one country.

"In the event of no foreign country nominating more than one competitor, then the Royal Canoe Club will only nominate one defender.

"Nominations from outside clubs must be made in due form to the secretary of the R. C. C. by May 1, 1907.

"The races must be held in salt water.

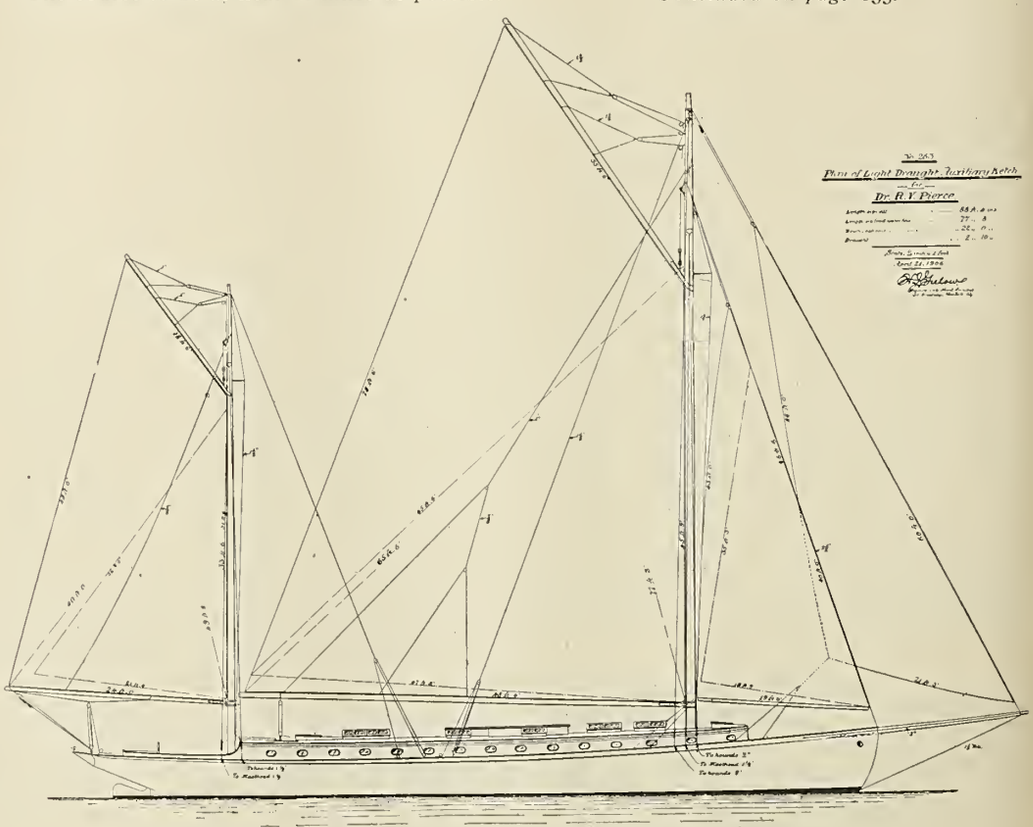
"The course to be as near 10 miles as possible.

"Two races will be held, and in the event of the same canoe winning both races such canoe shall hold the cup. In the event of two different canoes winning, a final race between the two shall be held.

"Races to be held under the rules of the R. C. C. and the decision of the same committee to be final.

"All competing canoes must conform to the classification rule governing 'B' class and a cer-

Concluded on page 635.



SAIL PLAN OF HUNTRESS, TWIN SCREW AUXILIARY KETCH.

U.M.C. ARROW SHELLS

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is the report from nearly every game field. The U. M. C. Co. is loading plenty of Arrow and Nitro Club Shells especially adapted for every kind of shooting. Simply ask your dealer for a U. M. C. Partridge, Duck or Quail load. They magazine perfectly through repeating and auto-loading guns, and fit every double gun—all in wet weather or dry.

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Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 23.—Lexington, Mo.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 25-26.—Lebanon, Pa.—Keystone Gun Club eleventh annual fall tournament. Nat. Ressler, Mgr.
Oct. 25-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 29-30.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hapkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Huntington, W. Va., Gun Club announces a two-day shoot, to be held on Oct. 23 and 24.

The Hawkeye Gun Club, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., contemplates the holding of a big turkey shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

Capt. Horace W. Jordan writes us that the management of the Watertown, Mass., Gun Club has decided to change the date of the forthcoming tournament from Thanksgiving Day to Nov. 24.

Mr. Nat Ressler, Lebanon, Pa., writes us that "Reports thus far received point toward one of the best attended shoots, Oct. 25-26, by Keystone Gun Club, Lebanon, Pa., that was ever held in eastern Pennsylvania."

The Conshohocken eleven-man team defeated the eleven-man team of the Narberth, Pa., Gun Club, on the Conshohocken grounds, Oct. 13, by a score of 427 to 400 out of a possible 550 targets. Buckwalter made high individual score, 48.

The South End Gun Club, of Camden, N. J., shot a team match, ten men on a side, with the Haddonfield Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter, Oct. 13. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were: South End 174; Haddonfield 154. This was the second contest of the series.

Averages to the amount of $250 are an attractive feature of Hopkins Bros. Co. big fall tournament, Oct. 30-31, at Des Moines, Ia. Budd & Whitney are the managers. The programme is alike each day, namely, eight 15 and four 20 target events; $1.50 and $2 entrance; class shooting. There also is a 50-target event for the Hopkins Bros. Co. cup, open to all, optional handicap sweep, $2.50. Practice day, Oct. 29. Ship guns, etc., prepaid to Hopkins Bros. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

The third of three contests between the team of the Florist Gun Club and the team of the Allentown, Pa., Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter, Oct. 13, resulted in scores as follows: Allentown—Kramlich 21, Straub 18, Brey 23, Heil 19, Frederick 20, Markley 22, Desch 19, Hausman 20, Englert 20, Schlicher 17; total 199. Florists of Philadelphia—Bell 20, Sanford 20, Anderson 20, Huttenlock 19, Harrison 17, Hause 11, Wink 21, Shew 4, Burton 14, McCarty 14; total 150. The first match was shot in Allentown in February last, and was won by Allentown. The second was shot in Philadelphia and was won by the Florists.

At the Delaware Trapshooters' League tournament, held under the auspices of the Blue Ball Gun Club, on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, on Wednesday of last week, the individual championship, an event at 100 targets, was won by Mr. Luther J. Squier, with a score of 92. Mr. Wm. M. Foord was a close second with 91. The five-man team championship contest was won by Wawaset with a score of 198 out of a possible 250.

Messrs. L. J. Squier and Lester S. German tied on high average with 176 out of 190. There was a very strong cross wind, and in consequence the shooting was extremely difficult.

Bernard Waters.

Clinton Tournament.

The sixteenth annual tournament of the Clinton, Ont., Gun Club was held Oct. 9 and 10.

The shooting was at live birds and targets. A good crowd of shooters was present from Hamilton, Ridgetown, St. Thomas, London, Exeter, Owen Sound, Crediton, Port Frank, Seaforth and other points.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, the shoot was one of the best held on the local grounds. The live birds were an extra fast lot, and were assisted by a strong northwest gale, with occasional hailstorms, and many brilliant kills were made.

High average for the first day was won by J. E. Hovey, Clinton; second by A. E. McRitchie, Ridgetown; third by J. E. Cantilon, Clinton; F. Galbraith, Ridgetown, and Frank Miller, Port Frank. The scores for first day follow:

Event No. 1, 15 live birds, entrance $8:

R Luck, 28	111101211221101—12
W P Thompson, 28	0000**021201200— 5
A E McRitchie, 30	222222022212022—13
F Galbraith, 30	221222220*11210—12
J E Hovey, 28	111101111111211—14
T Upton, 30	012001102011222—10
J E Cantilon, 30	1111111*1212112—14
R Graham, 28	112112112110111—14
G McCall, 29	2*2021021211201—11
F Kerr, 28	002012022112211—11
Hartleib, 28	122112201200201—11
Sherdown, 27	021220021021212—11
Miller, 29	22*112021220221—12
Sanders, 27	101112011111110—12
Dodds, 28	12***1021010022— 8

Event 2 was at 10 birds, as follows:

R Luck, 29	1212021210—8	Hartleib, 27	1002111121—8
Thompson, 27	0*00021110—4	Dodds, 27	1011101212—8
McRitchie, 31	1222121022—9	Stewart, 26	1002101221—7
Galbraith, 31	2011221222—9	Graham, 29	0001111101—6
Upton, 29	2*12221201—8	Beattie, 27	1221212101—9
Hovey, 29	2212*11211—9	Kerr, 27	1011122111—9
Cantilon, 31	211*2111111—9	Sheardown, 26	2211012211—9
McCall, 28	102*022210—6	Saunders, 28	2220000220—5
Miller, 28	2121111201—9		

Event No. 3 was at 10 live birds, as follows:

Thompson, 26	0111001201—6	McCall, 27	1200222222— 8
Luck, 28	1122012011— 8	Graham, 28	0212110111— 8
Thompson, 26	0111001201— 6	Miller, 29	2121221112—10
McRitchie, 32	2212202222— 9	Hartleib, 28	0201210022— 6
Galbraith, 32	2222221202— 9	Kerr, 28	1110111121— 9
Upton, 28	0122*02221— 7	Dodds, 26	2011111112— 9
Hovey, 30	2121221111—10	Sheardo'n, 26	1121121221—10
Cantelon, 32	211*11*212— 8	Beattie, 28	2011211101— 8

Oct. 10, Second Day.

The second day opened under the most unfavorable conditions possible. Over six inches of snow fell during the night, and at 9 o'clock, when the shooters put in an appearance, a blinding snowstorm was in progress and continued all day. Nevertheless, the shooting went on, and some splendid scores were made; in fact, were ahead of last year's, which were under favorable conditions. Nine events of 20 targets were completed. Roy Luck, of Laring, won high average with the score of 167; G. Beattie, second, with 164; R. Day third, with 163. The scores:

Thompson	14	14	14	15	18	16	15	19	17		142
Galbraith	17	19	18	19	15	19	18	19	19		162
Beattie	20	18	17	18	15	20	19	19	18		164
Morrison	16	17	14	19	16	18	17	17	15		149
Upton	18	13	19	16	17	18	17	20	19		157
Hovey	20	14	17	16	18	18	17	20	16		157
Cantilon	16	15	17	14	14	18	17	18	17		142
Graham	17	17	18	18	18	17	19	18	17		159
McCall	18	16	16	19	13	18	19	17	19		154
McRitchie	17	18	17	18	16	15	16	..	..		...
Glover	18	17	20	15	18	17	18	19	18		160
Day	20	17	15	17	17	19	19	20	19		163
Kline	13	15	15	12	15	14	15	..	..		...
Luck	18	17	19	17	20	17	20	19	20		167
Dodds	14	15	18	12	17	18	16	17	17		144
Titton	16	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..		...
Saunders	10	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	..		...
Hartleib	8	17	17	10	11	15	16	17	19		134
Kerr	..	..	19	17	..	..	..	18	..		...
Sheardown	..	..	15	11	..	..	..	..	..		...

Pick Ups.

Better shooting than that made by Roy Luck, of Sarina, is very seldon seen. Nearly 93 per cent. in a gale of wind, and a snowstorm, and 96 out of his last 100 from 21 and 22yds., has never been equalled in Canada, and places him in the front rank in the trapshooting world. Among shooters he is better known as Billy Bounce, his Canadian Indian name.

A welcome visitor in Canada is John S. Cole, of Detroit, and while not a shooter of nitro powder, he is always full of gas that has got to escape either in a good story or talking up the goods he represents. He says U. M. C. stands for Use More Cartridges. John S. refereed the live birds, and his ruling was never questioned. Come again.

Mrs. Homebody (engaging cook)—Very well, then; you may come to-morrow at 10.

Cook—Oi'd sooner come at 8, mum. Thin if Oi don't loike th' place Oi can lave in time for the matinay.

Pat—Is Kelly a friend av yours?

Mike—He is not—th' lasht time I licked him he rayfused to shake hands.

Wawaset Gun Club Trophy.

Wilmington, Del., Oct. 10.—A group of shooting enthusiasts were favored with a gamely contested race for the Wawaset Gun Club trophy to-day on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club. The contestants were Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, Md., and Mr. Luther J. Squier, of Wilmington, both of high renown in the annals of trapshooting, especially in respect to great tournaments, where the competition is hardest and thickest.

The race was at 100 targets, shot in strings of 25. There was some wind, but not enough to seriously interfere with good scores. The excellent form in which both expert principals have been shooting of late aroused anticipations of a fine contest. In this, the spectators were not disappointed. At the end of the first string, German led by one target, 24 to 23. He broke the next 25 straight, lost one out of the third 25 and broke the fourth 25 straight, thus scoring 98 out of 100.

Squier broke his third 25 straight. He scored 93 out of 100, which was good shooting, notwithstanding the small difference between it and that of his opponent. The scores:

L S German..24 25 24 25—98 L J Squier..23 22 25 23—93

LESTER S. GERMAN.

While Mr. German has achieved great fame as an expert trap shot, a few years ago he was better known among the baseball enthusiasts. In 1893 his name was found at the head of the list of pitchers in the National League. He not only headed the list for his pitching ability, but also as a fielder of that position. Coming from the Augusta, Ga., team to the New York National League team in the year above mentioned, he at once made good, and was a member of that famous team for four successive seasons. Few, if any, of his old team mates would recognize him now, for when he was in baseball he weighed 160 pounds, whereas he now refuses as a rule to look at a weighing machine. Mr. German is not a bit touchy about his age, but owns up to thirty-six years on earth, stating that he arrived in Baltimore, Md., June 2, 1870, a small, but extremely pretty, baby.

There was some sweepstake shooting in addition to the match, the totals of which follow:

	Shot at	Brk.		Shot at	Brk.
Foord	200	183	Skelly	100	80
Squier	225	213	Banks	75	57
McKelvey	150	133	Turner	75	53
German	225	221	Roser	75	61
Butler	125	101	Porter	75	63

W. Pa. T. S. L.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 10.—Herewith are the scores of the last meet of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held on the grounds of the North Side Gun Club, at Carnegie, Pa., Thursday, Oct. 4.

The weather was unfavorable owing to the high wind and plenty of rain, making shooting quite hard; nevertheless, under these adverse circumstances, records for the League were broken and set at a high standard for next year. Special mention should be made of the shooting done by Mr. D. W. Baker, of Allegheny, and Mr H. H. Stevens. Mr. Baker lost only 2 targets out of 180, the best previous record for the League being 173. H. H. Stevens was close second with 177, and Clifford third with 176. The squad record was also broken by squad No. 2 in event 9 and 10. The squad was composed of Clifford, Kelsey, Hickey, Fleming and Anderson. In event No. 9 they broke 75 straight, and in event 10, 74 out of 75, Kelsey losing a hard left-quarterer. This made their total score 149 out of 150.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squier, H. H. Stevens, James Lewis, Charles G. Grubb and E. Reed Shaner, of the Sportsman's Supply Co., who also acted as cashier of the tournament.

This being the last tournament of the League, found eight men eligible to compete for the Lefever gun. This event was at 25 targets, handicaps 15 to 20yds. The scores of this event are also appended. Kelsey and Anderson tied for a gun, with 24 out of 25, Kelsey shooting from 20yds. and Anderson from 18. In the shoot-off Kelsey dropped his second target, and Anderson broke his; the event being miss-and-out, Anderson was declared the winner amid applause from the spectators.

The system in which this League has been running this year was of paying back the entrance fee, so the great success at the close of the season, there is still $100 in the treasury to be divided among the contestants, as ordered by the board of control. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Baker	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	178
Stevens	15	15,	14	15	15	15	14	14	15	15	15	15	177
Clifford	15	14	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	176
Kelsey	15	15	15	15	15	13	14	14	14	15	14	15	174
Fleming	13	15	14	14	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	15	173
Bilsing	14	14	15	15	15	15	13	14	14	13	14	15	171
Squier	14	14	14	15	15	15	13	13	13	14	14	15	169
Matthews	14	15	13	14	14	15	13	15	13	13	12	13	164
Anderson	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	13	11	15	15	13	163
Hickey	12	13	15	13	13	14	12	14	14	15	15	12	162
C S C	14	14	15	15	13	12	11	15	14	11	14	14	162
Atkinson	13	14	12	13	15	12	11	14	13	15	14	14	160
Moore	14	14	12	13	13	15	13	15	13	10	12	14	158
King	13	12	14	13	12	15	12	15	14	13	12	12	157
J F C	13	11	15	13	14	12	12	11	15	14	12	12	154
Curry	13	13	11	13	13	13	14	14	12	11	10	15	152
Anthony	11	14	11	12	13	12	13	15	11	15	14	11	152
Donley	13	12	13	12	12	14	11	15	12	12	10	15	157
Jessop	13	12	10	11	12	12	14	11	14	13	12	14	148
Rosenkeimer	13	13	12	13	12	12	13	11	13	12	10	12	146
McKean	14	13	11	13	15	12	12	10	12	12	12	10	146
Hill	12	15	15	14	13	12	10	13	11	6	11	13	145
McGlashen	11	14	11	12	10	11	13	11	14	11	11	14	143
Thompson	13	12	11	12	9	10	14	13	12	11	12	13	142
Crawford	12	13	9	10	9	14	9	14	14	11	11	15	141
Toney	8	14	12	11	15	14	13	13	14	7	11	9	140
Kingsbery	13	11	12	12	13	6	12	14	11	10	10	12	136
J N Prigg	12	12	12	8	8	13	11	10	14	10	11	14	135
Jack	10	13	11	12	12	13	12	10	10	13	8		134
Howard	12	11	10	11	13	13	10	9	12	11	7	10	129
McMillen	..	..	14	13	13	12	9	13	13	14	14	13	128
J Prigg	11	12	10	13	13	9	8	6	9	7	7	3	108

Lefever special event:

	Yds.	Brk.		Yds.	Brk.
Clifford	20	23	Anderson	18	24
Kelsey	20	24	Moore	19	19
Hickey	20	22	Baker	20	23
Fleming	20	21	Bilsing	20	19

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Anderson	18	11	Kelsey	20	10

E. Reed Shaner.

Atlanta Gun Club Tournament.

The scores made at the tournament of the Atlanta, Ga., Gun Club, Oct. 5 and 6, are as follows:

Oct. 14, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Brk.
Col Anthony	19	18	19	17	15	18	16	16	19	17	174
C Jones	17	15	18	19	13	16	13	16	15	19	161
E Jones	19	19	19	18	17	18	15	18	18	17	177
Crayton	18	19	20	18	18	17	19	16	18	17	180
Bates	18	13	18	17	19	19	17	16	16	17	170
Freeman	20	19	20	18	20	20	20	18	18	20	193
Hall	19	17	18	19	20	20	19	17	18	20	187
Bordoin	20	18	17	20	18	20	18	19	18	20	188
Hightower	16	20	19	18	18	19	20	20	16	18	184
Ward	19	19	19	19	17	20	20	20	18	18	189
Blunt	19	17	16	18	20	18	18	17	20	16	179
Lawton	16	17	17	14	17	17	15	16	13	10	152
Ford	20	19	19	20	20	19	19	19	20	18	193
Honey	14	15	12	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	71
Boker	19	19	18	16	18	16	20	20	14	18	178
Halt	19	18	17	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	91

Oct. 15, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Brk.
Col Anthony	14	19	17	16	16	19	18	16	17	17	169
C Jones	17	20	18	18	19	17	13	17	14	17	170
Crayton	18	19	19	20	19	20	19	19	20	17	190
Baker	16	17	18	16	16	18	18	16	14	15	164
Freeman	19	20	20	19	18	19	18	19	20	20	192
Hall	18	19	16	19	20	17	20	20	17	19	185
Bordoin	19	18	20	18	20	18	19	19	20	20	191
Hightower	19	20	17	15	19	19	18	20	16	19	182
Ward	19	17	16	17	19	19	19	18	19	20	183
Blunt	19	18	18	15	17	16	13	15	18	16	165
Lawton	15	17	15	17	14	16	19	14	17	17	151
Ford	19	18	20	19	18	19	20	18	19	20	190
Boker	19	20	19	13	15	19	17	18	19	19	178
Plummer	14	19	16	19	17	17	19	18	15	18	172
Holt	18	18	17	19	17	19	..	..	..	..	113
Needham	17	19	15	18	15	13	14	15	9	12	147

Hawkeye Gun Club.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—The Hawkeye Gun Club, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., held their regular shoot Thursday, Oct. 11. On account of the chilly weather, the attendance was small. J. W. Burgess won the club trophy with a score of 25 out of a possible 30.

The boys are planning a big turkey shoot for Thanksgiving Day, and a good time is promised all who attend. Scores, 30 targets, follow:

J W Burgess	25	R J Rick	16
A J Smith	22	W Stusak	14
C R Hartinger	22	C A Pearce	14
John Hayek	17	F Rohrbacher	11
L Stusak	17		

Secretary.

Marion Tournament.

Marion, Ind., Oct. 10.—The past two days will long be remembered by the members of the newly organized Marion Gun Club. Tuesday and Wednesday were chosen as the time to hold their first annual tournament, and now that it is a matter of history and the visiting shooters have departed for their homes, the home boys are satisfied that they have done their part, and that the failure, so far as the last day was concerned, may all be attributed to the weather.

Who in eastern Indiana ever knew of a snowstorm in this locality coming before a frost? Well, such was the state of the weather on Oct. 10, in the city of Marion, and this, together with the wind and cold rain of the first day, cut down the attendance so noticeably the second day.

On Tuesday there were thirty-five present, many of them being the best shots of the state, and yet don't read the scores and say that all were out of form, as the strong wind and black clouds would put any one to the bad. Only Kit Shepardson held up well, and he is so broad-shouldered that the wind could not blow him out of line. When Heikes lets 15 get the best of him and Lee Barkley more than that, then others have a license to go way down to below the 85 and 90 marks.

The club has fine grounds, well situated on the street car line, thus easy of access; background open and eastward, with club house and automatic trap. Thus the foundation is here to build up a club, and now that the members number seventy-five, with live officers, possessing the spirit of enterprise, the lovers of trapshooting may hope to attend many good tournaments at this club's grounds in the future.

Those present were: K. C. Shepardson, La Grange, Ind.; Austin Flynn, Wabash; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; L. H. Reid, New Paris, O.; C. E. Baker, Richmond, Ind.; Lee Barkley, Chicago; F. L. Dukes and W. W. McDowell, Winamoc, Ind.; G. G. Williamson, Muncie, Ind.; C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; Joe Smiley, Matthews, Ind.; Horace Gill, Warren, Ind.; H. D. Thompson, Gas City, Ind.; Hal Shumac, Muncie, Ind.; Robert Bungway, Ocean Park, Cal.; George Bowen and Nelson Wise, Carmel, Ind.; Art. Spinney and Art. Humiston, Goodland; Art. McDaniels, Converse, Ind.; Ed. Faust, Marion, Ind.; Tom Parry, Gus Moeller and Fred Beck and Abe Martin, Indianapolis; John Miller, Logansport, Ind.; Dr. McKay, N. Nottistine, H. W. Tullis, Fred Howard, H. Creviston, Wm. Parker, C. Creviston, Tony George, Harry McClelland and Harry Sheldon, Marion.

Others of the Marion boys dropped and shot in part of the programme, as the ten events were divided on the Jack Rabbit system, and they stood to win ten cents for each target broken. The purses in the other events were 35, 30, 20 and 15.

The scores herewith will show which were the popular events, as, for instance, there were twenty-seven men faced the snowstorm in the ten events, and only fourteen in the 20-target race, six of these shooting for targets only.

Shortly after noon of the last day the snow fell so fast that the shooters looked like snow men by the time they had finished an event, yet there was some good shooting done. Squad No. 1 three times during the day missed by only one target of going straight. Pop Heikes made 88 straight and 108 out of the last 110. The surprise of the day was the man who shot under the name of Fleming. He made only 150 the first day, and then, under the assumed name, 187.

The Indianapolis boys had more fun than any one, and for the most of the time shot well, too. The scores in detail:

Oct. 9, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	20	15	Brk.
Shepardson	9	15	18	10	13	19	9	14	24	10	13	19	14	187
Flynn	3	9	16	7	9	11	8	12	21	9	11	20	14	150
Heikes	9	14	18	9	12	20	10	15	24	9	13	17	15	185
L H Reid.....	7	10	18	5	14	18	9	12	21	8	15	20	15	172
C E Baker.....	6	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	10	..	8	12	15	12
L Barkley.....	9	14	18	8	13	20	8	13	24	8	13	18	14	180
Dukes	9	11	14	7	12	14	9	13	20	10	..	..	..	...
McDowell	8	12	14	8	11	18	9	15	22	6	..	..	..	...
Williamson	10	13	15	5	12	18	9	10	23	7	..	..	..	...
Le Compte ...	8	12	16	7	13	15	8	12	23	10	13	14	14	165
Smiley	8	10	14	6	9	17	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
C Crevison.....	5	12	16	7	11	14	8	7	20	8	11	18	11	143
Gill	8	9	12	7	13	14	7	12	..	7	..	..	..	...
Thompson	7	7	13	6	12	16	7	11	23	8	13	12	12	145
Parker	8	6	7	7	9	11	8	9	14	7	8	13	11	118
Shumake	4	9	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bungay	6	12	14	7	10	16	6	9	21	..	..	4	13	...
H Creviston....	5	7	8	7	6	9	5	8	..	6	..	..	..	...
E Howard.....	7	..	11	6	..	..	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	...
Tullis	4	..	6	5	..	..	1	..	..	5	..	..	..	...
Bowen	6	11	18	10	15	16	8	14	23	9	14	19	14	177
Wise	10	12	17	9	12	19	7	15	22	6	12	17	14	172
Spinney	8	10	14	9	13	15	9	15	18	7	13	17	10	158
Humston	4	8	8	15	12	14	4	11	15	6	8	13	10	118
Nottistine	7	12	14	9	13	16	8	14	20	..	..	..	..	...
McDaniels	5	12	14	6	13	12	5	12	20	..	..	..	..	...
Faust	10	12	15	10	12	18	10	12	24	9	..	..	..	...
Tramp	8	13	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Parry	9	14	18	9	13	18	10	13	20	10	11	18	12	175
Martin	8	13	14	9	14	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Moeller	7	11	16	10	11	15	7	11	23	7	9	19	11	157
Beck	6	11	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Miller	6	10	12	..	11	7	7	12	17	..	..	..	..	...
Bowser	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	5	..	4	..	..	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	...
McClellan	..	..	6	9	..	2	..	7	4	4	..	..	..	...

Oct. 10, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	20	15	Brk.
Shepardson ...	10	14	16	9	11	16	10	12	21	10	13	19	15	176
Fleming	10	14	15	9	12	18	9	14	24	9	15	20	13	187
Heikes	10	13	17	8	15	18	10	15	25	10	15	19	14	189
Reed	10	13	16	7	12	17	8	14	22	10	15	18	15	177
Barkley	9	15	19	8	15	16	8	14	23	10	15	18	13	183
Parry	9	13	18	8	14	18	9	15	22	9	11	18	14	178
Moller	10	11	16	4	13	15	9	13	17	5	14	19	15	161
Bowen	9	10	16	8	13	17	9	11	19	8	10	15	12	159
Le Compte	8	13	13	7	11	14	9	13	22	6	12	18	12	158
Wise	10	13	17	7	14	16	10	13	19	10	11	19	13	170
Fuller	6	..	..	7	..	..	3	..	..	6	..	..	..	...
Howard	8	..	..	5	..	..	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	...
Le Monte	6	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bowser	3	..	..	1	..	..	4	..	..	8	..	..	..	...
Bumgay	8	11	12	5	14	16	8	12	17	8	14	14	12	151
Little	6	12	14	10	11	19	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	...
H Creviston...	6	..	..	4	..	..	7	11	..	6	..	..	..	...
Thompson	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Jones	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Parker	6	..	..	4	..	..	4	..	..	8	..	..	..	...
McClellan	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	11	...
Thomas	6	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McKay	1	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	...
Nesbitt	8	10	..	..	..	10	2	7	..	..	11	..	..	...
Farrell	8	9	..	6	10	15	7	9	19	7	..	..	..	...
Tramp	..	..	18	9	13	18	8	..	..	..	..	19	..	...

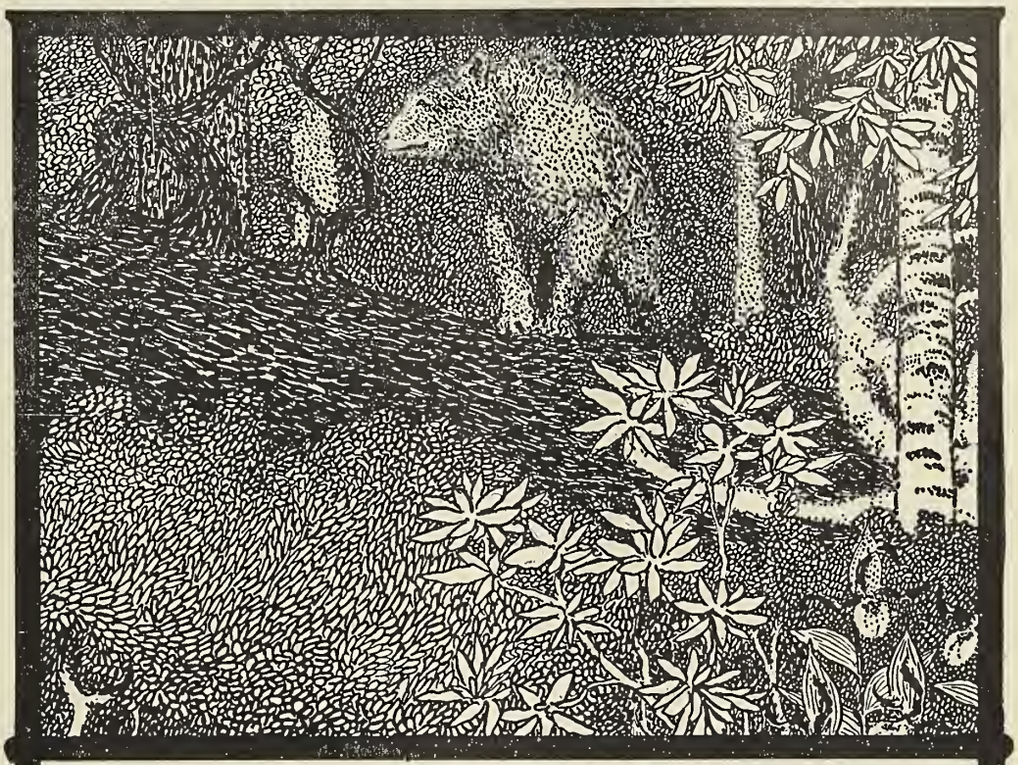
Professional averages, 400 shot at:

Heikes	374	Reid	349
L Barkley	363	Le Compte	323

Amateur averages, 400 shot at:

Shepardson	363	Wise	342
Parry	353	Bowen	336

WINCHESTER



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Send for catalogue describing this and all Winchester Rifles and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, L. I., Oct. 9.—The weather was a mixture of rainstorm and hurricane. Everyone stood at 16yds. Mr. Schortemeier shot a 28-bore, and did remarkably well with the midget gun.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	15	15
J A R Elliott.....	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..
Frank Butler	8	10	9	9	..	11	11	..
Jack Fanning	12	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
Schorty	8	..	8	6	7	..	5	..
Capt Reierson.....	8	10	9	8	..	20	12	..
Grinell	12	13	13	14	20	..	..	..
M B Pendas.....	6	7	9	7	..	..	..	..
J M Pendas.....	6	5	7	3	..	..	..	..
Moffatt	14	13	15	15	21	22	11	13
Goehring	12	13	11	11	19	..	..	..
Schorty, 28-gauge	..	13	..	..	..	18	..	..
Fessenden	..	9	7	6	9	..	8	..
P May	..	..	11	9	14	14	10	..
F Maier	..	..	11	8	15	..	10	..
Capt Dreyer	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
H Bergen	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Wynne	..	..	10	10	15	..	..	..
Dondera	..	..	..	7	16	..	9	..
Hans	..	..	..	12	18	..	14	..
Folsom	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	..

WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

On account of the duck season being near at hand many of the Pueblo, Colo., shooters turned out at the last practice shoot to get their eye on 'em. At 25 targets Reger broke 23, Kellin 14, Fritz 20, McCafferty 18, Gray 19, Reynolds 18, Tillman 16, Douglas 17, Graham 21, Hughes 22, Croft 23.

Gus Neff, Veedersburg, Ill., has started a gun club. He will hold a tournament and has invited John E. Long, president of the Danville Club, to assist in the organization of the new club. Illinois is a big state, and the big corn crop there will justify the boys in having some fun with the shotgun.

Shooting at Richmond, Va., is now on the increase. At the last meeting of the club the events were not all finished, as darkness set in, as there were shooters enough for two sets of traps. One of the things worth mentioning in this connection is that P. W. Payne has not shot at 500 targets, and yet he is now making 90 per cent. scores. Those shooting at 75 to-day had scores as follows: S. Janowski 71, P. W. Payne 66, Winchester 65, J. A. Anderson 65, Wiley Lawrence 65, James Tignor 64, P. J. Flippen 60, H. Brown 58, Walsh 56, Stone 52, John Pigeon 50, Mouty 50.

It was a great day for the Fort Wayne leaguers on Sunday last, as a full team was out from each club. Fort Wayne Gun Club defeated the Independents and then the Broadway club beat the old and well-known rod and gun club. Scores: Wayne 191, Independents 159, Broadway 165, Corner Rod and Gun Club 131. This is a forerunner for next year, when these contests will run through the season as a League. These clubs are mostly composed of Germans, and they shoot on Sunday.

Morton has won out over Kleinhaus at the medal shoot at Topeka, Kans., and now that Kleinhaus is not satisfied, there will be another match, and possibly the club will be enabled to put the trophy into competition again.

Chas. R. White, Belton, Tex., won the prize at the last shoot held at Temple by outscoring Livingston on the tie. None of the scores were very high, but then the shooters are enthusiastic and will improve. Scores at 75 targets: White 17, Livingston 17, Booker 16, Kendall 15, Campbell 13, Jarrell 13, Jackson 7, Sherrill 6, Cox 5.

Mr. Gary Arehart, a prominent member of the Chicago Gun Club, was a visitor last week at his old home, Hamilton, O., where he was welcomed by the shooters of that burg.

Now comes the information that the gun club at Muscatine, Ia., has awakened from its slumbers, and will hold a shoot at the old Rolling Mill site. Last year there were some good scores made, and the prospects are bright for the future if the man with the push is elected as leader.

There is something doing in the old town of Vincennes, Ind., as shoots are held weekly on the fair grounds.

Members of the Mishawaka, Ind., Gun Club, met Sunday last. Henry Hansman made the highest score, 42 out of 50. Others close up.

After an enthusiastic meeting, at which all was harmony, the members of the Mishawaka, Ind., Gun Club elected officers as follows: Ernest Beebe, president; George Vinson, vice-president; Walter Bronson, secretary; George Eberhart, treasurer. The club propose to secure new grounds and push the shooting more vigorously during the coming year.

The East End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., is keeping up regular practice shoots, having now a valuable trophy to shoot for, and that brings out a full delegation of its members.

Several of the duck hunters of Wichita, Kans., have leased the lake south of town and the shooters not members will be barred from that old historic grounds in the future.

Eighteen members of the Marion, Ind., Gun Club met last week, on Tuesday, and had an interesting shoot. Thompson was high for the day with 112 out of 125. The boys were getting into line for their tournament. Frank Howard shot at 75, broke 47. Lew Bowser (50) 28, Fred Tully (50) 15, Harry Creviston (100) 73, Al La Mont (25) 15, Alvah Nesbitt (100) 75, Hilton Tullis (70) 36, H. C. McClellan (75) 56, William Parker (50) 41, H. Thompson (125) 112, G. Chambers (60) 41, C. Creviston (125) 107.

Trapshooting closed week before last at Ingleside, Colo., so far as the wing championship was concerned, and Mr. Otto Feudner won out with a straight score from the 31yd. line. Scores at 20 live birds: M. O. Feudner (31yds.) 20, W. L. Nelson (27) 20, Pete Walsh (29) 19, Ed. Schultze (30) 19, A. J. Webb (27) 18, E. C. Nauman (28) 18, W. E. Murdock (26) 18, F. Turner (26) 17, E. A. Fano (25) 15. Walsh beat out Nauman in a 17-bird race with 16 to 12. Capt. Lawry, Adams, of the Belvidere Gun Club, was present and shot as a guest.

Fifty-nine members of the Denison, Tex., Gun Club were present at the meeting held last Tuesday, at which time officers were elected and reports of finances and other matters disposed of. The officers chosen were: C. D. Kingston, president; J. W. Madden, vice-president; W. H. Halton, secretary; L. B. Moore, treasurer; Board of directors: C. W. Rutledge, O. W. Hulet, B. J. Lindsay, F. B. Hughes, A. Evans, H. W. Lingo, A. W. Hopkins, D. D. Crawford and E. E. Davis.

The Arenzville Gun Club has effected a reorganization after a somewhat long period of inactivity, and will hold a series of trap contests.

There was a good attendance at the Bay City, Mich., Gun Club shoot on Tuesday last. Chas. Bradfield was high and carried off the medal. Scores, at 50 targets: C. Bradfield 37, Johnston 32, A. Bradfield 30, McLean 29, Petit 29, Gonyaw 28, Kinderman 23, Baughner 18, Ryder 17, Hicks 15, Laflame 12.

Only seven members of the Cripple Creek, Colo., Gun Club were out last Sunday at the traps, but they report a good time. Three of these were new members. At 25 targets Curry broke 20, Dingman 23, Eads 15, Franklin 17, Fryber 19, Cowell 15, Coppeland 12.

The Ames, Ia., Gun Club will hold a shoot on the 21st, and members are out three times a week getting into practice for the event.

Officers of the Fort Leavenworth, Kans., military post have organized a gun club, and will shoot at least one Sunday during each month at targets.

About forty shooters were out at the tournament held at Wahpeton, N. D., last week. Some of the scores were wonderful, as western men have plenty of opportunity for shooting in the field as well as at the traps. Dr. Allen, of Staples, made a run of 94 straight, and 97 per cent for the two days. Mr. Martin, of Aberdeen, was second with 90 per cent. Dan Morrison was present, but he only shot in part of the events, as he was cashier. Scores at 195: Saylor 173, Dewit 168, Nashold 165, Sednan 175, Jensen 173, Wilson 160, Marshall 145.

During the fair at Gladwin, Mich., there was a trap shoot held as a side issue, which proved interesting.

J. G. Gray won the medal on 25 straight at the Boise, Idaho, shoot, held Sunday last, while C. M. Bollinger won the 50-target event with 43. The scores, by percentage: J. G. Gray 96, B. S. Eastman 84, J. Cage 77, W. Schultz 77, W. Teeler 74, H. B. Granel 72, H. Bayhouse 91, H. Lemp 62, G. F. Mathews 56, F. Matthews 44, Ray Martin 41.

Semi-monthly contest of the Grove Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., held last Sunday, was not as well patronized as usual, owing to ducks being in the marsh. Marshall won Class A medal, Katz Class B, and Martin Class C.

Terry won A medal, Randall B, and Knott C at the last shoot of the Detroit, Mich., Gun Club. The attendance was small, though the membership is large. Scores, at 25 targets: Knott 16, Carter 21, Randall 18, Terry 22, Briggs 12, Sipe 20, Davis 18, Bagg 5, Stenton 15, Teachant 20.

Dallas shooters were out in force at their last meeting. Besides the bluerock targets, there were live birds. The live birds were shot somewhat on the old-time order, 10 birds, $5 entrance. Scores were: F. P. Webster 10, W. Jones 10, Dr. Cram 10, John Hay 10, M. L. Stith 10, Ed. A. Mosely 9, Harry Faurote 9, Mr. Cope 9, Bud Jones 9, F. D. Doran 7, MacJones 6. John Worden has been challenged by E. A. Mosely to shoot a race at 100 targets.

With ideal weather the National Park Gun Club, Livingston, Mont., held their shoot last Thursday. The best part of the shoot was the run of Mr. Duff of 44 straight, he being a new man at the shooting game. Mr. Brooks is now leading by one point on the medal. Scores at 25 targets: Duff 25, Mertz 23, Gemmett 24, Prather 20, Shamleck 17, J. Jondro 21, Callahan 16, Confarr 25.

H. H. Polk was high man at the last shoot held by the Des Moines, Ia., Golf and Country Club. Though this club is a new one, the sport has encouraged the members to the extent of erecting a club house that can be warmed, with a view of shooting during the winter. Scores: Patton 20, Prouty 16, Polk 15, Miller 15, Finkbine 14.

George Keating, Greenfield, Ia., made a good score at the tournament at Adair, Ia., last Tuesday, this being his first time up at a shoot with the crack shots, his record is all the more enviable. He only missed 10 out of 200, and in the country cup he was third. Baker, of Adair, was first with a straight score.

Dr. H. W. De Jarnett, of Centralia, Mo., won the cup at the State Sportsman's Association tournament at Lexington, Mo., with 50 straight, thus beating out J. R. Wilmot. Dennis J. Holland, of Macon, won a prize also on 20 straight. The shooting park is a fine one, and all present were pleased with the success they had.

Capt George E. Bartlett gave an exhibition last week at Escanaba, Mich., which was enjoyed by a large crowd of onlookers.

The organization of the Rockaway Gun Club, at Oshkosh, Wis., will start the other clubs to action, so it is hoped. This club is started for shooting purposes only, at clay targets. There will be shoots held weekly on the farm of Chas. Daniel, where the trap has been put in place. As there are now forty-five members, all enthusiasts, it is expected that this will prove to be the leading club of the city. The officers are: President, Chas. Erickson; vice-president, Henry Faustgen; secretary, and treasurer, James Winstanley; recording secretary, C. E. Vogtman, and captain, Charles L. Aubach.

Messrs. E. P. Matthewson, Ben Mahan, L. G. Smith, H. H. Nell and Chas. Goddard were the Anaconda, Mont., men who went to Helena to attend the tournament, and they report bringing home their full share of the money prizes.

The North End Gun Club, Port Huron, Mich., called on the Port Edward Club for a match, but were much disappointed, as the Port Edward men did not show up. So they spent some two hours shooting for amusement. Scores at 25 targets: Hazelwood 21, Pilkey 21, Luck 22, Schnoor 20, Nurnburg 19.

In the shoot Friday last at Maysville, Ky., R. L. Trimble won the high score with 184 out of 205. W. G. Green won the amateur score with 181.

The Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., defeated the Atchison, Kans., club last Sunday by the margin of 5 targets, shooting at 175 targets: St. Joe 157, Atchison 152. The following totals were made in the sweeps, which included in all 75 targets: Dougherty 73, Roberts 70, Lytle 67, Wildberger 66, Jones 56, Akins 53, F. Duty 73, Kullman 66, M. Duty 70, Hines 66, Fenton 55, Rore 60, Bristol 61, Howland 43, Krache 28.

The Never Hit Gun Club, St. Joseph, Mo., shot last Sunday at Tweddle's grove. At 25 targets, Shumacher broke 14, Wicpert 19, Wilson 22, Inman 15, Simmon 13, Duel 16, Ingstom 12.

Although the wind was very brisk on Saturday last, the members of the Columbus, O., Gun Club turned out and shot well. Shattuck won Wolf trophy with 37, Baker was high for the shell company trophy, Webster in the arms trophy. A team of six men was organized for the Chillicothe shoot. Scores at 25 targets: Buchanan 21, Shattuck 20, Webster 24, Ward 19, Wilson 19, Lohr 17, Cavanaugh 16, Wagner 17, Selbach 17, Broit 16, Landacre 18, Shirk 16, Baker 22.

Mrs. Madison Squeer—I suppose, in your Grace's family, there are a number of historic jewels.

His Grace—Yes, indeed. I must get them out some day and show them to you, by Jove.

Mrs. Madison Squeer—Ah, then, you still have the tickets?

Delaware State Tournament.

The tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League was a one-day affair. It was held on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, under the auspices of the Blue Ball Gun Club. Owing to several circumstances, it was hurriedly arranged, so much so, indeed, that there was not the necessary time to give it the publicity essential to drawing a large attendance from near and far.

The weather was clear and cool, and the strong west wind, which blew across the traps from right to left, was laden with a chill which made overcoats a desideratum. It also made the targets wild and erratic of flight, the right-quarterers in particular climbing upward so fast that they escaped many a well-meant load. The light was good and the day was not unpleasant. Competition began shortly before 10 o'clock. Thirty-six shooters took part in the sweepstake events, of which there were eleven, six at 15 and five at 20 targets, the latter constituting the 100-target contest for the individual championship. The scores at the 100 targets, made by the sixteen contestants were as follows: Reed 66, Richardson 77, Terry 79, Evans 67, Squier 92, Foord 91, McKelvey 84, Edmonson 80, Tuchton 72, Melchior 69, Skelly 85, Koerner 57, Talley 57, Springer 68, Hill 73, George Edmonson 53. Thus, while Mr. L. J. Squier was victor on a good score, 92, he was closely pressed for the honors by Mr. Wm. M. Foord, who was only one target less than the victor, who had to break his last 20 straight to win.

The five-man team championship contest had four entrants, Wawaset, Dover, Wilmington and Blue Ball. Wawaset scored 198 out of a possible 250. Messrs. Richardson and Foord made high individual scores, 46, in the team contest. The scores:

Wawaset.		Dover.	
McKelvey	21 22—43	Richardson	23 23—46
Tuchton	20 14—34	Reed	19 23—42
Foord	22 24—46	Terry	21 22—43
C Buck	15 20—35	Evans	15 18—33
Roser	20 20—40—198	Cleaver	17 15—22—196
Wilmington.		**Blue Ball.**	
Geo Simon	17 18—35	Talley	17 18—35
C Hahn	20 16—36	Miller	20 19—39
Sprenger	19 19—38	C H Simon	17 15—32
Hill	14 17—31	Ewing	21 17—38
Burroughs	17 21—38—178	Husbands	17 16—33—177

The professionals present were Messrs. Neaf Apgar, J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore; L. S. German, L. J. Squier, J. T. Skelly and F. E. Butler.

Mrs. W. K. Park shot through the greater part of the programme, and considering the difficult targets and the little practice she has had of late, she scored well.

Messrs. Squier and German tied for high average on 176 out of a possigle 190. Mr. W. M. Foord was second with 170 and Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was third with 165.

The cashier's department was run by Mr. L. J. Squier in the skillful and prompt manner for which he is famous. He was a busy man much of the time between shooting and attending to the office work, yet he was as unperturbed at all times as if he was enjoying the sunshine of a May morning. The scores in the sweepstake events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Brk.
Hawkins	12	12	13	14	13	14	20	19	16	16	16	190	165
Reed	9	9	13	12	12	11	12	16	10	12	15	190	132
Richardson	13	14	11	12	14	12	13	13	18	16	17	190	158
Terry	8	10	13	8	11	11	18	15	15	16	15	190	140
Evans	7	7	13	11	10	9	14	12	13	14	14	190	124
German	14	14	13	13	14	15	20	19	17	19	18	190	176
Squier	13	15	13	14	14	15	17	18	19	18	20	190	176
Foord	12	14	14	15	12	12	19	18	17	18	19	190	170
McKelvey	12	12	13	13	14	11	20	18	16	15	15	190	159
Apgar	10	15	11	10	14	13	17	18	14	18	18	190	158
Edmanson	12	10	9	11	12	11	16	14	17	18	15	190	145
Roser	12	11	12	14	11	14	9	..	..	..	..	110	83
Ressler	13	10	10	14	11	13	16	19	15	17	18	190	156
Newcomb	11	13	7	13	14	14	18	18	17	..	..	150	125
Tuchton	10	12	12	10	13	12	15	13	16	13	15	190	141
Watts	12	13	8	11	12	14	16	12	16	13	15	190	142
Butler	12	13	13	13	12	11	15	13	12	12	15	190	141
Mrs Park	9	13	11	11	11	10	15	10	16	16	..	170	122
France	8	8	12	10	9	10	13	13	17	15	12	190	127
C H Simon	12	4	9	7	6	10	14	11	..	..	..	130	73
McCarty	15	14	13	14	15	14	16	19	19	19	14	190	172
Melchior	9	14	12	8	10	9	14	13	14	12	16	190	131
Husbands	8	10	10	9	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	90	59
W H Ewing	8	13	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	41
C Buck	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	45	32
Cleaver	..	..	..	..	9	13	16	13	..	..	..	70	51
Skelly	..	..	13	12	11	15	19	16	17	17	16	160	136
Koerner	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	11	11	100	57
Talley	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	9	13	13	100	57
Springer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	17	16	12	100	68
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	11	18	13	100	73
Hamlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	13	13	13	100	69
Dr Buck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	40	28
G Edmanson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	11	13	100	53
G Simon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	18

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 13.—The scores made at the weekly shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club today are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	10	25	15	10	25	25	25	25
J Spaeth	14	9	20	..	..	17	19	20	19
C Polhemos	8	4	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
J Wilkinson	4	5	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Lewis	7	6	12	11	7	..	12	..	..
W Banta	7	5	19	10	6	12	16	..	..
F Lewis	9	2	14	8	5	8	11	..	..
H Wright	9	5	12	9	..	13	12	9	10
G Herman	..	5	18	6	5	17	16	19	15
E Planten	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	..	..
F Storms	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..
J Hulmer	..	..	..	7	3	..	..	..	..
J Halliwell	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1 000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

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Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the fourth series. In the club trophy event McDonald and George won in Class A on 22; T. L. Smedes won Class B on 24; Thomas won Class C on 19.

In the Dupont cup event, McDonald won in Class A on 15; T. L. Smedes won in Class B on 15; Thomas won in Class C on 9.

Several miss-and-out events were shot and some sweeps.

The day was fine for target shooting, but the counter attraction of the world's championship baseball games told on attendance.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
McDonald	22	15	9	8	5	8
Meek	19	11	7	6	9	5
Thomas	19	9	10	8	9	8
A Smedes	18	14	8	9	5	5
T Smedes	24	15	7	10	7	9
Eaton	20	10	6	8	2	5
Dr Reynolds	22	10	..	..	8	9
George	19	14	8	7	8	9
Ford	16	13	..	..	8	10
Herr	20	9	9	7	2	5
Paul Meek	..	..	5	..	..	..

No. 1 was club trophy. No. 2 was Dupont cup.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Length of Barrels.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to ask your readers if any of them have knowledge of any tests ever having been made showing results obtained when using nitro powders, with different length barrels? Stated another way: Is a shotgun with 30in. barrels more efficient than one with 26in. or less so than one with 32in.?

Thirty inches seems to have been adopted as the standard length for shotgun barrels, so long ago that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. This was in the days of black powder. Now that nitro powders are generally used, is there any reason for sticking to the standard length, 30in.? If not, what is the proper length? If a 26in. barrel will produce equally as good pattern and penetration as a 30in., why should we burden ourselves carrying around 4in. of unnecessary barrel? There is no question but what the gun with the shorter barrel can be swung and handled generally more quickly, but will it shoot as well?

I am led to these inquiries from a conversation had a few days since with a gun man, who told me a friend of his had made a number of tests and proved conclusively that a gun with 26in. barrels produced equally as good results as one with 30in.

The powder men should be able to answer this question, as it resolves itself into the proposition, how long should a barrel be to allow all the powder to burn and the gases to perfectly develop?

I am only one of many that I am sure would be glad to have some official information on this subject.

B. W. TEAL.

[The matter of proper length of barrel has been definitely settled long since. In determining the best barrel for shooting, the shooter must be considered as much as the length of barrel. A 26in. barrel will shoot as well as a 30in. barrel, but a shooter cannot align it so accurately. Considering the combined advantages of alignment and ballistic properties, the 30in. barrel has been fixed upon as the best compromise in respect to length.]

The Winchester Squad.

THE Winchester squad, the members of which are Messrs. W. R. Crosby, J. M. Hawkins, John S. Boa, J. R. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Ad Topperwein, started on a tour which is to include the principal cities of the south. They opened their exhibition at Baltimore, and will work south as far as New Orleans. When it is considered that this squad includes some of the greatest experts of the world, the champion rifle expert of the world, and possibly the greatest lady shot in the world, it is easy to imagine the interest which these exhibitions will evoke.

WINCHESTER SQUAD.

W. R. Crosby. Ad. Topperwein. J. M. Hawkins
John S. Boa. J. R. Taylor.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 13.—Handicaps apply in events 3, 4, 5 and 6 only. Event 1, prize a box of cigars, was won by F. W. Moffett with 13 breaks to his credit. Event 3, for a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, was won by Colquitt, who, after missing his first target, broke 24 straight. Events 4 and 5, entry and re-entry, for the Sauer gun, was tied for by Boxall and Cockefair, at 23, Allan, who had broken 24 targets, not complying with the conditions of the contest. This tie remains to be shot off at a later date on account of darkness intervening.

Event 6, the weekly event for the Colquitt prize, was won by Mr. Cockefair, he making the highest score of those competing.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	25	25	25	25	25
P Allan	7	4	..	17	17	9	..
A R Allan	9	7	24	24	20	16	..
O Force, 6	7	5	15	17	19	..	..
Batten, 4	4	6	17	18	..	16	..
Moffett	13	9	21	18	21	15	20
Boxall, 2	11	9	21	23	21	19	..
Cockefair, 2	8	..	..	21	23	20	..
Nott, Jr, 2	..	8	17	21	..	..	..
Colquitt	..	10	24	22	20	22	21
Frost	..	6	4	..	5	..	..
Holloway, 4	..	..	18	20	13	..	..
Doremus, 6	..	..	..	17	13	15	..
Hartshorne, 6	..	..	..	12	13	13	..
Dukes	..	..	..	17	23	..	17
Robinson, 7	..	..	..	..	20	..	12
D N Force, Jr	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
P Harrison	..	..	..	..	20	..	15

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Huntington Gun Club.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Oct. 6.—The following members of the Huntington Gun Club met at their grounds yesterday in competition for the Dupont cup. The following scores were made, F. H. Merrick making high score, with N. M. Prindle a close second:

Merrick	48	Frazer	42
Prindle	46	Appling	41
Sample	44	Parrish	39
Douthet	44		

The club will give a two-day tournament Oct. 23 and 24. All are invited.

HUNTINGTON GUN CLUB.

"So," said one of the guests at the wedding of Mr. Roxley's daughter, "your house loses a daughter to-day?"

"Huh!" snorted the old man. "I don't know yet whether the house loses a daughter or merely gains a son-in-law."—Philadelphia Record.

AMERICANS VICTORIOUS!

The Anglo-American Rifle Competition between the Queen's Westminster Volunteers and the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. N. G., at Creedmoor, N. Y., Oct. 2 and 3, 1906, resulted in a decisive victory for the Seventh Regiment team; all the members using the famous .30-cal. bullet manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Company. The team and individual scores indicate once more the superior results attained by the use of

PETERS AMMUNITION

The score of the American team was 1648 out of a possible 1800 points—which establishes a new record for a match of this kind—consisting of 15 shots per man at 500, 600, 800 and 1000 yards. Sargent Short won the prize for high individual score, and Private Meyer led the Reserves, both members of the Seventh Regiment team.

PETERS CARTRIDGES won the highest honors and a majority of the prizes at Sea Girt, Aug. 24-Sept. 6; 21 out of 23 matches at the Ohio State Rifle Association Meeting, Sept. 10-15, and 11 out of 13 matches at the Illinois State Rifle Competition, Sept. 15-16. PETERS QUALITY will win anywhere, any time, under equal conditions.

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The Story of a Prairie People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth, 300 pages. Price, $1.75.

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Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 13.—Webster was high in the Peters trophy event with 46 out of 50, and Buchanan was high in the Hunter Arms Co. trophy with 44 out of 50.

It was a beautiful afternoon for shooting. A number of our members were out at the horse show.

Long-range rifle shooting is becoming very popular, and some are out nearly every day.

Hunter Arms Co. trophy shoot, 30 singles and 10 doubles:

	Broke.	Per Cent.		Broke.	Per Cent.
Buchanan	44	88	J H Smith	39	78
Webster	42	84	Weinman	38	76
Chamberlain	39	78	H E Smith	41	82

Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, 50 singles:

Buchanan	44	88	J H Smith	38	76
Webster	46	92	H E Smith	40	80
Chamberlain	38	76			

Sweepstakes, Nos.:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	30	20
Buchanan	22	22	22	21	21	27	17
Webster	24	22	23	24	23	26	16
Chamberlain	19	19	25	20	..	25	14
J H Smith	20	18	14	..	..	24	15
H E Smith	19	21	23	..	..	25	16
Weinman	22	..	..	..	..	23	15
Wells	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sims	19	..	..	..	..	..	..

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence Revolver Club.

IT was not enough that we have the usual Providence storm on a Saturday, which interferes with attendance, but our Tuesday night shoot was coupled with a severe thunderstorm and gale. A few braved the general nastiness and shot well.

Our rifle team went over to Taunton, Mass., on the 13th and shot a match at 200yds., with the members of the Taunton Rifle Club; and it goes down on record as one of the most enjoyable shoots we have had this year. This team match has been hanging fire for some time. Our opponents were one man shy, so it was agreed to have them select one of their number to shoot a second string. We also give them credit for two points on one man's string, for upon going over the scores at this end we found either a mistake in copying or an error in making up the score. As it is, we unexpectedly led by enough margin to make us feel good-natured. It was expected a team from Attleboro would also compete, but could not make the date convenient. Scores were as follows:

Providence.	Sighting Shots.	Scores.	
A B Coulters	3	3 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4	42
A C Hurlburt	3	3 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 4	41
Wm Almy	5	4 2 4 3 4 4 5 5 4 5	40
Ed C Parkhurst	0	3 4 4 4 5 3 4 4 4 4	39
E Holmberg	4	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	39
H Powel	4	4 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4	37
F S Mayo	4	0 3 4 4 4 4 2 4 4 3	32—270
Taunton.			
D J Atwood	2	4 4 4 4 4 3 2 5 5 4	39
G S Harrington	4	5 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4	39
H Howes	3	2 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4	39
A B Hodges	4	4 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 3	38
A Coleman	4	4 4 3 5 5 3 4 2 3 4	37
Smith		5 4 3 4 3 4 4 3 3 4	37
H Livingston	5	4 4 2 4 4 4 2 5 3 4	36—265

The next few weeks promise to be busy ones with us. We have been challenged to shoot a series of revolver matches with Troop B, Cavalry, which has finished the state competitions and feels capable of administering defeat for our bunch. They insist on Creedmoor count, but we hope to arrange on conditions something like the following: 50yds., seven men to team, 10 shots per man, any .38 or 45cal. revolver, any ammunition. First match Creedmoor count; second, Standard American; third, the choice of team making the highest aggregate total in the two previous shoots. Winning team to receive a trophy to be purchased by a joint committee of the two teams. First shoot, Oct. 20.

President Coulters has presented the club with a loving cup, to be competed for with rifles this fall and winter, 500 consecutive shots in a given time; charge not to exceed 4 grains of smokeless; 100 targets will be issued each competitor, and every score must be turned in; for a missing target the shooter will be penalized 25 points. The reduced Creedmoor target with 1in. bull and 2in. black will be used at 25yds.

There is also a prospect for a cup each for the revolver and rifle shooters. We are also planning a nice prize competition, which should be interesting.

Following are the evening indoor scores:

Revolver, 20yds., Standard: Parkhurst 84, 78; Hurlburt 83; Miller 81.

Rifle, 25yds., ¼in. ring target: Mayo, 238, 238, 242, 235, 235, 235, 237, 236, 236, 235; Gardiner, 238, 239, 238, 239.

Standard, 25yds.: Mayo 86, 80, 83.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 7. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with a good score of 225. Payne was high man on the honor target with 69 points. The scores:

Hasenzahl	225	217	213	212	209
Payne	223	218	217	216	214
Nestler	222	220	209	208	207

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A Few Recent Records

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 25-27—**High Average** won by Lester S. German (Amateur), Aberdeen, Md.

IVESDALE, Ill., Sept. 20-21—**First, Second** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 22-23—**First** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

TUCSON, Ariz., Sept. 23—**First General Average** and **First Amateur Average.**

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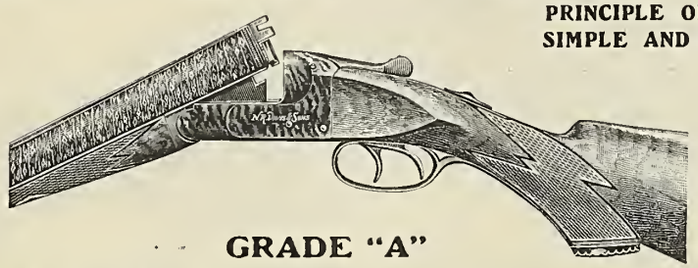

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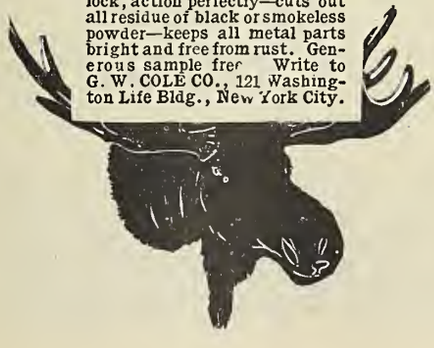

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JERSEY CITY, N.J.

Roberts	221	210	197	...	...
Hofer	212	210	204	197	196
Freitag	211	209	206	204	195
Drube	196	187	180	...	...
Le Count	188	170	165	159	111
Allen	179	178	177	166	158

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four Mile House, Reading road, Sept. 23. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Roberts was declared champion for the day with the good score of 221. He was also high man on the honor target with 72 points. The scores:

Roberts	221	213	211	210	204
Payne	218	215	215	212	212
Hasenzahl	217	217	212	207	202
Freitag	216	208	205	208	202
Drube	187	179	171	...	...
Allen	182	144	127	...	...
Le Count	152	151	...	...	...
*Krueger	214	...	...	...	...

*Rest.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

The last shoot in this club's outdoor series was held in the park, Union Hill, N. J., Oct. 11, in a strong wind. R. Busse was high on the ring target; D. Scharninghaus on the man, and H. D. Muller on the point target. The results at 200yds., offhand:

Ring target:

R Busse	67	E Berckman	59
F Schroeder	63	F Rolfes	57
H D Muller	62	F W Wessel, Jr.	56
J Jordan	62	C Ottman	49
D Meerse	60	H Roffman	49
D Scharninghaus	59		

Man target:

F Rolfes	55	J Jordan	54
D Scharninghaus	55	R Busse	53
F Schroeder	54	F W Wessel, Jr.	51
H D Muller	54	H Bockman	50
E Berckman	54		

Point target:

H D Muller	7	J Jordan	2
D Scharninghaus	7	C Ottman	2
F Schroeder	5	F Rolfes	2
R Busse	4	H Roffman	2

Company bullseyes:

E Berckman	2	F Schroeder	1
C Ottman	2	A Dux	1
F Rolfes	2	C Gerken	1
Scharninghaus	1	J Jordan	1

Cash bullseyes:

Berckman	4	J Jordan	1
Schroeder	2	R Busse	1
Scharninghaus	1	H Bockman	1

Trophy target:

Berckman	4	Bockman	1
Scharninghaus	5	Roffman	1
Schroeder	3	Busse	1
Jordan	1		

Point target:

Scharninghaus	5	Bockman	1
Schroeder	2	Roffman	1
H D Muller	2		

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

R Busse was high man at the last shoot in the outdoor season of this club, held at Union Hill, Oct. 10. He won the Moje medal, the captain's medal for the most 22s, and had the best bullseye of the season. The scores, at 200yds., offhand:

Ring target:

R Busse	211	J Wilking	161
A Kronsberg	209	H C Rolff	160
Charles Wagner	201	A Wiltz	155
R Bendler	200	O Baertz	135
F Schwarz	200	E Stein	135
R Schwaneman	199	J Keller	133
Otto Schwaneman	192	C Stover	132
J Fueger	186	J Wagner	130
L Gleidman	161	G Schroeder	130

Man target:

R Bendler	57	Charles Wagner	49
R Busse	53	L Gleichman	49
A Kronsberg	49	O Schwaneman	45

Red flags:

L Gleichman	4	R Busse	1
A Kronsberg	1	Charles Wagner	1

Point target:

A Kronsberg	12	H C Radloff	5
R Busse	11	E Stern	3
J Fueger	9	L Gleichman	3
R Schwaneman	8	J Wilking	2
C Wagner	8	A Wiltz	2
R Bendler	6	G Schroeder	2
O Schwaneman	6	J Keller	1

Bullseyes:

R Schwaneman	4	R Busse	2
C Wagner	4	L Gleichman	1
J Fueger	3	H C Radlof	1
R Bendler	3	O Schwaneman	1
A Kronsberg	3		

Des Moines Revolver Club.

This club has been organized in Des Moines, Ia., and the following officers elected: President, Thomas F. Cook; Secretary, D. Y. French; Treasurer, R. E. Gwinn; Captain, William Kessler. Weekly practice shoots are being held.

AN INTERNATIONAL TROPHY.

Concluded from page 626.

tificate obtained from the club measurer before starting.

"A series of eliminating races will be held during the R. C. C. summer meet to select the defending canoe or canoes from among the British defenders.

"The committee is in a position to say at the present moment that it has informally received four challenges from different foreign countries, and as the matter has not yet been officially ventilated in the press, they naturally look to receive further challenges after the conditions have been published.—Yours, etc.,

"R. F. Lawson,
"Sailing Mate.

"16, Mark-lane, London, E. C.,
Oct. 2, 1906."

Editorially the Yachting World says:

"Three or four years ago, the sailing races of the Royal Canoe Club were remarkable for the large number of entries, and the high order of skill in sailing required to win a prize in these little craft. Of late, unfortunately, many of the best men have given up canoe sailing and have taken to easier forms of sport, leaving the racing to one or two good men, who have won nearly all the prizes, and a few novices, who have had a distinctly disheartening time following them round the course. It must be admitted that the modern sailing canoe is not an easy boat to get the best out of, even for a good average boat sailer, but for those who have the patience and skill to acquire the art of handling one of these tiny raters there is no form of sailing equal to this for bringing out the finest handling and the best sport. In these boats the helmsman is like Gilbert's hero, who was at once 'the cook, and the captain, too, and the crew of the Nancy brig.' Any mistakes, therefore, can at once be traced to the true culprit. It is no use blaming that fool with the head sheets if you lose a race, because you are the said fool. On the other hand, if you win a hard fought race against four or five of the finest small boat sailers in the country, you feel that you have done every bit of it yourself and can justly take all the credit. No doubt, the difficulty of sailing canoes has proved too much for the skill and patience of many men who would otherwise have persevered in the sport, and that is the chief reason why the entries fell off when some of the older canoeists left. It is, however, not sufficiently realized by London boat-sailers that in the R. C. C. canoe racing there is the finest sailing to be had within half an hour of London all through the early part of the year and in the autumn, before sea sailing has begun and after the yachts are laid up.

It is well known that international competition is the best tonic for any sport, and this is proved by the fact that the club never had a more successful season than that in which the Americans made an unsuccessful attempt to lift the sailing challenge cup. That cup, however, is competed for under the condition that any challenger must meet the combined fleet of the

Brand's A1 SAUCE
A TABLE LUXURY

LEFEVER WON HIGHEST POSSIBLE HONORS, 1905

GRAND { American Handicap—score 99-100
Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

and is already well started on its

VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN OF 1906

AMATEURS SHOOTING LEFEVER
Won Kansas State Championship
Won Pennsylvania State Championship
Won Montana State Championship

Improve Your Score by Shooting Lefever Arms Co. Gun.
Send for catalogue.

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY, - Syracuse, N. Y.

The PARKER GUN has always been a winner

And will always be found at the TOP.

W. R. Crosby, shooting the **PARKER GUN** at Denver, Colo., Aug. 25, 1906 won the Western Handicap with the record score of 97 out of 100 at 21yds. rise. At the same shoot Mr. Crosby also scored 298 out of 300. Such scores as these prove the merits of the Parker Gun beyond question. The **PARKER GUN** has always done the greatest shooting the world has ever known. Send for catalogue.

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SMOKELESS POWDER
IS OF GUARANTEED
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Have your shells loaded with "Dead Shot Smokeless." Your dealer will gladly supply it. If you are in doubt, write to us. Write to us anyway, for booklet.

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The **SMITH GUN** won the **Grand American Handicap, 1902-1906.** The **SMITH AUTOMATIC EJECTOR,** fitted with the **HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER** won the **Grand Eastern Handicap** in Philadelphia. You can't miss them with a **SMITH.** Send for Art Catalogue.

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Marlin

For shooting the swift flying, heavily feathered ducks and geese the *Marlin* 12-gauge repeating shotgun has no superior. This gun is exceedingly strong in construction and yet is not heavy. It is bored to throw an excellent pattern with great penetration. The solid top keeps out the weather and the brush and twigs of the blind, and the side ejector prevents the empty shells from being a nuisance to the shooter. It's the best bad weather gun.

The *Marlin* 12-gauge is suited to all forms of bird and trap shooting, and for durability, strength and ease of action is unexcelled. Made for both black and smokeless powders and for heavy loads. Two separate extractors make sure work.

The Marlin Experience Book is full of real shooting stories. Free, with 130-page Catalogue, for 3 stamps. Write to-day.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
27 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

When writing say you saw the ad. in "Forest and Stream."

SAVAGE
99 "Take Down" Rifle.

A gun for big game. Is powerful and accurate. Has cylindrical magazine, hammerless, can be taken apart and reassembled in a few seconds. **22** or **26** inch barrels, supplied—Weight **7½lbs.** Caliber, **25-35, 30-30, 303, 32-40, 38-55.** Net price, **- $20.00.**

Our Savage "Featherweight Sporting"

Rifle weighs but **6lbs.,** yet has all the well known qualities of the heavier Savage Guns, only the weight having been modified. Caliber **25-35, 30-30, 303.** Net price, **$21.00.**

Send for Catalogue to-day.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY,
4810 Turner St.,
UTICA, N. Y., - - U. S. A.

defending club, which is certain to contain boats suited to every sort of weather. The challenger has consequently very little chance of winning except with a superlatively good boat. To revive the old enthusiasm, and if possible to get some of the old members to return to the sport, the R. C. C. has offered a trophy for international competition next summer on salt water. Any country or colony may send either one or two challengers, and the defending club will select one or two defenders as the case may be, i. e., if no country sends more than one challenger then the R. C. C. will only put up one canoe to defend, while if any country should send two canoes then the R. C. C. will also have two defenders. To make it quite fair to all countries which may be ignorant of this type of boat, the design of this season's challenge cup winner Genetta has been sent to all the clubs likely to challenge, with an intimation that they may have their boats built by the same English builders who have built the most successful existing boats, and that they will have the use of this design and the designer's supervision during construction free of charge. They will also be the guests of the club during the race meet, and the trophy is to be won outright by the canoe winning two out of the three races.

"This sporting offer of the Royal Canoe Club has in less than a month secured challenges from Italy, France, Belgium, and Austria; and it is hoped that an American or Canadian challenge will also be received. As it is, this contest will be the most completely international sailing race ever held in any country, and should not only make canoe sailing again one of the most popular forms of the sport, but it should also attract a large number of interested spectators from all branches of sailing men."

A. C. A. Membership.

PROPOSED FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Mrs. D. F. Williams, as associate, 101 15th St., Buffalo, N. Y., proposed by John E. Plummer, seconded by Frederic G. Mather.

Atlantic Division—Leonard C. Ketchum, New York city, by H. C. Ward.

Central Division—Otto L. Heintz and William A. Cowan, both of Buffalo, N. Y., and both by F. S. Thorn.

Eastern Division—Charles W. Pitman, Somerville, Mass., by F. W. Cramphorn.

A. C. A.

Since the organization of the A. C. A., its commodores have been chosen from nearly every section of the country. This year, however, for the first time since 1880-1881 the commodore, George P. Douglass, has been chosen from the New York C. C.—the parent club of the United States, formed in 1871. From it the first commodore, W. L. Alden, was chosen, and its flag, plus the letters "A. C. A." is the burgee of the Canoe Association.

It is announced that the meeting of the Execu-

Brilliant and Clear to the last drop.

Turn the bottle upside down,
Or lay it on its side;
Shake it up
Or shake it down,
It stays
The same inside.

Evans' Ale
Is the first and only Ale free from dregs and sediment.

Brewery and Bottling Works,
Hudson, N. Y.

tive Committee on Saturday, Oct. 27, at the Hotel St. Denis is open to all members of the A. C. A. The morning session is called at 10 o'clock. The Board of Governors and the Racing Board will also convene during the day.

Members of the Atlantic Division who have not communicated with George S. Morrisey, Treasurer, in regard to their places at the dinner on the 27th, are urgently requested to do so at once, as the assignment of seats will be "first come, first served."

GAME REARED FOR MARKET.

Attorney General Atkinson, of the State of Washington, has written an oppinion, in response to the State Auditor, as follows:

"In reply to your inquiry of March 24, submitting a letter from Charles A. Kinnear, the same having been referred to you as the officer who issues state hunting licenses, which letter reads as follows:

" 'Price lists and information concerning the raising in confinement of pheasants and quail for their plumage, for the market and for bench show purposes, have been sent to me from pheasant farms in Illinois, Indiana, New York and Toronto, Canada. The information they give shows that the raising of certain varieties of pheasants for the market, and especially for their plumage (which is purchased by the millinery headquarters) is enormously profitable.

" 'While I have no thoughts of entering into the business of raising pheasants for the market myself, the subject upon investigation is very interesting, and I have had inquiries from individuals, farmers and poultry raisers in various parts of eastern Washington, for the names of eastern firms who can supply pheasants, and information concerning the raising of the same, and also if there is anything in the laws of Washington which prohibits the offering for sale upon the open market of pheasants which have been hatched and reared by a hen in captivity.

" 'I therefore, in behalf of several farmers and other individuals of the State who desire to raise in captivity pheasants, grouse or quail for the market and for bench show purposes, ask the following question:

" 'In your opinion is there anything in the laws of the State of Washington prohibitory to the offering for sale in the open market of

THE RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY

GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

"If you are wise"

A Digest of the Statutes of the United States and Canada governing the taking of game and fish. Compiled from original and official sources for the practical guidance of sportsmen and anglers.

The *Brief* is complete; it covers all the States and Provinces, and gives all provisions as to seasons for fish and game, the imitations as to size or number, transportation, export, non-resident licenses, and other restrictions, for the practical guidance of sportsmen and anglers.

It is revised to date, and is correct and reliable.

"If the Brief says so, you may depend on it."

A standing reward is offered for finding an error in the *Brief*.

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La Crosse, or South Hill stations; 6 hours from Washington, D. C., on Seaboard Ry. 20,000 acres of shooting land for guests. Positively the best quail, turkey and deer shooting in the South. Guides, dogs and horses furnished. 18

HOTEL RITA.

New house, all modern improvements. Hunters catered to. Game plentiful in vicinity. T. DRISCOLL, Prop., N. White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y. R. R. Station, Liberty.

Duck, Quail and Rabbit Shooting
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Dogs, guns and ammunition furnished; moderate charges; best accommodations. Apply HENRY STOKES, Bayport Hotel, Bayport, L. I. 16

HUNTER'S RETREAT.

Best partridge shooting in the county; also an abundance of other game. Situated two miles west of White Lake. Write early for circular and engagements. N. B. BROWN, Bethel, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Having some 25,000 acres of exclusive shooting privileges, a number of trained quail, wild turkey and deer dogs, competent guides, first-class accommodations and livery, I am offering to the sportsman, accommodations, hunting lands, guides and trained dogs for the hunting of quail, wild turkey and deer, taking charge of every arrangement from their stepping off of train at my place to their departure from same. A few well-broken quail dogs for sale. Northern references given. Game, quail, deer and wild turkeys. Open season, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. For further information address DR. H. L. ATKINS, Boydton, Va.

HOTEL GRACE,

Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va.

The ideal quail hunter's home. Also deer, duck, geese, turkey, etc. Deer season, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Quail and other game, season, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Large areas for hotel guests. Modern hotel, with water-works, inside toilets, electric bells, etc. Fine place for sportsmen and their families. Experienced guides and good dogs. Address, W. F. SNEAD, Prop., Clarksville, Mecklenburg Co., Va.

TOWER HILL FARM

will accommodate sportsmen for the season, November 1st to March 1st. Quail, woodcock and other game. Good dogs and team. Comfortable Southern home. Engagement with one party at a time. I. M. TULL, Kinston, N. C.

Hotels for Sportsmen.

The MECKLENBURG HOTEL and GAME PRESERVES.

The Sportsman's Paradise.

Quail, Turkey, Rabbits, Squirrels, Deer.
Kennel of Fine Pointers and Setters. Kennel of Fine Foxhounds.
Excellent Livery and Guides.
Hotel Modern—Steam-heated, Electric-lighted. Rooms single or en suite. Sun Parlors.
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Noted MINERAL WATERS.—Mecklenburg Lith a and Chloride Calcium, free to guests.
Splendid Golf Course, Bowling, Riding, Driving
Write for Booklet and other descriptive Literature

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Ten thousand acres well stocked in quail, deer and turkey. Dogs, guides and teams furnished.

PINE TOP LODGE, FLORIDA

Quail, deer, turkey and fish in great abundance.
C. & L. P. BLOW, Chub, Sussex Co., Va.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Excellent Salmon and Trout fishing; also Caribou shooting. Tents, guides, boats provided. Write
BUNGALOW, Grand Lake, Newfoundland.

EDWARD SHEFFIELD,

Guide and Outfitter, St. Anthony, Idaho. References.

For Fishing and Shooting
Go to
HOTEL WACHAPREAGUE,
Wachapreague, Va.

Shooting very good the last few days. Best accommodations as compared to any sporting resort on the coast.

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Salmon fishing and Caribou hunting. Best obtainable. Complete outfits supplied.
BAY ST. GEORGE HOTEL, Stephenville Crossing.

Caribou and Moose.

Fall hunting trips to best Canadian districts. Successful sport guaranteed. Fee covers transportation, license, guides and all other charges. Correspondence invited. Sr. LAURENT, care Forest and Stream.

PARTRIDGE AND WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Best section in New York State. For terms, address F. HANSMANN, Smithville Flats, Chenango County, New York. 20

MERRITT & KINNE,

Sportsmen's Guides for partridge, quail, woodcock and rabbit. Dog training and boarding a specialty. References on application. We are located on O. W. R. R., Centerville Station, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

DUCKS, SNIPE, QUAIL AND RABBIT ON LONG ISLAND

Live duck decoys. License to gun on club grounds. Good accommodations. Write for dates. G. CARY SMITH, Centre Moriches, L. I.

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Baker Guns having our patented **automatic safety blocks** are non-dischargeable except by actually pulling the triggers—thereby being **safe from any internal mechanical derangement.** They are also equipped with regular trigger blocking safety.

Send for free copy of the **"Baker Gunner"** containing full descriptions and other interesting matter for sportsmen.

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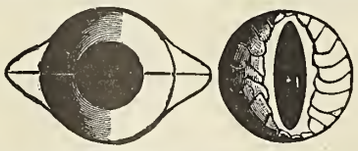

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Artificial eyes for birds, animals and manufacturing purposes a specialty. Send for prices. All kinds of skulls for the fur trade. **369 Canal St., New York.**
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Correspondence invited. Send for circulars. Address
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The undersigned intending to capture deer in Buckwood Park this winter, will book immediate orders from those desiring to stock public or private preserves. Orders from State Game Commissioners especially solicited. Write for prices and terms to HARRY A. CUDNEY, Supt. Buckwood Park, Dunnfield, Warren Co., N. J. 16

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Eggs, fry, yearlings and two-year-olds, for stocking brooks and lakes. Address NEW ENGLAND TROUT FARM, Plympton, Mass.

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BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
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grouse, pheasants or quail that have been hatched and reared by a hen in captivity?'

"I have to advise you that the statutes regulating the hunting, killing and selling of wild animals and wild birds in this state relate and depend, specifically in title and body, on the word 'game.' In the construction of these laws it then becomes necessary in this instance to know the proper definition of that term. The English and American Encyclopedia of Law, volume 11, page 654, gives the following definition, viz:

"'Game has been defined as birds and beasts of a wild nature, obtained by fowling and hunting. Game is a general term for animals or birds of a wild nature usually pursued or sought by sportsmen for amusement.'

"Relating to the definition, see also Gunn vs. State, 89 Georgia, 341; and People vs. O'Neal, 71 Michigan, 385. Relating to the same, volume 2 (A. & E. Enc. of Law) records that such wild fowls or birds as wild geese, which have been brought into captivity and have become domesticated and have lost their power or dis-

BROOK TROUT FOR SALE.

We have constantly on hand fine supply of Brook Trout, all sizes for stocking purposes. Also for table use at 75c. a pound. Visitors privileged to catch own trout.
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THE BROOKDALE TROUT CANNOT BE BEAT for stocking ponds and streams. For the next few weeks we will make a very low price on young fry and large fish. Also fly-fishing.
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We offer 100,000 rainbow fingerlings, ready for delivery in October and November, for stocking private ponds, lakes and streams. Low price. Correspondence solicited.
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LIVE QUAIL.

Positively Western birds. Shipments commence October 1. Early deliveries advised. Also pheasants, rabbits, etc. Established 1838.
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For Sale.—Imported Daly gun, finest made; 10-gauge, 28-inch barrels, hammerless, in perfect condition. Practically new. Price, $100. OWNER, office 907, 66 Broadway, New York. 16

Trained ferrets; ferret harness, muzzles, sacks, rabbit net; ferret and pheasant books. WALLACE & SON, Lucas, Ohio.

25,000 Pairs of HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES

will be shipped during the season Oct. to Feb. by Julius Mohr, Jr., Ulm, Germany, largest direct exporter of the celebrated Hungarian game.

From many years' experience I found that late in fall these game birds are in their prime condition; being larger and much stronger, they can resist the hardships of travel far better than earlier in the season.

First shipment to the United States about Nov. 1st, under personal care of experienced keeper.

Write for particulars, and send your orders to

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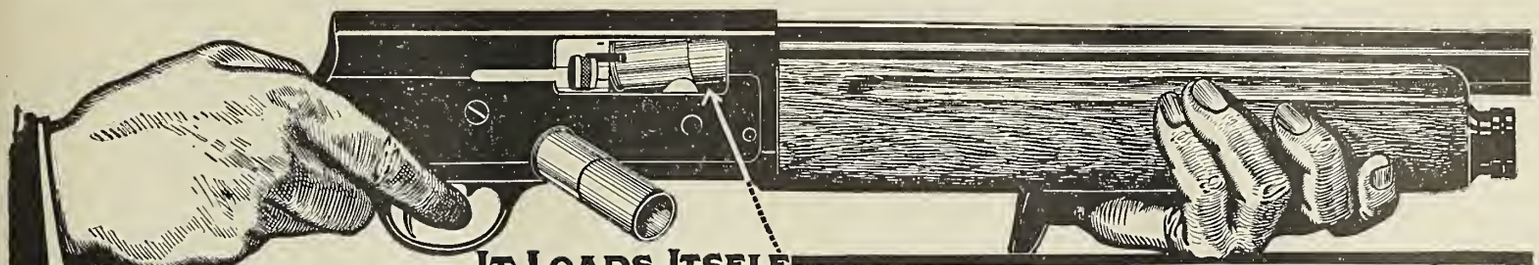
Exporter of all kinds of wild animals, live game, ornamental water fowl fancy pheasants, etc.



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Agency, 315 B'way, New York City. Sales Office, San Francisco, Cal.

position to get away, are the property of the person who tames them, and are not considered as game.

"The same authority indicates that pheasants which have been reared by a hen (chicken), having never been wild, are objects of property and are to be construed as domestic fowls rather than game. (See Amory vs. Flyn, 10 Johns (N. Y.), 102; also Reg. vs. Garnham, 8 Cox C. C. 451, 2 F. & F. 374; Reg. vs. Corey 10 Cox, C. C. 23.)

"It is a well-known principle of law, in states generally, that wild birds or animals which have been kept in captivity and have become more or less domesticated, when reclaimed by the art and power of man, are the subject of qualified property and are, as a general rule, under the protection of the law the same as any other property, and are at the disposal of the owner for using or selling as he desires. This seems to have been the law for thousands of years in civilized countries, and it would seem to have been the sensible principle to follow; for without doubt all animals and birds were once wild in feræ naturæ state, and by the application of this principle all people have tamed and acquired domesticity in animals and fowls from the game state from elephants and horses and cattle down to chickens and canary birds.

"It is my opinion that our laws in this state covering the subject were intended by the legislatures to relate strictly to game, meaning animals and birds in their wild, free, roving state, and these statutes were not intended in any manner to limit or prevent any probable or possible occupation or industrial development relating to the growing and raising and domesticating of any kinds of birds or animals for food products and the general use of the people.

"I therefore concluded that there is nothing in our state game laws as they stand at present, that will prohibit private raising of grouse, pheasants, quail and similar birds when they have been hatched and reared in captivity, nor is there anything to prohibit their sale in the open market.

"It may be argued that this construction of the law will complicate and make difficult the work of game wardens to enforce the protection of regular game. If this should prove to be true, it may be argued that future legislatures should be able to establish additional laws to assist in distinguishing the sale on the market of these domesticated, or semi-domesticated birds, from those of real game. It would seem that the raising of domesticated pheasants, quail, etc., should largely accommodate and make plentcous general markets for the use of the people who are not specially of the hunting class, and should, therefore, be advantageous to the protection and growth of real game, and be entirely pleasing and satisfactory to all concerned."

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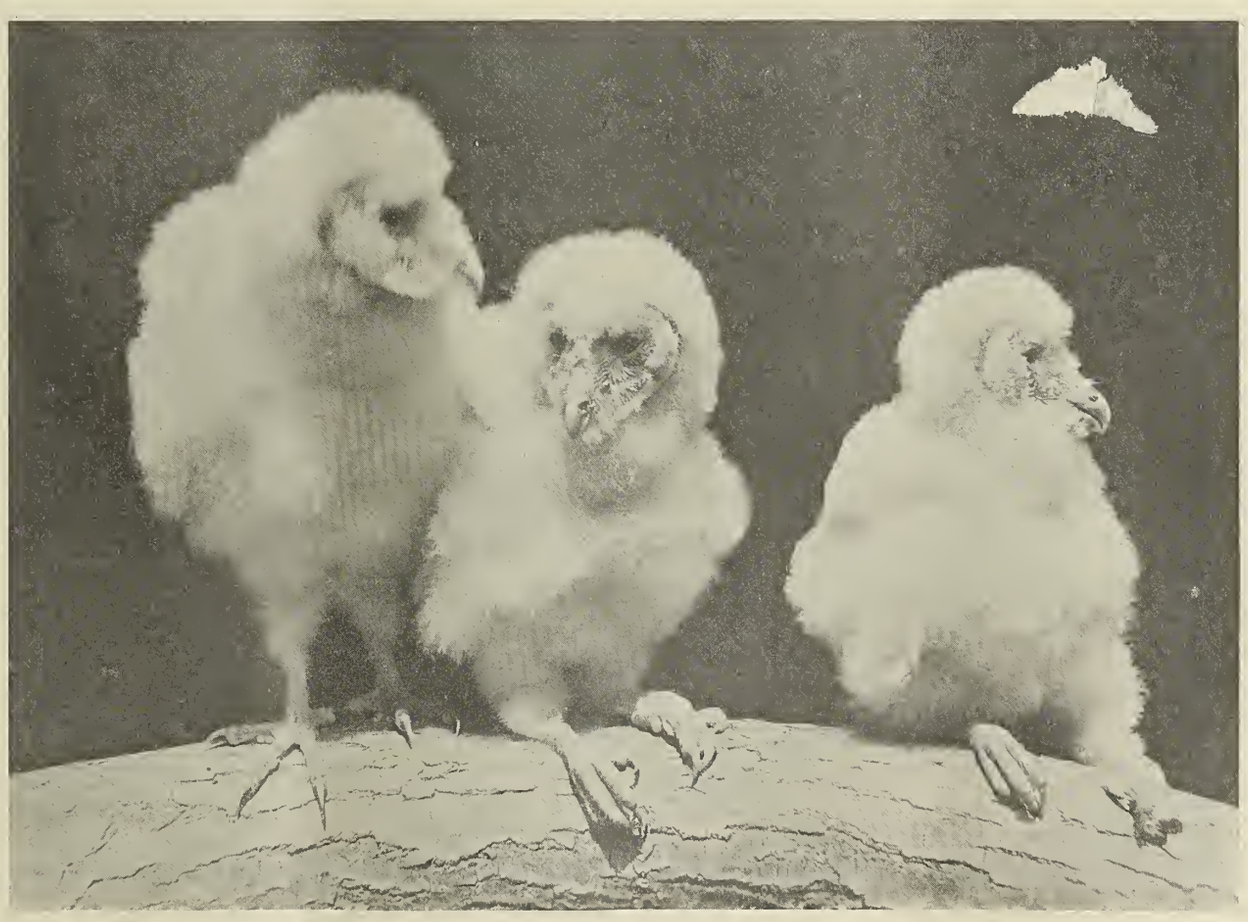

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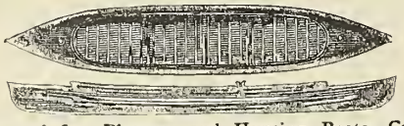

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The Devil Fish of the Gulf.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Streams:* I inclose personal letter, also page from the Galveston Daily News, thinking both may be of some interest to you. Mr. Cotter, proprietor of the Aransas Pass Hotel, is an old personal friend of mine. I have spent four seasons at the Pass, and think it the best point for large and small game fish in the country. This holds good with feathered game, as a guest of the Aransas Pass Hotel can always kill his quota of redhead ducks or quail within a few miles of the hotel, and in a short space of time.

I have been watching your paper for further reports of the catch of some of my tagged tarpon, jewfish and yellowtail, which were caught and turned loose four years ago, but so far have only heard from the one jewfish, which was reported as caught about two months after it was tagged. W. B. YOUNG.

Mr. Cotter writes:

Fishing has been very good all summer, 1,246 tarpon have been landed this season to date and lots of time is left to catch more. October is a good month for tarpon and you should get some shooting in the back bays then. Fish stories are scarce, but here is one: While out mackerel fishing a few days ago, a lot of the fishermen were anchored close to each other and were having fine sport, when of a sudden a yell was heard and the boat W. B. Leach, of Palestine, was fishing from, was seen coming through the fleet at about twenty-five miles speed with no visible effort. The boats scattered as best they could to keep from being wrecked. After clearing the fleet the boat was seen going straight to sea at this terrific speed. Mr. Leach and his boatman were staying with the boat. Several launches started after them to save their lives; but for two miles or more were unable to gain on the fast moving boat. Of a sudden some one in a nearby launch gave a yell, and looking at the boat in the distance a huge black mass was seen to rise to the surface, spreading out on each side of the captured boat. Several yelled, "devil fish!" and drove their launches at their utmost speed to reach the occupants of the captured boat.

Philip Mayer, of New York, who was in the fastest launch and was armed with a harpoon, was first to reach Leach's boat, and being of a venturesome nature drove the harpoon into the devil fish, which made a sudden surge, almost

Continued on page 674.

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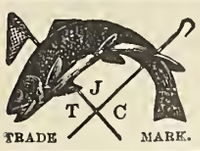

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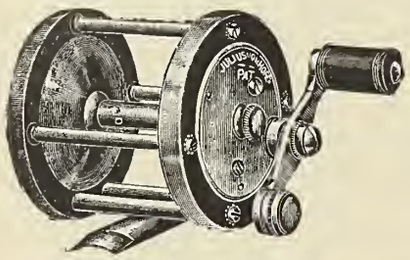

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 17. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

A BAD PRACTICE.

How true "love me, love my dog" is, only those accustomed to the constant companionship of intelligent hunting dogs can ever know. While it is not our present intention to defend those who are fond of dogs against those who profess that they are not, we cannot help asserting that the bond of sympathy and affection between the sportsman and his favorite dog is so strong that the loss of the dog seems scarcely less than a calamity to the man. And only men who have hunted with well trained dogs can sympathize with a fellow sportsman who loses his companion through accident or evil design on the part of another.

To the public a dog is a dog, nothing more, and the loss of one now and then elicits no comment. Let a man go on a shooting trip and tie his horse to a roadside fence, to find it dead on his return from the fields, shot by the owner of the land, and a great commotion would be stirred up; but if the land owner shoots the sportsman's dog its master gets little sympathy, and he may even be told he had no business to go on another man's land.

This is very similar to something seen every day on busy streets. The pedestrian, taking his own safety in his hands, darts in front of horses drawing heavy loads, is perhaps jostled, and fearing personal injury, does not call the driver, who may have failed to stop his horse, to account, but vents his spite on the dumb animal and goes his way quickly. In short, the man who shoots another's dog would inflict similar punishment on its owner if he had the courage, but lacking this, tries to injure him as much as possible in the only other way open to him.

This seems to us a very unjust and unsatisfactory way to accomplish an end, but it is one that has been and is being practiced wherever the sentiment against hunting game with dogs has grown strong. In some places there is a sentiment against the use of horses in fox hunting, and dogs are shot by those opposed whenever an opportunity is presented. In other states hounding deer is steadily being condemned, but friends of the reform movement are not strong enough to secure anti-hounding laws, or may have been defeated in their efforts, and they swallow their disappointment and shoot the hounds whenever opportunities to do so without being seen arise.

We could cite numerous instances where sportsmen have been made the victims of strong local sentiment in the manner described. There may be some excuse for the killing of dogs by game wardens in a state where hounding deer is prohibited, for it is difficult to get the owner of a dog to acknowledge the fact, but to gain a point by slaughtering valuable dogs seems very poor policy at best.

In time hounding deer will be made unlawful in all of the states of the North, and perhaps in the South as well; but forcing matters with charges of buckshot, smacks of black hand methods, and no man will ever have the right to say that his neighbor shall hold the same opinion that he holds.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

The new law relating to deer shooting in the Adirondack region is evidently growing more unpopular as the open season passes on to its end, on Nov. 15. Perhaps the principal objectors are sportsmen who have made it their practice under the old law, to fish in that region in August, and when the deer season opened, on the first of September, to hunt deer for a week or more, then break camp and return to their homes and business cares; hotel men, who had the steady patronage of sportsmen for as long a time as the latter could remain in the woods; guides, who were employed steadily during the fishing season and then until cold weather set in by hunters.

Many sportsmen cannot be away from business during the summer and again in October, nor can they remain in the woods until the present season opens, on Oct. 1; and some of these tell us they cannot, therefore, hunt deer at all this year. They argue that in September the foliage saves the deer, and under the old law comparatively few were killed in that month. On the other hand, they claim, and with good reason, that more deer were killed in the first half of November than in the whole month of September, under the old law, and maintain that if it is necessary to make laws calculated to save the deer from being thinned out too rapidly, the season should be open during September and October only; and further if it should also be deemed necessary, that a limit of one deer in the open season for each person be made. Of course the hotel men and the guides object to the new law, for both prefer to see sportsmen in the woods as long as possible, and they know that those who go home at the end of the fishing season may not return in October for the hunting.

Sportsmen returning from the Adirondacks, and correspondents as well, claim that the dissatisfaction mentioned is resulting in a lack of respect for the present law, at least in certain localities, and that more deer are being killed than would be the case if all parties concerned were contented.

If the present law was passed as a protective measure, and not in the interests of a few, as charged in some quarters, no doubt more deer could have been saved by closing the season on the last day of October, making its length just two months; and if this failed, by limiting a man's kill to one deer each season.

A long time contributor, who in years past devoted many happy months to western exploration, and is looking anxiously for the time when he can make one more "round up," writes regretfully of the change which has come over the country in these latter days: "Four years ago," he writes, "I took a run out and found that it is hard to get into such a 'West' as I had known in my former trips. The railroads have made great changes and it is hard to realize how great, unless one was there thirty years ago."

It is an experience painfully common. The old West exists only in memory, and as in the memory it is more attractive than it was in actual reality, so too it is a West for the loss of which nothing of the new can make full compensation.

The first permanent European settlement established within the bounds of the United States was at St. Augustine, Fla., and it is an interesting fact that in the vicinity of the old Florida town primitive wilderness conditions remain today practically as in the early days. Anastasia Island, a long stretch of land separating the Matanzas river from the sea, is in large areas an unreclaimed and irreclaimable wild land; and here the United States Government has just established a forest reservation known as the Anastasia Forest Reserve. The tract set aside contains several thousand acres and is covered with a diversified forest growth. The preserve was originally suggested by Dr. DeWitt Webb, of St. Augustine, and to his forethought and activity its establishment was due.

A circular issued by the Department of Agriculture reports that in 1905 nearly 10,000 hunting licenses were issued to non-residents; in seventeen states and three Canadian provinces 511,905 licenses were issued to residents; and the total amount paid for licenses in the states and the provinces exceeded $600,000. Idaho leads with a total for the year of $127,988. License receipts are usually devoted to game protection; but in some cases they go to the school or road fund.

It is cruel of Commodore Gregory to puncture that Anticosti Island wild goose egg story. For years we have been scanning the north land for some substantial evidence that the comforting yarn of wildfowl egg barreling for albumen purposes was true. The comfort of it would lie in the feeling that denunciation of the Alaskan or Anticostian plunderers in the remote wilderness would divert attention from our own excessive slaughter on our home grounds.

Massachusetts loses on an average $60,000 worth of timber every year by forest fires. Forest fires are most commonly due to railroads. It is a tremendous price to pay for the neglect of precautions and preventives which are within practicable adoption, if only public sentiment shall demand them.

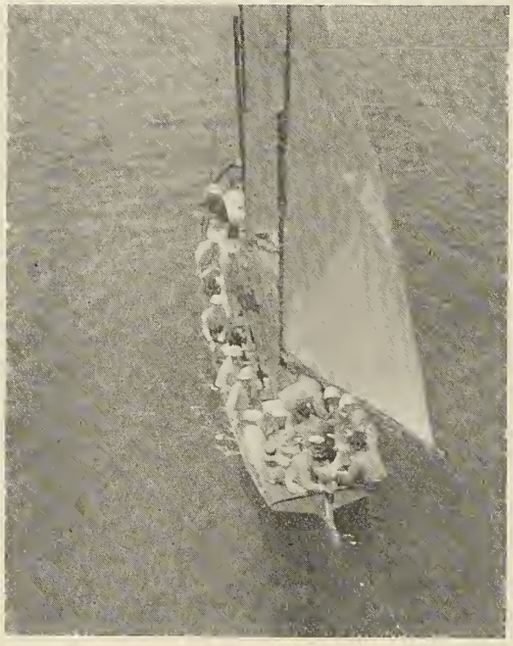
THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Boating in the Philippines.

The strangest types of boats may be found in the Philippine Islands. While I was there I noticed the various types constructed according to the Filipino idea. There are several types of boats in use in the country. Those of the crudest descriptions are made from the great hard wood logs of the forest. The native boat builder will spend days searching for just the right piece of timber. Then he will devote a week or more to getting the tree leveled where he can get at it. He will put up his little shack and go into camp there. As the days pass, the selected portion of timber begins to assume the shape of a boat. There is considerable cutting, gouging, hacking and burning of the interior stock of the log, for the purpose of removing the wood to shape the interior of the craft. In the first class of boats, the boat is no deeper than the log proper. The sides are finished off, the end properly pointed, and the boat is done. In the second class of boats, this portion of the log forms only the base. The sides are built up with heavily matted palm and silanga material. Considerable pitch is used to secure the surfaces and assure a tight joint. Coatings of tar are ultimately applied, so that in the end, the added sides are as tight as the solid timber of the lower portion of the boat. In order to get the necessary resisting power, ribs are expanded in various directions. Much cordage is used in binding the parts.

The natives make a third class of boats in which there is a deck and masts. These boats require that outriggers be used. The outriggers are of long bamboo poles, one for each side of the boat, and of about the same length. The poles are secured so as to float on the water about eight feet out from the sides. They are fastened to cross pieces of bamboo, which extend through the sides of the boat, about the waterline, or are roped just above the gunwale. The outriggers prevent the progress of the boat, but they are the salvation of the craft. The native boats would upset unless something of the kind were used.

The Filipinos are very ingenious in the construction of odd forms of water craft. Upon one



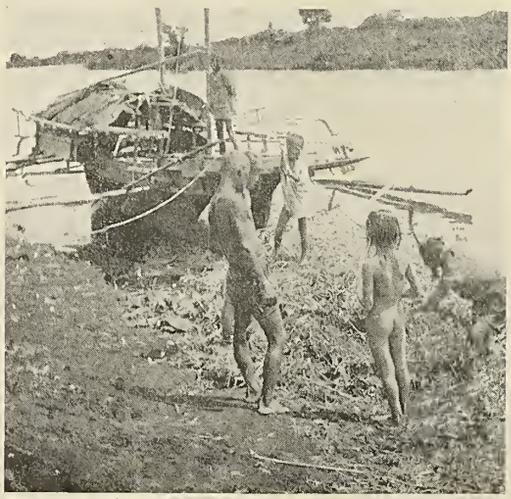
GOVERNMENT BOAT IN MANILA BAY.

occasion I noticed that several natives had utilized four tight barrels for supporting and propelling a ferry across one of the branches of Pasig. The builders first constructed two metal shafts, from inch-rod iron, and proceeded to bend them in the center for foot cranks. The axles were made sufficiently long to extend out and over the side of the boat to carry a barrel on each end. Thus four barrels were carried, two on each side. The metal axle was passed through reinforced wooden heads and keyed to the same with iron pins. The barrels rested hard enough upon the water to divide the weight of the craft with the shell of the boat. Hence, when the two natives sat on seats near the cranks and revolved the same by foot power, the barrels were made to turn, carrying the boat along on the water at moderate speed.

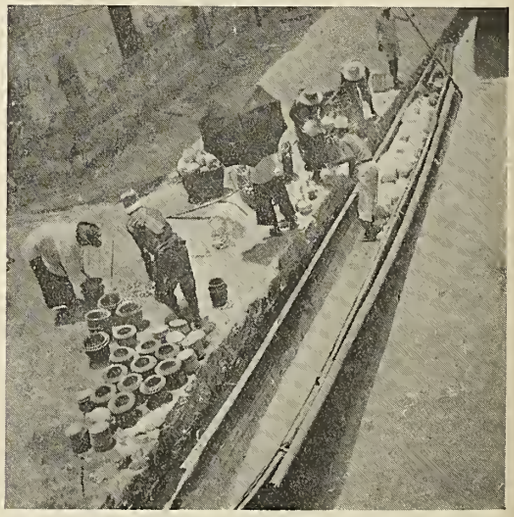
These navigators did quite a flourishing business transporting passengers and packages across the stream. In another case, the builders erected a boat with outriggers, and furnished it with side paddle wheels erected according to the Filipino idea of things. The boat itself was light, but the outriggers were bulky and clogged the passage of the little craft. The paddle wheels were designed with heavy hubs and to these wood hubs, some thin blades of hard wood were fixed by mortising. Then the two side wheels were arranged on a shaft of wood which was fitted to journals along the gunwales. A grooved wood wheel was fastened to the center of the shaft and a rope extended from the wheel to the smaller wheel of the driving shaft up at the bow. Here a native sat and operated the driving shaft with a common hand crank. The boat was slow in action, but managed to bring a revenue to the owner for hauling freight.

There are some good native boats in the islands, some of which are fitted with little boilers and engines for the traffic of the rivers. Some of the power is derived by the installation of the power plant of some abandoned sugar mill or hemp works. In fact, almost any kind of old steam power apparatus is put together and made to do the work for some of the power boats.

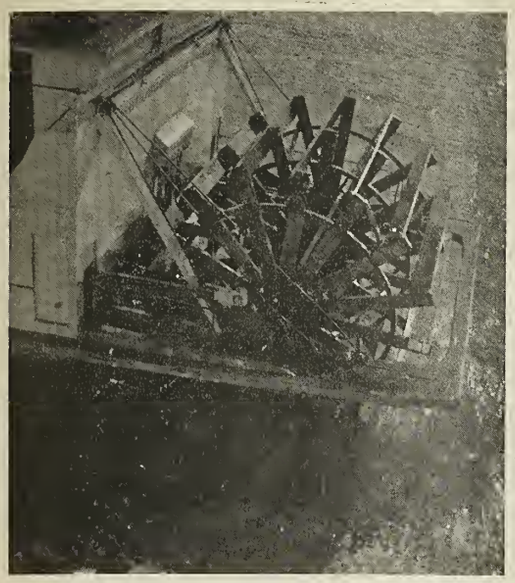
MAHOGANY RAFT.



NATIVE BOAT.



A WHARF AT MANILA.



"KICK-UP."

In recent years the motor boat has been introduced in the islands with varying success. I observed a few such boats plying the waters of Manila Bay. I likewise saw some of these boats in the sea near Iloilo. The use of the motor boats is limited to the higher officials, and to the wealthy Spanish and Filipino. Many of the higher classes of natives have introduced the bicycle and the motor vehicle in the country, and there is no doubt that the motor boat will be installed in the same way in time. The native is always a little slow about undertaking to introduce new things, especially if they are intricate and expensive. There was much delay in getting the automobile and the typewriter introduced. The boats propelled by the simplest forms of machinery would sell the best. The native understands the operation of gasolene engines to some extent, for these engines have been used in the country for power developing purposes. If there is some one to illustrate the mode of operating and caring for the motor boat, the Filipino will have but little trouble in understanding it. I am convinced that there is quite a large field for the use of the modern motor boat in the tropical countries where boating is in progress the entire year.

RETURNED SOLDIER.

In Siberia.

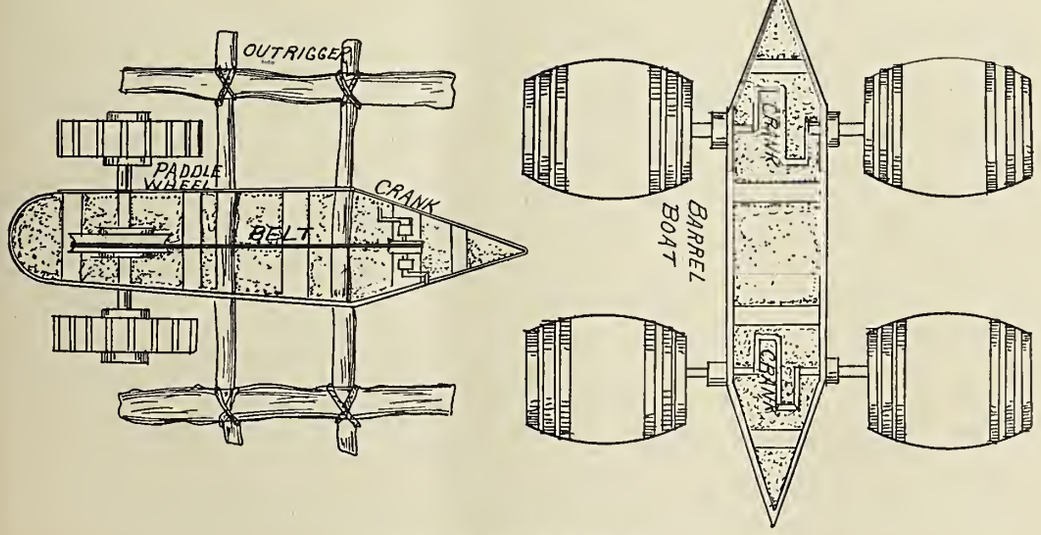
(*Concluded from page* 569.)

A Missing Railroad.

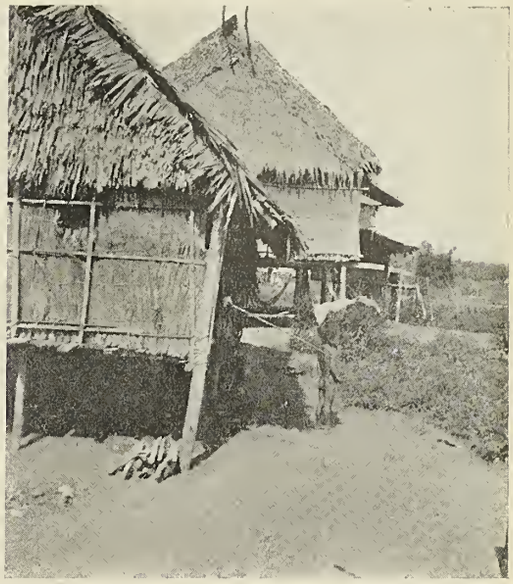
A FEW hundred versti from Irkutsk, central Siberia, the series of rapids on the Angará have always been a serious menace to the navigation of that surging river. After repeated disasters, the native transport companies decided to build jointly a bit of railroad for the transhipment of freight. It diverged from the river about a mile from the rapids, entered the forest, and continued through its lonely depths, cutting across country till it came out at a point on the Angará, also about a mile removed from the rapids. The length of line was some seventeen versti—say, a dozen miles.

It was in the early '70s that this length of single track was built—over twenty years before the trans-Siberian crept its way across central Siberia. Outside of India, probably it was the first bit of railroad in Asia—certainly the first one in northern Asia. The gauge was seven feet. The rails—of a sort—were supplied by a distant native iron-foundry. They looked more like pig-iron in the rough than rails. The solitary engine, saddled with a square-shaped water-tank, had been built by engineering students at a technical school at Tiomen, western Siberia. It was the first engine ever built in northern Asia. To "improve the draft," also "to lessen the emission of live cinders," one of the students, named Kocofcki, had been allowed to carry out his pet idea of having two smoke-stacks on the engine—one directly behind the other, but separated by about an inch. As the engine careened along over the uneven track, it had a curious appearance. I knew Kocofcki in later years as a division engineer on the trans-Siberian, and tried to get a photograph of his "pet," but he had been the object of so much ridicule for his "successful failure," that he professed to have not even preserved any such memento of it. Though the double-stack engine failed at the trials at Tiomen to show any "improved draft," it was sent thus with its double chimney into the heart of Siberia.

Well, the railroad itself was unique. A ticket had never been sold or pass granted to travel on it. Anybody could ride on its few flat cars. It was remote from the posting highway; and the river navigation was almost exclusively freight. The entire "operating force" of the railroad consisted of a mechanician (formerly a sawmill employé), fireman, and one brakeman. No stations were ever erected—not a switch or signal existed—there was only a goods shed at each end. There was no regular service—about two trips each way being made per week, as "cargo offered." Even a telegraph wire had never been strung the length of the track. The "brakesie," fireman and driver had also to give a hand—and a sweating one, too—loading and unloading the goods.



FILIPINO MODES OF PROPULSION.



HOMES OF BOATMEN.

But transhipment of goods is always a curse. In this case there was a double transhipment—from river-boat to rail, and back from rail to boat. After a few years, the transport companies were marveling which was the greater evil—the occasional wreck-losses in the rapids, or the constantly recurring complaints of damages and losses traceable to too-frequent rough-and-tough handling and pilfering. Further, the railroad soon degenerated into a clumsy rut. The transport companies—used all their lives to waterways—seemed to think the railroad would require no more attention—once built—to its upkeep than the broad and deep rivers they exploited. Not a single permanent-way man was ever employed—not a single tie or sleeper (whole tree-lengths) or rail was renewed; it was only out of "pure cussedness" that derailments were a rarity.

At this juncture the Russian state had so improved the great carriage-way through central Siberia, that the transport companies gradually abandoned the river traffic for hundreds of verstas on either side of where the rapids made trouble, and took to the main highway. The railroad, never repaired, had naturally fallen into almost complete ruin, and was abandoned, everything being left as it was, *in situ*. The lone locomotive was acquired by a merchant and farmer in another part of Siberia, overhauled, and used once a year to drive a threshing machine. The few cars had been taken off one at a time, on barges, and towed away, and—well, nobody knows what became of them.

Some fifteen years later, along came the advance engineers and surveyors of the trans-Siberian railroad, which had now crept across western Siberia, and was on the verge of entering central Siberia. Between Irkutsk and the sierra of central Siberia, the work of location—due to the topography of the country—was extremely problematical. The surveying-engineers were detailed-off for hundreds of miles on either side, searching the most feasible locations.

* * * * * *

This is a vast region of sierra, forest, tundra, step, and—here and there—of *rinc* (untranslatable: literally "quickmud"), the slaf railroad builder's "holy horror." For two or three years the location of the Kracnoiarck-Irkutsk 1000-verst stretch-to-be baffled the ingenuity of the engineers. Report after report was sent into constructional headquarters at Kracnoiarck—only to be rejected by other engineers' reports of "trouble ahead."

During some of these explorations, various of the surveyors gathered from diverse mujik trappers and woodmen, items of information about "a railroad which had existed in the region many years previously," was operated for several years, but had long since been

abandoned. This was indeed news for them! The news almost staggered them! Hailing from Petersburg, where everything happening in Russiadom is supposed to be known, it was incomprehensible to them how a railroad could have been built in any part of slafdom without being officially recorded.

However, here existed apparently a railroad, which, although abandoned, had withstood the rough usage of several years' operation—and on unballasted track at that—proving that the substratum must be fairly solid. Here at least they might find a fairly level stretch of country, free from the treacherous "yellow peril" of "quick-mud," which might perhaps be availed of in whole or in part.

To find the railroad, was the next move. It was in the forest, "somewhere between there and the river." It might be considered a rather easy matter to stumble across a clumsily-built wide-gauge railroad a dozen miles long, with its prostrate tree-trunks for ties. Different squads of surveyors spent weeks traversing and re-traversing the forest until they came out each time on to the broad Angara river's edge, but found nothing! They were almost beginning to believe they had been duped when the sheds were reported found intact at what transpired later to be the terminals of the railroad that was.

From one of these sheds they could now perceive, in the forest, evidences of a clearing of bygone years; and they painfully followed it right through the whole seventeen versti till they came out on to the other shed. The entire route was much overgrown with undergrowth; and the whole distance, bordered with the dense forest, was almost as black and cold as a mountain tunnel; while overhead, on this bright, warm August day, the sun could be just observed lighting up the topmost branches of the giant firs.

Of the railroad, however, not a vestige was found. It had completely disappeared. Not a rail! not a sleeper!—only an occasional semblance now and then of what had once been cross-drainage-ditches. The builders and owners of the "road," at Irkutsk, were eventually found and questioned, and a couple of them were inspired with sufficient curiosity to make the long tedious journey to look up what had become of their "property"; and they covered with the surveyors the whole of the ground with which in previous years they had been familiar. Here and there the picks were driven as far as they would go into the earth, but only to bare masses of tangled roots. The railroad was lost!

However, the arrival on the scene of these "owners" of a "railroad" —(they had never seen a European one)—which did not exist, had one signad advantage: they proved to be the extinct railroad's only "historians." What is being related here, imperfectly, could not have been but for them. They also told how the rails were all one thick "web," with flush sides, held to the ties by iron spikes driven each side of the rails deep into the sleeper till top of spike and rail were even. Where these worked loose, the rail was re-enforced by several turns of iron wire bodily round rail and sleeper, but the wire was soon worn through by the wheels, and the severed scraggling ends were always giving trouble.

It could not have been burnt up, because there had been no fires; nor "stolen" or carried off piecemeal, as the region was totally lacking in population. Moreover, the old goods-sheds remained with their padlocks intact, and lead-lined cases of "overlooked" goods were still found in dark corners therein, containing tobacco and cigars, all in good condition, also crates of cognac, champagne, bodka (whiskey), which had evidently been "slummed" while in transit by employés who calculated returning and securing the booty later. What would a hoodlum do to secure choice wines and cigars he knew to be in an abandoned building?

The railroad was never found. It was the half-superstitious belief that an earthquake or fissure had swallowed it up—in an earthquakeless region Its site was after all never utilized by the trans-Siberian, which is built remote from the scene. Nearly a decade ago I was within a few verstas of, but did not visit, the site. My informant, the chief engineer Kpychkol, had been over the spot: it was reckoned the most curious incident in the history of the construction of the trans-Siberian, and was commented on officially. I have known abandoned railroads, on fairly good track, after three or four years, to be only just showing above surface the familiar two rusty streaks. Note also that it has already been observed how the retracers of the route reported it "much overgrown with undergrowth." The significance of this is apparent, although it was not in a Russian engineer to remark this instance of cause and effect: that undergrowth in all probability owed most of its origin and profusion to the taking-root of the submerged tree-length ties, and accounts for the delving picks baring masses of tangled roots.

The lost railroad of Siberia had never (as before remarked) had prepared for it any ballasted track: the tree-lengths for ties were considered sufficient ballast. Then, in some bygone summer of extra warmth, warm rains had so loosened the half-frozen swampy subsoil as to cause a gradual and complete subsidence the entire length of the line—the weighty and cumbrous pig-iron rails carrying the water-soaked tree-sleepers down "to their last account." Once such a subsidence sets in, it would, in Siberia, go on gradually till it reached bed rock, which is but half a dozen feet below the surface, and consists of the eternally-frozen lower earth strata. Borings show that this frozen sub-strata lasts for some 600 feet down. So, at a depth of a few feet, the lost railroad will be found to this day—far better preserved maybe than had it been left exposed; and in the year 3000 something, its unearthing may be puzzling the antiquarians of the seething city of "Siberiapolis," as an example of the queer methods of travel (byways known as railroads) of bygone ages; whereas "we nowadays can visit the far-away ancient ruins of Chicago and Manhattan by 'globular attraction' in half a day."

Such is the brief history of what the Siberian-Russians themselves call their *notepil jeleznia*—the lost railroad. L. Lodian.

STIMULATION WITHOUT REACTION.

After a day of enjoyable sport, it is wise to choose a drink which helps to restore the vital powers rather than one which tends to deplete them, as in the case with many drinks. Borden's Malted Milk is delicious, concentrated, nourishing, invaluable to the camper, made ready for use by adding water, hot or cold.—*Adv.*

OLD FORT HALIFAX.
Photo by Charles A. Allen.

Old Fort Halifax.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two years or so ago, while engaged in professional work at Waterville, Maine, I became very much interested in the history of Old Fort Halifax, which was located in the town of Winslow just across the Kennebec from Waterville, and at the junction of the Sebasticook and the Kennebec rivers. Nothing remains of the old fort now but one of the block houses which was probably located upon the southeast corner of the fort.

You will notice by the enclosed photograph that it was constructed of hewn timber, the second story projecting beyond the first, its floor being open, which enabled the garrison to fire down upon the heads of invaders in case they tried to set fire to the fort or to storm it.

The fort was 100 feet square with a block house at each corner, and was erected by order of Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, (Maine being at that time a portion of Massachusetts) in 1754-5, under the immediate superintendence of General John Winslow, from whom the town of Winslow was named. The fort was originally constructed of solid timber and was 20 feet in height, and could accommodate 400 men. It was the most northerly of a line of forts built on the banks of the Kennebec river, and which were erected as defenses during the French and Indian war. There was another fort constructed at Augusta, still further down the stream, a portion of which is still standing, I believe.

You will notice by the photographs that there are many places in the timber which have been dug out with knives, and I was told that a great many bullets have been obtained in this way, but it is certain that the fort was never attacked in force, although quite a number of the garrison were killed from ambush. The records show that at one time two men were fishing on the banks of the river immediately under the walls of the fort, and they were shot by Indians, but it is quite probable that with the large garrison that was maintained here, the Indians did not dare to make a serious attempt to take the fort.

At the time the fort was constructed, there was no settlement in the vicinity, but it was believed that by erecting and maintaining a fortification at this point, it would act as a safeguard for the settlements further down the river, and without

doubt this was so, as no large body of Indians could pass this point without being detected, as the Kennebec was the natural highway along which any raiding bands of French or Indians would have to pass in order to reach the settlements further down the stream. The garrison was maintained here until 1763, in which year a treaty of peace was signed at Paris, and the fort was then abandoned.

The corner stone of the fort was recently found in excavating for building in this vicinity, and was taken to the State House at Augusta. It bears the following inscription, "This Corner Stone Laid by Direction of Governor Shirley, 1754."

It is a source of great satisfaction to know that this old block house is to be preserved. There are very few relics of the old days that now remain, and it is to be hoped that great efforts will be made to preserve those that are still in existence. They are both instructive and interesting, and I am bound to say that I was so much interested in this old block house that I made several visits to it, and on the occasion of each visit, I discovered something interesting that I had not noticed before.

CHARLES A. ALLEN.

The Mountain Moonshiner.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Horace Kephart's interesting series of articles on "The Mountain Moonshiner" are decidedly interesting and instructive. However, in the third article of the series, published in your issue of Oct. 20, it seemed to me that Mr. Kephart placed the mountaineer in a romantic glamour of which his life is entirely devoid, and gave him credit for heroic valor as a man and soldier, which is not substantiated by history.

First of all, the mountaineer is a bush fighter. His favorite method is to ambush his enemy or his victim, and to take a pot shot at him from his safe point of vantage. Should he miss his victim, he scurries away to safety. He then waits for another opportunity, perhaps for years, though meanwhile he might be able to find his man in the open at short notice.

Now as to the historical features. In his eulogy of the North Carolina troops, he states: "They carried the day at Saratoga, the Cowpens and King's Mountain. From the beginning to the end of the war, they were Washington's favorite troops." At the battle of the Cowpens, and the battle of Guilford Court House, the North Carolina troops fled. They were saved only by the valor of Washington who came to their rescue with the dragoons. At Guilford Court House, the North Carolina troops were even more prudent. They fled when the British advanced. At Camden, the Virginia and North Carolina militia stampeded and ran so far, with General Gates acting as bell wether, that they never stopped running till not one man of them could see any other man, friend or foe, in sight. Meantime, the Maryland and Delaware regulars stood their ground, were broken by the fierce charges, and rallied repeatedly till they were overwhelmed by numbers. This evoked a letter from Washington to the President of Congress (Sept. 15) in which he gave some free expression concerning the worthlessness of militia whom he characterized as "inconceivably expensive, and too fluctuating and undisciplined." "Fluctuating," is a good word. Such would not indicate any high preference of them as favorite fighting men.

At King's Mountain, the mountaineers and frontiersmen fought nobly. But they didn't stick to the campaign. After the battle, they went home.

As for the Carolinians being the first to show the advantages of the open order formation, I am constrained to believe that Mr. Kephart is jesting. The mountaineers rode as a mob, and fought without any discipline other than that obtained by Indian warfare. At King's Mountain, they ran from the first fire of the British, each man seeking shelter of rock, tree, stump, anything that would shelter their precious bodies from harm. In a military sense, it was a mob. They taught no lesson, for they fought after the manner of the frontiersmen. They could not fight in any other manner, for they knew no other. If called upon to form in open order on the open plain, they could not respond. When placed at the front of battle, as at Hannah's Cowpens, they ran at sight of the enemy. They were bush fighters pure and simple, the pot shot being the favorite, and the only one, if a choice was possible. As an aggregation, they afforded an example of pot shots collectively. They came to give battle because the enemy was advancing toward their homes. The enemy being routed, they forthwith returned to their homes, leaving the rest of their state, and all the states, to care for themselves. It was the troops of the other states that rescued North Carolina. The militia and mountaineers of North Carolina did some extraordinary stunts in the way of leaving a clear field to the invaders.

FAIR PLAY.

THE TOP RAIL.

AFTER a day's sport in the woods or afloat, and while on our homeward way, the old rail fence beckons us until we cannot resist the temptation to tarry awhile on its top rail. Come, then, with me and sit on the lichen-covered top rail while we smoke the pipe of contentment, scrape the cockleburrs off our clothing, and chat of the incidents of the day or spin a final yarn before parting.

When the Anglers' Club of New York first began to practice fly- and bait-casting in Central Park—on Saturday afternoon—members were held up by nursemaids, old gentlemen and small boys and asked to explain. Every small boy put the old familiar question, "Say, Mister, get any fish?" But the treasurer of the club, Mr. Poey, fanned interest among the onlookers to fever heat when he, with other members' assistance, put out his line of colored balls. This line was run out from the casting platform and made fast on shore. Fifty feet from the platform a 5-inch air-tight celluloid ball, highly colored, was made fast to the line, and every ten feet up to 170 there was another one of equal size, but each one of a different color. Standing on the casting platform, the 50-foot ball, the first one, is blue; the 60-foot ball, yellow; 70, dark red; 80, pink; 90, white; 100, carmine; 110, blue again; 120, yellow; 130, dark red; 140, pink; 150, white; 160, carmine; 170, pink. Mr. Poey offered to attach twelve smaller balls between the others, to mark every five feet, but the 10-foot marks proved sufficiently accurate until the casters became accustomed to the significance of each color without counting forward or backward to determine the distance.

This plan, once the values of the colors are memorized, is of assistance to the fly- and bait-casters, but the long line of bright floats caught the eye of every park visitor at once. The nursemaids exclaimed, "Oh, my, how pretty! I wonder what they are for," etc. And an old German, after asking everybody in sight, buttonholed a member and queried "Mine vriend, vat iss dose balls for alretty—eleck-dricity, hein? No?"

Sportsmen get into curious predicaments at times. One of them whom I know went shooting in the state in which he lives, but the railway over which he traveled passes through another state. On his return home, accompanied by a companion, in changing cars he was waylaid by a warden in this other state, taken aside and asked what the wheat sack he was carrying contained. There was about five minutes' time to take his train, and trying a bluff, he told the warden it was none of the latter's business, but he soon realized that this would not work and that the possession of a gun and this bulging sack must be explained before train time. Still, he is fond of a joke and led the warden along until the latter felt certain he was justified in taking the man before a magistrate for arraignment, then put his sack down and disclosed several dozen eggs, four fine dressed chickens and other choice farm produce he had purchased to take home at the last moment.

If there is a sportsman who is contemplating a shooting journey southward the coming winter, but is unfamiliar with Florida, and would like to have as a companion a gentleman acquainted with the woods and waters, I think both parties can be pleased. The man referred to has fished and shot in Florida every winter for twenty years, for his own amusement, but informs me he cannot afford to go again this year alone, but is willing to go with another sportsman if his expenses are paid, in return for which he agrees to take an excellent bird dog over which, he says, it is a pleasure to shoot; make camp, cook and act as guide. He is familiar with splendid places within twenty miles of Jacksonville, and says that on the first day last season at this place this party got three deer, a bear and a lot of ducks and quail. The expenses of the trip would be very light while in camp, and he guarantees good sport. He lives in the North and is prepared to furnish references. Any communication on this subject sent to me in care of FOREST AND STREAM will be forwarded to him.

An angler sends me this clipping from a Missouri paper: "Bass may not like corned pork, but they cannot stand for fierce-looking submarine torpedo-shaped minnows."

This in reference to the growing practice of using immense artificial minnows equipped with three to five sets of large treble hooks, then attaching a slab of fat pork as a trailer. No wonder the bass pitch into contrivances of the sort, for they may regard them somewhat as citizens of a peaceable Western village formerly regarded a much beweaponed cowpuncher under the influence of chained lightning and making ready to "shoot up" the town. I have an idea that I can bring more bass to the net when using a single hook on wooden minnow or spoon than with one or more trebles. At any rate, I use the single hook.

A few opinions on this subject, based on experience, might be interesting.

Not long ago I was encamped with a fellow angler near a salt-water inlet once famous for its big striped bass, but now noted principally for crabs and eels. The nights were cool and we enjoyed sitting beside a small friendship fire for an hour before turning in. My companion is fond of eels, while I am not. My pleasure in catching an eel ends when he commences to wind up my line, an operation I prefer to conduct myself. As our fire was not far from the water, and the tide was flooding at night, my friend found he could cast far out in the inlet, then sit by the fire while awaiting a bite, an occupation as restful and expectant as any angler could ask for. One night I sat beside the fire while my companion landed six eels

and one perch, all of which he left in the grass beside the tent. Then I went to sleep, and nodding violently enough to capsize my camp chair, concluded to turn in. Taking up a lantern, I saw something moving in the short grass, and holding the light close, found an enormous water rat struggling along with an eel. It did not seem to mind the light, and thinking one eel more or less would not be missed, I followed the rat and saw it disappear into a hole in the bank. Coming back, I told my friend, who investigated, only to learn that every eel, and the perch, too, had been stolen. He was furious. He took several billets of wood and hammered them into the rat-hole, then turned in, satisfied that the thief was bottled up for good. Next morning a fresh opening appeared alongside the sticks.

This friend of mine is such a sound sleeper that, when he turns in, no one knows when he will turn out of his own accord. One morning I awoke, and finding him still asleep, although it was late, cast about for some means of bringing him back to earth. His fishing rod, standing against the tent pole, furnished the instrument. Sliding the click on, I turned the reel-handle sharply, then lay down and shut my eyes. He lifted his head, opened his eyes and looked around. In a moment he was asleep again, and I repeated the operation. This time he sat up, looked out of the tent, then regarded his reel steadily and suspiciously, shaking his head, as if to say, "I give it up. I thought I heard that reel click, but I must have been dreaming."

There is a little place in New York city where the founder of the business, and his sons after him, have long made a specialty of grinding and repairing fine edged tools. They are Americans. One day a customer took a sheath knife for them to grind, complaining that it would not keep an edge, although he had paid a big price for it. The veteran grinder said this fault was found in nearly all American knives of its kind, the metal of which is too soft.

Why, then, should our hunting knives, so-called, not be made of harder steel, or tempered more highly? Is it the fault of the raw material, or of the workmanship? We Americans dislike to admit the truth of any statement of this sort, but this is not the first time I have heard the assertion that our knife blades are too soft, and when such statements come from experts of vast experience, one is compelled to accept them as the truth.

But what has the foreign manufacturer to offer us? Nothing that can be called a sheath knife. We can choose between a large clasp pocket-knife and an affair fitted with a guard so that it sticks more than half its length out of the sheath and is not only of no use in cutting anything, but will catch on limbs and bushes until finally lost.

The man who knocks about the woods wants a knife which will be handy for all-round use. He may expect to employ it some day in dressing big game, but more often it will be handy in cutting kindling for the camp-fire, dressing fish and squirrels and whittling for amusement. The handle must be no longer than is absolutely necessary, and the blade should also be short; in fact, the relation of the two must be equal to that of the large-size clasp knife, but without its weak hinge, and fitted with no devices that will prevent it from going down easily into a simple sheath until only an inch of the handle protrudes. It need not fit this sheath tightly, for after this gets wet it will take proper form and shape and hug the knife snugly enough.

Among my acquaintances there is one who, if he lived in Russia, would be an anarchist, but whose vaporings on the way the world's affairs

YOUNG BARN OWL, FULLY GROWN.

should be conducted are often wasted on street corner audiences. But while he raves against monarchs, he is opposed to shooting game. He justifies his fondness for fishing on the plea that fishes suffer no pain when hooked. One day while returning homeward from a fishing trip he found an English sparrow that had flown into a large hoopnet left on shore to dry, and in its struggles had become so entangled in the meshes that it was exhausted. This touched the heart of my friend, but the only way he could reach the bird was by crawling into the long net himself. This he did, but in releasing the sparrow it flew about wildly, and in catching it he started the hoops to rolling, the net finally twisting and capsizing in such a way that the humane one was hopelessly caught and had to yell lustily for help.

Whether or not fish feel pain from the prick of small single hooks is an open question, but when treble hooks in pairs or more are used, and a fish becomes entangled in these and mutilated, there can be no question whether or not its injuries are felt.

Did you ever, when using a wooden minnow and in landing a good-sized bass, get these hooks entangled in the net and swear and perspire for twenty minutes? Meanwhile the fish in its struggles makes matters worse by flopping about until one is almost in despair. I thought of these things the other day when I saw in a tackle display a lot of single-hook minnows instead of the now all-too-common trebles. Men who declare they will not use treble hooks assert that they catch equally as many fish on singles—some say more. What is your experience?

A man I know is very fond of rifle practice, and on Saturday afternoons he warns everybody in the family not to go into the back yard without first informing him, and retires to the basement with his rifle and a lot of .22 caliber cartridges. There he has his private range, and by opening the rear door of the basement and placing the target against a stone wall at the foot of the yard, he has a distance of 25 yards. He is fond of rest shooting, and his rifle is fitted with a telescope sight, so that in this practice a ten-cent piece is big enough for a bullseye and seldom will a shot stray so far away that a circle the size of a quarter will not cover it.

"One day while I was practicing," said he, "our cat came down the walk in the yard and sat down in the sun exactly in line with the target. I was shooting at rest and the crosshairs just missed the top of her head. I waited a few moments, thinking she would move away, but she did not, and I estimated how far the bullet would actually miss her skull if I should press the trigger, and thought an inch about the distance. I then held the crosshairs on the bullseye down in the yard, watched Puss closely to see that she did not rise suddenly, then fired.

"That old cat jumped about four feet, and when she came down she looked all around the yard trying to discover what it was that gave her such a start. She could not see me—or at least another person could not have seen me, looking from the sunlight into the dark basement—and I rather think she took the hum of the bullet for some sort of a new-fangled bumblebee, for it just grazed the fur between her ears. And she was still trying to puzzle the thing out, cat fashion, when I fired again. That settled it, for although the second bullet did not pass so near, she took it for granted the bumblebee was coming back again, and went around into the front yard, waving her tail up and down in the funny jerky way a cat has when she is angry or worsted in a scrap."

A correspondent living out west sends me a newspaper clipping which relates how an eagle tried to carry off a little girl near Chamberlain, S. D., last week, and was making a very fair start when the child's mother appeared on the scene, and swatted—I can't think of a better word—the eagle with a broom until the 18-months-old youngster was dropped. Now, a girl of that age is likely to weigh 30 pounds or more and be somewhat awkard to carry. Anyway, I don't believe the story—do you? Grizzly King.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Economic Value of Birds of Prey.

II.—The Owls.

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

With Photographs from Life by Herman T. Bohlman and Wm. L. Finley.

As a family the owls are among the most beneficial of all birds from the economic standpoint of the agriculturalist. With few exceptions the owls are largely nocturnal. Their eyes and ears are remarkably developed, and are keenest in the early hours of the night and morning. Many harmful rodents are most active in their search for food during the night, and the owls are the natural check for this multitude. The hawk hunts by day and the owl by night and the work of one supplements that of the other.

The little screech owl is perhaps best known in all parts of the country for its indefatigable work in destroying mice and insects. During the day this owl likes to sleep in the hollow of some old tree, at times it takes refuge in the thick foliage, where it is generally spied by some songster during the day. The fact is soon made public in the bird world, for at the cry of "Owl!" I have often seen a dozen different birds gather around in a few moments to take a hand in the "ousting." Robins and bluejays are the greatest bane in the owl's life, and for this reason he has to keep hidden during the day.

The screech owl has seldom been known to attack poultry. Out of 255 stomachs of this species examined by the Department of Agriculture, only one contained the remains of a domestic fowl. But often this bird has been found feeding on cut-worms and caterpillars, and at times they are certainly efficient in destroying this pest.

CALIFORNIA SCREECH OWL.

We found the burrowing owl common through California and southern and eastern Oregon, and this species is more destructive to noxious insects and rodents than any other owl. The 26th of last June we found three different nests of the burrowing owl in adjoining fields in Klamath county, southern Oregon. At the mouth of each burrow we found a matted mass of fur and small bones that I think would have filled a bushel basket. We dug down for four feet and found five young owls almost full grown. The old owl kept flying about and lighting on the fence posts, and occasionally she would swoop down within a few feet of our heads. Only one owl appeared about the nests and where the other parents were I do not know. Two of the burrows each contained five grown birds and the other was perhaps filled with the same number. The actual amount of food a pair of these birds require to rear a family must be enormous. Captain Bendire relates some interesting experiments with these owls.

"I have at different times, kept some of these birds in confinement for a week or more and fed them on Townsend's ground squirrels, an animal weighing more than this owl. These were caught alive, and absolutely uninjured, in wire traps baited with carrots, and turned loose in a room where the owls were kept; first, to see if they would actually kill rodents of this size, and, second, to find out how much they would eat in a day. To test both, I fed a pair of these owls four live, full-grown Townsend's ground squirrels in one day, besides the carcasses of five small birds which had been skinned, and was astonished at the ease and celerity with which these rodents were killed and the small amount of resistance they made. I watched the proceedings through a small hole in the door. As soon as a squirrel was turned loose in the room with the owls, one of them would pounce on it, and, fastening its sharp talons firmly in the back of the squirrel, spread its wings somewhat, and with a few vigorous and well-directed blows of its beak, break the vertebræ of the neck, and before it was fairly dead it commenced eating the head. This was always eaten first and is the favorite part. Next morning there was but little left of the squirrels or birds, and the two owls had certainly eaten considerably more than their own weight in the twenty-four hours. It actually kept one busy to supply them with the necessary food they would consume, which gives a fair idea of how much a family of half-grown young must require. As nearly all the food used by them consists of noxious vermin, it readily appears what an immensely beneficial bird the burrowing owl is, considered from an economic point of view, and deserving of the fullest protection."

One of the commonest birds of prey in California is the barn owl, nesting not only in old barns, but in towers and attics in the midst of the city, in hollow trees along a stream or in small caves in the side of a cliff. Years ago one of our neighbors got a pair of pigeons, sawed two holes up in the corner of his barn and nailed up a soap box. The pigeons disappeared one day, and the next spring a pair of barn owls moved in. That was seven or eight years ago, but the old dusty box in the end of the barn is still rented to the same pair. I have no doubt the tenants will remain as long as the barn lasts.

We were anxious to get a series of pictures of this owl family, but it was not easy, situated as they were in the very peak of the old barn. The minute we approached the nest, the old owl pitched headlong out the hole and landed in the willow tree opposite. We had to climb a ladder and swing into the rafters to reach the nest. We nailed up a couple of crosspieces strong enough to hold a board, then taking the back out of the nest-box, we arranged it so it would drop down and show the interior or could be fastened up at will. Crawling up in a stooped position with our camera, we managed to get a picture of the eggs.

A month later we climbed up into the gable end of the barn and pulled out three of the funniest, fuzziest, monkey-faced little brats that it has ever been my privilege to set eyes upon. They blinked, snapped their bills and hissed like a boxful of snakes. We took them to the ground and doubled up in laughter at their queer antics. They bobbed and screwed around in more funny attitudes in a minute than any contortionist I ever saw. They were graded in size and height as carefully as a carpenter builds the steps of a staircase, and they were such lumpy looking birds. It looked as if some amateur taxidermist had taken them in hand and rammed the cotton in, wad at a time with a stick, till he had the youngsters bulging out in knobs all over.

We crept out one night and hid in a brush heap by the barn. It was not long before the scratching and the soft hissing of the young owls told us their breakfast time had come. The curtain of the night had fallen. The day creatures were at rest. Suddenly a shadow flared across the dim-lit sky; there was a soundless sweeping of wings as the shadow winnowed back again.

YOUNG BURROWING OWL.

FAMILY OF YOUNG BURROWING OWLS AT MOUTH OF BURROW.

The young owls, by some unmistakable perception, knew of the approach of food, for there was a sudden outburst in the soap box like the whistle of escaping steam. It was answered by an unearthly, rasping, witching screech. I thought of the time we used to creep out at the dead of night and scare an old negro by drawing a chunk of rosin along a cord attached to the top of an empty tin can. Again and again the shadow came and went. Then I crept into the barn, felt my way up and edged along the rafters to the hen-roosty old box. Silently I waited and listened to a nasal concert that was about as pleasing as a cageful of musical snakes. The minute food was brought; I flashed a match and saw one of the little "monkey-faces" tearing the head from the young gopher.

The next time I climbed the cob-webbed rafters to photograph the young owls, I cautiously thrust in my hand to pull out the nearest nestling. In a twinkling he fell flat on his back and clutched me with both claws. Of all the grips I ever felt, that was the most like a needle-toothed steel trap. I felt the twinge of pain as the sharp talons sank into the flesh. I cringed and the grip tightened. The slightest movement was the signal for a tenser grasp. It was the clutch that fastens in the prey and never relaxes till the stillness of death follows. I hung to the rafters and gritted my teeth till I could wedge in my thumb and pry the claws loose.

The young owls were hardly old enough to fly, but they could raise their wings and run like a cat for the darkest corner. We had never tried the camera on such a ferocious lot of birds. They knew the art of self-defense like a professional prize fighter. Approach one and he was on his guard. He would turn on his back in an inkling and throw up his claws. "Come on, I'm ready," he seemed to say, and we kept our distance. The oldest one had a villainous temper; at times he was a peaceable looking citizen, but he was always wary and suspicious. He turned his back on the camera in disgust, or sat with his chin resting on his chest like a broken down lawyer, but one eye was always open and watching every move we made.

A pair of barn owls occupied one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. When the young were half grown, the floor was strewn with pellets. An examination of two hundred of these showed a total of four hundred and fifty-four skulls. Four hundred and twelve of these were mice, twenty rats, twenty shrews, one mole and a vesper sparrow.

A family of young barn owls will number from three to seven birds. It is incredible what an amount of vermin a nestful of young owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry; they will eat their own weight in food every night, and more if they can get it. A case is on record where a half grown owl was given all the mice it would eat. It swallowed eight in rapid succession. The ninth followed, all but the tail, which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of the raptores is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal and swallowed four additional mice. If this is the performance of a single bird, the effect that a whole nestful of owls would have on the vermin of a community is self evident.

An owl spreads terror among the small ground folk, as a ghost among negroes. It is the owl's shadow-silent wings, his sharp, sound-catching ear and his night-piercing eyes, that make him the superior of the mouse, the mole, the gopher and the squirrel. He fans over the field with an ominous screech that sets a mouse scampering to his hole, but his ear has caught the footstep; those wings are swift, those steel trap claws are always ready, his drop is sure, his grip is death.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

Kingfisher, Trout and Snake.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with considerable interest the letter of Wooden Sinker relative to the destruction of game fish by kingfishers, and have likewise read the articles on the other side of the question in your last issue.

I agree in the main with Wooden Sinker, as to the destructiveness of the kingfisher and also as to his apparent predilection for trout, yet I am in accord with FOREST AND STREAM as to the question of extermination. I own a trout stream, which I keep well stocked from retaining ponds, where I keep the fingerlings from two to three years until of sufficient size to place in the stream proper; and I have found the most efficacious method to control the kingfisher question has been, aside from wire netting, which is too expensive, to keep the vicinity of the ponds cleared of trees of any great height and particularly dead timber. That busy little bird, with his "reel" attachment, must get, so to speak, a "standing start" in order to make his "pounce" successful, and by removing his "perches," he is like the man in the song, "Ain't much use in comin' round."

I have become at times rather exasperated at them, for they do kill fish, but on the other hand they certainly are handsome birds and their bright colors against the dark foliage along the stream make a beautiful contrast, and furthermore their killings are not equaled by those of the black and water snake; the latter are more destructive than the kingfisher and I wage continual war on them. The water snake is a perfect glutton, and is apparently no respecter of size, as the following incident will show. I was with a friend of mine in a stream situated in the same county in which my stream is located, and a seven inch trout rose to his fly. In drawing the fish in to take it off, he brought his line past a small bunch of grass near the bank, when to his great surprise, a water snake shot from the bank and seized the trout, and for a few seconds things were lively, but the snake finally broke lose, and the little trout, which my friend had expected to let go, was reeled in with its back broken and scarred. The black snake is not of course as destructive as the water snake, but can and does take care of his share of young trout. The water snake possibly has his place to fill in the equilibrium established by nature, but it is not so apparent to me as that of the kingfisher, and if it comes to the question of saving our birds at the expense of the snakes, my vote is for the former.

NEHPTUS.

HALF-GROWN BARN OWLS.

GAME BAG AND GUN

Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies.

It is of a hunting journey during which, as he says, the party "went far beyond the last tin can of civilization" that Mr. William T. Hornaday writes in his latest work, which bears the title given above. But this volume is not a scientific work. The author calls it "merely a story of recreations with big game, with a few notes on nature," but he tells the story well, and the grand illustrations, reproduced from photographs made by the Hon. John M. Phillips, are remarkable.

The railway journey ended at Michel, a coal camp just out of the Elk river valley, in East Kootenai, British Columbia. Michel, a town where twenty-four different languages are spoken, is literally painted red, for it belongs to a coal company, and red paint is cheap.

The hunting party consisted of the Hon. John M. Phillips, State Game Commissioner of Pennsylvania; William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park; C. L. Smith and R. W. Norboe, guides; John Norboe, scout; G. E. Huddleston, the cook, and Kaiser, the "official dog." We quote from the book:

"From New York to Michel the continent seemed utterly barren of mammalian life, except in the Sioux Reservation, where we saw a few gray-coated Franklin ground squirrels (*Citellus franklini*). We saw neither antelope, coyote, swift nor prairie dog! On the Dakota lakes and ponds there were a few ducks, enjoying immunity until September; but the total number was small.

"At Charles L. Smith's ranch, on Elk river, five miles below Michel, we at last saw a wild animal! A big pack-rat (*Neotoma*) of sociable habits, calmly climbed into the grub-wagon that was to go as far up as Sulphur Springs, and settled itself for a migration at our expense. The stowaway was discovered, and the alarm sounded. There between two of the boxes, its head in full view under the edge of the tarpaulin, was as droll a face as could be imagined. The big, black eyes looked at us inquiringly, but calmly, and even fearlessly. They said: 'Well, what's all this noise about? Why don't you drive on? You needn't be afraid of me; I'm not afraid of you.'

"In Elk river, below the Sulphur Springs there is no extra-fine fishing, for the reason that the accessibility of the stream has caused the biggest fish to disappear via the short line. So Charlie Smith planned that we should make a trip for trout over to Fording river, partly, as he phrased it, 'to break the director in gradually, before we got into the high mountains.' In New York I hunted long for rubber-bodied May-flies, and I carried a rod and reel twenty-five hundred miles for one day on Fording river; but that day was worth it!

"From start to finish it was a wild revel. I soon became so set up with four or five big fish that I refused to engage any small fry. Whenever I saw a small fish dart toward my fly, I snatched it away from him, and angled for his betters. Whenever by any untoward accident a one-pound fish took the hook in spite of me, we landed him without loss of time, took the hook from his lip, and with an admonition never to do so any more until he got big, gently dropped him back home.

"The cut-throat trout is, after all, a dainty biter. Although he takes an imitation May-fly swiftly, and even joyously, he does not greedily gulp it far down into his anatomy, and makes all kinds of trouble. He seizes with his lips only, not his throat; and almost invariably the hook is found holding feebly in his lip. This scanty hold requires much care in playing the fish, and a line constantly taut, to keep the hook in its place. With the least carelessness, away goes the fish. It also makes it easy to remove a fish that is too small, and put it back in the stream as good as new. One fly lasts a long time, and is good for at least three or four fish of approved size."

The first view of mountain goats is a very impressive one. Of this Mr. Hornaday says:

"At the top of the precipice that rose above our slope, a long, irregular line of living forms perched absurdly on the sky-line, and looked over the edge, at us. Quickly we brought our glasses to bear, and counted fourteen living and wild Rocky Mountain goats.

"Suddenly sharp cries of surprise came up from the camp, and I sprang up to look about. Three goats were running past the tents at top speed—a big billy, and two smaller goats.

"'Hi, there! Goats!' cried Smith and Norboe.

"The cook was stooping over the fire, and looking under his right arm he saw the bunch charging straight toward him, at a gallop. A second later, the big billy was almost upon him.

"'Hey! You-son-of-a-gun!' yelled Huddleston, and as a big snow-white animal dashed past him he struck it across the neck with a stick of fire-wood. The goat's tracks were within six feet of the camp-fire.

"The billy ran straight through the camp, then swung sharply to the left, and the last I saw of him was his humpy hindquarters wildly bobbing up and down among the dead jack pines, as he ran for Bald Mountain.

"We laughed long at the utter absurdity of three wild goats actually breaking into the privacy of our camp, on our first afternoon in Goatland. In the Elk valley Charlie Smith had promised me that we would camp 'right among the goats,' and he had royally kept his word. At evening when we gathered around the camp-fire, and counted up, we found that on our first day in Goatland, we had seen a total of fifty-three goats; and no one had fired a shot."

Mr. Hornaday tells how he got his first goat as follows:

"My goat was grazing behind the trunk of a fallen tree, which shielded his entire body. I waited, and waited; and there he stood, with his head down, and calmly cropped until I became wildly impatient.

"It must have been five minutes, but it seemed like twenty-five, before that goat began to move forward. The annoying suspense had actually made me unsteady; besides which, my rifle was a new one, and unchristened. Later on I found that the sights were not right for me, and that my first shooting was very poor.

"At last my goat stood forth, in full view—white, immaculate, high of hump, low of head, big and bulky. I fired for the vitals behind shoulder.

"'You've overshot!' exclaimed Norboe, and—

"'Bang!' said Mr. Phillips' rifle.

"Neither of us brought down our goat at the first fire! I fired again, holding much lower, and the goat reared up a foot. Mr. Phillips fired again, whereupon his goat fell over like a sack of oats, and went rolling down the hill. My goat turned to run, and as he did so, I sent two more shots after him. Then he disappeared behind some rocks. Mack, John and I ran forward, to keep him in sight, and fire more shots if necessary. But no goat was to be seen.

"'He can't get away!' said Norboe, reassuringly.

"'He's dead!' said I, by way of an outrageous bluff. 'You'll find him down in the slide-rock!' But inwardly I was torn with doubts. We hurried down the steep incline, and presently came to the top of a naked wall of rock. Below that was a wide expanse of slide-rock.

"'Thar he is!' cried Norboe. 'Away down yonder, out on the slide-rock, dead as a wedge.'

"Truly the goats we saw at home were unacquainted with fear. They have no nerves! With dogs and men you can corner a goat on a ledge, and hold him there for an hour or two. He will get very angry, and grit his teeth, and perhaps kill several of your dogs, but he will not get 'rattled,' and he will neither fall off nor leap off to certain death, as any deer surely will do under such circumstances. There are some men, and also some animals, who do not become panic-stricken, even when they are being killed; and of the latter I think the mountain goat is one."

Mr. Hornaday's first silver tip was secured in this way:

"Far down, fully one hundred and fifty yards from where we were, there lay a silvery-gray animal, head up, front paws outstretched. It was indeed a silver-tip; but it looked awfully small and far away. He was out on the clean, light-gray stipple of slide-rock, beside the scanty remains of my goat.

"I greatly desired to watch that animal for half an hour; but when a bear hunter finds a grizzly bear, the thing for him to do is to kill it first, and watch it afterward. I realized that no amount of bear observations ever could explain to John Phillips the loss of that bear.

"As I raised my .303, the grizzly rose in a business-like way, and started to walk up the slide-rock, due south, and a little quartering from us. This was not half so good for me as when he was sitting down. Aiming to hit his heart and lungs, close behind his foreleg, and allowing a foot for his walking, I let go.

"A second or two after the 'whang' the bear reared slightly, and sharply wheeled toward his right, away from us; and just then Charlie's rifle roared—close beside my ear! Without losing an instant, the grizzly started on a mad gallop, down the slide-rock and down the cañon, running squarely across our front.

"Quickly I threw in another cartridge, and fired again; and 'whang' went Charlie, as before. The bear fairly flew, reaching far out with its front feet, its long hair rolling in great waves from head to tail. Even at that distance, its silvertipped fur proclaimed the species.

"Bushes now hid my view, and I ran down a few yards, to get a fair show. At last my chance came. As the bear raced across an opening in view, I aimed three feet ahead of his nose, and fired my third shot.

"Instantly the animal pitched forward on his head, like a stricken rabbit, and lay very still."

New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

James Bay Routes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. T. Durston, of Syracuse, N. Y., made a trip to James bay this summer from Ridout station. It is a question whether the Ridout or the Wakami is the best starting point. There is more water in the Wakami river and more game, although both routes abound with game. There are only eight miles between the two mentioned starting points. Both are on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Durston says:

"We had fine weather and reached James bay successfully. The trip back is rather hard. There are many rapids to pole up. We saw a good deal of game between your place and half way down to James bay. None after that."

There is no doubt that the best game section of Canada is between the Great Lakes and a point about 100 miles north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway; getting further north into the Muskeg region, game is not so abundant.

L. O. A.

Carelessness in Cleaning Rifles.

Sportsmen who are in the habit of putting their rifles away after cleaning at the end of a day's shooting, with a plug of greased cotton or flannel in the muzzle, to keep out moist air, may express some surprise that barrels have been burst through the owner's carelessness in neglecting to remove the plug. Max Baker, of the London Field, recently explained how an accident of this nature might occur.

An Indian sportsman sent the Field a double express rifle, caliber .577, the right barrel of which had been burst, but the owner could not account for it. Various experiments were tried with the sound left barrel, until it was fired with a wisp of tow covered with vaseline and pushed down six inches from the muzzle, the theory being that the protecting wad had slipped down through the partial melting of the vaseline and escaped notice. A cartridge adapted to the rifle was then fired and the barrel burst behind and near the obstruction. The rifle had been made to shoot the long black powder cartridge, but when the barrels burst, low pressure cordite was used with the regulation 610-grain bullet. Mr. Baker concludes his remarks as follows:

"All that can now be done is to warn those sportsmen who yet need convincing that a rifle should at all times be carefully examined before use, and if there is any surplus of grease in the bore, it should be cleaned out with a rod in preference to firing it away by a 'blow-off' round. Muzzle plugs appear to be undesirable on account of their liability to slip down the bore. No ordinary gun grease with vaseline or its equivalent for a base is hard enough at warm temperatures to hold its position for an extended period. Even if a wad of tow is made with a head which prevents it from slipping down the barrel, there is always the risk that it may inadvertently be left in the muzzle. Its ejection by the bullet when so located would probably not cause a burst, but it might give the barrel a bell mouth, a condition of affairs hardly conducible to good shooting, the short Lee-Enfield notwithstanding. A heavily greased barrel when set up muzzle downwards is often found with a worm of arrested grease in front sufficient to cause injury. If the rifle is the other way up, the chamber will receive the surplus of grease, and if its presence is neglected the action may be strained by the diminished power of the cartridge case to grip the chamber in the action of firing. Of the many gun greases on the market we do not know of a single one which will remain where it is smeared on with anything approaching the tenacity of the engineer's white lead and tallow, with which he anoints a piece of disused machinery. When unduly thinned varnish is put on to a painted surface, it draws up into smeary lines, giving the effect of an uneven coat. There is no gun grease which has the lack of viscosity which debars it from attempting to assume a globular formation. The consequence is a tendency to collect in streaks and lines following the rifling, and leaving various places unprotected. The use of unduly thin gun grease probably accounts for many of the disappointments which occur when examining guns and rifles which have been carefully tested before putting away. On the grounds, therefore, both of safety and preservation, there is a need for a gun grease of the consistency which one would expect to obtain by mixing vaseline and paraffin wax in suitable proportions, to be ascertained by experiment."

We believe it is by no means the rule for sportsmen to clean their rifles before firing them, and when heavy oils are used, and these become solidified or form in the rifling, injury of more or less importance is likely to result. No doubt the loss of accuracy of favorite rifles is sometimes due to this neglect.

It is not, however, the general habit of careful sportsmen to smear the bores of their rifles with heavy oils. Instead a great many clean the barrel carefully, then oil it, following the oiled rag with a clean one which removes all or nearly all of the oil. It stands to reason that in a barrel left for a long time in a vertical position the surplus oil will run unevenly and collect in patches as it becomes gummy, hence the advocates of wiping the barrel clean claim, and it seems with good reason, that the almost dry surface is less likely to rust than if it were coated deeply with oil.

In the backwoods we have heard men say that a rifle must become "acclimated" before it can be depended on. They claim that a rifle, taken into a region where the days are warm and the nights cold and dewy, will rust badly—outside and in—at first, but in a short time will become "acclimated," as they call it, and after that will need scant attention. We know that there is truth in this old belief, and account for it in this way: that the steel, being kept in a warm and dry place for months on end, is sensitive to the first sudden change to a much lower temperature, but after being exposed to the latter several days, becomes accustomed to it, as it were. The rifles of our grandfathers, kept in a corner or in a closet in a room whose temperature in winter seldom rose above 60 degrees, seldom got out of order or needed much inspection for rust. The temperature of the metal changed, if at all, very gradually. If a man came in from hunting when the mercury was low, he did not place his rifle, now as cold as ice, near the fire, where it would "sweat," and these globules of moisture drying, become spotted outside and pitted within with red rust. Instead he put it in a distant corner of the room, where it warmed up very gradually, and later on, when cleaned, oil was used sparingly.

There are men who follow these rules religiously to-day, and they have very little difficulty in keeping their fire-arms in the finest condition. To them a spot of rust in a rifle barrel is something to be religiously avoided, and if found, to be heartily ashamed of.

We have been with men on the hardest kind of trips, who, ready to fall asleep at the evening campfire from weariness, would rouse themselves with a supreme effort, take a final look at the picketed ponies, or around camp, to see that all was well, clean their firearms with scrupulous care, and fall asleep while fully dressed, like children. When their rifles were wanted, they could be depended on.

Duck Shooting at Mt. Eden, Cal.

Arriving at Mt. Eden, a small village on the railroad about twenty miles south of San Francisco, on the shore of San Francisco Bay, about 10 o'clock on the evening of Oct. 14, we were taken by a beautiful Mt. Eden damsel, who drove the old white horse to the salt marshes about two and one-half miles distant. The night was beautiful, the silvery moon rising over the foothills in the east and casting long shadows across the road. In the old two-seated democrat wagon were six enthusiastic hunters, all eager for the whizzing ducks, which were pretty sure to be plentiful at this time of year.

Arrived at the marshes we lit our candle lanterns and started out walking the dikes to the club house, which is situated well out in the marshes. Arrived there we made up a good fire and cooked some steak, opened a can of beans, made coffee, and ended the repast with a "Swain's mince pie" which latter article touched the right spot. After taking out our guns and placing them on the gun rack, arranging shells, rubber boots, etc., all three were soon in the blankets, when whiz! pank! a patato sailed through the darkness and landed on the doctor's head. This was a starter for a fusilade of "murphys" flying in all directions, and ducking my head under the blankets for safety, I waited until the ammunition ran out. After quiet was restored we fell asleep and were shooting "spoonies" right and left when, whirr, whirr, whirr, the little alarm clock told us it was 4 o'clock and time to get up and cook breakfast.

The doctor had quite a job to wind his ankles, as he had a habit of keeping his feet in good condition in this manner. However, we donned our shooting clothes, and after a good breakfast all three silently strode away through the darkness, over the dikes, with our candle lanterns to our ponds. The dikes are about two feet high and a foot wide at the top, and when slippery, as they were this morning, it having rained the night before, are hard to walk, especially when loaded down with guns, shells, lunch, gum coats, etc., and it is hard to keep one's balance.

The ponds at Mt. Eden are old salt ponds, which are out of use, but were formerly used for evaporating salt water in the manufacture of salt. A hogshead is sunk into the marsh with about six inches of the edge projecting above the water, and this furnishes a fine blind. We got out our decoys, about twenty each, got into our barrels, and waited for daylight. After about fifteen minutes a streak of light appeared in the east. First it was whitish, but it soon turned a golden reddish shade, and with a whirr, the spoonies were beginning to come in. Bang, Bang, Otto made a double; pretty soon the doctor was heard from; then a beautiful sprig drake came turning double somersaults down near the barrel. Whish, a flock of spoonbills. "Keep low," we cautioned; "steady, Otto, they are beginning to circle." Two more for Otto, and the doctor caught two, fine sprigs. I landed a mallard drake. The wind began to blow slightly. Soon in the southeast clouds began to appear and gradually covered the sky; a day for ducks sure. We kept this up until about 1 o'clock, when we gathered the ducks, Otto fifty, the doctor forty, and myself forty-five. Pretty fair for the opening day.

E. W. Currier.

Buck Fever.

Without a sound we pushed off from shore. No moon, no stars—not a sound! Without sense of motion we glided through the inky water. The air was heavy from its very blackness and the oppressive stillness seemed to smother us. Far off in the mountains two screech-owls called to each other with discordant clamor, but when they ceased, we seemed more than ever apart from the world of living things. At times a rock would loom up out of the blackness and glide slowly past. Without warning some sunken brush or lilypad would scrape raspingly along the canoe; and it seemed to me as though the whole world of deer would know of our presence there. The cold began to bore its way into my bones. The frost collected on the gun-barrel across my knees. I dared not move a muscle. Suddenly from the black shadow below me a great fish sprang up against the side of the boat, almost into my lap, and falling back with a loud splash left me shivering and shaking from the very suddenness of the thing. Stiff from the cold and the strain of my position, I began to wish I were in camp, when the rustling of leaves on the shore beyond was followed by the crackling of twigs and branches. As we drew nearer, the sounds came closer and closer to the water's edge. I said before that I was shivering; now I was shaking, so that the whole canoe vibrated from end to end. My mouth was wide open. Catching my breath in little gasps, I waited for the guide's signal to turn on the light of my electric jack. I lived a year in those few moments. My heart could be distinctly heard pounding away at the sides of my chest. With infinite care I lifted the rifle from my lap and pointed it toward the sound. As last came the signal. The light shot out from the lamp on my forehead and pierced its way into the woods. At first I could see only the end of my rifle waving madly, jerking and shivering and absolutely beyond control. There were two hedge-hogs prowling about in the bushes, but nothing more. Feeling the boat shake with motions other than mine, I turned the light upon my guide and understood. "Buck fever for a hedge-hog," he whispered, and off he went into spasms of silent laughter.

Lindley Smyth, Jr.

Plenty of Big Game in Minnesota.

Akeley, Minn., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our game and fish laws are perfectly satisfactory, and they are duly observed. We have plenty of big game, and the best fishing on earth.

Ed. Harris.

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The lastest report from Deputy Commissioner Rausch, who was shot in the Rowley woods by one Cahill, whom he had placed under arrest for hunting on Sunday, are somewhat encouraging. A Boston surgeon has succeeded in removing two wads that had entered his right breast and traversing the ribs had found lodgment in the back. A few of the shot have also been removed. Cahill is confined in the Newburyport jail.

On Wednesday Warden Edward Joyce, of Lawrence, came upon four Italians with guns in the woods near Willowdale. When called upon to surrender they covered the officer with their weapons and succeeded in making their escape to the roadway and avoided arrest, although pursued by a posse of men who rallied to the assistance of the deputy.

Hon. David M. Little, a former Mayor of Salem, had an unpleasant experience Thursday with poachers at his country place at Pride's Crossing. Mr. Little heard shooting near his house and on investigating discovered three armed men who threatened his life and covered him with their guns, thus affecting their escape. One of them had shot a pheasant belonging to the estate. Essex county appears to be infested by a gang of desperadoes who have no respect for law and no fear of its officers.

It is claimed by wardens Rausch and Nixon that they informed Cahill and his companion that they were deputies and exhibited their badges, and it is believed that Cahill's claim in self-defense that he thought they were "yeggmen," is nothing less than pure invention—the merest pretense. Every sportsman and every believer in law and order, whether a sportsman or not, devoutly hopes that Cahill will receive the severest punishment for his dastardly crime. A deputy game warden takes his life in his hands the moment he enters upon his duties, and every safeguard the laws provides should be thrown around him.

A Fire Warden for Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts forestry bureau has just issued a bulletin with reference to forest fires, in which it asserts that the present system of dealing with them lacks efficiency.

It shows by figures that for the past twenty years there has been a loss of $60,000 worth of timber annually and an annual average of 21,557 acres burned over during that period. From the experience of foreign countries, as well as of several states, it demonstrates the possibility of successfully combatting such fires and recommends that the state establish the office of fire warden. Within a dozen years several of the best game sections have been burned over to the great disadvantage of the hunters.

The hunters have been getting a few woodcock and partridges the past week, but the foliage has been too heavy for easy killing. The leaves are falling now, however, and the coming week will see larger bags, no doubt. Mr. Aborn, of Wakefield, reports very fair shooting in covers in that and adjoining towns, and chairman Poland kindly invited your correspondent to join him and Mrs. Poland Thursday evening in eating some birds he had shot. To-day Mr. Poland with several friends left for central New Hampshire. They take along two or three bird dogs and a rabbit dog. They count on bagging a good number of woodcock and ruffed grouse, as well as rabbits, and there may be some chance of getting a deer. The members of the party occupy an old abandoned farm house and are thoroughly acquainted with "the lay of the land" and the haunts of the game. Mr. Warren Jones, of Stoneham, one of the best shots with either rifle or shotgun in the county of Middlesex, has gone into a more remote section of the Granite state, and his friends predict he will add at least one more to the numerous trophies now in his possession.

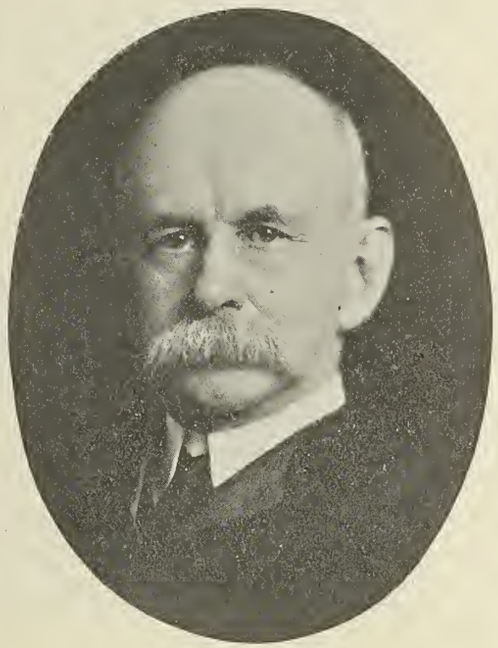
Lancaster, N. H., hunters report that the woods have been too dry for successful deer stalking, the rustle of the leaves giving the game warning. They anticipate good sport the coming week on account of the recent rain. They say deer are plentiful in wods of that region.

Bangor Shipments of Game.

Although hunting conditions for some days have been good, and game is reported plentiful, and the number of hunters equal to that of former years, the receipts show a large falling off. Shipments for the season up to Friday the 19th were, 295 deer, 5 moose and 7 bears, while for last year the figures were 674 deer, 13 moose, 8 bears. This week's shipment of deer was 134 against 421 last year; 5 moose as against 13 last year.

Partridge hunters say there are plenty of birds, but they are mostly in the swamps. They anticipate finding them on the higher lands after the heavy fall rains fill up the swamps. Many sportsmen are going into upper Aroostook by way of Patten where some 75 or more licenses have been issued. Mr. L. K. Hermon, of Boston, secured a buck this week and Mr. L. E. Adams succeeded in killing a large bear.

Camps reached from Rangeley and Eustis are filled with hunters in about the usual number,



HENRY C. SQUIRES.

The many friends of Mr. Squires, who were shocked to read in our last issue of his death, will be glad to see this portrait, which is a splendid likeness.

and while some have been getting deer others are bent on securing a bear or moose.

One of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hutchins, of Boston, who are in camp, has already killed two deer. J. H. Parker, of Boston, got two deer in one day, one of them a buck with fine antlers. Several ladies from Massachusetts have gone to camp in pursuit of large game. Mr. S. L. Tweed, of Boston; Mr. Harlow, of Gardner; E. W. Lincoln, of Winchester, and W. J. Spinney, of Revere, have secured deer.

A party of four Massachusetts gunners have found good woodcock shooting in Lincoln, Maine, the past week.

"Uncle" Nathan Moore, who has been designated the "Pathfinder of Maine," recently passed away at his home in Moscow, Somerset county. He survived three desperate fights, one with a bear defending her cub, one with a bull moose, and one with a bald eagle. His record of bears killed was 274, of moose 324, of deer 900, and caribou 200.

Spread of Antlers 60¾ Inches.

Mr. George B. Clark, of the state association, and member of the gun club of the B. A. A., a noted trap and rifle shot, brought back from New Brunswick recently a magnificent moose head. The spread of antlers is 60¾ inches and in width 17 inches from point to point of palm; it is one of the finest heads ever obtained in eastern North America.

H. H. KIMBALL.

That Anticosti Goose Egg Story.

QUEBEC, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention was called to an article in your last issue, regarding the shipment of carloads of wild goose eggs from Anticosti Island to France. The whole thing seemed so ridiculous that I drew the attention of Mr. George F. Gibsone, who is Mr. Henri Menier's representative in Quebec, to this matter, and now inclose his letter to me on the subject, which will no doubt be interesting to thousands of people, who would feel very indignant if it were possible that such a state of affairs could exist. I am very well acquainted with Mr. Menier, who is the sole owner of Anticosti Island, and I have every reason to believe that that gentleman fully respects the laws of this country. I do not believe he would allow an egg of any kind to go off that island for the purpose of traffic, and the next thing there is no railroad within two hundred miles of Anticosti Island, and there are no railroads going to France from anywhere in this country. Mr. Menier is taking every care in his power to propagate game, large and small, of all descriptions; and the increase, as Mr. Gibsone says, has been very large for the past few years. I can assure you if I had ever heard that there was anything of the kind going on, I would have been the first to have taken steps to notify the authorities to stop it. An investigation into these charges has been called for by Mr. Menier's representative here, and I trust the result will fully support what I state and believe to be true.

J. U. GREGORY.

QUEBEC, Oct. 16.—Commodore J. U. Gregory, I. S. Q., Quebec: My Dear Commodore Gregory—Thank you very much for the copy of FOREST AND STREAM and for drawing my attention to a communication from Mr. George Piers and one from the P. E. I. Fish and Game Protection Society in which it is stated that "carloads of wild goose eggs have been shipped from Anticosti to France." I do not think I need tell you what an absurd fabrication this is and that there is not an existing circumstance which could have been misinterpreted or magnified into that rumor.

I am sure nobody knows better than you do from the fact your knowing Mr. Menier so well, and from the fact of his being advised so often by you in matters respecting fish and game, that nothing of the kind could happen with his permission.

I have been there several times each year for the last twelve years and I know that the protection of fish and game is most efficient. Mr. Menier has in his service about ten fish and game wardens whose sole duty it is to protect game, and their work has been so effectual that game has very much increased in the last ten years.

I may say that the other day I received from the provincial government a communication to the same effect, and I immediately wrote promising that there would be an investigation and requesting that the grounds of the complaint be given us. The P. E. I. Fish and Game Protection Society say they have "reliable information" in support of what they state. I hope they will promptly furnish it to us; if they do it will receive the most careful attention. I am sure you have noticed the inaccuracy of the expression carloads, for there is not a railway car on the island, and shipments made to France would not be by carload. If you could drop a line to your friends of the FOREST AND STREAM to let them know how untrue the statement is you would do us a great service. Yours very truly,

GEORGE F. GIBSONE.

THE Fairmont Game Association has established a game preserve in Marion county, West Virginia, and has employed game keepers to look after the preserve and its game. The tract comprises 7,000 acres, we understand, and is held by lease. Small game is fairly abundant on the land, and quail that have been liberated there are reported in good condition.

The Arkansas Law Unpopular.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing season is about over now. We were in camp two days last week and had poor luck, although the fish that were taken were large. The water is now too cold to wade in.

We expected to shoot a few ducks last week, but were disappointed, as ducks were very scarce.

Not many non-residents enjoy field sports in Arkansas now because of the law which forbids them to hunt or fish in this state save on their own lands. To the best of my knowledge, however, this law was a piece of spite work against a Memphis (Tenn.) sportsman's club. It seems that the Memphis club owns a preserve in the St. Francis bottoms, and it prohibited some Arkansans from hunting and fishing on the same. The Arkansans waxed wroth about this and pushed through the legislature an act absolutely prohibiting a non-resident from hunting or fishing in the state. That section of the act forbidding a non-resident to hunt or fish even on his own land has lately been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court.

I believe non-residents should be licensed to hunt and fish as in other states. As it is now, I think the non-resident law is disregarded in most sections of the state, the people realizing that visiting sportsmen leave more or less money in the state and that they are desirable visitors.

Frank Connelly.

California Game Notes.

The San Francisco earthquake and fire did not injure the sportsmen of that city to such an extent as to prevent them from being active participants in the duck shooting on the vast marshes lying near by. The preserve clubs are apparently as active as ever, and additional lands have been obtained by lease or purchase wherever arrangements could be made. Among these W. W. Richards has purchased a large tract in the Suisun marshes. Achille Roos has also purchased 225 acres in these marshes, his property being at present held under lease by the Teal Gun Club. The Empire Gun Club has added to its holdings by leasing 3,500 acres of land on the Salinas river where quail shooting is always good. Members of the Field and Tule Club were heavily hit by the disaster last April, but are active on their preserve near Cordelia. Along the Truckee river near Reno, Nev., nearly all of the best ducking grounds have been leased by preserve clubs, and the independent shooters are complaining bitterly.

Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

The annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club will be held in Westfield the night of Oct. 30, the club's fox hunt taking place that day, and on the 31st, while the annual dinner will be held at the Park Square hotel, at the close of the second day's hunt. G. E. Austin, of Westfield, is president of the club. At the dinner Harold P. Moseley will be the toastmaster, and among the other speakers will be John R. Thayer, of Worcester; Charles M. Gardner and possibly Dr. O'Reilly, of Holyoke and Herbert Parker.

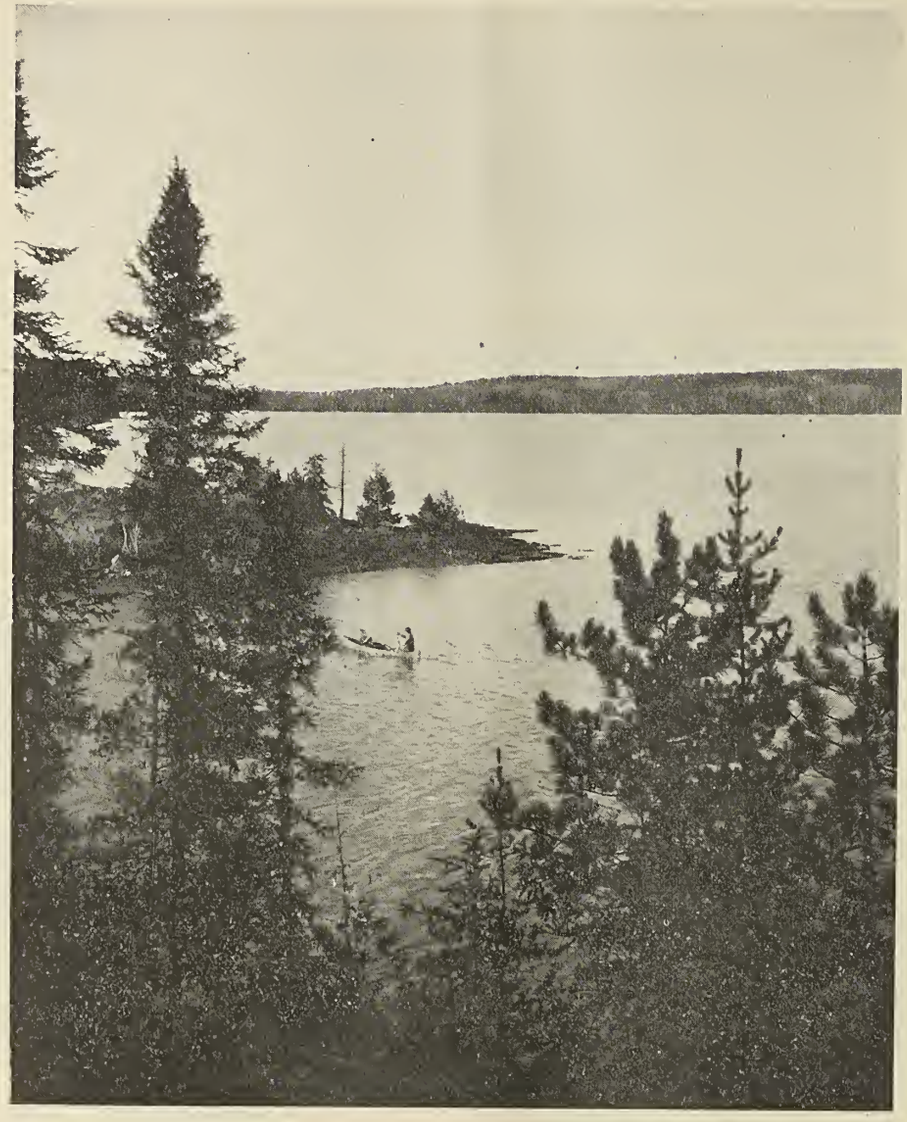
Rabbit Shot in Self-Defense.

John Janke shot a rabbit in self-denfense. He was arrested immediately. After a careful review of the facts, and taking into consideration the youth of the defendant, Judge Neelan imposed a nominal fine of $1 and costs. The young man promised never to repeat the act.

It seems that Janke is the sole support of his widow mother, and to earn money for her he hired out as a farm hand in Wauwatosa. He was given sleeping room in the barn of his employer. For the first few nights everything went well. On Thursday, however, Janke awoke, terrified. He was not sure what was wrong, but his hair was on end and the perspiration was beaded on his face, and falling with a steady drip, drip to the floor. He listened nervously, and finally felt an uncanny form creep past his head. Then with a horrible crunching sound, the mysterious object grabbed at the boy's hair. There was a ripping noise, a patter of feet, and Janke was alone, minus the several wisps of hair.

The next night the proceeding was repeated. Early Saturday night he again sought rest on the cot. Again came the shadowy form, and again Janke felt the attack begin. Driven to desperation, he sprang from the cot and clinched with his opponent. He beat the rabbit insensible. Then he went to the house for a gun. When he came back the rabbit had recovered its senses and reopened the battle. The gun was brought into play, and soon the rabbit was a corpse.

A game warden discovered the body and arrested Janke for shooting without a license. The young man confessed, but his story was so straightforward that no one could doubt it. He went back to work this morning. This is the first battle with a rabbit reported in Wisconsin.—Evening Wisconsin.



WHITEFISH BAY, LAKE TEMAGAMI, CANADA.
Photo by A. St. J. Newberry.

An Elephant Ranch in Texas.

With the buffalo and the wild pigeon gone, it would seem a curious state of affairs if, in the years to come, old world mammals, through careful propagation, ever become sufficiently abundant in this country to be hunted as game. In Florida and elsewhere ostriches are bred, and it is proposed to try the experiment of breeding elephants on a Texas ranch. At any rate J. F. Adams has purchased several elephants and shipped them to his ranch near Valentine, Texas, and others are to be sent there from time to time for breeding purposes. As a commercial proposition the plan, if successful, should result in materially lowering the cost of elephants for show purposes.

Connecticut Quail Scarce.

Milford, Conn., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice the increase of game in different states. Connecticut is in line with the rest. Partridges and squirrels are more plentiful than in past years; very few coveys of quail. Shooters in general will not kill any this fall, and with a mild winter will have good shooting next fall.

I was shooting on Oct. 1 and flushed twenty-one partridges, but the leaves were so thick I bagged but two. Will give them another trial as soon as the leaves are gone. The game laws are not closely observed here, nor enforced by the authorities.

F. S. Downs.

Long Island Game Abundant.

Bayport, L. I., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for gunning this fall is very good. There are more ducks in the bay than have been seen so early in the season for some years. The open winter of last year and the absence of forest fires last spring benefited the quail and rabbits. Consequently they are both quite numerous in this neighborhood. I was out with my dog one day last week and put up six large bevies of quail in about two hours.

Henry Stokes.

Bryon Stedman, E. G. Sander and Theodore Cook, of Dayton, Ohio, are on their way to St. John, Newfoundland, on a big game hunting trip, while Dr. Paul D. Hale of that town has just returned from a successful hunting trip in Wyoming.

Reminiscences of a Sportsman.*

(*Concluded from page* 493.)

It was in 1892 that Mr. Whitney first described, for the benefit of anglers, his method of fishing for Pacific salmon with light rods and lines. At that time FOREST AND STREAM said of his descriptions:

"Salmon fishermen the world over owe a debt of gratitude to him for his extremely interesting accounts of sea fishing for salmon on the Pacific coast. Though that fishing has been known for years to a limited number of anglers, he has been the first one to exploit the sport in adequate description for the benefit of the guild, and may fairly lay claim to the discovery. Others may have known of it as the Norsemen knew of America, but he has been the Columbus to proclaim his discovery to the world, and to command for it the attention it deserves."

Mr. Whitney was ever fond of fishing; indeed he prefers it to shooting, as his remarks indicate:

"Most sportsmen will agree that, tempered with experience and surroundings," he says, "they have a favoring, between fishing and shooting, for one over the other; comencing with the extremity of boyish enthusiasm in the catching of minnows and small fish, and the knocking over of sparrows, they advance in more fixed preferences. I will own that, although I have had some experience in the shooting line, my preference is for fishing, which I have followed more assiduously than shooting.

"In 1892, in the month of June, when at Monterey on the California coast, a hundred miles south of San Francisco, and visiting the hauls of the market fishermen, as brought in principally by Italians and Portuguese, I was interested in observing more or less salmon brought in, which had been taken with baited hooks on strong cotton handlines. This interested me so much that I accompanied some of the boats which left at an early daylight hour, and as a school of salmon had come into the bay, I saw a number of them taken, which was a revelation to me. These fishermen were on hand for any edible fish which might come along, sinking or trolling, as the case might be, for cod, blue-fish, barracuda and flounders, or for mackerel, sea bass or salmon. Their fishing was entirely with cotton handlines, using small fresh fish for bait, which abounded in plentifulness.

"I was strongly affected in contemplation of the field before me, and will give an account of my experiences in this remarkable arena, where the sportsman's king of fishes, the salmon, could be taken in full vigor in natural food, undiminished by the abstinence and confinement incidental to river pool life, at the commencement of the long fast which ordinarily terminates its existence.

"To see these vigorous, combative monarchs of the *Salmo* family brought up alongside of the boat, swerving in the pull, from side to side, by powerful strokes of tail, and never ceasing in their fighting gameness, even when struck by the cruel gaff, with its following of spurting ruddy life's blood, or until the fatal brutal head blow given in the boat.

"Ignoble and inglorious this ending of the silver-spangled warrior of the deep sea, whose speed through the crystal waters equals that of the dolphin, or any denizens of the sea—equal almost to that of the fleeting hare on land. To see this sparkling form in fresh fulness, in the last tremulous throes of death, seemed a sorrow. Still, perhaps, it was better to die thus in perfection of life and action than slowly to perish from exhaustion and mutilation in a stagnant pool, or, blind and bloodless, gasp in starvation amid the whirling eddies.

"I saw enough to fire my hope and expectations, and from the city I obtained two bamboo bass rods of good strength, with large multiplying reels having rubber thumb pads, with 600 feet of 20-thread linen lines and suitable hooks. The bamboo rods I soon smashed up, but they lasted with repairs and lashings until I secured by telegraphing to New York for several six-and-a-half-foot steel trolling rods with agate line runners, weighing ten ounces. These I found most appropriate, and capable with careful handling for all the salmon I caught, and with one I handled successfully a ninety-pound shark, which after some time I brought to gaff.

"I engaged a good-sized fishing boat, applicable for sailing, and two men, fishermen and old whalers, and in the next three months I made forty fishing trips, almost invariably leaving my lodgings before the clear dawn, rising generally at 4 o'clock in the morning; and from my trips I secured over five thousand pounds of salmon from trolling—a record I can never expect to duplicate (nor have any particular desire to), as the season of 1892 for profusion of salmon at Monterey bay has never been equalled since, and in a few of the intervening years only a moderate number have been found there, with following good years.

"I have followed the salmon trolling there moderately during the years since, and expect to do so again, but have only met with moderate success. The feature shown there is comparatively unique, in the finding of salmon which eagerly take fresh fish bait in the open sea, not known of in other waters than the Pacific, though very rarely salmon have been caught in European waters with spawn bait. This may be accounted as a compensation by the Pacific salmon for the non-taking of the artificial fly, so universal with its Atlantic and European prototype. Nor is there on the Pacific coast any such area of profusion of bait-taking salmon as that stretching over a distance of fifty miles from Santa Cruz and Monterey to Carmelo. At Puget sound, and at the mouths of the Columbia and Fraser rivers, the salmon likewise take bait in the sea; but more incidentally on their passage to the rivers, without abiding for weeks as they do off Monterey, and before the ova has advanced toward the voiding condition as with those salmon seeking passage up the rivers.

"In fact, the salmon coming off Monterey are more behind those seeking spawning beds. They have simply followed their food supplies from sea depth. It is a very interesting sight to witness the coming in and arrival of the small fish and squid, accompanied by myriads of predatory birds, who now welcome the harvest days long waited for, which unite them from their before-scattered locations, in clouds composed of many thousands, animated by a common impulse for deglutition and destruction, exponents of the creatures of nature, to kill and devour. The small fish coming in the summer and the early autumnal months into and adjoining Monterey for spawning are largely anchovies and sardines. These fishes are about the size of herrings, though there are two sizes of the sardines smaller than the regular full size. These come in countless numbers, as well as the anchovies, swimming near the surface, and often cover acres in extent; and also the squid, a miniature octopus in appearance, soft and boneless, which come in prodigious quantities, and, keeping at the surface more than the small fish, are more easily captured by the sea-birds, although they seem the favorite food not only of the birds, but of the salmon and a dozen other kinds of fishes, as well as of seals and sea-lions, but the quantity is so immense that little impression is made upon them, or even upon the anchovies and sardines. These schools can be observed a long distance off in a clear sea, though not immediately at the surface, by the reflection of their color.

"Nor should we fail to observe that all fish life existing in both salt and fresh waters owes its existence to an article of food which is invisible to the naked eye; to the endless variety and extensiveness of the animalcules and protozoa which the infantile fish, whether supplied with umbilical sac or not, depends upon for its first growth. This furnishes another exhibition of the automatic revolution of the water supplies.

"The squid is too delicate and tender for salmon bait, although the stomachs of the captured salmon show more squid than anything else. It is a repulsive-looking object, yet is accounted by many of the Portuguese and Italian fishermen as a great delicacy, and is served up fried in some of the San Francisco restaurants. By the Chinese it is considered very good, and until late years, when the fish commissioners have forbid it being taken with nets, was hauled in and dried by the hundreds of tons and shipped to China, where it was accounted a leading luxury.

"The objections of the fish commissioners were not founded upon a fear of diminishing the supply, but more from the general protests of residents about the Chinese coast fishing grounds, as the odor from acres of sun-dried squid was particularly offensive.

"The method of securing the squid followed by the Chinese was by netting at night. The squid was attracted by displaying lights from boats, about which the squid would cluster, whereupon other boats would circulate around with large purse nets, and secure immense hauls.

"I have seen these squid stretched out on the surface of the sea for over half a mile in length, and overcast by such clouds of muirs, shags and various fish-eating birds as to be uncountable, and I have often estimated as many as ten thousand birds of this character on and hovering about a single field of squid. Some of these birds will gorge so thoroughly as to be incapable of flight, and if pursued in a boat can be knocked over with an oar, and when pursued will often disgorge as followed until they are able to rise from the water.

"On my first excursion out, from an early hour until 10 o'clock I was very fortunate in taking in eleven fine salmon, which weighed nearly two hundred pounds, the smallest being a grilse of eight pounds and the largest twenty-four pounds. It is needless to say that I followed the fishing with eagerness, making an excursion out about every other day, generally finishing up before noon, but two or three times I was out all day when the salmon were very plentiful, making notable catches. It was seldom—not more than two or three times out of forty-odd trips—that I failed to fetch in salmon, so one can see that the fishing condition was most remarkable, and no season since 1892 has shown its equal. My largest catch when out a whole day, which occasion I more fully refer to hereafter, was twenty-nine salmon, weighing 512 pounds, averaging a little over seventeen pounds, my smallest salmon that day weighing eight pounds and my largest thirty-eight pounds. I carefully weighed all the salmon I caught, the total number being 320, and the total weight being 5,231 pounds. The largest salmon was fifty-four pounds, which I had no particular difficulty in fetching to gaff, excepting in the time given. The short steel ten-ounce rod is a very efficient one, and will bear a much stronger strain than a heavier bamboo rod, especially when a heavy fish sulks below the boat—and it is the disposition of sharks to do this more than salmon.

"The small-sized sharks in Monterey are very

*Reminiscences of a Sportsman. By J. Parker Whitney. Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. 1906. 467 pages, with portrait. Price $3.25 postpaid.

plentiful, the larger portion of them being under twenty pounds in weight, which can easily be brought in, although there are many which weigh from a hundred pounds up, and when one of these is struck it is better to let him go, after securing all the line possible.

"Two of the largest sharks known in any waters are occasionally seen off the bay—the whale shark and the basking, weighing tons. The former is seen rarely, but the latter often. Neither of these is known as a man-eater.

"It is necessary from the Monterey pier to row off two or three miles to reach the salmon, and sometimes further, and the sea is not always smooth, oftentimes too rough for those inclined to sea-sickness, and the mornings are generally foggy, but clear up before noon, when the prevailing west wind comes up, which enables one to sail back to the pier.

"It is necessary ordinarily to sink the baited hook from thirty to forty feet below the surface, and sometimes lower. This requires a sinker of four or five ounces in weight to keep down the hook, when rowing the boat at a speed of about a mile and a half an hour. I found the sinker an inconvenience in the free playing of the fish, and devised a method to free it by fastening it to a short piece of extra line, which I attached to my main one, by a peculiar bow-knot, thirty or forty feet from the hook, so that I could detach it by a hard pull, as I reeled in after the strike; as the salmon when first hooked at a depth almost invariably remains below for a while, without commencing its wild runs away, which occur when thoroughly alarmed at being brought up near the surface. The first action is generally of violent head-shaking to detach the irritating hook, and by this head-shaking, communicated along the line and rod to the fisherman, he is aware of a salmon being on, rather than another fish, and as he immediately and steadily reels up, the bow line attachment of the sinker is brought alongside of the boat, and quickly removed by one of the boatmen. But not always does this method succeed, as the salmon may be off before it can be accomplished and the sinker in such case may remain, clogging the free runs, until the last one.

"I devised a much better method later on for throwing off the sinker. My steel hooks of three-quarters of an inch spread at the bow, and long shanked, I had soldered on to a stout brass wire of four inches in length, and this connected by two more pieces of similar wire and length, by stout brass swivels. My four-ounce leaden sinkers, round and tapering at each end, and having a hole through lengthwise, I strung over on a not everstrong cotton string, and caught up the lower end of one of the brass links below, connecting it with the one above by the cotton string carrying the sinker. The string was strong enough to carry easily the pull of the trolling bait, but would break and drop off the sinker by the strike of the salmon and leave my line free. The loss of the sinker would, of course, occur, but was of slight importance and value.

"As the hooked salmon approaches the light at the surface, and has been unable to throw off the hook, his alarm is much increased, and he starts out with great rapidity in some direction opposite from the boat, and with an impetuosity impossible to speedily check. It may be two or three hundred feet, or more, before the hard-pressed reel pad on the line and the strain of the rod almost surely incline the head of the fish to one side or the other, which being once accomplished practically settles the successful take; for the salmon, once being turned from a straight course, must thereafter yield to the boat in a circling route, from which he can hardly escape, carrying in addition to the rod and reel strain that of dragging the line across the waters.

"Should a large salmon—say of twenty-five pounds weight or more—go directly away from the boat without being diverted, it would most likely run out all the line and part it, as occurred in two instances during my experience. But the severe strain which can be exerted from the reel and rod is almost sure to divert the fish from its apparent fixed purpose of getting away as far as possible from the boat on the route it first determines upon. A sufficient pressure can be put upon the thumb pad of the reel to part the line, or tear out the hook if not firmly placed. A danger also exists from the everrunning of the line if the drag is not judiciously applied; also from the line's sinking in the balance of line on the reel when too much pressure is applied, particularly when the line has not been firmly and evenly reeled in before, from which cause an entanglement takes place and the salmon is almost surely lost."

Anglers' Club of New York.

A series of club competitions for trophies given by members is now being held by the Anglers' Club of New York. The first of these was held Oct. 18 on the Pool in Central Park, and the others will be held as follows: Oct. 25 and Nov. 1, on the Pool; Oct. 27 and Nov. 3, on Prospect Park lake. The hour is 2:30 P. M. in each case, but members who arrive later will be permitted to cast for the trophies, provided only there are three members present, no score made in the presence of less than two other members being recognized.

The first prize for this series is a sterling silver loving cup presented by Secretary Frazer, and the second a cup given by Dr. R. J. Held. To win one of these a member must take part in three of the six regular contests, choosing time and place. Each contestant when ready to cast for record will be allowed two preliminary casts, after which he will make five consecutive record casts for distance with bait-casting rod, free-running reel and standard half-ounce weight, casting overhead with one hand only. The longest cast of the five will constitute his score for the day, and the average of these three scores will count for first and second prizes. Every one of the five casts must be scored, except that in case of the breaking of his line and the loss of a weight he may be allowed another cast. Backlashes count as casts.

Dr. Held has given another cup which may be won as follows: Each one of the record casts will be scored, and the average of the fifteen will count for this cup.

The afternoon of Oct. 18 was dark and muggy, fine rain falling at intervals, while the wind came in squalls from the northeast. On the Pool, in Central Park, while a few members of the Anglers' Club of New York were competing for prizes, the wind seemed to come from every direction, it being deflected by the trees. Mr. John Enright, the famous Irish salmon fly-caster, with Louis Darling, judged the club event, and H. J. Frost was the referee. Milton H. Smith was high man for distance in the contest for the silver trophy, while G. M. L. LaBranche was second, and he also had the best average, which counts for third prize in the series. The little lake is shaded by large trees, and it was impossible for Mr. Smith to see where his weight fell in a cast, while the other casters finished when it was so dark they could not see the lines on their reels, and had to go by guess, the result being unsatisfactory. The scores, in feet:

Casts:	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Average.
Milton H. Smith	120	165	132	35	154	121 1-5
G. M. L. LaBranche	162	160	158	160	120	152
R. J. Held	161	136	138	110	132	135 2-5
Perry D. Frazer	107	139	138	121	48	110 2-5

Mr. Enright practiced earlier in the afternoon with a greenheart fly-rod which several of the members tried and admired. It is 10½ feet long and weighs 8 or 9 ounces. This rod is in three joints, fitted with brass ferrules and wood dowels instead of the Castleconnell splicing generally used by the Enrights. Snake guides are used and the hand grasp is of suberit.

When the Anglers' Club of New York held its first tournament on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, the last event on the second day, Oct. 13, was finished at dusk, and there was no time to distribute the prizes, even if there had been a place where they could have been kept. It was decided, therefore, to call members, contestants and judges together for this purpose later on, and invitations were issued for a dinner to be held the night of Oct. 22. All hands, therefore, assembled at the headquarters of the club in West Forty-fourth street at the appointed time, to find the banquet hall tastefully decorated with flowers and the head of the table glistening with silver trophies. There were twenty of these, and about $500 worth of merchandise prizes, consisting mostly of rods, reels, flies, artificial baits, etc.

The guest of honor, Mr. John Enright, of Castleconnell, Ireland, sat with Mr. E. H. Meyers at the right hand of the president, Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, and vice-president Milton H. Smith sat on the president's left with Mr. Thomas D. Whistler. Among the others present were Messrs. C. A. Heller, M. E. and E. B. Towne, T. P. Berens, V. R. Grimwood, Louis S. Darling, Charles A. Bryan, Arthur F. Gotthold, R. J. Held, Harold G. Henderson, G. M. L. LaBranche, Henry B. Leckler, C. G. Levison, Gonzalo Poey, Edward B. Rice, Charles Stepath, Edward F. Todd, William B. Young, W. L. Brower, Perry D. Frazer, and several guests whose names have been mislaid by the writer. Letters of regret from a number of other members and guests were received.

Mr. Lawrence presented the prizes with appropriate remarks, beginning with the first prize in the salmon fly-casting event. According to the rules Mr. Enright, who won the event, was disqualified because his rod was 4½ inches over 18ft., and Reuben Leonard was entitled to the silver trophy, and E. J. Mills the second prize; but both gentlemen refused to take advantage of the rule, and Mr. Enright took the trophy for the longest cast, with Mr. Leonard second. Then all of the other prizes were distributed by Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. LaBranche was called up and presented Mr. Enright with a large silver loving cup in the name of the club, as a token of its esteem and in commemoration of his record-breaking score of 152 feet with a salmon fly-rod. Mr. Enright was given three hearty cheers, and in his remarks promised that he would attend the next tournament to be held by the club. He sailed for home Oct. 24, taking with him several little silk Irish and United States flags with which the tables were decorated, as mementoes, he said, of the pleasant reception accorded him by the American anglers.

Mr. Enright's Salmon Rod.

Although it was stated in the report of the Anglers' Club tournament, in Forest and Stream last week, that the weight of the 20ft. rod with which Mr. Enright made a new salmon fly-casting record was unknown, we have had a number of requests for its weight. Mr. Enright was again asked and replied that he had never weighed the rod. When requested to estimate its weight, using his judgment alone, he said he thought it was about 62 ounces. This is above the estimate made by the writer, who thought 3½ pounds about right, but Mr. Enright's judgment is no doubt the better one.

Unlike American rods, which are almost invariably fitted with metal buttcaps, Mr. Enright's salmon rods are fitted with wooden buttons, and in lifting the heavy line from the water he braces the butt against his body, the button preventing it from slipping and giving a broader surface than is possible with a narrow metal buttcap. For the same purpose English rodmakers use soft rubber buttons on salmon and other heavy fly-rods.

In another respect this salmon rod differs widely from our rods, and it is in this respect a type of the British rod. An American, accustomed to a trout fly-rod having a cork grasp 1⅛ inches in diameter, would probably increase the size of the grasp to 1⅜ inches for a heavy salmon rod, and more if his hand were larger than the average. Mr. Enright's rod, however, is no larger at the part grasped by his hands than it is three feet from the butt, it being of uniform size to a point just below the reel-bands, and tapers down rapidly to the button. The average diameter of the grasp is not much more than one inch, and there is no cork or winding. The reel-seat is countersunk in the rod, and the metal reel is held in place by two brass bands.

Fish and Fishing.

An Important Judgment.

Another judgment, though not a final one, it is believed, has been rendered in the matter of the fishing rights of the famous Moisie river, by the Supreme Court of Canada, from which it is altogether likely that an appeal will be taken to the Imperial Privy Council. The history of this litigation is an exceedingly interesting one, and some of the points involved of the utmost importance to owners and supposed owners of Canadian salmon rivers or of portions thereof.

The late Alexander Fraser, who together with the late Mr. Holliday, was interested in the salmon fisheries of the Moisie river, obtained from the government many years ago a grant of the lands on both sides of the river opposite the famous salmon pools, which grant was supposed to carry with it the ownership of the river and of the fishing therein.

For a number of years Mr. Fraser and Mr. Holliday exercised the right of ownership over the fishing in the river by leasing the angling rights to various parties. Among other well-known fishermen who leased and exercised these rights from time to time were Messrs. Amos Little, David G. Yates, Borden and party of Philadelphia, Andrew Allan and Charles Hope, of Montreal; and D. Toland, of Philadelphia. The late Edson Fitch and Mr. Vesey Boswell, of Quebec, enjoyed the fishing of the river for some years, in consideration of a mortgage which they held against the property rights of Mr. Fraser thereon, for some $20,000 which they had advanced him. The terms of this mortgage provided that Mr. Fraser had up to a certain date to pay it off, failing which the property was to revert to the owners of the mortgage at a certain price. Mr. Fraser having no means of his own to pay off the mortgage, Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, came to his rescue at the last moment, and the mortgage was paid off.

Meantime, the judgment of the Privy Council in the question of the Canadian fisheries had declared that the fishing in navigable and floatable rivers was the property of the Crown. Consequently the provincial government had set up its claim to the ownership of the fishing in the Moisie. Mr. Adams, who had been disposed to recognize this claim while Messrs. Boswell and Fitch fished the river, and who consequently took a lease of the fishing rights from the government, became himself later the lessee of the fishing from Fraser, with the right of purchase from him. Finding themselves dispossessed of the supposed proprietary rights of the river, Messrs. Fitch and Boswell then turned to the government and entered into a contract for the lease of their supposed rights on the river. Mr. Adams having gone down to the river each year and fished it, the new government lessees were unable to exercise their rights as such lessees, and called upon the government to place them in possession of the fishing in question. Hence the actions in law taken by the government and known as the cases of the King vs. Adams and the King vs. Fraser. The dispute naturally involved the question whether the Moisie is a public river, on account of being affected by the tides, or being, as a matter of fact, navigable and floatable, and in any case whether the fishing rights are vested in the Crown or in the riparian owners of land held in fee simple on either side of the river. Adams and Fraser claim that the river is neither navigable nor floatable, nor part of the public domain, and that for this reason, and on account of the intention of the grants to Fraser, as disclosed by the negotiations with the Crown Lands department, he is exclusive owner of the fishing rights within the boundary of his riparian proprietorship. Adams is impleaded as lessee of Fraser, and holder of an agreement for sale of the fishing rights from him.

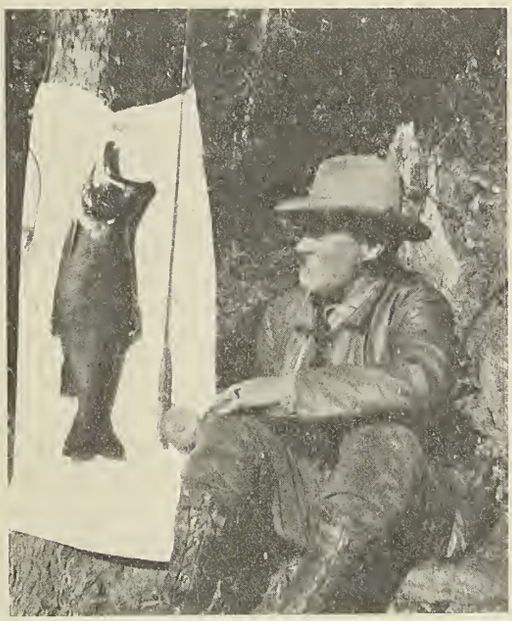
In the Superior Court, the original court of jurisdiction, Judge Laure held that the river was both navigable and floatable, that the fishing rights remained vested in the Crown, and therefore maintained the action with costs.

The Court of King's Bench, to which the case was appealed by Messrs. Fraser and Adams, five judges on the bench, reversed the former decision, declaring that since the date of his grant, Fraser and his representatives owned the fishing rights, and so dismissed the action with costs. In pronouncing this judgment the majority of the Court of King's Bench refused to adjudicate as to the navigability or floatability of the Moisie river. Mr. Justice Hall, however, was of the opinion that it was not, in a legal sense, a navigable or a floatable river.

Now comes the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, which in its turn reverses the last preceding decision, that of the Court of King's Bench, declaring that the claim of the government is well founded. In view of the large amount at stake in this matter, and seeing the difference of opinion among the Canadian judges, it is not surprising that Mr. Adams should have resolved upon appealing the case to the Imperial Privy Council.

The ultimate decision of that final court of appeal will be of great importance both to the provincial governments and to American and other proprietors of salmon fishing in Canada. As to the Moisie itself, which yielded over 500 salmon this year to anglers, and probably more than ten times that number to the commercial fishermen owning nets in the estuary, it may safely be said that its value as an angling stream is not less than from $75,000 to $100,000, the fish taken in it being the largest to be had in any Canadian river, with the possible exception of the Cascapedia, many of them exceeding forty pounds in weight.

E. T. D. Chambers.



Mr. Thomas D. Whistler's Trout.

The Ballast of the Cod Fish.

The stone in the stomach of the codfish so often found in Atlantic coast waters is no myth. It is in fact paralleled by the sand found in their kin in the North Sea. Some skippers think they take in "ballast" when migrating from the south; others, that it is to ride out a storm in deep water. All are agreed as to the purport, however, for, on arrival at the southern banks, the fish invariably evacuate the mineral substance retained during the northern migration.—Fishing Gazette.

Work of the Fly Fishers' Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following clipping from the Roscoe-Rockland Review may be of interest to anglers who frequent Sullivan county waters. If ever a stream needed restocking, the Beaverkill is one of them, and the Neversink is another. "Yonkers" hits it about right, and he could have done the same thing further up stream than Cook's Falls, too.

J. Wilkin.

The Trout's Food.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by Peter Flint's article in issue of Sept. 29, that he is endeavoring to make an epicure out of *fontinalis,* and that he does not believe that they feed on minnows. Since he questions the authority mentioned by Mr. Hardy I will put the following quotation up to him, from no less an authority than the late William C. Harris, who says: "Gifted with æsthetic proclivities, and as, we have seen, at the same time exhibiting those of the athlete, the trout has been accused of being a coarse, if not a gross feeder, because he has been known to eat small water snakes. True, he is somewhat of a glutton, for I have seen a trout on more than one occasion take a fly with the tail of a minnow protruding from its mouth."

I see no reason why a trout would not take in a darter, even though the fins were sharp. They are no sharper than a fish hook, and being stung by a hook does not prevent the thing happening again, for it is no uncommon experience to catch a trout with a hook already in its mouth.

Dixmont.

New York, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my return to my lodge in the Adirondacks early one September morning, I was overtaken by a shrewd local farmer-sportsman, and we soon began talking about the gradual extinction of the great pike in the lake. "Fished to death?" I suggested. "Not a bit of it," said he. "I'll tell you just what's the matter with the pickerel. It's them shiners they put in some time ago that's killin' on 'em. How do they do it, eat little ones? Worse than that. They eat the eggs. You know early in the spring in high water just after the ice is out the pickerel come in to the ma'shes and lay their eggs, stickin' on 'em to the twigs and old grass. This is where the little shiners gets in their work. After Mrs. Pickerel has got all through and has gone back into deeper water, they come to the surface and don't do a thing to all that newly laid spawn. Why, I've been spearin' before now and seen 'em at work by the thousands. Yes; that's the way the little fellers gets even with the big bullies who live on their people all through the summer. And the shiners always win in time. No use to put them strange fish into our waters with the pickerel. I presume they eat up the bass eggs in the same way, and maybe the perch spawn, too. 'Tain't the first time that the weaklin's has destroyed the proud and mighty."

Here is a new thought. I learn that rainbow and brown trout put by the commission in lakes stocked and swarming with shiners are not giving good results. Is there anything in this? If a trout prefers insects and crawfish to shiners, why should he be crowded out of a pond by these tasteless spawn eaters which often attain a length of from 6 to 8 inches in our mountain lakes?

Peter Flint.

A Large Triton Club Trout.

While Thomas D. Whistler, of New York city, was fishing in the waters of the Triton Club preserve, in Quebec, in September, he captured eleven brook trout on a 3½ ounce split bamboo fly-rod, the weights of these fish being as follows: Sept 8, a 3-pounder; Sept. 15, three fish, weighing 6, 5 and 4 pounds; Sept. 16, three fish, 5½, 4 and 3½ pounds; Sept. 17, three fish, 4, 4 and 3 pounds; Sept. 22, one fish, weighing 8½ pounds.

This last trout is the record for the Triton Club of fish taken on the fly. Its length was 27½ inches and its depth 8 inches. Mrs. Whistler made the accompanying photograph of Mr. Whistler, the record trout, and the rod it was killed on.

Death of George A. Carter.

George A. Carter died suddenly in his office in Saco, Maine, Oct. 4, aged seventy-five years. He was president of the York County Fish and Game Society. Strangely enough, both he and his wife died from heart failure within a fortnight.

YACHTING

EXPERIENCE.

Yachting is, at least on its professional side, full of idiosyncrasies. It would be a strange thing for two yachtsmen to agree entirely in the matter of boat, rig, construction, or any of the thousand and one things that go toward the composition of a yacht.

For years we have heard the good old yarn, that if the architects did more sailing or steaming in their vessels, they would not be the butt of so many aspersions upon their ability or their lack of observation. That is perfectly true. To know the sea is essential to good designing. And what is design, but that result of knowledge, blended with a ripe judgment and common sense?

An example can be found in the many vessels used in various parts of the world for fishing. Their forms, sails and purpose vary with the locality. In most places where a type exists it has been handed down through generations, and the improvements have been very slight and gradual. These fishing vessels are meant for sea work and sea speed, and at most we look upon them as curiosities. If one were so fortunate as to see one of such type or many of them, beating for a harbor, in half a gale in the winter time, they still would be curiosities, but they would have earned their meed of respect.

Bad weather affords the test of a boat's qualities, and it is also good for the man. Yachting—in summer—the term suggests a sailing breeze under bright sun; but when a gale springs up, everybody is watching the hook, fearful of its dragging.

During the past summer in bad weather a little vessel put out from a snug harbor and had a long day's run ahead for her engine. Her designer was aboard. The weather gradually got worse—head sea, 10 to 11ft. in height, and running about 14 miles an hour; fairly stiff for a weight of 14 tons, 60ft. long. With the increase of the gale, the boat was put back and ran for it. Any one who knows such conditions will understand; but that is not the point. It was the conjunction of the man, his boat and bad weather. The value of such a combination from a point of experience cannot be overestimated.

The value is in practical knowledge. Theoretical study is but training and the preparation for the application of experience.

Just here the value of long races appears. This value is the only and the best justification long races have, of bringing out in the man and his boat, his and their best points, in the carrying forward of the knowledge of that ever-varying mistress—the Sea.

The firm of Burgess & Packard have secured the services of Mr. W. F. Stevens, one of the best canoe builders in this country. Mr. Burgess reports that they have a number of racing canoes in course of construction at their plant in Marblehead. One of them, as previously reported, is for Mr. Ohlmeyer, of the New York Canoe Club.

Boston Letter.

The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts when formed had for its incentive a desire to standardize the racing classes, abolish time allowance, codify the rules, harmonize racing dates, and create rules of measurement, or restrictions (call them what you will), that should produce fast but serviceable boats. In all of these things the Association was successful; despite the inevitable opposition to all new movements and the customary cry that vested interests, in the form of old boats, were being sacrificed.

The classes provided by the Association were of two diverse types—one set were for unrestricted, unlimited boats in which the waterline length was the single element of taxation; the other set were so drawn as to tax various elements of speed and, while allowing the greatest latitude in the selection of the different factors of stability and without favoring one type as against another, by compelling the use of good construction and prescribing a minimum amount of cabin room for each class, there resulted a serviceable, saleable boat whatever characteristic her designer might adopt in the search for speed.

It is a highly significant fact that under these circumstances the racing owners turned with almost absolute unaniminity to the restricted classes rather than to those which permitted the elements of speed, pure and unrestrained, to dominate all the other qualifications of a boat. That this was so should be an answer to all those old fogies who lament what they call a conspiracy to tax speed. The fact, as the history of the Association has shown, is that while our racing men desire the fastest boats possible, they first, last and always wish for boats as distinguished from mere machines.

The restrictions of the Association worked well for many years, but as time went on the ingenuity of our designers, the knowledge born of experience and experiment, the advance in methods of construction, disclosed the loop holes in those restrictions and products of the toboggan slide were made to fit the rules. When this came to pass the classes were on their death beds. Despite the speed attained, men would no longer build these boats.

In the meantime, and before the final crash came, the more conservative racing men sought a refuge from the impending catastrophy. As the Association offered them no remedy, they prescribed for themselves, formulated restrictions for new classes, organized their own associations to govern those classes and then persuaded the Y. R. A. to adopt those subsidiary associations en bloc. That the Y. R. A. did this was no sign of weakness—its object was to promote racing. The time was not then ripe for a general revision of its rules and rather than see racing revert to the chaos that prevailed before its conception the Y. R. A. took these different associations to its bosom as they came along. This worked well until all the classes of the Y. R. A. had ceased to exist and the racing fleet was reduced to the boats of the different associations which the Y. R. A. had fostered.

In the fall of 1903 the Y. R. A. formulated rules for new classes. But this reform was half-hearted and disconnected. It lacked the unity which had caused the former successes. Each of the new classes were governed by a different rule based upon widely divergent theories as to how best insure a desirable model. Instead of bringing all the classes back to one common base the effect was much the same as if several new under-associations had been created. The new classes failed to attract popularity. This was no doubt due in part to a new element—the universal rule, which was then being promulgated. If the latter was going to be a success Massachusetts would do well to await that result unfettered by the construction of boats that must be at once discarded.

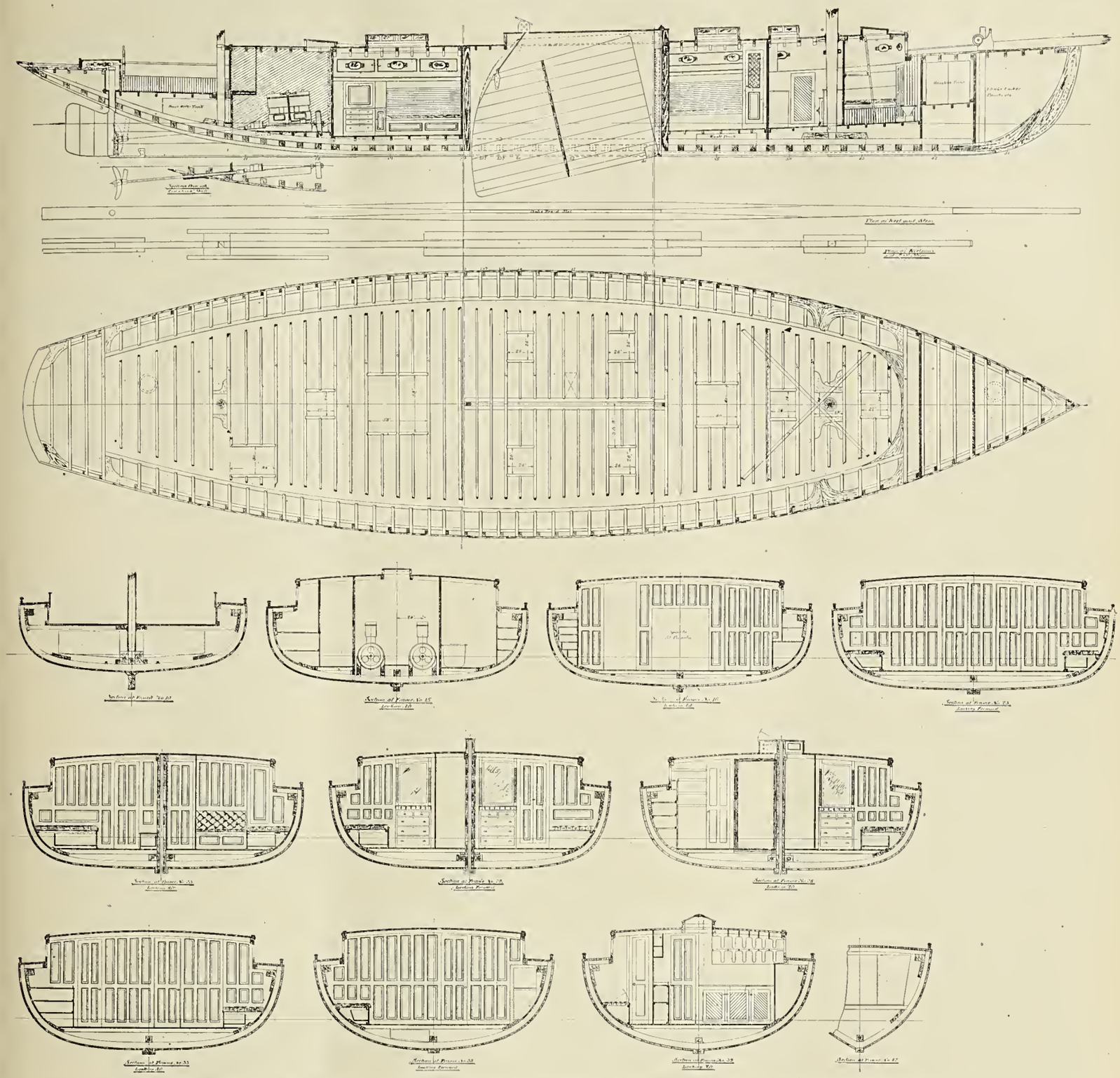
And so the Y. R. A. struggled through the summers of 1904 and 1905, the prey of all its old critics and at the mercy, so to speak, of its self-constituted foster children. In the fall of 1905 the universal rule was adopted, and had the sonderklasse not been unexpectedly sprung upon our racing world the Lipton cup for class Q might have produced a more general interest in the rule of American creation. But things have at last assumed a more roseate hue.

At the annual meeting of the Y. R. A. held the eighteenth there was a general feeling of confidence in the future. A number of prominent men having at last seen the errors of the past, were able to confess those errors and assume an attitude favorable to further growth along the right lines. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the universal rule is to be the means of salvation, but that steps should at once be taken to adopt scantling restrictions as a part of that rule. There can be no serious dispute over this proposition. Strong construction is an essential feature of any rule that is to have permanency and with the Massachusetts clubs solidified on this point there should be no trouble in securing its adoption. Especially as the New York Y. C. and the other clubs in the vicinity of New York have always shown a praiseworthy desire to accept any beneficial amendments to the rule.

In order to encourage racing among the older boats, the Y. R. A. took steps to adopt the inter-club classes, which are composed of boats in the South Boston, Columbia, Mosquito Fleet, Squantum, Wollaston, Winthrop and Quincy yacht clubs. These boats are to be enrolled in a separate sub-association which shall determine the racing measurements, etc., and which will be sanctioned by the Y. R. A. with but one condition—that new boats shall not be built to this association's rules.

The Hull O. D. C. 15ft. class is now so well under way that some particulars may be given. Messrs. Small Bros. have preliminary sketches which show a craft very similar to the Hingham O. D. C. 15-footers. But as the Hull boats are to be of the keel type, with 400 pounds of outside ballast, their construction will, of necessity, be heavier and more expensive than that of their Hingham prototypes. The dimensions are: Length over all, 24ft.; load waterline, 15ft.; extreme breadth, 6ft. 6in.; extreme draft, 3ft. 11in.; least freeboard, 15½in., and total sail area, 282 sq. ft. They should be faster, more seaworthy and more weatherly than the Hingham boats, and should produce the keenest possible racing. Mr. Charles W. Cole is the moving spirit in this class. Others who have agreed to order boats are T. E. Jacobs who had so many successful summers with the 21ft. knockabout Jacobin; F. L. Dunne, who has sailed many races at Hull in the past on Lal; Alfred Douglass, vice-commodore of the Boston Y. C., who sailed Oriana and Biza in the 18ft. class; George H. Street, George G. Williams, C. B. Pratt and George W. Wightman, owners successively of Bonito, Bonitwo and Bonidrei. Other Hull yachtsmen who may join the class are W. Prescott Keyes, James R. Hooper, Chas E. Lauriat, Jr., and A. F. Hayden.

The preparations for the entertainment of Sir Thomas Lipton on the occasion of his visit to Boston are giving rise to situations that are not devoid of humor. It seems that when Sir Thomas was fêted in Chicago recently Boston's Alderman Bell was present, and had the pleasure of meeting the Irish Baronet. With the true politician's instinct for being a Johnny on the spot, the Alderman promptly invited Sir Thomas



HUNTRESS—TWIN SCREW AUXILIARY KETCH—INBOARD PROFILE, BEAM PLAN AND SECTIONS.
Designed by Henry J. Gielow for Dr. R. V. Pierce.
The sail and cabin plans, with a description, appeared last week.

to visit Boston. The latter graciously intimated that he would be pleased to do so. Thereupon Mr. Alderman telegraphed Mayor Fitzgerald, suggesting that he send Sir Thomas a formal invitation, which the Mayor promptly did; for he, too, saw in the incident another opportunity to face the limelight of publicity and to court the suffrages of a new class of voters. For, be it understood, that if there is an Irish vote, a German vote, and a laboring vote, there must also be a yachting vote; and votes transform the meanest clay into aldermen and mayors.

Things having reached this joyous pass, Mr. Alderman sped home to inform Mr. Mayor that Sir Thomas desired certain of his Boston friends placed upon any committee that the Mayor might appoint to entertain him. And among those friends was one, who, like Abou Ben Adam, led all the rest—Winfield M. Thompson. He is the yachting editor of the Boston Globe and, through his notable articles in that paper and the Rudder, has become known and admired throughout the yachting worlds of America, England and the Continent. But Boston yachtsmen honor him most, because he is a genuine sailor-man and a true sportsman. All these qualities, and the request of Sir Thomas pass for naught, however, with Mr. Mayor, for, lo! Thompson is no politician, and so the committee holds no place for Thompson. Neither is there a place for Mr. Alderman; the bell that tolled so well has tolled in vain. But that is another story. The Mayor is a Democract; Mr. Bell is a Republican, a frequent thorn in the Mayor's path and must be flouted. Score two for the Mayor at the expense of Sir Thomas.

Meanwhile the Boston Y. C., seeing in the visit of the donor of the Lipton cup for class Q only its true significance—a prominent yachtsman coming to a prominent yachting port—determined to welcome him upon that footing. Its executive committee promptly met and appointed as a committee to entertain him, Com. Edw. P. Boynton, Vice-Com. Alfred Douglass, ex-Com. B. P. Cheney, Winfield M. Thompson, Louis M. Clark, Sumner H. Foster, J. J. Souther, W. C. Lewis, C. E. Lauriat, Jr., and Chas. P. Lanning. A telegram inviting him to be the club's guest at a large yachting dinner was sent Sir Thomas, and has been accepted by him.

Before these steps had become generally known, our agile Mayor, seeking to throw a sop to the yachtsmen, requested Mr. Charles Francis Adams 2d to serve upon his committee and to oversee the distribution of 100 tickets to the municipal dinner among prominent yachtsmen. Misled by the Mayor's statements, Mr. Adams accepted his offer, although modestly disclaiming any right to represent yachtsmen in general. Hardly had he left the Mayor, however, before Mr. Adams learned of the Boston Y. C. dinner and discovered the true situation. Unwilling to have any part in the Mayor's attempt to use Sir Thomas to advertise John F. Fitzgerald, Mr. Adams at once informed Mr. Mayor that his services had been enlisted by a failure to fully apprize him of the facts, and declined to serve on the committee. But Mr. Mayor, dauntless as ever, announced his committee with Mr. Adams as a member. *Quelle delicatesse!*

Next scene: A meeting of the Y. R. A. *"Hic acriter pugnatum est."* Desiring to honor Sir Thomas, the Y. R. A. also proposed a dinner. In order to insure satisfactory arrangements, it was wisely decided to collaborate with the Boston Y. C.. But a suggestion that the dinner be held "at the convenience of Sir Thomas Lipton and the Mayor of Boston" was promptly, unanimously and scornfully amended by omitting all reference to the Mayor. "What the devil," cried the yachtsmen, "is the Mayor to us? This is to be a yachtsmen's dinner—not a Ward Six chowder party!"

And so the story goes! There will be two dinners. The one, an official, municipal dinner; the other, a truly joyous affair, one of enthusiasm, of yachting flavor, where the feeling of camaraderie will prevail. This dinner, *the* dinner, will be tendered to Sir Thomas at the Algonquin Club on Nov. 1. Invitations have been extended to the flag officers and delegates of the Y. R. A. clubs, to the flag officers and committee men of the Eastern and Corinthian yacht clubs, and to all members of the Boston Y. C. None but yachtsmen will be tolerated. The banquet hall of the Algonquin Club will only seat 300, and it is felt that many more than that number will wish to attend and make the evening a notable and vociferous one. So possibly there may be one or two yachtsmen at the municipal dinner—but not from choice.

A new and unexpected international yacht race is now in the wind, and will undoubtedly be arranged. The local racing dories have been invited to compete next summer with those at Shelburne, N. S., and it is proposed to send the two best to compete with Shelburne's fastest pair. The proposal comes as a fitting climax to a very successful season for the Racing Dory Association.

William Lambert Barnard.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Four steam launches are being built at the works of the Electric Launch Co., at Bayonne, for the account of the Quartermaster General, United States Army. The boats will be fitted with steam engines, and are 60ft. long, 10ft. breadth, on a draft of 4ft. The hulls are of wood with steel bulkheads. The cabins will be simply finished. Engines will be compound and a speed of 12½ miles is expected.

Laid up at the plant of the Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J., are the following boats:

Dixie, Mr. E. J. Schroder; Standard, Mr. Price McKinney; Skedaddle, Messrs. B. N. and H. N. Baruch, and Beat It, Mr. William M. Fleitmann. Revonah, Mr. F. W. Wurster; Enaj, Mr. T. G. Bennett; Delilah, Mr. Anderson Gratz; Zorayda, Mr. E. Barnett; Wyandance, Mr. James B. Baker; Alma, Mr. H. H. Cheney; Katrina I., Mr. Geo. M. Boardman; Maid, Mr. C. E. Topping; Wazzie, Mr. A. G. Van Nostrand, and Chinchilla and Express, Mr. George B. Wilson.

Stuyvesant Wainwright, of the New York Y. C., has sold his 30-footer Cara Mia to Mrs. E. M. Scott, of Great Neck, L. I., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman. Mrs. Scott expects to use the yacht for racing and cruising on Long Island Sound next year.

Robert Treat Paine 2d has bought from Robert W. Emmons 2d, of the Eastern and Beverly yacht clubs, the fine 44ft. waterline racing cutter Humma, built in 1901 by the Herreshoffs. It is the purpose of Mr. Paine—who is known among yachtsmen as the owner of the handsome little Fife schooner Barbara—to bring the Humma around from Buzzards bay, where Mr. Emmons has kept her, and make Marblehead her hailing port. She will be a fine addition to the local fleet. Mr. Paine will give her an interior overhauling and add a couple of staterooms to her rather meagre cabin equipment.

Macconnell & Cook report the following sales:

The auxiliary yawl Kate, sold by J. S. Negus, of the Atlantic Y. C., to H. F. Holbrook, of the New York Y. C., who has changed the name of the boat to the Rebel.

The power boat Pioneer, sold by Robert E. Wilson to the Commercial Lumber Company, of Venezula, to be used in South American waters.

The yawl Hyperion, sold by Com. F. W. Rauskolb, of the South Boston Y. C., to William B. Young, of the Brooklyn Y. C.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Vergemere, Mr. A. C. Bostwick, N. Y. Y. C., has been on the dock at Morse's, South Brooklyn, for slight repairs, which were made under the supervision of Messrs. Cary, Smith & Ferris, the designers of the yacht. Vergemere will be placed in commission early next spring.

The schooner yacht Elmina, Mr. F. F. Brewster, N. Y. Y. C., is in winter quarters at Greenport, L. I. Her owner is in the West.

The famous old cup defender Volunteer, which defeated the Scotch cutter Thistle in 1887, has been put on the sales list. This boat has sailed as a sloop, then as a schooner and later again as a sloop, and was last owned by the late J. Malcolm Forbes, and has been held by the estate of that yachtsman since his death. She is now laid up at Fairhaven.

Mr. Chas. D. Mower reports the following orders: A 35ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for Lake Michigan; a 33ft. waterline auxiliary ketch for a Milwaukee yachtsman; a 50ft. over all shoal draft, pole-mast schooner for Barnegat Bay; a 52ft. over all power cruising boat, with auxiliary-sail plan, for a Philadelphia yachtsman, and a 20ft. racing length jib and mainsail boat for Barnegat Bay. Mr. Mower is at work on a 70ft. waterline steel schooner, for cruising and racing; a new class Q boat for Gravesend Bay, and several small boats for one-design classes. This report points very much to what many are realizing that next year is going to be a good one in yachting—it's a fine sport.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Marblehead, who late in the summer received an order for six one-design boats for use at Bar Harbor next year, have already finished one of them, and within two weeks will be tried out. We hope to publish some drawings and photographs of this class. In view of the fact of the winning of the Q championship by Orestes, both in Boston and New York waters, having been designed by Mr. Burgess, the new Bar Harbor boats will be very interesting, though they do not, unfortunately, comply in all respects to the Q class under the universal rule.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

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New Compass Card.

We reproduce by permission of Mr. F. Howard Collins a compass card devised by him which fully meets the requirements of modern navigation, as it obviates the complicated use of points in boxing the compass, and a certain amount of error in giving and taking orders, also the calculation of variation is far easier. The advantages claimed are as follows:

1. Accuracy.—The card being divided into a greater number of divisions than when points are used, courses can be more accurately steered. Such additions to courses as "southerly" or "a little westerly," are not needed, for the course is given by it to the utmost practicable exactness by whole degrees.

2. "Boxing the Compass" has not to be learned, as any one can grasp the sequence of the degrees. N., E., S., and W., are represented by 0, 90, 180, and 270.

3. Brevity.—The importance of this is evident when it is considered that the more there is to be written to represent a thing, the greater are the chances of error in writing it. Not to give such an extreme case as "S.W. by W. ¼ W. a little westerly" (or 240 on the above card), take the very usual "N E. by E.," or "N. 57° E.," how much simpler this becomes when the two letters N. and E. are omitted and only 57 left? When the compass is boxed, and the number of letters are counted, they amount to 76, together with 16 "bys." If "by" be counted as one letter, that makes a total of 92. The number of figures used to express these same bearings to the nearest whole degree is 64. So the figures are fewer than the letters in the proportion of 7 to 10.

F. HOWARD COLLINS' COMPASS CARD.
Registered Number, 484408.

4. Deviation Allowances.—These are simplified and reckoned with less chance of error, because all easterly deviation is additive to compass course in order to get magnetic bearings, and all westerly deviation deductive With the cards now in use the deviation is additive in some quadrants, and deductive in others.

5. Legibility.—One reason why this system of marking by degrees has not been previously adopted has been that no card was devised that could be easily read at the required distances. This difficulty has been overcome in the new card, as shown by the above sample, where each degree can be clearly seen by the ordinary naked eye at any distance up to eight feet.

8. Sailing Directions.—If all courses and bearings were given in degrees only, their description would be simplified and chances of error diminished.

9. Simplification results from there being no conversion of points into degrees, or vice versa. All compass work being recorded in degrees only.

10. Variation.—This being westerly, is always subtractive from a compass course that is given in degrees in order to get the magnetic dearing. It is never additive.

11. Working Azimuths.—For these the following easy rule does away with the necessity for sundry tables. Whatever the declination: In north latitude A. M. time, the azimuth is the degree shown; P. M. time, deduct the degrees shown from 360. In south latitude A.M. time, deduct the degrees shown from 180.; P. M. time, add the degrees to 180.

12. Summary.—To quote the words of the Chief Hydrographer to the United States Navy in reference to this division by degrees, "all work in relation to the compass would be facilitated."

Two facts appear in relation to this card which point strongly to its usefulness, and one is that Lord Kelvin well known for many years as a professor at Glasgow university, and lately interested in many scientific works and researches, also of the firm of instrument makers of Kelvin & White, Glasgow, have taken this card up in connection with their compasses. A movement is on foot in the U. S. Navy for the adoption of this card, which shows how well recognized is the fact that it is time a better and more legibile card was adopted.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Canoeing.

A. C. A.

Summary of the Annual Regatta of the American Canoe Association, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, August, 1906.

RECORD EVENTS—LIMITED TO OPEN CANOES OF THE SAILING TYPE.

Aug. 21.—Weather cloudy, wind light, sea smooth; start, 5:02:15 P. M.

Event 1. Combined sailing and paddling, 3 miles, twice around triangle; start under paddle, alternate legs sailed:

	Club.	First Round.	Finish.
1.	George P. Douglass, New York	5 25 15	6 00 00
2.	John R. Dickson, Admiralty	5 22 30	6 00 30
3.	Herman D. Murphy, Winchester	5 23 20	6 01 30
4.	A. Von Dohln, Ft. Washington	5 24 00	6 01 45
5.	W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Brooklyn	5 25 40	6 05 30
6.	Robert P. Nichols, Admiralty	5 23 00	6 08 00
7.	Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn	5 25 00	6 09 45
8.	Austin M. Poole, New York	5 26 00	6 12 20

Aug. 18.—Weather clear; wind very light; sea smooth; start, 5:10 P. M.

Event 2. Paddling, ½ mile with turn:

	Club	Finish.	Elapsed.
1.	John R. Dickson, Admiralty	5 15 06	0 05 06
2.	*Robert P. Nichols, Admiralty	. . . .	. . . .
3.	*A. Von Dohln, Ft. Washington	. . . .	. . . .
4.	*H. D. Murphy, Winchester	. . . .	. . . .
5.	*William J. Ladd, Winchester	. . . .	. . . .
6.	*W. R. Pitcher, Jr, Brooklyn	. . . .	. . . .
7.	*Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn	. . . .	. . . .
8.	*George P. Douglass, New York	. . . .	. . . .
9.	*Austin M. Poole, New York	. . . .	. . . .

*Finished, but not timed.

Aug. 16.—Weather clear; wind moderate; sea smooth; start, 10:10 A. M.

Event 2. Sailing, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours; twice around triangle:

1.	George P. Douglass, New York	10 28 55	10 56 05
2.	John R. Dickson, Admiralty	10 29 30	10 56 35
3.	Austin M. Poole, New York	10 30 00	10 57 15
4.	Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn	10 34 50	11 05 35
5.	Fred W. Lohr, Hiawatha	10 34 54	11 06 05
6.	Robert P. Nichols, Admiralty	10 35 20	11 06 35
7.	A. Von Dohln, Ft. Washington	10 36 05	11 07 50
8.	Herman D. Murphy, Winchester	10 35 40	11 09 15
9.	William J. Ladd, Winchester	10 39 35	11 14 30
10.	W. R. Pitcher, Jr, Brooklyn	Finished, not timed.	

The record, 1906:

	Combined.	Paddling.	Sailing.	Total.
1.	John R. Dickson	7	8	7	22
2.	George P. Douglass	8	2	8	18
3.	Alfred Von Dohln	5	6	3	14
4.	Robert P. Nichols	3	7	4	14
5.	Herman D. Murphy	6	5	2	13
6.	Robert J. Wilkin	2	3	5	10
7.	W. R. Pitcher, Jr.	4	4	1	9
8.	Austin M. Poole	1	1	6	8

Event 4. Trophy, 9 miles; time limit 3½ hours; six times around triangle, the first five columns being the times at the respective turns:

	Name. Canoe. Club.					Finish.
1.	W. J. Ladd....Bat.....Winchester—					
	3 29 30	3 52 30	4 15 22	4 38 30	5 00 40	5 22 55
2.	H. D. Murphy...Banshee...Winchester—					
	3 29 00	3 52 55	4 16 05	4 41 00	5 03 00	5 25 25
3.	—. Moot.....Damozel..Marblehead—					
	3 31 00	3 55 05	4 19 30	4 43 00	5 06 05	5 30 00
4.	D. B. Goodsell..Mab.....New York—					
	3 30 00	3 56 00	4 18 20	4 44 20	5 07 25	5 32 50
5.	H. H. Moore....Celcritas..Knickerbocker—					
	3 31 00	3 56 40	4 20 45	4 45 15	5 08 30	5 32 50
	G. P. Douglass..Windward.New York—					
	3 31 00	3 57 25	4 24 40	4 49 45	5 16 45	W
	H. L. Quick...Pretty Quick.Yonkers—					
	3 32 00	3 58 20	4 25 55	4 52 45	5 18 30	W
	W. G. Harrison.Canuck....Knickerbocker					
	3 34 00	4 00 15	4 26 55	4 54 20	5 22 00	
	W. R. Pitcher,Jr.Eclipse....Brooklyn—					
	3 34 00	4 02 09	4 30 30	5 00 55	5 31 00	. . . .
	J. E. Plummer..Roc.....New York—					
	3 39 00	4 09 00	4 41 15	5 11 40		
	F. C. Moore.....Bronco....New York—					
	3 29 00	3 54 40	4 20 20			

Elapsed time: 2h. 17m. 55s.

Aug. 24.—Weather cloudy; wind strong; sea rough; start, 10:40 A. M.

Event 5. Mab trophy, 7½ miles; time limit 3 hours. (Note.—By agreement, distance reduced to 3 miles, or twice around course):

		First Round.	Finish.
1.	H. L. Quick, Pretty Quick	10 59 50	11 20 40
2.	H. D. Murphy, Banshee	11 00 15	11 21 30
3.	H. M. Moore, Celeritas	11 02 08	11 27 52
4.	—. Moot, Damozel	11 04 47	11 28 35
	W. R. Pitcher, Jr, Eclipse	10 59 10	Withdrew
	R. J. Wilkin, Unqua	withdrew	

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Aug. 15.—Weather clear; wind moderate; sea smooth; start, 9:35 A. M.

Event 6. Trial race, 6 miles; time limit 2½ hours, four times around triangle:

1. G. P. Douglass,	9 56 46	10 19 00	10 39 00	10 58 40
2. W. J. Ladd	9 57 00	10 22 25	10 40 30	11 00 30
3. H. D. Murphy	9 56 20	10 19 50	10 43 00	11 03 00
4. F. C. Moore	10 01 50	10 24 30	10 44 58	11 05 10
5. H. L. Quick	10 01 25	10 27 10	10 48 50	11 10 05

First place awarded to H. D. Murphy, Douglass having reported his own violation of rule requiring contestants to carry paddle, as per Rule 4, Section 6, and Ladd having reported foul.

Aug. 21.—Weather clear; wind S.W., light to fresh; sea smooth.

Event 7. Handicap, 4½ miles; time limit 2 hours; boat, man, rig and weather considered; handicap posted beforehand, and allowances in time made at the start; first man home wins:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.
1. M. Ohlmeyer	9 48 00	10 16 30	10 42 10	11 08 00
2. W. J. Ladd	10 03 00	10 27 00	10 48 30	11 09 15
3. H. D. Murphy	10 02 00	10 25 20	10 47 50	11 09 30
4. H. M. Moore	9 59 00	10 26 00	10 49 15	11 12 25
5. H. L. Quick	9 58 00	10 25 40	10 49 55	11 12 40

(Time allowance in minutes: Ohlmeyer 15, Ladd scratch, Murphy 1, Moore 4, Quick 5.)

Event 8. Club race, 4½ miles; time limit 2½ hours; course ¾ mile to leeward and return. First three from each club to count points; stopped at end of each round and restarted in regular way as soon as all are ready; total score of each round added to determine the winning team. In event of club having only two entries, team may be completed by entry from some other club; clubs with but one entry may associate together to form a team. In case of unavoidable accident to any contestant in any round, so that he cannot finish the round, he will be permitted to start in succeeding rounds to avoid handicapping his team. Any contestant who does not finish a round within a reasonable time will not be waited for.

Aug. 21.—Weather clear; wind strong; sea rough.

Winchester C. C.

	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Total Points
Start:	10 06 00	10 42 00	11 19 00	
W. J. Ladd, Bat	10 25 50	11 05 50	11 40 00	28
H. D. Murphy, Banshee	10 27 30	11 04 30	11 41 35	27
—. Moot	10 28 10	11 05 40	11 42 30	22
				77

Brooklyn and Yonkers.

H.L.Quick, Pretty Quick	10 27 20	11 02 25	11 41 00	30
R. J. Wilkin, Unqua	10 30 30	11 07 00	11 45 15	14
W.R.Pitcher, Jr., Eclipse	10 31 30	11 14 20	11 47 45	7
				51

New York.

F. C. Moore, Bronco	10 28 15	Withdrew		9
G.P.Douglas, Windward	10 29 25	11 05 15	11 40 20	23
D. B. Goodsell, Mab	10 30 33	Withdrew.		5
				37

Knickerbocker.

H. M. Moore, Celeritas	10 28 25	11 05 00	11 43 15	21
W. G. Harrison, Canuck	10 33 15	Withdrew		3
				24

Aug. 18.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 2:51 P. M.

Event 9. Relay club race; three men from each club to form team; each to sail once around Sugar Island and pass a cushion to relieving team mate at home mark; same provision for completing teams as in event No. 8; clubs may enter as many teams as desired:

New York.

F. C. Moore, Bronco	3 21 00
D. B. Goodsell, Mab	3 49 00
G. P. Douglass, Windward	4 15 30

Winchester

W. J. Ladd, Bat	3 19 15
—. Moot	3 50 30
H. D. Murphy, Banshee	4 16 00

Knickerbocker.

W. G. Harrison, Canuck	3 36 00
H. M. Moore, Celeritas	4 06 20
M. Ohlmeyer, Chiquita	4 45 00

Brooklyn and Yonkers.

R. J. Wilkin, Unqua	3 45 00
W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Eclipse	4 18 00
H. L. Quick, Pretty Quick	5 02 00

Won by N. Y. C. C. team; 1h. 24m. 30s.; second, Winchester, C. C. team, 1h. 25m.

Aug. 18.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:50 A. M.

Event 10. Cruising race; twice around Sugar Island; to include the whole fleet; sails to be on deck two minutes before the starting gun, and sail area limited to 55ft. on second round. Reefing must be completed before crossing line on finish of first round:

	1st round.	2d round.	Elapsed.
1. H. D. Murphy, Banshee	12 18 20	12 58 27	1 08 27
2. Sewell Moot	12 19 30	1 00 18	. . ..
3. F. C. Moore, Bronco	. . ..	1 08 26	. . ..
4. D. B. Goodsell	12 21 55	1 10 58	. . ..

Aug. 21.—Weather hazy, wind light; sea smooth.

Event 11. Upset and maneuvering race, to leeward around stakeboat and return; on signal throw paddle to leeward and recover; on second signal upset, right and sail to finish: First, H. D. Murphy, Banshee; second, W. J. Ladd, Bat; third, H. M. Moore, Celeritas; fourth, M. Ohlmeyer, Chiquita; fifth, W. G. Harrison, Canuck; sixth, W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Eclipse; seventh, D. B. Goodsell, Mab.

Aug. 15.—Weather clear; wind light to fresh; sea smooth to moderate; start 11:35 A. M.

Event 12. Open canoes, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours; twice around triangle:

	1st round.	2d round.
1. A. M. Poole, Lady Bug	12 09 45	12 44 00
2. G. P. Douglass, Cinderella	12 09 00	12 46 10
3. A. Von Dohln, Arrow	12 11 50	12 47 40
4. W. W. Crosby, Mytotum	12 13 15	1 00 30
5. W. A Roos, Jr., Cohise	12 12 45	1 05 30
6. J. R. Dickson, Golden Dream	12 15 15	1 06 00

Elapsed time of winner, 1.09.00.

Aug. 18.—Weather clear; wind moderate; sea smooth; start 9:46 A. M.

Event 13. Open canoes; twice around Sugar Island, leaving island to port:

	1st round.	2d round.
1. G. P. Douglass, Cinderella	10 27 30	11 09 56
2. H. D. Murphy	10 31 00	11 14 31
3. A. Von Dohln, Arrow	10 30 30	11 15 38
4. A. M. Poole, Lady Bug	10 29 30	11 20 22
5. F. W. Lohr, Pocahontas	10 32 25	11 23 50
6. W. J. Ladd	10 40 06	11 38 01
7. R. P. Nichols	. . ..	11 38 57

Aug. 23.—Weather clear; wind light to fresh; sea smooth:

Special event. Open canoe sailing handicap race, 3 miles; twice around triangle:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.
1. R. J. Wilkin, Cerebob	10 10 00	10 47 05	11 21 20
2. G. W. Kuchler, Pussie	10 05 00	10 49 05	11 25 05
3. R. P. Nichols	10 26 00	10 57 15	11 26 00
4. L. C. Kretzmer	10 25 00	10 57 50	11 28 00
5. J. Dickson, Golden Dream	10 30 00	10 59 50	11 29 00
6. A. M. Poole, Lady Bug	10 30 00	10 59 30	11 29 15
7. W. W. Crosby, Mytotum	10 22 00	10 57 45	11 32 20

Time allowance in minutes: R. J. Wilkin, 20; G. W. Kuchler, 25; R. P. Nichols, 4; L. C. Kretzmer, 5; J. R. Dickson and A. M. Poole, scratch; W. W. Crosby, 8.

Aug. 21.—Weather cloudy; wind fresh; sea choppy; start 3:51:00 P. M.

Special event. Novice sailing, 3 miles, twice around triangle:

	1st round.	2d round.
1. Sewell Moot	4 19 15	4 44 00
2. Moot	4 20 20	4 44 10
3. W. R. Pitcher, Jr.	4 21 00	4 47 00

Aug. 18.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 3:56 P. M.

Special event. Dinghy sailing race, 4½ miles; three times around triangle; buoys to starboard:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.
1. W. G. Reilly, Yunora	4 24 00	4 55 00	5 25 00
2. A. Watson, Horace Mann	4 24 10	4 58 00	5 30 10
3. R. Britton, Chums	4 26 05	4 59 10	5 33 15
4. J. W. Sparrow	4 29 00	5 02 10	5 36 35

Aug. 21.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:12:40 A. M.

Special event. Western Division (A. C. A.) sailing trophy; 1½ miles around triangle:

	Finish.
1. H. C. Morse, Skiddoo	11 47 50
2. J. deG. Berkev, Sorak	12 13 45

Skiddoo had 42½sq.ft. of sail area; Sorak 27.

PADDLING EVENTS.

Aug. 24.—Weather cloudy; wind strong; sea rough; start, 12:35:32 P. M.:

Event 14. Trophy, 1 mile with turn; double blade:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
1. J. R. Dickson, Admiralty C. C.	12 47 42	0 12 10
2. A. G. Mather, Medford B. C.	12 48 05	0 12 33
3. B. I. Rouse, Admiralty C.C.	12 49 45	. . ..
4. W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Brooklyn C. C.	Fin., but not timed.	

Aug. 17.—Weather clear, dead calm; start, 11:41:30 A.M.

Event 15. One man, open canoes, single blade; ½ mile with turn:

	Finish.
1. J. R. Dickson, Admiralty	11 46 45
2. A. G. Mather, M. B. C.	11 46 50
3. D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wawbe	11 46 55
4. B. I. Rouse, Gowan	11 47 05
5. R. J Wilkin, Cerebob	11 47 43
6. W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Vixen	11 47 45

Elapsed time of winner, 5m. 15s.

Aug. 16.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:47 A. M.

Event 16. One man, open or decked canoes; double blades; ½ mile with turn:

	Finish.
1. A. G. Mather, M. B. C.	11 51 58
2. J. R. Dickson, Admiralty	11 52 03
3. D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wawbe	11 52 23
4. B. I. Rouse, Gowan	11 52 28
5. A. Von Dohln, Arrow	11 52 33
6. W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Vixen	11 52 48
7. R. J. Wilkin, Cerebob	11 52 57
8. H. D. Murphy	11 53 08
9. G. W. Kuchler, Pussie	11 53 10

Elapsed time of winner, 4m. 58s.

Aug. 21.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:57:07.

Event 17. Tandem; single blades; ½ mile with turn:

	Finish.
1. J. R. Dickson & B. I. Rouse, Admiralty C.C.	12 01 26
2. A. G. Mather & D. S. Pratt, Jr., Medford B. C. and Wawbewawa C. C.	12 01 26
3. J. Zdandiewicz & A. Von Dohln, Ft. Washington C. C.	12 01 42
4. H. D. Murphy & W. J. Ladd, Winchester C.C.	12 02 09
5. R. J. Wilkin & J. N. MacKendrick, Brooklyn C. C. and Ubique C. C.	12 02 12

Elapsed time of winner, 4m. 5s.

Aug. 22.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:45 A. M.

Event 18. Tandem, double blades, ½ mile with turn:

	Finish.
1. J. R. Dickson & R. P. Nichols, Admiralty C.C.	11 49 37
2. A. G. Mather & D. S. Pratt, Jr., Medford B. C. and Wawbewawa C. S.	11 49 38
3. R. J. Wilkin & W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Brooklyn C. C.	11 50 37

Elapsed time of winner, 4m. 37s.

Aug. 23.—Weather clear; wind light to fresh; sea smooth.

Event 19. Tail-end race; open canoes; say ¼ to ½ mile, "down the wind":

First, J. R. Dickson, Admiralty C. C.; second, A. Murray Hannah, Grank Trunk B. C.; third, D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wawbewawa C. C.; fourth, W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Brooklyn C. C.; fifth, F. W. Lohr, Hiawatha C. C.; sixth, W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.

Aug. 22.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 12:10 P. M. No time taken.

Event 20. Hurry-scurry, run-swim-paddle, jump overboard at signal, climb in and paddle to finish:

First, J. R. Dickson, Admiralty C. C.; second, D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wawbewawa C. C.; third, B. I. Rouse, Admiralty C. C.; fourth, W. R. Pitcher, Jr., Brooklyn C. C.

Aug. 21.—Weather clear; wind fresh; sea moderate to rough; start, 3:19:13 P. M.

Event 21. Cruising race, two men in each open canoe of cruising type; single blades; around Sugar Island, with carry across the Neck at Buffalo Wallow; limited to men not in training, and the canoe must be owned by one of the contestants; 200 pounds ballast to be carried, of which 150 pounds or more may be in shape of passenger; passenger may carry ballast necessary to make up requisite weight, but only the contestant shall carry the canoe at the carry over the Neck.

	Finish.
1. Ralph Hunter & A. Murray Hannah, Medford B. C. and Grand Trunk B. C.	3 31 35
2. J. Zdankiewicz & A. Von Dohln, Ft. Washington C. C.	3 32 10
3. W. J. Ladd & H. D. Murphy, Winchester C.C.	3 32 18
4. H. M. Moore & W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.	3 32 53
5. W. R. Pitcher, Jr., & J. F. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.	3 33 23
6. R. J. Wilkin & J. N MacKendrick, Brooklyn C. C. and Ubique C. C.	3 33 50
7. J. H. Rushton & J. K. Hand, Yonkers C. C. and Canton C. C.	3 35 03
8. W. Barr & F. Percyval Lewis, Yonkers C. C. and Innitou C. C.	3 35 50

Aug. 22.—Weather clear; wind light; sea smooth; start, 11:00 A. M.

Event 22. Mixed tandem; open cruising canoes only; single blades; ¼ mile straightaway:

	Finish.
1. Miss Gertrude Gard & J. R. Dickson	11 02 30
2. Miss Edith Howe & A. G. Mather	11 02 36
3. Miss Pratt & D. S. Pratt, Jr.	11 02 40
4. Mrs. Parson & B. I. Rouse	11 02 44
5. Mrs. Frazer & Perry D. Frazer	11 03 00
6. Mrs. Douglass & J. N. Mackendrick	11 03 02

Aug. 21.—Event 23, tilting tournament:

The following entered: Mather and Kuchler against Lewis and Chase; Pollard and Poole against Murphy and Way; Hannah and Hunter against Nichols and Rouse; Pratt and Dickson against Eastmond and Pitcher.

First Bout.—Won by Lewis and Chase, Murphy and Way, Hannah and Hunter, and Eastmond and Pitcher.

Second Bout.—Won by Murphy and Way, Hannah and Hunter.

Finals.—Won by Hannah and Hunter.

Aug. 22.—Weather Clear, wind light; sea smooth; start, 12:15 P. M. Finished, but not timed.

Special event. Ladies' tandem, single blades; ¼ mile; First, Miss Gertrude Gard and Miss Edith Howe; second, Mrs. Parson and Miss Pratt; third, Miss Etta K. Thomas & Mrs. Frazer.

Note.—In addition to the foregoing, the Foggy Dew perpetual trophy, given by Mr. Edwin A. Quick, to be awarded annually to the contestant finishing in the greatest number of racing events, regardless of place at finish, was won by W. R. Pitcher, Jr., he having finished in twenty-two of the regular and special events.

Regatta Committee.—George P. Douglass, chairman; John N. MacKendrick.

Clerk of the Course, Frederic Andreas.

Judges—I. V. Dorland, L. C. Kretzmer and M. V. Brokaw.

[We hoped to have published the lines and sail plan of the Royal Canoe Club Class B canoe Genetta, designed by Mr. Linton Hope, in this issue. We will publish them next week. There are a number of boats building abroad to compete for the Royal C. C. cup, which will be sailed for in England next summer.—Editor.]

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 29-30.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins Bros.' shoot. F. N. Hopkins, Mgr.
Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6.—North Caldwell (N. J.) G. C. all-day tournament.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—North Side Rod and Gun Club shoot.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park G. C. tournament.
Nov. 29.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. sixth annual Thanksgiving Day shoot; added money. G. B. Hubbell, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Preparations are now under way for the second annual championship under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club. A beautiful cup will be specially made for this event.

The North Side Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., have arranged to hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Refreshments will be served free to contestants. Ammunition will be for sale on the grounds. Visitors are welcome.

The October cup competition at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, has been of a high order. The first win was scored by Mr. J. W. Hibbard, the second win by Mr. H. E. Deming, the third, on Saturday of last week, by Mr. Stewart Scott, with a full score of 50.

The Treasurer, Wm. Kussmaul, writes us that "The North Caldwell, N. J., Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on Election Day, Nov. 6, in their new and commodious club house on Mountain avenue. This will be the initial shoot on the new grounds, and we trust there will be a good attendance, as we need the money. Several chickets, etc., have been donated to the club to be offered as prizes."

The Liberty, Ind., Gun Club, is arranging to hold a shoot on Nov. 8 and 9. Mr. E. Post is the manager.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., contemplates an active season of trapshooting this fall and winter. Besides the regular series of shoots, two or more tournaments will probably be given. A special shoot for Thanksgiving Day is under consideration. Many of the club members are absent, some on business trips, others have moved away; hence the shooting conditions have changed very much thereabouts.

Concerning the libel of Annie Oakley (Mrs. F. E. Butler), which was so industriously circulated through much of the daily press some time ago, word comes to us that she recently won a libel suit against one of the yellow journals of Chicago. The verdict was for $27,500, quite an important sum, yet nothing in comparison to the anguish of spirit which the sensitive little lady suffered from the libel. Our readers will recall that a woman was arrested in Chicago, and certain of the daily press published far and wide that the woman was Annie Oakley, the famous rifle shot. At that time Annie Oakley was in the East, and, aside from the moral impossibility of her being involved in such a happening under any circumstances it was also a physical impossibility.

BERNARD WATERS.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

The sixteenth annual of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, although held much later than any of its predecessors, was favored with fine weather and a good attendance, and this combination is necessary to a successful tournament. The Rose-Jack Rabbit system, which was used at this tournament, gave eminent satisfaction, and every one went away pleased with the manner in which the purses were divided, while those who had never shot under this system were greatly surprised to learn that they drew money in every event, as some were under the impression that when they failed to land a place they were shut out.

Forest Park, where the tournament was held, is quite a distance from the city, but it is an enjoyable trip on the electric line, with splendid service, and few realized that they were fully five miles from the city. The shooting was done over two Leggett traps, and this enabled the management to finish up in good time, so that all were back to the city in good time for supper.

The programme consisted of twelve 15-target events each day, with $16 added to each; four moneys, ratio 5, 4, 3, and 2, and also two special or championship contests. The shoot was managed by Paul R. Litzke, who was ably assisted by Talbot Feilds, secretary of the Capital City Gun Club, under whose auspices it was held, and Frank Wriggie. M. A. Stone was cashier, and handled this part of the affair in fine style, so that on the whole, the shoot was well conducted, despite some unforeseen handicaps that arose at the very last minute.

The trade was well represented by L. I. Wade, J. S. Day, Chas. G. Spencer, Turner Hubby, F. M. Faurote, Hood Waters and A. W. Hatcher.

The state shooters in attendance consisted of the following: A. L. Morgan and J. P. Wright, Camden; J. D. Proctor, Junction City; Frank B. Baptist, B. S. Ricks and Walter Mann, Fort Smith; Chas. Henson, Springdale; L. E. Knott and Ed. McCorkle, Arkadelphia; A. H. Campbell, Augusta; G. W. Clements, J. T. Lloyd, W. P. Imon, J. E. Wells, E. C. Arnold, Emil Voss and W. H. Simpson, Pine Bluff; C. D. Conrey, C. Perry, R. E. Slifer, W. Simmermacher, A. Tindal and N. T. Kestersen, Stuttgart; Dr. A. U. Williams, Hot Springs.

The annual meeting of the Association was held Tuesday night in the parlor of the Gleason Hotel. This was presided over by G. W. Clements, and from the reports of the secretary and treasurer, the organization was shown to be in a flourishing condition. Mr. Baptist, in behalf of the Fort Smith club, invited the Association to hold its next annual meeting in that city, and assured the members that his club was willing to guarantee $400 added and probably more. This invitation was accepted, and the next tournament will be held in Fort Smith during the month of July. The election of officers resulted in Paul R. Litzke being chosen president; Frank Baptist, vice-president; E. A. Howell, treasurer, and L. E. Knott, secretary.

First Day, Oct. 9.

The honors in the professional class went to C. G. Spencer; J. S. Day second, Turner Hubby third, and L. I. Wade fourth. This class shot at 230 targets, their score in the handicap being included in the average, as they shot from the 16yd. mark, while the amateurs shot under a handicap and their scores in this event are not included in figuring the averages. Aside from the regular twelve sweeps at 15 targets, the Dupont handicap at 50 targets, and the two-man team championship were decided. The handicap was won by B. S. Ricks, a 16yd. man, with 42, and the $16 added money, which went to the next five high guns, went to the following: Thibault (16) 41, Chenault (18) 39, Clements (20) 39; Morgan (20) 38, Mann (14) 36. The two-man team championship was won by Baptist and Ricks, of Fort Smith, with 42 out of 50; Chenault and Thibault, of Little Rock, were second with 38.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	50	Brk.	
Spencer	14	15	14	14	13	15	13	15	13	13	14	14	47	214	
Day	15	13	14	12	13	15	14	14	15	13	11	14	47	210	
Hubby	13	15	13	15	14	14	12	12	15	15	14	14	40	206	
Wade	13	11	13	14	13	14	15	15	14	11	13	15	44	204	
Hatcher	11	15	13	14	13	12	11	14	14	12	14	11	46	200	
Waters	13	14	12	14	13	14	12	12	8	15	9	10	39	185	
Faurote	11	14	10	12	9	13	10	13	11	13	10	11	35	172	
Wright	15	13	11	15	10	13	12	15	14	11	10	14	34	153	
Conroy	12	13	9	12	14	13	14	13	12	10	14	12	32	148	
Clements	10	14	12	11	12	13	11	15	9	13	14	13	39	147	
Knott	10	14	13	14	13	13	12	12	12	13	10	10	27	147	
Morgan	10	11	14	15	10	15	9	13	9	12	14	14	38	146	
Henson	9	13	10	11	13	15	13	12	12	13	12	13	..	146	
Camel	12	15	9	14	12	15	13	10	12	9	12	12	..	144	
Chenault	12	15	11	14	10	12	13	12	9	11	12	13	39	144	
Imon	12	12	11	13	13	12	11	13	10	12	11	12	..	142	
Baptiste	11	11	11	9	10	15	15	11	13	11	11	12	24	140	
Simmermacher..	10	13	11	12	9	12	11	13	11	15	14	9	..	140	
Powell	11	10	12	14	11	11	9	11	13	13	9	15	34	139	
Perry	13	11	11	13	6	13	9	11	9	11	13	13	..	133	
Ricks	11	12	10	12	8	13	11	12	9	11	10	13	42	132	
Feild	7	12	11	15	7	13	13	12	11	8	12	10	34	131	
Proctor	12	10	10	11	9	12	10	13	10	13	10	9	32	129	
McCorkell	11	15	12	14	11	13	7	9	8	10	8	12	..	129	
Thibault	11	12	11	13	8	8	12	13	12	9	9	12	41	129	
Slifer	7	12	10	12	12	10	10	11	7	13	8	11	..	123	
Wells	8	11	9	12	7	12	9	10	11	13	8	10	..	120	
Younts	12	13	5	11	8	12	10	10	6	12	9	13	..	118	
Simpson	8	7	12	12	9	14	12	9	7	8	8	9	..	114	
Bird	11	11	8	7	11	12	8	8	6	5	10	9	..	107	
Mann	7	11	4	11	4	10	8	8	11	12	7	11	..	104	
Tindall	7	10	9	8	5	12	9	8	8	5	10	9	..	100	
Lloyd	12	12	7	13	8	11	10	12	8	11	8	10	33	122	
Cockrill	11	10	7	..	..	..	..	6	10	6	7	12	..	57	
Pemberton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	9	12	13	..	66	
Harpending	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	8	9	..	40	
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	4	5	..	27	
Whiteside	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	10	
Kirk	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	
Cook	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	

Two-man team championship:

Baptiste	22	Powell	17
Ricks	20—42	Proctor	16—33
Thibault	17	Knott	18
Chenault	21—38	McCorkle	14—32
Lloyd	18	Clements	18
Wells	19—37	Imon	14—32
Morgan	18	Cook	17
Wright	19—37	Simpson	15—32
Feild	19	Wade	23
Younts	18—37	Day	21—44
Conroy	18	Faurote	23
Simmermacher	18—36	Waters	18—41

Second Day, Oct. 10.

Turner Hubby was to the fore among the hired men, with one target over Wade and Spencer, who were tied for second. Day was fourth and Hatcher fifth.

Wright once more led the amateurs, and Arnold, a new arrival, was second, with Conroy third.

The event of chief interest was the individual championship, and this was something of a contest, as three tied for the trophy, though no great scores were made. Geo. Clements, of Pine Bluff; Dr. A. U. Williams, of Hot Springs, and A. H. Campbell, of Augusta, all finished with 44, which was high. The going had evidently been hard, as none of the contestants shot up to their mark in the shoot-off, as here Clements won with 19 out of 25, Williams 17, Campbell 16. The other special event was the three-man team championship, and this was won by Little Rock team, consisting of Powell, Miller and Thibault.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.	
Hubby	15	13	14	15	15	14	14	15	12	13	12	13	165	
Wade	14	11	14	14	14	14	15	13	14	13	15	14	164	
Spencer	14	13	12	15	14	14	14	14	13	15	11	16	164	
Day	13	13	15	13	14	13	14	12	12	14	13	13	159	
Hatcher	13	13	14	11	14	12	12	14	13	12	12	15	155	
Faurote	12	11	10	9	13	12	11	13	9	12	11	12	135	
Waters	11	9	9	11	12	13	9	11	10	12	9	12	129	
Wright	12	14	11	14	12	13	14	13	13	13	12	10	150	
Arnold	13	13	14	13	12	13	10	13	13	12	11	11	148	
Miller	12	13	12	12	13	12	11	13	10	14	11	12	145	
Conroy	13	14	10	14	10	13	12	13	13	13	9	12	145	
Morgan	11	15	13	9	11	11	13	12	8	14	11	12	140	
Ricks	12	13	11	12	13	10	10	12	13	12	9	13	140	
Simmermacher	13	11	11	11	9	11	13	12	10	15	11	12	139	
Powell	12	14	11	12	10	13	12	10	10	10	11	14	139	
Williams	13	14	13	13	11	13	15	11	8	10	9	13	138	
Henson	10	13	13	14	9	11	11	11	14	11	10	11	138	
Clements	12	12	10	14	13	11	7	14	11	11	7	14	136	
Wells	10	12	8	13	10	11	11	11	11	12	12	12	133	
Campbell	13	10	11	10	10	13	9	12	12	13	8	12	132	
Voss	8	8	11	8	11	13	9	12	13	11	12	14	130	
Baptist	10	12	15	12	7	9	10	7	12	10	9	10	128	
Simpson	10	10	12	11	11	10	8	10	9	11	10	11	125	
Lloyd	8	9	6	12	8	10	11	9	12	11	9	11	116	
Imon	10	9	8	12	12	11	8	12	8	8	6	11	115	
Proctor	8	8	9	10	8	5	4	4	13	13	11	12	106	
Slifer	11	9	7	5	6	9	9	10	11	7	11	8	103	
Mann	11	7	4	10	8	9	7	7	8	5	12	9	101	
Feild	6	7	10	10	8	11	10	9	5	9	..	..	85	
Knott	5	13	9	10	11	9	4	9	8	..	..	..	78	
Cockrell	11	10	9	8	7	7	5	10	..	7	..	..	74	
Pemberton	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	..	11	14	11	12	13	86
Perry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	9	9	12	45
Thibault	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	12	9	43
Sexton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13		20
Bagley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4			4

Three-man team championship:

Little Rock.		Pine Bluff.	
Miller	19	Clements	19
Powell	19	Arnold	18
Thibault	15—53	Wells	12—49
Fort Smith.		Camden.	
Ricks	21	Morgan	16
Mann	19	Proctor	12
Baptist	11—51	Wright	w

General Averages.

There were twenty-five who shot through the entire programme, of which seven were professionals. C. G. Spencer is high for the two days with 919 per cent.; Turner Hubby second, 904, and J. S. Day third, 900, L. I. Wade fourth, 897. The amateurs finished in this order: J. P. Wright, 841 per cent., Conroy 813; Morgan 794, Henson 788, Clements 787.

Professionals, 410 shot at:

Spencer	378	.919	Hatcher	355	.867
Hubby	371	.904	Waters	314	.765
Day	369	.900	Faurote	307	.748
Wade	368	.897			

Amateurs, 360 shot at.

Wright	303	.841	Baptist	268	.750
Conroy	293	.813	Imon	257	.713
Morgan	284	.794	Wells	253	.703
Henson	284	.788	Simpson	239	.664
Clements	283	.787	Lloyd	238	.663
Simmermacher..	279	.775	Proctor	235	.652
Powell	278	.774	Slifer.	228	.633
Campbell	276	.765	Mann	205	.569

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Arkansas Championship Live Birds.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 11.—Live-bird shooting was inaugurated here for the season, with the match between John M. Pemberton, a local man, and R. W. Larkan, of De Valls Bluff, for the championship and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic thereof.

Visions of jewelry and championship honors have been haunting Larkan for some time, and with this preying on his mind, he determined once more to shy his caster in the ring and endeavor to wrest the emblem and honor from the holder. Many were laboring under the impression that Pemberton was going to be caught napping, as he has done practically no shooting of late, and what little target shooting he has done showed none of the form that enaracterized his brilliant work of last year, which enabled him to garner all the loose jewelry that bore any significance as a championship emblem. That those who reckoned him out of form were mistaken, is shown by the very excellent race he shot, which never gave Larkan a look in, so to speak, as the latter missed his first bird and then the match was virtually over. Pemberton disposed of the first 13 birds in slashing style, and then hesitated on a loafing bird that fell dead out of bounds. But this was his only slip, and this enabled him to finish with 24 out of 25, the very best score he has ever put up in a race of this kind. Larkan got started wrong, as his first one, a very fast twisting driver, got away. Shortly after his sixth, a circling incomer, on which he used very poor judgment, also got away; then he lost his sixteenth and his twenty-second, after which he withdrew, having no further chance to win.

The conditions were ideal, and the birds, a very fair lot, with a good wind to aid them.

The conditions of the match were 25 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules; challenger must post $10 forfeit against the trophy and winner takes money and medal, and loser pays for the birds.

After the match was decided those present took a hand in the sport, with the following results: W. B. Miller 35, 38; Nick Peay 25, 28; Dr. J. W. Lenow 21, 25; Paul R. Litzke 18, 25; W. P. Bird 15, 25; J. V. Harpending 7, 15; Sonny Dickinson 7, 15.

W. B. Miller has challenged Pemberton, and the match will be shot Nov. 2.

Scores of the championship follow:

Pemberton	2222222222222*2222222222—24
Larkan	0222202222222222022222*w

PAUL R. LITZKE.

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 21.—Herewith find an account of the shoot held by the North Side Rod and Gun Club to-day. We will hold our annual prize shoot on Thanksgiving Day. It always proves to be an interesting event. Regular shoots are held every Saturday at 1:30 P. M. Targets, one cent. All trapshooters are welcome. Plenty of ammunition on hand at regular prices. Refreshments will be served free of charge on Thanksgiving Day to all contestants.

Ten men were in attendance at the Columbus Heights grounds when the programme of the North Sides was opened at 2 o'clock. The rain was coming down in a drizzle when the first event was called. Seven events were shot. The high average was won by Joe Spaeth. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	15	10
F Allen	12	12	..	..	..	9	8
J Spaeth	18	16	22	20	20	8	6
A Veenstra	19	..	..	..	..	12	7
C Strait	..	..	..	..	..	4	3
W Banta	19	18	16	..	..	8	5
Dr Reagan	19	..	..	..	11	4	8
J E Bender	21	15	21	15	..	..	..
G Herman	17	17	..	10	11	..	..
J H Wilkinson	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
N McGurk	..	14	..	..	..	..	..

No. 5 was at doubles.

UNCLE HANK.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 20.—The weather was rainy and gloomy. Nine shooters, despite the bad weather, took part in the competition.

The Jacksons are building an addition to their regular building for the convenience and enjoyment of the members of the new rifle club that will be in operation within a couple of weeks. The quarters will be fitted up in a cosey style, and the shooters will be in a position to mingle together and enjoy themselves to the full when the season is in swing. Other improvements are ready to be made by the popular organization, and it is predicted that they will have one of the finest shooting parks in this section of the state before the present season has been brought to a close. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	25
Morgan	7	15	9	14	9	9	21
Radcliffe	2	11	10	11	8	12	..
Hopper	5	11	6	12	7	10	16
Simonton	5	9	6	6	..	..	..
Trackler	2	7	4	3	..	..	..
Dr Hunter	9	15	8	14	16	14	18
F Sindle	..	..	8	12	7	12	22
Kussmaul	..	..	8	12	7	12	22
Broure	..	..	..	..	2	1	..

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Sept. 20.—Perhaps because of the stormy weather but six men were present to-day; those on hand, however, had a good deal of fun.

Event 1, 25 targets, was for practice. Event 10, for a silver prize, was won by Boxall. Event 3, miss-and-out, was won by Wallace, while event 4, for a brass cleaning rod, went to Boxall. Event 5, a walking match, was tied for by Wallace and Harrison. Event 6, 25 targets, gun held below the elbow, was won by Cockefair. Events 7 and 8, both miss-and-out, were won by Cockefair and Winslow.

Handicaps apply in event 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10		15	10	25		
Cockefair, 2	18	7	0	10	4	24	6	3
Boxall, 2	18	9	1	13	4	20	5	0
Wallace, 2	19	4	3	12	6	18	2	12
Winslow, 3	16	8	2	11	5	3	0	13
Harrison, 3	..	..	0	11	6	13	1	4
Stehle, 6	..	..	..	..	0	9	1	8

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club Tournament

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club held its first annual tournament at the grounds north of Dayton, Ky., on Oct. 16 and 17, under the management of Messrs. R. and E. Trimble. The weather on both days was exceptionally good for this time of year, and every one enjoyed the outing. The attendance was not what had been expected, but the affair was voted a success by all, and credit was given Dr. I. P. Gould and other officers of the club, as well as to the managers.

R. Trimble acted as cashier, and was assisted by Chas. Cunningham. It is needless to say that things worked smoothly in that department. E. Trimble had general supervision over the traps and grounds, and kept things going without any serious hitch.

Cooney Kline was referee, and Geo. W. Keefer official scorer.

The club officers are: Geo. Dameron, president; Barney Forstner, vice-president; Dr. I. P. Gould, secretary; Chas. E. Cunningham, treasurer.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events on each day, $2 entrance, money divided Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2. Five low guns each day to divide a purse made up of ½ cent for each target thrown for competitors in money events.

The trade was represented by Messrs. W. H. Heer, Rolla O. Heikes, R. L. Trimble, A. M. Rutter, A. M. Hatcher, C. A. Young, C. H. Cottingham and W. G. Hearne.

Oct. 16, First Day.

The weather was delightful for outdoor sport, but a brisk, incoming wind played the mischief with the targets and caused more than one of the shooters to drop below his average.

The attendance was not up to the expectations of the club, only twenty-two shooters participating. The programme consisted of ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, money divided Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2. The shooting began at 10 A. M., and the last event was finished at 4:30 P. M., a recess of over an hour being taken at noon for dinner, which was served near the grounds. Everybody entered this event and made no misses.

W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., was high gun for the day with 197. He missed only 1 target in his first 100. Rolla O. Heikes was second with 186, and 96 out of his first 100. A. M. Hatcher third with 184, and R. Trimble fourth with 179. Trimble broke 94 in his first 100.

Arthur Gambell was high amateur with 175, D. Pohlar second, 188, and Alkire third with 164.

Long runs were made by W. H. Heer, 47 and 77 without a miss; R. O. Heikes 58, R. L. Trimble 49.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
W H Heer	20	20	19	20	20	20	19	20	20	19	200	197
R O Heikes	18	20	20	19	19	19	18	18	17	18	200	186
Roll	17	17	19	12	12	17	12	15	15	17	200	153
Hatcher	18	20	17	17	19	18	19	19	18	19	200	184
Alkire	19	18	17	15	15	16	19	19	14	12	200	164
R Trimble	18	20	20	18	18	18	17	18	19	13	200	179
C A Young	18	16	16	18	19	16	19	16	16	19	200	173
Gambell	17	17	19	17	16	18	19	17	19	16	200	175
Johnson	17	18	11	18	14	15	14	16	13	13	200	149
Pohlar	18	17	19	17	15	15	14	19	17	17	200	168
Stacy	15	17	16	19	20	17	13	15	11	12	200	155
Cottingham	11	8	11	9	12	13	7	11	8	9	200	99
Hobson	16	14	16	14	16	15	13	17	14	16	200	151
Holoday, Jr.	16	15	18	18	15	17	19	15	14	11	200	158
Gould	12	14	11	12	14	10	12	10	11	13	200	119
Dr Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	14	15	100	69
Damerson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	3	9	100	29
E Trimble	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	17	18	100	85
L H Radford	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	..	40	25
W G Hearne	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	19	16	100	85
E J Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	17	15	100	79
Lohr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8

Oct. 17, Second Day.

The weather was very warm. No so much wind as on Tuesday, and the flight of the targets was not affected; in consequence the scores showed much improvement.

The number of shooters showed an increase over the first day, a rather unusual thing at tournaments. There was a good attendance of spectators. Shooting began at 10:30 A. M., and the last event was finished at 4:30 P. M. Five minutes later cashier R. Trimble announced that he was ready to pay off, and the lucky ones walked up and took their envelopes.

W. H. Heer was again high gun with 197, the same score he made on Tuesday; R. O. Heikes was second with 191; A. M. Hatcher third, 187; R. L. Trimble fourth, 186. Of the amateurs, F. D. Alkire made high score of 180, A. Roll 176, A. Gambell 172.

Heer made long run of the day and of the tournament, breaking 119 without a miss, the best score ever made on the club's grounds. Hatcher got second long run, 69, R. Trimble 62, and Pop Heikes 49.

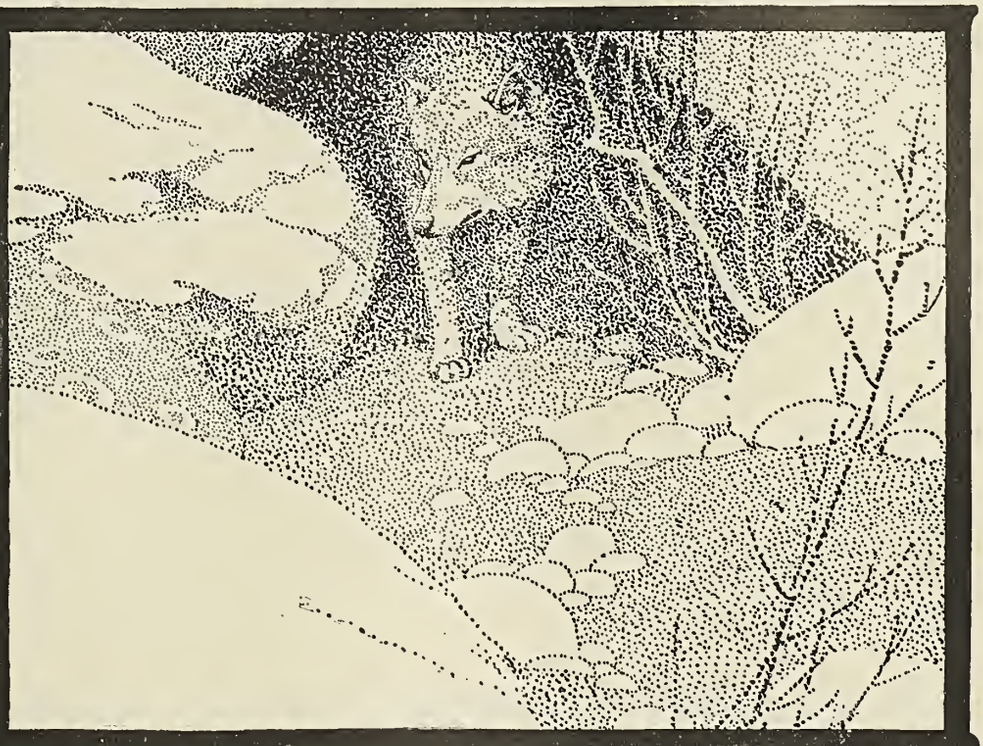
Heer was high for the two days, 98.5 per cent., breaking 394 targets; Heikes was second with 377; Hatcher and Trimble next with 371 and 365 respectively.

A. Gambell led the amateurs with 347, Alkire 344, D. Pohlar 336.

Squad 1—Roll, Hatcher, Alkire, Trimble and C. A. Young—in event 6 made the squad record of the shoot, 97 out of 100. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Roll	19	17	16	19	18	19	18	18	15	17	200	176
Hatcher	18	17	18	18	19	20	20	20	18	19	200	187
Alkire	16	17	19	17	18	17	20	17	20	19	200	180
R Trimble	20	19	19	18	18	19	20	20	16	17	200	186
C A Young	18	15	15	20	15	19	17	17	18	17	200	171
Russell	12	15	15	14	16	13	16	18	16	18	200	153
Cottingham	11	12	14	12	14	14	10	14	12	16	200	129
Stacy	14	13	12	13	14	17	13	17	16	16	200	145
W J Lewis	17	15	18	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	100	80
Dr Hill	12	9	13	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	100	57
R O Heikes	18	18	20	19	19	19	20	19	19	20	200	191
W H Heer	19	19	20	20	19	20	20	20	20	20	200	197

WINCHESTER



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W!NCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gambell	20	18	18	15	16	16	19	17	17	16	200	172
Fultz	16	15	13	15	14	14	14	14	20	18	200	153
Pohlar	17	15	17	18	14	17	16	19	17	18	200	168
Hobson	16	16	12	16	13	16	17	14	17	14	200	151
Dr Gould	13	13	11	18	13	15	12	13	14	15	200	137
J M Girton	17	18	20	15	18	18	18	16	18	19	200	177
W E Liming	..	15	17	14	..	..	16	..	..	..	80	62
G G Kosters	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
G C Walker	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	7	9 ..	100	35
H R Bonser	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	16	..	..	60	52
J Shreck	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	16	13 11	100	74
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	11	11 ..	80	52
Altherr	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	8	8 13	100	53
Overall	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	40	28
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	14	15 20	100	85
E Trimble	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	16	15 18	100	83
Bissell	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	..	40	30
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	17	..	60	45
H N Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	40	32

Professionals.

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.	Per Cent.
W H Heer	197	197	394	98.5
R O Heikes	186	191	377	94.3
A M Hatcher	184	187	371	92.7
R L Trimble	179	186	365	91.3
C A Young	173	171	344	86
C H Costingham	99	129	228	57

Amateurs.

A Gambell	175	172	347	86.8
F D Alkire	164	180	344	86
D Pohlar	168	168	336	84
A Roll	153	176	329	82.3
Hobson	151	151	302	75.5
Stacy	155	145	300	75
Dr Gould	119	137	256	64

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, L. I., Oct. 21.—The weather was quite unpleasant. Following are the scores made by the contestants:

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

H A Griffith	15	Chas Donders	14
H D Bergen	14	J H Scholl	11
Capt H W Dwyer	14	C F Sahker	9

Sweepstakes:

	Sht at.	Brk.		Sht at.	Brk.
Capt Dwyer	140	85	Scholl	75	42
Bergen	130	88	W A Gillis	60	8
L C Gehring	125	99	Geo Hassler	55	13
Dondera	115	43	Sahker	50	19
Van Valen	90	58	J J Young	40	7
H A Griffith	75	53	J Starin	25	10

WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

New traps were installed at the Northern Kentucky Gun Club previous to holding the tournament at Dayton, Ky.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Associated Gun Clubs, Chicago, the officers for the coming year were chosen, as follows: President, Dr. C. W. Carson; vice-president, M. J. Morehouse; secretary, Fred H. Teeple; treasurer, C. P. Zacher; chairman board of directors, George W. Stoell. The next meeting will be for the purpose of passing on the plans for the club house. South Side devotees of the gun and rifle have subscribed $10,300 for the new shooting park, wherein all the clubs are to be consolidated.

Hard wind prevented large scores at the Fort Scott, Kans., Gun Club shoot. D. J. Holland made high amateur score, 181, and C. B. Adams and Chris. Gottlieb tied on 178.

The sixteenth annual tournament of the Clinton, Canada, Gun Club opened last Wednesday with a good attendance from Hamilton, Ridgetown, Exeter, Crediton, St. Thomas, Port Frank and other towns. Pigeons were fast, being assisted by a northwest gale. High average was won by J. T. Hovey, of Clinton; second, A. E. McRitchie, Ridgetown; third, J. T. Contelon.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club on Tuesday last entertained the members of the Greenville Gun Club. Dinner and supper were served by the ladies at the church, and the shooting was held during the afternoon.

The shooting for the season at the grounds of the Advance Gun Club, Dayton, O., was completed on Friday last.

The final shoot of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club was held last Wednesday. N. J. Lewis was the boss, and won out with 132 targets out of a possible 150.

In a shoot at Pine Bluff, Ark., two-man teams, Messrs. Arnold and Welles defeated Iman and Clement by 45 to 43.

Meetings are being held at Bellfontaine for the purpose of organizing a local rifle club.

Jesse W. Squires, Danville, Ill., was a visitor to Jacksonville, as a representative of said gun club for the tournament.

Oct. 17 was the last shoot at Vincennes, Ind., for the silver prize offered by the powder company.

Members of the Ishpeming, Mich., Rod and Gun Club are competing for a medal. Dr. A. Deadman, A. C. Ludington and G. J. Johnson, are in the lead. A meeting is held weekly on Sunday afternoon.

Regular meeting of the Intermountain Gun Club, Boise, Idaho, last Friday, there was a tie between Geo. M. Anderson and H. C. Guinea. Following percentages were made: G. M. Anderson 84 per cent., Sherman Johnson 84, H. C. Guinea 80, J. G. Gray 80, Dr. Moberly 79, J. C. Johnson 73, R. J. Cherry 72, F. M. Eastman 52.

Fourteen men were out at the last shoot of the Topeka, Kans., Gun Club. Scores: Bisco 34, Gragg 29, Hungate 14, Marple 18, Usher 14, Marshall 13, Anderson 12, Bechtell 9, Kersch 6.

Mrs. A. H. Palmer, Ardmore, I. T., entertained some of the members of the Rod and Gun Club on Friday last. The gunnerss spent the entire day, and enjoyed boating, fishing and all the pleasures that are to be found at a lake shore.

During the contest at the Yazoo City, Miss., Gun Club there were antiquated weapons exhibited, together with a fine collection of mounted game birds.

The Muskogee, I. T., Gun Club, held a shoot Saturday last, with the following result: At 25 targets: Williamson 23, Mercer 22, Todd 20, Veal 18, Russell 18, Sypert 16, Shoenhair 11, Voerde 9.

The best shooting in or around Richmond, Va., during the past season was that of Dr. B. L. Hillsman. He was high man for Richmond, high for West End, won scratch on the silver cup. This has never been accomplished by any other shooter in one season.

The Gregory, Mo., Gun Club is progressing finely and regular shoots are being held.

Board of Directors of the Denison, Tex., Gun Club met on the Board of Trade Building and elected Frank B. Hughes president. Many improvements are to be made. The following executive committee was chosen for the year: W. H. Halton, L. B. Moore, A. W. Hopkins. Auditing committee: A. Evans, Frank Hughes and H. W. Lingo.

The old Chicago Gun Club has changed its name to the Auburn Park Gun Club.

At a meeting of the Yreka, Cal., Gun Club the following officers were elected: C. J. Luttrell, president; R. J. Nixon, vice-president; P. J. Chappelle, secretary and treasurer; Directors, J. E. Wheeler, R. S. Taylor, H. R. Raynes, Dr. O. B. Spalding and Allen Newton.

At the meeting of the Jacksonville, Ill., Gun Club 200 targets were shot at. Scores: Freeman 191, Stannard 180, Cadwallader 178, Riehl 176, Boa 173, Kahler 171, Vietmeyer 162, A. Mermod 183, Ramsey 180, Robley 178, Ed. Scott 176, Clay 176, Stoner 171, Huntley 171, Riley 167, Pearn 166, Bockwitz 163, Engelbrecht 163, Hoblit 163, Nick 161, Giese 157, Magill 146, Squires 134.

At the regular shoot of the gun club at New Straitsville, O., the following scores were made at 50 targets: Rush 47, Barry 27, Newman 38, Sherer 30, F. Hoy 21, S. Houston 31, Harrington 26, Switzer 28, Watkins 33, Kessler 33.

A well attended practice shoot was held by the Victor Gun Club, Cripple Creek, Colo., last Sunday. The meeting showed an increase in attendance, which is encouraging to the officers.

The fifth match of the Ivesdale, Ill., Gun Club was held last Sunday week. The race for the cup is getting very interesting, and there are only three more contests. There are just an even dozen competitors, and that is very good for so small a town.

F. D. Martin was high man at the shoot of the Fort Scott, Kans., Gun Club on Friday last with 35 out of 50 targets. Frank D. Etchen and O. D. Lewis tied for second place.

Al Willerding, Evansville, Ind., will attend the shoot to be held at Newton, Ill., and at Carmie, Ill.

Sportsmen at Manistee, Mich., are forming a gun club, to be known as the Salt City Rod and Gun Club.

At Pony Creek Sunday last, the Bluffs City Gun Club, Council Bluffs, Ia., beat the Pony team. Scores: Bluff City—Marden 24, Brown 23, Rope 20, Woolman 17, Lloyd 16; total 100. Pony Creek—Stout 16, Cheney 21, A. Beck 17, D. Beck 20, M. Lewis 15; total 89.

J. W. Burgess won the match at Hawkeye Gun Club Cedar Rapids, last Thursday. The club is planning to hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Scores at 30 targets: J. W. Burgess 25, A. J. Smith 22, E. R. Hartinger 22, John Hadek 17, L. Stusak 17, L. J. Rick 16, W. Stusak 14, C. A. Pearce 14, F. Rohrbacher 11.

The Homer-Ogden, Ill., Gun Club will hold a tournament Oct. 23 and 24.

L. H. Condit won silver medal and M. Goetz the gold medal at the last shoot of the Canton, Mo., Gun Club.

New Jersy State Fall Tournament.

Newark, N. J.—The fall tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was held at Newark, on the grounds of the Smith Gun Club, Oct. 17 and 18. There were fifteen contestants on the first day. The weather conditions were unfavorable for good scores, the sky being cloudy and threatening, and a brisk wind prevailed.

The scores in the merchandise handicap event were as follows: Moffett (3) 24, 25; Piercy (2) 20, 22; Bissett (3) 22, 25; Murphy (9) 21 25; Day, Jr. (3) 22, 25; Guenther (8) 18, 25; Griffith (0) 25; Muldoon, (3) 22, 25; Castle (3) 23, 25; Thornton (12) 17, 25; Matthews (1) 12, 24.

Ties: Bissett, Day, Jr., and Castle 25, Muldoon 24, Guenther, Griffith 23.

The scores in the sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	20	15	25	20
F W Moffett	14	15	12	18	21	20	15	20	18
G H Piercy	13	19	13	17	24	19	13	22	18
F E Butler	13	17	14	15	18	14	11	19	15
F C Bissett	8	17	14	19	22	19	13	23	17
Sim Glover	14	17	13	15	24	16	14	23	18
J F Murphy	10	15	10	15	21	17	12	16	12
Chas Day, Jr.	14	16	14	17	22	17	14	23	19
E A Guenther	6	14	11	18	19	14	10	22	14
Jas McGuirk	12	15	12	17	20	14	13	..	..
Neaf Apgar	12	20	14	19	25	19	11	24	17
E C Griffith	13	20	14	19	23	19	14	25	18
Frank Muldoon	..	16	11	19	22	19	13	23	14
I Castle	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	22	18
Samuel Thornton	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

Oct. 18, Second Day.

There was a fitful 7 o'clock wind, a cloudy sky and light rain in the afternoon. Seventeen shooters took part in the day's programme.

There were ten contestants in the merchandise event, as follows: Piercy (3) 25, Bissett (4) 25, Day, Jr. (2) 22, Griffith (1) 25, Guenther (7) 25, Gille (12) 25, Lindley (5) 25, H. W. Richardson (10) 25, Kussmaul (12) 25, Matthews (12) 25.

Ties on 25: Perry (1) 25, Bissett (1) 25, Day, Jr. (1) 22, Griffith (0) 25, Guenther (3) 24, Gille (6) 25, Lindley (2) 25, Richardson (5) 25, Kussmaul (6) 24, Mathews (6) 23.

Second tie on 25: Bissett (1) 25, Griffith (0) 25, Gille (5) 22, Lindley (1) 22, Richardson (2) 22.

The sweepstake scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	25	15	20	15	20	20	20
G H Piercy	13	17	13	18	12	19	25	18
Neaf Apgar	12	17	14	19	13	18	17	16
F E Butler	10	13	13	18	13	18	16	15
F C Bissett	13	18	14	15	15	19	16	19
Jas F Murphy	9	11	11	15	10	8	13	19
Chas Day, Jr.	13	17	14	19	15	19	17	15
E C Griffith	12	19	15	20	14	20	20	18
Sim Glover	13	19	14	16	11	17	16	16
I Castle	14	20	12	17	10	12	17	16
E A Guenther	10	17	14	15	11	18	18	18
Dr C M Luckey	..	16	12	..	9	..	..	11
L Gille	..	7	9	10	9	..	12	9
N H Squires	..	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
A Lindley	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	19
H W Richardson	..	..	..	..	13	9	13	..

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Oct. 21.—The rainstorm was particularly unpleasant as to weather conditions, and no doubt was a deterrent in respect to attendance. Stewart Scott won the third leg on the October cup. The first leg was won by J. W. Hibbard. The second by H. E. Deming. Mr. F. A. Hodgman, a new-comer at the club shoots, but by no means a new-comer in shooting matters, made some excellent scores.

October cup, 50 targets:

F A Hodgman	8	50	A O Fleischman	4	41
S Scott	6	50	G E Greiff	0	40
G F Pelham	6	49	C H Dugro	14	38
I W Hubbard	10	45	C Jacob	14	32
H E Deming	8	44	F Vilmar	10	31

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Scott 23, Hodgman 22.

Trophy shoot, 50 targets:

F A Hodgman	8	49	A O Fleischman	4	41
S Scott	6	49	G E Greiff	0	39
G F Pelham	6	46	C Jacob	14	33
I W Hibbard	10	46	F Vilmar	10	33
H E Deeming	8	45	C H Dugro	14	31

Trophy shoot, 50 targets:

F A Hodgman	8	49	G F Pelham	6	44
A O Fleischman	4	45	H E Deming	8	42
S Scott	6	45	G E Greiff	0	39

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

G E Greiff	12		F A Hodgman	11	
S Scott	12				

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

G E Greiff	7		S Scott	6	
H A Griffith	75	52			

West Virginia Gun Club.

Sistersville, W. Va., Oct. 16.—On Oct. 12 the West Virginia Gun Club, of this city, gave an optional sweep on their grounds at Paden City Park, about ten minutes' ride by trolley, which proved to be a most enjoyable affair. For some unaccountable reason the scores were away below the usual average on these grounds, but the very difficult shooting did not seem to detract from the pleasure of the occasion.

The programme called for 200 targets. Of these, Mr. John M. Speary, of Marietta, O., was high with 167; Ed. O. Bower, of this city, second with 163, followed closely by Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., for third place.

Mr. T. S. Bibbee, one of the regulars from Elba, O., was breaking in a new gun, which accounted for his scores not being up to where they usually are. F. C. Percival (Cole), president of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, together with Chas. J. Mowry, were present, to represent St. Marys, and quite well did they perform that duty. Mr. Cole has been under the weather and not shooting for several weeks, and when he arrived on our grounds, remarked that he had ventured to bring one hundred shells for half the programme, which was probably all he could stand, considering the state of his health; but we noticed that when these were exhausted, he was ready to pay double price if necessary for shells to finish the programme, which made us glad. Wish we had a few more "Coles" and we certainly would make things hot in these parts.

Mr. Mowry—well, if Charley ever missed a shoot that was given in this neck-o'-the-woods, we don't know it, and he always lands near the top.

Chas. Le Compte was the only trade representative present, and we were mighty glad to have him with us. He was, however, quite sick, and should have been in bed, but managed to shoot through the programme. He promised to be feeling better next time.

Messrs. Ed. O. Bower, Dr. E. K. Hubbard and Geo. G. Stocking represented the locals, and all shot through the programme. Dr. Hubbard says just wait until he gets his new shooting coat, and he will make somebody go some.

"Bill" Woodruff kept the books. Just as the last shot was fired, some one remarked that we just had five minutes to catch the car, to which Bill replied that we had oceans of time, and that everybody would be paid long before that time, and he made good.

After giving a number of shooting events on our present grounds during the past two years, we are thoroughly convinced that the background is not what it should be, and that the shooting, especially at the straightaways and right-quarterers, is extremely difficult. In view of this fact, we are glad to announce to the shooting world that when they come to see us again, the hill will be moved away, and that we will be in a new and better home.

Sycamore.

De Graff Tournament.

De Graff, Ohio.—Oct. 19, the shooters of Central Ohio met with the gun club at this place for the annual tournament. The weather was good, the sun shone brightly, and yet the condition of wind, strong and gusty, and background, did not admit of good scores being made.

The targets ducked very promptly and quite regularly. The traps faced south, and against a hillside that made the vision faulty and thus you will note the reason for the low scores made.

The club members are good fellows, some of them shooting through regardless of winning or losing.

The attendance was not so large as the last shoot, owing to the threatening weather, as the rain fell all the day previous.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Heikes, Trimble and Jones. Heer had traveled all night, and under the conditions, made a good score, 191 out of 200. Pop Heikes made 185 and Trimble 183, Karnheim 178, Mack 177, Fisher 175, Long 168. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Brk.
Heikes	14	13	17	12	15	19	14	13	20	13	15	20	185
Mack	13	15	17	13	12	18	14	14	18	11	14	18	177
Trimble	14	14	15	14	13	19	14	15	18	13	15	19	183
Heer	13	15	20	12	15	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	191
Bottenfield	14	12	14	9	11	14	12	11	15	12	13	17	154
Hornberger	11	12	15	12	13	19	14	11	18	13	14	18	170
Runyon	11	12	16	12	10	19	10	12	18	11	11	13	155
Losh	11	9	17	12	12	18	15	12	16	14	12	16	164
Fisher	14	11	19	12	12	19	12	13	18	14	12	19	175
Martin	7	7	15	8	13	13	11	8	14	11	8	15	130
Long	11	12	15	12	12	13	10	12	15	13	13	20	168
Doll	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	...
Karnheim	15	13	15	13	15	19	13	14	17	12	14	18	178
Tramp	12	14	18	13	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	90
Rairdon	12	11	15	12	10	16	11	9	16	13	12	15	152
Smith	..	..	17	10	..	..	9	12	..	11	13	16	88
Cook	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	12	15	..	..	..	...
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	16	...

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y.—Saturday, the 20th, was a regular practice day of the Ossining Gun Club, but for the third consecutive shoot rain spoiled the fun, and there was a slim attendance.

Next Saturday we will try again, and are hoping for better weather.

Aside from the handicap, gun and scratch prize series, which are running, a special prize is promised by the president of the club, Col. Franklin Brandreth, and all members who can, should be on hand. Shooting will start at 2 P. M. No prizes were shot for to-day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10
E Grewerton	17	5	7	7	R A Ward	..	3	4	4
C G Blandford	21	10	9	9	J T Hyland	17	..	6	5
A Bedell	..	5	7	7					

C. G. B.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.
CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.
DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

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Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 21.—The scores made at the shoot of the Garfield Gun Club to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
McDonald	13	23	8	9	6	10	10	9
Meek	14	21	8	8	9	7	7	..
Thomas	13	18	8	8	8	6	7	9
Eaton	12	22	8	9	9	7	7	8
Dr Stewart	12	20	4	7	9	8	..	..
Blowfleur	9	16	7	2	3	..	..	..
George	13	17	..	..	5	5	..	..
Herr	14	19	..	..	9	8	..	..
Dr Reynolds	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paul Meek	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	..
Alderson	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7

No. 1 was Dupont cup. No. 2 was trophy event.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle Practice at Home.

INDOOR rifle practice will soon be seasonable, and a few remarks on the subject may assist beginners.

Those who can find it convenient to practice on a club or armory range have the advantage of others, who must provide their own ranges, but the latter class has some advantages not possessed by the former. Any one who has a fair knowledge of simple mechanics, and at whose home there is a basement or cellar, can fit up a rifle range that will answer all practical requirements, and cost very little. Given the available space, he can make it as elaborate as he likes, but for his own use alone a target backing, a target and means for lighting the same will serve.

Generally a space 60ft. or more in length can be found in a basement, cellar or barn, where, at night, one may practice rifle shooting for an hour without annoyance or harm to any person, however sensitive. A .22 caliber rifle fired in a basement can only be heard outside by those who are familiar with its report, and a .22 caliber revolver report is much louder and more penetrating, but neither one will annoy persons in neighboring houses.

The simplest arrangement is to secure a block of wood for a target backing—a section sawed off a log a foot or more in diameter and of equal or greater length. Shooting into the grain, the bullets will not only make no noise, but it will take a long time to use up the log, and if its face becomes so much hollowed that there is no firm backing for the cardboard target, why nail an inch board over that end and tack the target on it, or reverse the log. Its weight is in its favor, as it will stay where placed—another advantage. Seasoned wood will be pulverized more quickly by bullets than green wood.

A place having been decided on for the target, set it up at least four feet from the floor, and with its face exactly at right angles to the line of fire, then put blocks under it, so that it cannot be accidentally moved. Of course, it is understood that a solid stone or brick wall is behind the target backing, precluding any chance of a stray bullet injuring or even frightening a neighbor.

A gas jet, if one is handy, equipped with an ordinary mirror reflector, so that the face of the target will be evenly illuminated, will give a fairly satisfactory light, but the light from a single jet must be in front of or one side of the target, in order to obtain the best results. Where oil must be depended on, place two ordinary lamps with silvered reflectors, in brackets, so that they will represent the ends of an inverted V, with the bulls-eye at its apex. Some prefer the light from an acetylene gas bicycle lamp. So long as no shadows are thrown on the target, and the light burns evenly without flickering, one should be able to see the target plainly, but the subject of properly illuminating a target so that the bullseye may be plainly seen at a distance of 60 to 75 feet, with the unaided eye, often comes up for discussion, showing that the difference in eyesight accounts for many opinions that vary. If telescope sights are used on the rifle, the quality of the light may not amount to so much as if the rifle has plain sights, although, with some men at least, magnifying the object has a different bearing on the kind and power of the light used.

The writer has employed as a successful backing for the target, hard pine planks, 3in. in thickness and a foot in width, cut say 3ft. in length. Three pieces of this size can be lightly nailed together at the ends, and after the target has been tacked near one end long enough for a hole to be cut out, place it near the other end until that gives way; then turn the planks around, using the back, and finally take the three apart, reverse and nail them together again, giving you a sound plank for the face of the backing. Such an arrangement will last a long time, is cheap, the backing will stand alone without supports, and can be moved readily for different ranges.

Still another plan is to obtain a pine box, say, 18in. across and 6in. deep, fill it with sand or earth and nail the top securely, then nail a second top on, with the grain running at right angles to that of the first one, renewing one or both as it or they become cut up. If the earth is packed hard before the top is nailed on the box will serve for thousands of shots. A large electrotype plate, set in the bottom of the box, with its type metal face down, and the earth packed over it, will stop any .22 caliber bullet, even after the hardwood base of the plate has been punctured repeatedly. Such plates can be obtained in any publishing house for a few cents, if they cost anything; but preference should be given those that have heavy plates, some half-tone plates being made quite thick. After being once used, a half-tone plate, costing from $10 to $20, is worth about as many cents, for it only represents so much metal to the electrotyper.

After the target backing is settled on, and some method of lighting the target devised, the question of targets comes up. At 60 to 75ft. the regulation ring target with 2in. bullseye and ¼in. rings is the one most commonly used, and is obtainable, printed on cardboard 6 × 6in. in size, at low prices. These targets are better than paper, and one can be suspended by means of a spring clip fastened to a lath, so that it will hang 4 to 6in. in front of the backing, and splinters of wood will not mar it, as may happen if it is tacked on the backing. The clip and the support holding it must be rigid, else the target will swing from the impact of bullets, and disturb one's aim.

The trolley system is of course the most handy one, and it can be installed by any person who can handle tools with ordinary skill; but it must of necessity be a permanent fixture, and is therefore not adapted to use in a room that is much frequented by persons not in sympathy with one's target practice. Primarily this system consists of an endless cord or wire stretched over two grooved wheels or disks, one behind and above the target and the other over the firing point, with a hanger attached to the upper wire carrying a clamp holding the cardboard target. Generally these grooved wheels are 10 or 12in. in diameter. At the firing point a tireless bicycle wheel may be pivoted. A handle is attached to the wheel half-way between hub and rim, the endless cord arranged, by means of small stationary pulleys, to run over the wheel with the least friction possible, and then tightened, so that it will not fly off the wheel when this is turned rapidly.

By this means the target can be moved very quickly between firing point and backing. A wheel so large as this is not necessary, and one a foot in diameter will serve; but the target hanger's speed between backing and firing point is increased in proportion to the size of the wheel employed, and an old bicycle wheel is handy. The cost of the trolley system need not be important, depending on whether one can pick up old wheels in a junk shop or must buy them new, and when one uses a telescope to spot his shots—if his rifle is not equipped with one—he can do without the trolley; but where two or more persons practice together, the trolley becomes a safety device, obviating the necessity of going to the target, and lessening chances of accidents.

So great has become the demand for telescope sights, however, and so much of an improvement are they for all forms of rifle shooting, that the man who is fitting up his own range should use one. Sooner or later one who practices alone will settle down to shooting for groups, particularly if he employs a muzzle rest, and a black paster on a white card will become his favorite target. These pasters can be purchased in thousand lots in sizes up to 1½in. in diameter; and while the larger size makes a good bullseye for the basement range and ordinary sights, cutting a hole in the center with a ¼in. punch, so that the center will be white, makes the best sort of target when a telescope sight is used. The writer follows a method that saves time and steps by placing four pasters on each white card, so that four 5- or 10-

AMERICANS VICTORIOUS!

The Anglo-American Rifle Competition between the Queen's Westminster Volunteers and the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. N. G , at Creedmoor, N. Y., Oct. 2 and 3, 1906, resulted in a decisive victory for the Seventh Regiment team; all the members using the famous .30-cal. bullet manufactured by the Peters Cartridge Company. The team and individual scores indicate once more the superior results attained by the use of

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shot groups can be fired before the target need be changed, and this is also a handy method for comparing groups. The telescope sight being employed in spotting shots, one need not move out of his tracks until his four groups are completed. But in order to be certain of locating each shot, five shots can be fired at each paster, making 20 shots in all before changing cards.

If telescope sights are not used, an ordinary two-dollar telescope will answer for spotting shots, as a power of two or three diameters is generally sufficient for the purpose. Two nails can be driven in an upright and the glass placed on these and made fast after it is focused on the target, so that it can be consulted between shots without using the hands in adjusting it for direction each time.

One who is at all handy with tools can fit up a basement range at small expense of time and cash, but the returns in pleasure and recreation will be large. So accurate are the .22 caliber rifles and ammunition of to-day that nearly perfect results are possible on short ranges, and this practice is of real value to one who prefers shooting with larger calibers at longer ranges, but whose time is limited

Providence Revolver Club.

The first of the match series between the local crack militia revolver team, Troop B, First Battalion Cavalry, and our club, for a cup, was shot Oct. 20 under most unfavorable conditions, the usual week-end rain being nearer a cloudburst than a storm, which wet every one to the skin, and interfered with the making of good scores by some of the competitors.

The original plan was to have one match by Creedmoor count, one by Standard and the third the choice of the team making the highest aggregate total; but the militiamen insisted on best two out of three matches and all scoring by Creedmoor.

Seven men composed each team, each man firing 10 consecutive shots at 50yds.

Our lead of 57 points would make us feel safer as to the final outcome if the aggregate of the shoots was to count, but as it is, we are simply one leg to the good.

Argus' score figured 81 Standard, and was made with his .45cal. revolver, with full factory load and black powder.

Scores in detail follow, ranking in value of shots, not in order of shooting:

Providence Revolver Club Team.

Freeman	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	—48
Argus	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	—46
Hurlburt	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	—44
Parkhurst	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—43
Willard	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42
Coulters	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	0	—37
Miller	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	0	—37—297

Troop B Team.

Corp Needham	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42
Pvt Gifford	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42
Lieut Crowshaw	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	—41
Pvt McKenna	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	—40
Sergt Richards	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	0	0	—31
Pvt Betz	5	4	4	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	—25
Lieut Richards	4	4	4	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	—19—240

Providence Revolver Club team led by 57 points.

Practice scores:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard: Miller 81, 77, 78, 19, 80; Edmindston 64, 64; Eddy 79, 79, 84.

Creedmoor target, 50yds.: Miller 46, 45, 45, 47, 46, 46, 47; Eddy 46, 47, 48.

Standard target, 20yds.: Willard 82, Miller 81, Parkhurst 81, 79, 81, 84.

Creedmoor, 75yds.: Miller 45.

Rifle scores, 50yds., Standard: S. K. Luther 90, 84, 84.

Twenty-five yards, ¼in. ring target: Luther 242, 244; Mayo 240.

Twenty-five yards, Standard: Mayo 77, 78, 83.

Better Science and Coaching.

When Sir Howard Vincent returned to England from his trip to the United States, after the Queen's Westminster team had been defeated by the Seventh New York Regiment team at Creedmoor, he said, in addressing his regiment that its team lost because of the better application of science to the shooting of the Seventh's team and its better system of coaching.

The young bookkeeper sauntered into the dining room, seated himself leisurely and proceeded to unfold his neighbor's paper, in a certain downtown boarding house recently. In the course of half an hour his breakfast was placed before him. He glanced at the cold biscuit, stirred the watery coffee and leaned languidly over and drew the little tin dish of hash toward him.

"Balance carried forward," he murmured, and bowed gravely to the remnants of yesterday's roast.

Attorney—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Prospective Juror—No, sir.

Attorney—After the evidence on both sides is all in do you think you will be able to form an opinion?

Prospective Juror—No, sir.

Attorney General—Good. You'll do.—Chicago Daily News.

You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor, melodramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy."

"I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems. "No, I ain't," snapped Mr. Newrich. "We boil all our drinking water."—Philadelphia Record.

"You have had quite enough beer now, Karl."

"Quite right, my dear. Waiter, bring me the wine list."—Fliegende Blätter.

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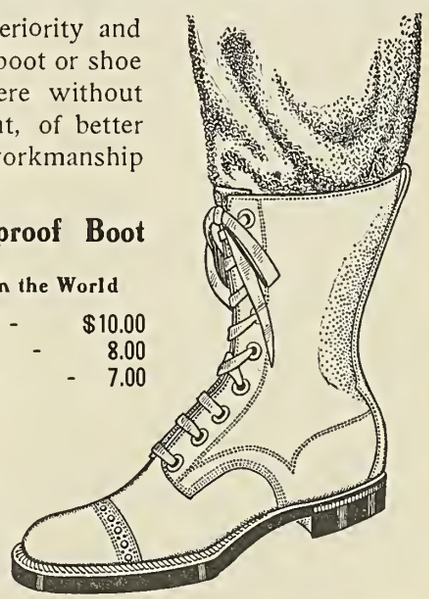

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THE DEVIL FISH OF THE GULF.

Continued from page 645.

capsizing both boats; and at the same time snapping the harpoon and loosening the other boat, it was seen going out to sea and disappeared in the distance.

Mr. Leach, who is a locomotive engineer on the Q. & G. N. Railway, says he has had some wild rides, but this one capped the climax. His version of the fish fouling his boat was that the anchor caught in its mouth and when the fish, becoming frightened, started to sea, the pressure of the boat held the anchor against him until he made the sudden dive when harpooned, and the anchor cleared itself.

If this fish story won't do, I will tell you another next time. COTTER.

W. G. Sterrett in the Galveston News.

Among the visitors to this resort this year was one Mr. Mayer, of New York, who comes to the place every year as an ardent fisherman. On this occasion he brought and left a new harpoon. It consisted simply of a bolt of steel about six inches long and one inch in diameter. At the end is a socket for a handle of half inch in diameter. Just below the socket is an eye in the bolt, like the eye of a needle. From the eye to the other end of the bolt there is a taper, until the point is reached, when it is as sharp as a needle. The whole is silverplated and as smooth as glass. Now, set into the sides of the bolt are two prongs and steel working on hinges. These are flush with the bolt when the harpoon penetrates, but when the harpoon is pulled, barbs an inch and a half in length each fly out at right angles with the bolt. In the eye of the instrument a rope is tied. When we started out fishing on the morning of the capture, Mr. Cherry, with his boatmen, Ed. Kline, took this instrument with them and also about 150 feet of strong rope. It was the intention not to essay the capture of the fish till evening, when Mr. Cotter, with his experience and large launch, should be the chief factor in the event. We, thirteen boats in all, were to fish for tarpon and mackerel, and if the devil fish should be seen, then a return to the hotel should be made and preparations entered on for the evening battle. But we had not been on the mackerel grounds a half hour before the Cherry boat espied one of the creatures basking in the sun a short distance from the end of the jetty. There was no thought on that boat of returning for Cotter. Mr. Cherry got out of his boat into the boat of Dr. Ahler, and Dr. Ahler's boatman, Mr. Farley, got in with Kline. They rolled all their rope into a coil so that it would not hitch or tangle and then gently approached the monster. The skiff, or boat, in which they were was a gasolene launch. Kline adjusted in the socket of the harpoon an iron rod about eight feet long. It was a half inch in diameter. The weapon was made so that when the blow was struck the handle would come out, leaving the harpoon proper attached to the rope in the flesh of the victim.

When the two men had reached within a few feet of the fish, which evinced not the least fear, Kline got up on the seat, he is over six feet and of powerful build, hurled the harpoon with all his strength. With a bolt of steel about the length of a railroad spike, with the weight of eight feet of half-inch iron rod behind it and with a man of marvelous strength impelling it, the harpoon sank into the mass of meat several inches. There was a boiling of water. The boat started as a flushed quail. The bow sank deep and away it went for the gulf. The two men, accustomed to the sea and things out of the ordinary, settled in their seats in a moment. Each held the rope and, I think, had it around some sort of stubbin' post at the bow. The sudden rush and speed might have broken the rope or the barbs of the harpoon in less skillful hands, but the craft was in skillful hands. Rope was let out in the rushes. Rope was drawn in on curves or the least cessation of extreme effort on the part of the wounded monster, which soon demonstrated that its wounds or the restraint placed on it had rendered it unable to maintain a straightaway course. The rest of

the party sat in their boats, heard the thud as the harpoon was thrown, saw the two men in their boat fairly fly toward the ocean, but not one knew what to do to aid those who had made the attack. Gen. Cleary and his boat were closer to the fish than any other person at the time the harpoon was thrown. His boatmen started in pursuit, and as their boat was a light yawl or "dinghy," as they call it there, he was able to keep in pretty fair distance. The fish made its first swerve from a straightaway course a few minutes after it was struck. It made a quarter or half circle and when it did it Cleary's boat attached itself to the boat of Kline and Farley. Now it had two boats to pull with four men. Soon it made another deviation and another boat threw its anchor in the Cleary boat. All the other boats, seeing the success of Cleary, were rushing as fast as they could to do as he had done. The result was that in half an hour the beast was towing thirteen boats, in each of which were two men. The most of these boats were heavy 16ft. boats used for tarpon and sea fishing, while some of them were gasolene launches. All had been done that could be done by the generals in the fight. The policy was to finally tire out the monster and then drag him ashore.

It was about half past 10 o'clock when Kline threw the harpoon. Eleven o'clock came, and he was scurrying around in the gulf with apparent utmost ease. Out to the ocean buoy, away beyond the Pass buoy, he took us. Around the ocean buoy he went with his string of boats, and around it again. Once he went so close to it that we thought he would foul or foul us on the chain of the beacon, but there was no trouble. Then out in the gulf he went until the land had almost faded. Back he came again, sometimes in a way to show he had lost nothing of his vitality and strength, and then again he was moving slowly enough to excite the cry from boat to boat. "He's all in." "He's giving up." "He can last but a few minutes longer." But words of cheer of this kind died on the lips when he would gather up his strength and make taut the line of every boat as he fairly flew through his element. Twice, when he was circling, he took short cuts and went under the boats. In each case it was all the world like a mad beast surrounded and it had resolved to break through. As he made these moves there was a scurrying in the boats, an untying of tow lines and a breaking away, each boat for itself. But as soon as it had passed out of the circle the boats were attached again and he proceeded with his heavy drag out in the gulf, close to shore, back toward the jetties, out in the gulf again, pursuing his way as a drunken man, staggering, uncertain, indefinite, blindly.

The fun of the thing began to pall about half past twelve. The gulf was fortunately calm, but the tropical sun beat down fiercely, there was no ice water, men who had been up from daylight began to feel an unpleasant feeling in the region of the stomach. Then again there was not much sport in being dragged around in the ocean by a creature which no one but the man of the harpoon and his companion had seen. More than this, the fish appeared to be just about as strong as when first struck, and there was every prospect, unless he could be further trammeled or injured, he could drag his flotilla for a week or month. I have said there were thirteen boats attached to him, but not all were attached in the first hour. That needs explanation to the extent of saying that two or three came into the procession a little later. Treasurer Robbins got into line about an hour after the fish was harpooned. Dr. Wooten and Mr. Robedeau got in a little later. Mr. Robbins gave frequent advice as to how to carry on the fight. I did the same thing. It should be said, to the credit of the boatmen actually doing the work, that they paid not the least attention to either of us, thus showing their wisdom and avoiding the possible escape of the prize. It was suggested by some wise man in the battle—it was neither Robbins nor myself—that if we could receive reinforcements we might triumph. It was suggested by some pessimistic gentlemen that if we didn't get reinforcements that we would never get the fish.

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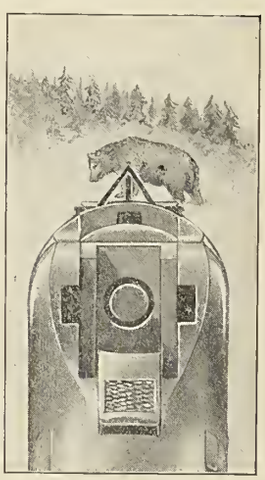

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Finally it was agreed to hoist a signal of distress, though it was certainly a shameful thing for twenty-six men to do, and call out the life-saving crew. So we hoisted a red and a white handkerchief on a fishing pole and stuck it as high as possible toward the sky. At this season of the year the life-saving service has a man at each station in the cupola on the top of the building. The watch at the Pass saw the signal; with his glasses ascertained our trouble. He notified Mr. Cotter, who, with another harpoon and a Savage rifle, shooting a .30-30 soft nosed bullet, came out to where we were yet playing the "ring around the roses" with what was once our prize, but which now had about reversed conditions and made us its prize.

Cotter anchored his large launch and, betaking himself to a boat, proceeded with his weapons to the side of the boat immediately attached to the devil fish. But I am getting on too fast. Before Mr. Cotter came, Walter Crow, of Waxahachie, in a launch with his wife, who had been sloshing around fishing for tarpoon, mackerel, and taking a long shot now and then at a snipe or other sea bird with a pump gun, arrived on the scene. Ardent sportsman, he came enthusiastic. He hauled up by the side of the boat of Kline and Farley. Some one suggested that Kline pull the fish to the surface and that Mr. Crow should shoot. At once a chorus filled the air, and would have been heard above the storm, if there had been any, "Don't shoot!; you might hit somebody;" "Don't shoot; the shot will scatter;" "For heaven's sake, don't shoot." Mr. Crow, evidently impressed by this loud and universal request, and further by the fact that the monster persisted in remaining twenty to thirty feet in the depths of the sea, turned his attention to relieving the two tired boatmen by assisting them at the ropes. And he did valiant service. When Cotter came alongside of the Kline-Farley boat he quickly got his harpoon ready and the ropes adjusted. Then Kline, Farley, Crow and Cotter used their supreme efforts to pull the fish to the top. For a time their efforts were unavailing. But after awhile the line slackened a little and the bulky thing began to arise. Up, up it came, the personification of stubbornness and weight. When within two feet of the surface Cotter, with all his force, threw his harpoon. The monster, stung again, threw one of its flippers in the air, sunk in a flash, was gone again. Men who had been standing up in their boats to witness what they hoped would be the *coup de maitre,* fell back in their seats with a back-dislocating jolt. Again the monotonous travel around the gulf began. It was about 2 o'clock. Two ropes were attached to the fish now, and the two could be used by two crews to stop him and get to the surface. Time and fatigue were required to stop him. Strength was required to get him to the surface.

Time, and a short one, and fatigue, did what was expected of it. The subterranean locomotive began to go slow. Then it stopped. Now was the time for strength. Down at the bottom the creature lay, full eighteen hundred pounds in weight. The two crews bent over to get hold of the ropes as near the water as possible. They heaved. From every throat came cheers of encouragment. They heaved again and there was slack in the ropes. Again the cheers arose and the monster weight gradually came up to the surface. Cotter seized his rifle. Bang! There was a splash. Away went the boats again. But there was one shot in him anyhow, and one shot from a Savage with a soft-nosed or dum-dum bullet means death. Again the creature slowed up. Again supremest effort lifted it to the top. Again, bang! Then, bang-bang! The creature sunk. But there was no tightening of the ropes on the boats. It had sunk under mortal, paralyzing wounds. Slowly again it was brought to the top. The blood from it reddened the sea all around. Ropes were attached to it and then fastened to the big launch and back toward the hotel it was towed, while the victors, or those who had engaged in the hunt, went other ways, since the launch could pull no more than the great weight which it had at its stern.

When the shore was reached, the island people and all the guests of the hotel, flocked to the beach to see it. Thirty or forty boys and men

tugged at ropes to get it through the shallow water to where it could be photographed and examined. Here it was raised by block and tackle and pictures taken. It was then lowered and Dr. Wooten, of Austin; Dr. Dickey, of Dallas; Dr. Greenwood, of San Antonio; Dr. Ahler, of Sherman, and Dr. Cleary, of California, engaged in a post-mortem examination.

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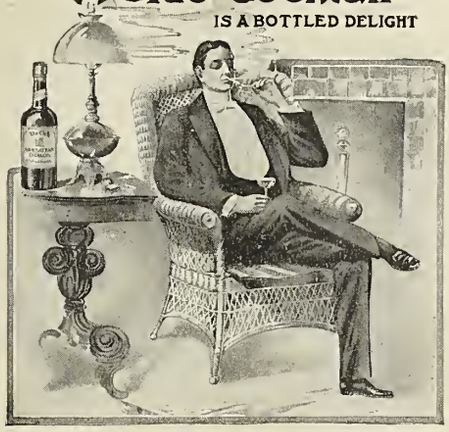

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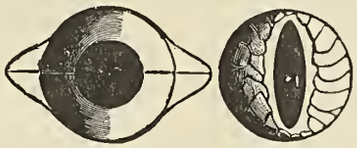

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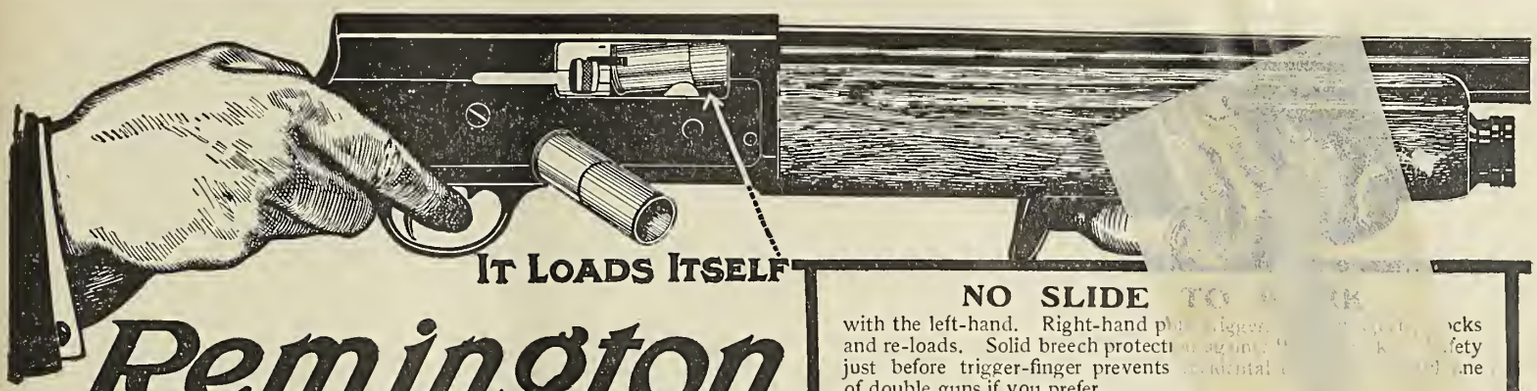
Out of all proportion also was the pancreas. The great proportions of these two organs were, no doubt, due to the fact that its food was largely of a fatty nature."

That is a plain explanation of the make-up of the monster. But it is not out of place to give what I observed about the creature. The fish, as has been stated, measured twelve feet across and somewhere about seven or eight feet in length. There were no scales to weigh it on, but the taxidermist located at the Pass, and who preserves tarpon and other fish and birds for those who desire to decorate homes, estimated the weight at between 1,500 and 2,000 pounds. The boatman estimated it at that weight from the strength required to get it on the beach and to swing it up by block and tackle. Its skin was like that of a shark, though coarser, and felt to the touch exactly like fine sandpaper. Its mouth resembled a covered road scraper, and it is evident that it was used as a scraper on the bottom of the sea, the flippers attached to each side of the orifice, for it could hardly be called a mouth, since it was fixed and immovable, being used to fan food into the orifice. The inside of the mouth appeared to be large enough in this specimen to contain the contents of a barrel. The lower part of it looked like the cooking apparatus of a gas stove. It was gridironed throughout and these gridirons or seines were movable. As the creature fanned food into its mouth the seines or gridirons worked, and small crustaceans, such as small crabs and shrimp which lie at the bottom of the sea, went into the stomach, while the coarser grist that came to the hopper, such as oysters, were spewed out.

The vitality of the thing was wonderful. It had carried thirteen boats and twenty-six men for miles and miles, and from about 10 o'clock in the morning till ten minutes past 2, in the evening, that being the exact time when the first shot was given it, and yet its spine had been broken by the thrust of the first harpoon. After two strokes from the harpoon, after four or five holes had been torn through it by the dreadful dum-dum or soft-nosed bullet, and after being dragged from where it was mortally wounded, six miles from shore, it still lived when beached. I do not believe that we would have secured it at all if the broken spine had not rendered its course erratic, for it was fully able during the hours it was towing us to have carried us so far into the sea as to have made us cut loose.

In the first flush of excitement there may have been a sense of winning glory in what might be called the encounter. But in the last stages of the affair, cutting cord wood was just as glorious as the combat, to the three or four in it. The rest, who sat in the boats behind and were being towed around thought, perhaps, of their names appearing in the papers in connection with the taking of the monster, and were glad; and then they thought of ice water and food, and were not so glad. The next day no one took a harpoon with him. Other devil fish were reported convenient for the slaughter, but no one was disposed to seek them. Every man in the party, on the morning after, went to the sea with small hooks and small bait and the most of them fished from the jetties for the sheepshead. For, in truth, all had tired of large game.

One word more. A story went the rounds of the press a short time ago to the effect that one of these creatures had swallowed an anchor of a fisherman and proceeded to sea with him. It was such an absurd story that no one believed it. Yet in nearly all things it was true. More than this, it was not the first time a boat had been run away with by these monsters. Several years ago a man with his child and his boatman was fishing for mackerel when suddenly his boat, which was anchored, pitched forward and started for the open gulf at a terrific speed. It was sometime before the occupants of the vessel could recover sufficiently to appreciate their danger and cut the anchor rope. On the late occasion, a gentleman, I think it was Mr. Leach of Palestine, was in an anchored boat when it suddenly surged forward and skimmed toward the gulf. He, too, cut loose, or the anchor be-



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came detached from the fish. It was known that a devil fish was the propelling power because it was seen, and as it was at the anchor end of the rope it was thought that it had swallowed the anchor.

The anchors used at Tarpon or Aransas Pass are shaped more like grab hooks than the regulation ocean anchor. They have five or six prongs, bent in, something like fishhooks. The front part of the devil fish, or its head, if it has one, is crescent shaped. The two flippers with which it fans its food into its mouth, situated at the sides of it, are several inches in advance or front of the center of the mouth. This makes the crescent. The fish in each of the instances mentioned swam under the boat from stern to bow. The anchor rope being in its path was caught in the crescent as if it were a groove. Proceeding to the anchor end of the rope, the anchor was lifted and its prongs caught the monster under the jaws. I interviewed boatmen and honest men who witnessed both runaway cases. This addenda is made to the story of the capture of the devil fish, not only because it is interesting, but in that spirit of vindication and defense which every fair man should exercise in behalf of persecuted others. The story of a devil fish capturing and running away with a boat has been hailed with ribald hootings from one end of the land to the other. Perhaps those who told it have been utterly cast down among their neighbors. We who were so unfortunate as to be mixed up in this devil fish sensation know something of the agony of men who feel that their character for truth has been utterly destroyed.

It may be suggested that I have all I can do to vindicate our party without rushing around trying to re-establish the lost characters of others, but though we may stand far down in public esteem, there are those below us who stand abashed and silent, and common humanity forces me to extend them a hand to pull them up. I know I risk much in presumption to verify another story after telling my own, but I will get credit for it somewhere, I hope, even if I and all I have said, are discounted here.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill countries of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a great circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.

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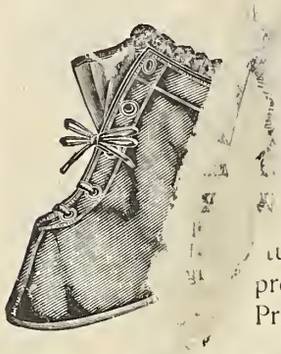

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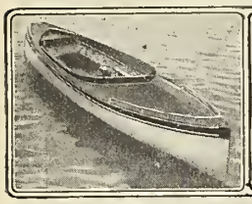

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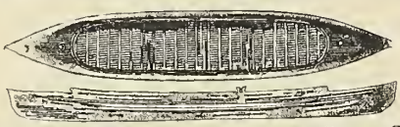

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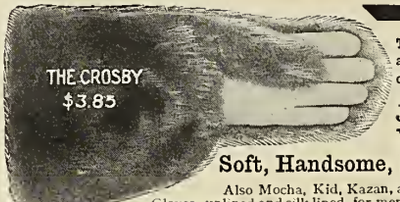

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THE BALD EAGLE.

Concluded from page 694.

and where the domesticated animals are easy of access; but the total amount of this damage is, comparatively speaking, not great. The bald eagle is, moreover, almost everywhere somewhat of a scavenger, a trait that should be set down to its credit.

All things considered, the bald eagle is rather more beneficial than otherwise, since much of its food is of little or no direct economic value, while the good it does more than compensates for its obnoxious deeds; and furthermore, it seems not likely ever to become abundant enough in any locality to be seriously destructive.

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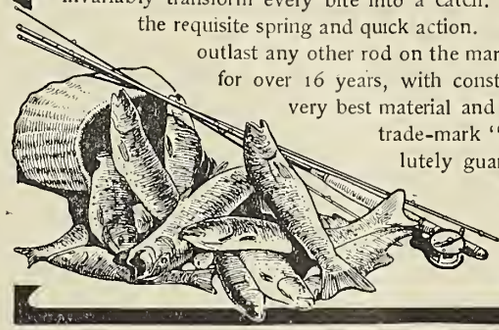

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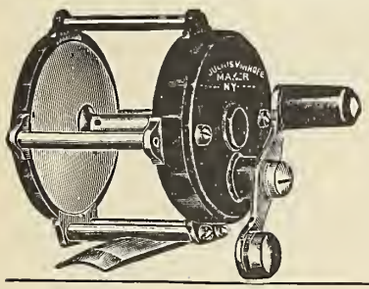

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Forest and Stream

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE DUCK SHOOTING OUTLOOK.

The three duck shooting paintings by Mr. D. W. Huntington, reproduced this week, will stir the blood of many a gunner and will make him look forward with added longing toward the days of this season which he can devote to wildfowl shooting. The scenes represented are familiar. We have the wide sweep of water bordered by low marsh, the ducking boat with its decoys, and the gunner prepared for his rough work.

In the first picture he is putting out his decoys, balancing himself with bent knees as he stands in his cranky vessel and tosses each decoy and its weight to their proper place. In the second picture he is giving to the decoys the final touches which shall arrange them in just the proper grouping, and in the third he has pushed his boat up against the marsh, and with a bunch of weeds as a blind, and grass hung over his craft, he is prepared for work. The scenes are true to life, excellent representations of what goes on in the duck shooting season along the bays and sounds of the Atlantic coast, and on many of the lakes and marshes of the west.

The form of shooting here depicted is one of the many variants of what is called point shooting, another form of which is described in "American Duck Shooting," the latest and by far the most complete volume on wildfowl shooting. It is gunning from the shore, and is, in the opinion of many, by far the most artistic form of duck shooting. Less difficult than pass shooting, it nevertheless offers a variety which is unequalled.

Wildfowl shooting, though practiced under conditions that are often very hard, is one of our most attractive sports, and from the different circumstances under which the fowls are found, it has almost unending variety. In the book just referred to no less than twenty-five different forms of duck, goose and swan shooting are described.

The season which is now just opening promises to be a good one. The warm weather has lasted long, and until very recently in many parts of the land the only birds that have made their appearance in any numbers were the blue-winged teal, mallards and black ducks. Within the past few days, however, many fowl are said to have made their appearance on Long Island Sound and on Chesapeake Bay, and the prospects for shooting on these waters are bright.

At several points along the Atlantic coast sportsmen are complaining of the almost constant pursuit of the incoming waterfowl by men in power boats and all sorts of small craft, in many cases contrary to law, but in all cases very detrimental to the ducks, which, under the most favorable conditions, obtain too little rest even though technically protected. In Narragansett Bay both pleasure parties and gunners are complained of. The former chase the waterfowl from point to point in order to see them fly, a new fad, apparently, to the leisure class; but the gunners pursue the birds with a sterner motive. Further south the chase begins before the season opens and is most active when the ducks begin to arrive in numbers from the north.

If the laws are enforced, this constant nagging will cease; if not, the birds will be driven away for all time, for even wildfowl must have some rest and an occasional opportunity to feed. There is no excuse for acts of this sort.

THE BIG LAKE DECISION.

The efforts of the Big Lake Hunting and Fishing Club to hold the riparian rights for some fifteen miles of land lying along Little river, near Paragould, Ark., have come to naught by reason of a decision by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which holds that Big Lake is merely an expansion of Little river, which is a navigable stream. Several years ago this club purchased a strip of land fifteen feet in width on each side of the lake for a distance of about fifteen miles, and prohibited non-members from shooting on the lake. The fact that the members of the club were residents of Tennessee aided in turning local sentiment against them, and there was general indignation when the Federal court, which had granted a temporary injunction, made this permanent, and non-members were denied the right to shoot on the lake. An appeal from this decision was taken to the Federal Court of Appeals, and the injunction was dissolved in an opinion handed down at the last term of court.

We recorded the other day the promulgation of an order by the War Department that the game and fish laws of a state should not be held to be operative on a military reservation over which the United States had acquired exclusive jurisdiction. The order further directed that a warden or other state or local officer who persists in attempting to enforce these laws within the limits of such a reservation after having been ordered to desist therefrom, should be removed from the reservation. This is perfectly sound military law, and presumably the War Department is by the statute justified in making such a ruling. But it may not be said that the rule is in support of game protection nor to be justified as in the interest of public policy. Game on a military reservation should be under the control of the State, fully as much as game on the property of private ownership. Nor do we believe that the officers of the United States Army would ask for themselves or for the men under their command such special privileges as are conferred by this order. As we know them, they are too good sportsmen for that.

Edwin Sandys, the well-known writer on field sports, died of heart disease in this city on Oct. 23. Mr. Sandys had an extensive and practical experience as a sportsman both on land and on water, and was a felicitous writer on the subjects dear to him. His books, "Trapper Jim," "Sportsman Joe," and others were designed for youthful readers, and by their influences awakened in his readers a healthful interest in the manly recreations of the outdoor world. Mr. Sandys was a Canadian and came of a brilliant family. His death is a distinct loss to the special field of literature he had chosen for his own.

This is the season of the year when frequently there comes over the phone the query, "Must a resident of New Jersey take out a license for shooting in New York?" And almost invariably there comes the complementary inquiry, "What is the penalty?" It suggests a third question: Is the average man deterred from doing a prohibited thing by the punishment attached? Perhaps in other affairs than invading a sister state with a shotgun, no. If this be true, and if the man, who in ordinary affairs needs not be coerced by fears of fines and penalties, is controlled by them in his over-the-border shooting excursions, a fourth question suggests itself. Why is this so?

In the Supreme Court of New York county last week Justice Greenbaum rendered a decision in the case of the State against the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Company, in which the game laws are upheld and the defendant company is required to pay over the fine imposed for having in its possession 174 English pheasants in the closed season. It was last year that the original case came up, the defendant company admitting the charge but claiming that the birds had been imported and therefore no misdemeanor had been committed. The hotel company lost its case, but took an appeal to the Supreme Court, claiming that the law was unconstitutional.

Dry weather and the absence of killing frosts saved a great many ruffed grouse during October. In the vicinity of New York city it was not until last week that the leaves began to fall rapidly, following the cold rains of ten days ago, but they are not falling as fast, even now, as anxious shooters had hoped they would, and it is evident, from reports received from the haunts of the grouse, that the number of birds bagged represents a very small proportion of the number flushed.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Governor Stone's Angling Preserve.

"For brick and mortar breed filth and crime
With the pulse of evil that throbs and beats,
And men are withered before their prime
By the curse paved in with their lanes and streets.
And lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd—
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine."
—Nessmuk.

From Ansonia to Blackwells, in Tioga county, Pennsylvania—sixteen miles— is the famous Pine Creek Gorge. Until the Vanderbilts constructed a railroad through this cañon in 1883, there was no way of penetrating it save by the primitive method of the red man, who paddled up and down the river in his canoe between the Indian villages located at these points. At Blackwells dwelt the famous Seneca chief, Tyagaghton, after whom, tradition says, the stream was originally named. It was more popularly known among the aborigines as "River of Pines," which has been corrupted by the present irreverent age into prosaic "Pine Creek."

It is a limpid, rapidly flowing eccentric stream, quick to take offense, easily roiled, and when in anger, dangerous and treacherous, as Hon. Robert K. Young, Attorney for the State Capitol Commission and Republican nominee for Auditor General and Henry C. Cox, State Fish Commissioner, both residing at Wellsboro, can testify, for both of them were precipitated into its raging current in the early spring, and after buffeting the waves for a mile, were landed more dead than alive. Swimming of the most strenuous, chilling character only, prevented vacancies in official positions.

Mountains rise perpendicularly on either side of this gorge to a height of about 900 feet, leaving but a narrow passageway for railway and river. In this cañon the sun does not shine to exceed two hours out of the twenty-four.

The hills have been denuded of their virgin pine and hemlock, millions upon millions of feet of which has been floated to the Williamsport, Lycoming county, boom. The greater part of this wild land has been sold to the State Forestry Commission, which owns 40,000 acres of land in Tioga county. Nature, quick to recuperate, is rapidly covering these hills with "second growth." The child is now living who will see these mountains clad in their primitive glory and fishing and hunting of ante-bellum abundance.

However man in his greed has marred and scarred the faces of these hills, he has not been able to abate one jot or tittle of their grandeur. To the religiously inclined, their placidity, immovableness, unchangeableness and unalterableness call to mind the words of the Psalmist: "And the strength of the hills is His also."

The "River of Pines" is the most famous trout stream in the state. Its swift moving current, fed on either hand by mountain brooks and springs of pristine purity, with deep holes that graduate into long riffles is where the brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis,* shyest, gamiest of fish, king of waters, makes his home. At twilight he goes down to the head of the "riff" to feed or else comes from the depths of pools into the shallow mouths of refreshing tributaries to sport and feast. It is then that the skilled angler, with rod as light as woman's fancy, line as delicate as her embroidery silk, and artificial flies as deceptive and alluring as her smiles, lands his victims.

The lumberman, the tanner, the acid factory man have done their worst by turning refuse into this noble stream, which, in spite of their pollution, has absorbed the poison, leaving no sign.

Pine creek's most important tributary on the west is Four-Mile Run, so named because of its distance from Ansonia. It is the ideal trout stream of which there is knowledge. Its crystal waters, its cascades, deep rock-bottom pools, overhanging cliffs and trees and secluded nooks are where the brook trout loves to hide and spawn. And "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it has yielded to the patient, skilled angler its finny denizens from their ideal haunts in abundant quantity and of sportsman size. Such deep, dark holes, transparent to the very bottom, in which one might drown and leave no trace! Convenient shelving rocks under which the bashful trout loves to play hide and seek, with its notable falls and mossy glens make it the brook trout's paradise.

As a barefoot boy, ex-Governor William A. Stone, of Pittsburg, lawyer, politician, statesman, oft waded its shallows. It was from the ravine down which it tears and foams, that the last elk, with which the Northern Pennsylvania mountains once abounded, were annihilated. In the early fifties rain, following a heavy snowfall, succeeded by intense cold, made a crust through which the animals broke, and seven, the remnant of a once noble band, were captured and confined in a barn in Delmar township. With other curious farmer boys the Governor saw them, the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood.

For a quarter century Governor Stone has coveted this run, genuine, true, skilled sportsman that he is. He has realized that the poisoning of streams supplemented by the work of the dynamiter, the limer and pot-hunter, would make trout catching in his day in this vicinity as scarce as elk hunting, and that to insure a continuation of the sport for himself and his friends, the preserve was his only alternative. He has fished the rivers and lakes of the East and West and the waters of the Provinces of Canada in search of a preserve location that was accessible; but he has ever traveled in a circle and came back to Four-Mile Run as the finest in the country. And in addition to its ideal location there are for him the boyhood associations—memories of care-free youth as fragrant as the sweet-fern, whose intoxicating perfume mingle with the healing balsam and fir which is wafted to one there—and the roar of the stream is as the music of the spheres, and the soughing south winds through the pines is as sleep-enticing as a mother's lullaby.

Greedy land companies and selfish tanning corporations had to be dealt with; but after years of work and waiting, the Governor is the proud possessor of 1,300 acres of wild land, including the trout streams of Four-Mile and Bear Runs. There has been no happier day in his whole career than the one in which he looked down that ravine as his and "his heirs' forever."

In a rude log cabin Governor Stone spends every minute he can spare from his busy Pittsburg life, and in the primitive, simple pleasures of the place he finds his greatest comfort, enjoyment, happiness, recreation and recuperation. What it means to him is merely conjecture to us, but the peace, placidity and satisfaction that are depicted on his rugged features while there, speak more forcibly than words of the supreme content he finds at "Heartsease Cabin" in the heart of the happy hills.

In the interior of the shack rude bunks are fitted up. It is easy enough to tell which is the Governor's by the extra length and width. On hemlock browse with sweet-fern pillow, this big hearted man, one of Tioga's most illustrious sons, worn with the "cares that infest the day," after a day's successful fishing in the glen, is lulled by the laughing cascade, the gentle murmuring brook, the bass solo of an owl down the valley, the sharp bark of the fox, the plaintive whippoorwill, into that dreamless slumber, that "sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care, the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast," while forest runes swing censers of nature's choicest odors which creep in between the chinks of the cabin till "the everlasting gates of the morning are thrown wide open, and the lord of the day, arrayed in glories too severe for gaze of man, begins his state."

The preserve is in charge of ex-Commissioner Louis Doumaux, of Wellsboro, one of the Governor's tent mates of the 187th Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Civil War. Much of the time they spend alone around the cheerful camp-fire, and who doubts that the battles of Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Hell and other important engagements, in which their gallant regiment participated, are through the smoke of the pipes of peace, modestly fought over again.

The whole country round about teems with game. Four bears were seen from the cabin door last season and not infrequently a mammoth buck, pursued by dogs crashes through the brush, swims the river, climbs the steep ascent on the other side and pauses to look triumphantly at the yelping hounds running up and down the bank seeking the trail which the swift water has washed away. Or a doe and fawn walk leisurely to the run to drink long deep draughts of its sparkling waters and retrace their steps into the bushes. Pheasants, foxes, rabbits and quail abound, with an occasional wild cat to disturb the harmony. In the river there is excellent bass fishing.

Governor Stone is never happier than when dispensing hospitality, for which he is famous; and many trout dinners, the fish for which are secured through his prowess, are served to those for whom he cares to have with him. Seated at the head of a rudely constructed table out of doors commanding a picturesque view of mountains, river and sky, in a rustic chair of more than ordinary substantial proportions constructed expressly for him, Governor Stone is the ideal host and story teller.

In this simple life, this wholesome quiet existence far from the haunts of men, the Governor has solved the secret of the heart's content. It is not marble halls, dazzling drawing rooms with their insincerity, artificially evanescing popularity, bauble and tinsel, but back to the soil, near to nature's heart, contact with the sweet, brown, healing earth from which we sprang and to which we must return and from which we hear continually in our ears as well as our sub-consciousness the "call of the wild."

William Lincoln Shearer.

The Mountain Moonshiner.

IV.—The Revenue.

THE law of 1791, although it imposed a tax on whiskey of only 9 to 11 cents per proof gallon, came near bringing on a civil war, which was only averted by the leniency of the federal government in granting wholesale amnesty. The most stubborn malcontents in the mountains moved southward along the Alleghanies into western Virginia and the Carolinas, where no serious attempt was made to collect the excise; so they could practice moonshining to their heart's content.

On the accession of Jefferson, in 1800, the tax on spirits was repealed. The war of 1812 compelled the government to tax whiskey again, but as this was a war tax, shared by commodities generally, it aroused no opposition. In 1817 the excise was again repealed; and from that time until 1862 no specific tax was levied on liquors. During this period of thirty-five years the average market price of whiskey was 24 cents a gallon, sometimes dropping as low as 14 cents. Spirits were so cheap that a "burning fluid," consisting of one part spirits of turpentine to four or five parts alcohol was used in the lamps of nearly every household. Moonshining, of course, had ceased to exist.

Then came the Civil War. In 1862 a tax of 20 cents a gallon was levied. Early in 1864 it rose to 60 cents. This cut off the industrial use of spirits, but did not affect its use as a beverage. In the latter part of 1864 the tax leaped to $1.50 a gallon, and the next year it reached the prohibitive figure of $2. The result of such excessive taxation was just what it had been in the old times, in Great Britain. In and around the centers of population there was wholesale fraud and collusion. "Efforts made to repress and punish frauds were of absolutely no account whatever. * * * The current price at which distilled spirits were sold in the markets was everywhere recognized and commented on by the press as less than the amount of the tax, allowing nothing whatever for the cost of manufacture."

Seeing that the outcome was disastrous from a fiscal point of view—the revenue from this source was falling to the vanishing point—Congress, in 1868, cut down the tax to 50 cents a gallon. "Illicit distillation practically ceased the very hour that the new law came into operation; * * * the government collected during the second year of the continuance of the act $3 for every one that was obtained during the last year of the $2 rate."

In 1869 there came a new administration, with frequent removals of revenue officials for political purposes. The revenue fell off. In 1872 the rate was raised to 70 cents, and in 1875 to 90 cents. The result is thus summarized by David A. Wells:

"Investigation carefully conducted showed that on the average the product of illicit distillation costs, through deficient yields, the necessary bribery of attendants, and the expenses of secret and unusual methods of transportation, from two to three times as much as the product of legitimate and legal distillation. So that, calling the average cost of spirits in the United States 20 cents per gallon, the product of the illicit distiller would cost 40 to 60 cents, leaving but 10 cents per gallon as the maximum profit to be realized from fraud under the most favorable conditions—an amount not sufficient to offset the possibility of severe penalties of fine, imprisonment, and confiscation of property. * * * The rate of 70 cents * * * constituted a moderate temptation to fraud. Its increase to 90 cents constituted a temptation altogether too great for human nature, as employed in manufacturing and selling whiskey, to resist. * * * During 1875-6, highwines sold openly in the Chicago and Cincinnati markets at prices less than the average cost of production plus the government tax. Investigations showed that the persons mainly concerned in the work of fraud were the government officials rather than the distillers; and that a so-called 'whiskey ring' * * * extended to Washington, and embraced within its sphere of influence and participation, not merely local supervisors, collectors, inspectors and storekeepers of the revenue, but even officers of the internal revenue bureau, and probably, also, persons occupying confidential relations with the executive of the nation."

GOVERNOR STONE AT HEARTSEASE CABIN.

Such being the condition of affairs in the centers of civilization in the latter part of the nineteenth century, let us now turn to the mountains, and see how matters stood among those primitive people who were still tarrying in the eighteenth. Their situation at that time is thus briefly sketched by a southern historian*:

"Before the war these simple folks made their apples and peaches into brandy, and their corn into whiskey, and these products, with a few cattle, some dried fruits, honey, beeswax, nuts, wool, hides, fur, herbs, ginseng and other roots, and woolen socks knitted by the women in their long winter evenings, formed the stock in trade which they bartered for their plain necessaries and few luxuries, their homespun and cotton cloths, sugar, coffee, snuff, and fiddles. * * * The raising of a crop of corn in summer, and the getting out of tan-bark and lumber in winter, were almost their only resources. * * * The burden of taxation rested lightly on them. For near two generations no excise duties had been levied. * * * The war came on. They were mostly loyal to the Union. They paid the first moderate tax without a murmur."

They were willing to pay any tax that they were able to pay. But suddenly the tax jumped to $1.50, and then to $2 a gallon. The people were goaded to open rebellion. Their corn at that time brought only from 25 to 40 cents a bushel; apples and peaches, rarely more than 10 cents at the stills. These were the only crops that could be grown in their deep and narrow valleys. Transportation was so difficult, and markets so remote, that there was no way to utilize the surplus except to distill it. Their stills were too small to bear the cost of government supervision. The superior officers of the revenue department (collectors, marshals, and district-attorneys or commissioners) were paid only by commissions on collections and by fees. Their subordinate agents, whose income depended upon the number of stills they cut up and upon the arrests made, were, as a class, brutal and desperate characters. Guerilla warfare was the natural sequence.

Little or no attention seems to have been paid to the moonshining that was going on in the mountains, until about 1876, owing, no doubt, to the larger game in the registered distilleries. In his report for 1876-7, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue called attention to the illicit manufacture of whiskey in the mountain counties of the South, and urged vigorous measures for its suppression.

"The extent of these frauds," said he, "would startle belief. I can safely say that during the past year not less than 3,000 illicit stills have been operated in the districts named. Those stills are of a producing capacity of 10 to 50 gallons a day. They are usually located at inaccessible points in the mountains, away from the ordinary lines of travel, and are generally owned by unlettered men of desperate character, armed and ready to resist the officers of the law. Where occasion requires, they come together in companies of from ten to fifty persons, gun in hand, to drive the officers out of the country. They resist as long as resistance is possible, and when their stills are seized, and they themselves are arrested, they plead ignorance and poverty, and at once crave the pardon of the government.

"These frauds had become so open and notorious * * * that I became satisfied extraordinary measures would be required to break them up. Collectors were * * * each authorized to employ from five to ten additional deputies. * * * Experienced revenue agents of perseverance and courage were assigned to duty to co-operate with the collectors. United States marshals were called upon to co-operate with the collectors and to arrest all persons known to have violated the laws, and district-attorneys were enjoined to prosecute all offenders.

"In certain portions of the country, many citizens not guilty of violating the law themselves were in strong sympathy with those who did violate, and the officers in many instances

*Ellwood Wilson, Sr., in the Sewanee Review.

found themselves unsupported in the execution of the laws by a healthy state of public opinion. The distillers—ever ready to forcibly resist the officers—were, I have no doubt, at times treated with harshness. This occasioned much indignation on the part of those who sympathized with the lawbreakers * * *."

The commissioner recommended, in the report, the passage of a law "expressly providing that where a person is caught in the act of operating an illicit still, he may be arrested without warrant." In conclusion he said: "At this time not only is the United States defrauded of its revenues, and its officers openly resisted, but when arrests are made it often occurs that prisoners are rescued by mob violence, and officers and witnesses are often at night dragged from their homes and cruelly beaten, or waylaid and assassinated."

* * * * * *

One day I asked a mountain man, "How about the revenue officers? What sort of men are they?"

"Torn-down scoundrels, every one."

"Oh, come, now!"

"Yes, they are; plumb onery—lock, stock, barrel and gun-stick."

"Consider what they have to go through," I remarked. "Like other detectives, they cannot secure evidence without practicing deception. Their occupation is hard and dangerous. Here in the mountains, every man's hand is against them."

"Why is it again them? We ain't all blockaders; yet you can sarch these mountains through with a fine-tooth comb and you wunt find ary critter as has a good word to say for the revenoo. The reason is 't we know them men from 'way back; we know whut they uster do afore they jined the sarvice, and why they did it. Most of them were blockaders their own selves, till they saw how they could make more money turncoatin'. They use their authority to abuse people who ain't never done nothin' nohow. Dangerous business? Shucks! There's Jim Cody, for a sample [I suppress the real name]; he was principally raised in this county, and I've known him from a boy. He's been eight years in the government sarvice, and hain't never been shot at once. But he's killed a blockader—oh yes! He arrested Tom Hayward, a chunk of a boy, that was scared most fitified and never resisted more'n a mouse. Cody, who was half drunk his-self, handcuffed Tom, quarreled with him, and shot the boy dead while the handcuffs was on him! Tom's relations sued Cody in the county court, but he carried the case to the federal court, and they were too poor to follow it up. I tell you, though, thar's a settlement less 'n a thousand mile from the river whar Jim Cody ain't never showed his nose sence. He knows there'd be another revenoo 'murdered'."

"It must be ticklish business for an officer to prowl about the headwaters of these mountain streams, looking for 'sign'."

"Hell's melodeon! they don't go prodjectin' around looking for stills. They set at home on their hunkers till some feller comes and informs."

"What class of people does the informing?"

"Oh, sometimes hit's some pizen old bum who's been refused credit. Sometimes hit's the wife or mother of some feller who's drinkin' too much (*that* kind of informin' 's all right). Then, again, hit may be some rival blockader who aims to cut off the other feller's trade, and, same time, divert suspicion from his own self. More oftener hit's jest somebody who has a gredge agin the blockader fer family reasons, or business reasons, and turns informer to git even."

It is only fair to present this side of the case, because there is some truth in it, and because it goes far to explain the bitter feeling against revenue agents personally that is almost universal in the mountains, and is shared even by the mountain preachers. It should be understood, too, in this connection, that the southern highlander has a long memory. Slights and injuries suffered by one generation have their scars transmitted to sons and grandsons. There is no denying that there have been officers in the revenue service who, stung by the contempt in which they were held as renegades from their own people, have used their authority in settling private scores, and have inflicted grievous wrongs upon innocent people. This is matter of official record. In his report for 1882, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue himself declared that "Instances have been brought to my attention where numerous prosecutions have been instituted for the most trivial violations of law, and the arrested parties taken long distances and subjected to great inconveniences and expense, not in the interest of the government, but apparently for no other reason than to make costs."

An ex-United States Commissioner has told me that, in the darkest days of this struggle, when he himself was obliged to buckle on a revolver every time he put his head out of doors, he had more trouble with his own deputies than with the moonshiners. "As a rule, none but desperadoes could be hired for the service," he declared. "For example, one time my deputy in your county wanted some liquor for himself. He and two of his cronies crossed the line into South Carolina, raided a still, and got beastly drunk. The blockaders bushwhacked them, riddled a mule and its rider with buckshot, and shot my deputy through the brain with a squirrel rifle. We went over there and buried the victims a few days later, during a snow storm, working with our holster flaps unbuttoned. I had all that work and worry simply because that rascal was bent on getting drunk without paying for it. However, it cost him his life. * * *

"They were not all like that, though," continued the Judge. "Now and then there would turn up in the service a man who had entered it from the honorable motives of a soldier, and whose conduct, at all times, was chivalric and clean. There was Hersh Harkins, for example, now United States Collector at Asheville. I had many cases in which Harkins figured."

"Tell me of one," I urged.

"Well, one time there was a man named Jenks [that was not the real name, but it will serve], who was too rich to be suspected of blockading. Jenks had a license to make brandy, but not whiskey. One day Harkins was visiting his still-house, and he noticed something dubious. Thrusting his arm down through the peach pomace, he found mash underneath. It is a penitentiary offense to mix the two. Harkins procured more evidence from Jenk's distiller, and haled the offender before me. The trial was conducted in a hotel room, full of people. We were not very formal in those days—kept our hats on. There was no thought of Jenks trying to run away, for he was well-to-do; so he was given the freedom of the room. He paced nervously back and forth between my desk and the door, growing more restless as the trial proceeded. A clerk sat near me, writing a bond, and Harkins stood behind him dictating its terms. Suddenly Jenks wheeled around, near the door, jerked out a navy revolver, fired and bolted. It is hard to say whom he shot at, for the bullet went through Harkins' coat, through the clerk's hat, and through my hat, too. I ducked under the desk to get my revolver, and Harkins, thinking that I was killed, sprang to pick me up; but I came up firing. It was wonderful how soon that room was emptied! Harkins took after the fugitive, and had a wild chase; but he got him."

* * * * * *

It was my good fortune, a few evenings later, to have a long talk with Mr. Harkins himself, at Jarrett's cosy hostelry in Dillsboro. He is a fine giant of a man, standing six feet three, and symmetrically proportioned. No one looking into his kindly gray eyes would suspect that they belong to one who has seen as hard and dangerous service in the revenue department as any man now living. In an easy, unassuming way, he told me many stories of his own adventures among moonshiners and counterfeiters in the old days when these southern Appalachians fairly swarmed with desperate characters. One grim affair will suffice to give an impression of the man, and of the times in which his spurs were won.

There was a man on South Mountain, South Carolina, whom, for the sake of relatives who may still be living, we will call Lafonte. There was information that Lafonte was running a blind tiger. He got his whiskey from four brothers who were blockading near his father's house, just within the North Carolina line. The government had sent an officer named Merrill to capture Lafonte, but the latter drove Merrill away with a shotgun. Harkins then received orders to make the arrest. Taking Merrill with him as guide, Harkins rode to the father's house, and found Lafonte himself working near a high fence. As soon as the criminal saw the officers approaching, he ran for the house to get his gun. Harkins galloped along the other side of the fence, and, after a rought-and-tumble fight, captured his man. The officers then carried their prisoner to the house of a man whose name I have forgotten—call him White—who lived about two miles away. Meantime they had heard Lafonte's sister give three piercing screams as a signal to his confederates in the neighborhood, and they knew that trouble would quickly brew.

Breakfast was ready in White's home when the mob arrived. Harkins sent Merrill in to breakfast, and himself went out on the porch, carbine in hand, to stand off the thoroughly angry gang. White also went out, beseeching the mob to disperse. Matters looked squally for a time, but it was finally agreed that Lafonte should give bond, whereupon he was released.

The two officers then finished their breakfast, and shortly set out for the Blue House, an abandoned schoolhouse about forty miles distant, where the trial was to be conducted. They were followed at a distance by Lafonte's half-drunken champions, who were by no means placated, owing to the fact that the Blue House was in a neighborhood friendly to the government. Harkins and Merrill soon dodged to one side in the forest, until the rioters had passed them, and then proceeded leisurely in the rear. On their way to the Blue House they cut up four stills, destroyed a furnace, and made several arrests.

The next day three United States commissioners opened court in the old schoolhouse. The room was crowded by curious spectators. The trial had not proceeded beyond preliminaries when shots and shouts from the pursuing mob were heard in the distance. Immediately the room was emptied of both crowd and commissioners, who fled in all directions, leaving Harkins and Merrill to fight their battle alone.

There were thirteen men in the moonshiners' mob. They surrounded the house, and immediately began shooting in through the windows. The officers returned the fire, but a hard-pine ceiling in the room caused the bullets of the attacking party to ricochet in all directions and made the place untenable. Harkins and his comrade sprang out through the windows, but from opposite sides of the house. Merrill ran; but Harkins grappled with the men nearest to him, and in a moment the whole force of desperadoes was upon him like a swarm of bees. Unfortunately, the brave fellow had left his carbine at the house where he had spent the night. His only weapon was a revolver that had only three cartridges in the cylinder. Each of these shots dropped a man; but there were ten men left. Nothing but Harkins' gigantic strength saved him, that day, from immediate death. His long arms tackled three or four men at once, and all went down in a bunch. Others fell on top, as in a college cane-rush. There had been swift shooting, hitherto, but now it was mostly knife and pistol-butt. It is almost incredible, but it is true, that this extraordinary battle waged for three-quarters of an hour. At its end only one man faced the now thoroughly exhausted and badly wounded, but indomitable officer. At this fellow, Harkins hurled his pistol; it struck him full in the forehead, and the battle was won.

A thick overcoat that Mr. Harkins wore was pierced by twenty-one bullets, seven of which

penetrated his body. He received, besides, three or four bad knife-wounds in his back, and he was literally dripping blood from head to foot.

This tragedy had an almost comic sequel. After all danger had passed, a sheriff appeared on the scene, who placed, not the mob-leader, but the federal officer, under arrest. Harkins left a guard over the three men whom he had shot, and submitted to arrest, but demanded that he be taken to the farmhouse where he had left his horse. This the sheriff actually refused to permit, although Harkins was evidently past all possibility of continuing far afoot. Disgusted at such imbecility, the deputy stalked away from the sheriff, leaving the latter with his mouth open, and utterly obsessed.

A short distance up the road, Harkins met a countryman mounted on a sorry old mule. "Loan me that mule for half an hour," he requested; "you see, I can walk no further." But the fellow, scared out of his wits by the spectacle of a man in such desperate plight, refused to accommodate him.

"Get down off that mule, or I'll break your neck!"

The mule changed riders.

* * * * * *

When the story was finished, I asked Mr. Harkins if it was true, as the reading public generally believes, that moonshiners nowadays prefer death to capture. "Do they shoot a revenue officer at sight?"

The answer was terse:

"They used to shoot; nowadays they run."*

HORACE KEPHART.

MEDLIN, N. C.

*Probably there are few men now living who can read their own obituaries in a Government report. If Mr. Harkins, however, will turn to House Executive Document, Vol. 19, part 1, of the 47th Congress, first session, he will find in the "List of Officers of the U. S. Internal Revenue Service Killed and Wounded, 1862-81," the following entry: "Deputy Marshal Harkins, 6th District, N. C. Killed February, 1877."

Building a Birch Bark Canoe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sending to you by this mail photographs of Micmac Indians building canoes on the Wild Cat Reservation in Queens county, Nova Scotia. I believe that only a small proportion of persons who have used birch canoes have a fair general idea of how they are made.

The builder first secures his bark, and this itself requires experience and good judgment or all the work will be in vain as it is not every big birch tree with smooth bark that will yield the desired article. Next the gunwales are dressed and the ends fastened together, and cross-bars put in place. Then come the ribs; they are fashioned from fir splits and whittled into proper shape with a crooked knife. Taking one for the exact midships of the canoe, the two ends are drawn nearly together, near enough to leave them the width of the canoe in the widest part, and tied there. Into this bowed-rib another is bent and fitted, and another and so on till the end is reached. Another midrib is prepared in the same way and filled in like manner as the first. These are well soaked before being bent and they are left to dry, when they will retain the shape as they were bent. Meantime a slightly dishing place is prepared on the ground, and upon it is laid lengthwise the gunwales and cross bars tightly fastened together. All around this frame stout stakes are driven deep in the earth, about one foot apart, and left to stand above ground about two feet. The gunwale frame is then removed; and the bark, now all in one piece, sewed with spruce roots, is snugly stowed away into the space surrounded by the stakes, and there arranged nearly as possible into the required shape, fitted tightly against the dishing ground to give it the proper upward curve of the extremeties on the bottom. The frame is then replaced with the edge of the bark on the outside of it next the stakes. The ends of the gunwales, already securely lashed together, are made fast to two stakes, one on each side at the proper height from the ground, and on the middle cross-bar is hung a stone of sufficient weight to bring the frame into a graceful curve. The bark and

BUILDING A BIRCH BARK CANOE.
Photo by Mrs. R. R. McLeod.

the bark are then tacked to the gunwale, and a thin wooden ribbon is nailed the entire length to the gunwale, and on the top of them both another thin ribbon is nailed. Once they were all sewed with roots, for nails and metal tools were not to be had for love or money.

The next step is to line the whole inside with thin strips of fir that have been dressed smooth with the knife. They are to be held firmly in place by the ribs with which a beginning is made by placing the ends of the middle rib under the gunwale and against the bark, and then forcing by hand the lower part as tightly as possible into place; but even then it will remain slanting. The next rib is placed in like position, and so on with them all till both ends are reached. By the use of a bit of wood and a hammer the ribe are, by slightly tapping them one after another, driven into a perpendicular position, and thus the bark is stretched tightly over them and takes the desired shape. If at any place the bark is unyielding, and the rib is prevented from going into proper place, this portion is treated with the application of a warm stone to the rebellious spot, when the desired result is soon secured. This is done, as a matter of course, after the canoe is taken from the stakes when it must be made water tight by the application of pitch on the seams over which narrow strips of cotton are placed. At each end are fitted heads of thin boards beyond the last pair of ribs, and behind them the space is stuffed tightly with dry shavings to prevent the bark from shrinking inwards. If there is a suspicious place that looks like a crack, it is tested by placing the mouth over it and sucking; if air comes through, a little pitch will be the remedy.

This in brief is the manner of making the birch canoe. There are great differences among the builders; some of them are born mechanics and have an eye for a good model, and have a painstaking desire to make a "thing of beauty," that if not a "joy forever" will at least gladden some owners while she lasts. To have seen one made before tools of metal were in the hands of red men would have been an interesting performance.

R. R. McLEOD.

BROOKFIELD, N. S.

CAMP SUPPLIES.

The camp supplies, to be complete, should include Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, Peerless Evaporated Cream and Borden's Malted Milk, all of which contain substantial nourishment in compact form, and supply every milk requirement.—*Adv.*

Tarpon of Nova Scotia.

A PRESS despatch from Harrigan Cove, N. S., dated Oct. 29, says:

"Prof. Rince, Canadian Commissioner of Fisheries, announced to-day that a large fish recently caught by local fishermen off here was a fine tarpon. The tarpon's haunts are on the Florida and Mexican coasts, and, so far as known here, its appearance in northern waters has never been previously recorded.

"The staff of the Canadian Biological Station during the last four or five years has obtained a large number of fishes native to southern waters, which fact, coupled with the discovery of the tarpon, is believed by the government experts to strengthen the theory that changes are taking place in the course of currents in the Atlantic Ocean."

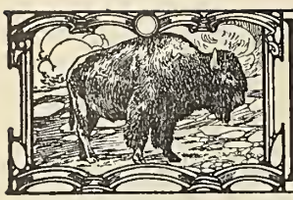
The statement that the tarpon has never before been known in northern waters is, of course erroneous. As will be remembered the New York Aquarium last summer had two living tarpon captured near this city, and as we then pointed out, the fish had been taken on the coast of Massachusetts. The present case, however, is, we believe, the northernmost record for the species.

More Treasure.

THE search for the treasure of the Spanish Armada galleon Florencia has been proceeding vigorously in Tobermory Bay, Scotland, for a fortnight, and the salvors are encouraged daily by their finds. During the week they have come across part of the rigging of the sunken ship. Among many interesting relics brought up were two stone cannon-balls, 6½ inches in diameter, one iron shot of about two inches diameter, and a blunderbus, with an inch bore. The divers have come across large quantities of wood in all directions and other unmistakable signs that they are close on the hull of the Florencia.—London Yachtsman.

[This is one of the fleet of vessels spoken of in that fine tale of adventure, "Westward Ho!" Ed.]

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*



NATURAL HISTORY

Some Common Insects.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

V.—The Bumble-Bees.

THE bumble bees are among the most familiar of all insects, their large size, handsome appearance and abundance combining to render them well known to everyone. They are among the largest forms of the order to which they belong, and are extremely useful to man through their habit of bringing about the cross pollination of the flowers of many plants as they visit the blossoms in search of nectar and pollen.

The only bumble bees to be found early in spring are the large queen bees, for this is the only form which succeeds in coming through the winter alive. The less fortunate drones and workers perish in autumn or early winter. Having hibernated in the shelter of some old mouse nest or other protection, the queen bees come forth in spring to visit the blossoms of willows and other spring flowers and to search diligently for a suitable site for a new nest. During sunny days in April and early May you may often see these queen bees flying next the ground in zigzag manner, frequently alighting and exploring some slight opening in the débris at the soil surface. Such queens are looking for nesting sites and they seem to prefer an old mouse nest or something similar, protected from the intrusion of unwelcome guests.

When such a nesting site is found the queen bee provides a mass of nectar and pollen on which she deposits a few eggs, the eggs hatching shortly into small whitish larvæ which feed upon the bee bread thus provided by the queen and finally mature into worker bumble bees much smaller than the queen. These worker bees assist in developing the colony, the queen continuing to lay the eggs for additional worker larvæ. By midsummer the smaller workers become quite abundant and each colony consists of many individuals. Toward autumn a brood of drones and queens is developed, and when cold weather comes on the workers and the drones perish while the queens survive the winter.

There are many different species of bumble bees in various parts of the country, there generally being several species in a single locality. These different forms vary considerably in specific habits, but the yearly cycle of all of them seems to be similar to the summary I have thus given. On the whole, as already indicated, these bees are of great value to mankind as carriers of pollen for fruits and flowers. Nearly all our common fruits are largely pollenized through the work of bumble bees, while many of our most beautiful flowers are especially adapted to them as visitors. For example, the columbine, one of the loveliest of all American wild flowers, seems to be especially adapted to pollination by the queen bumble bees which are abundant during its period of blossoming. The nectar is secreted in five long nectar spurs which form the upper part of the flower as it hangs downward, these spurs being so long that the nectar can be reached only by an insect with a tongue as long as that of the queen bumble bee, although it also is often taken by humming birds. Wherever you find the columbine in blossom you are almost certain to find a large number of queen bumble bees busily gathering nectar and pollen from the flowers. The pollen is accumulated in the large pollen baskets on the legs of the bees, being then carried to the nest. A large proportion of the leguminous plants, the great family of peas, beans, clovers and vetches, seem also especially adapted to pollination by bumble bees, and these insects are among the most abundant visitors to the flowers of all our common fruits, both large and small.

In the Bronx Woods.

IF the squirrel's granary is not full yet, it will be soon. As a harvester, the squirrel has no equal. To perfect skill, he adds a boundless energy and possesses withal an infallible eye for the weather. I think no squirrel ever starved to death. At any rate, he never starved if there were nuts within any hole or corner of his domain.

These thoughts were suggested as I strolled through the Bronx woods the other day. In every direction there was a rustle of leaves, caused by the little furry harvesters as they darted hither and thither. But not only were they busy on the ground, but up aloft as well. From branch to branch they ran or leaped, and I did not doubt that the object of these maneuvers was to shake down the nuts. If so, they were not destined to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Under the trees boys were scattered about in groups of two or three, and whenever a nut came down there was a wild "whoop!" and scramble to secure it. It was an amusing scene, but did not apeal to my sense of fair play. I ventured to hint this to some of the boys, but they only laughed at me. The idea of any one doubting their right to pilfer from the squirrels seemed to strike them as eminently absurd. Perhaps, indeed, they had a right. However, there was one feature of the case that was a little consoling. The squirrels appeared to be enjoying themselves as well as the boys, for now and then they would stop in their wild career amid the branches and peer at the tumbling groups below with evident enjoyment. There is no doubt that there is a good deal of sympathy between the boy ond the squirrel.

As I continued my stroll through the woods I observed an occasional collection of leaves high up in the fork of some tree. I knew this, of course, to be a squirrel's nest in process of formation. Why do some squirrels build nests of this kind while others lodge in holes in trees? I have never seen the matter explained. I suppose it is because there are not holes enough to go round. At all events it is remarkable what a firm compact nest a squirrel makes. It will resist the fiercest gales of winter, while the old nests of the birds are scattered in fragments abroad. I recently had an opportunity of inspecting a specimen of squirrel architecture among some felled timber on Long Island, where the real estate "improvers" are busy. First there was a sort of net work of twigs, some of which grew on the tree; through this was woven tough reeds and grasses and above were piled leaves and moss, but not loosely; each leaf had its stem inserted and was secured with moss. It was really like thatch. Inside the nest was lined with fine grass and feathers. Nothing could be neater. In that nest I believe the owner, wrapped in his coat of fur, could have lain as snuggly on the bitterest night as a baby in its cradle.

A BUMBLE BEE MAGNIFIED.
Photo by A. H. Verrill.

Talking of nests, I may mention that some crows still build in the Bronx woods—in the upper end, where there is comparative solitude and the trees are thick and lofty, especially some old pines. These make admirable nesting sites. The black socialists, of course, continue to roost there during the winter. I have seen them returning home on many an evening when the sky was red and the country white with snow. They are not numerous now, though some years ago (or before the woods were made a public park) there was quite a colony of them. Soon there will not be one.

There is a cleared spot in the woods here which I am persuaded was at one time the scene of an Indian encampment. The old Manna-hattas, or Manhattans (as they were called, though erroneously), could not have

chosen a better spot, as it is high and dry, well-sheltered and has an unfailing supply of water in the river flowing by. The Indian, I think, had not much sense of the picturesque, but if he had, the river referred to would alone account for his encampment. It is by long odds the most charming bit of water around New York, and in these October days its beauty is simply indescribable. There is that about it withal—a primitiveness—a wildness— which suggests that though the red man is gone, his spirit guards it still. FRANK MOONAN.

The Bald Eagle.

[From "The North American Eagles and Their Economic Relations." By Harry C. Oberholser, Assistant Ornithologist, Biological Survey. Biological Survey Bulletin No. 27.]

THE present purpose is to bring together such facts as have bearing on the economic relations of the North American eagles; and this bulletin has therefore to do with the distribution of the several species, their general manner of life, as well as, most important of all, their food habits. It is difficult to obtain stomachs of eagles for examination, hence few data of this kind have been available at first hand; but all other sources of information have been utilized in order that this report may represent as nearly as possible our present knowledge of the subject.

Wherever eagles occur commonly they are among the best known of birds. They appear frequently in the language and legends of ancient peoples, and often have been chosen as national emblems, since for size, powerful flight, and fierce nature they have been celebrated from earliest historic times. Though found in almost every quarter of the globe—North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the East India Islands—they are most numerous in Europe, Asia and Africa. North America possesses but four species, only two of which—the golden eagle and the bald eagle—are of general distribution and thus of particular economic interest in this region; while the harpy eagle reaches our territory, if at all, as merely a casual visitor to Texas, and may properly be left out of the present consideration.

Eagles are popularly supposed to be quite different from hawks, but, in a word, they are nothing more than large hawks. Few birds exceed or even equal them in duration of life, for they reach sometimes the age of nearly a hundred years. They are not usually sociable, but live singly or in pairs and dwell in the wilder places in all kinds of country from tropical deserts to the Arctic regions. In their search for food, however, they often wander far, and emboldened by hunger even approach the abodes of man. In story books and newspapers eagles have many times been accused of carrying off young children, but most if not all such tales are wholly unreliable.

Eagles are flesh eaters, and since they consume large quantities of whatever animal food is most accessible they become at times an economic factor of some importance, though whether beneficial or injurious in a given region is not always easy to say. In places overrun by the smaller noxious mammals they frequently perform valuable service by thinning the ranks of such pests, and the fondness of some species for carrion is an added source of benefit to man. But if, perchance, they do render us some good deeds, they offset these by wholesale destruction of waterfowl and game birds and by raids upon the sheepfold, the goat pasture, the cattle pen and the poultry yard. Thus a just verdict must pronounce them not far from neutral in economic influence. Where and when they are doing good they ought to be carefully protected; if at any time or place they become harmful, means should be taken to obviate the damage they cause; but it would be unnecessary and unwise to declare against all eagles a general war of extermination, since neutral species always bear an important part in the balance of nature, an equilibrium that man should hesitate to disturb.

Bald Eagle (Haliaetus leucocephalus).

The bald eagle, otherwise variously called white-headed eagle, white-headed sea eagle, and bird of Washington, is of particular interest to Americans as the national emblem of the United States, to which dignity it was elevated on June 20, 1782. The name 'bald' eagle, by which the species is almost universally known, originated from the white head and the erroneous impression of baldness it gives at a distance.

This bird measures about 3 or 3½ feet in length, from 6 to 8 feet in extent of wings, and weighs from 6 to 12 pounds. When fully adult its color is dark brown, with white head, neck, and tail, yellow bill, eyes, and feet. At least three or four years are required for the assumption of this plumage, younger birds being entirely brownish or blackish.

The bald eagle inhabits nearly the whole of North America, from northern Mexico and

BALD EAGLE (*Haliæetus leucocephalus*).
Drawn by R. Ridgway.

Florida north to Ungava and the Anderson river, west to the mainland of Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and the Commander Islands, Kamchatka.*

General Habits.

Over much of its range, particularly in the more thickly settled parts of the United States, the bald eagle is by no means common during the breeding season; but in sections of Florida, on the Aleutian Islands, the coast of southern Alaska, British Columbia, and Washington it seems to be more numerous than anywhere else. From the more northern regions, particularly the interior of Alaska and of northern Canada, it withdraws for the winter when the lakes and rivers freeze; but elsewhere it seems to have no regular or well-defined migration, although during the cold season it wanders more or less, apparently influenced largely by the food supply, since it is easily able to withstand the rigor of even an arctic climate. It is more maritime and fluvicoline than the golden eagle, preferring the neighborhood of the seacoast, lakes, and larger streams, and it is seldom really common at a distance from them. It inhabits, however, all kinds of country so long as the main requisite—plenty of water—is there, and in mountains or on plains, in heavy forests or along barren shores it finds a congenial abode.

Under most circumstances wary and difficult of approach, with an eye open for danger and giving suspected things a wide berth, this eagle, nevertheless, where not molested, is often surprisingly tame and unsuspicious. Unprovoked it rarely attacks man, although such instances have been reported. It prefers trees for watching and roosting, but in spring sometimes descends to ride the cakes of ice in the river, apparently looking for fish. Though not a gregarious species, it may at times be seen in companies of as many as ten or even fifteen individuals. It is evidently not lacking in conjugal affection, and the first mating results in an alliance, defensive and offensive, that is believed to last as long as both survive; but when one of a pair dies, the other, male or female, soon secures another partner that at once assumes the responsibilities of the interrupted household. The notes of this eagle are few, usually produced in a loud, harsh scream, but heard at a distance they lose much of their disagreeable sound. The flight is powerful, capable of being indefinitely sustained, and is accomplished now by steady wing-beats, now by soaring either on a level course or in great ascending circles as is the habit of most large birds of prey. The bird occasionally makes a plunge from a great height—a marvelous feat, performed with such velocity that the eye can scarcely follow the descent. In strength the bald eagle is hardly less remarkable than in power of flight, and it has been known to carry for five miles a lamb of weight fully equal to its own. It can readily be kept in confinement, for it will thrive on any kind of meat or fish; and it sometimes even develops no little attachment for its owner.

This species breeds throughout its range wherever suitable places exist, and it has been known to lay and hatch eggs in confinement. In the southern part of the United States, from Florida to Texas, it breeds very early, depositing its eggs usually during the first half of December, exceptionally about the 1st of November, occasionally in January or February; in the Middle States and in California it lays in February or March, and to the northward correspondingly later—about the middle of April in southern Alaska, sometimes in May, or even June, in the Arctic regions.

The nest is located nearly always in the vicinity of a stream or body of water, often along the seacoast. The favorite site is the top of a tall tree, in the South often a pine, frequently a hundred feet or more from the ground. Where there are no trees a rock or a niche in a cliff serves the purpose, while along the coast of Texas nests have been found even on the ground of low islands.

The same nest is occupied year after year, and annually repaired or augmented until it becomes an immense structure 5, 6, or even 8 feet high and as much in diameter, containing fully a cartload or two of material. It usually forms a strong platform with only a slight depression in the center, and easily sustains the weight of a man; but when built on the ground it occasionally consists merely of a few sticks and a little rubbish. The usual material is sticks of all sizes up to fully 3 inches in diameter and 5 feet in length, weeds, vines, grass, moss, and pieces of turf, with more or less lining of twigs, grass, straw, hay, moss, lichens, leaves, and seaweed.

The eggs are dull white and generally two, unusually one or three, rarely four in number. They are deposited at intervals of two to four days, and incubation, in which both male and female take part, lasts about thirty to thirty-six days. The nestlings are at first covered

*The birds from Alaska and much of British America are considerably larger than those from further south, and on this account have been separated as a distinct race (*Haliæetus leucocephalus alascanus*, Townsend).

with a whitish, then a grayish, down, which in time gives place to the firmer dark brown feathers of the first complete plumage. They remain a long time in the nest, probably at least three months, during which period they are lavishly supplied with food by their parents.

The old birds commonly make but little demonstration when the nest is approached or even closely examined, though in a few instances they have been known viciously to attack the intruder. Only one brood is reared, and if eggs or young be destroyed no further attempt to rear young is made the same season. Often the old birds, particularly in the South, frequent the nest during much of the year, using it as a kind of general rendezvous.

Food Habits.

The bald eagle lives partly after the manner of vultures, gorging itself to repletion when opportunity offers, then perhaps obliged to fast for days.

Fish seems to be the principal food of the bald eagle, and when obtainable is often preferred to anything else. The dead fish found along the shores of sea or lake or river, those that the eagle catches by its own efforts, and those of which it robs the osprey are alike acceptable. In many places it obtains a good share of its food from the dead fish cast up by the waves.

But the bald eagle not frequently goes fishing for itself, using a variety of methods, according to circumstances. Sometimes from its perch on the summit of a dead tree it launches downward and, falling like a stone, seizes its prey; sometimes it hunts on the wing, much like an osprey, and when a fish is perceived poises by rapid wingbeats, finally dropping into the water even from a great height, and not infrequently becoming almost completely submerged; then, again, it varies this last method by flying leisurely along near the surface of the water. Audubon mentions that along Perkiomen creek near Philadelphia, Pa., he saw it on several occasions wading in the shallows and striking at the small fish with its bill; and other observers elsewhere have noted a similar habit. It has been seen scrambling over the ice of a pond, trying to reach the fish below; and Mr. W. L. Dawson, in his "Birds of Ohio," says that at the Licking Reservoir, Ohio, it is reported in winter to watch near the air holes in the ice for the fish that from time to time seek the surface. Mr. J. G. Cooper has seen it catch a flying fish in the air, and the amazing celerity necessary for the performance of such an exploit may readily be imagined.

Although the bald eagle does often fish for itself, it finds a much easier and more congenial task in robbing the mild-mannered osprey of his finny prey. These attacks are of such common occurrence in some localities that they are taken by the osprey usually as a matter of course; but sometimes patience becomes exhausted and a number of ospreys successfully unite to drive away the eagle.

It is a regrettable fact that, after fish, birds constitute the most important part of the bald eagle's diet and sometimes furnish almost the entire food. The larger species, particularly of waterfowl and game birds, are preferred, song birds appear rarely if ever to be molested. Dead birds, principally waterfowl, whenever available are greedily devoured.

In most parts of its range it feeds more largely on waterfowl than on any other kind of birds. In the pursuit of this game the bald eagle employs great strength and skill, to which it frequently adds no small amount of strategy. Geese, brant, and swans, owing apparently to their large size, are favorite food.

Ducks of various kinds, by reason of abundance, fall regularly a prey to the bald eagle, and they are stolen from unwary sportsmen just as readily as larger birds. Mr. C. J. Maynard mentions seeing an eagle swoop down and bear away a bufflehead just shot and lying on the water only a few yards distant. Wounded ducks, with those purloined from hunters, form at some seasons a good share of its food. It has been seen to drop suddenly and unexpectedly to the water and catch a black duck before there was any chance of escape, but usually the duck sees the eagle at it comes, and then the process of capture is more protracted. The eagle rushes at its intended victim, which on its approach dives and swims under water until compelled to return to the surface for air, when the eagle again swoops down; and this procedure is repeated until the duck becomes exhausted, is seized, and carried away. Dr. S. D. Judd has seen a wounded scaup duck tired out in this way, and saved only by a shot at the eagle. According to observers, such a chase is seldom voluntarily given up until successful. Sometimes two together pursue the duck, making alternate attacks, whereby the hunt is shortened. It is, however, quite capable of catching ducks on the wing, apparently experiencing little difficulty on account of their swift flight.

This eagle is fond also of coots, and Dr. William L. Ralph, quoted by Maj. Charles E. Bendire, says that during winter in the vicinity of Merritt Island, Indian river, Florida, it feeds largely on the coots which then abound there, hunting them usually on the wing. Still other water birds are not infrequently captured for food, and of these the various kinds of gulls probably most often. Mr. Everett Smith, writing in Forest and Stream, describes an unsuccessful attack upon a loon in Maine, ostensibly for the fish it had apparently just caught, but possibly with a more sinister purpose; and M. W. W. Worthington gives an instance of the capture of a Florida cormorant at Darien, Ga.

The bald eagle preys to only a limited extent on the native gallinaceous birds, and then probably for the most part when other means of sustenance are scarce. In Alaska it lives somewhat on ptarmigan, particularly in winter, when ducks and geese are gone and fish comparatively hard to obtain. Mr. G. Eifrig records finding a young eagle fighting a wild turkey on Knobley Mountain near Cumberland, Maryland. Audubon says that the bald eagle used to frequent the roosts and breeding places of the passenger pigeon for the purpose of picking up the young birds that happened to fall from the nests or any old ones that chanced to be wounded, but that it seldom followed the migrating flocks of pigeons.

Domestic fowls, principally chickens and ducks, are sometimes killed, to which fact several writers testify. Yet this eagle does not seem to be a confirmed chicken stealer, and levies on poultry only when most accessible or when other supplies fail.

Mammals.

Mammals of many kinds constitute a considerable share of the food, but the large quadrupeds are not often attacked. The four-footed animal, unless a large one, when struck by the eagle has little chance for escape, since one talon usually pins the two forelegs and head together, while the other pinions the hindfeet, and the beak soon breaks the spine of the victim. If the animal be too large to be carried away, the eyes are the first point of attack.

At favorable opportunities this eagle preys upon fawns, and pressed by hunger will sometimes attack a full-grown deer, particularly if the latter be wounded. Even the wily fox sometimes meets its fate at the talons of this powerful bird. Opossums and raccoons are sometimes captured. Mr. Thomas McIlwraith mentions that an eagle shot on Hamilton bay, Ontario, had the bleached skull of a weasel hanging firmly fastened by the teeth into the skin of its throat, a grewsome relic of a former desperate struggle.

Rodents of various kinds form an element of some importance in the diet of the bald eagle. Where squirrels are plentiful they are freely eaten. In California, according to Dr. J. G. Cooper, large numbers of the destructive ground squirrels, or spermophiles were formerly killed on some of the ranches, the birds receiving protection in consequence; and instances were reported to him of young eagles reared from the nest and kept in a semi-domestic state which went out daily to kill squirrels—a hint, perhaps, for California wheat raisers. Prairie dogs are eaten occasionally, but not so commonly as doubtless they would be were this eagle more numerous in the regions where these destructive rodents most abound. Rabbits are frequently taken for food; rats and even mice occasionally.

Unfortunately the bald eagle's fondness for mammal flesh leads it to attack domestic animals. This happens rarely to the larger kinds, though a sickly or weakling calf may once in a while be killed; but sheep and hogs in some places suffer considerably. Full-grown healthy sheep are seldom killed, the attacks being confined principally to sick or weakly animals and to lambs.

Many writers note the destruction of swine by the bald eagle, but these reports almost all refer to young animals. In places, particularly the southeastern United States, where this eagle is common and where large numbers of pigs are raised and allowed to run more or less wild, there is from this source a loss that at times is by no means insignificant, the bird occasionally venturing boldly even close to human dwellings in pursuit of its prey.

Mr. Vernon Bailey reports that on one occasion the little dog of a ranchman in the Davis Mountains, Texas, was picked up by a bald eagle, but finally dropped. Dogs are, however, sometimes eaten.

The bald eagle does not disdain carrion, and in some parts of the arid West it lives at times to a considerable extent on the cattle and smaller animals that fall victims to drought or other catastrophe. Several of the early ornithological writers, including Wilson, mention its abundance along the river below Niagara Falls, whither it used to resort for fish and for the carcasses of the various animals that had been precipitated over the falls. Wilson tells also that on one occasion when many thousands of tree squirrels were drowned in attempting to cross the Ohio river not far from Wheeling, W. Va., and a great number drifted to the shore, a bald eagle for several successive days regaled itself on them. Sometimes it drives away the gathered vultures or the dogs from their repast and keeps them at a respectful distance until its hunger is satisfied. Furthermore, it does not hesitate even to pursue the vultures and compel them to disgorge, when if it fail to catch the coveted morsels before they reach the ground it alights and devours them. Audubon relates that on one occasion he saw it kill a vulture that for some reason was unable completely to disgorge.

Economic Status.

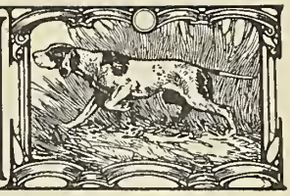
Since the bald eagle feeds largely on fish of various kinds, it of course destroys species useful to man, and to this degree must be considered injurious; but the total amount of this harm would seem to be comparatively small, for much of its finny prey consists of species not economically important. On the other hand the devouring of vast quantities of dead fish, that if left to decay would pollute the air, is a positive benefit. Its destruction of ducks, geese, and other waterfowl, all of which are available as food for man, is perhaps its most serious because most frequent fault; but this is to a considerable extent local, and confined largely to the winter and the seasons of migration. It attacks gulls and other non-game water birds so seldom that even were their economic value much greater than it is there would be little against the eagle on this score. Upland game birds are not often molested, and song birds are evidently considered too small to be worth pursuit.

Although not often attacking large animals, it sometimes kills fawns. This, however, is much more than offset by its destruction of such more or less noxious mammals as opposums, raccoons, ground squirrels, prairie-dogs, rabbits, rats and mice.

The complaints lodged against this eagle for the destruction of poultry and the smaller domestic animals, such as pigs and sheep, seem to come largely from the southeastern United States, in localities where the bird is rather numerous, where other food is at times scarce,

Concluded on page 685.

GAME BAG AND GUN



The Maine Game Season.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big game season in Maine, up to the present writing, may be regarded as a good deal of a puzzle, while to a great many individuals it appeals as a perfect failure. More unsuccessful hunters are going through this city on their way home, proportionately, than have done so in any recent season, and the reasons therefor are not readily established.

While the travel to the hunting grounds of northern and eastern Maine, which are largely and almost exclusively reached by way of the railroads running out of Bangor, is decidedly split up by the many using the early morning express, which affords through Pullman service to the very edge of the forests, and by the afternoon express over the Bangor & Aroostook, by which passengers transfer to that road at Northern Maine Junction, four miles west of this city, so that one cannot determine how heavy the sportsman travel to the woods is from any one point. Yet from the evidences at those trains which are available, it would appear that there are not as many hunters as in past seasons, going into the woods for the early hunting. This falling off is very likely due in large measure to the intensely active character of the political campaigns being waged this month in both New York and Massachusetts. If the appearances may be relied upon, this falling off in sportsmen who will very likely be here later, would account in considerable measure for the fact that there is a tremendous falling off in the big game shipments for the season to date, as compared with last year, when the close of the 26th day of open season saw the record reach a total of 1,230 deer, 65 moose and 17 bears.

Of course, the matter of bears in the fall is most uncertain, the number being brought in depending in large measure upon luck, and the principal shipment of bruin's family comes in the month of October, as after that date they are usually well hidden away in their winter dens. But with a decrease in the shipments of deer to 722 for less than a month of open time, a direct drop of 508 pieces of venison, it is evident that unusual conditions must prevail to cause a decided change. Inasmuch as prominent sportsmen upon whose word it was possible to rely fully, told your correspondent last year of the great plentifulness of deer throughout the woods, and as there has been no extraordinary mortality among the deer during the past winter, it can scarcely be a possibility that the game has been either killed off or driven out of the state, as certain of the guides and hunters claim is the case. The tremendous increase in deer has caused a dearth of desirable feed for the winter months in many sections which were popular deer lands, but the deaths by starvation—as reported by a number of guides and timber cruisers—have not been so general nor so extensive as to make serious inroads upon their numbers.

The writer has talked personally with a great many returning hunters, and while some offer one theory and some another, they are agreed with remarkable unanimity that the deer are not only hard to find this fall, but when found are astonishingly shy, and see them so much sooner than they discover the deer, that a disappearing flag is about all that is offered in the way of a target.

Of course, October has been an exceptionally mild month for Maine, and much game has spoiled before the owners thereof could get it home, or to a place where it could be kept without spoiling. Muggy wet days have soured some, while hot days and confinement in express cars have rendered other unfit for anything but the phosphate factory, and at least two whole moose have been delivered in Bangor, unfit for any use other than that mentioned. And there has been grave questioning if the express messengers could stand the presence of some game in their cars till its destination was reached, so far gone did it appear at the time of transfer in this city. All of these things have had their influence on the season, and now the hopes of the hunters are based on an early snowfall, after which the bucks will come out, the tracking will be silent and easy, and the day after "the first snowfall" hundreds of the best deer of the Maine woods will fall before the rifles of the hunters.

One hunter, a native of Maine, and a very keen observer of conditions, who was hunting at least twice this season, and who found game very scarce on his first visit, told your correspondent that there were not anything like the deer that punched up the ground about his camp a year ago. Asked it the deer had left, he said no, that the swamps had kept full of water all summer, and that while in parts of Maine it was dry in the woods, the deer had been able to find water enough so that they had no call, when open season came, to seek the water as they did a year ago when, after a prolonged and most exhaustive drouth, they were to be found throughout October along the streams at morning and night, if not oftener, quite as if it were midsummer. Conditions thus being almost reversed, enabled the timid deer to seek the absolute seclusion in the haunts and recesses of the forest, known not even to the most experienced guides, and where if a deer were killed, it would be next to impossible to get it out after shooting. This is a far more reasonable explanation than that offered by certain guides, who contend that deer have become as numerous in New Brunswick and other Canadian provinces, as they were in Maine a year ago, and that they have been crossing the international boundary in droves. In its search for food, the deer is seldom driven to take such great distances in migration as the caribou, which in a single season disappeared as completely from the face of the state of Maine as though the great slides of Katahdin had opened and swallowed them utterly. Nor have they, as yet, come back in the numbers that Maine once knew them, although history will doubtless repeat itself, and some day will see them, suddenly and without apparent cause, cross back again and come under the protection of the laws of this commonwealth.

The best and the biggest deer are almost invariably brought out after the first of November, and perhaps a little later, say the middle, and this year will be no exception to the rule. Those hunters whose political fences are demanding their undivided attention, will have a grand chance, after the election, to slip away to a cabin in the Maine woods, and between rests from all night rides and many speeches a day, take an occasional shot at a big buck within easy walking distance from camp. Then the big fellows, 200, 250 and 300-pounders will fill the express cars of the Maine railroads, and the messengers will sigh for the days when the "baggage man" had to handle all the dead game.

One feature of the fall season must not be overlooked, although all wish it might not be a feature, the shooting of others by over-zealous or poor-sighted hunters. While it is poor comfort for the bereaved members of the stricken households that have been emptied of husband, brother or son, yet it is worth noting that not for a long time has any serious hunting accident occurred in Maine by which a non-resident hunter has lost his life. About all the accidents of mistaken-for-a-deer in the last several seasons have been among residents, and the solution of the problem is yet to be worked out. So long as people who are easily excited will go into the woods with firearms, so long as people who go into the woods with firearms will persist in thinking they can't enjoy a hunting trip without a supply of liquor, so long will these shootings continue to color drab the joyous days of the hunting season. An unusual number of fatalities have taken place, and they are divided about as usual among those who thought they saw a deer, a bear or some other wild animal, and those who knew no better than to handle a loaded weapon as if it were an inoffensive stick. For two weeks, scarcely a local paper was published that did not add to the gruesome record, and nearly all the penalty of carelessness. In almost every case in the last three years such accidents have occurred between members of the same party, and very rarely has the report, when investigated, shown that a number of one party came upon a member of a party unknown to him. With the development of the hunters' license plan, it would almost seem as if the irresponsible hunters had somehow been very largely weeded out, or else the awful fatalities of earlier years have at last awakened among the visitors a better regard for the target which is expected to receive their bullet.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

New York Deer Season.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the communications which have appeared in your paper in relation to the open season for deer in this state. There is no question but that a very much larger number of people would prefer an open season beginning on Sept. 1, to one dating from Oct. 1. It would be vastly better for the vacation seeking public and for the hotel keepers and guides.

But, to have the season open on Sept. 1, would mean that 95 per cent. of the deer killed in that month would be shot by jack light, and this of course means that a large number would be wounded and go off into the woods and die. Anyone at all familiar with the southeastern Adirondack region knows this to have been the practice under the old law, as in many places no attempt was made to cover up the fact that illegal hunting was going on.

At Blue Mountain lake, it was the usual thing for hunters to start out with a guide and "jack" after dinner in the evening, and return late in the night, with or without game. Such deer as were brought in, invariably bore the marks of buckshot, never those of the rifle. Exactly the same thing was going on at Indian lake, Piseco lake and Lake Pleasant. At none of those places, was there any attempt at concealment.

I am told that the same practice prevailed throughout pretty much all of the Adirondack preserve, but I am familiar with the above sections and know what I am talking about. I have never heard of any attempt being made to prevent jacking in the places named, and so common was the practice that I have no doubt that many tenderfeet did not know that jacking was illegal.

If any doubt the truth of these assertions, they have only to ask any friend or acquaintance who visited any of the places above named in the years 1903-4-5.

If the law could be arranged so as to allow the hunter to kill but one deer a year, and the possession of a jack light be made presumptive evidence of a violation of the law, and the chief game protector could find wardens who would enforce the law, it would be well to have the season begin on Sept. 1.

COLUMBIA.

NORTH CREEK, N. Y., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While all the indications would show that deer are very plentiful in the Adirondacks this fall, very few comparatively have been killed so far. There are in my opinion two reasons for this. One is that there have been few rains till recently and as a result in the dry sea-

son the deer are mostly in the swamps. The other is that the anti-hounding law is being enforced as never before, and the popular sentiment is surely gaining in its support.

All this is very hopeful for the deer supply and for the future success of law abiding sportsmen.

J. F. SMITH.

Wisconsin Deer Hounding.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a fishing trip on some of the small lakes near Townsend, Wis. We were after bass and they were not biting very well, so our party were offered the opportunity of catching trout or hounding deer. While we were there the hounds could be heard in different directions, on the trail of deer, and we were told that they were getting them every day, although it was closed time and hounding against the law. There was no effort of concealment on their part, although we were strangers to them, and refused to break either the game or fish laws. The candor with which we were told of deer being shipped out in hollow logs, and trout shipped in sealed jars, was surprising. The settlers told us that residents were not molested, and that they had venison to eat at all times. One man in Townsend, however, who had been killing deer for their hides, during the past summer, was arrested and fined. The warden did a good piece of work by putting up at the man's house, and catching him with the goods on. The people around that locality catch trout off the spawning beds, and told us so.

There are undoubtedly untold difficulties in enforcing the laws in these backwoods places, as none of the natives would give any assistance, and a warden would have pretty hard picking, unless he knew the country and had plenty of courage.

While there is a disposition to overlook violations among the old settlers of the out of the way places, there should not be when they are all ready with the suggestions to visiting sportsmen of ways and means to hunt and fish illegally.

We all know that work which counts is being done in different localities for game protection, but it is a shame that better work cannot be done where game is still plentiful—in the backwoods.

DIXMONT.

An Invitation from Virginia.

CLARKSVILLE, Va., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is the largest crop of partridges and quail here and adjacent to the town of Clarksville that we have had for many years. There is plenty of game of all kinds along the Staunton, Dan and Roanoke rivers, and the season for all varieties of game will open Nov. 1.

We have mild winters and the shooting is good. It is not an unusual thing for a good hunter to bag thirty partridges or quail in a day. Besides others mentioned we also have some wild turkeys and deer, foxes, oppossums, raccoons, muskrats, otter, beaver, mink, ducks and geese. As I am a hunter myself, I am glad to have other sportsmen enjoy the sport, and invite all those who want to hunt the game mentioned above, to come to Clarksville.

L. H. YANCEY,
Game Warden.

Buffalo Bill's Party Snowbound.

WHEN William F. Cody came home from his European tour recently, he was accompanied by several prominent Europeans who had accepted his invitation to visit him at his home in Wyoming. Arrived here, several other sportsmen joined the party, and on Oct. 14 all left the Cody ranch on their way into the Big Horn mountains where they were to hunt bears. Since then no word had been received from them by the colonel's people at Cody, and there is anxiety over their safety because of the blizzard that passed over the Big Horn mountains on Oct. 17. This was one of the most severe storms experienced in a long time, and fears are entertained that the Cody party may have been unprepared for it or that its members were away from camp when it came on. It is probable, however, that the colonel's party is merely snowed in, and waiting until it is safe to return home.

County Wardens' Meeting in Washington.

THE County Game Wardens' Association, of the state of Washington, will hold a meeting at North Yakima, Nov. 20, when the various questions that have been coming up in reference to the game and fish laws, will be discussed and remedial measures provided for. It is evident there is dissatisfaction over some of the fishing laws, and the opponents of deer hounding are urging the total prohibition of the practice throughout the state instead of in a few of the counties, they claiming that if still-hunting alone is allowed the deer will increase rapidly, but unless a law of this sort is passed and enforced the deer in the state will soon be few in number. Another matter to be brought up relates to magpies, which are believed to be responsible for the failures to propagate quail in the eastern part of Washington, and it is proposed to ask the legislature to place a bounty of five cents or more on magpies' scalps in the hope that they can be exterminated. It is charged that those birds, notorious thieves, as everyone knows whose camp has been invaded by a number of them, eat the eggs and young of the game birds. They are common in the Rocky mountains, where they are frequently seen in small flocks.

Wholesale Poaching in Scotland.

IN advocating the prohibition of the sale of game in Great Britain a Scotch sportsman has sent the Field a statement showing how two men successfully evaded the game keepers on an estate near Glasgow all summer, killing during that time over 1,600 rabbits, which they sold in the markets, earning about $3.25 per night each. The British laws are very strict as to poachers, but permit the sale of game. In this case the men were sentenced to two months at hard labor. Curiously enough one of the men had in his possession a diary in which the number of rabbits caught each night was religiously set down, and this was used to convict the men. They began on June 27, when they killed 45 rabbits, and out of the 71 nights ending with their arrest on Sept. 5, they poached during 47 nights, their largest bags consisting of 83 rabbits on Sept. 1, and 80 three nights later.

Italians Fined in Massachusetts.

THREE game wardens recently caught four Italians hunting in the woods near Westfield, Mass., and not only confiscated their "game," but the court fined them $70 in all for violating the game laws. They had killed a crow, a number of chipmunks and red squirrels, rabbits, grouse, yellow-hammers, bluejays, woodcock and song birds. All but one of the men claimed they lived in New York city. As usual in cases of this sort, they paid their fines from fat rolls of greenbacks.

Venison in August?

IN St. Joseph's Hospital, in Yonkers, N. Y., a Tarrytown woman is being treated by the skin-grafting process for severe burns received while she was in camp with her husband in the Thousand Islands three months ago. While cooking venison over an alcohol stove, it is said, she upset the stove and was so badly burned that only by obtaining large quantities of skin from other persons can the surgeon effect a cure. How venison got into camp three months ago, or in August, does not appear.

Carter Harrison Hurt.

A PRESS dispatch from Montreal says that Carter H. Harrison, ex-mayor of Chicago, was hurt while on a moose hunting trip in Canada in company with J. W. Winter, W. H. Haskell, Demile Demmee and E. B. Tolman, all of Chicago. Mr. Harrison fell while crossing a portage and sprained his back. Fearing that he might have been hurt internally, he was taken from Ridout to Toronto and thence to his home in Chicago.

African Game Reserve Troubles.

ONE difficulty that has been encountered in maintaining the Elephant Marsh game reserve, in the British Central African Protectorate, is found in the fact that while large and small game has increased at a satisfactory rate, lions and other predatory beasts have been attracted to the region, where they have learned that wild food is abundant, and an increase in the number of natives killed by lions in the vicinity of the reserve is being used by the opponents of the reserve idea to show that the latter is a menace to the native population of the region in which this open marsh lies.

The Elephant Marsh in the Chiromo district was made a game sanctuary primarily because it was the natural home of one of the few remaining herds of buffaloes, and of countless other varieties of deer, antelope, etc., as well, and it is stated that, should an attempt be made to drive the game away from the marsh, it must fail, although it cannot be denied that in time the large increase of game within the reserve will be directly traceable to the fact that it is not disturbed while there and will remain. Where the animals it is desired to protect are found, there will lions be found also in increasing numbers, and this is disturbing the local government officials, for the Chiromo district is an important one in a commercial sense, and the record for the first six months of the present year—100 deaths caused by lions—is discouraging to the promoters of business enterprises in the district, they claiming it is difficult to employ natives, or to retain their services if they are employed.

Protective Organizations.

THE Bungalow Hunting and Fishing Club has been incorporated in Shreveport, La. Its objects are "to promote skill, health and pleasure and social intercourse among its members by their competition, and indulging in fishing, hunting, rowing, gun practice and other kindred legitimate social exercises, and to lend its aid and influence toward securing the enactment of suitable laws for the protection of game and fish, and the enforcement of such laws as now or which may hereafter exist, for that purpose."

THE organization of the Dallas County Game Protective Association had not quite been perfected at the initial meeting, held recently in Selma, Ala., when a proposition to offer $25 reward for proof of each violation of the game laws was adopted.

THE Harrison County Game Protective Association has been organized in Marshall, Texas, and these officers elected: President, John H. Pope; vice-president, L. H. Spellings; secretary, H. W. McGee; treasurer, W. C. Pierce, Jr. Game wardens are to be employed to look after the sportsmen's interests.

Pennsylvania Grouse and Turkeys.

CENTRE county, Pennsylvania, is evidently well-named, as it seems to be a center for the turkey shooters. Muncy mountain and the rugged hills around it are reported to be the most favorable places in which to find the big birds, and Unionville, Pine Grove Mills, Boalsburg and other villages equally favored as starting points. Turkeys are abundant and have been seeen in flocks of goodly size since the season opened. Grouse are equally plentiful, but complaints of the difficulty experienced in shooting them were frequent up to the last of October, the leaves still being too thick then for accurate shooting.

Another Warden Shot.

LAST Monday Deputy Game Warden Stokes, of Paterson, N. J., found an Italian shooting small birds on the grounds of the Mount Pleasant Gun Club, and attempted to arrest him. After a struggle the Italian broke away and fired at Mr. Stokes, the bullet entering the forehead and making an ugly but not a dangerous wound.

THE OPENING DAY—1

THE OPENING DAY — II

Virginia Field Trials Association.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We herewith inclose entry blank, rules, and invitation to the Virginia Field Trials Association's fifth annual trials. We expect to have this year the largest and best meeting in our history. The judges who have been selected are of national reputation, Mr. W. J. Baughn and Mr. Simon C. Bradley. The place of holding the meeting is Spray, North Carolina, just on the line between Virginia and North Carolina. There will be an abundance of birds and splendid hotel accommodations.

I have mailed entry blanks to all of the handlers whose address I have, but I will be glad to forward others upon application. Our closing date is Nov. 6, twenty days previous to the trials.

None but members will be allowed to participate in the members' stakes, but anybody will be allowed to handle dogs in the free-for-all, in which the nomination fee is $5. We will not run an open Derby this year, but will possibly do so next season. It is a right difficult matter to run four stakes during one week, and it has always been the object of the Virginia association to keep up interest among our local sportsmen. There is one thing sure, any person who attends the Virginia field trials this year will have a delightful time. A banquet will be held at the Colonnade Hotel on Thursday night.

CHAS. B. COOKE, Secretary.

New England Field Trials.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn.—The first annual trial of the Field Trial Club of New England will be held on Sperry's preserve, at Hampton, Conn., beginning Tuesday morning, Nov. 6.

The club holds its annual meeting at Whitaker's Hotel, Hampton, Conn., at 8 o'clock, on Monday evening, Nov. 5.

Entries close and the drawing of dogs for each stake will take place at the time of the annual meeting. The starting fee must be paid at time of drawing.

Two stakes will be run, viz.: All-age and Derby. Setters or pointers whelped on or subsequent to Jan. 1, are eligible to the Derby.

It requires only $2 to enter a dog in either class, and $3 to start. The stakes will be 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the entrance money.

The judges have been selected for their experience with dogs and field trials, and will give each entry a fair test.

The club has for its object the development of the highest type of New England field dogs, and invites the aid of every breeder, handler and sportsman in its efforts. Help the club along either by joining or by sending an entry, or both.

A smoker will be given on Tuesday evening, to which all members are invited.

Membership fee, $2; annual dues, $1. Membership and entry blanks may be had of G. H. Parkinson, Sec. and Treas., Field Trial Club of New England, Middletown, Conn.

G. H. PARKINSON, Secretary.

Gifts of Venison.

IN London, according to a custom established 800 years ago, at the opening of the deer shooting season, the first commissioner of works sends "the carcasses of four fat bucks to the lord mayor of the city, three each to the sheriffs, and one each to the chamberlain, recorder, town clerk, common sergeant and remembrancer—this venison first being obtained in Richmond Park, not through the medium of a clothyard shaft, as of old, however. Again, in December, an equal number of deer find their way into the homes of these functionaries. No doubt few of the recipients know where the custom still prevails, but it is not likely they will ever move to abolish it. Indeed, our own custom of sharing bag or creel with friends is an equally agreeable one for all concerned.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

THE TOP RAIL.

IT is curious how custom rules in our selection of words. Take, for example, a summary of the wild game to be found in a certain place. One will read that ducks, quail, rabbits, grouse, squirrels, deer or moose are to be found, and perhaps wild turkeys and wild geese. Why the term "wild" as applied to geese and turkeys, but not to other game? Custom is responsible. Wild ducks are often mentioned, and there was a reason, if there is no good one now, why geese, turkeys and ducks should be designated as wild or tame. Still, there are wild and tame deer, rabbits, etc., but one seldom hears these words prefixed by "wild."

Another thing one will notice while returning home from hunting on the trolley car or train, with nothing to do but look out the window and reply to the inquiries of "What did you kill?" On the front of nearly every saloon the sign reads "Ales and beer." Why not ale and beer or ales and beers? Give it up. These and other curious signs, and the regularity with which the time marked on clocks in shops passed varies, all help the tired sportsman to while away a half-hour that would otherwise be monotonous.

It was while waiting for a parcel to be wrapped and change made in one of the large shops uptown that I noticed a commotion on the sidewalk. Men and women suddenly made a break for the open doors of the shop, led by a very small and by no means light weight old lady in glasses, who astonished me mightily by springing up on a counter, where she sat with her feet hanging over the while she screeched lustily. Other women and men deposited themselves on or hid behind neighboring counters and a few made for the elevators. On the skirts of the crowd came a very small yellow dog with upstanding ears and a "yap, yap" that seemed to say someone had stepped on his toes and he was hunting for a sympathizing friend. This person thereupon appeared—a policeman—and despite agonized appeals not to go near the "mad dog," cornered the latter, and taking it under his arm, walked out. Whereupon the old lady, with the help of the manager, who had returned from his hiding place behind some fixtures, got down with difficulty from her lofty perch, and resuming her air of dignity, forgotten for the moment, limped out the door, to hide her blushes in the crowd.

SHADE of Nessmuk! Here's a writer who, describing a camping outfit, says:

"One load could be reserved for such luxuries as glassware, crockery, etc., which could be packed in some tablecloths and napkins; but enameled ware should also be taken in case of accidents."

I should think so; and tinware in case the overloaded packers happen to fall on the enameled ware and smash it, too. Tablecloths and napkins for camp! That sounds nice. I wonder how they could be used when one spreads his few dishes in a half-circle on the grass, and taking his seat, tailor-fashion, so that everything is within reach, wades into his meal regardless of the absence of linen and cut glass. Perhaps the tablecloths and napkins, folded, would serve as a cushion.

The same writer referred to says of big game in Africa that "no game should be shot without the meat can be used, unless (and I think this is the only saving clause) it appears to be an exceptionally fine head."

It seems to me that this exception, which is taken by not a few English sportsmen, is responsible for the scarcity of game in several parts of South Africa where game was most abundant when Cumming trekked up and down the country. Too many fine animals are shot merely because they have good heads or antlers, and in a warm country, where the meat can be preserved only by the tedious process of drying it, the waste is often shameful. In a casual glance over an English sportsman's paper I note that the bag of a party of four men in Griqualand consisted of ten inkonkas, weighing 100 pounds or less, "and other bucks of smaller species," on opening day.

Did you notice the press dispatch which all the dailies published last week, setting forth how Charles G. Gates and Melville Martin filled a grizzly bear full of lead and took it into camp after it had chewed up five dogs? They said it weighed "about 1,700 pounds," and Coloradans familiar with bears and being charitably inclined, admitted this to be about as heavy as Colorado grizzlies grow. The young men astonished the residents of Maher, in Montrose county, by the size and value of the outfit they took into the mountains with them, but the greatest surprise was that they actually killed a grizzly, although it was admitted that the dogs brought it to a stand in a box cañon, a *cul de sac* from which it could not find free egress. If high power rifles were used it is unlikely that bullets would remain in the carcass; but the young men did not say "1,700 pounds, inclusive of bullets fired into it," and if that was the weight the bullets were included.

If the figures shrink one-half I, for one, will not be surprised, and the grizzly that weighs an even 1,000 is too fat to catch me; of that I am certain, for I have a record in this line. One night a cinnamon bear, which seemed twelve feet tall and to weigh scarcely anything, so light on his feet was he, chased me into tall timber, and my friends said his speed was like unto that of an ice wagon compared with mine. If I have to be in another race of this sort I want a 1,700-pounder to waddle along behind while I am selecting a nice straight tree with limbs enough to make the climbing easy.

What a little thing can change one's plans now and then! In the old days, when I hunted squirrels with a muzzle-loading rifle, it was not at all unusual for a hunter to forget the capbox, or what was equally aggravating, find that he had neglected to replenish his supply in time, and exhaust it while still far from home and opportunities for shots presenting themselves with startling frequency.

The other day a salt-water angler described how he had lost a sinker on his first cast into the tide. Presently he lost another one, and as if fate were against him, a third, though he had not previously noticed that his line was growing unreliable. Then he searched through his tackle-book and found it as bare of lead as a vacant house after the junk thieves have paid it a visit.

The most aggravating feature in connection with disappointments of this sort is that they usually occur after one has searched his outfit to make sure nothing has been overlooked.

The Chautauqua Maskinonge.

THE Chautauqua maskinongé is of a species quite distinct from that of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It is identical with those of Minnesota and Wisconsin; then through Conewango creek, which drains Chautauqua lake, the fish gets into a comparatively small area of the Ohio valley. It is not mentioned in the volumes on game fish of Brown, Goode, Roosevelt, Genio Scott or Dr. Henshall. Hornaday's natural history briefly describes it. All the above writers seem to differ widely in their estimation of the maskinongé in the St. Lawrence, but our own Western anglers (who know it best) are loud in praise of its every virtue, its edible qualities, its splendid courage and magnificent form.

My own personal experience is as yet confined to the Chautauqua species—and I may have been unusually fortunate, but every fish I caught showed a decidedly different way of resisting capture. Each one leaped from the water one or more times, using the same trick so often displayed by the bass; that is, sulking at the bottom and tugging hard in turns, then suddenly shooting up from the water in a cloud of spray. Its appearance when leaping from the silver surface is a splendid form of glistening gold.

The salmon is king, writers claim. Then the maskinongé is emperor of all the landlocked seas. In bravery, beauty and bigness he has no peer. He is equal, if not superior from every standpoint to the lordly salmon, provided he be angled for with similar tackle. Salmon fishing with flies is the very poetry of angling; "striking a 'lunge" with one or more treble hooks and brass wire attachments is the tragedy of angling. Yet withal, from the moment he strikes to the time he lies still at the bottom of the boat, the maskinongé is a veritable demon.

Of course the three principal members of the Esox family, the maskinongé is by far superior from every standpoint to the pike and pickerel. Its flesh is more delicious. In fighting qualities it is beyond compare, in that the pike, however large, never leaps from the water when hooked. The 'lunge, both large and small, will leap once if not more before he is brought to gaff; indeed, it often doubles its long body, vainly trying with its tail to slap the offending hook from its jaws. The accompanying drawing of three heads, done from a 30-pound maskinongé, 12-pound pike and 4-pound pickerel, shows that each species can readily be distinguished, though the body markings are sufficient to identify each kind, for in both color and markings there is a decided difference. The pike has light yellowish elongated spots on a dark greenish brown. The Chautauqua maskinongé has its back of a dark rich brown with golden scales, sides bright green and yellow, the belly pure white, having irregular bars running down from the back. The St. Lawrence maskinongé has a dark brown back with sides of grayish-green spotted in black. The pickerel has dark green chain-like markings running along the body on a ground of green, though pike vary in coloring just as much as bass and trout.

The most characteristic habit of the maskinongé is to lie alone, hidden among the long grasses and weeds. There in ambush he awaits the passing of other fish (his own kind included). Then he will suddenly leap upon his prey. Nothing escapes him, for his jaw is furnished with rows of razor-like teeth, together with huge tusks, which when brought together will snap a fish in two like the blades of giant shears. Built for speed, with long sharp nose and broad flanged tail, from eye to tail-fork a mass of muscle, with the appetite of a wolf, the cunning and rapacity of a tiger, with slyness, patience and unbounded courage, he is one of the most formidable finned things in the waters of the earth. He will allow no other fish to remain within sight, even those of his own kind. Some years ago one of the local anglers on Chautauqua lake caught a 'lunge of fifty pounds. In the stomach was found another maskinongé partly digested which weighed 4½ pounds. The big one was a female and her victim a male.

On a recent trip to Chautauqua, at my first strike, the fish leaped from the water, taking the spoon gingerly; yet the hook held for him to run one hundred feet and to be reeled in a short distance, when he again rose and got away. Being sufficiently old in angling experience, the incident gave a few points of instruction how to act, yet every fish taken showed entirely different tactics, convincing me that years of experience are required to thoroughly handle a game fish so renowned.

Anglers from eastern cities would do well to vary their sport from trout fishing and make a visit to Chautauqua, with headquarters at Bemus Point. 'Lunge are not caught like a string of pickerel. One or two, perhaps three, landed after half a dozen strikes will be an excellent day's sport. If one of the fish weighs over 16 pounds, the angler of the stoutest heart will not be too hungry for one of 30 or 40 pounds. Should he strike one such, every condition must be favorable (in legitimate fishing) for with a stout rod not too long, a line fine but strong, a spoon of reasonable size, a gaff with a well made handle about three feet long—then be prepared for a lively tussle lasting from twenty minutes to two hours. Much depends on how the 'lunge is hooked. Should the angler be unfamiliar with methods, it is advisable to have an oarsman at first who will soon initiate him. My experience is that live or artificial minnows are not taken till fall, and that spoons of different shapes and sizes are used with success in the early part of the season. I tried various lures, but it was spoons they took.

My first success came on a luminous tandem, smaller than maskinongé spoons, and a good lure, close, compact, and the triangle hook well covered with feathers. I was requested by Mr. Brown, the superintendent of the state hatchery at Bemus Point, to try a spoon made by a local expert angler, and found its merits deserved, so that other lures were scarcely used. Instead of the customary triangle, it has a powerful double hook, curving downward and ingeniously covered with bucktail, a red feather on each side, and just a touch of peacock's feather to give brightness. The spoon is made of brass, copper, steel and gold.

The mode of fishing practiced by local anglers and guides is to troll with rods placed in sockets on each side of the boat, and two hand-lines worked closer in toward the boat, so that four spoons at varying distances require attention nearly all the time. Working as they do toward and in the weeds, better success is likely to ensue, though added trouble is caused by reason of snags. In trolling, a noiseless boat is necessary, even and regular rowing. One trip over a strip of water is no criterion of its possibilities. A day's patient fishing in one place is surest, for the maskinongé is a swiftly moving fish. In the clear water the lure is visible at least fifty feet away. Always on the lookout, he is poised with gently waving fins. The moment he sees it, with a sudden sweep of his tail, he darts upon the lure. For a second he remains motionless, then leaps into the air to free himself; doubles, stops suddenly, the water eddying and swirling; snaps his jaws together; tries again with his tail to tear out the ugly thing, then rushes madly away, the reel screaming and the rod bending nearly double. He knows escape is doubtful unless he can entangle himself in the weeds; but if the angler is a master hand the fish is powerless and he is gradually brought nearer. Sullen, exhausted and conquered, he lies motionless beside the boat, and then the angler gaffs him. With the same stroke he is lifted into the boat and dispatched at once. Some western anglers dispense with the gaff, using a revolver to send a bullet through his head.

Maskinongé have been taken that were literally crammed with fishes of various sizes and kinds, showing they were not hungry. The number of fishes swallowed during a single summer is almost incredible. They are not minnows and small fry only, but large enough to reproduce their kind. In rowing over the lake I have seen many good sized fish floating on the surface, not yet dead, with great gashes and pieces of flesh torn off, telling of slaughter among the smaller fishes, which are constantly leaping from the water in terror of this formidable foe.

The fish is fairly abundant in Chautauqua lake. This is due to the efforts of the state hatchery at Bemus Point. They have distributed over 6,000,000 fry this season. In the early spring the wardens net some of the large fish, stripping the spawn, and put the fish back. In due course the fry are placed among the heavy weeds, where they soon grow, as the water is rich in living food matter of every descripton. Part of the fry are planted in distant waters, so that the supply of this noble game fish is not likely to be curtailed.

During my visit the largest fish caught weighed 36 pounds, though later on in the fall fish are now and then taken up to 50 pounds.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, New York state fish culturist, when questioned regarding the artificial culture of Chautauqua maskinongé, in preference to the spotted St. Lawrence variety, states the latter is undeniably inferior in edible as well as fighting qualities, being firmly and more widely established, it is not necessary to rear them.

The most important thing so far as the angler is concerned, is that good sport be available, easy of access, at reasonable cost now that salmon fishing is, or soon will be, confined to a limited class of ample means. Thus maskinongé fills this want—if only the angler could be persuaded to raise the standard of fishing to a more sportsman-like view—by using tackle within reason, and be content to handle a single rod and lure instead of trailing behind the boat half a dozen monster spoons which surely must drive game fish away instead of luring them. Only then will angling for maskinongé be ligitimate sport.

LOUIS RHEAD.

The Big One that Got Away.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, Ohio.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big fish which got away was caught in our reservoir to-day, the first one on record recaptured.

Our champion angler was fishing for bass and caught a small one, then rebaited his hook with a lively minnow and made another cast, when, in his own words, there was a rush of the big fish for the bait, the quick pull to fasten hook, the broken line, and the oft-told story repeated—the fish got away with part of line and float attached. The float indicated the motions and position of the fish as he tried to get rid of the hook, and many anglers and friends of the unfortunate fisherman offered suggestions and helped to recapture the struggling bass, one offering to carry a skiff from an adjoining lake and go out after him. Finally the fish approached the shore near enough to cast a line over him and fasten in the broken line. The crowd on shore awaited the result with excited, eager attention as the fish was brought to net and safely landed. When weighed the indicator pointed to six ounces.

CHARLES CARROLL.

A Yellowtail Saturnalia.

THERE was nothing doing on the bay of Avalon. The men at their fishing stands were overhauling things. Hooks and snells were being examined, reels were taken apart and oiled, lines were reeled up on open reels and left in the sun to thoroughly dry out, and the guides and lashings of rods were carefully looked over. Not a boat was out, the motor boats were moored well out in the bay and surrounded with hundreds of rowboats, around which the gulls sported.

The yellowtails were all out to sea somewhere, no one knew where. It was a waste of time to run down the shore or even to the isthmus, there were no yellowtails to be found. The bay was full of sardines, shoals upon shoals of them darting here and there and making the blue water scintillate with the iridescence of their light-blue bodies.

The men who cast the seines and supply the sardines for bait—there were always those who wanted to try for bass in the bay—had just come in to shore with their boat loaded to the gunwales with thousands of smelts. They had thrown their nets industriously and with feverish haste, for they had seen yellowtail scurrying through the water after the schools of smelts and knew there would be quick sale for all the bait they caught. So when they landed, the cry went forth that the yellowtail were in from the sea, and that they were as hungry as sharks, and that the bay was full of them. And the cry resounded along the streets and through the hotels. A Martinique volcano upheaval could not have sent men, women and children any quicker to the boats. Men surrounded the bait fishermen, carrying empty cigar boxes, oil tins, pails, tomato cans—anything that would hold bait. Every one was in feverish haste, for the sardines were acting like mad in the bay, leaping everywhere and keeping the water in a general state of disturbance.

One by one the boats pushed out, in quick and noisy succession. Men and women kept running toward the beach, and as fast as bait could be had, were in the rowboats and off. Parties from the hotel preëmpted the motor boats. In a very little time every boat was in service, and when there were no more boats, many fished from the dock. And the fish were biting and no mistake. The yellowtail would refuse to chase the nimble sardine when a disabled one was to be had for the asking, so the baited hooks of the fisherman were given the preference over the live fish that swam about in thousands. The boats were all busy, rods and hand lines were swaying and cutting through the water.

"I've got one!" and would come back, "So have I!" and then "Hurrah!" and then, "Gee whiz! but this is a whale!" and from a youngster who grips the hand line and braces his feet against the gunwale, "Some one help or he'll pull me over!" and "Say, ain't this great?" and so it goes. Not a boat is idle. The rod fishermen, with butt of rod securely ensconced in the socket on the seat, are "pumping" away. Thumb well pressed on the brake, with the left hand an upward haul is made on the rod, lifting the fish four or five feet nearer the surface, and then a quick dropping of the rod as the reel is hastily wound, until the tip of the rod touches the water. Then another strenuous haul upward on the rod, bringing the yellowtail still nearer the surface and again a quick reeling in, as the rod is quickly lowered to the water's edge. And when you see a rod, this everlasting pumping is going on. Look where you will, a fish is being gaffed, a man has just had a strike, another is playing the fish, another has just cast in his bait; in fact, it's action with a noisy and boisterous accompaniment. It's a mad race now for a record. Did men ever work harder or more industriously, excitedly and determinedly than those men, women and children hauling in yellowtail?

A novice at rod fishing for yellowtail, careless with his fingers at the reel, has laid down his unbaited tackle and is winding a handkerchief around his sore and bleeding knuckles, hammered black and blue by the thumping of the reel-handle that whirled like a windmill under the strain of the plunging fish. I think the aching and bleeding knuckles have calmed the ardor of the amateur, and he is diverting his mind from his own troubles by listening to the howl of distress that goes up from that motor boat from a lady with a rod who is learning to be a fair angler.

Whether you use a rod or a hand line, yellowtail fishing, especially if you will hurry the fish and are trying for a record, is strenuous sport. The hands and fingers ache handling the reel; the thumb tires and gets benumbed manipulating the brake, the wrist and arm get weary with the everlasting pumping, and what caps the climax, your back gives out and a feeling of "enoughness" comes over you, and you order the anchor up and are willing to go ashore.

The bay is yet full of hungry fish, and those who are yet fishing are as busy as ever; but with many enough is the word, and sore and tired they are going toward the land. The old-timers, tough and seasoned, bronzed and hardened by many a battle, are pumping away. The boatmen, ever alert, stand ready with the cruel gaff that is driven home with a swift thud the moment the tired, panting yellowtail is half lifted from the water. The fishermen out of sheer exhaustion returning boat load after boat load to shore, the yellowtail keep on feeding upon the sardines and driving the nimble fish here and there and everywhere, making the water at times fairly boil, as a more than vicious onslaught is made upon a school.

The sun is beginning to cast long glints upon the ocean's surface and the day is beginning to wane. Even the old-timers begin to cry enough and reel up and prepare for shore, aching in every bone in their body and not half glad it is all over. There are many who were completely done up, and among these many ladies who stuck to it and bravely held on and who landed the fish to the gaff unaided and all alone. They had time now to nurse their strained arms and more than tired hands and frequently wounded knuckles. But it was a great day, and many were the wordy battles fought over size and numbers taken.

And what became of the fish piled upon the beach and hung up for show upon the hooked stands and photographed? Well, some few were eaten, but the rest, well, they went to feed the sharks out in deep water. But it was certainly a day of days to be remembered. The fish, after gorging themselves, scatter along the island front to waters that also afford them food, and where during the season they are sought for more or less successfully. Now and then they come into the bay, but not in the great school when they left the deep water of the sea and changed their diet for that of sardines.

But this everlasting hurry and pumping! Get him in, crowd him to the limit, hurry him along; reel him in, now gaff him, now for a fresh bait. "Ah! got you, have I!" and instantly the pump starts a-going until the very leather socket that holds the butt of the rod cries out in protest under the rough usage. It's a case of setting the hook, no slack line and pump, pump, pump, until the gaff does its work and gives the *coup de grace*. And the thought comes over you as to the sport possible if only a heavy bass rod or a salmon rod and tackle were used. True, there would be something doing, and the reel would play out all its line, but what then? Is it more difficult to follow a yellowtail with a swift motor boat than with a canoe to follow a salmon in rough waters? And when you watch that seemingly brutal, physical-endurance pumping, you wish a heavy trout or salmon rod were in use, and you in your mind's eye watch the sweep and bend and play of the rod and listen to the screech of the reel. But no; put on the brake good and hard, crowd it down and pump! The snell is of piano wire, the line is heavy linen and that rod is all backbone and there is nothing to give; so pump good and hard and bring him up as quickly as you can and go for another. Hurry him along; don't give him a chance to get his second wind lest you lose him, so pump away. And you go to bed that night and see nothing but stout rods, all of them pumping, pumping, pumping; and you see the fish emerge from the water and you see and hear the gaff sink into their glistening sides and hear the thud as the gamy fish is thrown into the box for count and record, and you give a long drawn breath, or sigh, as you may wish to term it, and fall to sleep. X.

New York Anglers' Club.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* These remarks are addressed to you in the hope that you will publish them, as from the attention your paper gave the recent casting tournament at Central Park, one might readily believe the paper to be read by all members of the Anglers' Club of New York and others interested in the art, and to those these remarks are addressed.

On the membership list of the above club, and especially so among its officers, are the names of gentlemen who have had experience in the handling of similar organizations in times past—organizations which have long ago failed and been forgotten. Failures, and for what reason? Because professionalism and commercialism entered into the competitions and forced those gentlemen from the field who entered solely for the pleasure to be derived, to promote and further the interest of others in the art.

The Anglers' Club of New York has made some attempt to eliminate the above two bad features and insure its success by the phrase in its by-laws, to be seen in that book under Article XIII, Section 1, viz:

"No person who teaches for pay the art of casting, who is engaged in fishing for the market, or has been so engaged; who acts as a guide for hire, or who has been so employed; or who is engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle or sporting goods, shall be eligible to election as an active voting member, but may be elected to the club as an associate member. Associate members shall not be eligible to hold any office or to vote, and shall not be deemed as forming any part of a quorum at any meeting."

The above is all well and good, but does it go far enough? In the opinion of many anglers with whom I have discussed this matter and among them several members of the Anglers' Club of New York it does not. While it prevents commercialism and professionalism entering into the very heart of the organization, it does not prevent it at the competitions, as was shown by the results of those held a week ago. When such gentlemen as Mr. Enright, Mr. Darling, Mr. Leonard and Mr. Mills, all of whom, I believe, are engaged in the fishing tackle business, practice and study the art purely and solely to excel and receive the resulting advertising for the goods they represent, it is surely no inducement for gentlemen who practice and make a study of the art at their leisure to enter into competition with professionals, as surely this is the classification these gentlemen should be entered under.

Then, again, this professionalism will increase. Such concerns as E. Vom Hofe, Conroy, Abbey & Imbrie, Paine and others are not behind the times. They will enter these competitions, or hire others to do so in order to receive the free advertising, such as the FOREST AND STREAM gave and other papers will give to the winners of competitions this year, to say nothing of the advertising the concerns winning this year's events will do on their own account, which latter reason in itself is enough to keep the gentleman who studies the art for pleasure out of the competitions.

Then, again, if the competition increases between houses who enter the events solely for the commercial benefits to be derived, and it seems to me it surely will, it will be to the advantage of these houses to discourage new people joining the club, as it would only increase competition for their entrants at the tournaments, while, on the other hand, if these concerns were barred from the tournaments it would be to their advantage to promote in-

terest in the club, as the more people entering into the competition the greater would become the sale of goods adapted to the purpose.

It seems to me that from my reasons it can be plainly seen that the club under its present rules promotes the competition of sporting goods dealers and discourages competition between amateur anglers.

Let Article XIII, Section 1 be so amended as to cut the dealers out of competitions, as well as an active voice in the government of the club and have an organization for anglers only, which, I believe, is the purpose of the club. Then there will be an inducement for myself and many others to affiliate ouselves with the organization. P. J. N.

Anglers' Club Contests.

THE second one in the series of contests for the Anglers' Club trophies was held on the Pool in Central Park, Oct. 25, and a number of anglers were present to witness the trials of skill. It had been arranged to hold three contests on the Pool, on Oct. 18 and 25, and Nov. 1, and three on the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Oct. 20 and 27 and Nov. 3. On the 20th rain fell steadily all day and there was no contest on that date.

The Pool, being in the midst of a forest growth, is a rather difficult place to cast when the sky is cloudy, but since the recent heavy rains the leaves have begun to fall, the shadows are not so deep and the background is growing lighter. Those who like to watch the competitions have a better opportunity, too.

Dr. Held's reel overran on his first cast Oct. 25, but he did better work in his third cast, and wound up with 175 feet, making a new club record, as it was two feet better than Mr. Lawrence's 173 feet, made in the recent tournament. Mr. Stepath knocked this record out on his fourth trial, with 176 feet, which raised the club record one foot, giving the doctor scant time to enjoy the honor. The latter's average for the two contests was 138 4-10 but Mr. Stepath's average for the day was 158 1-5, giving him a splendid chance to win both the distance and the average prizes, for he is casting in good form and has high scores to start with.

W. B. Young and Louis Darling judged the event, and Wallace Graham was referee. The results follow:

	Five Casts.					Average.
Charles Stepath....	171	169	100	176	175	158 1-5
Milton H. Smith...	143	122	130	149	163	141 2-5
R. J. Held.....	35	149	170	164	175	138 3-5
Perry D. Frazer....	140	115	142	155	129	136 1-5
G.M.L. LaBranche.	151	154	45	116	116	116 2-5

Saturday afternoon, Oct. 27, a number of the members went to Prospect Park for practice on the lake, and as there was a very strong wind blowing, casting straight out into the lake from the platform was productive of long casts, but as no boat was at hand, the measuring line for the contest had to be stretched alongshore and the men cast into the wind with the sun in their faces, with the result that low scores were the rule. Perry D. Frazer was first to cast, and he finished with 151 feet and an average of 138 4-5, with G. M. L. La Branche second with 147 feet. The scores follow:

	Five Casts.					Average.
Perry D. Frazer....	147½	151	126	150	120	138 4-5
G.M.L. LaBranche.	119	147	98	106	122	118 2-5
R. B. Lawrence....	136	80	128½	115	122	116 1-5

John L. Kirk withdrew. Thomas B. Mills and Edward B. Rice were the judges, with C. G. Levison as referee.

The standing of those who have competed for the club trophies, the longest cast made by each competitor each day to count for first two prizes, follow:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 25.	Oct. 27.
Perry D. Frazer	139	155	151
G. M. L. LaBranche	162	154	147
R. J. Held	161	175	...
M. H. Smith	165	163	...
Charles Stepath	...	176	...
R. B. Lawrence	...	...	136

For the best average:

G. M. L. LaBranche	128 14-15
P. D. Frazer	128 8-15
R. J. Held	138 4-10
M. H. Smith	131 3-10
Charles Stepath	158 1-5

For the benefit of those who wish to attend these contests but do not know the location of the Pool, it should be said that this little lake lies along the left-hand side of the walk entering the park at West 100th street. The casting platform is about 100 yards from the gate. In the Subway take the Broadway express trains to 103d street, or the Sixth or Ninth avenue elevated trains to the 104th street station. Eighth avenue surface cars pass the gate.

To reach the Brooklyn platform, take the Smith street surface car on track 6, at Brooklyn Bridge, leaving it at the Grand Circle. Enter the park and walk north to the lake.

In Pennsylvania Waters.

ANGLERS fairly reveled in their favorite sport during the month of October in Pennsylvania. In nearly every portion of the state the waters were in good condition and fish of all kinds seemed eager to be caught. Bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel fishing was much better even than in September. In addition the sinuous eel began his annual journey to the sea, and tons were caught by hook and line and in fish baskets in the Susquehanna river to satisfy the eel hunger of the human dwellers along the Susquehanna valley. Daily and weekly newspapers in that territory declare that the run of eels this year in the Susquehanna river greatly exceeds previous autumns. From 1,500 to 2,000 pounds have been taken from a single basket in one night, and boys and men have frequently been seen at the close of a day's outing carrying home from thirty to fifty of these snake-like fish.

It is curious and sad, but true, that the much execrated carp is beginning to rise in favor among a certain class of rod fishermen. They have learned how to catch them with rod, hook and line, and it is a joy to them to carry home at night from one to half a dozen carp, weighing anywhere from 3 to 25 pounds. If the newspapers are to be believed, it is not uncommon for a rod fishermen to catch a fish of this species of huge proportions. During the month the daily newspapers of the state have reported the catching of nearly 200 carp, weighing from 10 to 30 pounds, by means of rod, hook and line.

The cat-fisherman is also happy. The Delaware as far north as Trenton and the Susquehanna up to the western and eastern branches and the Juniata river yield phenomenal sport in this particular. Fall fishing on the Brandywine has also been exceedingly good, and Berks, Bucks and Lebanon county fishermen have been reveling in sunfishing on the same stream, and are finding equally good sport on the Tulpehockon, a tributary of the Schuylkill, and the Perkiomen, a tributary of the same stream, and the Neshaminy, which flows into the Delaware a short distance above the Philadelphia county line. The sunfish holds a very high place in the hearts of the fishermen of the counties just named, and this love for the "punkin seed" is responsible for a growing change of sentiment in that section against the abolition of what is known as the Sunday fishing law. As a rule anglers in what is known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch" region believe in fishing on Sunday, and when they found that the Department of Fisheries was making many arrests in their section for Sunday fishing, they became enraged and more than 400 signed a petition, asking their members in the Legislature to vote to repeal the Sunday fishing law at the forthcoming session. Then the Commissioner of Fisheries announced what it was that impelled him to enforce the Sunday law so suddenly and unexpectedly. It appears that his wardens reported many people catching sunfish about 2 and 3 inches long, and feeding them to ducks and cats. As there was no law restricting the size of sunfish which might be caught, and as most of the work was done on the first day of the week, the Commissioner took advantage of the Sunday law to punish these people. The news astonished and horrified the sun-fishermen, and hundreds of those who had been foremost in condemning the enforcement of the Sunday law became loud in praise of its enforcement under such circumstances.

The largest body of water wholly within Pennsylvania is Conneaut lake, in Crawford county. The state has been stocking this lake heavily for several years, and as a consequence the fishing there this year has been very good. Many maskinongé, black bass and wall-eyed pike were caught there during October.

Quite a number of maskinongé were taken from the Allegheny river during the month, one weighing 10 pounds was caught at Hunter's Station by Lee Ferguson on the first. A Philadelphia school boy aged 12 caught a 5⅛-pound black bass from the Neshaminy creek on the same day. The upper Delaware river afforded splendid bass fishing throughout the month. Oscar Detweiler caught one near Shawnee, weighing 6 pounds 10 ounces. The Delaware has not been the only stream from which huge bass have been taken. D. H. Zeigler, of Perkiomenville, caught a 5-pound bass in the Perkiomen on Oct. 4. Four fishermen from Dunmore caught 100 pounds, or twenty-six bass, from Goose pond near the Paupack. The largest fish weighed 5½ pounds. Daniel Gunmore, of Oil City, caught a 4½-pound bass on Oct. 1 from the Venango river. The Venango river by the way, is one of the best stocked bass streams in Pennsylvania. Three years ago a pond at the Corry Fish Hatchery, in Erie county, broke during a big storm and allowed several hundred thousand little bass to escape into the Venango river near what is known as French creek. As a consequence the stream is simply filled with bass from one end to the other.

The reports from the Youghiogheny are conflicting, but from the mass of contradictions it would appear that in those portions where the stream is badly polluted the fishing is no good, while in that part which is free from such material the bass fishing has been fine. The Susquehanna river below Harrisburg seems to have partially redeemed itself in October. While the upper Susquehanna has been affording fine fishing, below Harrisburg was said to be only fair and even poor; but reports from newspapers and fishermen are to the effect that all through October the fishing from Columbia southwardly, for both blass bass and wall-eyed pike, has been first-class—to use the words of the Columbia Spy, "it was never better."

The Department of Fisheries has gone into raising fish for the preservation of public health. On Oct. 20 it began shipping sunfish for planting in ponds in which the malarial mosquitoes thrive. The fish were reared at the request of the Department of Health and shipped on the requisition of its commissioner. Many thousand young sunfish were planted in Luzerne, Lackawanna, Schuykill, Carbon, Bucks, Montgomery and Chester counties.

The Department of Fisheries has just won a signal triumph in the Superior Court, although on the face of it judgment was given against the department. Violations of the fish laws are prosecuted under what is known as summary proceedings—that is to say, the alderman or magistrate tries and determines a case, as would a court of record, and an appeal to county court could only be taken on cause shown or a certiorari. Some people who were dissatisfied and desired to hamper the work of the Department of Fisheries in fish protection, induced the Legislature to enact a measure to change from summary proceedings to misdemeanor. The Commissioner of Fisheries, like the tar baby, "kept on saying nothing," until the first appeal was taken under the new act, when he sprung a surprise on the opposers of the fish laws by taking the ground that the act was unconstitutional, in that it attempted to amend the consituation by legislative enactment. The department was supported in this contention by seven or eight county courts in quick succession,

each giving a new reason for knocking the new act out. Finally, the judge of one court differed from his learned brothers and declared the act to be constitutional, whereupon the department formally appealed to the Superior Court. The Superior Court has just handed down a decision emphatically declaring the act unconstitutional, and the summary proceeding law will therefore remain in force.

Trout are beginning to spawn unusually early in the state hatcheries. At Corry over a million eggs have already been taken, and at Bellefonte nearly the same number. From the reports of the superintendents to the commissioner, there will be nearly nine million trout eggs, and these, with the eggs which are contributed annually by public spirited men owning hatcheries in the state, the indications are that the output of trout next spring in Pennsylvania will exceed that of last spring by nearly three millions.

The Department of Fisheries during October ordered the erection of five fishways in dams, which are either just completed or being constructed in various parts of the state. Most of the owners have complied with the mandate of the Department, but one, while he did not refuse, wrote a very ugly letter, stating that if the state wanted a fishway, he thought the state ought to pay the bill, and could not see why the former owners were not compelled to build it, he being a new purchaser. He forgot evidently, that while he is a new purchaser, that he was the builder of the dam, and had been ordered by a warden to construct a fishway, and in response said he did not think he had to.

Among the successful bass anglers in the Delaware river this autumn has been Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newhall. The former is the famous Philadelphia cricketer. The two caught a large number of bass recently from the Delaware near the Water Gap.

Conneautee lake, in the western part of Pennsylvania, not far from Cambridge Springs, has astonished even those who are well acquainted with the fishing qualities of that small body of water. An angler remarked a few days ago that he could not understand where the muscallonge and black bass came from. He said that more of these two fish were taken from Conneautee during October than from its much larger neighbor, Conneaut lake.

Last year the Department of Fisheries began experimenting with the cut-throat trout, called by the United States Bureau of Fisheries the "black-spotted trout." About 60,000 were planted in three lakes which could be carefully watched. Recently the watcher of Silver lake, in Susquehanna county, reported that fish of this species between 5 and 6 inches long are seen in large numbers, and that success therefore is assured. The Department of Fisheries does not as yet deem it expedient to plant cut-throat trout in streams until it has been thoroughly tested and proved that it is not destructive to brook trout. It is believed to be a very desirable fish for the spring fed lakes; but the commissioner declares he will not grant applications for this fish until he has demonstrated that it is wise to do so. He is not very strongly in favor of introduced fishes, believing more in the indigenous species.

Young herring have been caught in the north branch of the Susquehanna river, indicating the effectiveness of the fishways built in Clark's Ferry dam. The astonishing feature about the find of herring is that they were caught at least 300 miles above tide water, far beyond the early haunts of the alewife.

The department succeeded in convicting a large number of people during October for violation of the fish laws, and fines amounting to nearly $2,000 were imposed.

The Department of Fisheries is going heavily into bass culture. It now has eight bass ponds completed—one at the Wayne hatchery, three at the Union City hatchery, one at the Crawford hatchery, two at the Spruce creek hatchery and one at the Torresdale hatchery. Several of these ponds cover about an acre each, and with the exception of three, are built on designs prepared jointly by the superintendents of hatcheries and the commissioners, and from successful experiment show that they will carry more breeding fish than any other ponds yet constructed. The finest bass pond undoubtedly in this particular is the one just finished at the Crawford hatchery. It is 275 feet long and 80 feet wide, having a uniform depth of from 1½ to 2 feet, excepting at the outlet, where there is an inverted V-shaped kettle having a base of 30 feet wide. The kettle is 4½ feet deep. This pond will undoubtedly hold more than 300 brood fish or about double what an ordinary pond of the same size would hold.

It is evident that the Department of Fisheries intends to greatly expand its trout work. From a report just given out, there are at present in the trout hatcheries nearly 200,000 fingerlings which will yield eggs next year, and the report states that at least that many more will be retained next spring. The take of eggs next year ought to be more than the capacity of the present hatching house for trout in the state. There are six trout-hatching houses in operation.

BONIFACIUS.

One of Seth Green's Fellow Anglers.

ON Sugar island, one of the Thousand islands of the St. Lawrence river, two jolly old anglers meet every August to renew their youth and fish together for a fortnight. Their tents are pitched side by side under the trees on the eastern shore

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

and they cook their own meals over a camp-fire in the open. These gentlemen are Capt. George W. Ruggles, of Charlotte, N. Y., and E. H. Barney, of Springfield, Mass., while the captain's nephew goes along and rows the skiff while they fish, assists them in various ways, and often lands the biggest fish himself. Capt. Ruggles often recounts anecdotes of the late Seth Green, with whom he passed many days in angling round about Rochester, their home. And game fish were plentiful in those days in northern New York. In the picture Mr. Barney is in the center and Capt. Ruggles on the right.

Pickerel and pike, perch and rock bass are abundant in the waters where they troll among the islands, and black bass are taken frequently, while the smaller rock bass and yellow perch are to be caught off the rocks of their cove at any time.

Fishing Notes.

IT is estimated that the United States Government hatcheries on the Fraser river and its tributaries have liberated 100,000,000 young salmon in these streams. The 69 canneries, representing an investment of $3,000,000, report total receipts of $6,930,000, salmon alone bringing $5,750,000, while $4,384,000 was the total amount paid out for labor, etc. The net profit is not given. In the second week of October some of the canneries along the Columbia, Alsea and Siletz rivers and in Yaquina bay reported record-breaking catches of salmon, one seining ground alone yielding five tons in one day.

During October some nice striped bass have been taken in the Hudson river at the old-time favorite places. Several were caught aff Eighty-sixth street, this city, and off Fort Washington Point, and other grounds further up the river, Croton Point yielding good creels to the patient anglers. When, in September, it was noticed that there was an unusually large number of crabs in the small streams flowing into the Hudson, the wise men predicted good fishing. These crabs were much smaller than usual. There were few lafayettes in local waters this season, which, it is claimed, attract the bass to the rivers, but they only appear in large numbers occasionally, according to local traditions, every fourth year. Tomcods or frostfish, which generally come into the Hudson with the advent of cooler water, seem to be late. They furnish good sport for thousands of pier anglers, but it is a pity that every one caught is kept, regardless of size, some of them being too small for the pan, and they are not large fish at best.

Several times during the present year street cleaning men of the city of New York have found live fish in the fire hydrants when these were opened to flush streets and sewers. Only last week a number of catfish, carp, eels and small bass were in this manner thrown out on the streets, showing that the outlet pipes in the reservoirs have not been properly screened. There has never been any actual wasting of fish life in this way that we have heard of, for on such occasions crowds of people soon collect, to scramble for these finny prizes as a number of boys would for a handful of pennies thrown their way, but at the same time it is reasonable to believe that if small fish find their way into the city's pipes, they are not likely to return to the reservoirs, and if not turned out on the streets may die in the pipes and pollute the water.

During the two years ending Oct. 1 last there were shipped from towns along the Illinois river 18,377,730 pounds of fish of all varieties to the various markets. Of these Havana, Ill., shipped one-third of the total, or 6,490,802 pounds.

Fishing in the vicinity of Baltimore, Md., has been unusually good during October, and some anglers claim the fishing has shown improvement this year over others, due, they believe, to the better protection afforded by the Maryland Fish and Game Protective Association. At the head of Chesapeake Bay a good many nice black bass have been taken, while striped bass in goodly size and numbers have been reported from nearly all the waters frequented by local anglers in their single-day trips. The best known waters along the Patapsco, Gunpowder, Little Choptank and Chester rivers have yielded goodly striped bass and some of the other varieties.

A ninety-pound black sea bass on a 15-thread cuttyhunk line is no mean performance. This is what Albert Walton did in an hour and a half on Oct. 6, at Redondo, Cal. Yellowtail and smaller fish were reported plentiful in the bay at that time.

A BLACK bass was caught at Romney, W. Va., recently, in the south branch of the Potomac river by Lemuel Hewitt, of Pittsburg, Pa. It weighed 6 pounds 14 ounces, and is said to be the record bass for the stream mentioned. Its measurements were: Length, 25in; girth, 15½in; thickness, 3⅜in.

Death of Mr. John Bates.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with regret that I must inform you of the death of one of your old subscribers, Mr. John Bates, from pneumonia. Mr. Bates was widely known about the lakes as one of the most scientific casters and an enthusiastic angler who had scores of friends. A. N. PRINTZ.

YACHTING

OUTLOOK FOR CUP RACING.

Since the arrival in this country, some weeks ago, of Sir Thomas Lipton, yachtsmen have picked up their morning papers with an interest altogether peculiar. The pages of the press daily contained some references to the Irish Baronet, or to the conditions under which he might challenge, and opinions—more or less misleading—were printed of what the New York Yacht Club would do in the event of a challenge. Whether it would be under the old rule, which governed the later races for the America's Cup, or under the club's new rule—the Universal Rule—has been the main theme of discussion.

None of the statements, guesses or surmises have been of a definite nature, and their perusal left one on a quicksand, ever shifting. Sir Thomas Lipton's visit here has been but a succession of meetings, dinners and a participation in the many ways in which hospitality may be shown. The Baronet's powers of diplomacy and finesse—necessarily employed in warding off a subject so interesting as an international race—must have been severely taxed, but Sir Thomas has gained much and lost nothing in popularity during an absence of three years. No one will dispute the fact that an America's Cup race upsets American yachting, and the seasons of such events have not been known as successful. At this time, when the Universal Rule is holding all our interest, is rehabilitating our sport, and owners are beginning to build in earnest, an America's Cup race is not desirable.

The informal meeting of Sir Thomas and the members of the New York Y. C. is understood to have been a most satisfactory and agreeable function. This disproves many of the weird paragraphs that were foolishly written in the hope of forcing an issue.

The understanding now is that a challenge will be issued in 1907, for a cup race in 1908, and the races will be sailed under the Universal Rule, William Fife, the designer of two Shamrocks, has reconsidered his refusal to design a new vessel. He will design for Sir Thomas the fourth Shamrock—as we suppose the new challenger will be named. The year 1908 will be a fitting time for an international race. By that year yachting under the new rules will have run long enough to permit the gaining of a good knowledge of their workings, and a confidence which is absolutely new to the sport will have been established among yachtsmen, naval architects, builders and the host of others who live by their work and labor in this field. This confidence means the development of yachting in strides undreamed of heretofore.

Gentlemen, place your building orders. The rule is all right and—except for the time allowance scale—no changes are in sight that will have any effect on the boats themselves. Insist that your designer give you a yacht of good scantling; give him restrictions, but do not hamper him; let him design to the spirit of the rule, and the scantling question, when it is settled, will not bar the new boats of 1907.

Boston Letter.

The last Sunday in October is always a lonely one in the lower harbor. To be sure fleets of smelters may be seen in every cove, in the lee of many islands and fringing the edges of all the grass-grown channels and gullies. But the boats which are sailing for the mere sport of sailing, as distinguished from those in use as vehicles for transportation to and from the fishing grounds, are very few. And yet it has been a wonderful day. One with a smashing W.N.W. breeze, an almost cloudless sky of that deep blue hue which autumnal days alone produce, a warm sun, and an atmosphere so clear that Marblehead's town hall tower was plainly visible from a point just below Long Island head. With a good glass one could read the time by the tower clock.

My "year's end" sail embraced four hours; banging around the harbor, hither and yon, thrashing to weather up the long stretch back of Peddocks island where the ebb tide kept the sea down; in the Westway where the same tide kicked up a nasty slop; out Hull Gut again while the wind rebounding from Fort Revere tested the rigging with trip-hammer blows, reaching through Long Island Gut where the current inevitably runs in the unexpected direction, and where always you are met and crowded by a long tow. Four aimless hours of puss in the corner. And during that time I met—well, how many sailing yachts? Holly II., Scapegoat and Inch Worm, two 21-foot and one 25-foot catboats, a 30-foot topsail sloop and the cutter Minerva of the South Boston Y. C., looking very businesslike and comfortable under staysail and storm trysail.

"But oh, the little power boats,
A-plyin' up and down;"

Their numbers are still undiminished, their racket is still unspeakable, their odor is still unmistakable. I am free to confess that I love them not, woo them only in glassy calm. And then they love not me. But I admire their owners for the tenacity with which they cling to their sport, for the long season they crowd in between reluctant spring and sport-killing winter. To them time, tide, temperature, weather, even daylight, mater but little. During my four hours' sail I met nearly, if not quite, as many power launches as one would see in the same waters on an August Sunday. The only ones missing were the simon pure speed launches.

Back to the home moorings to confront a hated rite, the inexorable clause of my marine insurance—"doth warrant said yacht will be laid up and out of commission from noon of November 1st," etc. A task postponed to the last Sunday afternoon to become a wild rush; a slashing of lashings; mad scrambles aloft for blocks and madder descents for the forgotten knife; jumps below for marlinspike or monkey wrench with which to coerce a shackle or an eye bolt; and so on *ad infinitum*.

All this has no appropriate cause for publication as a Boston letter. I recognize my fault. But there is a dearth of news this week. You and I would weary were this tale to restrict itself to such items as—"One of our most successful designers has an order from a prominent yachtsman for a new boat for class Q, but he may build a sonderklasse boat. For good reasons, details cannot be made public." I know, and you know, that nine out of ten such items are space devouring fabrications. A designer is no more secretive over his orders than is a hen over her fresh laid egg. Both know that advertising pays and both cackle accordingly.

Such items are, however, all the local news produced this week, except for the details of the Lipton yachting dinner. And as those details will be history before this is printed news I refrain from publishing them. Sufficient that by the grace of God and the generosity of friends the editor-in-chief and I will both be at the dinner. What more can you—or Sir Thomas—desire?

William Lambert Barnard.

Our Supplement.

The fine supplement in this issue is, from the point of view of the sailor, very interesting. It is a finish and an exciting one, presupposing no time allowance. However, this is very fair weather sailing, with no sea. But picture to your mind our good old defender Vigilant, now a yawl, and that fine schooner Queen—neck and neck in a 25-mile an hour breeze and a rough sea—then the possibilities of the new rule would be a little more apparent.

Exit Power Boat News.

As we recorded, some years ago the advent of the Power Boat News, from the Rudder Publishing Co., so also must we now record its withdrawal from circulation. The cause is given as lack of good enough copy on which to run the paper. Be that as it may, power boating is as yet in its infancy and its import is not widely realized. The gasolene engine is a legitimate commercial product, but not one which as yet is of such importance—we doubt if it will reach the point—as to claim for itself the justification of being represented by a weekly exclusive organ.

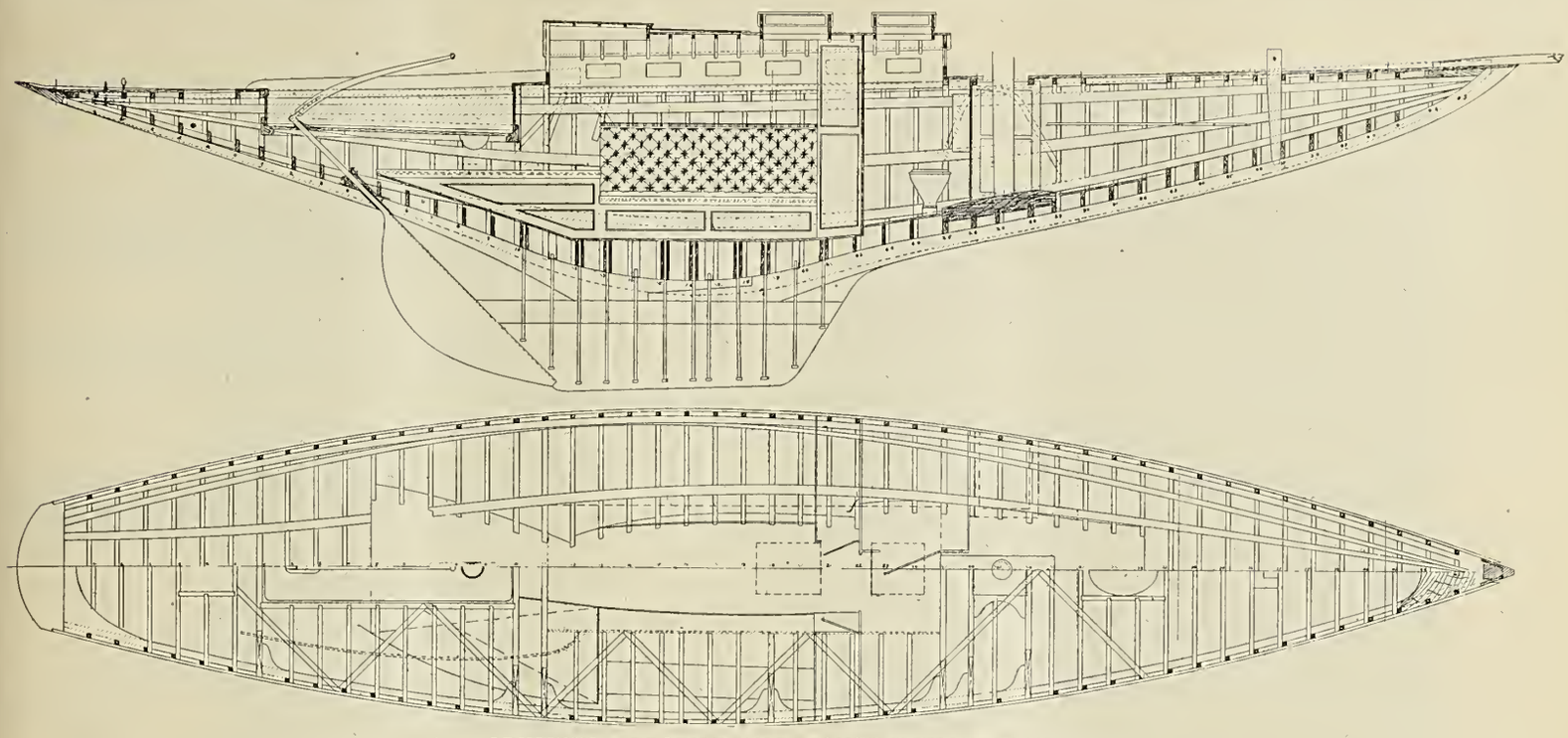
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On the night of Oct. 23 the plant of Messrs. Brown & Sons, at Tottenville, Staten Island, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $60,000. The yard at the time was full of lumber and many boats were on the slips and ways. There was a wind blowing and the firemen could not get enough water to stop the fire. Brown & Sons have long been established at Tottenville and have built a great number of wooden yachts and other vessels for mercantile purposes.

The steam yacht Kehto, Mr. Roswell Eldridge, New York Y. C., has returned from a cruise on the Chesapeake and was at Twenty-third street, East river, last week. She proceeded to Fletcher's to be overhauled for her trials which will take place in a few days under the direction of Cox & Stevens, naval architects, who designed the yacht.

The Jamestown exposition committee announces the condition for the King's Cup, presented by King Edward, which will be raced for off Jamestown at the end of September. The races are open to yachts of the Q class or 22-footers under the Universal Rule. This will permit boats from France, Germany, Spain and England to compete as the boats may readily be shipped on steamers to this country. The class has grown in America in the past ten years and has been most successful. The races at Jamestown will include elimination races, for competition in a series of three races, or finals for the cup. At this time the motor boat racing fixtures are not settled upon.

North Star, steam yacht, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Y. C., has proceeded to the Clyde for an overhaul, after which she will proceed to the Mediterranean where her owner and family will join her for a short cruise in February next, returning to America in May.



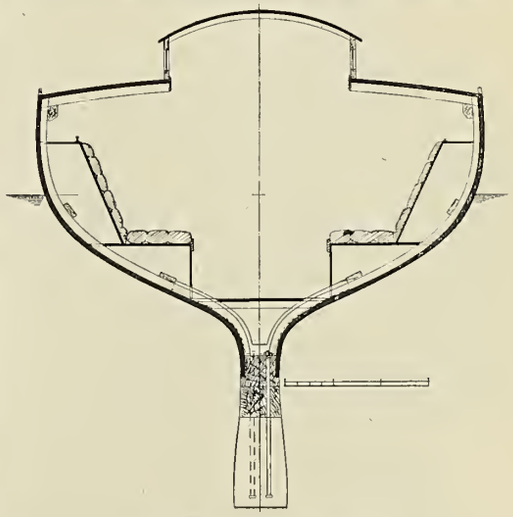
ODYSSEUS—PROFILE AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

ODYSSEUS.

Odysseus.

We reproduce by courtesy of Messrs. Cox & Stevens, naval architects, the photographs and plans of a sailing yacht which the firm designed for Mr. J. H. Hammond, Jr., of Lakewood, N. J., and Gloucester, Mass., this past summer.

Odysseus, as the boat is called, will be used for cruising and sailing along the coast east of Boston, and was designed to be a fast, weatherly and comfortable craft, easily managed and capable

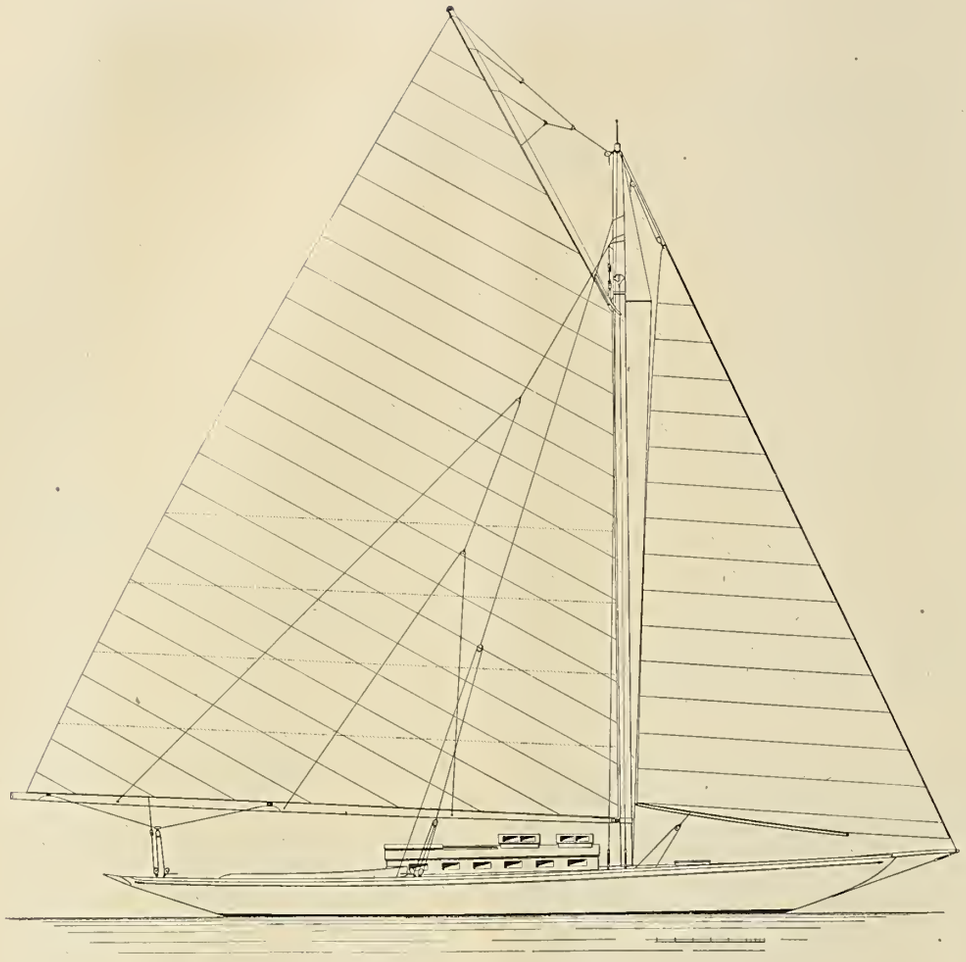


MIDSHIP SECTION—ODYSSEUS.

of accommodating four men in the main saloon. The crew to be made up of a captain and man. A great resemblance is seen to exist between the New York 30-footers and Odysseus, but with such improvements in form as to give more speed and also better accommodation.

The boat was built at Purdy & Collison's, City Island, who made a very nice job of this little ship. The construction was good and well put together. The interior is finished in white wood, enameled, and, as one of our pictures shows, the interior is very attractive. The deck work is of mahogany trimmed with brass; the cleats are also of brass.

Odysseus was delivered in Gloucester, and in running down around Cape Cod made good weather of it. In some trials on the Sound before going eastward Odysseus showed a good



SAIL PLAN—ODYSSEUS.

CABIN ODYSSEUS—LOOKING FORWARD.

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This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.

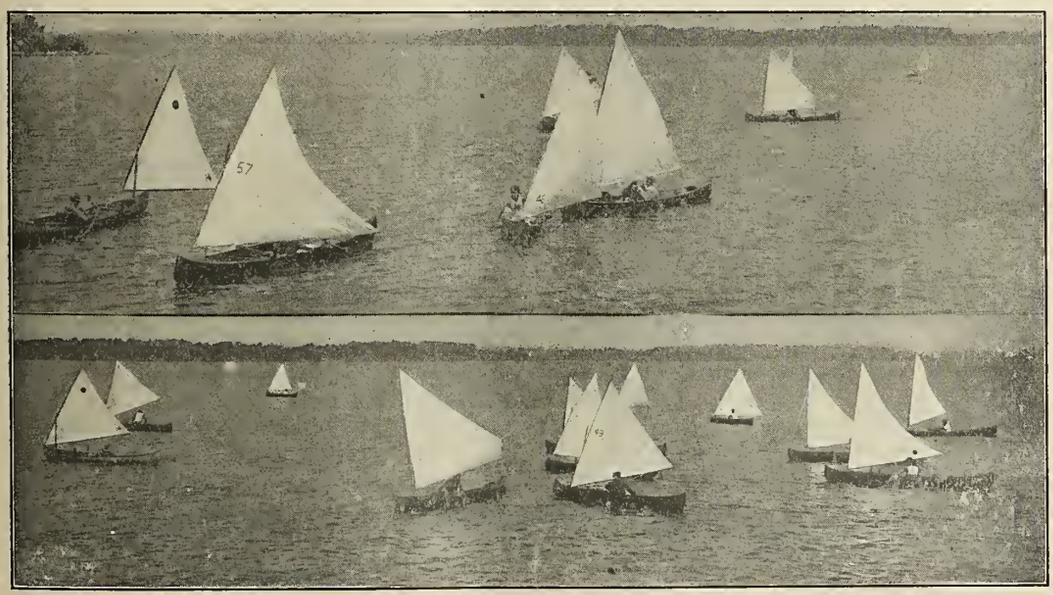
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

THE OPENING DAY — III

SCHOONER QUEEN AND YAWL VIGILANT — MORRIS COVE, AUGUST 4, 1906 Photo by James Burton

TILTING—A. C. A. MEET, SUGAR ISLAND.

END OF CRUISING RACE—SUGAR ISLAND



BEFORE THE START, AND MANEUVERING IN OPEN CANOE RACE.

turn of speed and seagoing abilities not often displayed in this type of boat. This is yet another proof of what our designers are learning in regard to design. The dimensions and particulars are very interesting:

Length—
Over all ..... 44ft. 0in.
Waterline ..... 30ft. 6in.
Breadth ..... 9ft. 8in.
Draft ..... 6ft. 5in.

Freeboard—
Forward ..... 3ft. 1½in.
Midships ..... 2ft. 0in.
Aft ..... 2ft. 3in.
Displacement ..... 8.25 tons
Lead ..... 7,500 lbs.
Sail area ..... 1,200 sq. ft.

Oak framing, 1½ x 1½ x 1¾ heels, 11in. center. Single plank cedar, 1¼ finished. Decks 1in. white pine, canvas tarred. Deck beams

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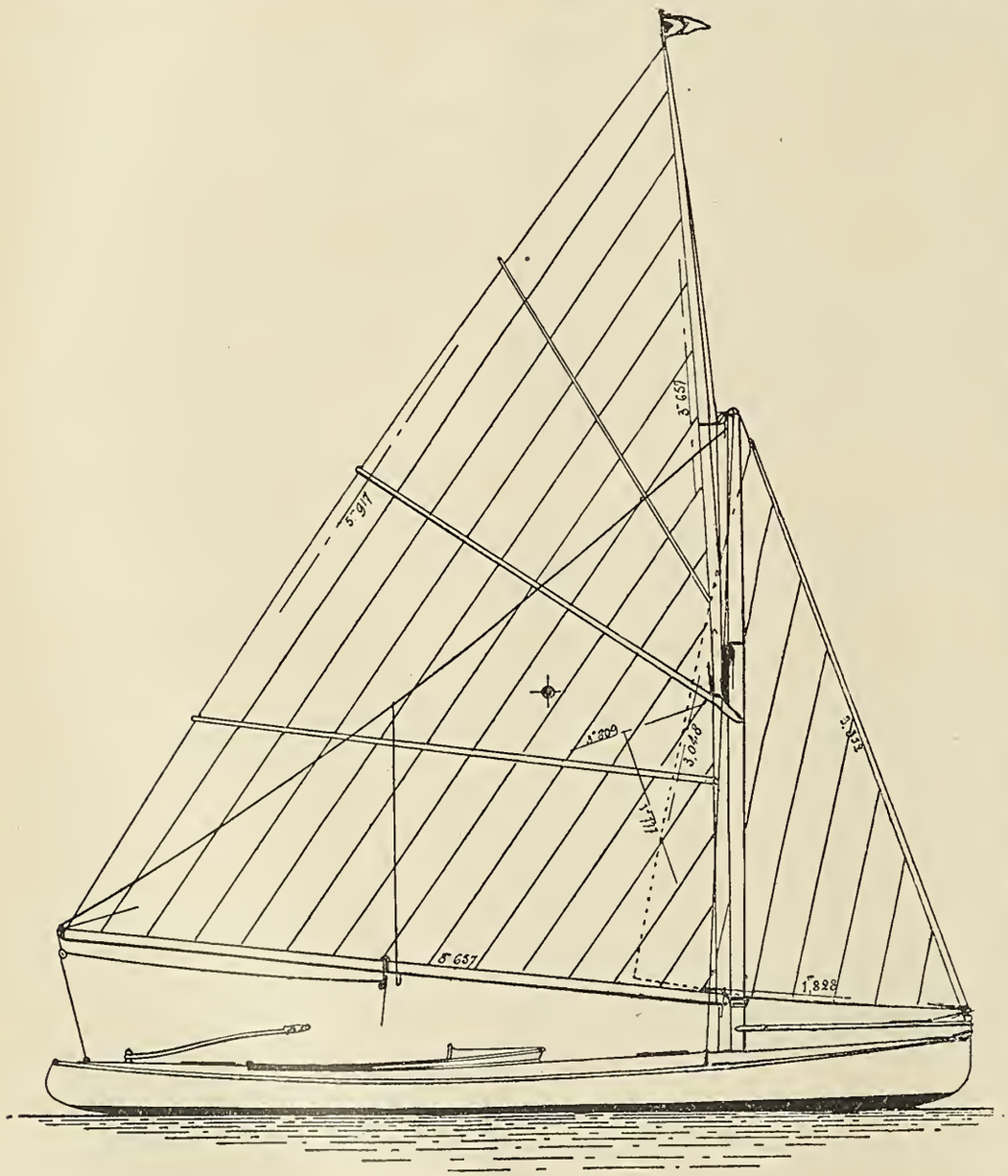

SAIL PLAN—GENETTA.

Royal Canoe Club Class B canoe designed by Linton Hope. [See preceding issues for matter relating to this boat. —EDITOR.] Lines will appear next week.

spruce, 2 x 1⅛ x 11in. center. Floors every third frame fitted with a steel floor angle. Curtis w.c. and folding w.b. The rigging of the boat, which was very neatly done, was carried out by John Finn, of South street.

THE Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co., of St. Joseph, Michigan, announce that they have been awarded a gold medal at the exposition of Milan, Italy. The exhibit of the Truscott Company consisted of a four cylinder four cycle 30-40 horsepower motor, a two cylinder 8-12 horsepower, and a single cylinder two cycle 9 horsepower, and one of 3 horsepower. This company have supplied the International Exposition, of Christ Church, New Zealand, with a complete passenger carrying outfit of launches for the carrying of passengers about the waterways of the exposition.

MR. GEO. J. GOULD, New York Y. C., who recently purchased abroad the turbine steam yacht Lorma, as reported in our columns, has changed her name to Atlanta, in honor of the old yacht built by the Cramps many years ago for Mr. Jay Gould.

THE Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, are estimating on a new 90ft. schooner for ex-Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, New York Y. C. There are to be, it seems, two more new schooners ordered for the Messrs. Iselin, and with Queen, Ingomar and Elmina, which is to be altered, there will be some fine sport, and in fact it will be the biggest class of schooners ever gathered together.

COLONEL J. H. CUNNINGHAM, of Boston, has placed an order with the George Lawley & Son Corporation for a family houseboat, the motive power to be a Standard engine. She will be used for cruising along the coast from Newport to Bar Harbor, and will fly the flag of the Beverly Y. C., of Buzzard's Bay.

HOLLIS BURGESS has sold the gasolene launch Belterre owned by G. H. Hamilton, of Alliston, Mass., to Harry W. Dudley and J. Samuel Hodge, of Boston. He has also sold the cruising knockabout Paloma, owned by Norman S. Powell, of Boston, to John T. Arnold, of Providence, and the 18-footers Wink, owned by George D. Bussey, of Winthrop, to F. L. Vulte, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Cheroot, owned by Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, to R. T. Paine, 2d, of Brookline, Mass., who has recently purchased the famous racing sloop Humma.

ONEIDA, steam yacht, Commodore E. C. Benedict, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., is at Tebo's, South Brooklyn, in charge of Capt. Port and chief engineer Humel. The yacht is to be refitted with new Roberts water tube boilers.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Central Division.—R. C. Schermerhorn, Buffalo, N. Y., by George Clinton, Jr.

THE report of the American Canoe Association meeting held at the St. Denis Hotel, on Oct. 27, will be published in full next week. The meeting was well attended and satisfactory, and the dinner in the evening was very successful.

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is the report from nearly every game field. The U. M. C. Co. is loading plenty of Arrow and Nitro Club Shells especially adapted for every kind of shooting. Simply ask your dealer for a U. M. C. Partridge, Duck or Quail load. They magazine perfectly through repeating and auto-loading guns, and fit every double gun—all in wet weather or dry.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 4-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
Nov. 6.—North Caldwell (N. J.) G. C. all-day tournament.
Nov. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' tournament. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.
Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—North Side Rod and Gun Club shoot.
Nov. 29.—Patcrson, N. J.—Jackson Park G. C. tournament.
Nov. 29.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. sixth annual Thanksgiving Day shoot; added money. G. B. Hubbell, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Saturday of this week the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will visit Rahway, N. J., to compete with the local club of that place, and with a number of other clubs in a ten-man team race for a silver punch bowl.

The Cumberland, Md., Gun Club held a meeting in the early part of last week and elected officers as follows: President, ex-Sheriff Robert P. Casey; Vice-President, Dr. Arthur H. Hawkins; Treasurer, Daniel Askey; Secretary, W. T. Crawford; Field Captain, J. T. Hershiser.

Mr. Frank Lawrence has been touring the south, acting as advance agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s squad of famous experts. His genial winning ways seem to fit him admirably for the position, judging by the length of the press notices bestowed, most of which are over a column in length.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, the energetic manager of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., writes us that the many promises of attendance made by the shooters of Paterson and vicinity, assures the success of the Jackson Park Gun Club shoot, fixed to be held on Thanksgiving Day. On Saturday of last week, the members of the club devoted much discussion concerning the prizes which would be given at said shoot, and the opinion prevailed that this year's Thanksgiving Day shoot should be made a better one than any ever heretofore conducted by a local club. Everything possible will be done to make the shoot a pleasurable event.

Mr. Geo. A. Mosher, who has been conspicuously identified with the gun trade, is now with the A. H. Fox Gun Co., of Philadelphia. Besides being a successful salesman, Mr. Mosher is known as a shooter of rare ability. He will have charge of the sales department of the Fox Gun Co. in addition to many other of its important interests.

The fall trapshooting season of Philadelphia trapshooters was opened on Saturday of last week, at the Philadelphia Driving Park, Point Breeze. The programme consisted of three handicaps, one at 10 birds, $5 entrance, and two other events at 5 birds. Staley, Clegg and Fisher tied on straight kills in the 10-bird event. A large shoot is contemplated for Thanksgiving Day.

The Keystone Shooting League opened its live-bird shooting season on Saturday of last week, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa. In the cup contest, an event at 50 birds, Dr. Luther and Ed. Johnson tied on 47. In the shoot-off at 10 birds, Luther won with a straight score, while Johnson was close with 9. Shoots will be held weekly on Saturdays, and special shoots will be held on holidays.

The championship contest to be held under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, Dec. 12, on the club grounds at Travers Island, is open to all amateurs of America. Price of targets is the entrance fee.

The October cup of the New York Athletic Club was won by Mr. J. W. Hibbard with a score of 50, and by virtue of prior wins also the cup is now a part of his personal belongings. Gus E. Greiff was the only scratch man.

The team shoot of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club, on Saturday of this week is expected to surpass any prior contest of the club in importance and the general interest bestowed on it. The silver punch bowl is most thoughtfully equipped with twelve goblets, a large ladle and a tray, valued all told at $120. Shooting will begin at 12 o'clock. Messrs. Frank E. Butler and Sim Glover, famous in ammunition and trapshooting matters, are announced as referees. Among the teams entered are the Alerts, of Philadelphia; Columbia, of South Amboy; Montclair, of Montclair; Ossining, of Ossining, besides a team of the home club. All told, about ten teams are expected to compete. It is a strictly amateur event, besides which contestants must be members of the club which they represent. A large attendance of shooters and their friends is anticipated.

BERNARD WATERS.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28.—The Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., has just closed another successful year. The membership is in a healthy condition, and there is a comfortable balance in the treasury. The last regular shoot was held on Oct. 27. Twenty-five shooters participated in the various events, two of which were merchandise affairs, of 25 targets each, and twenty prizes were distributed in each event. The scores were as follows:

Barr	22 25—47	George	15 16—31
Hann	22 24—46	Oller	13 14—27
Coleman	24 20—44	Wolfe	8 12—20
Monroe	23 18—41	Geyer	7 6—13
James	21 19—40	Bauskett	24
J H Hunter	18 22—40	Williams	21
Farnham	17 23—40	Hitchcock	20
Dr Taylor	18 21—39	Hogan	16
Cake	18 19—37	Mills	17
McCartney	17 19—36	Petrola	16
Kirk	17 18—35	Haven	15
M Taylor	16 17—33	Weedon	12
Nalley	16 16—32	Machen	11
C S Wilson	15 16—31		

The last contests for the Dupont trophy were shot, one being a postponed shoot and the regular shoot. There has been a great deal of good-natured rivalry and much interest manifested during the whole season in these contests, and the closing performances have been nerve-racking. Miles Taylor, the secretary of the club, won the trophy, having scored five wins. Dr. Barr and F. N. Bauskett each had four, Uncle Billy Wagner, J. H. Hunter and John Coleman each had three to their credit; J. B. Peyton two, J. B. Brown one win and a tie, Phil Steubener one, C. S. Wilson one, James one, and Petrola one tie.

Starting in with two wins, he won the postponed shoot and also the regular shoot, tying Bauskett and Taylor, who each had four wins. Taylor had an off day, and seemed to have a slim show, but he pulled himself together in the tie, and made a clean score—15 straight, while Barr scored 12 and Bauskett 13. The tie was shot off from 20yds.

A high wind prevailed, which made the shooting rather difficult. The consensus of opinion among the boys seems to be that Uncle Billy Wagner could have run away with the trophy if he had been so disposed; but he has been in the game so long that he has much charity for younger shooters, and he gave way to them by absenting himself from the shoots during September and October.

Washington shooters have also watched with interest a series of live-bird shoots held at Bladensburg, Md., between Mr. F. N. Bauskett and Phil Steubener. The first match was for $100 a side and was won by Bauskett. The second match was for a similar amount and resulted in a tie. The third match was for $125 a side, and was won by Bauskett. Both men did creditable work, especially in the second event. The birds in this contest were corking good ones, which made the match especially interesting. Following are the scores:

First Match.

Bauskett	111210122111011101111211110—21
	211111111111111111111121110—24—45
Steubener	221220121120111111121111—22
	121222121200221210001102O—18—40

Second Match.

Bauskett	211211*111112211211212211—24
	211*111211121121211*21211—23—47
Steubener	121221012112111222111121l—24
	1211*211211211121*2211212—23—47

Third Match.

Steubener	121*101121111201111102111—21
	112112112111101112111112—24—45
Bauskett	211111211101121110112110—22
	112112111211111211112111—25—47

Howell—Did that fellow who wanted you to invest have a sure thing, as he claimed?

Powell—Yes; I was it.—Judge.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 27.—The shooting at Jackson Park to-day was one of great pleasure to all who were fortunate enough to come out to the grounds. The air was very clear, but at times there was a very tricky wind, which seemed to get in its fine work at a time when most of the shooters were trying their best to make a good score. It seemed to have no respect for any one. Every one of the shooters got more or less of those twisting, dipping and raising targets which it seemed impossible to negotiate to their desire, and the consequence was a miss, and at times there was plenty of them, causing much merriment among those present during the afternoon.

Dr. Hunter came over again from Grantwood, N. J. Along with him came an old friend, who made his first visit to the Jackson Park grounds. It was Mr. H. P. Fessenden. He was certainly delighted with his outing, and he promised to come again.

Several of the Jackson Park boys, members of the North Jersey Auto Club, came out in their autos and joined in the sport of trapshooting during the afternoon, and there was great enjoyment among them while it lasted. They all promised to come again and bring more victims along.

Everybody seemed to get more enjoyment out of this afternoon than I have seen in many a day. I think the sport will prove greater than in past years, or since the stopping of live-bird shooting, which was a great blow to the Jackson Park Club, as the boys certainly reveled in the live-bird game.

The Jacksons will boom the sport in this section again this season, and expect to entertain some large gatherings of shooters before the trees bloom again.

The shoot for Thanksgiving Day is giving every indication of being a great success. Promises from local shooters and members of the Jackson club, which contains many good shots who are capable of holding their own with any of them, assure us of a large shoot. The North Caldwell Gun Club will visit us on that date.

The boys will be out again next Saturday afternoon to get in shape for the opening of the hunting season, and if any one wishes to join in they are welcome to come out, and we will look after them. Ammunition always on hand.

Six events were on to-day's programme, and good scores were recorded on the list to many of the men at the traps. There were three 10- and as many 15-target events, and while some of the shooters did not appear in two or three of the events, it will be seen that the average was on a par with that presented by the regular shooters among the local clubs so far in the season. Dr. Charles Hunter, of Edgewater, one of the members of the club, scored high. He broke 15 targets in the second 15 event, 9 each in the first and last 10, and 13 and 12 respectively in the final 15s. Eddie Morgan also handed out several spectacular pieces of work. In the first 10 he scored every target, and in the fourth event, at 15 targets, he scored 13. A. Radcliffe made a record of 14 in the last 15 event. The other shooters could not have made records, when the fact was considered that in many instances they had not been at the traps in a long time. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10
Morgan	10	9	6	13	10	5
Hunter	9	15	7	13	12	9
Fessenden	6	6	4	4	13	8
Radcliffe	5	10	6	11	14	8
Baxter	4	9	5	7	9	9
Horandt	2	4	2	4	..	..
Low	7	7	3	11	..	..
De Long	3	11	6	14	..	..
Beattie	7	3	7	11	..	..
Mitchell	..	..	3	4	..	..
Sindu	..	10	8	10	..	..
Trackler	..	..	3	6	..	..
W Kussmaul	..	..	..	..	10	..
J Kussmaul	..	..	..	..	..	5

WM. DUTCHER.

B. S. A. Shoot.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Blue sky and sunshine (the first in ten days) enticed sixteen shooters to the traps at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds Thursday afternoon, Oct. 25, and keen interest was taken in the White Flier shoot. The preliminary events were two $1 miss-and-outs, with nine entries. In the first event the money was divided between Dupont, Capt. Malone and C. Malone, who scored 6 each. The second event was a handicap, 28 to 30yds., and the shooters moved back a yard after each shot. Waters and Dupont were literally "on the fence." They were back to 35yds., the ground limit. After killing several birds from that distance Waters lost a twisting outgoer that was inconsiderate enough to die just out of bounds, giving Dupont, Roder and Moxley the money on 12 straight. The scores:

Roder, 28	222210—5	211221222212—12
Moxley, 28	22120 —4	121212212212—12
Meares, 26	2210 —3	1111210 — 6
Waters, 30	120 —2	211211111220—11
C Malone, 29	111111—6	1210 — 3
J Malone, 30	211112—6	11111110 — 7
Dupont, 30	122221—6	111122111111—12
Cottman, 27		0 — 0
Ridgely, 26		11110 — 4

The main event was to have been at 20 white fliers, but it had to be reduced to 15 on account of the darkness. As it was, in the last two rounds the birds could hardly be seen, and most of the shooters wanted the race declared off at the end of the twelfth round. I fail to understand why these shoots begin too late to be finished in a satisfactory way. "Many men, many minds." and there is always a wrangle, somebody invariably dissatisfied. An easy solution of the matter would be to have the main event first, and the miss-and-outs after that was finished.

Hood Waters and Jones in the 15-bird race, made a straight. The first white fliers had little spirit; they were tame and listless, seeming to realize their "days were numbered'; but occasionally a screamer darted from the traps and escaped. There were three money prizes. The first was divided between Waters and Jones; second money went to Clarence Malone and George Mordecai, and third money was divided by Moxley and Walker. The entrance was $10 each. The scores:

Roder, 27	120210011111112—12
Brown, 27	022121202120222—12
J Malone, 30	1120211110101w
Waters, 30	212122211222222—15
C Malone, 29	122212220121111—14
Meares, 26	0122202101110w
Rokos, 25	1202010120100w
Keller, 25	2201012111100w
Moxley, 28	220122102111112—13
Cotman, 28	1*111111012220—12
Mordecai, 28	111212220111112—14
Jones, 28	121112122112121—15
Dupont, 30	21110001112w
Bowen, 28	2212102lw
Walker, 29	102220212122222—13

The shooting season at the B. S. A. closed Saturday, Oct. 27, with a 25-bird race between Roder and Watkins, which was won by Watkins, 20 to 19. These gentlemen are young and enthusiastic shooters, and both have done excellent work.

Haze Keller shot white fliers for the first time Thursday afternoon and scored 9 out of 13. He should be very proud of his success, and with a little practice will cause the other shooters to look to their laurels.

A SOCIAL TRAMP.

Raleigh Gun Club.

THE sixth annual tournament of the Raleigh Gun Club was held Oct. 16 and 17. The attendance was small compared with that of previous shoots.

Our club was the first in this state to hold annual tournaments, and we have always drawn attendance from this state, Virginia and South Carolina.

Many difficulties confronted the shooters both days, making good scores impossible—strong wind and drizzling rain all the time, causing a disagreeable feeling and no disposition to shoot.

The visiting trade representatives present were Emory H. Storr, Col. J. T. Anthony and Guy Ward.

Various and sundry reasons kept the other regular attendants away.

An extra event was shot on the second day for a Marlin repeating rifle, which was won by Ward on 22, after tying Walls on 23.

Ward won high professional average, 361 out of 400. Lyon won high amateur average, 346; Johnson second, 340.

Scores of Oct. 16:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Ward	200	174	Anthony	200	154
Storr	200	170	Boushee	200	117
Warren	200	140	Dreher	200	149
Stokley	200	158	Ellington	200	154
Johnson	200	166	Webb	120	81
Lyon	200	175	Gowan	60	37

Scores of Oct. 17:

Ward	200	187	Dreher	200	155
Storr	200	181	Sims	200	155
Walls	200	176	Ellington	200	160
Stokley	200	173	Barrett	180	137
Johnson	200	174	Walters	180	126
Lyon	200	171	Parker	40	30
Anthony	200	151	Lyon	40	34
Barnes	200	159			

R. T. GOWAN.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Oct. 27.—The shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club was well attended to-day. Some shooters who have had well seasoned practice at the traps were present, besides a few who were comparatively newcomers. The scores were of many degrees of excellence, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Kelly	21	22	23	21	24	23
E Voorhies	19	20	17	14	..	..
H Voorhies	21	16	13	18	..	..
Bergen	18	18	15	18	17	..
Dreyer	..	..	..	13	15	..
Creamer	19	17	18	19	20	20
Shevlin	14	8	12	12	..	9
Lockwood	15	17	15	15	..	18
Dreyer	13	14	..	..	..	17
Wynn	..	9	14	..	..	..
Dondena	..	14	12	10	11	17
Howard	..	..	14	19	14	17
Griffith	..	..	..	..	20	19

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The trophy event had winners as follows: Class A, Eaton and Dr. Reynolds, 21; Class B, Smedes, 17; Class C, Thomas, 15. Dupont cup: Class A, Eaton, 14; Class B, Smedes, 9; Class C, Thomas, 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	15
McDonald	7	8	10	9	8	3	13	11
Meek	6	5	..	..	9	9	20	8
Smedes	7	9	10	9	9	9	17	9
Eaton	8	8	8	7	8	8	21	14
George	9	7	6	5	6	6	19	12
Thomas	5	8	6	7	..	..	15	9
Ford	8	9	..	..	..	..	20	11
Dr Stewart	6	5	7	..	..	5	16	5
Herr	5	4	5	7	..	..	..	8
Paul Meek	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Reynolds	..	..	..	..	7	6	21	..

No. 7 was the trophy event. No. 8 was the Dupont cup.

Form in Shooting.

I, too, was surprised to see the hand well forward on the muzzle termed a "new" style of shooting. Probably there are very few shooters who now adopt the trigger-guard as the place for the left hand, but what killed that position, which is generally to be seen in old pictures, is, I think, not very well known. It was the under lever of the early breechloaders, about fifty years ago, that finally snuffed it out. These under levers did not exactly fit the trigger guards, but there was room to get the flesh of the hand between the two pieces, and in recoil this was unpleasant; it gave the involuntary pull to the flesh we have heard so much about, although triggers were not involved in the disturbance. After this, the fore-ends became the best place for holding, because many of the gun-makers put lumps on the end of these pieces, that made them awkward to hold anywhere near this projection. Either the hand had to be on the fore-end behind this lump, or it had to be well in front of it. Another reason why the hand was not put forward in the muzzleloading days was because of the ramrod, which filled the space beneath the barrels, and was, to say the least, dirty to hands or gloves.

In those days most men, as far as I remember, shot in white kid gloves, ball room remnants, but very convenient for handling a trigger, at a time when it was much more necessary than now to have sensitive fingers for shooting. The putting the triggers to half-cock upon a cold day was a delicate piece of work, to which its equivalent of pushing the safety-bolt bears not the slightest resemblance whatever. Then the finding and putting on of the cap was another task not to be performed with thick gloves or cold fingers. A similar delicate operation was priming the touch-hole in the days of the flint and steel. The hole in the nipple had a way of working larger after a season's heavy shooting, and guns of mine have become self-cocking in consequence. But this self-cocking had no advantage, since nobody would have thought of charging his muzzleloader with the hammer either at half or at full cock.

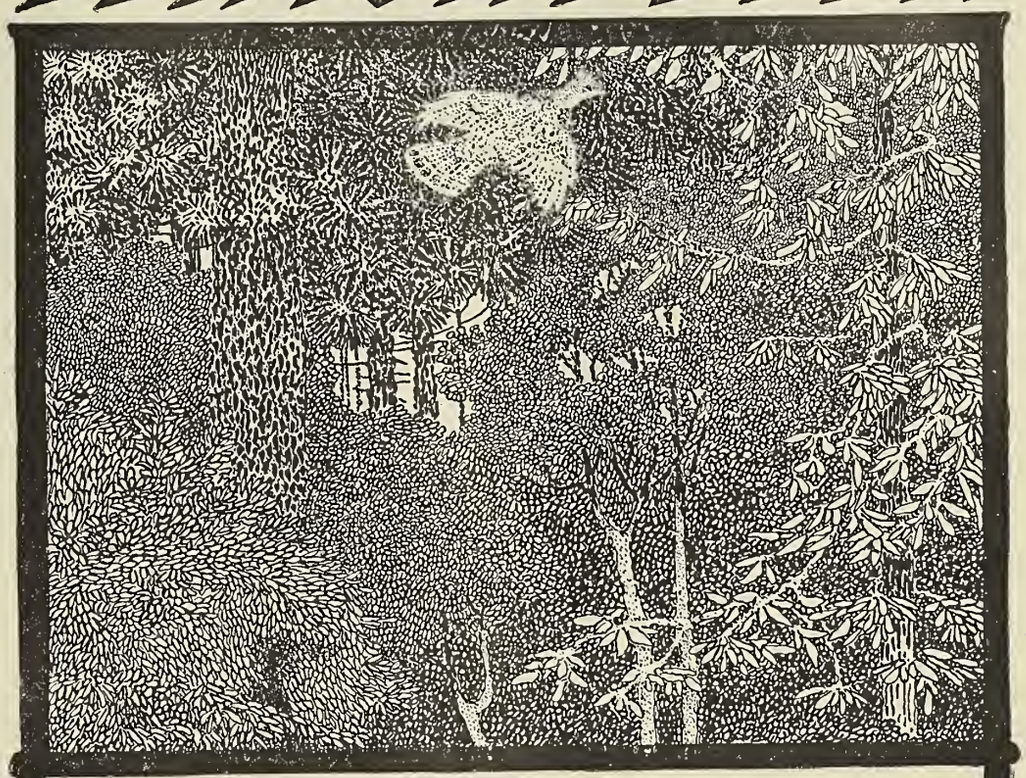
But I often wonder whether this fault in the old guns gave rise to the idea of hammerless actions, which are of course miscalled "hammerless," since they have internal hammers that are self-cocking. The hand received another very important push forward when nitro powders were first introduced. These powders regularly exhibited less pressure on the pressure gauges than black powders, and as regularly burst guns that had been built for the black powders. The reason remained unstated for many years, but it was this: That, although the black powder gave a higher pressure where it lay, that is to within one inch of the false breech, its pressure was very much lower at 2½in. from that base; but the nitro powder, with its slightly lower pressure at 1in., had sometimes a higher, and generally as high a pressure at the 2½in. position. The result was the average chamber pressure of the early nitro powders was much the higher, and these pressures cracked up the old thin chambers like broken wine glasses. But the forward pressure again was not high, and the barrels well forward are no thicker to-day that when they were made for black powder. So that it was observed that the safest place for the left hand was as far forward as it could reach, and probably that was the reason a great many hands went more forward than ever before. But this method was confirmed by the pigeon shooting that was so fashionable between 1865 and 1875.

Two things will prove this to any one who likes to try it. A pigeon is always rising, and it is much easier to aim at a thing than to make allowance for it; you naturally aim at what you look at. Consequently, to aim above, it was necessary to look above for this class of quick shooting. But two ways were adopted for overcoming that difficulty, so that shooters might look at their bird, aim at it, and yet shoot above it; one of them was the straight stock, which brought the eye in alignment with the foresight and half an inch (more or less) above the rib at the breech end. That half inch at 30yds. range made the difference of 15in. above the pigeon, and enabled the birds to be dropped almost on the traps, whereas an allowance above is not nearly as quick. The other method was to slide the hand forward of the position occupied in game shooting, and this, too, had a like effect of tilting up the muzzle. Those who hold near the fore end can try the effect for themselves; those who hold forward, on the other hand, can see by trial that their muzzle will come up low if they put up the gun with a hold further back than is usual with them.

Your first article on this subject, I believe, mentioned the importance of the position of the feet; a correspondent does so also; but it is not a subject that lends itself to teaching by others very much, although it may to schooling one's self. For instance, to make a movement right face, some would prefer to bring forward the left foot and others to bring back the right leg, and this also would be greatly influenced by the foothold. A peat hag is not a place on which there is a great variety of choice, and yet it often happens that a proper "instinctive" selection of foothold, on such an insecure place, leads to a balance of the body which no thought would have time to direct, and memory, which should come of teaching, would be even more lagging.

This broad principle seems to me to be enough—that if a leg movement has to take place at all, it should be made before the aligning is attempted, and not during that operation. At the same time, a free swing, and consequently the way a gun is held, is greatly in favor of an absence of the necessity of leg movement; and, speaking only personally, there is one shot for which the rule of no alignment during leg movement breaks down—at least, it does so in my case, and in that of some others I have watched. It is this: If you take a step backward as you are aligning an overhead bird coming from your front, you can get back to a wonderful angle without any strain of the body. I should guess it at about 45 degrees behind the vertical line above the shooter's head. This has often given me a bird that I could not have caught up with without it, and has prevented the necessity of turning round when to do so would have been to be too late, and also to lose touch with more coming birds. In my own case, it is not at all an unsteady shot, or a slower one that I make at other angles. To put it another way, you get back as far as you can, and prevent a fall by catching yourself on the till then advanced foot. If any one, who does not know, will try it, I think they will find this kind of shot very easy, and that it in no way interferes with the steadiness of the swinging gun, but, on the contrary, prevents that jerk and stop in the swing back, which is sure to result in missing, when one is trying to do just a little more than one can. Although swerve may require a quick movement, which is rarely effective, mere pace of game at any range beyond 20yds. does not. Few who are educated to believe in the great pace of driven birds can credit the fact, which is mathematically correct, that even a bird at 100ft. per second (over 60 miles an hour) at 30yds. range only requires a muzzle movement of a trifle over 3ft. a second to beat him; and, when it is remembered that an ordinary walk is four miles an hour, or 6ft. a second, we see why the deliberate shooters are the most successful.—A Believer in Science, in the County Gentleman.

WINCHESTER



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Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The scores herewith were made at a regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, Oct. 27. Event No. 3 was a handicap of the shotgun series with a stag-handled carving set for special prize. The event was won by Joe Willi, Jr., who shot away above any previous performance of his. Event No. 4, also a handicap, for a sole leather gun case, resulted in a tie between Ted Brewerton and C. G. Blandford. The latter won on a tie on a shoot-off, same handicap as in event 5, by one target. Event 5, for an ebony-handled chafing dish set was won by Col. Franklin Brandreth on a shoot-off with A. Bedell. The first 15 targets of the shoot were a scratch prize event, and was won by Col. Brandreth. Targets were thrown hard, and a heavy wind made hard shooting. The special prizes shot for to-day were given by Col. Brandreth, and were well worth one's best efforts to win.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	25	25	15
Edw Brewerton, 9	6	6	12	15	12	..
W S Haight, 3	5	7	11	12	16	..
J C Barlow, 6	5	3	10	10	12	..
J T Hyland, 3	9	9	15	16	17	8
C G Blandford, 3	7	6	19	21	20	11
A Bedell, 3	7	7	18	20	2	10
J Willi, Jr, 7	5	6	18	16	12	8
F Brandreth, 5	5	9	14	18	21	12
W H Coleman, 2	..	..	21	18	20	11
R A Ward, 12	..	..	..	..	..	5

C. G. B.

Keystone Gun Club.

LEBANON, Pa.—The eleventh annual fall tournament of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, Pa., came to a most successful close with its two-day programme, the first day calling for 220 targets. There was a hurricane wind to contend with, which drove good scores to the woods.

The scores made by the first three amateurs, as well as the professionals, was exceptionally creditable.

The race for first selection on the valuable merchandise list was very interesting. Mr. Foord, the crack shot from Willmington, Del., won out with one target ahead of the entire field. H. Buckwalter, second and Geo. Hansell third. Our much esteemed old friend, J. A. R. Elliott, looked like a sure winner, but tried too hard and his carefulness cost him a few targets. Anything was liable to happen under the weather conditions. A straight score by anybody was heartily applauded by the large gallery. A glance at the scores will show very few of the much coveted straights.

The second day was much better, for the wind fell considerably over night. Seventeen shooters faced the traps to take a chance at the live birds. Wm. Spicer, of Daneville, Pa., was high gun and won the beautiful gold watch fob which was given to the contestant killing the greatest number of birds of the programme calling for 32 birds. It was donated by Nat. Ressler. In the miss-and-out events Wm. Heppler, of Harrisburg, Pa., made the best showing by killing his last 35 straight. Sam Trafford, of Lebanon, Pa., was runner-up, and shot well.

The field was not as large as was expected, but was good, considering the weather.

Lewis E. Smith, of Baltimore, was the promoter of a badger fight during the night lay-off, and fully 400 spectators were present. It was a treat, and was very much enjoyed.

The club held open house at their beautiful headquarters on South Eighth street, which proved a very convenient place for the shooters to assemble.

Both programmes were finished in splendid time for everybody to catch trains from abroad and take every prize he won with him as a trophy of one of the best little shoots ever held in eastern Pennsylvania, as everything went off without a hitch or kick, which proves that Lebanon is supplied with material to handle the next state shoot.

The boys all felt that they were given a square deal, and left a feeling of good fellowship behind. They assured the management of their return to future gatherings.

Oct. 25, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	
Foord	15	16	19	19	20	18	17	18	19	20	17	198
Buckwalter	17	20	16	18	17	19	18	18	20	17	17	197
Hansell	17	17	17	18	18	17	16	19	19	19	17	194
Apgar	19	16	16	18	16	19	15	17	16	18	15	187
Bissett	17	13	17	16	12	16	14	19	18	16	16	174
Adams	16	13	13	15	17	14	10	16	18	11	9	150
Glover	16	17	15	15	17	16	16	17	20	18	19	186
Elliott	20	17	16	20	18	16	17	20	15	14	0	193
Squires	15	17	16	16	19	15	17	17	17	19	19	188
Coble	14	16	16	16	17	17	14	16	15	16	17	174
Watts	13	12	13	10	11	16	15	16	12	14	16	148
Hoffman	13	16	15	15	19	17	18	16	16	18	16	119
Patrick	14	7	13	13	14	18	15	14	9	18	16	151
Andrews	13	16	17	17	11	14	13	15	10	17	17	160
Woods	13	14	16	16	16	17	16	15	16	15	16	179
Kreuger	16	12	13	14	16	15	16	18	18	18	13	169
Shavaman	15	17	17	17	17	15	16	17	18	18	16	171
Smith	9	13	15	10	16	16	10	9	11	11	12	132
Diffenbaugh	14	12	15	14	14	11	12	12	15	13	12	144
Barr	19	15	15	16	18	13	15	16	18	17	15	177
Trafford	19	15	16	18	11	10	19	16	15	14	15	168
Ebehorn	10	9	16	15	14	12	16	11	16	15	15	149
Jones	15	11	10	..	..	..	13	15	10	..	..	74
Kissinger	15	17	17	15	18	17	15	12	15	18	18	174
Van	13	9	..	..	9	12	..	..	7	..	..	50
Hinnershitz	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Goodman	..	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Schneider	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	16	15	16	14	88
Rump	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	17	..	..	45
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	24

No. 1, 7 live birds, $5.

Spicer, 29	2222222—7	Bollman, 29	2022200—4
Williams, 30	2222220—6	Bissett, 28	2222022—6
Smith, 27	1121222—7	Sellers, 28	2020222—5
Rump, 27	2022222—6	Gruber, 28	2021022—5
Willmington, 30	2222202—6	Krause, 27	2100210—4
Patrick, 28	2202022—5	Confer, 27	0021102—4
Hansell, 29	2222222—7	Trafford, 29	2222202—6
Woods, 29	2222222—7	Kissenger, 28	0222101—5
Andrews, 27	2220222—6		

No. 2, 10 birds, $8:

Spicer	0022122222—8	Van	0001120111—6
Williams	2022022022—7	Patrick	0222022200—6
Smith	0211011210—7	Kissinger	1012012220—6
Zellers	0022210212—7	Andrews	0202020222—6
Confer	2120011120—7	Gruber	2222222200—8
Bissett	0222210220—7	Trafford	0222222220—8
Hepler	2222202222—9	Woods	0220202022—6

Oct. 26, Second Day.

No. 3, 15 birds, $10:

Jones	221221222222222—15
Spicer	220222222222222—14
Trafford	202222222022222—13
Kissinger	022222222022202—12
Confer	202102101110212—11
Hepler	220222222222002—12
Patrick	2212001020221000— 9
Millard	202222022022202—11
James	202002002120210— 8

No. 4, $1, miss-and-out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Trafford	22222—5	22222—5
Hepler	22222—5	22222—6
Duffy	21111—5	11111—6
Ressler	22220—4	2220 —3
Patrick	22220—4	
Millard	21120—4	0
Jones	22210—4	22220 —4
Zellers	1220 —3	
Kissinger	2120 —3	
Rump	0	
Patrick	0	
Webb	0	10

Event No. 3:

Trafford	22222222222222222222222—23
Hepler	22222222222222222222222—23
Jones	22222222222222222222220—22

Doubles:

Hepler .....01 11 11 11—7 Trafford .....11 10 11 01—6

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 27.—The regular weekly shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club, held at Columbus Heights, above Riverside, had favorable weather conditions to-day. A breeze made erratic flights of the targets, and therefore taxed the skill of the shooters to the utmost. Sixteen shooters took part in the competition. Good scores were made as a rule, and the general results were somewhat above the average.

There were ten events, just enough to complete an enjoyable afternoon's sport.

There were several visitors on the grounds from clubs in this section, and they witnessed with considerable interest the efforts of the local shooters, Banta held the high average for the day, making 23 in each of two 25-target events. Joe Spaeth and F. H. Lewis were a good second.

The club will hold a meeting on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at No. 1 Arch street, when business of importance will be transacted, and every member is requested to be present.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	25	25	15	10	15	25	10	25
J Spaeth	9	9	23	20	10	7	..	16	..	12
W Banta	10	7	20	23	10	7	..	23	..	..
H Beckler	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W H Wilson	2	4	..	..	3	4	4	..	..	..
R H Nichols	8	3	16	12	10	9	..	21	..	..
H Bredder	6	6	..	..	9	4	..	..	..	..
J Gunderman	1	6	..	..	3	3	..	..	..	..
F H Lewis	11	9	20	21	12	6	9	..	..	..
A Veenstra	..	..	15	..	10	3	..	..	..	..
H Wright	..	..	16	8	5	5	..	13	..	..
C Lewis	..	..	15	..	8	5	..	..	..	..
R Castamore	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	3	..
A Edmonds	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	..
J Holliwell	..	..	12	6	..	..	9	17	5	..
J E Bender	..	..	19	11	8	5	..	17	..	10
Dr Reagan	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	2	5

No. 10 was at doubles

Highland Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 27.—The Highland Gun Club to-day had a team match as a special feature. There were seven men on a side, and each shot at 15 targets. The scores of the team contest were as follows:

Pierson's Team.		Bisbing's Team.	
Hamell	13	Laurent	13
A Sheffer	12	Bisbing	11
Burn	12	T Shaffer	11
Wakeley	12	Hilt	11
Myers	10	E Wentz	10
Brady	7	Gilbert	6
Pierson	6—72	Emley	5—67

The club event at 25 targets was won by Lohr, who broke straight and thereby easily led all his opponents, as follows: Lohr 25, Woll 21, Pierson 19, M. Wentz 18, Hilt 18, R. Bisbing 19, M. Bisbing 18, Ringgold 17, Hamell 17, Royer 16, Laurent 15, Davis 14, Emley 9, Myers 17.

The club handicap event was at 50 targets and had seventeen contestants. Myers, Lohr and Shaffer tied on 50, as follows:

	Hdp.	T'l.		Hdp.	T'l.
Ringgold	4	39	Myers	12	50
Hamel	4	43	M Wentz	4	46
Lohr	4	50	R Bisbing	4	37
Davis	12	47	F Wentz	9	42
Hilt	12	46	Shaffer	12	50
Laurent	7	41	R Bisbing	7	45
Royer	4	42	Burn	9	44
Pierson	12	47	Brady	.	12
Greenwood	9	29			

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 20.—A splendid shoot was enjoyed at the Columbus Gun Club grounds to-day, and Mr. Lon Fisher, of Lakeside, was on hand to tell the boys about the fine shoot they are to have at Buckeye Lake the latter part of this month. The congenial Mr. Gross was a very welcome visitor. Mr. Condit, of Sunbury, came for a hurried visit, and the boys were glad to see him.

Shattuck had a little possum dinner Friday evening with a few of the boys out.

There will be some big doings by the old log fire this winter, and the big piano just put in the Assembly Room will help out some. The Gun Club Quartette next.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Bassell	16	17	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	15	16	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Treat	19	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wayne	18	15	20	17	10	15	14	21	17	
Jessie Smith	15	16	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Condit	17	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gross	21	20	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buchanan	24	20	19	22	22	24	..	..	..	..
Willitt	18	21	20	15	23	23	19	23	22	21

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 27.—Some seven men shot through six events this afternoon. Owing to the stiff gale blowing across the field, no high scores were made.

Event 1 was tied for by Allan and Boxall, event 2 going to Bush with 12 breaks to his credit.

Event 3, 50 targets, handicap, the monthly event for the members' trophy of 1906, was won by Cockefair.

Event 4, the final event for the field gun presented by Mr. Colquitt, went to Bush, Barnes not competing. This gives the prize, a T. W. Stake double-barreled hammerless gun, valued at $65, to Cockefair, with four wins to his credit, with Boxall a close second with three wins.

On next Saturday (Nov. 3) the club visits Rahway, where they enter in competition with some nine other clubs in a ten-man team race for a silver punch bowl.

Events:	1	2	3			4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	25	H. T'l	25	10	15
Allan	9	11	19	20	0 39	12	3	14
Bush	5	12	21	18	0 39	19	7	8
Barnes	8	11	16	18	0 34	21	..	9
Cockefair	6	10	18	20	4 42	18	6	10
Winslow	5	8	13	13	8 34	15	4	7
Moffett	8	11	19	21	0 40	6	7	8
Boxall	9	9	20	17	4 41	13	6	11

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 22.—The semi-monthly shoot of the Florists' Gun Club, held at Wissinoming to-day was well attended, fifteen taking part in the club event, in which McCarty was high with 43 out of a possible 50, and second place was a tie between Harrison and Tansey, each scoring 41. The scores:

Club shoot:

McCarty	48	Ford	34
Harrison	41	McKenney	33
Tansey	41	Richards	32
Bell	40	Massey	32
Coleman	39	Allen	32
Buckner	38	Thomas	32
Harris	35	Adams	31
Shaw	34		

Event at 50 targets:

Harrison	46	Bell	35
Ford	46	Allen	34
Tansey	43	Snyder	32
McCarty	43	Thomas	31
Shaw	42	Richards	30
Curtis	39	Williams	39
Arnold	38	Adams	30
McKenney	38	Buckner	29
Harris	37	Gunther	28
Goll	32	Green	22
Coleman	35		

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Oct. 27.—The Keystone Shooting League opened its live-bird season on Oct. 27. A club event, 50 birds, for a handsome silver cup donated by Mr. Frank Eames, was the chief event. It was a handicap contest, 26 to 30yds., high guns. The grounds and club house at Holmesburg Junction have been greatly improved, with a view to meet the requirements of a busy and broader season of competition. Scores in cup event, 50 birds:

	Hdp.	Tl		Hdp.	Tl
Luther	28	47	W T Smith	27	44
Johnston	29	47	McCarty	28	44
Johns	29	45	Hink	29	44
Budd	29	44	McDonald	27	41
Harrison	28	44	Sanford	29	41

Shot at 25:

Archer	26	22	Spear	27	17

Shoot-off of tie, 10 birds:

Luther	28	10	Johnston 29	9

At Point Breeze.

THE live-bird season opened at the Philadelphia Driving Park, Point Breeze, on Oct. 27, with a good attendance of shooters and their friends. A strong wind assisted the birds.

The programme consisted of one 10-bird event, $5 entrance, and two 5-bird events.

Ten birds, $5 entrance, handicap:

Staley, 30	2222222222—10	Muller, 30	2220222222— 9
Clegg, 28	2121222222—10	Felix, 30	2212021022— 8
Fisher, 30	2222222222—10	Redmond, 28	2000221110— 6
Toughill, 28	2210222112— 9	Smith, 28	1220101110— 7
Murphy, 30	1220121221— 9	Charlton, 28	2200012022— 6
Weinert, 30	2022222222— 9		

Five birds: Muller 5, Weinert 5, Staley 5, Fisher 5, Clegg 4, Smith 4, Felix 4, Redmond 4, Murphy 3.

Five birds: Weinert 5, Staley 4, Clegg 4, Fisher 4, Felix 4, Redmond 4, Muller 2.

Haddonfield—North Camden.

THE Haddonfield Gun Club, Oct. 27, defeated the North Camden Gun Club in a ten-man team contest, 25 targets per man, by a score of 158 to 138, as follows:

Haddonfield.		North Camden.	
Heiss	18	Pfeil	18
J D Bennett	14	Rice	15
W Shreve	14	Fink	14
E Webster	17	Gest	11
G Revon	14	Stratton	15
E Tomlinson	15	Fleming	7
G Everett	15	French	18
E T Gill	12	Murray	3
F Holloway	20	Chalmers	18
F Tomlinson	19—158	Tilton	19—138

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WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

Wilmington, O., held a shoot Oct. 25, for the benefit of the Clinton county shooters. There were ten events, all on the Jack Rabbit system, and a good time was reported.

Having made high average at the late shoot of the Red City Gun Club, Rockland, Ill., J. Graham, Long Lake, Ill., has now a good chance to own the diamond medal. Alex. Sance, Capron, Ill, won the rifle on a perfect score. Mr. Knussell, Ottawa, won the pipe, and Tom Maluna, of the home club, the pipe holder.

The premier event of the season at Boise, Idaho, was won by the youngest member of the club, Sherman Johnson. Scores by per cent.: Sherman Johnson 85, G. M. Anderson 84, J. G. Gray 84, E. H. Moberly 81, Al. Alderman 76, R. W. Farris 73, C. J. Johnson 70, A. F. Lewis 68, T. P. Stewart 44.

Joe Brashaw, Homer, Ill., writes that the shoot held there Oct. 23 and 24 was a good one, and that the sportsmen had a time of it shooting and fishing. They were all loud in their praise of the grounds.

Sol. Glahn, of Clarence, Md., shot at 25 targets and broke 4, and then thought he should not pay the secretary of the club for those he missed.

F. T. Wilcox, J. S. Carr, Joseph Lopp, William Heaman, Stephen Curtis, T. M. Buckley and Peter M. Giles, of Le Roy, N. Y., were visitors at Batavia, to participate in a bluerock shoot.

The Marion, Ind., boys are still shooting regularly on Tuesday. Wm. Park won the miss-and-out. Harry Creviston won the walking match, and Chas. Creviston the handicap with a straight score, and he is being congratulated by his host of friends.

Wednesday afternoon members of the Vincennes, Ind., Gun Club met at their park. The first prize was won by Wm. H. Moore, 78 out of 100. Second prize went to John Jennings and the third to James Hughes.

The Valley Beagle Club, Martin's Ferry, W. Va., report the loss of several thousand pigeons by theft. The club house door was broken and the guilty ones are under suspicion.

The Sunset Gun Club, of Eldora, Ia., is holding regular shoots and report an improvement in scores.

The Will County Gun Club, Joliet, Ill., held an important business meeting last Friday night.

Members of the Danville, Ill., Gun Club are scouring the country for spring chickens, with which to feed their guests at the tournament.

Shooters at Vincent, Ia., have organized a gun club.

At the practice shoot at Des Moines, Ia., Mr. Layman made the very good score of 99 out of 100, French 94, Budd 88, McCown 84, Pettit 80; Kline 46 out of 50, McDonald 63 out of 75.

The Cass County Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday at Virginia, Ill., under the management of Jesse King and James Meade. The best score was 85 out of 90, made by Ed. Scott, the well-known Jacksonville shot.

The fall tournament of the Manito Gun Club was held at the grounds south of town last Thursday. A good attendance was reported.

The Glenwood, Ia., Gun Club held a shoot Friday last with shooters present from Tabor, Henderson, Emmerson, Silver City and Council Bluffs. A. S. Edwards, of Glenwood, was high with 90 per cent.

The shoot held by Dr. Cook last week at his home, New London, Ia., was a successful one. The wind was high and scores good. O. N. Ford, Central City, Ia., was high amateur with 187; Spencer and Kline, for the experts, with 183. Sam Nau won high score for the tri-county badge, 171. Dr. Cook won the tri-county individual championship with 47 out of 50. Many prizes were distributed, and it was the best little shoot held this year in that vicinity.

W. H. Mankey won the first general average, with J. G. Gray a close second, at the Boise, Idaho, shoot on Wednesday last. Al Alderman won the Eastman Taylor medal, J. G. Gray the Fowler medal. W. H. Williamson won the Lewis loving cup with 175 out of 200. This was the last shoot of the season, and at 200 targets the scores were: F. M. Eastman 167, J. G. Gray 170, Al. Alderman 164, W. H. Williamson 169, A. S. Garber 163, W. H. Mankey 168, O. E. H. Moberly 168.

Two members of the Pierz Gun Club, Little Falls, Minn., intending to go hunting, rigged out a boat and cart to convey same, yet when they were about to start, early the next morning, they were surprised to find it located on top of a machine shop, to which was attached a card, "The Pierz air ship."

The Berwyn, Ill., Gun Club held its annual meeting at the home of President C. J. Becker. The club was found to be in good financial condition. The club presented the trophy to Mr. Victor J. Redmond, one of the youngest of the members. Arrangements were made for a trophy for the ladies, and the boys under sixteen, during the coming year.

Youngstown, O., Gun Club held a successful tournament last week. The weather was bad—strong wind. W. H. Heer was on hand and made high average, 162 out of 170. E. J. Root was high, 151; R. W. Ewalt second, 149. Youngstown won the team shoot over Brookfield, Kinsman and Sharon. Scores, 170 targets: Heer 162, W. H. Stevens 152, E. J. Root 151, R. W. Ewalt 149, H. G. Smith 147, J. Seaborn 138, W. H. Osborn 124, G. R. Cole 130, D. Jarrett 94. J. D. Elliott 88. At 130: L. Wallis 99, Hughes 99, Armstrong 97, Carley 88, Courtwright 80.

Another gun club has been organized at Oquawka, Ill. Incorporators: Walter Schramm, W. B. Eaton and A. L. Phillips.

There was a good attendance at the Quincy, Ill., tournament last week. At 200 targets, Chas. Spencer scored 196, H. W. Freeman 193, Frank Riehl 184, Cadwallader 182, F. Le Noir 178, H. W. Vietmeyer 175. Amateurs: F. Rodgers 196, G. W. Mackey 194, Holland 189, Huntley 188, Ford 187, Clay 182, Stroop 182, C. Bickmore 175, Giese 171, Constance 171, Goelz 170, Gash 170, Walker 164, Shoop 164, Zimmerman 164, C. A. Nichols 160.

At Woodstock, Ill., H. E. Billings won the powder trophy over Messrs. Ingersoll and Taylor, who fell short. Mr. Billings is proud of his trophy, as it is a handsome one.

Lee Barkley was high gun at the Danville, Ill., shoot, losing 5 in 150. Other scores were: Riehl 137, Lamme 126, Barkley 145, Fitzsimmons 126, Cadwallader 135, Clark 137, Freeman 136, Rogel 127, Boswell 123, Le Noir 135, Huntley 127, McKinley 123, Kinningham 122, Carson 123, Smith 126, Heffey 133, Bell 136, Lee 128, Cameron 115, Thompson 108, Blessing 116, Haas 101, Dawson 114.

A. W. Miles, Lexington, Mont., has donated a $50 repeating gun for a trophy, to be shot for during the coming year. There will be ten contests at 50 targets each. All shooters will be handicapped.

There are now four clubs at Fort Wayne, Ind., and they are shooting team matches every Sunday. Last contest, five men, 25 targets each, Broadway Club beat Fort Wayne by 3 targets; Score 90 to 87. The Independents were not much ahead of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, as the score was 80 to 78. The standing of the clubs to date is as follows: Fort Wayne won 4 lost 1; Broadway won 4 lost 1; Independents won 1 lost 4; Corner Rod and Gun won 1 lost 4.

The regular shoot of the Rock Island, Ill., Gun Club, held at the watch tower last Thursday, was not well attended owing to disagreeable weather.

Ducks are reported as being by the thousand on top of thousands on the fresh-water ponds of California.

Shooting at the Fort Collins, Colo., Gun Club was an enjoyable affair—said to be the best ever held there. Dr. C. M. Smith made the best average. Myles Maryott won second. Mayer also won a special prize, as did E. B. House. The contestants from outside the city were: Chas. Plank, Jack Frazer, H. Money, Denver; A. N. McCreary, J. C. Johnson, Loveland; Walter Brandos, Grant Drayton and Jack O'Grady, of Evans.

D. T. Patton was high gun at the Golf Club, Des Moines, Ia., shoot, held last Saturday. There is to be a change in the location of the traps for mutual benefit.

The Missoula, Mont., Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday, at which a number of outside shooters took part. The day was a fine one, and the scores made were large. First event: Drumgoole took first, 20 straight; Sargent second, Nell Coyne, Kinkel and Ritchie third. Next event, Moody and Woodworth first, Sargent second, and several got in on third.

Competing at 50 clay targets at Spencer Park, Logansport, Ind., last Monday, Northstine scored 45, Miller 38, Enyart 35, Holloway 33, Wirwahn 29, Freeman 28, White 28, Stoll 6.

Last meeting of the Detroit, Mich., Gun Club was conspicuous, as Sipe won A medal; also, Randall won Class B, and Cartwright Class C medals. Scores at 25 targets: Sipe 18, Knott 12, Terry 11, Bogg 3, Davis 20, Butter-

PETERS SHELLS

Won the highest honors at the First Annual Fall Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, Newark, N. J., October 17-18. Mr. E. C. Griffith won High Amateur Average, score 352 x 370, and Mr. Neaf Apgar High Professional Average—both used Peters Factory Loaded Shells.

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This is the **second** International Match within the month of October in which **PETERS AMMUNITION** has scored a victory.

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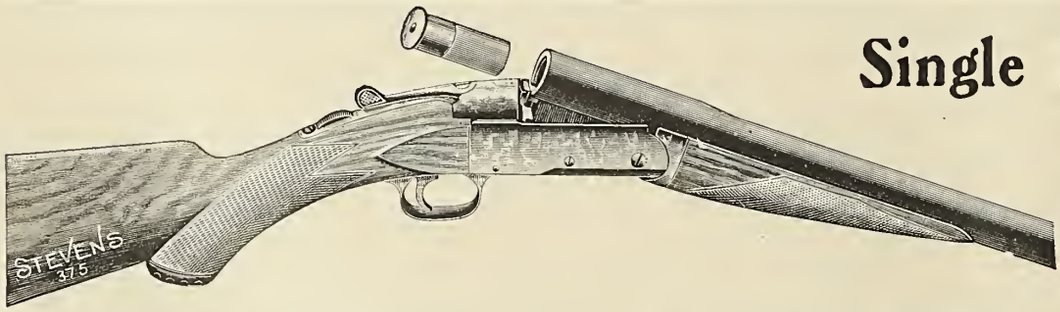

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Twenty members of the Columbia City, Ind., Gun Club met last Saturday evening, and elected Dr. D. S. Linville President and Cleon Foust Secretary. Chas. G. Doriot, Edward Landon and Frank Ness were chosen as the Executive Committee. Arrangements for a big shoot will be made.

New York Athletic Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The October cup was won by Mr. J. W. Hibbard with a total of 50. This win with prior wins secured the cup as his personal property, and considering the high wind, his scores were excellent. In one trophy event at 25 targets, he made a straight score.

October cup, 50 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
J W Hibbard	10	50	F A Hodgman	4	40
F G Pelham	6	46	G W Kuchler	14	36
J Dickerson	4	46	H E Zettel	14	36
A O Fleischman	4	45	S Scott	4	32
G E Greiff	0	45	F Vilmar	12	30
H E Deming	8	41			

Special shoot, 50 targets:

J W Hibbard	10	50	S Scott	4	38
F G Pelham	6	43	F Vilmar	12	38
H E Deming	8	43	F A Hodgman	4	35
G E Greiff	0	42	H E Zettel	14	28
A O Fleischman	4	40			

Special shoot, 50 targets:

J Dickerson	4	47	H E Zittel	14	43
J W Hibbard	10	46	A O Fleischman	4	42
F Vilmar	12	45	G E Greiff	0	42
F G Pelham	6	45	S Scott	4	41
H E Deming	8	43	F A Hodgman	4	33

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

G E Greiff	0	25	H E Deming	5	20
J W Hibbard	0	25	S Scott	4	18
F G Pelham	3	25	F Vilmar	6	15
A O Fleischman	2	20	F A Hodgman	2	13
H E Zittel	7	21			

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

H E Deming	4	22	F G Pelham	3	20
J Dickerson	2	22	F Vilmar	2	18
A O Fleiscman	2	20			

Shoot-off: Dickerson 23, Deming 20.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 27.—First high gun, Jennings, 82; second high gun, James and Crawford, 78 each. Attendance poor.

The only professional on the grounds was Mr. W. H. Heer. Total number of entries, 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	9	12	15	18	21	24	Brk.
S H Moore	7	11	14	12	15	15	74
Jennings	7	11	12	10	20	22	82
Crawford	4	9	12	16	17	20	78
Franklin	5	9	12	15	17	17	75
W H Heer	6	9	11	13	16	16	71
James	7	9	10	15	17	20	78
Malone	4	7	10	6	..	..	27
Dan Smith	4	8	11	14	15	18	70
Miles	5	5	12	8	17	17	64
Webb	..	..	..	11	15	15	41
Moller	..	..	..	..	..	20	20

SECRETARY.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—The regular weekly shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club to-day had fifteen contestants in the club handicap event, at 25 targets. W. Franklin won the prize.

	H.	B.	T.		H.	B.	T.
Franklin	0	22	22	Beyer	0	19	19
Zepp	0	21	21	E Hansell	3	15	18
Woodward	3	18	21	Christ	1	14	15
W Hansell	3	18	21	Longnecker	0	15	15
Cantrell	0	20	20	Johnson	0	15	15
Martin	0	20	20	Gothard	0	12	12
Chandler	0	19	19	Kearney	0	9	9
Benson	0	19	19				

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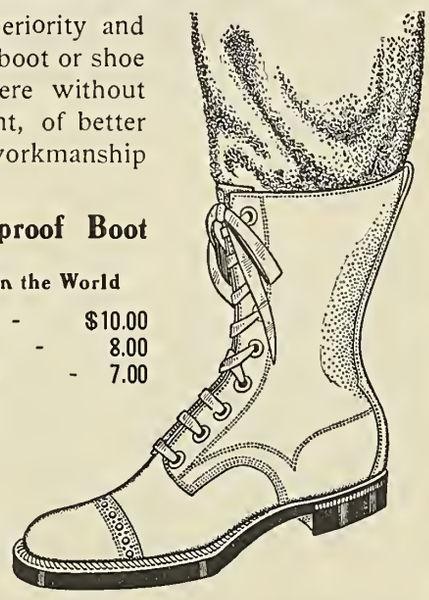

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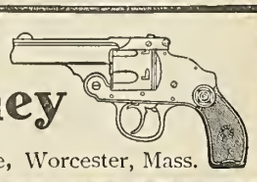

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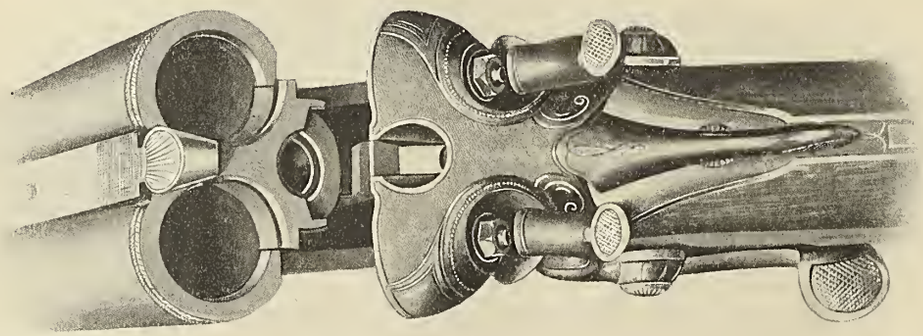

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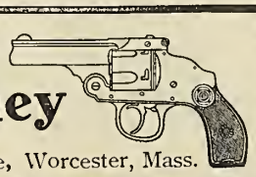


Send for Catalogue. **HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,** 307 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

The Winchester Team.

THE Winchester team kept company with the rain up to Danville, Va., where either they or the rain got out of the track, for it held up just long enough for the exhibition, which was given at the ball park. About 400 lovers of the infatuating game of target shooting braved the elements and appreciated the shooting of the experts.

Mr. Clark, of L. C. Clark & Co., had charge of the arrangements, and much credit is due him for the success of the meet.

The team shot 40 targets, breaking 38, which was a revelation to a great many of the game hunters present, who had never realized what the most improved black powder shells would do. The scores were: Hawkins 10, Crosby 10, Mrs. Topperwein 9, Taylor 9. Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein's fancy exhibition was also a revelation to all, and came in for a great amount of praise. Mrs. Topperwein broke a piece of coal with the .22 auto rifle, and then broke two pieces while they were in the air, and was very much pleased. Old Top. came along and broke a piece, and then broke three of the pieces.

The scores in the 100 targets for the team were: Hawkins 96, Crosby 95, Taylor 93, Mrs. Top. 89, which was a fine score for the day.

Winston, N. C.—The cloudy and rainy elements still followed the team here, but a large crowd journeyed out to the shooting grounds and enjoyed the sport. John Boa joined the team here, and all were glad to greet him.

The fancy shooting of Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein and the performance of the entire team, of breaking 121 and 122 out of 125, drew great applause.

L. S. German, A. M. Hatcher and Guy Ward joined the Winchester team here, and will shoot and go along for a while on the trip.

The team made the following fine scores: Crosby and Hawkins 98, Taylor and Boa 97, Mrs. Topperwein 89. Total 480 out of 500.

German broke 89, Hatcher 95, and Ward 92 out of 100 each.

Among the local boys Hege, Butner, Roberts, Pfaff and Hunter shot the best. W. S. Shephard and Oscar Hedge had charge of the arrangements, and pulled everything off in fine shape.

Greensboro, N. C.—Mr. Garland Daniels had charge of the arrangements here, and is due credit for his untiring efforts in making the shoot of the Winchester team such a great success. The night after the shoot was over he said that every one in the community knew about it, and if we would shoot again the next day, 10,000 people would be present. The team made the following scores here: Hawkins 98, Taylor 96, Crosby 94, Mrs. Topperwein 93, Boa 89; total 470.

Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein shot in marvelous form, and once when Topperwein broke a lump of coal and four of the remaining pieces in the air, a man in the crowd remarked, "Well, what do you think of that? This Winchester bunch certainly can shoot out of sight. Why, that fellow could hit a wireless message."

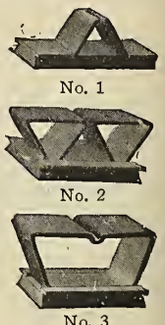
Hatcher did the best of the powder men, breaking 97. German was a close second with 96, and Ward came next with 95. Chas. McKnight and Arthur Lyon shot well for the local club.

The sun came out and shone on the team as they were shooting the last 25, for the first time since they left Baltimore.

Old T. Bill just sits around and looks wise, for Mrs. Crosby is along with him, and he doesn't care much when he gets home. Mrs. Crosby assists materially in making things agreeable, and it is a pleasure to all the team to have her along.

Durham, N. C.—Rain again. The Winchester team arrived here in the rain, shot in the rain, and left in the

Tufts' Hair-line Rifle Sights



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rain. Considering the weather, unusually large crowds have witnessed the shooting of the team at all points, and here was no exception. Geo. Lyon, the "Chan Powers" of the south, had charge of the proceedings here, and of course everything was in fine shape. Those who took rain coats, rubber boots and umbrellas and went out to the park were furnished with as fine an exhibition of shooting as was ever seen.

The team broke 482 out of 500, and 124 out of the last 125. Crosby, Mrs. Topperwein and Taylor broke straight, and Boa got 24, losing his fourth target. The scores for the team were: Crosby 99, Hawkins 98, Taylor 97, Mrs. Topperwein and Boa 94.

The powder boys, reinforced by Walter Huff and George Lyon, shot in fine shape, for the targets were thrown hard from three blackbird traps, unknown angles, and not one was less than 50yds. Their scores were: Hatcher and German 99, Huff 97, Ward 95, Lyon 94. These scores, added to the scores of the Winchester team, make a total of 966 out of 1000 targets for the ten men, which is believed to be a world's record.

Top. hit a metal disk and drove it about 40ft. in the air, and then knocked it out of sight with another bullet from the Winchester .22 auto rifle, a most remarkable shot indeed. He and Mrs. Topperwein always shoot well in their fancy exhibitions, and it is no use to try to describe their wonderful feats, for those who have never seen them would not believe the description, and those who have seen these premier artists will never forget any of the remarkable things they accomplish.

Raleigh, N. C.—Sun at last. The sun was too much for everybody but John Taylor, Mrs. Topperwein and T. Bill, for no one else came anywhere near keeping up their average. No not even the powder men. The wind made the targets very erratic. Taylor broke 97, Mrs. Topperwein and Crosby 94, Hawkins 92, and John Boa, who was not feeling very well, broke 85; total for the team, 462, the lowest score yet.

The other scores were: Ward 92, Hatcher 91, German 89, Lyon 87, Dr. Johnson 90. Top shot in his usual supero manner. Mrs. Topperwein did most wonderful work. Just think of a woman tying Bill Crosby, the champion of the world, on 100 targets in the wind, and beating out such a field of the best in the country. Taylor was the only one who beat her.

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Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
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and is already well started on its

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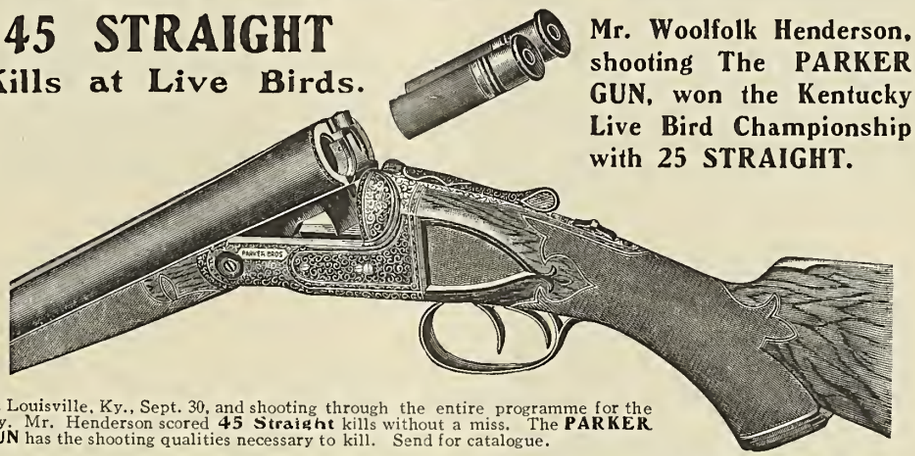

Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, shooting The PARKER GUN, won the Kentucky Live Bird Championship with 25 STRAIGHT.

At Louisville, Ky., Sept. 30, and shooting through the entire programme for the day. Mr. Henderson scored **45 Straight** kills without a miss. The **PARKER GUN** has the shooting qualities necessary to kill. Send for catalogue.

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For prairie chickens and quail to turkeys and geese there is no all-around shotgun like the 12-gauge *Marlin* Model 19 repeating take-down.

This gun is light and quick. It comes to the shoulder with the pleasant certainty which means good scores.

The solid top, side ejection, automatic hangfire, safety recoil block and take-down features all make for that *Marlin* comfort and convenience so prized by gun lovers.

Any goose or duck shooter appreciates a repeating shotgun in which the breech bolt, when closed, fills the opening in the frame, thus keeping out sand, rushes and rain or snow, a gun that will not freeze up or clog, and all huntsmen value the safety recoil block, which prevents the breech being opened by accident or prematurely in rapid firing.

The magazine carries five shells, and with one in the chamber, the *Marlin* Model 19 places six shots at your disposal. All six shots can be fired in four seconds.

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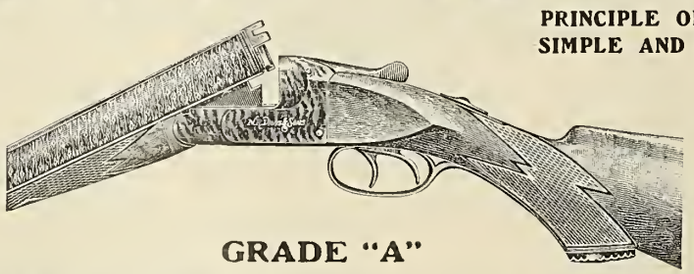

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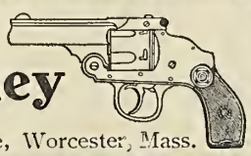


Send for Catalogue. **HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,** 307 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Topperwein also shot in superb form in her fancy exhibition. Applause greeted her every shot, and at the conclusion a score of ladies crowded around her and waited to shake her hand and congratulate her. The little lady always makes many friends by her affable and unassuming manners, and her nerve and coolness under all conditions, is admirable.

J. Mowell Hawkins.

Perryman Gun Club.

Perryman, Md., Oct. 20.—An assorted lot of scores were made at the shoot of the Perryman Gun Club shoot to-day. Mitchell and B. Townes tied for the cup on 10 straight. The scores follow:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
McCommons	100	87	Walstrom	49	44
Card	44	30	Ross	54	33
P Mitchell	106	85	F Mitchell	100	61
L Townes	57	51	E Hollis	45	19
B Townes	76	63	J Michael	25	10
Emmord	27	19	P Morgan	76	60
Schirling	75	53			

The contest for the cup resulted as follows:

L Townes	8	F Mitchell	6
Emmord	7	Card	7
P Mitchell	10	B Townes	10
McCommons	8	Schirling	7
Morgan	8	E Hollis	3
Walstrom	8	J Michael	3
Ross	8		

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

Cincinnati, Oct. 27.—The bad weather was a deterrent as to attendance. The Peters trophy contest resulted as follows:

Fultz	17 18 17—52	Hopkins	13 16 18—47
Ahlers	17 16 17—50	Hart	9 11 16—36

A number of practice events were shot.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cumberland Valley Rifle Association.

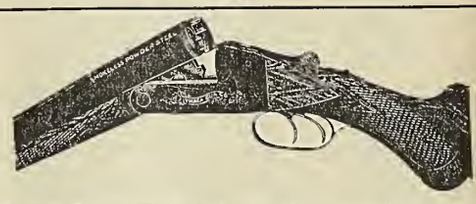
In the monthly shoot, held on the range, near Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 27, H. E. Donson won the gold medal, Harrison Diller the silver medal, and C. A. Bender the bronze medal. Scores: H. E. Donson 66, Thomas E. Vale 63, Philip Tix 59, Harrison Diller 52, W. A. Failor 36, C. A. Bender 36, John Rupp 33, Charles Dinkle 28.

Rifle Notes.

In the House of Commons on Oct. 25, President Birrell, of the Board of Education announced that that body had received permission from the government to arrange for the teaching of rifle shooting to all the British school children of a certain age, the government to pay the expense. This, of course, applies to boys, and to miniature ranges only, in the elementary schools.

A rifle range is being constructed on the grounds of the Jackson Park Club at Paterson, N. J., and last Saturday some fifteen members practiced on it. A rifle club is to be organized and a programme of contests arranged in order to stimulate competition.

BIG GAME calls for a good gun. **"3-in-One"** keeps any gun good—oils trigger, lock, action perfectly—cuts out all residue of black or smokeless powder—keeps all metal parts bright and free from rust. Generous sample free. Write to G. W. COLE CO., 121 Washington Life Bldg., New York City.



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THE CHARLES J. GODFREY CO.,
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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The tenth edition of "Graphite as a Lubricant" has just been printed, and is now being distributed by the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company. The subject of lubrication in general, and graphite lubrication in particular, is exhaustively treated. All the good features of the previous edition are retained, but the very latest information—both scientific and practical—that has to do with the subject is added, making it valuable to the student of theory and the man of practice. Those who desire to post themselves on better lubrication should secure a copy of "Graphite as a Lubricant" by writing the Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

The fame of Pinehurst, N. C., as a resort for recreationists has spread abroad over the whole land. Be he tennis player, golfer or shooter, the man who has time to spend some part of the winter in the south, may be sure of abundant pleasant occupation at Pinehurst. The shooting preserve there includes 35,000 acres of carefully protected land, and quail, we are told, were never more plentiful than they are this year. Persons who desire to learn more about this attractive resort, should address the Booklet Department, Pinehurst General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

The season is at hand when we of the north must prepare for the bitter weather that we are sure is coming. In such preparation the Crosby Frisian Fur Co., 116 Mill street, Rochester, N. Y., can help us. They make gloves of all sorts, fur coats and robes; they will tan any skins that you may wish to have prepared, and if desired they will make them into robes or garments, besides that, they will mount your heads or do taxidermy of any other kind. Those interested in such matters will do well to write for the catalogue of the Crosby Frisian Fur Co., 116 Mill street, Rochester, N. Y.

A volume of great interest to many of our readers is the Hunters' and Trappers' Guide, published by Andersch Bros., of Minneapolis, Minn. It purports to be an encyclopedia of hunting and trapping of 350 pages, contains 250 pictures, and is bound in leather and gold. The publishers purchase furs and hides, and offer to

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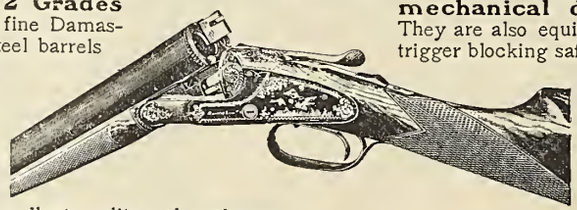

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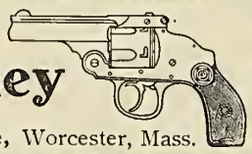

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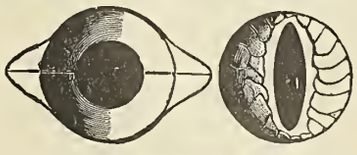

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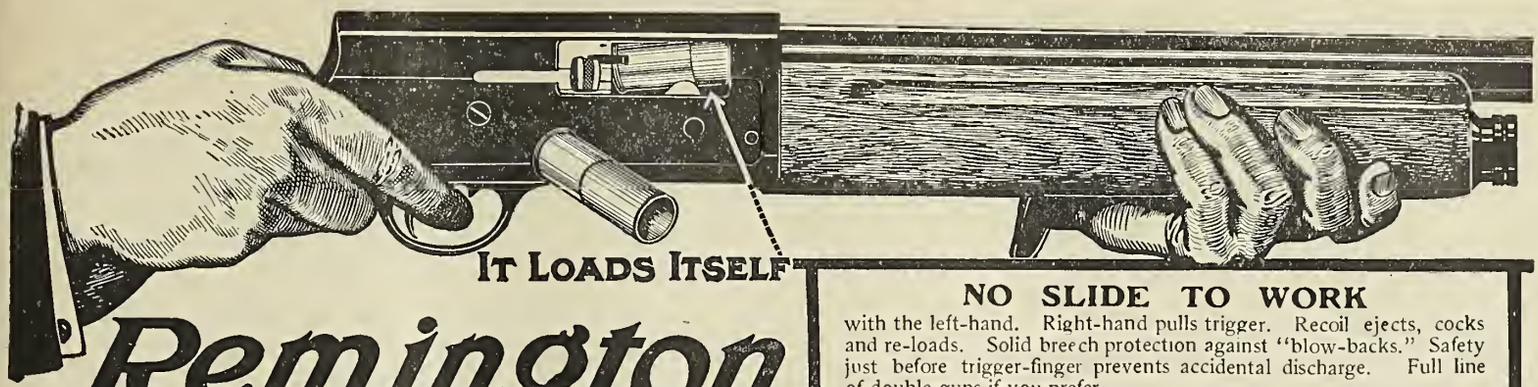

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LANGUAGE OF THE UMBRELLA.

Sun (Baltimore), Oct. 21.

THERE is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella on a rack and it will often indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody else's eye is going to be in danger.

To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship.

When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.

To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I dislike you."

To swing your umbrella over your shoulders signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be injured by the man who follows you. This is generally a woman's way of carrying her umbrella.

To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull.

To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange no robbery."

To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest."

To lend an umbrella means "I am a fool."

To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means; nobody ever does that.

To carry an umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one.

To press an umbrella on your friend saying: "Oh, do take it; I should much rather you would than not," signifies lying.

To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet.

To carry it from home in the morning means "It will very likely be a fine day."

A FINISHED JOB.

Two weeks ago Mr. Kistner, having business in Hoquiam, left his wife and young family alone at their lake home. One morning Mrs. Kistner heard the dogs barking, and soon found that they had something. She went to the house, getting a rifle, and proceeded to the tree, where the dogs were, when she espied a huge cougar or mountain lion upon a limb furiously lashing his tail. Nothing daunted, the intrepid lady took a fine bead and fired, bringing the animal tumbling to the ground, when she soon dispatched it with another shot. After performing the feat of killing the animal, which was the terror of the neighborhood, she proceeded to rid the beast of its hide, which measured seven feet four inches from tip to tip. The hide will be tanned and made into a rug, which it is hoped will long grace the home of this courageous Diana.—Hoquiam Washingtonian.

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Photo by Ole A. Anderson

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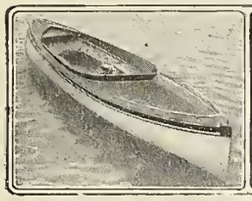

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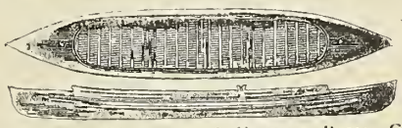

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Wardens Shot by Poachers.

ANOTHER case of Italians resisting arrest by game wardens is reported from the mountains near Altoona, Pa. Game Warden Frank Whiteman, of that city, found three Italians violating the game laws on Nov. 1, and had arrested one of them when he was fired on by the other two and badly hurt, although he wounded one of them with his revolver. Frightened at what they had done, the Italians threw away their guns and fled, whereupon Mr. Whiteman, using two of the guns as crutches, managed to hobble to the nearest house, where he was assisted to his home.

The Italian who shot and seriously wounded Game Warden Stokes near Paterson, N. J., Oct. 29, was arrested later in the week, and is being held for trial.

An Abilene paper states that one thousand pairs of pheasants have been purchased by the State of Kansas, and that some of them were distributed in favorable localities during October.

The first moose to reach Bangor, after the opening of the Maine hunting season, was shot near Costigan, about twenty miles from Bangor, and was a bull weighing 900 pounds.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. The editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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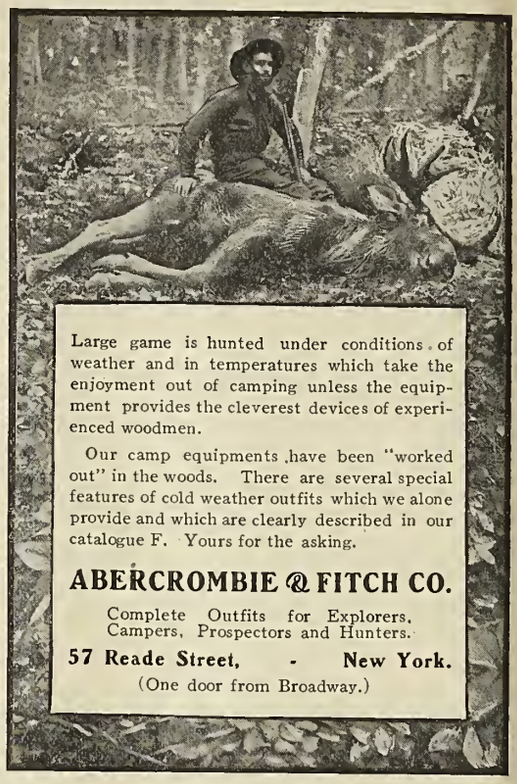

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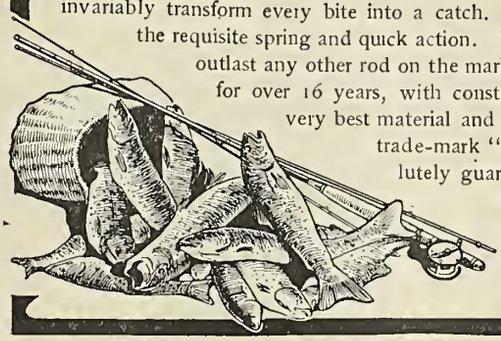

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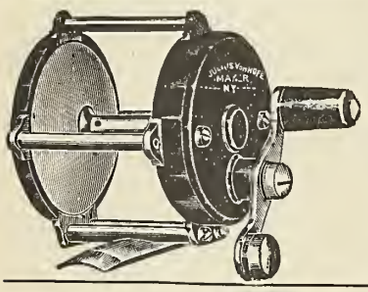

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By FRANK STEPHENS

Illustrated by W. J. FENN, from Studies in the Field.

A GENERAL work on the mammals of California has just been published, and the work brought up to this year 1906, by Mr. Frank Stephens, one of the best known faunal naturalists of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Stephens has probably more knowledge about California mammals than any man living, and the present work of 350 pages contains a very great mass of information on the life histories of these species.

Every naturalist must of necessity possess this volume, and every big-game hunter ought to have it also, for in it there are described no less than fifteen species of big-game which the California hunter is likely to meet with.

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 19. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

DOG BUYING.

Grievous complaints reach us betimes from men who have been victimized in connection with dog transactions conducted by mail. The aggrieved party is hotly indignant because of the fraud practiced upon him, denounces the seller in forceful terms, and is vigorously earnest in a purpose to expose him through the columns of the press. In most instances, it will be found on investigation, that the purchaser exercised no precautions whatever to safeguard his interests in the transaction. He did not see the dog before the purchase was completed. He accepted the description as presented by the seller, who probably was a stranger. He trustfully mailed his money for the dog before it was shipped, thus contributing to the fraud, if fraud there was, by his own gross negligence.

In years past, Forest and Stream has many times recounted the proper method of conducting a sale and purchase, when seller and buyer live too far apart for a personal meeting. It also warned buyers of possible fraud when the transaction was loosely conducted, or of possible dissatisfaction when no fraud was perpetrated. The latter phase is not uncommon. A dog which may be fully satisfactory to one man may be unsatisfactory to another.

The proper method in an affair of this kind is to purchase on approval only. The prospective purchaser should deposit the purchase money in the hands of a third party; the local express agent, as a rule, being available and desirable. Then a reasonable time is allowed the purchaser in which to view or try the dog. If satisfactory, the money is passed over to the seller and the sale is closed. If unsatisfactory, the dog is returned to its owner with expressage paid in full. In this manner, both buyer and seller are fully protected and the sale at every stage is a matter of full knowledge to them.

The exposure of fraudulent dog dealers, by publication in the press, is extremely inefficient as a preventive of fraud, and is of no practical value as a punishment. Such dealers can change the names of their kennels as often as they choose and resume business accordingly.

The true remedy is to prosecute the offenders in the regular courts of law, a course, however, seldom pursued.

While any dishonesty is to be deplored, it nevertheless is gratifying to note that, as compared with the business doings incident to the canine world of a few years ago, the fraudulent deals are much fewer and of less magnitude. The American Kennel Club has accomplished much good in suppressing the dishonest dealers, in establishing canine matters on a much higher plane, besides the many other obvious benefits relating to matters of club organization and good competition.

HUNTING DOGS IN ENGLAND.

Although English fox hunters complain that hunting as a sport is passing, it would seem, in view of the vast number of packs of hounds now owned and employed frequently during the winter open season, that the sport is still in a healthy state, and that if it is indeed giving way to other amusements, there is the likelihood that the change will be a very gradual one. One authority on the subject of hunting assures us that not only is the standard of dogs much higher than ever before, but the general run of horses for cross country riding shows decided improvement over those of a generation ago.

Various causes are given for the falling off in the popularity of fox hunting, barbed wire fences taking first place despite the fact that every known influence is brought to bear to discourage the building of these obstructions to cross country riding. In districts where hunting still attracts large attendance from the countryside, arrangements are even made to do away with barbed wires during the winter season, and it can readily be understood how expensive this work can become if prosecuted on a large scale.

Diseases common to foxhounds, mange being first in importance, are given credit for keeping the balance of hound life down, and the encroachments of business enterprises on the country must be reckoned with as well.

With these influences at work, however, the enormous extent to which British men and women devote their money and time to following the hounds cannot be understood without some statistics, and even these give but a faint idea of the scope of this great institution. At the opening of the hunting season this month there were in England about 170 packs of foxhounds, consisting in all of 1,894 couples, or nearly 3,800 hounds. Scotland boasts only 12 packs, totaling 382½ couples, or 765 hounds. Ireland had just twice as many packs as Scotland, and they are larger ones, 1,155 couples, or 2,310 individual foxhounds.

In England there were 16 packs of staghounds —396 couples—and in Ireland 4 packs, 102 couples.

England had at that time 98 packs of harriers, consisting of 1,628 couples (3,256 dogs); Scotland, 2 packs, numbering 45 couples; Ireland, 39 packs, 635 couples.

In all there were 68 packs of beagles owned in the United Kingdom, embracing 950 couples (1,900 dogs).

The totals are interesting, for they show 392 packs of hunting dogs, comprising 7,187 couples, as they say over there, or 14,374 of the best dogs obtainable for these special purposes.

REFORMS THAT SATISFY.

Frequently, when sweeping reforms are proposed, men who believe their pecuniary interests will suffer, and looking no further ahead than the immediate future, object vigorously. They fail to understand that important measures benefit the masses while perhaps working temporary hardships to the few.

Where laws prohibiting the sale of game have been passed, such measures have been opposed by men who for years—some of them all their lives —have made good wages shooting for the market during the presence of wildfowl or other game in their localities. They and other friends have protested vigorously against laws which they believed had been aimed at them, and for a time they may have had opportunities to demonstrate the ill effects of the reform measures in their own particular cases.

Time has changed conditions in this as in other things, however, and to-day some of the old market shooters are making better wages and are employed for longer periods of time than they were under the old laws. Acting as camp-keepers, guides, boatmen or helpers for sportsmen, they are filling far more respectable places in the community than they have ever filled before, and are assured a steadily increasing revenue provided only the game is given opportunities to increase or at least to hold its own.

And thus it comes to pass that the men who formerly killed all the game they could find a market for are now working toward its protection—with a selfish purpose, it is true, but nevertheless they are honest in their efforts, and their work is counting. While it is true that game is gradually decreasing in numbers throughout the country, there are many places where former market shooters, now catering to sportsmen, have co-operated to protect the game in the closed season, and there it is to be found in satisfactory numbers. Sportsmen, assured of good shooting under the guidance of these experts, have become their regular patrons, and all hands are satisfied.

It may have surprised sportsmen in foreign countries to learn, last week, that President Roosevelt, hunting in the Virginia woods only a short distance from Washington, was successful in getting a wild turkey gobbler, for while it seems to be the general impression that wild turkeys are to be found only in the most remote hills of a few Southern and Western States, the fact is that there are a few of these great birds in almost every locality where they were once abundant, and it is not at all uncommon to find them occasionally near towns and villages.

Too many game wardens are meeting assassination at the hands of law breaking aliens in the game fields. One remedy is the strict enforcement of a law forbidding the foreigner to have arms in possession.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Mountain Moonshiner.

V.—A Few Hard Facts.

We come now to the time when our government began in dead earnest to fight the moonshiners and endeavor to suppress their traffic. It was in 1877. To give a fair picture, from the official standpoint, of the state of affairs at that time, I will quote from the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1877-78:

"It is with extreme regret," he says, "I find it my duty to report the great difficulties that have been and still are encountered in many of the southern states in the enforcement of the laws. In the mountain regions of West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, and in some portions of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, the illicit manufacture of spirits has been carried on for a number of years, and I am satisfied that the annual loss to the government from this source has been very nearly, if not quite, equal to the annual appropriation for the collection of the internal revenue tax throughout the whole country. In the regions of country named there are known to exist about 5,000 copper stills, many of which at certain times are lawfully used in the production of brandy from apples and peaches, but I am convinced that a large portion of these stills have been and are used in the illicit manufacture of spirits. Part of the spirits thus produced has been consumed in the immediate neighborhood; the balance has been distributed and sold throughout the adjacent districts.

"This nefarious business has been carried on, as a rule, by a determined set of men, who in their various neighborhoods league together for defence against the officers of the law, and at a given signal are ready to come together with arms in their hands to drive the officers of internal revenue out of the country.

"As illustrating the extraordinary resistance which the officers have had on some occasions to encounter, I refer to occurrences in Overton county, Tennessee, in August last, where a posse of eleven internal revenue officers, who had stopped at a farmer's house for the night, were attacked by a band of armed illicit distillers, who kept up a constant fusillade during the whole night, and whose force was augmented during the following day till it numbered nearly two hundred men. The officers took shelter in a log house, which served them as a fort, returning the fire as best they could, and were there besieged for forty-two hours, three of their party being shot—one through the body, one through the arm, and one in the face. I directed a strong force to go to their relief, but in the meantime, through the intervention of citizens, the besieged officers were permitted to retire, taking their wounded with them, and without surrendering their arms.

"So formidable has been the resistance to the enforcement of the laws that in the districts of 5th Virginia, 6th North Carolina, South Carolina, 2d and 5th Tennessee, 2d West Virginia, Arkansas, and Kentucky, I have found it necessary to supply the collectors with breechloading carbines. In these districts, and also in the states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, in the 4th district of North Carolina, and in the 2d and 5th districts of Missouri, I have authorized the organization of posses ranging from five to sixty in number, to aid in making seizures and arrests, the object being to have a force sufficiently strong to deter resistance if possible, and, if need be, to overcome it."

The intention of the revenue department was certainly not to inflame the mountain people, but to treat them as considerately as possible. And yet, the policy of "be to their faults a little blind" had borne no other fruit than to strengthen the combinations of moonshiners and their sympathizers to such a degree that they could set the ordinary force of officers at defiance, and things had come to such a pass that men of wide experience in the revenue service had reached the conclusion that "the fraud of illicit distilling was an evil too firmly established to be uprooted, and that it must be endured."

The real trouble was that public sentiment in the mountains was almost unanimously in the moonshiners' favor. Leading citizens were either directly interested in the traffic, or were in active sympathy with the distillers. "In some cases," said the Commissioner, "state officers, including judges on the bench, have sided with the illicit distillers and have encouraged the use of the state courts for the prosecution of the officers of the United States upon all sorts of charges, with the evident purpose of obstructing the enforcement of the laws of the United States. * * * I regret to have to record the fact that when the officers of the United States have been shot down from ambuscade, in cold blood, as a rule no efforts have been made on the part of the state officers to arrest the murderers; but in cases where the officers of the United States have been engaged in enforcement of the laws, and have unfortunately come in conflict with the violators of the law, and homicides have occurred, active steps have been at once taken for the arrest of such officers, and nothing would be left by the state authorities to bring them to trial and punishment. Two cases occurring in the state of South Carolina forcibly illustrate this position: In April last [1878], Rufus H. Spriggs, a U. S. deputy marshal, accompanied a posse of deputy collectors in their search for an illict still among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Without the slightest provocation, or any overt act of his against the person of his assassin, he was fired upon from ambush and instantly killed. This deed scarcely created a ripple upon the surface of the public mind. There has been no attempt on the part of the state authorities to ferret out the murderer or to bring him to trial and punishment. The murdered man was an excellent officer, of unimpeachable personal character, and left a widow and one child.

"In strong contrast with this case were the circumstances attending the arrest of Hugh P. Kane, Wm. Durham and R. P. Scruggs, in the same state. They were deputy collectors and deputy marshals who were intrusted with a warrant for the arrest of one Amos Ladd, who had been long engaged in the business of illicit distilling and formed one of a band of lawless men in Pickens county who had openly defied and attacked the officers of the United States. Ladd resisted arrest, gun in hand, and the officers, acting as I believe upon a well-grounded apprehension of danger to their own lives, fired upon him and killed him. No sooner had this unfortunate act occurred than great excitement prevailed throughout the state. The local newspapers denounced the officers as murderers, and, though they [*sic*] promptly surrendered to the nearest state authorities outside of Pickens county, where they deemed their lives would be unsafe, bail was refused them and they were committed to jail. At the next sitting of the state court they were indicted for murder, and the state judge, in an elaborately prepared opinion, refused to recognize the transfer of their cases to the U. S. circuit court."

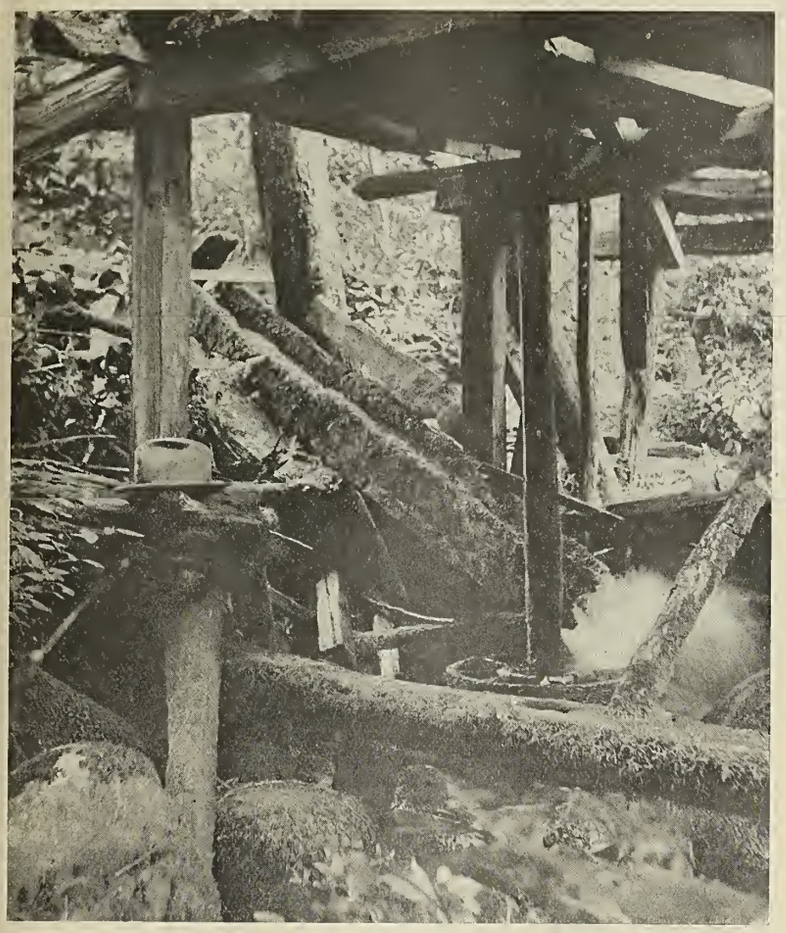
These men remained for months incarcerated in the county jail, but the transfer of their cases was finally effected.

There is no question but that this statement of the Commissioner is a fair presentation of facts; but when he goes on to expose the root of the evil, the underlying sentiment that made, and still makes, illicit distilling popular among our mountaineers, I think that he is singularly at fault. This is his explanation—the only one that I have found in all the reports of the department from 1870 to 1904:

"Much of the opposition to the enforcement of the internal revenue laws [he does not say *all*, but offers no other theory] is properly attributable to a latent feeling of hostility to the government and laws of the United States still prevailing in the breasts of a portion of the people of these districts, and in consequence of this condition of things the officers of the United States have often been treated very much as though they were emissaries from some foreign country quartered upon the people for the collection of tribute."

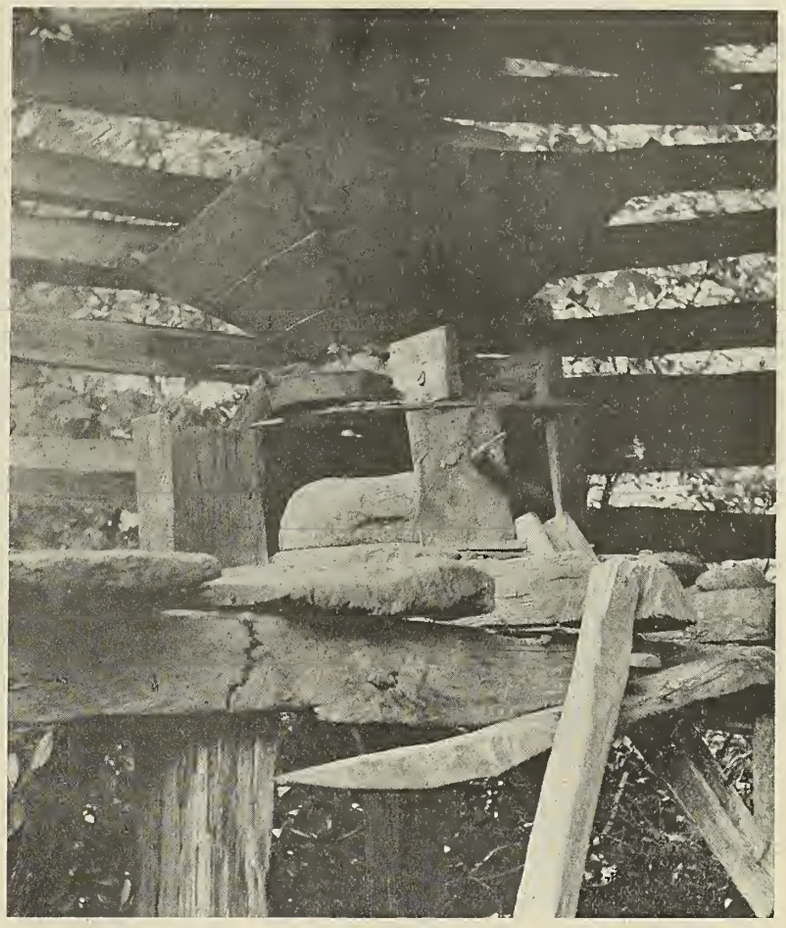
This shows an out-and-out misunderstanding of the character of the mountain people, their history, their proclivities, and the circumstances of their lives. The southern mountaineers, as a class, have been remarkably loyal to the Union ever since it was formed. Politics has never had anything to do with the moonshining question, so far as they are concerned. The reason for illicit distilling is purely an economic one, as I have shown in preceding chapters. If officers of the Federal Government have been treated as foreigners they have met the same reception that *all* outsiders meet from the mountaineers. When I came into these mountains I was astonished at hearing myself called a "furriner." But I soon learned that this was not because I was a northern, or rather a western man. Everybody who is not mountain born and mountain bred is a "furriner," whether he hail from Maine, California, Minnesota, or Louisiana. A citizen of eastern Carolina is a "furriner" in the Carolina mountains. There is no more prejudice against a Bostonian than there is against a Charlestonian—if, indeed, there be as much. If you ask a mountaineer what he calls people from oversea—whether they are "furriners" too—he will reply "Them's the outlandish;" but I think that only signifies an outlandish tongue. To him the word "furriner" means precisely what "barbarian" did to an ancient Greek. Ordinarily he is courteous to the unfortunate alien, though never deferential; in his heart of hearts he regards the queer fellow with lofty superiority. This trait is characteristic of all primitive peoples, of all isolated peoples. It is provincialism, pure and simple—a provincialism more crudely expressed in Appalachia than in Gotham or The Hub, but no cruder in essence for all that.

The vigorous campaign of 1877 bore such fruit that, in the following year, the Commissioner was able to report: "We virtually have peaceable possession of the dictricts of 4th and 5th North Carolina, Georgia, West Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Arkansas, in many of which formidable resistance to the enforcement of the law has prevailed. * * * In the western portion of



MOONSHINE MILL—WHEEL AND CHUTE.

This "tub wheel" is chiseled out of a cut from a solid log. The gate at upper end of chute consists merely of two rough pieces of bark laid slantwise against a cross-stick. When one piece is removed, there is enough power for very slow grinding; when both are cast aside, "she goes full tilt"; and together they cut off enough water to stop the mill.



MOONSHINE MILL—THE HOPPER.

A segment of the circular box (chiseled out of a hollow log) has been pushed aside to show the buhr stones, which were fashioned on the spot. The hopper is made of boards riven with a froe—in fact, there is not one sawed board in the mill. A half bushel of corn is put in the hopper at night; the owner returns in the morning to find his meal ground and ready for sifting. Often an incautious chipmunk or "boomer" (red squirrel) here falls a victim to his appetite.

the 5th Virginia district, in part of West Virginia, in the 6th North Carolina district, in part of South Carolina, and in the 2d and 5th districts of Tennessee, I apprehend further serious difficulties. * * * It is very desirable, in order to prevent bloodshed, that the internal revenue forces sent into these infected regions to make seizures and arrests shall be so strong as to deter armed resistance."

Study of the revenue reports leads one to agree with the common opinion of the mountaineers, that the worst region for moonshining has been, and still is, the "Dark Corner" where western North Carolina joins South Carolina and Georgia; the roughness of the country, and the contiguity of three states, offering exceptional acilities both for concealment and for flight.

In January, 1880, a combined movement by armed bodies of internal revenue officers was made from West Virginia southwestward through the mountains and foothills infested with illicit distillers. "The effect of this movement was to convince violators of the law that it was the determination of the government to put an end to frauds and resistance of authority, and since that time it has been manifest to all well-meaning men in those regions of country that the day of the illicit distiller is past." In his report for 1881-82 the Commissioner declared that "The supremacy of the laws * * * has been established in all parts of the country."

As a matter of fact, the number of arrests per annum, which hitherto had ranged from 1,000 to 3,000, now dropped off considerably, and the casualties in the service became few and far between. But, in 1894, Congress increased the tax on spirits from the old 90 cents figure to $1.10 a gallon. The effect was almost instantaneous. We have no means of learning how many new moonshine stills were set up, but we do know that the number of seizures doubled and trebled, and that bloodshed proportionally increased. Again the complaint went out that "justice was frequently defeated," even in cases of conviction, by failure to visit adequate punishment upon the offenders. It is, to-day, a notorious fact that our blockaders dread their own state courts far more than they do the federal courts, because the punishment for selling liquor in the mountain counties (most of which are "no-license" communities) is surer to follow conviction than is the penalty for violating federal laws. The latter is severe enough, if it were enforced; for defrauding, or attempting to defraud, the United States of the tax on spirits, the law prescribes forfeiture of the distillery and apparatus, and of all spirits and raw materials, besides a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $5,000, *and* imprisonment for not less than six months nor longer than three years. I am not able to say about what percentage of arrests are followed by conviction, nor how many convicted persons suffer the full penalty of the law. I only know that public opinion in the mountains does not consider an arrest, or even a conviction, by the federal authorities, as a very serious matter.

"They used to shoot; nowadays they run." Is, then, the revenue officer's job an extra-hazardous calling? The newspapers would have us think so. They like to produce sensations. I call to mind a lurid account, published by the mountain press within the past year, of a seizure effected in our own county, in which it was reported that desperate resistance was made by the armed blockaders, and that the capture was made only after most heroic efforts on the part of the officers. It is not likely that this bit of space-writing suffered much curtailment in the metropolitan press. The simple fact is that there was no resistance at all.

Here are some figures culled from the annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the years 1877 to 1904, inclusive (I have seen none later):

	3 years. 1877-79.	25 years. 1880-1904.
Stills seized	2,941	27,667
Officers and employes killed	26	23
Officers and employes wounded	47	52

So we may say, in round numbers, that in the last quarter century here reported, the casualties in the revenue service have been about one killed and two wounded to every thousand illicit stills captured.

I close this narrative of the moonshining business in the same spirit in which I began it; with good will toward both parties engaged in the struggle. Here and there a reader may elevate his eyebrows and inquire, "Good will toward the criminals?"

Yes.

Moonshining is not a crime in itself; it is made such for purposes of revenue only. Nine tenths of the men engaged in it are good citizens in all other respects. They are very ignorant; they are very poor. They work hard, and suffer much Let me give you a picture in a few words.

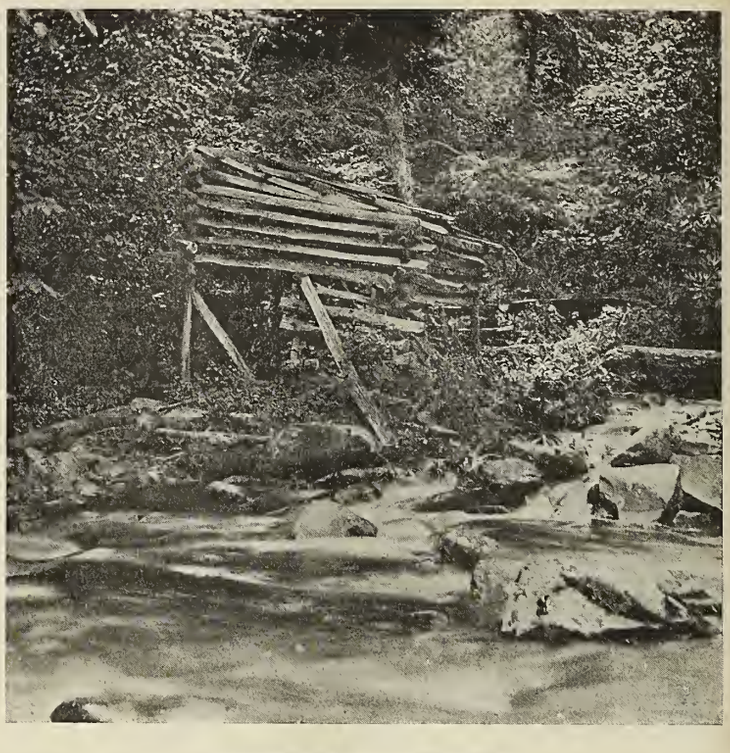
Here in the laurel-thicketed forest, five miles from any wagon road, is a little still, without so much as a roof over it. Scarce a day passes, in this climate, without rain or snow. Hard by is a little mill. There is not a sawed board in that mill—even the hopper is made of shakes riven on the spot. Three or four haggard men pick up each his two-bushel "suggin."*

They strike out into the forest, through driving rain. Within five minutes they are drenched to the skin. They climb, climb, climb. There is no trail for a long way; then they strike a faint one that winds and climbs, climbs. Hour after hour the men climb. Then they begin to descend.

*Suggin means a sack. The "u" is sounded like "oo" in look.

MOONSHINE MILL—SIDE VIEW.

Two brawling streams meet at this point. The background is almost precipitous mountainside, covered with dense laurel and primeval forest. None but a mountain-bred horse can foot the trail that leads hither. Corn is brought from over the mountain, often on men's backs, and at dead of night.



MOONSHINE MILL—END VIEW.

A curious feature of this picture is the puzzle-face that nature has imprinted on it, quite in keeping with the spooky surroundings. (Upper right-hand corner.)

They have crossed the divide, a mile above sea level, and are in another state. Hour after hour they "climb down," as they would say. They visit farmers' homes at dead of night. Each man shoulders two bushels of shelled corn (112 pounds) and starts back again over the highest mountain range in eastern America. It is twenty miles to the little mill. They carry the corn thither on their own backs. They sprout it, grind it, distill it. Two of them then carry the whiskey twenty miles in the opposite direction, and, at the risk of capture and imprisonment, sell it at a profit that will not net them the daily wage of a hod-carrier.

This is no fancy picture; it is the truth. This is no story of ancient days; it is going on right now. Do you wonder that one of those men should say, with a sigh—should say this:

"Blockadin' is the hardest work a man ever done. Besides the manual labor, thar's the continual dread of the laws. I tell you hit's wearin' on a feller's nerves. Fust chance I git, I'm a-goin' to quit!"

HORACE KEPHART.

MEDLIN, N. C.

A Newfoundland Vacation.

A VISIT to a good game region turns the mind intently to every item in the news of the day touching the experiences of others there. We went to Newfoundland in July of this year, and now we appreciate the controversy about the fisheries; we can see why Placentia was selected as the port from which to smuggle Chinamen, being on the south shore at the end of a short branch railroad, where a sleepy, easy frame of mind is normal, and official eyes are far away at St. Johns.

Maine had been our vacation mecca for twenty-five years, and we had serious misgivings at swapping, even for a season, the sure for the uncertain.

We are now without a doubt as to the superior fishing sport for salmon and brook trout in the streams of the west shore of this island.

The fishing comes from the first of July to the last of August, with quite a good chance during the last ten days of June in some waters.

We sailed from Boston Saturday, July 7, on the steamer Pretoria, touching at Halifax Monday and reaching the railroad at Hawkesbury, C. B., Tuesday morning. The season had been a bad one for fogs, and we had our fill. After reaching the railroad we had sunlight, brightening Cape Breton landscape and giving us a fine look at the Bras D'Or Lake region.

When lunching at Hawkesbury we saw something inspiring at the tavern, a fresh caught salmon, 45 inches in length, weighing 37 pounds. Being so fresh from the water, it showed the beautiful sheen and the clear colors that fade when the market is reached.

At eight in the afternoon of Tuesday we reached North Sydney and at eleven we were off on the steamer Bruce for Port Aux Basques, N. F., where we arrived at daylight. If we had had our fill of fog all the way on the water, none of our party had been seasick, and we had broken up the passage with very many amusing episodes. Distinguished people, professional and literary, had fed our curiosity; broiled live lobsters at Halifax had delighted our appetites; an unexpected meeting with a classmate, and a surprising recognition in the last city encouraged us to believe that we could borrow if we fell short.

At Port Aux Basques we made a wide turn from where we would have gone had our vacation been purely for the sport of fishing, but we had our wives and daughters with us, and that called for a compound of sight-seeing, gratification of curiosity, resting, as well as casting of flies. Starting from this small port at the southwestern corner of the island, we engaged in a scheme of coasting eastward for three days on the Glencoe to Placentia, stopping at about a score of small fishing hamlets on the way, to leave or take passengers and freight. It was a plan delightful to imagine, picturing stray harbors, the fishermen and their rough home-made water-craft, houses perched on the narrow support of bold rock-ribbed shores, with human life queer, monotonous, limited to one industry, far from the infinite diversity springing out of enterprise and superior advantage. It had been described to us in print and orally, and wherever the fog lifted we found it "all there," but it was very much behind the curtain most of the way for the lack of sunlight. Our steamer was fitly complete, the fare satisfactory, our care attentive and courteous, Capt. Drake reliable, safe, although the good vessel had been punctured a month earlier by the rocky bottom and sunk. We knew the lightning didn't often strike twice in the same place, so we didn't worry about the incessant music of the toot, toot, nor think the sometimes visible white fringe of breakers were for us. One of our little vacation party was a captain, as he seemed to us, we called him so, and yet he was more of a steward, for there was no mortal need that he did not supply from some pocket, or his capacious dress suit case, and it was all-day fun to make piratical requisitions on him to meet our many trivial wants.

You need abundance of good cheer to coast four days, most of the time in fog, and, when you see the land, find it barren, bold, with never a sign of tillage, except a vegetable patch about as large as the ship's small saloon. At times the sun broke through and we saw quite a large expanse of inland country, but it was nothing but rocky ridges, sprinkled with dwarfed and scanty growth.

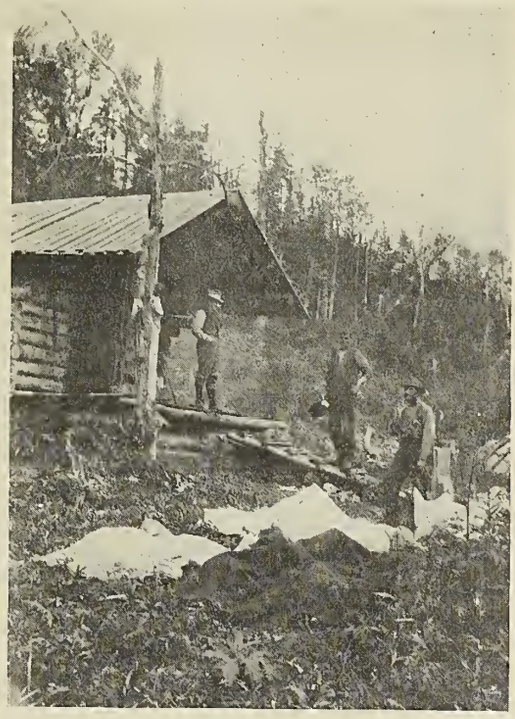
We were told by apparently reliable passengers that salmon and sea trout abound in streams that come into bays winding far in behind these ridges, but there is no attempt to invite the vacation multitude or provide for them along the south shore. As have their forebears, the inhabitants are struggling to live alone off the uncertain crops that grow in the sea. They are about always complaining that the fish are either small or scarce, and with considerable good reason. That was the prevailing sound we heard. "Fisherman's luck" is plainly not peculiar to those that fish for amusement.

We made two small ports where whales are worked up, and where their fragrant oil was finely diffused in the sea air. It was no sacrifice to steam rapidly away. Off a narrow channel into the interior, where a stream came out between the high ridges, we saw brook trout rising freely, just as in inland ponds, and when our steamer was anchored for a time at a certain wharf a trout was caught off the side weighing nearly a pound. Arriving a day and a half late at Placentia, we were not slow to get to our salmon river on Monday. The trouble there was the limitation of our sport to a single stream. It was a fairly good chance, had things been normal, but drought had kept the fish back from their usual full run, and a dam had been built at the headwaters for the purpose of sluicing out a lot of logs that had been detained because of low water in the spring. The gates

had been kept closed in violation of law, and with the unauthorized consent of the game warden. We visited the nearer pools the first afternoon, finding the river rocky, swift and quite shallow. The pools were not like those we had read about, with quiet waters below a fall, and yet the chance for exciting work seemed to be enhanced by the swirl of the stream curving to the banks. There was less chance for the fish to be disturbed at the sight of their enemy. But that first trip disclosed nothing stirring of sea trout or salmon, though we whipped and whipped with great industry.

The next morning we were off at 4 o'clock for the big pool four miles up the stream. If our horse could have talked when we hitched him in a cloud of mosquitoes, he would excusably have been too profane to be ignored. But we were too intent on seeing that pool to be thinking much about cruelty to dumb beasts. A quarter of a mile's walking found the youngest of the crew leading guide and all, eager to get his rubber waders first into the water. It was madness without method, and, though it netted one salmon, it made a deep and destructive impression. There was a full congregation of them side by side, and the first rush for the fly was blind and passionate. Then, as the reel dropped from its seat into the water, it was an open question whether the fish was trying to rope the sportsman or steal his tackle. The hook had anchored itself in tough gristle, so that, with a great scramble, much yelling and the superior agility of Pat Croke, our resourceful guide, we were soon saved from nervous prostration and made happy in the midst of seeming catastrophe. Just to see those great ridges on the surface when the frightened school ran from the commotion made by the first victim was a revelation of power and possibility. The water was shoal where they lay, just where the quick stream blended with the calm pool, and they could not rush away without lifting the surface into great ridges. Yet they were not contented to give up their favorite ground without being sure that there was good reason, so they kept rushing back and forth for quite a while. Finally they stayed in the deeper water, leaping into the air every now and then with an explosive force reminding one of torpedoes.

This pool was about 300 feet across, in the widest place, and said to be nowhere deeper than 7 feet. There was hardly a square rod of its surface that was free from that torpedo practice, and it was a three-ring-circus performance. None of the salmon appeared to be large. We thought they would run from 4 to 5 pounds. Our first trip netted but two. For three days we chased it at early morn, and from sunset till dark, but the lowering water and increased wariness of the fish turned us to the other smaller pools, where the water was more lively.



GREEN CAMP AT SPRUCE BROOK.

Our entire catch was only eight. Two of those we caught with a 6-ounce rod, and the sport was greatly enhanced by the delicacy of fine tackle. Had they been very heavy fish, probably the story would have been cut short by a rush down stream, but for a salmon of 4 to 6 pounds a light rod is just the thing, giving abundant anxiety and a fair chance for success, if you maintain your nerve and "keep your eye on the pie." We lost some, we don't deny it, but not a large percentage.

The sea trout refused to run on account of the low water. The opening of the gates of the dam a day before we came away started them up stream plentifully. Occasionally we caught a peculiar fish with a forked tail, bright red spots, body about 6 inches long, called salmon peel, but they were plainly not the young of salmon, as that name imports. We hooked a very few young salmon, quite different from these. No one seemed to know exactly what species of fish they were. They looked like trout, and the natives said that they were trout.

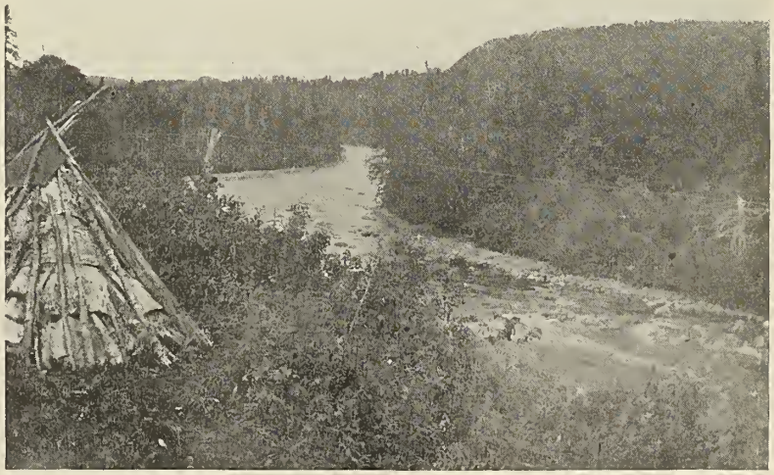
Finding that we had educated all the pools in that stream to our destructive purposes, we ate all we could without danger of bringing on the hives, and packed our belongings for the west coast. To sum it up, Placentia is good so far as it goes, but there isn't enough to go round many days.

On our way to St. Johns three young fellows boarded the train with the results of two or three days' trout fishing in ponds, only eighty-five dozen. Think of that for a weak wrist. Perhaps it was sport for those used to herring hauls or codfish traps.

Two days at St. Johns gave us enough of pure sight-seeing, and made us again anxious to get away from the interminable sameness of business and its hives and appurtenances. By rail it is about twenty hours to Spruce Brook, where is the most delightful place that we saw, the "Log Cabin." The road runs pretty close to the ports of the northeast coast, and reveals nothing of inland enterprise other than the stripping of the slow growing timber lands. We were watching as soon as it was light for any caribou that might be crossing to the further north. They had been advertised as possible incidents of the ride, and we considered ourselves entitled to at least one drove, but they declined to show off as laid down in the railroad programme. Never mind, later we saw one very plainly on the track at the fishing camp on Harry's brook, and lost the chance to demand any rebate on our tickets. We never saw any country that was so well named as the "Barrens" of that island, where the caribou wander in coming and going from north to south. There is a mixture of boulders, ledges crumbled by fire and bleached by rain, rocky hills starting up bold and clear out of a vast level, "Topsails," they are called, stunted trees, low bushes and brambles, wild grasses springing out of thin black vegetable mould, full of water like a sponge, and then the infinite dead timber, standing or fallen, recording the fires that have come with the locomotive sparks to waste the value and beauty of the wilderness. It is quite surprising to find such an abundance of moisture in the shape of streams and ponds where goodly water sheds and forests to shelter from the sun often seem nowhere to be seen.

So far as the eye could judge, the Humber river must be the great stream for large salmon, but the chances for entertainment and care of sportsmen are exceedingly limited. We found everything all right at the "Log Cabin." It stands on the bank of a clear stream, Spruce brook, near its outlet into St. George's lake. This lake, right in front of the cabin, stretches away for five miles to its outlet, Harry's brook, down which it runs twenty miles to St. George's bay. Go across the lake to the east, make a good long day's march over the trail, and you come to the caribou barrens along the Grand lake region. This is a fitting-out point for such

LOG CABIN AT SPRUCE BROOK.



HARRY'S RIVER AND GUIDE'S CAMP.

hunting. We corrected an idea that we had gathered in reading about the excitement of the sport. It is frequently represented as a sort of wild pasture slaughter, where the unsuspecting game marches by the hunter, concealed by a clump of low trees, from which point he selects a big head and into it sends his bullet. If that were the real manner of doing, of course, it goes without saying, that that might as well be practiced in a New England pasture on cows, or in the western stock yards on cattle. The real sport for genuine hunters consists in going into the heart of these wild barrens, discovering from afar by the aid of field glasses, or the unaided eyes, the location of caribou that are possessed of satisfactory heads, and then stalking them with exceeding skill and patience. This is no blundering work, although luck, as in all hunting, plays its usual part. It is accompanied with sufficient surprises, disappointments, hardships, and glad endings to be worth much fond expectation and considerable sacrifice.

At "Log Cabin" we found our party only a year behind Secretary of State Root, who stayed there a month in 1905, and naturally we abandoned the thought of catching any big fish as they had had only a year to grow. Surrendering to the ladies the high plane of comfort and rest at the cabin, we found a locomotive ready the next morning to take us down to "Green Camp" on Harry's brook, some ten miles away. Mr. Dodd, the proprietor of the place, was with us in our determination to get to the fishing at once, ergo a locomotive ride in the rain. The machine gave out only once on the way, a remarkable feat for the rolling stock of the Reid railroad.

"Green Camp" is perched high above the track and close to the salmon pools. It was reported to be surrounded with woods, mosquitoes and sand-flies, but we could discount it all, and live in great comfort night or day. What is the use of fussing at flies and mosquitoes? Think of the infinite virtue of a northern mosquito, as he steals a mere trifle of surplus blood, compared to a yellow fever breeder. Great peace and comfort can be painted with rosy colors by drawing contrasts, and sometimes the imagination creates a close approach to real life, at least we know it does on the suffering side. Somebody had been at the camp the night before and satisfied a swarm of troubles, leaving us plenty of uncaught salmon and undisturbed sleep. Harry's brook is really misnamed—it is a substantial river, wide, full of ledges and small boulders, swift running and not deep. It did not call for a delicately blown feather on the water, lest the serene surface be disturbed just a shade beyond the flutter of a fly, for the water swirled around rocks and tossed about in foam. The fish were frequently in evidence, jumping for nothing distinguishable, in mere sport it looked, and it availed nothing to cast just where they broke. We usually found them the first few casts, if at all, and a waiting method between casts proved the story of the books to be well justified. By bending low and looking long for a swirling surface to smooth itself out, you could sometimes see several lying behind some rock, fanning away with complete indifference. You might as well quit such a place for an hour, for it was not in a mere change of flies to break that scornful repose. We saw a good 20-pounder start for our fly, fall short, and then lie at the surface with his back fin and a part of his tail out, heedless of the fly cast before him across the quick water. His caution or experience rose triumphant over his curiosity.

We caught six in two days and lost only three that we hooked. The heaviest one, we proudly thought him a 12-pounder, sank down between the rocks, and, after giving us five minutes of intense anxiety and hopefulness, cast loose for the next visitor at some upper pool. It appeared as though curiosity rose above caution every time they changed for an upper pool.

Well, we landed enough, I presume, and quit with some experience for another and may be a better day. There were enough in number and a fair proportion of them were "heavy weights." They will be hunting for their fresh-water home another season, for no exhaustive slaughter can be accomplished with flies, so long as salmon wariness remains the same there as the world of waters over.

The train to the home cabin passed once a day and stopped to take us back. We were deep in the woods, free from disturbance, slept by the side of murmuring waters, ate freely of the fresh fortunes of the rod, watched the guides cooking by the open camp-fire, heard the owls at the curfew hour, sprang out of bunks with the first streak of light, dashed our faces with cool spring water running near the corner of the camp, whipped the stream while the eggs and salmon sputtered at the breakfast bacon, shouted excitedly for the guide to hurry with his net, answered the welcome breakfast call, and sweetened it all with orange marmalade. We wanted just a half hour more to try a few more casts for that big one behind the rock, still we picked up for the train, and, with contented hearts, carried back enough to verify our very earnest yarns.

Small flies on a No. 4 hook are just about right, only be sure not to have the feathers too long or thickly set. They don't "tumble" to a lot of bush on the hook, but like tinsel and a slow-moving, quiet fisherman.

They are not school boys to be taught obedience by much thrashing. They abound in the unexpected, and can take a quick turn at the rope if you give it to them behind a rock. After they are hooked, you are fairly sure when they are on the gaff or in the net, and silenced with a blow across the neck. You don't want to shout too quick, or put up your money as long as your fingers are watching the reel.

No matter how many cards you have played you will be surprised at having a full hand all the time, and, if you don't watch your opponent, he will slip down a forgotten card from his sleeve and take the trick that ends your game.

We started for home the day we quit fishing, with plenty of time to clean and pack up. The ladies had had a constant feast of good things, the flies had been respectful, the sun had come out, the evenings had been long, the nights restful, the girls had romped with the dog, bathed in the lake, watched the hens, and sympathized with the Earl of Grey as he waited hours at the cabin for a derailed train to open the track to St. Johns. We were 118 miles from Port Aux Basques where the steamer Bruce would be waiting for us. The whole distance from Spruce brook to that port is broken up with many good streams and fine salmon fishing.

You can stay at St. George's bay, where there is another fine log cabin, with every appointment for comfort and pleasure; you can stop at Doyle's on the Big Codroy, twenty-five miles from your steamer, or at Tompkins on the Little Codroy, five miles nearer your port. We met with a lawyer from New York at Truro, N. S., who has been fishing on the Little Codroy for six years, and we could have no doubt, after talking with him, about the excellent chances on that river all through July and August.

One must have a proper amount of time so as to mix the bitter and the sweet. Not all days or seasons are alike and therefore a very short trip might not yield the happy result. With a proper allowance for nature's whims and streaks, we have no doubt that any real fisherman who fishes for amusement and not brag, attends to it patiently and considerately, can get royal and certain sport on any of the good streams of the west coast, not every day, but in the run of a fair measure of days.

W. P. Saukee.

To Find the Speed of Trains.

When traveling on a through train a passenger with timetable in hand can easily tell the rate at which his train is traveling.

Let him take the time from one station to another and multiply the number of miles by sixty and divide this by the minutes used.

This may be very easily and quickly done and will give the miles per hour. For instance, from A to B is six miles and the time seven minutes; $6 \times 60 = 3600 \div 7 = 51.42$ miles per hour.—Graphite.

Mr. and Mrs. Tasker's Labrador Journey.

St. Johns, N. F., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A despatch originating in the fertile brain of some Philadelphia scribe, to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Tasker, of that city, had just safely crossed the Labrador, but had endured untold hardships, culminating in the slaughter of three dogs for food, was spread broadcast over the continent about the middle of October. It appeared on page 577 of Forest and Stream, issue Oct. 13. It also appeared in the St. Johns, N. F., Evening Herald on Oct. 16. Mr. and Mrs. Tasker happened to be in St. Johns on that date, and on seeing the item called on the editor. The following clipping from the Herald of Oct. 18 contains the truth about the Tasker expedition:

"The statements that Mr. and Mrs. Tasker, who have just traveled Labrador, were on a honeymoon trip and had to eat their dogs, which we made on Tuesday, were on the authority of a press despatch sent out from Philadelphia, his native city, as we satisfied him by means of the clipping, and he laughed heartily over the item. The party were not, though, obliged to resort to such an expedient, and he and his wife have been making such trips since their marriage five years ago. Mr. T. declares the region they traversed devoid of caribou, but as there was plenty of arctic moss, believes it would just suit for reindeer, and will call on the Governor this afternoon to lay his views before him, having been given a letter of introduction to Sir Wm. MacGregor by Dr. Grenfell."

W. J. Carroll.

Montreal, Canada, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* George Elson, Hubbard's guide in 1903, and Mrs. Hubbard's guide across Labrador in 1905, gives a very interesting resumé of his Ontario-Labrador trip of 1906, which covered a different territory from the other two. He was chief guide for Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tasker, of Philadelphia, in the last trip.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Tasker are keen lovers of sport, and both have a record as big-game hunters. This year they secured the services of Elson and started from Missanabie Station on July 11 and spent seventeen days going down the Missanabie and Moose rivers to Moose Factory on James bay. They are good canoeists, and have learned how to enjoy a canoe trip; they camped at desirable spots, rested, fished and cultivated happiness successfully. George Elson had an Indian guide with him, so that the party consisted of four. Mr. and Mrs. Tasker paddled all through the trip, and good time was made. They had only one canoe—cedar, canvas-covered—19 feet long by 36 inches beam.

Ten days were spent at Moose Factory, where they exchanged visits and hospitalities with the Hudson Bay Company's officials. The Hudson Bay people have a little steamer about 50 feet in length, drawing perhaps 6 feet of water and about 12 feet wide. It trades between Charlton Island and Moose Factory, which is about fifty miles away on the main line. The canoe was put on the top deck of this launch and they traveled to Charlton Island. This island is probably over ten miles long, timbered and well supplied with small game. The steamer that comes out from England unloads there and the guardians have an opportunity to spend a nice, quiet and reposeful winter on Charlton Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Tasker went from the island to Rupert's House in the southeast corner of James bay, where there is a fine harbor and deep water. From Rupert's House the Taskers went back to Charlton Island, and thence by steamer up the east coast of James bay to the Hudson Bay Company's Great Whale River Post. From there they canoed northward. Between the Great Whale and the Little Whale rivers are many islands, but there is a want of shelter from there to Richmond gulf. It is all open water. A little delay was experienced before reaching the gulf, caused by heavy seas. The party did not take the Clear Water river at once, but went up the Washatune river and some little

lakes with a short bit of the Clear Water river to Clear Water lake. They could not say how big a lake Clear Water was, but one could not see across it. There are both speckled trout and lake trout in its waters.

A journey of about a day and a half with portages brought the party to Seal lake (another lake of great size), probably forty miles long. Between Seal lake and another little lake, out of which a river flows northeast toward Ungava bay, is the height of land. They went down the Still river and another river with an Indian name sounding something like Kenokamistic. For four days they traveled on this river, and three days' travel on the Koksoak river brought them to Fort Chimo. The latter river is a mile wide and very deep in parts. Salmon and trout are found in the waters, but little or no timber can be seen on the barren rocks. The scenery is hold and very beautiful in spite of the want of heavy timber. It looks like the pictures of some of the Scotch lochs.

About thirty miles from the mouth of the Koksoak, where we reach Fort Chimo, are bands of Indians—one tribe of which is the Eskimo. There are Missionaries there and about thirty buildings. Both the Hudson Bay Company and Revillion Brothers have agencies at this point. The Eskimo tribe belong to the Church of England, and the other Indians generally to the Roman Catholic faith. The Eskimo are very quiet, honest people.

The Koksoak river is navigable up to Chimo for large vessels. Here Mr. Tasker's party took the steamer for Cartright, near Rigolet on the east Labrador coast. Rigolet should be well known to all the readers of Hubbard's story. There is a Hudson Bay post at Cartright. Here the party found the Newfoundland mail steamer Virginia, which took them to St. Johns, N. F. From St. Johns the Newfoundland Railway was enjoyed, after a long absence from rail communication as far as Port au Basque.

The ferry steamer, Bruce took the party from Port au Basque to Sydney, Cape Breton, where the Intercolonial Railroad carried them to Montreal. At Montreal Mr. and Mrs. Tasker took the train for Bisco, whether for another moose hunt expedition, or for private business, the deponent saith not; but whatever the business may be, we are sure that Mr. and Mrs. Tasker will have a very interesting story to tell their friends about their big canoe trip. The country is already interesting to us; the new narrative ought to make us quite familiar and friendly.

L. O. Armstrong.

THE TOP RAIL.

To the consideration of the Simplified Spelling Board I submit the word "mascalonge," for the reason that no two persons spell it alike, and because a backwoods correspondent, in describing the fishing, referred to the fish in question as "muskelunj," which proves that there is sympathy in the woods, if not in the great centers of learning, for the reformers.

Here is a word that is variously spelled muscalonge, muscallonge, mascalonge, mascallonge, maskelunge, maskellunge, muskelunge, muskellunge, muskalonge, muskallonge, muskalunge, muskallunge, maskinongy, maskinongé, masquinongy, mask-kinongé, mas Kenosha and otherwise, the eighteen variations serving to show that the simplified spellers will have their work cut out for them when they roll up their sleeves and tackle this name. And the indignation of those who object to spelling old familiar names phonetically is but a zephyr compared to the cyclone of wrath that can be looked for when attempts are made to replace the sacred masquinongé or maskinongé with another. Jordan and Evermann, referring to the lack of uniformity in spelling the name, say, "Generally spelled muskellunge," and let it go at that.

Sportsmen searching for new sensations should emulate the Pittsfield men who recently announced their intention to go a-hunting in a balloon. Evidently they had not carefully weighed all the contingencies that might arise on such a voyage. For example, suppose they should sail into a flock of ducks and an excitable member of the party should happen to shoot a hole in the gas-bag—although it is admitted that there might be enough hot air emanating from the basket to keep it afloat. As hot meals en route would be acceptable, a vapor or alcohol stove would be needed, in which case it would not be unlikely that the gas might be ignited, with equally disastrous consequences. And as balloons are somewhat erratic in their movements, and non-resident license laws are in force in nearly all States, it would be embarrassing for New York men, for example, to be dumped into Maine or some other State, with a basket full of firearms and no licenses in their possession, for while license laws are operative, as a rule, in cases where non-residents cross the borders on trains or by boat, the mere fact of a man dropping out of a balloon would not save him, in the eyes of a local justice of the peace, from punishment for technically breaking the laws. And in New Jersey, for example, if one happens to have a gun in his possession, he can count on a stiff dose of Jersey justice, whether he comes out of a balloon or walks.

The other day a fat and furry gray squirrel skipped down a hill in Central Park with a small yellow dog about two laps in the rear and going fast. The dog's ears stood up, sharp with expectancy, and he evidently thought the squirrel was his meat. But the gray knew better, and making for a large maple tree, he ran close by the trunk, dodged behind it, ran up a few feet, circled the trunk, and with head down watched his pursuer. Away went the dog in a straight line down the hill, and it was not until he reached its foot that he missed the gray. Hither and thither he ran, bounding into the air now and then to get a better view. It was plain to him that the squirrel had simply vanished. His cocky ears drooped, his tail wilted, and with an air of "Now, what do you think of that?" he turned back, passing under the maple tree where the fat gray, unseen, was laughing at him, squirrel fashion.

Whatever may be thought of cats elsewhere, they are not held in very high esteem in the parks of New York city. There is a man employed by the Department of Parks whom the park employes call a "sharpshooter," whose duty it is to kill all stray cats and dogs found roaming about in the parks of the city. He does good work, too, and as the park rules forbid any person to bring pets into the parks unless they are in tow, he makes no mistake in shooting dogs or cats that are wandering about the shrubbery. So tame are many of the gray squirrels and the waterfowl that a foxy old cat could catch them easily. Still there are cats that frequent the parks regularly, and but for them the English sparrows would overrun Central and Prospect parks.

When the reporters write up a tragedy they always tell how some one, when arrested, still holds "a smoking revolver" in his hand, although a half-hour may have elapsed since a shot had been fired. No matter; the weapon has got to smoke, and apparently it keeps on smoking just so long as ladies are not present. In one case that I recall a man "ran around the corner" after leaving the house where the tragedy had occurred, but the revolver was smoking away just the same when he was captured. Generally the "smoking revolver" is considered in the light of mute evidence that something has happened; and while smokeless powder cartridges have largely replaced those that burn "soft coal," still, stories have got to be told in the old way, and the dime-novel style takes no cognizance of facts.

Last week the newspapers published a statement in which it was said that "Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner Whipple had made arrangements with the management of the Yellowstone Park whereby he had obtained a herd of seventy-five moose for distribution in the Adirondacks. The moose will be shipped early this winter and will be placed in charge of the Brown's Tract guides. A few of the animals will be allotted to each county in the Adirondack region. The moose cost the State nothing except for the cost of bringing them east and distributing them."

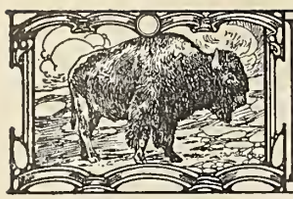
This statement seemed so improbable that I asked Mr. Whipple as to its truth. His reply follows: "The dispatch about the moose is all fiction. We have arranged to get twenty-five beaver from Yellowstone Park, and the newspapers now have it seventy-five moose. It has grown very much since the original information was given."

The Commissioner added that he was sorry the State was not going to have the moose.

A friend in Manchester, N. H., sends me a story of how a ruffed grouse broke into society in that town not long ago and seemed to be loth to go back to the woods afterward. A lady heard glass breaking in her parlor, and on investigating, found a neat round hole in one of the window panes. Naturally, she thought some boy had thrown a stone through the window, and on searching for the stone found instead a ruffed grouse in a corner behind her piano.

Some one tells a very pretty story of a lively tussle between a bird dog and a ruffed grouse that had been winged a day or two previously by some sportsman, whose dog had failed to find it. Of course the dog had the best of the scrap, but his work was cut out for him. Which reminds me of a fight between a wounded owl and a half-grown fox terrier. I was hunting squirrels when the owl was seen, and when I fired the dog came up from the farmhouse where he belonged and arrived just as the great bird fell to the ground. The owl was full of fight, for the bullet had gone a bit too high, and literally received the dog with open arms. For ten minutes that vicinity was full of noise and feathers, and it was hard to tell what the live ball resembled most, as there were momentary glimpses of legs, claws, teeth and wings. In all my life I have never seen a livelier fight or a pluckier dog. It was like diving head first into a tangle of barbed-wire, and even after the dog closed his teeth on the jugular of the great bird it scratched him viciously, and I had to pry its claws out of his chest, which was slashed and bleeding.

Grizzly King.



NATURAL HISTORY

The Bald Eagle.

[From "The North American Eagles and Their Economic Relations" By Harry C. Oberholser, Assistant Ornithologist, Biological Survey. Biological Survey Bulletin No. 27.]

Gray Sea Eagle (Haliaeetus albicilla.)

The gray sea eagle is of about the same size as the bald eagle, from which it differs most noticeably in brownish instead of pure white head, neck and upper tail-coverts. Its technical name—*Haliæetus albicilla*—means literally "white-tailed sea eagle," and its English name, "sea eagle," originated from its well-known fondness for the seacoast.

It ranges over most of Europe, including Iceland and Nova Zembla, also the greater part of Asia, south to northern India and Asia Minor and to northern Africa; in North America it occurs, however, so far as known, only in Greenland, on the shores of Cumberland Sound, and on the Aleutian Islands, in the last locality positively recorded from only Unalaska Island, though doubtless to be found elsewhere. In Europe there is a more or less well-defined southward movement in autumn, at least from high northern latitudes, but in Greenland, where this bird is common and breeds, it remains over winter, and there is no record of its occurrence on the American Continent to the southward.

General Habits.

Although but locally, and to some extent seasonally, common, even in the vicinity of the seacoast, where it usually breeds, it is found also about lakes and rivers, sometimes far in the interior and occasionally even away from water. It lives preferably about cliffs or rocky islets, yet where such are not available it haunts the forests or even the open country. It is fond of lofty perches from which it can survey the neighborhood for miles around, and here it watches for prey, which it is said to hunt largely during the early hours of the day. It seems to be less on the wing than some other eagles and ordinarily does not fly at so great a height. It is not gregarious; is wary, though sometimes allowing a close approach; and its note is a shrill scream. It mates for life, although if one of the pair be killed the other soon contents itself with another mate. Kept in confinement, to which it can be readily accustomed, it often becomes docile.

In Europe this eagle breeds from February to May, according to latitude; in Egypt, during December and January; in Greenland, about May. The nest is placed on a cliff or rock pinnacle, in a tree or even on the level ground. When on a rock or a cliff, either of which seems to be a favorite location, it is often in the wildest part of the coast and practically inaccessible to enemies. It is a bulky structure, sometimes six or eight feet in diameter and five or six feet in height, nearly flat on top, and is composed chiefly of sticks, lined with twigs, dry grass, weed stalks, moss and seaweed. The eggs are commonly two, occasionally one or three in number, and are white, normally unspotted. The same aery is occupied for many successive seasons, sometimes as many as twenty or more, and receives additions and repairs each year as necessity requires. Both male and female take part in the incubation, which lasts about a month.

Food.

Fish forms one of the chief articles of diet, especially in summer, and is obtained in part by fishing much after the manner of the osprey. Once in a while a fish too large to be managed is attacked, and the eagle, if unable to extricate its talons, is drawn under the water and drowned. The dead fishes and other offal thrown up by the waves along the shore are, however, quite the waves along the shore are, however, quite as much to its taste as freshly caught fish, and the gulls that gather about such food are often driven away by the sea eagle until it has appropriated all it desires. One eagle was found to have gorged itself from the carcass of a stranded whale.

Birds also, principally waterfowl and game birds, are an important element of diet. The various kinds of water birds along the coast furnish a ready supply of food, and from vantage point of rock or cliff the eagle swoops down on its victims. This bill of fare includes plovers, curlews, grebes, wild geese, coots, ducks of various species, and indeed almost all kinds of water birds; also bustards are sometimes taken. Meves states that on one occasion in western Russia, at a nest containing two young eagles respectively about five and eight days old, he found remains of the following birds: Two eiders (*Somateria* sp.), one red-breasted merganser (*Merganser serrator*), one goosander (*Merganser merganser*), and two long-tailed ducks (*Harelda hyemalis*). At certain times, particularly in winter, and in certain places, especially in the interior, the sea eagle destroys many grouse, pheasants and other upland game birds, and occasionally, when other food becomes scarce, also crows and small song birds of various kinds. Dr. G. Rörig found remains of an owl in the stomach of one individual. It is known also to carry off poultry even from the vicinity of farmhouses.

Though of powerful build the gray sea eagle is not so bold and active as many of its relatives, and apparently seldom attacks large animals. Mr. A. von Homeyer states that on one occasion he saw it kill a fox, and Dr. G. Rörig found remains of a fox in one of the eagle stomachs he examined. In winter, however, when in sore need of food, it has been known to attack a deer, and it sometimes kills young seals. It is fond of rabbits (*Oryctolagus cuniculus*) and hares (*Lepus timidus*), and particularly in winter feeds upon them to a considerable extent. On the steppes of southern Russsia it often pounces upon ground squirrels (*Citellus citellus*), and in the same region it is said to hunt moles (*Spalax pallasii* and *Spalax typhlus*) and to seize them while they are working below the surface of the soil. It preys somewhat also on mice, rats and other small mammals, occasionally even a dog. In some sections shepherds complain that, whenever opportunity offers, this eagle attacks weak or sick sheep and kills a good many lambs. It apparently feeds readily on any kind of carrion.

Economic Status.

Altogether, the gray sea eagle appears to do more harm than good, and in some localities laws have been passed providing for its destruction. In North America the species occupies an area so small and so far to the northward that it is not likely to become an economic factor of importance.

Racer and Rattler.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I got the following snake story today from Mr. Geo. R. Morse, a cattleman living near Florence, some fifty miles above here. Mr. Morse is a gentleman whose word is unquestionably veracious, and there can be no doubt that he has told nothing but what he actually saw. "We were driving a bunch of cattle, three vaqueros and I," said Mr. Morse, "when we saw a rattlesnake in a most peculiar position. Its head and tail were out of sight in the darkness of a gopher or ground squirrel hole, the body of course, forming a loop or circle outside on the ground. We all dismounted and one of the boys, finding a stick, poked the snake. It did not move, so we concluded that it was dead. Another one of the men then grasped it in his hands and pulled, and the tail part soon came out of the hole, but not the head; something was hanging on to that which also pulled, and jerked, jerked hard just as a dog will when one gives him the end of a rope, or rag in play; and it held on to the body so tenaciously that the man had to use all his strength to gain any on it. Little by little, however, he kept pulling it his way, and sir, when he finally did succeed in drawing it out, we were astonished to find a big brown snake, locally known as a racer, hanging on to its head, with the tenacity of a bulldog. More than that, the racer wasn't at all afraid of us, and as soon as he also was free from the hole, he coiled himself around his prey three or four times as tightly as he could. I tell you it was a most surprising and interesting sight.

"One of my men, a young excitable fellow, rushed in before I could stop him and tore the racer loose from the rattler; it didn't want to go away at once, but circled around among us looking for its enemy, which the other man was holding suspended in the air. The young fellow struck at it several times before it did retreat into the bushes nearby. I kept calling to him not to hurt it, but at first he was too excited to hear me.

"Well, sir, the base of the head, and the neck of that rattler were literally chewed into shreds. In front of the squirrel hole, for a diameter of ten or twelve feet, the loose sandy soil of the desert was all smoothed over where the fight had taken place, and there were many scaly indentations in it where it had been whipped by the tails of the combatants. It must have been a fierce struggle that they had had. I believe that the rattler was able to resist some when the racer began to drag in into the hole, and that it thrust its tail in there thus making a loop of the rest of its body, that prevented its being drawn further in, and there it died. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I kill no more racers, and I have given my men notice that they must not do so either."

Several weeks ago, while driving out in the country near here, I came upon a large circle in the dusty road similar to the one described by Mr. Morse, and it was unquestionably made by a snake, for the scaly impression of its body was very plain. I wondered then what it could have been doing. Mr. Morse's story explains it. Another such a fight as he describes had there taken place. MANZANITA.

Montana Deer Dying.

LISMAS, Mont., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen who wish to visit this part of the State will find good hunting of all kinds, but this fall or autumn the deer are not so plentiful as usual and a number are dying of some unknown disease, mostly bucks. People seem to think they are eating some kind of poisonous weed.

The game laws are closely observed and no dissatisfaction among citizens in relation to them. H. O. GAMAS.

Does the Buffalo Bellow?

BILLINGS, Mont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in a Scribner's article on buffalo by Ernest Thompson Seton, it is said that buffalo bellowed until it sounded like distant thunder. Such stories have been given to the people until they think the buffalo is nothing but a barnyard steer or bull. No man ever lived who has heard a buffalo bellow. W. A. ALLEN.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Canadian Game Notes.

Mr. C. G. Cowan, of St. Augustine's, Londondery, Ireland, has returned to Montreal and is on his way home. Mr. Cowan states that he has killed a new kind of sheep on the Skeena river, which might be called *Ovis cowani*, but which he modestly suggests should be named *Ovis lairdensis*—after the Laird river slope, where it was killed. Mr. Cowan has been shooting in Alaska and British Columbia for a number of years and has a magnificent collection of trophies. Warburton Pike is one of the first among outside men who have killed the miscalled *Ovis stonei*, and says that many of the local sportsmen and hunters have killed *Ovis lairdensis* and *Ovis stonei* for a number of years.

Mr. Cowan had an outfit of many guides. He had rather an exciting time at the start. One of his guides, who was a good-for-nothing man, got into a row with some Indians, in which he was the aggressor. Indians generally are reliable and well-behaved. In the revenge that ensued after the fight Mr. Cowan's head guide, a very good fellow, was killed, as well as the aggressor. The Indian who did the killing escaped. He killed four of his own horses at the door of his camp in case they should be used to follow him. Mr. Cowan engaged men of the same band of Indians as guides and found them to be very good, reliable men. It is the old story of the white man wishing to impose upon the Indian.

Mr. Cowan's sheep is all black, except a little white on each side of the tail. It is rather a larger animal than the *Ovis montana*, he thinks. He had the carcass of the sheep, with the hide on, dried and sent to Mr. Walter Rothschild's famous museum in Europe.

There are parties going out from almost every station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The tourist department scatters them so thoroughly that as yet there has never been one fatality in the district. There is room to shoot, so that there is no danger of hitting a man instead of a moose or deer.

Cartier, Ont., is a division point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, north of Lake Huron. Last week No. 1 Express struck a moose. The moose, bravest of all animals, charged the train, the result being a broken back, two broken hind legs and a carcass not very much hurt. The carcass was taken to Cartier, skinned and the meat divided among several citizens. Game Warden Burgess and a hunter named Williams interviewed Police Magistrate Brodie to have several persons summoned for having moose meat in their possession illegally. The magistrate refused the case.

A Canadian guide of wide experience writes the following: "The hunting around Chapleau, Ont., is not very good. Almost any place between Cartier and Bisco is good for moose. Good deer hunting can be had also. Metagama and Eureka stations are the best for moose. Forks, Pogamasing and Stralak are very good for deer." All these are on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Wolves are doing great mischief in northern Quebec. Deer have almost disappeared in some places. Yesterday I met a man who had been out eight days—an old hunter—who had gone on his annual trip, and to his amazement he did not see a single deer. He attributes this to wolves. He says the scarcity of partridges is marked; partly owing to wolves and partly to a bad season.

The trout fishing has been particularly good in the lakes just north of Montreal. The French-Canadian population has become educated to the necessity of protecting brook trout. This is very gratifying to one who has been working for a good many years to bring about this result. Attainment is gradually approaching.

The agent at Wanapetie station, Ont., on the Canadian Pacific Railway, reports moose plenty, and guides ready to take parties up Wanapetie river and down the Sturgeon. The season opened on Oct. 16, and ends on Nov. 15. Very good reports are coming in from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Mr. W. S. Tory, of Bigby, came out of the woods with antlers measuring over 60 inches. It is a little early yet for caribou.

L. O. Armstrong.

State of Washington Game Notes.

Fifteen hundred rabbits were killed during the one day drive on Blalock Island on the Columbia river, south of Spokane, by sportsmen from various parts of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, at the water's edge, where they were knocked over by the hunters armed with shotguns. Dr. N. G. Blalock, owner of the island, was the host, meeting his guests at Coyote, Ore., taking them to the island in his steam yacht. Mounted drivers were provided for the hunters, who had a day of real sport. The hunters were joined by the farmers and Indians of the Umatilla tribe, the last named taking with them hundreds of rabbits in wagons and canoes. Blalock Island is a large one and a number of farmers live on it. Rabbits have found an ideal home there and overrun the fields, doing a great deal of damage. Once a year the residents of the island find it necessary to hunt down the destructive animals, and on these occasions the rabbits are slaughtered by hundreds.

Deputy Game Warden McHarbaugh has returned from Orofino, Ida., east of Spokane, where he stocked a fifteen acre lake belonging to Dow Snyder with 15,000 black bass taken from the slough near the Lewiston waterworks. Snyder is one of several farmers in that section who are building up fish preserves. There are a number of lakes, which farmers are stocking with fish and guarding so that in a couple of years they may derive revenue by issuing permits.

Wild geese by the thousands are on the islands at Hover, south of Spokane, but hunters have been openly violating the law, not only in broad daylight, but at night as well, by hunting on the islands, and as a consequence great flocks of the fowl have already flown to other places where they will be safe from hunters.

August Wolf.

Game Bird Propagation in Illinois.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We purchased over 16,000 quail in the southern States during the winter of 1905 and spring of 1906 for propagating purposes. Owing to a mild winter and a very favorable hatching season, I am getting extremely good reports from every county in the State where these birds were planted, our wardens reporting that there are more quail in Illinois at present than there has been in the past twenty years.

A great many sportsmen in the State found fault with the department for bringing southern quail in this climate. The department contended, and still contends, that if these birds can be planted so that they can secure proper protection and food, they will stand the weather many degrees below zero.

On our State game farm I had a number of birds in a large house with southern exposure, the entire front of the house being of glass. These birds did not do extra well penned up in this house. I took fifty pair of the birds and threw them out in the coldest weather we had in an open pen with only a shelter built of corn stalks. The birds were fed once a day during January, February and March and not one of these birds perished from cold, while of the birds cooped up in the house we lost quite a few.

The department is importing this season 1,000 pairs of Hungarian partridges to distribute throughout the State. We have also just begun to distribute our English ring-necked and Chinese pheasants. Will probably send out about 5,000 to the various counties. One thousand pheasant hens will be kept on the game farm next season. From this number of hens we expect to hatch and rear in the neighborhood of 15,000 young pheasants. We have had exceptionally good results with our English pheasants, they being comparatively free from disease. The worst enemy of these birds that we have on the farm is the house cat. These animals sneak in the enclosure in spite of all the precautions we can use, and carry away a number of the birds every day. We have them pretty well caught up at the present time, but it seems as soon as we dispose of one supply another comes along. During the last few weeks the hawks have been giving us considerable trouble and it takes two or three men most of their time shooting these birds. On the whole, however, we cannot complain of the results obtained, as we have had exceptionally good success.

J. A. Wheeler,
State Game Commissioner.

Snipe Shooting in Washington.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 24.—Cold weather in the far north has driven graceful but erratic jacksnipe from his summer home. He has now reached the marshes along Puget Sound, and the hunters who have been lucky enough to be on the ground during the past few days have had great sport. The flats in the immediate vicinity of Laconner and Stanwood have been fairly alive with jacks. Duck hunters have given up their favorite sport for a fling at the spiral flyers. They did not need dogs to hunt up the birds in their hiding places, as the bands were large and it was an easy matter to walk around kicking them out from the hillocks and tufts of tall grass.

"It has been a long time," said W. A. Hardy, a well-known Seattle sportsman, "since the Stanwood flats had so many snipe. They came from the north in large numbers, and the hunters tell me they had no end of fine chances at the zig-zag targets."

Similar reports come from Laconner. W. S. Phillips was there after ducks. He had his decoys out, and the birds were coming in nicely. "This looks good for a fine day's sport," he said, and about that time some old fellow, who knew naught of the instincts of a sportsman, or who was maliciously inclined, rowed his boat into open water near the decoys and cast anchor. As the ducks came in they set their wings, but suddenly sighting the boat, sheered off and made Phillips use language that was not complimentary to his unbidden guest. Disgusted with the outlook, Phillips went ashore and bagged the limit of quail.

It is an old saying that the snipe is here today and there to-morrow. For this reason the hunter who gets the best shooting is the one who happens to be on the ground when he comes along. A marsh that is destitute of game one day may afford fine sport next morning.

A record made by R. S. Cox, and the late Jack Ruppe, both of Seattle, several years ago on one of the down-sound marshes is hard to

equail, let alone surpass. Shooting alternately they killed seventeen out of eighteen birds. Cox's ability as a wing shot is not only well recognized in the Pacific Northwest, but in the Middle West as well. His name will still be found as a member of some of the most exclusive shooting clubs of Chicago. Ruppe was one of the best field shots I have ever known, and for several seasons his work at the local traps was of a high order. He has a brother, John Ruppe, who is also a crack with the shotgun. PORTUS BAXTER.

Conditions in Central New York.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I read an article in FOREST AND STREAM about a man in the western States, I cannot just think where now, shooting an eagle. It is a good thing it was not in York State or he would have had cause to remember it. There was a case of that kind near this city last week and it cost the man that shot it $25 for doing so, and he got off pretty easy at that, I think, as the maximum penalty is $85, $60 for the offense and $25 for each bird killed.

The three years close season on partridges and woodcock came to a close this fall and there has been some fine hunting. Gray squirrels are not plentiful in this county, and rabbits promise to be unusually so. The ducks and geese are not coming south as early as usual and only a few have been shot so far this fall.

There has been less song bird shooting this year than in a good many years before; only two cases so far. I think the foreign element, who gave us so much trouble in the past, have learned their lesson at last. The Schenectady County Fish and Game Protective Association, of which Dr. A. F. Litterly of this city is president, has done fine work in stocking the brooks and protecting the game in this county, and its two special protectors have made over forty arrests and convictions in the past year, and have turned into the State more than $2,000 in fines. Pretty good work for one county to do, I think, don't you? DORP.

As a supplement to the above comes this press dispatch dated Ballston, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Game Protector Viele, of Schenectady, yesterday seized 200 woodcock and partridges which were in the warehouse of the Ballston Refrigerating Company. The birds were believed to be owned by James Riley, who conducts a hotel at Saratoga lake, and proceedings were taken against him because of his failure to give a $1,000 bond as required of those who handle game.

The Adirondack Deer Law.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest in your issue of Oct. 20 a communication from "Juvenal" arguing for the extension of the Adirondack deer season. Without attempting to discuss the merits of the present law, and meaning no disrespect to Juvenal, I cannot refrain from commenting upon his reasoning and deduction, which to my mind embody the most dangerous sort of opposition to any proper game laws.

The most plausible opposition to reform is oftimes when analyzed the most vicious, and this in my judgment is the case with the arguments brought forward by Juvenal.

Let us examine his position in detail. First, says he, the law is unpopular with the residents of the Adirondack region. This fact of itself would seem to be more of an argument for than against. Did anybody ever hear of a game law involving curtailment of privileges that was popular with the people of the region affected? Take the case of the anti-hounding law—was that hailed with delight by the Adirondackites, and is it not a good law?

Next, complains Juvenal, not only is the time for providing venison for the Adirondack table postponed, but the chance for earning honest dollars by guiding is taken away! Has it come to this, that the game laws of the great commonwealth of New York must be so adjusted that the heritage of eight millions of people should be made subservient to mending the financial fences of a handful of so-called guides?

Again, argues Juvenal, many summer visitors can stay in the mountains during September, but not into October, and these therefore ought to have a few days of hunting in September. But how about the visitor who can stay only in August—shouldn't he have a crack at a deer too? And by the same token shouldn't the July visitor have a pop at one also?

As to the statement that Adirondack residents are satisfied with one deer in a season—well, it may be credible, but it seems to need corroboration, and the argument that the hotel keepers want an open season in September is not worthy of comment.

But the real burden of Juvenal's song is the fact that the law is being violated by September shooting and therefore the best thing to do is to open September so that there will be no illegal hunting and all will be merry as a marriage bell. A nice comfortable solution of the difficulty, but to my mind of thinking, what the Adirondack region really needs is not a new deer law, but more wardens and more jails.

There may be good reasons for amending the law, but they have not yet been brought forward by Juvenal. The trouble with the Adirondack people seems to be a mistaken theory that the game of that region belongs to them instead of to the commonwealth.

So far as the deer law is concerned there are only two points to be considered, viz.: First, what legislation is necessary to perpetuate the game for the people of the commonwealth to whom it belongs?

Second, what open season, if any, may be safely accorded under proper limitations to the sportsmen at large?

Any special consideration for the hungry horde of law breakers, hotel men, guides and campers who think they own the Adirondack game, is not only unnecessary but manifestly improper.

W. A. BRADSHAW.

Commander Peary's Musk Open.

IN the dispatch which he sent to Herbert L. Bridgeman, of this city last week, Commander Robert E. Peary says that on his return to the north coast of Greenland from his latest attempt to reach the north pole, he killed musk oxen when sadly in need of sustenance. This would seem to argue that musk oxen were not scarce so far north, but he says further on that he rescued two of his supporting parties on the north coast, and found them in a starving condition. It is possible that these men were without firearms while he was well supplied, otherwise the ability of one party and the failure of two others to secure game in practically the same region is difficult of explanation.

As Commodore Peary succeeded in going further north than ever before, and found open water where he expected to find solid ice, the narrative of his experiences will be received with interest by sportsmen and scientists, who look forward to the description of the game mammals and birds found in the vicinity of the pole.

Buffalo Bill's Party Safe.

LAST week we mentioned the fact that alarm was felt in Cody, Wyo., over the safety of Col. Cody and a party of friends who were on a bear hunt in the Big Horn Mountains when a severe blizzard visited that region, and that they had not been heard from since the middle of October. On Oct. 29 a telephone message was received in Cody from the Colonel, who said the party was safe and waiting at the Tee Ranch, in the Big Horn Mountains, until the deep snow that had fallen was hard enough for the party to travel. During the blizzard shelter was found under an overhanging ledge in a cañon and there was no suffering among the men and horses during the two days the storm lasted, but the journey through soft snow to the Tee Ranch was exhausting. All hands were well.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Quail in Confinement.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have raised in confinement about fifty quail from birds brought from North Carolina, Kansas and Alabama. We also know of a dozen or fifteen specific cases where such birds which have been liberated have reared at least one brood. We get reports from the southeastern section of Massachusetts that quail are very plentiful. We are certain that there are very few native birds after the two severe winters preceding last winter, so whatever quail are in Massachusetts now must, it seems to me, be ascribed, in a large measure, to the succesful results of restocking. As to whether these birds from southern parents will stand the rigors of an ordinary winter remains to be seen.

G. W. FIELD, Chairman,
Department of Fisheries and Game.

North Carolina Quail Export.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the laws of North Carolina the State Audubon Society has authority to grant permits for the shipment of live quail out of the State for the purpose of propagation.

We are very slow about granting permits of this character, however, and seldom do so. There is a tremendous demand for live quail for stocking preserves in our own State. Without referring to our books I would say roughly that the number shipped from this State under permits does not exceed 500 birds annually.

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.
Audubon Society of North Carolina.

On Long Island.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail for sometime back seemed to be very plenty, but the boys and some older ones have been after them; so when Nov. 1 arrives the law abiding hunter will not get the shooting he ought to have. One young man alone has twenty-eight gray squirrels hung up waiting for Nov. 1. He has also shot partridge.

Gardiner's bay ducks are being kept on the move by the power boats giving the poor man with his sailboat no chance at all. Almost any night or morning after sunset and before sunrise guns can be heard at Hook pond near this village. Large bags of snipe have been killed at Neapague beach lately, five miles east.

BERT.

North Carolina Quail.

BUIES, N. C., Nov. 2.—I take great pleasure in being able to report an unusual number of birds in this county. Owing to the very wet summer and early fall much uneasiness was felt as to the probable effect on the hatching and rearing of quail, but it appears to have been beneficial as the covies are numerous and with scarcely an exception large and full. There are, however, many covies not yet quite full grown and these too seem remarkably full. FRANK A. BOND.

Another Warden Killed.

LAST Sunday Deputy Game Warden Charles Beacham was shot and killed near Scranton, Pa., by Michael Shemitski. Beacham and two other deputies went with game warden Jenkins Davis to arrest two Poles who were shooting in the woods on Sunday. Warden Davis arrested one—John Shewoski—and as the three deputies approached Shemitski, he fired at Beacham at close quarters, then ran away, although the deputies fired at him repeatedly.

Maryland Deputy Wardens Appointed.

GOVERNOR WARFIELD has appointed the following county game wardens in Maryland: Cecil county, Ross Watson, Thomas R. Hall and Charles J. Campbell; Howard county, Richard Kelly and George J. Schirling. Under the laws of Maryland these deputies are authorized to make arrests for violations of the game laws in any county in the State.

A Night of Terror.

[This story is partly translated, partly imitated, from the French. The French author, I suppose, was indebted to some German original. It is no great matter, so the reader likes it. Let us therefore, without further preface, begin.]

I.

You will recollect that, three years ago, we had a dreadful winter throughout Europe. It was severe in those quarters where the climate is usually genial; in the north it was absolutely dreadful. My sister and I were on a visit to our old friend, the Princess N———, at her Lithuanian castle. The thing was arranged that Adelaide was to be married to the Princess's son, Sobieski, who was daily expected from Spain. I suppose my sister looked forward to the arrival with more impatience than the rest of the party; and certainly its male portion were far more interested in hunting the wolf all the morning through the snows, and drinking down the fatigues of the chase in the evening over the fire, than in any thing connected with the tender passion.

The wished for morning arrived at last. Sobieski appeared in the castle of his ancestors amid the acclamations of an admiring peasantry, to be kissed by his mother, shaken hands with by his friends, and looked at, I suppose, by his betrothed. Foreign travel had improved him, and a single year had sufficed to turn the handsome stripling into a fine and noble-looking young man. The Princess was happy, Adelaide was happy, Sobieski was happy, we all were happy: but the happiness was destined to be of short duration: for we had hardly risen from breakfast when a courier arrived, bringing in the melancholy information that my father had been suddenly taken ill in Bohemia, and that our attendance was instantly required, as his life was despaired of. It was of course necessary that we should start on the instant; no time could be lost, and our arrangements for departure were made with the utmost rapidity. Sobieski wished to have gone with us; but how could he leave his mother, whom he had only seen for two or three hours after a year's absence? Besides, why expose him to the trouble and inconvenience of the journey? If, as we hoped, we found the alarm exaggerated, it would be easy to send for him, or to return; if the event were what our fears suggested, it was arranged that my sister's future home was to be that of the Princess. Adelaide and Sobieski had a long private interview before we parted. What they said I do not know; but it would not be hard to guess at what was the tenor of their conversation. With much reluctance he gave his consent to remain behind; but, farewell is a word that has been, and must be: it was spoken at last, and we set off in our traveling carriage about six in the morning through the snowy roads of Lithuania leading through the great forest.

We got over the short day without any adventures different from what might be expected. Our carriage sometimes stuck in the snow, sometimes narrowly escaped being upset by the stump of a tree. Relays on the road were few, and the people at the posthouses seemed half frozen, and afraid to open their mouths. We were tolerably independent of them for supplies, as we had been sufficiently stored before we started on our route. We left the last posthouse about six in the evening, with a pair of fine, strong, young horses, fit to contend with the night difficulties of the forest road. Those difficulties did not appear to be in any degree remarkably formidable. The full moon just risen, cast a bright light all around, and a strong frost having set in, the path was hard and practicable. Our driver, an old retainer of the Princess, knew the forest well: for forty years, as chasseur or courier, postillion or coachman, he had traversed it at all hours of the day and night, and was as well acquainted with every "dingle and bosky bourne of the wild wood" as with his own stables. I forgot to say that, besides, Adelaide and myself, her favorite French maid occupied the interior of the voiture. Heinrich smoked, whistled, and cracked his whip in solitary dignity without. There being nothing in the scenery or its associations to captivate the Parisian soul of Louise, who had done due justice to the contents of our basket while we changed horses, she speedily dropped into a profound slumber, to dream, I suppose, of the glories of the Palais Royal, and to transport herself from the woods and snows of Lithuania to the parterre of some theatre on the Boulevards. She soon gave us audible information that she was far away in the land of dreams, and that, if her slumbers were not melancholy, they were at least musical.

Let it not be imagined that my more delicate companion or myself permitted Louise to enjoy our basket-stored repast without co-operation. Our spirits were severely depressed; the dreaded death of a beloved father filled us both with sorrow and apprehension, and Adelaide in parting with Sobieski had her peculiar sources of grief. But it is a sad truth, that all the most sentimental emotions of the mind give place when the most unsentimental organ of the body makes its demand upon our attention; and the bracing air of the forest had largely contributed to the sharpening of the appetite. The substantial dainties of the Princess, aided by some generous hock, somewhat assisted in my case by a fair proportion of brandy, disposed us also to slumber, and Adelaide fell asleep on my shoulder. Her sleeping thoughts reverted in all probability to a certain Northern castle frowning over the flood, garnished with tower and turret, buttress and bulwark, fosse and rampart, draw-bridge and portcullis, and every other adjunct of feudal war; but in which was also the picture-studded corridor, the gay salon, and, above all, the soft boudoir, where sounds more fitted for the ladies' ear than the clashing of arms were uttered; round which were formed trellised gardens, where bouquets such as the North affords were culled, and where sauntering walks by morning light or moon-beam made life forgotten; or spreading parks and chases, where some rode together who thought of other joys than those which the sylvan sports afforded. For my part, my mind wandered to the possible change of my mode of life and position in society. I loved my father with an affection which few sons feel: I admired the lustre of his military career; our house had been honored by the fame he had won and the high repute he enjoyed; and I looked back with mingled love and reverence on the uniform kindness which I had experienced at his hands;—but, I confess, I could not keep myself from thinking what I should do with the family estates when they came into my possession, of the mode in which I was to regulate my conduct, of the figure I was to cut at court, of the way I was to spend the next year—of—of—of something else that it is now not necessary to speak about. In vain I reproached myself with thinking of anything but the impending death of a dear and honored father. As I dropped into drowsy half-waking, half-sleeping fits of dreaminess, other visions would occur, and it was only when I roused myself to look out of the voiture to see how we got on that a sensation of sorrow would take possession of my mind. On my shoulder still slept Adelaide, on the other side snored Louise; outside smoked Heinrich, thinking, I take it for granted, of nothing but his horses, and these he drove steadily along.

On a sudden, however, it seemed as if they afforded him more than ordinary trouble. I was awakened from one of my noddings by hearing him devoting them to the infernal gods, in all the mingled dialects of Poland, Russia and Germany—and that for a crime which seldom awakens the indignation of a traveler in these regions. In spite of all his exertions, they had burst into a furious gallop. He cursed, and swore, and pulled, and tugged, but in vain. With alarmed eye and erected ear, the eager horses disregarded the utmost effort of curb and bridle, and dragged us forward with a velocity I should have thought beyond their powers. As there was no danger of accident, I was rather amused by the unexpected vigor of our steeds, and the indignation of the usually phlegmatic Heinrich at their apostacy from the regulated pace of the road. All on a sudden, however, our driver ceased to swear, and, uttering a hasty ejaculation, something half-way between a prayer and a curse, exclaimed:

"The beasts are right—right, by a thousand devils right! I should have guessed it long ago."

And so saying, he surrendered to them the reins, no longer endeavoring to control their rapidity. I asked him what he meant. Turning cautiously round, and whispering so as not to disturb my sister, he breathed rather than spoke into my ear,

"They are coming."

"Who—who?" said I; "who are coming? There is not a human being in sight."

"I did not say there was," replied Heinrich; "and they are scarce in sight. But don't you hear them?"

"I hear nothing," said I, "but the whistling of the wind and the crushing of our own carriage through the snow."

"Hark!" interrupted Heinrich, dropping his pipe: "they are coming, by———" But he suppressed the oath, and crossed himself instead. "Ay, there they are: I see them plain enough now."

"The last glass of brandy is in your head, Heinrich. What do you hear? What do you see? Who are they?"

Profoundly inclining his head, he whispered with a thrilling emphasis:

"The wolves!"

II.

I removed Adelaide from my shoulder as gently as I could, so as not to awaken her, and, standing up in the voiture, looked in the direction pointed out by Heinrich. I looked, however, for awhile in vain. I saw a dark mass at a distance in the snow, but, as the country was patched in all directions with timber, persisted as firmly as ever did Bonaparte at Waterloo, that it was only trees. In about ten minutes, however, I was undeceived as completely as was the fated emperor, and by the same means. The dark mass was unquestionably in motion; and after I had ascertained that fact, my eye sharpened by fear and anxiety, could perceive that the motion was not only rapid, but accelerating. The sound, too, which in the distance I had taken to be the whistling of the wind, came more distinctly upon the breeze, and I recognized the dismal howling of the wolf rushing closer and closer every moment. The terrified horses, whose instinct had discovered to them the enemy long before his approach could be detected by any human organ, as if they were aware of their impending fate, galloped on with more desperate energy than ever, and Heinrich aided their exertions by all the skill of which he was master.

They came nearer and nearer. We could hear not only their dreadful howls, issuing from a hundred ravenous throats, but the tramp of their accursed paws pattering over the snow. I had no arms but a blunderbuss, a fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols: Heinrich had a long pistol. These arms, at best but inadequate against the number of our assailants, were rendered comparatively useless by the discovery we made at the very moment, that we had omitted to bring with us more powder and ball than was barely sufficient for another charge in addition to that which they already contained.

"What is to be done, Heinrich?" I asked in a whisper.

"There is no use in whispering now," said the old chasseur—"they will be upon us in less than five minutes, and it would be better to wake Miss Adelaide and her woman, to inform them of our danger. Poor things! it would be terrible if they were taken out of the world, as we are very likely to be, without some notice!"

I acquiesced in the propriety of the advice, and roused Adelaide. I was about to inform her of the danger, but she had been lately dwelling for too long a time among huntsmen to render it necessary I should speak.

"Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, starting up, "it is the howl of the wolf! Oh, Herman—Herman! what will become of us? I see them! —I see them!—they are gaining upon us. We

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Care of Fine Reels.

If you ask a reelmaker how to take one of his reels apart, he will tell you not to attempt this at all, as only "one skilled in the art," as inventors say, can adjust a reel properly. This is of course true of some reels in the hands of careless persons, but one who is ordinarily skillful can very easily dissect, clean, oil and reassemble a reel without hurting it in the least; in fact, there is no other course left open to one who happens to be far from repair shops when his reel demands attention, and the sooner he learns how to do the work himself, the better off he will be. In buying a fine reel, one that has oil-caps is preferable, for the reason that, by removing both oil-caps and the handle, one can oil the bearings at the ends of the spool, the pinion and the handle and gear post without disturbing the adjustment. This is an immense advantage, but it is well to clean all bearings before oiling them.

In reels which have capped face plates this is a simple matter, as the screws merely hold the cap in place and exert uniform pressure on the spindle ends, and one can take out the gear, clean its post and teeth, clean the pinion and all bearings and replace the cap by means of three or four screws, none of which enter the pillars. All bearings save one can be cleaned without disturbing the adjustment of the frame. In order to get at this one the face plate must be removed and the spool taken out. Some reels are easy to readjust because the front plate is held by only one, or at most three, screws; but those which have a screw in each of the five pillars, must be readjusted with the utmost care, and patience is necessary, as one must set the screws, put on the cap and set its screws, and perhaps repeat this two or three times until all is well.

The cap screws should be turned down easily and the spool tried to see if there is any play forward and back. Some reels require a little play, but others do not.

Before touching a screw try the spool and ascertain how much play it has. Then lay your watch in front of you, and holding the reel in your left hand with the face up, so that the handle and gears will revolve horizontally, grasp the handle with thumb and first two fingers of the right hand, the second finger on the handle-knob, and spin it smartly as the second hand of your watch passes a certain point, and note how long it takes for the handle to lose all motion. Try this three or four times until sure the spool will spin just so long each time.

In turning the cap screws down, test the spool for play and speed, bearing in mind that since cleaning and oiling all bearings it should spin several seconds longer than when foul with gummed oil—that is, unless you have put too much oil on gear and pinion, in which case the reel may not spin one second, and is out of commission until the surplus oil is removed. If ten seconds was the time of spinning while dirty, fourteen or fifteen seconds should be about right for the clean spool, and if it falls below this, tighten the screws a trifle more, and try again for time and play. If all screws are tightened uniformly, a few trials will show you when to stop, and if these directions are religiously followed, the reel will be in perfect order.

It is important that a good screw-driver and the best of reel oil be used. The best screw-driver for the purpose is one having a swivel-end handle, and the blade must fit the screw-slots perfectly, else it will slip and mar the screw-heads. It is also advisable to examine all bearings, after cleaning, with a microscope, removing all particles of grit or dust with the end of a toothpick moistened slightly in the mouth to soften it. The pinion in a good reel is made from tool steel and the gear-wheel from bronze almost as hard, but a tiny speck of dust is a bad thing for either one, and may ruin the gears if not removed.

All tests should be made while the spool of the reel is filled with the line one is accustomed to using in fishing or practice. Exerting equal force, the spool will spin one-fourth to one-third longer when filled with line than when empty.

In these remarks quadruple multiplying reels are referred to for the reason that nearly all of the small fishing and all tournament reels are geared thus, at least theoretically. As a matter of fact few so-called quadruple reels have four times as many cogs in the gear-wheel as in the pinion. Generally there are three or four cogs shy in the gear, the number depending largely on the diameter decided on for that wheel as best when the diameter of plates, length of spool and handle, and general purpose of the reel are taken into consideration. Every cog added decreases the strength and winding power of the mechanism, and the logical conclusion is that the double multiplier is best for reels of large size, where power is preferable to speed in delivering and recovering line. We find this illustrated in the 80-yard quadruple reels used for bass fishing and tournament casting. The fishing reel may have a spool 1⅜ inches in length and 1⅝ inches in diameter, with a balance handle 2¼ or 2½ inches in length. The tournament reel's spool may be 1¾ inches long, 1⅜ inches in diameter, very thin and light, and the handle only 1⅞ inches long. The latter will spool thin line beautifully and deliver it rapidly, but if used for fishing it will recover line very slowly when a two-pound bass is tugging at the hook. On the other hand, the fishing reel will handle larger bass than this easily, but used in tournament casting, it will be found that the handle is too long and the spool too narrow and deep for nice, even spooling and delivery. The reel which is a modification of both will give fair satisfaction at the tournament and on the lake, and for the man of one outfit this is the reel to buy.

Improving a Casting Reel.

It is customary for anglers to use reels larger than they really need, and to fill the spool one-third to one-half full of old or common line, then wind on the line that is to be used in fishing.. When ready for use the spool is two-thirds or three-fourths filled, enabling one to thumb it more readily, and as its size increases through wetting, one turn of the spool releases or recovers much more line than if the winding of the good line were begun on the empty spool.

There are objections to this plan, particularly as applied to the small long-spool reels used in bait-casting contests and in fishing. If the dummy is composed of coarse line it is difficult to spool it evenly, leaving the surface on which the fine casting line must be wound uneven. If common thread is used for a dummy, it is difficult to wind it so that it will be hard and firm, which it must be to get the best results, as a spongy foundation for the gossamer-like casting line will increase the tendency toward backlashing, and it will lose its cylindrical form after repeated casting, causing one's thumb to press hard at one time and skip at others. After use the silk casting line must be wound on a dryer or coiled on a smooth surface until thoroughly dry, and as such a line is generally 100 yards long, and the dummy line fully as long, if not longer, it is a nuisance to take off the dummy, too, but as it gets wet and will not dry on the

"LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS," ADIRONDACKS. Photo by T. U. E.

reel, off it comes, or it would ruin the silk line.

The writer was shown a substitute for this wound dummy the other day by a fellow angler, and it is so simple, and of such apparent merit that it is mentioned. The empty spool was taken out of the reel and high-grade corks strung on its axle by means of a hole through the center of each one and a cut from center to rim. By squeezing the last one the spool was filled evenly and smoothly, the cuts being turned so that no two came opposite each other. Of course they were cemented together, and the surface was then smoothed with fine abrasive, ready for the silk line to be wound on.

Only one thing more need be said: Before the cork drum is smoothed off, its correct diameter should be determined on, but this is a simple matter when one uses a line of a certain size and length. If there are to be changes in lines, the diameter of the cork should be reduced slightly, and a dummy line employed to make up the required diameter when the reel is full. The cork is firm and even, but not hard, and seems to be, in this shape, a useful device.

An Angler's Letter to an Angler.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 24.—*My dear Mr. W.:* Please do not think that I have forgotten either postal or the article in the FOREST AND STREAM. Really I have been trying for the last three weeks to get a few minutes to write you, to express my appreciation of both. The Doctor and myself arrived in New York from our trip, on Aug. 8; and, by the way, I will mention the fact, that the hot weather was there, too. Pretty near laid us out.

We had had a very successful season, and our catch was a good one, about 150 fish in all. We smoked fifty, filled up a pork barrel for one man, and half a pork barrel for another. I brought home twenty smoked fish. They are still in cold storage for safety's sake. The Doctor's heaviest fish was 22 pounds. I got one of 23 pounds, and I had on for five or six minutes each, two of the biggest of fish—40 or 50-pounders—so we all thought as they jumped, or rather "broached." In one case my reel overran on his first rush, and he took the fly with him. The other one (on the second day after) also took the fly with him after a rush. The gut must have been too weak for that weight of a fish. Just imagine my disappointment! I still wake up in the night and worry about my loss; but I hope to have better luck next time.

In regard to the salmon taking the bait, I have never found the Hawks bay salmon in that mood; but on the Garnish, they would take a salmon peel freely. On the Upper Humber they often find snails or slugs in the stomachs.

Mr. Thomas Winter recalled to me, while we were dining at Dr. Bagg's, a story of bait taking which happened on the Garnish, and which I had almost forgotten. Mr. Winter and myself had gone down to the Royal Head pool, about three miles from camp. We fished the pool at the head, where the stream came over the fall, and down between two high cliffs, dancing and foaming. The river was rather low, the water warm and fish very coy. We each got one, however, in the early morning, and then they stopped taking altogether, and we stopped casting. Later on in the morning I picked up my rod and worked down to the lower end of the long pool, and right down at the outlet, noticed that the salmon were there in force. Every minute they were rising tails and fins in the air and occasionally one would jump in a lazy sort of way. I began casting above them, letting my fly float down stream, but got no strikes.

All flies seemed alike to those fish, who only appeared to be bent on having a good time. So I waded ashore and sat down, to watch the fuss, and noticed that Mr. Winter was also resting on his arms. Then it occurred to me that I would catch a salmon peel, of which there were plenty, and try them with a piece of the belly as a bait, which I did. I had a cork in my pocket which I split and put on the leader about three feet up from the bait. Casting it well out into the current, I let it float gently down amid the playing fish, and in a minute the cork showed that it was being violently pulled under and a good big fish set my reel buzzing as he started for the head of the pool. He only jumped once, but pulled like a team of oxen. On and on he rushed, until I had to put on the brake a bit, as my line was going out so fast that not being able to follow in the deep water, I became afraid that he would get all I had. Suddenly back jumped the rod, and I realized that I had lost him.

Mr. Winter, who had been all this time watching the fight, jumped to his feet and began to point and then to get out line. He made several casts, and I realized by the triumphal yell which followed that "something was doing." Sure enough, he had hold of my fish (that was), and after playing him to a finish, landed him midway of the pool. Meanwhile I had reeled in, and found that I had all my line, except the leader. As Mr. Winter picked up his game, we found that his own fly had struck the cork "between wind and water" and that that was the only hold that he had on the salmon, which weighed about 15 pounds.

This sounds like a fish story, but I assure you it happened just as he told it at Dr. Bagg's table last spring. C. J. R.

Anglers' Club Contest.

THE fourth one of the series of six meetings arranged by the Anglers' Club of New York, for the purpose of competing for trophies, was held on the Pool in Central Park, Nov. 1. Charles Stepath cast well, and but for a backlash on his third cast would have had a much higher average. As it was his first cast was the longest for the day. R. J. Held was unfortunate in his first cast, his reel overrunning, while on his fourth trial his line broke, and another cast was allowed him, according to rule. His best cast was 162½ feet, while Milton H. Smith had 164 for high score. The results follow:

	Five Casts.					Average.
Charles Stepath	171	164½	128	165½	167	159 1-5
Milton H. Smith	35	84	149	164	159	118 1-5
R. J. Held	78	159	162½	146	155½	140 1-5

John L. Kirk withdrew. The judges were Edward Farnham Todd and Perry D. Frazer; referee, Louis Darling.

For the silver trophy, to be won by the best three casts, the highest made each contest day to count, with another cup to second man, the standing is as given below:

	Oct. 18.	Oct. 25.	Oct. 27.	Nov. 1.
R. J. Held	161	175	...	162½
Milton H. Smith	165	163	...	164
G. M. L. LaBranche	162	154	147	...
Perry D. Frazer	139	155	151	...
Charles Stepath	..	176	...	171
Robert B. Lawrence	..	...	136	...

Messrs. Held, Smith, LaBranche and Frazer have finished their fifteen casts; Stepath, ten; and Lawrence five. The averages of all follow, the two high men at close of the contest winning cups:

R. J. Held	144 6-15
G. M. L. LaBranche	128 14-15
Perry D. Frazer	128 8-15
Milton H. Smith	126 14-15
Charles Stepath	158 7-10
Robert B. Lawrence	116 1-5

Using Oil on Fishing Rods.

FREQUENTLY one reads notes relating to the care of fishing rods wherein it is stated that vaseline is a preservative that should be used on the rod before it is put away for the winter. Is this good advice or bad? It seems to the writer that vaseline might keep dampness out of the wood, but it is peculiarly penetrating, and if there are any cracks in the varnish the vaseline will find them, while it will discolor any windings it can soak into. The writer has never tried it in this way, but fancies it would in time get under the varnish and windings in places and loosen them. If, in the spring, it is intended to revarnish the rod, vaseline seems a poor holding ground for it. If there is a choice it would seem that raw linseed oil, used sparingly, would be the better preservative, but if used it should be entirely removed before varnishing, as it has a tendency to become sticky, and it should be kept off the ferrules with the utmost care, for it not only discolors them, but will cause trouble if it gets on to the centers or inside the ferrules, causing them to stick so tightly that they cannot be removed in the usual way. Vaseline and brass in combination will produce verdigris, and the same thing applies, though in a lesser degree, to German silver, hence this is another argument against the use of vaseline on rods.

There is a better substitute than vaseline in lard oil. I have never used it to prevent fishing ferrules from sticking, but know that on the friction joints of tent poles and canoe paddles it prevents sticking, and see no reason why it will not serve as well on rod joints. It is cleaner than other oils, too. Common reel or gun oil, and vaseline as well, pick up all the dirt that is in the ferrule, and if one forgets to wipe this off the center when the rod is unjointed, he will smear it on his clothing and elsewhere without thinking, for one overlooks small matters like this when in haste.

Perhaps the surest way to prevent the sticking of rod ferrules is to keep them clean and free from gummy substances. Properly made German silver ferrules will neither work loose nor stick if kept clean. Generally they can be cleaned by rubbing with a piece of flannel and a drop of oil, but if not, try crude petroleum, which may also be rubbed over the entire rod to clean and polish it. Alcohol will remove varnish or gummed oil from the ferrules, but of course it should be kept away from the windings and the varnished wood. Use flour emery and oil only in the event of a ferrule becoming swollen, as this will cut down a center at an alarming rate, and while the ferrules will seem to fit snugly, they may be too loose, a fact that will be ascertained too late.

Silkworm Gut.

IN the English market, and perhaps here at home as well, to a certain extent at least, there seems to be a growing demand for unstained silkworm gut leaders, and while custom or habit may induce the older anglers to still select the stained article, it is evident that practical knowledge and experimenting have resulted in convincing anglers that for general use the unstained gut is equally as effective as the highly colored article. Some anglers of wide experience assert boldly that they capture just as many good fish on unstained as on stained gut, and while most of the materials employed in imparting color are harmless, it is believed some shorten the life of the gut and others deepen in shade instead of fading out, as others do.

It is evident that gut stained with harmless solutions to a faint grayish or greenish tint may be considered better than the highly bleached article of pearly-white shade, but the number of anglers who object to deeply stained gut is evidently increasing in proportion to the facilities had for obtaining the unbleached and unstained gut. Efforts have been made abroad and influence brought to bear on the gut market with a view of popularizing unbleached gut, the end sought of course being to increase the demand for the unbleached article until in time bleached gut would become unpopular.

Before us is a leader that is remarkable in both length and staining. It has a loop in one end only, taking up probably 1¾ inches of its total length, but measured from the end of the loop it is 69½ inches in length, and was therefore nearly or quite 6 feet long before it was trimmed. It came from Japan. Its caliber is remarkably uniform, but the staining seems crude and amateurish compared with the beautiful work of the Europeans; in fact, the staining is anything but uniform, and in places there is none at all, while elsewhere it is a dark blue, which shows much more plainly in clear water than is the case with unbleached gut.

ROUGHING IT

soon grows tiresome unless the food is good. Good milk is one item indispensable to a cheerful camp, and Borden's solves the problem. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated Cream keep indefinitely, anywhere, and fill every milk requirement. Beware of cheap imitations.—*Adv.*

Newfoundland Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

And now it is Mr. W. H. Harrington, who feels it incumbent on him to break a lance for his friend, Mr. Notman. I like this; and if Mr. Harrington had been satisfied in stopping there, I'd have nothing further to say. But Mr. Harrington goes further and making the Notman and Muir incidents a text, he tries to discredit my notes on Newfoundland salmon fishing and brand them as "fish stories."

In passing I may say that Mr. Notman and I now understand each other; we have buried the tomahawk, and hope to foregather on the banks of some purling stream next summer.

I have explained over and over again, that most of the reports sent by me for the amusement and instruction of American sportsmen were clippings from the local papers, and I think the management of FOREST AND STREAM, as well as most of its readers, understood that, hence Mr. Harrington need not have traveled outside the Notman incident, to deliver himself of this journalistic commandment as applying to my notes: "Newspaper correspondents should be careful about *extravagant* (the italics are mine) tales unfolded to them in wondrous ways." His thirty-five years of journalism should have taught him, that he should be just as accurate when criticising a writer, as the latter should be in his writings.

Let us examine the first "extravagant tale" that Mr. Harrington brands sarcastically as a "fish story." Speaking of the allegation that one sportsman left 300 salmon to rot on the river bank, he says: "And Mr. Muir, the Scotchman, who was accused of leaving 300 salmon on the bank to rot, denies in your issue of Sept. 22 in toto, the truth of this 'fish story.'"

Now if you'll look on page 461, issue Sept. 22, 1906, you'll find that Mr. Muir does nothing of the kind. What he does say is:

"* * * So far as I am aware, every fish, apart from those eaten fresh, and those *left at Little river* (the italics are mine), is now on the schooner. When I had been camped a short time on Little river, I sent the schooner round to St. Jacques to get supplies and mail, and she expected to be away *three or four days*. I told my guide to get some salt before she started, and the captain was to come up immediately on his return for *the fish*. Those *cought in the meantime* were carried to the camp, split and slightly salted, and, as I found my guide had not brought a great deal of salt, for two days I only fished for a short time to get a fresh grilse for camp use. When I considered the schooner must be back in the bay, even allowing for delays, I *kept* some *fresh grilse* to send down to her with *the solted ones* to be cured. When she had been away for *eight days*, however, a longer time than I had intended to stay, we had to come away, as there was nothing left to eat. I was, of course, anxious to take the fish with us, but our boat was fully loaded with camp outfit, and I was reluctantly compelled to *leave them behind*. When we reached the mouth of the river, we found that the schooner had not yet arrived, but she came in about 7 P. M. that evening. * * * There did not appear to be any object then in spending two days *going back for the uncured fish*, and the people in a village at the mouth of the bay were told about the *salted ones*, so that they could get them." (The italics in the foregoing quotation are mine.)

Is this a denial *in toto*, or does Mr. Harrington endeavor to torture it into one, and thus try to discredit my notes in general? Mr. Muir does not deny; in fact, he plainly asserts that he left both fresh and partially cured grilse behind him. The difference between Mr. Muir and his critics, is not whether he left fish behind him to rot on the bank, but *how many* did he leave? I'll do Mr. Muir the justice to say, that he explained the matter to the satisfaction of the Minister of Fisheries. Perhaps under the circumstances he was not wholly to blame for leaving some fish behind, when he could not conveniently save them. He stated that the number left behind was much less than 300—that is, as far as he was aware.

Now to prove to Mr. Harrington's entire satisfaction that I was not the only one led astray by this "extravagant tale," this "fish story" in quotation marks, I'll refer him to page 340, FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 1, 1906, where Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, Mass., says: "The report that a Scotchman * * * left about 300 salmon on the shore of the river to rot, I believe *is correct*, as the captain of * * * the steamer Glencoe told me the same thing. * * * I will add that the same report came from *one of his guides.*" Further than this I'll add, that the official who was sent to investigate it, and the chief engineer of the steamer who brought him there, informed me personally, that they thought there were more than 300 salmon left to rot there, but that the stench was so unbearable that after a very short time they had to fly out of it.

In view of these facts, and of Mr. Harrington's statements and criticisms in relation thereto, I feel reluctantly compelled—with all due deference and diffidence—to request Mr. H. to reread the instructions given him thirty-five years ago as resident correspondent of the New York World, and advise him for the future, in the words of the said instructions "to corroborate reports before circulating them as facts."

If possible, Mr. H. is more inaccurate when he deals with the 200,000 natives, who net, snare and jig fish. He is very stort-sighted and tremendously mistaken, if that is the net result of his six years' observations. He mixes up the Sea and Inland Fisheries, and also those engaged in them. We have a large proportion of our population engaged in the deep sea and shore fisheries, but as a rule these do not trouble themselves with the game fishes. We have also a large proportion of genuine sportsmen, who look with disgust on hog fishing, whether it be practiced by a "native" or a "foreigner." And it is largely due to the exertions of these, that American anglers can get right here, the very best salmon and sea trout fishing in the world without any fee, license or restrictions whatever. And if certain foreign sportsmen "spend their money liberally," they get good value for it. I am sure Mr. Harrington does not belong to the class who wants to supply free grub and free guides and free duxback suits, as well as free fishing. As he naïvely and truthfully remarks, "Undoubtedly the salmon and trout fishing of Newfoundland is immense and the summer climate is good and glorious." I agree with him there. It was principally to let American anglers know about our climate and fishing, that I have been sending these notes for the last eight or nine years. I am not out for trouble or notoriety; neither am I anxious to start a newspaper controversy, on the merits or demerits of the reports that come in from the angling waters during the season. Sometimes these reports may be a little exaggerated, generally they are all right.

W. J. CARROLL.

THE foregoing was written by Mr. Carroll before his receipt of our issue of Oct. 20, containing Mr. Muir's letter in relation to the Little river salmon. Later, in comment on that letter and in answer to it, Mr. Carroll writes: "Mr. Muir misquotes my words and position in the Notman incidents and misrepresents me in every word. I feel like overlooking his heat and misrepresentations; but I send for your information a correct copy of this official report of Inspector O'Rielly who, upon motion of Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, H. M., Attorney General, was sent to investigate the charge. This is a complete answer to Mr. Muir as far as I am concerned. Inspector O'Rielly was accompanied by four others who will substantiate every statement made by him." The official report runs:

[COPY.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
August 18, 1906.

Dear Captain Dawe—Judge Prowse called here to-day and stated that a Scotchman had killed five hundred salmon at Little river, and left them to rot on the bank. I have no information of this, but if it be true I think you ought to give instructions to the police and the magistrate nearest the spot to have this man prosecuted.

I remain, yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. P. MORRIS.

[COPY.]

NEWFOUNDLAND CUSTOMS,
Revenue Preventive Service,
Inspectors' Office,
August 8, 1906.

HON. ELI DAWE, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Sir—I beg leave to report that on Saturday, 22d day of July, I visited the river at Little river in the district of Burgeo and LaPoile.

Just before my visit to the river a Mr. F. F. Muir and two other tourists from, I think, Scotland had just left the place. They had been camped up the river and were there for some days salmon fishing. I had a report from several of the people at Little river to the effect that Mr. Muir and party had been up the river, and that some of Mr. Muir's party reported that they had caught three or four hundred salmon. Some others of them said that the party had caught seven quintals of salmon, and that Mr. Muir had left some quintal and a half or two quintals in the country, and said that anybody that wanted them could go in and take them, and that the fish were then in near the place where they had camped.

I, with others, went up the river to where Mr. Muir was camped. The stench of decaying and rotten fish was intolerable. I saw the remains of many dead and putrid salmon. Some were lying in the water of a small rivulet near the camp. This rivulet ran into the main river, and the stench from this water was very offensive as many salmon in an advanced stage of putrefaction lay in this stream. The water of the main river was polluted from this cause.

Before leaving St. John's this morning I called on Mr. F. F. Muir. This gentleman stated that he was salmon fishing at the place named, and that he was the only person fishing, as the two others with him had no rods. He also stated that he, for his own rod, caught two hundred and fifty salmon while he was camped at Little river; that he brought some salt in the country with him, and that some of those fish were salted and taken away by some of his men and used for food purposes; that his salt and provisions were all used up, and that he had sent for a fresh supply. Mr. Muir says that he did catch salmon that were allowed to rot, and that another lot that was corned were allowed to remain and decay also. He admitted that those of this large number of fish was caught by him, and that there was a large number of fish left near his camp to rot. He says that this was not done intentionally by him, but was really caused by his vessel not getting back as soon as he expected.

Little river is one of our finest salmon rivers, and when I was there in July the place was teeming with small and large salmon; one could catch almost any number.

Mr. Muir says that he caught those fish for sport. I do not know if we have any regulation or law to deal with such a condition of things; if we have not I would strongly recommend that a regulation prohibiting such wanton destruction be placed in the rules. If persons who visit our streams are allowed to catch such large numbers of salmon, and then allow them to rot and pollute the waters of the rivers as has been done in this case, it will be a serious matter indeed.

The department is making strong efforts in wardening and protecting our rivers from pollution and depletion, and especially so in the interests of our visiting sportsmen we should be aiding and assisting the fishery department in their good work, particularly as all our streams and lakes are now free to sportsmen.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) JOSEPH O'REILLY,
Inspector R. P. S.

Giving the Place Tone.

ON Second avenue is a rather small grocery kept by a German and his wife. Over the door is their name in very bright gilt letters, and on the window, in equally glittering letters, the world is informed that at this small shop "Yacht Supplies" are "a Specialty." It gives quite an air to the place.

The woman said, "The feller what put the sign over the door, he also put the sign on the window. He say, 'Dat bring business,' but it is no one what has asked for the yacht supply, so we never git 'em. Personally ourselves, we ain't got no idea of what it is they is."—New York Sun.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

"BILLY" HOFER FISHING ON THE SKYKOMISH. Photo by T. Sealford.

Flies for Ohio Waters.

MILO, O., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your Oct. 27 number you ask for opinions as to single hooks on spoon and other baits. I have not given up fly-fishing for our small-mouth bass, but have come so near it you could not tell the difference. For the last three years I have used a small spoon with fly instead of triple hook, and think it is one of the greatest baits for bass that can be found. Most of the flies I use with these spoons I make; also the spoons. I have used almost all of the artificial baits on the market and like this combination better than any I have found. The spoon is ¾-inch long by ⅝-inch wide, made tandem on a shaft of No. 22 gauge German silver wire; fly tied on a 1/0 ringed hook, sproat prefered. I use German silver, copper and nickel-plated spoons, and almost all kinds of flies that can be tied. I have a few flies that are good killers for me, but conditions have to be right for their use.

In this part of the State my best spring fly is a black wing, large, full body of black worsted, black hackle, and red tail. At this time of the year the crawfish start to show up in our streams and are taken by the bass. They are dark in color and stay that color until they shed. After shedding their shells they are a few shades lighter and run most any color from pink to dark gray. I have found that the color of the bed of river has much to do with their color. Just as soon as the May flies come out on our streams, I have found light grays good killelrs. I have a favorite for evening fly, and I tie it—whitewing-jungle, cock shoulder, red body, silver tinsel, light-brown hackle.

I will also give you a description of a good fly for fall and the reason, as far as I can see, for it being good. White wing, white body bound with red, red and yellow tail, very light red hackle. After a certain time in the fall we see no soft crawfish in our streams, all the large ones are very hard, but the small crawfish are plentiful. These are pink in color or a mixture of pink and yellow-pink, and brown. The bass feed on these small crawfish and I have taken bass that had ten or twelve of these small crawfish in them. I use these fly spoons on a 5½-ounce fly-rod, and think they outclass any bait I have ever found. M. P. KEEFE.

England's Largest Trout.

THE largest trout caught in any river in England during the season just closed, and which embraced the months April—September inclusive, came from the Thames. In all 74 trout were taken and their weights recorded, showing that the total weight was 322 pounds 4½ ounces, an average of more than 4 pounds. The largest specimen was caught in July by Mr. A. E. Hobbs. Its weight was 9 pounds 1 ounce. Mr. Hobbs also caught the largest trout last year, its weight 9 pounds 10¼ ounces. In its review of this subject the Angler's News says:

"Probably Thames trout anglers have never followed their fascinating pursuit under more adverse conditions than in the season which recently concluded. Bitterly cold weather attended them on many of their spring outings, the summer has been phenomenally hot, the water low and stale, and the river traffic greatly above the average. In this connection motor launches have increased three-fold, and the river and the angler's quiet haunts have been much disturbed in consequence. No piece of water scarcely has been free from the motor launch. Despite these drawbacks, however, the past season's trout fishing has shown improved results on the sport obtained in the previous five years, and it is to be hoped that next year something like the form of 1900 will be reached, or even that the Thames will fish better still for trout. The following refers to trout taken from the Thames since 1900:"

Year.	No. of Trout.	T'l Weight. lbs.	oz.	Year.	No. of Trout.	T'l Weight lbs.	oz.
1900	88	400	11½	1904	39	181	
1901	76	322	12	1905	60	254	11½
1902	64	296	14½	1906	74	322	4½
1903	43	209	1				

Fishing Notes.

THE Norfolk (Conn.) Rod and Gun Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Horace A. Stannard; vice-president, William A. Spaulding; secretary-treasurer, Howard A. Carter. Fish and game protection, and the preservation of song and other birds are the objects of the organization.

In the Des Moines river at Ottumwa, Iowa, recently, State Fish Commissioner Lincoln liberated 2,000 bass, 1,000 pickerel, 500 pike and about 14,000 crappie and catfish.

The record black bass for Piqua (Ohio) anglers for the season was taken in Frantz pond by John Birch of that town. It weighed 5½ pounds.

Mrs. John Garvin, of Elroy, Wis., is credited with the capture of a 42-pound maskinongé in a lake at Court d'Oreilles, that State, last month. Many anglers who have seen the fish say it is the largest one of which they have knowledge, and the railway people claim it is the record for the resorts along their lines.

YACHTING

Sweet singer of Belgrade:

We plow the land on a sulky plow,
While you ehaps plow the ocean;
We'd like your fun, but we don't see how
You stand the gosh-blamed motion.

—By Maine's Farmer Poet, Holman F. Day.

BOSTON Y. C. ANNIVERSARY.

It was indeed a pleasure to answer affirmatively the courteous summons of the Boston Y. C. to join them in celebrating their 40th anniversary and their entertainment of Sir Thomas Lipton as the guest of the club. The dinner proved to be a most successful and agreeable function.

Following the dinner, and before the speech making began, Sir Thomas was apprised by Commodore Boynton of the fact that he had been unanimously elected an honorary member of the organization.

From the America's Cup point of view, the situation remains as we explained last week. Sir Thomas has made great strides in his popularity here, as is shown by his reception not only at Boston, but in all the places he has visited and in which he has been feted.

The reason of this popularity is perfectly clear. Since Sir Thomas Lipton's advent in cup racing, the press of Europe and America has been unable to forego the scooping opportunities offered; indeed, such neglect in connection with a man of such resources as were at the command of this prince of industry would have been folly—mad folly. The yachting world was then new to the owner of the three Shamrocks, and it is not strange that the wiles of our enterprising and wide awake press should have proved too much for him to cope with. It is only after seven years, in which he has challenged three times, and permitted three years to elapse since his last visit and last defeat, that Sir Thomas has come again to us. He has been well treated. Any one having heard him speak would know and understand his simple and straightforward exposition of his ambition, and would realize that the stories circulated did not meet with his approval or sanction.

Fortunate it is, that Sir Thomas has had such determination. It has won for him an admiration long denied. We believe that the gossip anent the America's Cup races has about spent itself, and the way points clearly to relations in accord with such an occasion as the next Cup races.

Much praise is due to the yachtsmen who, from all over the country, entertained our yachting guest. This wide interest is the best indication of the growth of this pastime in channels worthy of the great sport of yachting.

Endymion, schooner, Commodore Geo. Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C., is off Bay Ridge and will go into winter quarters at Gravesend Bay.

* * *

Niagara IV., Mr. Howard Gould, New York Y. C., is reported to be down the Chesapeake with her owner aboard and party of friends on a fishing and shooting trip which will last two weeks.

Boston Letter.

The yachtsmen's dinner to Sir Thomas Lipton was all that its title implies, all that its originators desired. The yacht clubs of Massachusetts, almost without exception, sent their representatives to honor the distinguished guest and to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Boston Y. C., which acted as joint host with the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. Of the entire body of men who were in attendance not one was without his claim to blood relationship with the sport. There were racing and cruising men, both of the sail and power-driven fleets; modest week-end boating men who neither race nor cruise; habitual guests who, while not boat owners or club members, are nevertheless enthusiastic and capable yachtsmen; men who foot the bills on big yachts, and men who handle their own smaller craft; there were designers, builders, sailmakers and brokers, and there were the chroniclers of the sport; one and all could justify their presence by more worthy credentials than mere dinner cards.

At the head table sat Sir Thomas and Com. E. P. Boynton of the Boston Y. C., who were flanked by notable guests, ranging from one Day at the right to another Day at the left (the "Farmer Poet of Maine" and the poetic "old man" of the Rudder); representative of the English, as was their Consul, Capt. Wyndham, of the Germans, as was Herr Bruno Wustrau, helsman on the sonder boat Glückauf IV., and of our own best traditions as were Charles Francis Adams 2d, and Gen. Charles H. Taylor. These men, and others as able and witty, spoke in response to the various toasts proposed by W. C. Lewis, Esq., the toastmaster, but the 5½-hour time limit expired before Louis M. Clark, the Roosevelt cup umpire; Col D. D. F. Neil, of Sir Thomas' party, and Martin C. Erismann, of Forest and Stream, could be brought to the line.

I do not propose to bore you with the repetition of the speeches, nor weary you with an account of the decorations and special features.

Imagine yourself dining with over three hundred hearty companions (all animated by a strong esprit du corps) to the accompaniment of rollicking music, and enlivened by good speaking, now serious, now witty; now the generous appreciation of one race by the representative of another, and now a spirited plea for deep-water yachting, and finally a diplomatic speech by the magnetic and tactful Sir Thomas, who proved his title as an Irishman and sailor—if proof were needed—by telling a long string of amusing and original stories that kept the company in gales of laughter. He made no new announcement of his plans in regard to a new challenge.

One of the guests who attracted general attention, or rather, one who received general attention, was that veteran yachting writer, A. G. McVey, affectionately known to Massachusetts yachtsmen and yachting writers as "Dolly" McVey. Always an interesting figure, the recent unhappy termination of his long career as yachting editor of the Boston Herald caused a wave of sympathy for "Dolly," and every one was anxious to add his mite of tribute to the veteran's long and honorable career. McVey's writings are well known to our yachtsmen of this country, and, in fact, have made him an international figure. Reflect for a moment upon the friendships that such a man must have formed during thirty-nine years spent in journalistic work, consider the wealth of information an intelligent mind must have acquired during a career which began with a report of the Henrietta-Vesta-Fleetwing race and has now, unfortunately, closed with the report of the Roosevelt cup races. Closed? Let us hope that this career as a careful, technically accurate, keenly detective portrayer of our boats and boat handling, of our successes, mistakes and aspirations, will not reach its end for many years. What other man has ever equalled McVey in discovering and revealing to an anxiously expectant yachting world the particulars of successive cup challengers and defenders? Who else has baffled designers, builders, owners, detectives, suspicious foremen, frowning walls and boarded windows and given to the world the most carefully guarded dimensions and lines of these challengers and defenders at a moment when those designers, builders, and the press, were assuring the public that such information would not be given out, could not be secured?

Such a man cannot well be spared from the ranks of yachting newspaper men whatever the economic theories of business managers may be, and Boston's yachting men, great and small, rich and poor, young and old, one and all regret McVey's retirement from the Herald and hope to see his work continued on some other periodical.

William Lambert Barnard.

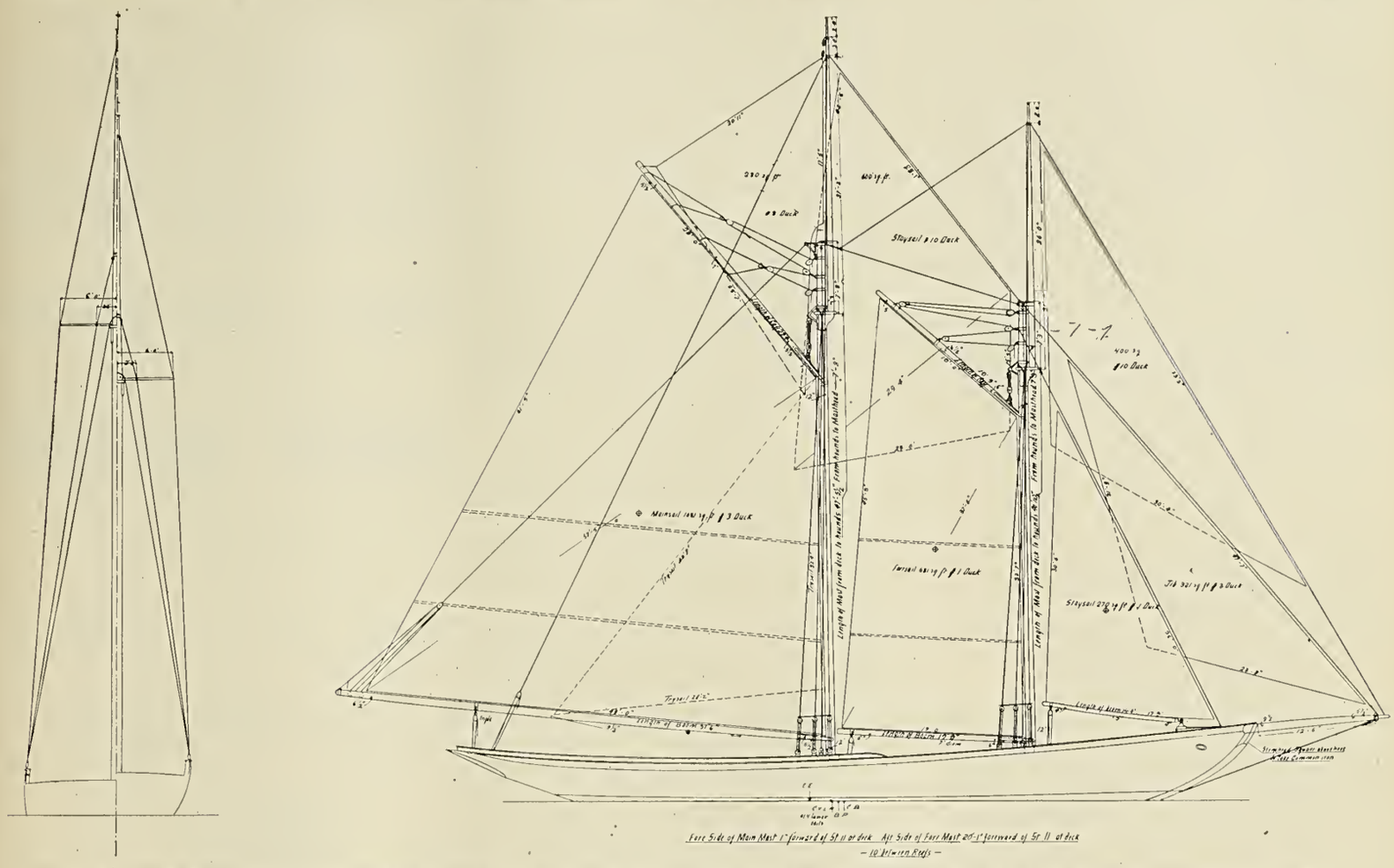
Stranger, Shore Fisherman.

There is always much interest to the cruising yachtsman while on his passages in seeing the fishermen on the coast going or coming from the fishing grounds, which shift at different seasons of the year from Cape Hatteras to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. The interest is certainly speculative. The fisherman's rough appearance, rusty sides and look of power compel our admiration, for they face winter gales and summer breezes alike; they are always away, except to discharge their catch and take on a fresh load of ice. The seamen who man these able vessels are a rugged lot of brave fellows; their schooling is long and tedious, and their calling one that furnishes ample opportunities for the display of nerve, judgment and skill.

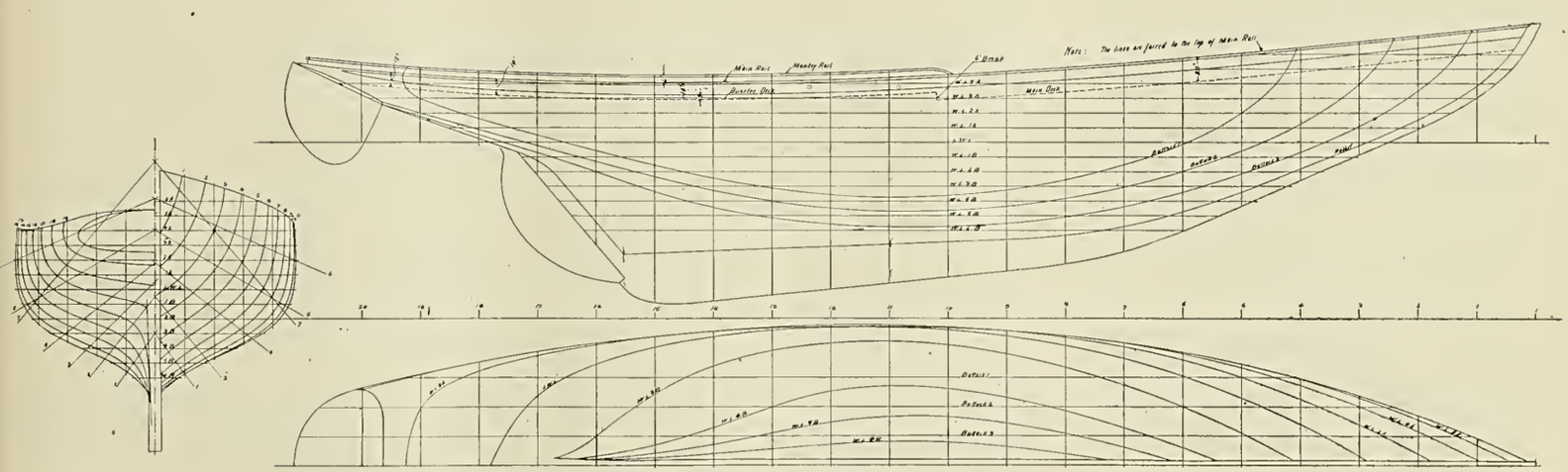
It has often been the part of the yacht architect to design fishermen, though as a general rule they are products derived more or less by rule of thumb from successful boats in service. A fisherman often designs his boat, and, with two or three others, supplies the necessary capital. I heard of one, who for a time had been a blacksmith; in the after cabin of his boat there was a model of the vessel, a schooner 70ft. long. A more graceful little ship is seldom found, and the resemblance to the model of Thistle—a cup challenger, and a beautiful vessel of the late Geo. Lenox Watson's designs—was very striking. Few boats, indeed, are better looking than some of our eastern fishing boats.

By courtesy of Mr. B. B. Crowinshield, who has designed some very successful fishing boats, including the famous schooner Tartar, we publish the drawings of the shore fisherman Stranger. This vessel fishes off the coast of Massachusetts, and remains away a time varying from five to eight days, according to the catch. The vessel ready for sea carries a complement of sixteen men.

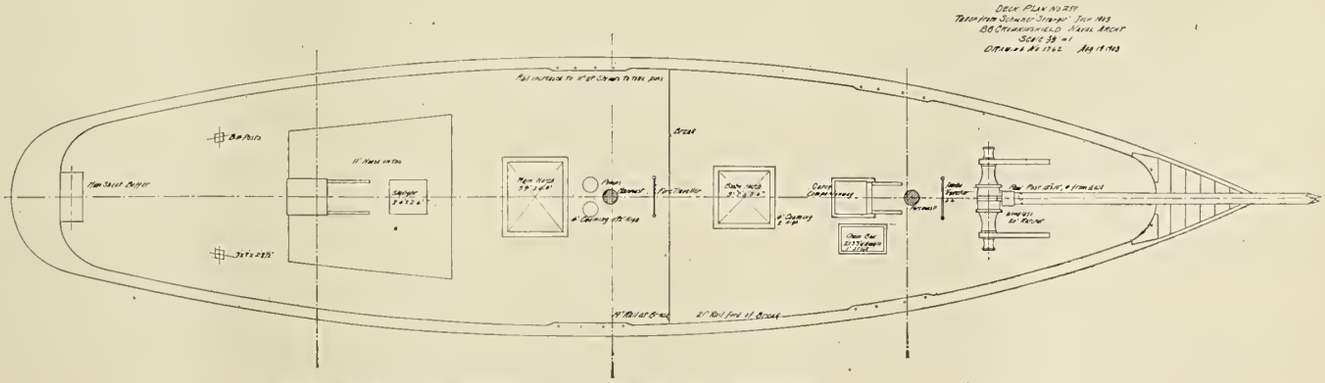
Stranger was built at the famous yards of Oxner & Story in 1904—at their plant on the Essex river, Mass., where many fishermen have been built. Along with the general dimensions we give some interesting data in regard to the construction. It is curious that with these boats it is very seldom that any other drawings are made than those shown, the reason being to save all the expense possible. Such a vessel ready for sea costs about eight or nine thousand dollars complete, including dories, but not trawls and fishing gear. There is no doubt that the reason for this low cost is that there is no



SAIL PLAN OF FISHING SCHOONER STRANGER—DESIGNED BY MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR THE EASTERN FISHING CO. 1904.



LINES OF FISHING SCHOONER STRANGER.



DECK PLAN OF FISHING SCHOONER STRANGER.

item in the bill for a lead mine to be carried under the keel, and all fittings are of the plainest; they are made for work, and work they do, and in such little ships it would seem that one might cruise anywhere in perfect safety and with good speed. Stranger is owned by the Eastern Fishing Co., of T Wharf, Boston. The rigging details are interesting, as very few of these details are ever published. The details of dimensions and construction follow:

Length—
- Over all ..... 84ft.
- L.W.L. ..... 61ft.

Breadth ..... 19ft.
Draft ..... 11ft.
Freeboard—
- Midships ..... 4ft.
- Aft ..... 5ft. 3in.

Sail area lower sails.....2853 sq. ft.

Ballast of stone and cement.
Sections spaced 4ft.
Frames, oak, sawed, 5in. x 4½ to 6½in.
Planking, white oak, 2¼in.
Keelsons hard pine, four layers, 3in. thick, 12in. wide.
Keel, oak-sided, 8in.
Deck beams, 6in. x 6in.; carlins 4½ deep by 5in. wide.
There is no shelf fitted.
Every other beam is a carlin; the beams are kneed to ceiling; clamp, 2¾in. x 12in. deep.
Ceiling, yellow pine, 2in.
Deck, 2¾in., white pine.

Power Boat Show.

Upon the receipt of a circular received from Messrs. Cochrane & Payne, we communicated with the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers. We publish herewith their letter in full; this will tend to avoid confusion. It is regretted that such an incident should have occurred, as it is going to do a certain amount of harm—where it is most unwelcome:

"October 22, 1906.

"W. C. Anderson, Esq., Manager, Chicago Power Boat Show:

"Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 20th inst., beg to call your attention to the following letter which has been sent members of our Association:

"'We beg to call the attention of all members of our Association to the fact, that under date of Oct. 11, 1906, Messrs, Cochrane & Payne, Managers of the Chicago Motor Boat Show, state, "that their show (the Chicago Motor Boat Boat Show) has been officially sanctioned by the Committeemen of the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers."'

"This statement is misleading, as no action has been taken by your Executive Committee in reference to this or any show, other than the National Motor Boat Show which is held in New York city at Madison Square Garden Feb. 19 to 26.

"Further, it was the sense of the members at the last annual meeting that this Association sanction but one show for 1907.

(Signed) "H. S. Gambel,
"Secretary of National Assn. of Engine & Boat Manufacturers."

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received from Mr. Henry Howard, the chairman of the Eastern Y. C. Regatta Committee, the report for 1906. The book contains the detailed times of the various races given by the club during the summer, also reports of motor boat races. There are about fifty pages, and the matter contains a number of charts, etc., and some very good photos of sonder class boats, including Vim, designed by Gardner, and owned by Mr. Trenor L. Park. The complete report and proceedings relating to that most pleasant event, the Roosevelt cup races, is very interesting.

Sterns & McKay, yacht builders, Marblehead, report the storage of the following yachts, besides a number already recorded in these pages: At the main yard the auxiliary Comanche, Wm. P. Wharton; Heron, Walter J. Badger; Wyvern, A. N. Longfellow; Siesta, F. M. Whitehouse; Thetis, power tender, belonging to L. Reed Anthony, and also his cutter Doris, are hauled out for the winter; Melusina is also hauled out. At the No. 2 yard there are many boats that have been berthed since the first fall rush, these include Hostess, A. P. Loring; Friendship V., Mr. Rollard, and a number of other boats. Messrs Stearns & McKay are very busy with designing orders, one of which is for a 70ft. power boat for the Great Lakes, and a 40-footer for use in New York waters next summer, and a duplicate for Cape May and the lower Delaware. The firm has lately developed an invention of Mr. Sterns' consisting of an extruded metal hinge for skylights, and the fitting is very neat, absolutely watertight, and one that can be readily fitted, being in one length from end to end. It does not take the time in fitting as the common hinges require.

The annual dinner of the Motor Boat Club of America will take place at the Hotel Astor on Saturday evening, Nov. 24. Many prominent guests are expected. The annual meeting will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on Wednesday evening, Nov. 21.

The committee on nominations for officers of the club for the ensuing year has made the following selections: Commodore, Edward J. Schroeder; vice-commodore, Joseph H. Hoadley; rear-commodore, Dr. Seymour Oppenheimer; secretary, Hugh S. Gambel; treasurer, Charles Francis; board of governors, John D. Roach, Dr. Louis Neumann, E. A. Stevens, Jr.; Charles Boucher and Frank D. Gheen.

Avast there, John D. Long, ex-ruler of Uncle Sam's navee; every one does not hope that Sir Thomas Lipton will "lift" the cup if he tries again. We sail the seas of Sandy Hook to keep the cup to the end of recorded time, if it is in us to build the better model and seize the advantage of wind and tide; and we are not above winning with an inferior model if we can sail her well enough. Should Sir Thomas Lipton succeed in his next attempt, he would richly deserve to succeed, and for that reason our congratulations would be all the more hearty. But we shall go on beating him if we can until he cries enough. The America's Cup will never be a consolation prize.—New York Sun.

We have received from the H. E. Boucher Manufacturing Co., of 105 Maiden Lane, a little catalogue very neatly gotten up. The firm manufactures models of yachts, steamers and fighting vessels, will develop inventions, make patterns and all those mechanical pieces of work or machinery that require special tools. The catalogue is a very nicely made pamphlet, but to our mind is inadequate to the business the Boucher Company are doing. People in America to-day are uneducated to the beauties and value of such things as models, and would like to know more about the business. There is nothing in the book to inform them of the value of models. We have always heard of great prices being paid for models. They are expensive, but not so much so but what a yachtsman may afford one or more of his boats.

We hear the Boucher Company, after being less than a year at 105 Maiden Lane, are removing to more commodious quarters also in Maiden Lane. We hope that another catalogue may be gotten out to celebrate the event and give more information about a subject in which many people are greatly interested and seeking not only information but have a willingness to acquire models.

The Pigeon Hollow Spar Company, of East Boston, report that they have received orders for a 70ft. and one 46ft. hollow mast to be fitted in new yachts, also under construction two 75 ton derricks that are to be fitted with derrick masts 110 feet long and 30 inches in diameter. The Pigeon firm has been in the spar making busi-

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Send for Catalogue.

Few Creations of Man
are subject to as many different strains as
A VESSEL
COMPRESSION
TENSION
TORSION
TRANSVERSE
VIBRATION
And there are times when all of these strains are applied
At the Same Instant.
Read Kipling's "The Ship That Found Herself."
The best of workmanship stands the racket none to well.
How can anyone expect much of the other kind.
If you haven't the money to spend on both fine finish and strength, *insist that your designer give you strength.*
MANHASSET SHIPBUILDING & REPAIR CO.
Builders of Sail and Power Craft,
PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Marine Railways. Winter Storage.

THE PIGEON HOLLOW SPAR CO.
The Oldest Makers and Most Reliable Hollow Spars Made. Write for prices.
116 Condor Street, East Boston, Mass.

Hints and Points for Sportsmen.

Compiled by "Seneca." Cloth. Illustrated, 244 pages. Price, $1.50.

This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

ness for two generations and of late years have taken up the hollow spar business and have been very successful, some of the best boats of last season were fitted with them—Orestes, Soya, Joy and Spider, of the Q Class, and many larger boats.

Mr. Christian M. Meyer, New York Y. C., left New York on his steam yacht Maspeth for southern waters. A party of six accompany Mr. Meyer on his cruise.

The officers of the Belle Harbor Y. C. for 1907 were elected at a meeting of the club in Brooklyn last week: Commodore, G. W. Fash; vice-commodore, F. G. Bush; rear commodore, R. Goddard; fleet captain, W. P. Hewlett; treasurer, W. E. Chapman; secretary, G. W. Morgan; financial secretary, P. R. Mahoney; chairman of house committee, L. M. Pearsall; chairman of regatta committee, R. Leavitt; chairman of entertainment committee, W. J. Moore; members at large, William Scheer, William W. Butcher.

The Herreshoff designed and built racing sloop Cricket, of the Bar Harbor one design class, has been sold by Mr. George Batchelder, of Boston, through the agency of Mr. Hollis Burgess, of that city, to Charles K. Cummins, of Boston.

The schooner yacht Brunhilde has been sold by Mr. John M. Masury to parties in Nova Scotia for a trading vessel.

Mr. Percy Chubb has sold the steam yacht Diana, ex-Delaware, ex-Maria, designed by the late Geo. Lennox Watson to Mr. C. Ledyard Blair.

Yachts in Winter Quarters.

Tebo's Basin.—Aquilo, Mr. W. P. Eno; Arrow, Mr E. F. Whitney; Comfort; Cachalot, Mr. R. T. Wainwright; Cachalot, Mr. J. M. McDonough; Carmina, Mr. Charles Fletcher; Elreba, Mr. Henry Darlington; Enterprise, Mr. F. L. Perin; Jathniel, Mr. Charles M. Prett; Kismet, Mr. Francis S. Smithers; Mermaid, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr.; Noma, Mr. W. B. Leeds; Nearia, Mr. Charles A. Gould; Osceola, Mr. H. A. Lachotte; Resolute (auxiliary), Mr. John W. Masury; Radha, Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane; Riviera, Mr. Frederic Gallatin; Sapphire, Mr. John Pierce; Saranac, Mr. George W. Quintard; Seneca, Mr. E. B. Webster; Tarantula, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Wild Duck, Mrs. S. M. Prevost; Wanderer, Mr. H. A. C. Taylor; Rheclair, Commodore Daniel G. Reid; Linta, Mr. Walther Luttgen; Evelyn, Mr. F. Hirschorn; Celt, Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell; Latona (auxiliary), Mr. Henry C. Eno; Queen, (schooner), Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell; Yankee (sloop), Mr. Henry L. Maxwell.

McIntosh's Basin.—Charmary, Mr. Charles G. Gates; Columbia, Mr. J. H. Ladew; Constant, Mr. Egbert Moxham; Sappho, Mr. J. H. Alexander; Now Then, Mr. Edgar F. Luckenbach; Lorna, Mr. John A. Blair; Ardath, Mr. J. S. Loomis; Pappoose, estate of Edward Luckenbach; Nana, Mr. E. V. Myers; Saramar, Mr. Guy Loomis; Rene, Mr. S. J. Fleet, and Why Girl and Swift.

Manning's Basin.—Allegheny, Mr. William A. Jamison; Athlete; Aphrodite, Colonel Oliver H. Payne; Anita; Atreas, Mr. George W. Childs Drexel; Caswell; Courier, Mr. B. F. Keith; Carola II., Mr. Leonard Richards; Claymore, Mr. Franklin Haynes; Chetolah, Mr. R. W. Bainbridge; Cloelia; Conqueror, Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt; Calypso, Mr. Robert C. Veit; Enarc, Edithia, Mr. John H. Hanan; Gunilda, Mr. W. L. Harkness; Halycon, Mr. R. T. Wilson, Jr.; Huguenot; Inga, Mr. C. H. Matthiessen: Ingalls; Illini, Mr. Edward Field Goltra; Mandalay; Margaret, Mr. Isaac E. Emerson; Mayita, Mr. Charles B. Mason; Marjorie, Mr. Frank L. St. John; Nomad, Mr. A. W. Ferguson; Norman, Mr. Frank Tilford; Nylked, Mr. B. F. Deklyn; Orienta; Privateer, Mr. R. A. C. Smith; Phantasy, W. H. Langley; Rosina; Satellite, Mr. T. M. Leonard; Seminole, Mr. J. N. Robins; Sentinel; Scout, Mr. August Belmont; Taurus, Mr. J. H. Hanan; Taro, Mr. O. F. Thomas; Thetis, Mr. Hiram W. Sibly; Wissoe, Mr. H. P. Whitaker; Zara, Mr. J. Mansfield Haynes; Attaquin; Comanche, Mr. J. T. Hitner; Fleetwing, and Idlewild.

Canoeing.

A. C. A.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, and meetings of the board of governors and racing board of the A. C. A., were held at the Hotel St. Denis, New York, on Oct. 27.

There were present at the meetings of the board of governors the commodore, ex-officio and Messrs. R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn; MacKendrick, Galt, Ontario, and H. C. Morse, Peoria, Ill. The Central Division was represented by proxy.

At the meeting of the racing board were: Messrs. D. B. Goodsell, New York; Louis S. Drake, Boston; F. D. Huntington, Chicago, Ill.; and others interested in the questions under discussion and revision.

The executive committee was called to order by Commodore Douglass at 10 o'clock. There were present the commodore, in the chair, W. A. Furman, secretary; Frederic G. Mather, treasurer. Atlantic Division: Vice-commodore Ohlmeyer; rear-commodore Mitchell, by F. Andreas, proxy; executive committee, H. L. Quick, L. C. Kretzmer, P. F. Hogan and D. B. Goodsell. Central Division: Vice-commodore Hughes, by C. F. Wolters, proxy; rear-commodore Phillips, by proxy; purser, J. S. Wright; executive committee, H. R. Ford, J. J. Armstrong and Wyn B. Morris. Eastern Division: Vice-commodore Bodwell, by proxy; rear-commodore S. B. Burnham; purser, F. W. Houston, by proxy; executive committee, D. S. Pratt, Jr., and H. M. S. Aiken, by F. S. Chase, proxy.

The amendments already published in Forest and Stream were adopted with the exception that the age limit was fixed at 18 years, instead of 16 years as proposed, with the proviso that the applicant must be a competent swimmer.

The associate members proposed were elected with the exception of a few who had not been endorsed by members of the executive committee as provided by the Constitution.

The date of the annual camp was fixed from Aug. 9. to 23, 1907, at Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence.

Sundry reports of committees were read, accepted and ordered on file. The results showed the association to be in an excellent state of affairs, the administration of the several divisions during the past year having been economical and successful.

Forest and Stream and Fore 'n' Aft were designated the official organs for the ensuing year.

In the evening the Atlantic Division entertained a number of guests from out of town at a dinner at the St. Denis, when speeches were made by Commodore Douglass, Messrs. Wilkin, Quick, Hogan and others, and the following day the visitors were shown the several canoe clubs and environs of New York and Brooklyn. Members were present from Philadelphia, Trenton, New York and Brooklyn, Yonkers and other points, while the visitors represented a range from Chicago to Boston, nearly every club in the sevaral divisions being represented.

The executive committee of the Atlantic Division met subsequent to the general meeting and accepted the resignation of rear-commodore Clifton T. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, electing in his place, W. B. Maddock, of the P. I. C. A., Trenton, N. J.

[The complete report in detail will follow next week.—Editor.]

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Central Division.—Edward B. Holmes, Buffalo, N. Y., by F. S. Thorn.

Eastern Division.—Edward J. Proffett, Providence, R. I., by S. B. Burnham.

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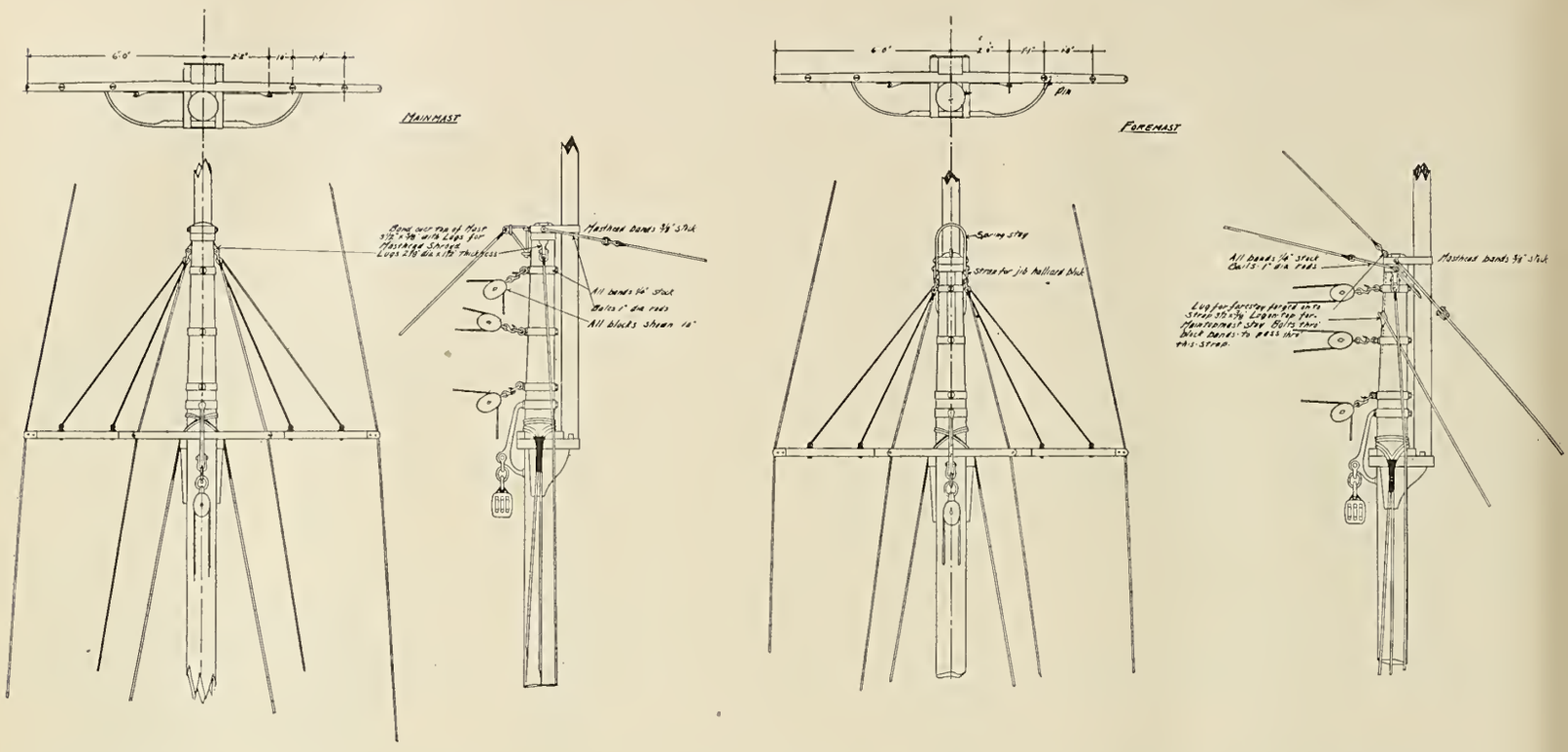
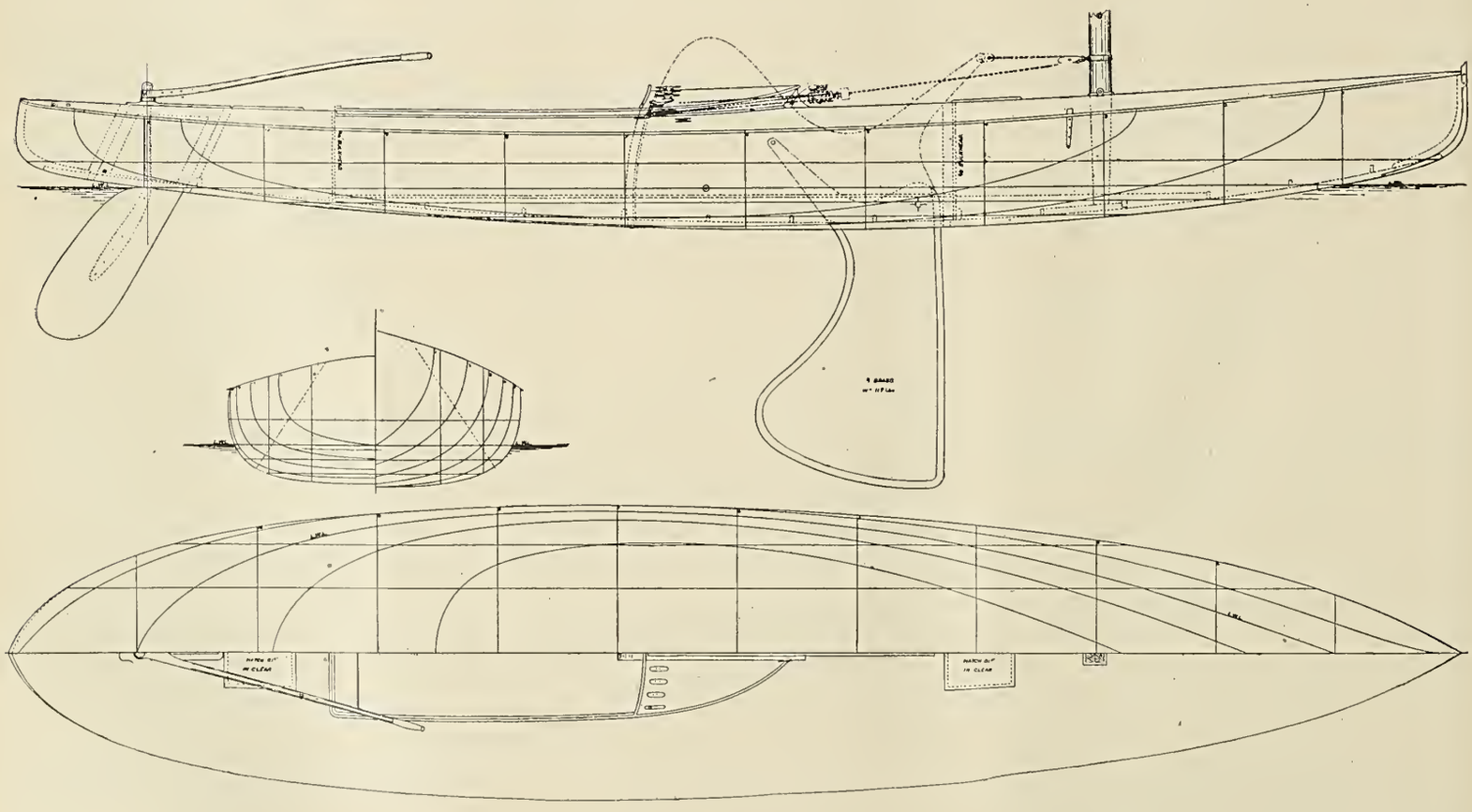


RIGGING DETAILS OF FISHING SCHOONER STRANGER——DESIGNED BY MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR THE EASTERN FISHING CO.



GENETTA——LINES.

Royal Canoe Club Class B canoe designed by Linton Hope. [See preceding issues for matter relating to this boat.—EDITOR.]

We are indebted to the London Yachting Monthly for our cut.

U.M.C. ARROW SHELLS

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., G. C. target tournament. G. W. Loomis and H. S. McDonald, Mgrs.
Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of North Side Gun Club.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—North Side Rod and Gun Club shoot.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park G. C. tournament.
Nov. 29.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. sixth annual Thanksgiving Day shoot; added money. G. B. Hubbell, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Owing to Election Day, FOREST AND STREAM went to press on Monday of this week, hence the trap department appears without some valued scores.

Through the chairman of the executive committee, Edward F. Markley, Easton, Pa., we learn that the Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., will hold its second annual holiday target tournament on Dec. 20.

At the shoot held by the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on Saturday of last week, Russell won first alone in the 25-live bird handicap, killing straight from the 29yd. mark. He also killed straight in the 10-bird event, thus making a total of 35 without a miss.

Team No. 1 of the Montclair Gun Club won the silver punch bowl, valued at $120, at the shoot of the Rahway (N. J.) Gun Club, on Saturday of last week. The shoot had been declared off, but was reinstated on the arrival of the Montclair shooters. The local men turned out to the number of five in support of their own shoot.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trapshooters' League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 3.—In the match of the Trapshooters' League, shot to-day at Media, Pa., the S. S. White team was victorious by a score of 418 out of a possible 500. Media was second with 399. The weather conditions were favorable for good scores. Newcomb was high with a total of 48 out of 50; Lehr, of the Highlands, was second with 47 and third high individual scores were made by Lehr, of the Highlands, and Garugues, of North Camden, each scoring 46.

Next league shoot is scheduled for Merchantville, on Dec. 1.

S. S. White.		Highland.	
Lilly	46	Ballantine	43
Cantrell	38	Ringgold	35
Harper	41	Homewood	40
Newcomb	48	Brooks	38
Fontain	41	H Wentz	44
St. Clair	30	Denham	36
Tansey	44	Hilt	37
Brenizer	39	Davis	36
Griffiths	41	Lohr	47
F Coleman	40—418	Wayne	37—393
Media.		**North Camden.**	
G Beatty	39	Rice	32
Williamson	38	Guest	27
Pennington	38	French	42
Howard	41	Fleming	34
Rogers	41	Pfeil	31
Copple	45	Fink	36
E Smedley	39	Marcy	37
Manges	39	Wickes	32
Little	42	Chalmers	38
Sweeney	37—399	Carugues	46—354

The other scores made by the marksmen who failed to qualify on their respective teams were as follows:

S. S. White—Meyer 38, George 32, Pratt 35, Cotting 34, Reid 34. Hinkson 31, Firth 28.

Highland—Shaffer 31, Boyer 38, Smith 31, Laurent 24, Franklin 19.

Media—S. Smedley 37, Hamel 36, Field 35, Mitchell 36, McDowell 17.

North Camden—Pratt 23.

Visitor—What are you doing here, my poor man? Convict—Time, mum.—Baltimore American.

WESTERN TRAP.

Wedding Bells.

When the Indians meet at their next anual pow-wow there will be sadness in the camp, because of the absence of the much-beloved papoose, Maude. Those of the tribe and their friends who have in the past met at West Baden, Lake Okoboji, etc., will remember well, the chief of the papooses, the one who assisted in all entertainments. Whether seated at the piano, rendering a vocal selection, or leading the dance, she was the life of the social event. The following cards will show you that our Tom has lost a daughter and that the ranks of the papooses will be thinned to that extent at the next tribal gathering:

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Alvin Marshall invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Maude Cabeen, to Mr. William Thomas Kester, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 27, 1906, at three o'clock, First Presbyterian Church, Keithsburg, Ill."

"At home after Dec. 15, 4956 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill."

All the shooters who ever had the pleasure of meeting Miss Maude will join in wishing her long life and happiness. Let us hope that the loss to the tribe will be her gain. Mr. Kester is to be congratulated upon his capture of the flower of the flock. She is the only child of the high chief of the tribe, and in giving her up Chief Long Talk will be very lonesome when he returns to his cabin on the banks of the father of waters, after his regular pilgrimages to all parts of the country.

T.

In Other Places.

The final shoot of the Elizabeth City Gun Club, Norfolk, W. Va., was held Sunday week. Dr. H. M. Harris won the pin for the high score for the season, and will hold it up to next spring.

Good scores made on the preliminary day at the Hopkins and Allen shoot, Des Moines, Iowa. There was a good attendance, even Fred Gilbert was with the boys once more. Scores at practice: McDonald shot at 150, made 134; McKeeer, 100, 87; Asher, 100, 79; McDonald, 75, 53; Maxwell, 160, 128; Hopcher 135, 93; King, 135, 85; Magill, 50, 22; Layman 75 67; French 100, 81; Budd, 50, 42; Kline, 50, 45; Hautley 25, 24; Smith, 25, 16.

Newton Lewis was the most successful marksman at the Wilmington, Ohio, Gun Club on last Tuesday with 102 out of 125 targets shot at.

Shooting for the first time this season at Des Moines, Iowa, Fred Gilbert has come to himself, as he went in o the regular tournament and missed but five out of 200. Spencer lost 6 and Kline 7.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club held the first meet of the season on the new grounds Sunday last. The scores show that any man not making 20 out of 25 was not a good shot on this day.

George Lucas, James Dilby, Chas. Blaid, Owen Brislen, John Murray, S. Hildebrand and Edward Walters took part in a shoot at 50 targets each at Electric Park, Cambridge, Ohio.

Creston, Iowa, Gun Club will hold a shoot Nov. 8 and 9.

C. A. Thorpe, of Geneva, Neb., held a tournament for the benefit of the neighboring shooters on Wednesday of this week.

Last Thursday evening the Lebanon, Pa., Gun Club held a reception and banquet for the benefit of the visitors who were in the city preparatory to the opening of the two-days' tournament.

The first meeting of the New Albany, Ind., Shotgun Club was held last Wednesday at Charlestown Road. The members fancied that target shooting would limber them up for the coming duck season.

The Tabasco Gun Club, Marysville, Colo., gave a very enjoyable duck stew on last Sunday, where they entertained many of the citizens of Sutter county.

The Manistee, Mich., Gun Club was organized on Tuesday last by electing F. A. Eddie, president; R. S. Babcock, vice-president; C. B. Jentoff, secretary; J. D. Bertrand, treasurer; Alex Wyless, Jr., the captain. Some of the members are R. H. Lee, Ward Leonard, L. D. Rich, F. W. Grimes, Harry Gephart, J. A. King, H. H. Whipple, J. J. Hubbell, Jr., R. M. Hoffman, R. R. Walters.

The Wayne Gun Club Fort Wayne, Ind., has won the championship of the city by a win of five times to one lost. The Broadways were second. Shooting at 125 targets, five men each club: Corron Rod and Gun Club 48, Broadway 81, Wayne 89, Independents 88. Ft. Wayne can well boast of having all other towns in Indiana beaten on the number of gun clubs.

Columbus, Ind., Gun Club held the last shoot of the season on last Saturday, and the following were awarded the three high guns: George Schwartz Koeph, Elmer W. Rogers and William C. Western.

On Wednesday of this week some twenty members or more of the Pique, Ohio, Gun Club will meet and organize.

There was a large attendance at the Dayton, Ky., Gun Club shoot last Sunday. Shooting at 75 targets: Hill 71, Snyder 53, Jones 46, King 17. At 60: Luverne 38, Sampson 51, Hartman 44, W. Covey 35. At 50: Gowling 39, Jasper 14, Ulrick 27, Higdon 22, Phelps 35, Le Compte 43, Pop 13, R. Trimble 47 Ed. Trimble 50, H. Miller 20. Jacob Schneck won the Gould trophy from Gowling with 41 out of 50 to Gowling's 39.

The club at Paw-Paw, Mich., has adopted by-laws and constitution, and will at once put in traps and begin smashing clay pigeons.

The Hale's Corner Gun Club, at Milwaukee, Wis., will hold live-bird shoots during the winter. All marksmen are invited to attend.

The five gun clubs of Hardin county, Iowa, have joined in purchasing a trophy which will be shot for by the teams of the various clubs. About Thanksgiving Day the club will hold the first shoot with five-men teams.

Mr. J. A. Colomb, of Donaldsonville, La., was a visitor at the Belle Alliance Club on last Sunday, and was beaten by Mr. G. W. Rebby, who made the highest score.

Mishamoka, Ind., Gun Club held a shoot Sunday last. Among those who attended were Henry Kolb, John Klopfenstein, Fred Greenleaf, Robert Bangay and Fred Everett, of Goshen. Ernest Beebe and Leman Shuts, of Klondike, were among those who were winners, together with Will Roseworne, Melon Howard and George and J. Eberhart, of the home club.

Flambo Range, Davenport, Iowa, was the meeting place for the East End Club on last Sunday. There were many present, including Harry Kahler, the expert. Shoot for the powder cup is as follows: H. Hagaman 20, Money Hagaman 20, H. Gottschalk 19, C. Hoare 19, Cramer 14, Ben Gerts 11, E. Rusch 17.

An interesting day's sport was engaged in at the Twin City Gun Club traps Sunday week. H. Baker, of Pekin, won class A, and not only the shell company trophy, but the powder cup as well. Al Randall, of Bartonville, won the class B trophy, but did not keep up to Bobby Baker with his 105 out of 125. A few years ago and this same Baker would make the best of the shooters toe the mark.

The Kenosha, Wis., Gun Club's house, situated in the western part of the county, was burned, being the work of incendiaries. The club will, no doubt, soon rebuild as the loss does not fall upon an individual, but shared alike with all members.

Members of the Trenton, Ohio, Gun Club faced the score on Sunday last and shot at 50 targets each. As the wind was very strong the scores were low. Clark made the best score for the trophy, and is now in the lead for the season. Scores: Clark 43, Kerr 42, Schoenfeldt 41, Harvey 40, Barron 38, Jones 37, D. Smith 37, Heckman 35.

In the trophy event of the Pastime Gun Club, Detroit-Mich., Kittleberger, Whitmore and Gordon were high guns. Scores at 25 targets: Tolsma 19, Kittleberger 20, Becker 11, Findley 15, Andrews 19, Johnson 20, Schasboile 16, Whitmore 23, W. Gordon 17, Stork 15.

Opening live-bird shoot at Hobs' Corners Club, near Milwaukee, Wis., was well attended. John Johnson, of North Cape, and Harry Ludington scored 16 out of 17 and were high. Other shoots will be held the third Sunday of each month. Scores at 7 birds: Miller 4, Stanley 6, Maldington 7, Johnson 7, Thomas 2, Schubring 5, Haan 6, Ludington 7, H. Schubring 5, Waltze 3, Vanushan 3, Scheule 3, Dr. Healey 2.

A Kansas journal, commenting on the home product, W. H. Heer, says, "At first meeting, Mr. Heer appears to be rather quiet, a better acquaintance finds under his cloak of reserve a geniality that cannot be equalled among the many good fellows of the shooting fraternity. He has demonstrated that he has a thorough knowledge of guns from butt plate to the sight."

Wolf, Jr., was the high man at the last semi-monthly shoot of the Grane Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., Sunday last. Kuster won B, and Mertens C medals. Scores at 25 targets: Brinkman 7, Fraulman 10, Kuster 12, Fritch 11, Schmidt 5, Weise 20, Lowen 16, Wolf Sr. 16, Wolf, Jr. 19, Mertens 13.

The Corona, Colo., Gun Club is composed of F. M. Baird, president; F. A. Perkins, vice-president; C. M. Scoville, secretary; G. F. Dear, treasurer; H. A. Prizer, H. K. Stohl, J. L. Davis, E. P. Newton, George Austin, Wm. Gray, John Triola and W. C. Barth.

Members of the Council Bluff, Iowa, Gun Club met last Sunday for a practice shoot, something they were badliy in need of, owing to having a match with a club from Tabor.

Members of the Springfield, Ohio, Gun Club met last Saturday and took a limbering up. At 25 targets: Poole 21, Strong 20, Winkby 22, Smith 6, Henderson 24.

Although the day was dark and cold and a strong wind blew across the traps, there was a good turn-out at the tri-weekly shoot of the Livingston, Mont., Gun Club last Friday. Brooks now leads with one point. Mr. Confar is shooting for targets only. Scores at 25 targes: Gemmett 20, H. Jando 23, Chaneleck 15, J. O. Miles 19, Duff 16, Proter 19.

A brisk southwest wind that crossed the traps at the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds Thursday, on the occasion of the sparrow shoot, caused the lowest scores ever made on these historic grounds. Jennings was high man with 82 out of 120 shot at. You must guess what the little "beggars" were doing when one Wm. Heer missed 29. The attendance was poor, owing to the bad weather. Scores at 120 live sparrows: S. H. Young 74, Jennings 82, Crawford 78, Franklin 75, Heer 71, James 78, Dan Smith 70, Miles 64.

The Paw-Paw Rod and Gun Club, not contended with shooting targets only as a pastime, has contracted for a million or more brook trout to be placed in the east branch of the river.

The Swansea Gun Club, of Belleville, Ill., was lately the guest of the Tannhauser Club, of St. Louis. The Belleville boys report a royal good time, and all unite in praise of their entertainment.

The Goodland, Ind., Gun Club held its seventh county shoot last week. The high scores at 200 targets were: Brown 184, Peck 174, Mullen 172, Hamston 164, Parks 162, Bener 160, Spinney 157, Grass 152, Launne 144.

Shooters of Cowgill, Mo., have organized a gun club with fifteen members. At the first shoot the high score wass: Retly and Craig 20 out of 25. On the second shoot it was: Cawley 19, Petree 18. Shoots will be held on Tuesdays and Fridays.

New Straitsville, Ohio, Gun Club is now holding weekly shoots. At 50 targets the last score made was: Marlow 43, Rush 45, Watkins 29, Kessler 32, Borry 29, Sherer 36, Newman 36, Switzer 26.

On the opening day of the McLean County Gun Club, Bloomington, Ill., the best scores were: Barkley 194, Riehl 188, Le Noire 184, Freeman 164, Vietmeyer 164. Amateurs: Clark 193, Young 190, Shepardson 182, O. Peru 182, Hantley 181, Stoner 176, Barton 175, McDonald 174.

A number of the best shots in the State of Kansas met at Hutchinson last Thursday. Shooting at 100 targets: A. Brien 95, Plank 73, Adams 73, Hixon 71, Gottlieb 71, Elliott, 90, Hugh 89, Ramen 86 Mrs. Butler 85, McCrea 83, Butler 80, Arnold 76. Shooting at 10 live birds: Arnold 10, Rankin 10, Elliott 10, Downs 10, O'Brien 10, Adams 9, Butler 9, Gottlieb 8, Plank 8, Hixon 7.

The Ellendale, N. D., Gun Club held a shoot Nov. 1, at which valuable prizes were distributed.

Members of the old Metropolitan Gun Club, St. Joseph, Mo., are coming to the front of late. Sunday last the attraction was a live-bird shoot, to which the shooters generally were invited.

High winds which prevailed last Friday at Topeka, Kan., interfered with the high scores and caused many to stay away. Scores made: Gragg shot at 70, scored 51; Usher, 27; Hungote, 75, 31; Hazen, 75, 39; Marple, 50, 26. On last Wednesday, Homer Gragg, C. T. Marple, L. Bisco, and C. E. Morton went to Valley Falls and took part in the shoot held there. Owing to high winds on that day, scores more not large.

The members of the Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club held a shoot last week, and the evening was spent socially. An oyster supper and music was the attraction. Scores at 10 targets each: H. E. Smith 10, Roller 8, Tieshinger 8, Lacy 10, Holt 5, Sillbach 3, Darby 9, G. M. Smith 7, Koger 5, J. H. Smith 9, Wagoner 8, Welles 3, Romick 5, Barnhart 3, Hedges 7, Whisner 3, Shattuck 8, Brown 5.

The gun club at Carrolton, Mo., held their shoot Wednesday last, with cold weather. At 25 targets: James 16, McFall 11, F. Horn 20, L. Weber 12, Fawks 14, Shea 18, G. Horn 15, W. Weber 15.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The opening shoot of the season, held by the Crescent Athletic Club, on the grounds at the country house, Bay Ridge, was favored with pleasant weather. Dr. S. P. Hopkins scored the first win for the November cup with a score of 24 out of a possible 25. Messrs. O. C. Grinnell, W. C. Damron, Dr. Keyes and Raynor were second with 23 each.

To qualify for the monthly cups, a member must shoot in at least three weekly contests for it. The best three scores of each contestant count in the monthly cup contests. Scores:

Shoot for November cup, 25 targets:

	H.	B.	T.		H.	B.	T.
Dr S Hopkins...	6	18	24	J H Ernst.....	4	17	21
O C Grinnell.....	1	22	23	C A Lockwood...	2	19	21
W C Damron....	4	19	23	H B Vanderveer.	3	17	20
Dr Keyes	2	21	23	Capt Woods	3	16	19
Dr Raynor	5	18	23	W W Marshall...	5	10	15
T W Stake.....	5	17	22				

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Dr Hopkins	4	11	15	J H Ernst.....	2	11	13
W W Marshall ..	3	12	15	H B Vanderveer.	1	11	12
O C Grinnell....	0	13	13	Capt Woods	1	11	12
W C Damron....	2	11	13	Dr Raynor	3	8	11

Shoot-off, same conditions: W. W. Marshall 15, Dr. Hopkins 15.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Dr. Hopkins 14, Marshall 13.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

Marshall	5	20	25	Hopkins	6	21	25
Vanderveer	3	22	25	Grinnell	1	23	24
Damron	4	23	25	Lockwood	2	22	24
Raynor	5	20	25	Ernst	4	14	19
Woods	2	24	25				

Shoot-off, same conditions: Woods 25, Marshall 23, Damron 23, Raynor 22, Hopkins 21, Vanderveer 20.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Damron	2	13	15	Hopkins	4	10	14
Keyes	1	15	15	Marshall	3	10	13
Woods	1	14	15	Raynor	1	10	11
Grinnell	0	14	14	Lockwood	1	10	11
Ernst	2	12	14	C A Sykes.....	2	13	15

Shoot-off, same conditions: Woods 15, Keyes 15, Sykes 14, Damron 12.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Keyes 15, Woods 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Raynor	5	19	24	Hendrickson	4	17	21
Stake	5	19	24	Lockwood	2	17	19
Ernst	1	21	22	Woods	3	15	18
Grinnell	1	21	22	Damron	4	12	16
Keyes	2	20	22	Marshall	5	10	15

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Marshall	2	12	15	Ernst	2	11	13
Keyes	1	13	14	Raynor	3	10	13
Stake	3	10	13	Woods	1	11	12
Damron	2	11	13	Lockwood	1	10	11

Daniel M. Lefever.

We are informed that the famous inventor, gun manufacturer and trap shot, Daniel M. Lefever, died at Syracuse, Oct. 29, at the age of seventy-one years. Few sportsmen in America were better known or had a larger circle of friends and acquaintances than had "Uncle Dan." He had been identified with the manufacture and improvement of guns through three or four generations, and was conspicuously identified with the introduction and improvement of the breechloader. During the War between the States, a period antedating the existence of many active sportsmen of the present day, he was active in the gun making industry. One of his greatest achievements, all circumstances considered, was the manufacture of 200 long range special rifles for the Federal Government. They were designed for the sharpshooters of the army, whose special mission was the shooting of officers and pickets at ranges beyond the scope of the regular service rifle. They used either round or conical balls. He was among the first to manufacture the so-called hammerless lock of shotguns. In the late 70s, he entered into partnership with John Nichols, under the firm style of Nichols & Lefever; but some time afterward he took over the business to himself. The many modern improvements which he made on shotguns and shotgun appliances would fill quite a long list. Besides being a manufacturer of esteemed skill and renown, he was a shooter of rare attainments.

Rahway Gun Club.

RAHWAY, N. J., Nov. 3.—The Rahway Gun Club a few days ago decided to postpone indefinitely the shoot for the magnificent punch bowl, valued at $120. The conditions originally provided for ten-man teams. The Montclair Gun Club had no knowledge of the postponement, so arrived in force to contest for the prize, and they insisted on shooting as had been originally announced in respect to the bowl contest. New conditions, five-man teams, $20 per team entrance, were made. Only five of the local shooters participated. Mr. Mahnken had charge of the shoot, and he desires that his thanks be expressed to the Montclair club for their valuable assistance. Mr. E. Winslow took charge of the cashier's office, and was conspicuously able in its management. Montclair team No. 1 won the punch bowl with a score of 103 out of a possible 125.

Second event, team shoot for punch set, 25 targets, five-man teams. Scores:

Montclair Team No. 1.		Montclair Team No. 3.	
Perley	23	Winslow	16
Allan	21	Soverel	15
Moffett	20	Babcock	22
Bush	21	Dukes	17
Howard	18—103	Cockefair	15— 85
Montclair Team No. 2.		**Rahway Team.**	
Parke	20	Piercy	22
Batten	21	F B Moffett	18
Boxall	17	T A Pope	19
Crane	19	J V Roccheitti	21
Wallace	23—100	J T Dunn	16— 96

Shoot for cut-glass water bottle, 10 targets each:

Perley	9	Cockefair	7
Allan	9	Imel	7
Babcock	3	Butler	6
Soverel	9	Batten	8
Bush	9	Winslow	5
Moffett	10	Dukes	8
Howard	10	Boxall	6
Wallace	9	Parke	8
Crane	5		

In the shoot-off between Moffett and Howard in the next event, Moffett broke 21, Howard 20.

Second event for five prizes, 25 targets, entrance 50 cents:

Babcock	18	Piercy	24
Allan	19	Pope	19
Dunn	17	F B Moffett	23
Wallace	17	Perley	24
Cockefair	18	Butler	17
Crane	17	Fanning	21
Boxall	16	Phillips	13
Moffett	21	Bush	20
Howard	20	Winslow	17
Parke	21	Roccheitti	18
Imel	21	Goodman	14
Mahnken	15	Way	14
Dukes	18	Quackenbush	11

Shoot-off, miss and out: Perley 2, Piercey 3 and won first, hand-carved tray.

F. B. Moffett wins second with 23, pair of military brushes.

Shoot-off for third: F. W. Moffett, 2, and won third, tea set; Imel 0, Parke 1.

Shoot-off for fourth: Howard 0, Bush 1, Allan 2, Pope 0. Allan won fourth, a shaving set; Bush won fifth, a tobacco box.

Miss-and-outs, for merchandise prizes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Boxall	0	2	1	0	3	8	6
Imel	0	2	1	0	1	5	3
Parke	0	0	1	7	0	7	10
Piercy	2	1	0	4	0	0	3
Dukes	3	2	1	0	0	4	2
Bush	0	1	6	8	1	1	9
Soverel	0	5	2	0	0	5	6
Babcock	1	2	1	1	..	..	3
Butler	..	0	3	6	2	1	3
Perley	..	3	1	9	4	2	2
Dunn	..	..	..	..	0	1	4

Totals of events:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Allan	50	39	Howard	65	50
Babcock	75	51	Imel	120	94
Bush	50	40	F W Moffett	90	80
Butler	80	54	F B Moffett	90	80
Batten	50	34	Perley	65	56
Boxall	85	60	Parke	75	47
Bloodgood	25	13	Piercy	105	91
Crane	50	32	Pope	25	19
Cockefair	90	51	Phillips	75	42
Dukes	170	110	Ouackenbush	75	45
Dunn	70	41	Roccheitti	25	18
Dietz	75	48	Soverel	25	13
Fanning	50	42	Way	50	30
Goodman	50	31	Wallace	50	34

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 3.—The second live-bird handicap of the Keystone Shooting League, held to-day, resulted in some excellent scores. Russell killed straight in the two events, making a total of 35 without a miss. McDonald and Harrison also killed straight in the 10-bird sweepstake event, and the money was divided. The summary:

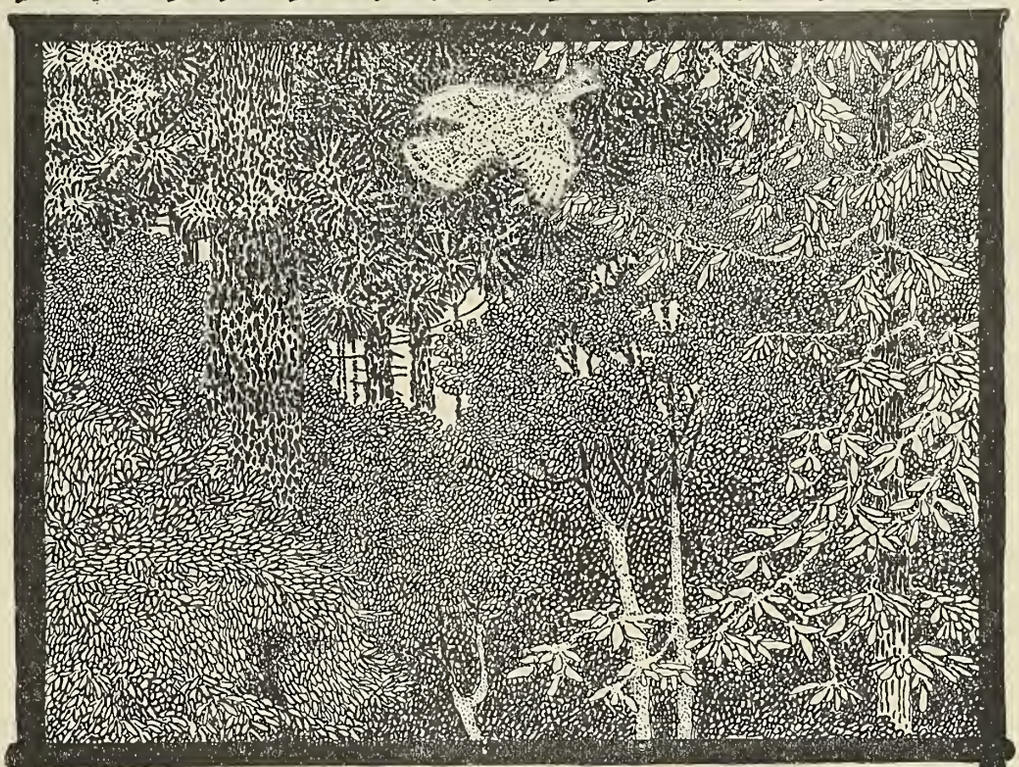
Club handicap prize event, 25 live birds:

Russell, 29	1111221122222111212222l2—25
Sanford, 29	2112221111112121110121222—24
Harrison, 28	1102111112111111111121121—24
Johns, 29	22*12211111l2*11211111211—23
McDonald, 27	12110211222221111O*221121—22

Sweepstakes:

Russell	1122221222—10	Johns	2211221222*— 9
McDonald	1122221221—10	Sanford	22122021*2— 8
Harrison	2121222112—10		

WINCHESTER



"Brush" Shells For Bird Shooting

Winchester "Brush" Shells help wonderfully to make big bags. They are so loaded as to give an open and even pattern at ranges of from 25 to 30 yards when used in choke bore guns, without the loss of velocity, penetration or uniformity. With these shells you can use your duck or trap gun for field shooting and make many kills which otherwise would be misses. They are loaded in "Leader' and "Repeater" grades and sold by reputable dealers everywhere. Ask for Winchester "Brush" Shells and accept no substitute.

Winchester Shells, Cartridges, and Guns Are Sold Everywhere.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

At Point Breeze.

THE weekly contest at Point Breeze Driving Park, Philadelphia, Nov. 3, had nine contestants in the main event, of whom five—Staley, Felix, Weinert, Murphy and Muller killed 10 straight from the 30yd. mark. Harry Buckwalter gave an exhibition of rifle shooting, hitting 24 out of 25 pieces of pea coal thrown in the air by one of the other shooters.

In the first sweepstafie at 5 birds there were four ties with straight scores, and in the second event three of the six contestants killed 5.

A. A. Felix, Fred Muller and Horace Young were matched to shoot at 25 birds each for $25 a side, the match to take place about Thanksgiving Day.

Ten live birds, handicap rise, $10 entrance.

Muller, 30	2221112222—10
Murphy, 30	1211121121—10
Weinert, 30	2222222222—10
Felix, 30	2112112222—10
Staley	2222222222—10
Clegg, 28	2221022221— 9
Adams, 30	2202220222— 8
Charlton, 28	0022222220— 7
Scott, 26	2200202022— 6

Open sweepstake, 5 live birds, $3 entrance: Muller 5, Murphy 5, Weinert 5, Staley 5, Felix 4, Clegg 3, Scott 2.

Open sweepstakes, 5 live birds, $3 entrance: Weinert 5, Felix 5, Adams 5, Murphy 4, Clegg 4, Staley 4.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 3.—The weekly shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club to-day had thirteen shooters in attendance. Henry , a scratch man, was high with 22 in the club event. The scores were as follows:

	B.	H.	T.		B.	H.	T.
Henry	22	0	22	Hill	14	0	14
Gothard	20	0	20	Pierce	13	0	13
Christ	16	1	17	Chandler	10	0	10
Benson	16	0	16	Laws	10	0	10
Thomas	13	3	16	Kearney	9	0	9
Martin	15	0	15	Patterson	3	0	3
Howard	14	0	14				

"Papa," queried little Dolly Dimpleton, "why is the pen supposed to be mightier than the sword?"

"Because, my dear," answered the father, glancing at his wife, "one can't sign checks with a sword."—Atlanta Constitution.

Modern Methods of Gunmaking.

The Manufacture of Iron for Gun Barrels.

From W. W. Greener's "The Gun and Its Development."

Gun barrels may be made of plain iron, as described in the history of gun-making. As shotgun barrels, they are worthless with modern explosives. They may be made from solid steel, as are rifle barrels; or they may be made of figured iron—that is, of a mixture of iron and steel.

The method of producing this special material is as follows: Pig iron obtained from a mixture of the best ores is placed in a furnace, melted, and cleansed from all dross by puddling—the dross, being much lighter than the iron, rises to the surface and is skimmed off. When sufficiently cleansed, the draw-plates of the furnace are lowered, the heat reduced thereby, and the liquid iron while cooling gathered and worked into blooms of about 1 hundredweight each. The puddler takes the bloom with a pair of tongs, runs it to the tilt hammer and hands it over to the shingler, who, by dexterously turning the metal under the hammer, forms it into a square block and passes it to the roller; it is then passed through the various rolls until of the required size, and drawn out into a bar of about ten feet in length. The hammering under the heavy tilt condenses the metal, and causes the dross and scale to fly off. The rolling increases its ductility and tenacity by elongating the fibre.

If scrap steel is used, it is treated in the same way. But if new metal is employed, the finest qualities of rolled bars are chosen; the steels suitable are open hearth and ingot steels, produced by modern methods, if low in carbon. On account of its purity and uniformity, best Swedish steel is most usually preferred. Steel is not improved by puddling.

Iron is improved—that is to say, purified—by the process of puddling; so it is usual to take bars of puddled iron, cut them into short lengths and pile them into faggots. These faggots are heated in the draft furnace, welded under the tilt hammer, and the block of metal reheated and hammered for the manufacture of the best barrels, to condense the fibre of the metal and increase the specific gravity. After being hammered, the

Gun-barrel Iron, Twisted, and Laid into a Riband.

blocks are rolled out into bars; the bars are again cut into equal lengths, laid and fastened into faggots, heated in the furnace, and welded together and rolled into thin, narrow strips. In the above processes the end of the bloom, or extremities of the rods, are cut off and thrown aside, being less dense, and consequently useless for gun iron.

The loss in the puddling is about 15 per cent., in the shingling and rolling about 14 per cent.; in reheating the metal it also losses considerably, making a loss of about 40 per cent. in those three processes alone; and there are successions of similar losses in each further stage of the manufacture of iron. The proportionate amounts of the different descriptions of metals in a barrel determine its quality. The old-fashioned laminated steel was composed of nearly three parts of steel; best English Damascus and modern laminated steel contains over 60 per cent. of steel; and the best silver-steel Damascus contains nearly 75 per cent. of the best worked steel. The amount of steel is determined upon before making the metal into faggots for the last time; if for scelp barrels, the strips of iron are twice the thickness of the steel, the faggots being formed of alternate layers or iron and steel. In single iron Damascus barrels the proportion of iron used is not much less than the steel, but the metal for these common barrels does not pass through quite so many processes as that for the best barrels, and although far superior in quality to ordinary iron, its tenacity and specific gravity is not so great as that of the very best gun iron. In best Damascus barrels the iron and steel are mixed together systematically.

In the piling of the iron and steel, it is possible to so arrange the metals that many different figures—that is to say, direction of the grain of the metal—result. In the best silver-steel Damascus, used by the author, the exact proportions of iron and steel used are such as have been found by experiment to give the greatest strength; the figure is fine and uniform. By using more iron than steel, and keeping to the same arrangement of the metals, a very inferior barrel would result. The tenacity, durability and beautiful figure of the barrels depend almost entirely on the proportions and arrangement of the steel and iron, the desiderata being the placing of the iron in the best position to give the regular and fine figure of the finished barrel.

In piling the iron for the ordinary Damascus twist strips of iron and steel are laid upon each other alternately. In another figure the iron, in lieu of being in strips, is in rods, which are arranged so that in cross section they resemble a checker board.

In producing chain twist, diamond twist, and irregular figured and fancy figured barrels the iron rods are differently piled. They may be of hexagonal section, or rhomboidal, or some square and others parallelopipedonical. Combinations of strips and squares are common on the Continent, where also, instead of plain rods or bars, the iron and steel used for piling is sometimes of V, L, T, and other sections, or combinations of various figures. There seems to be no limit to the varieties of figure obtainable by the arrangement of the iron and steel in the faggot, and afterward suitably working the metal.

The next process is to heat and weld the faggot of piled iron and steel, and roll them into rods of the sizes required by the welder.

The welder may for a common barrel have the metal in the shape of a strip about ¾ inch wide and of rhomboidal section. For a figured barrel it is necessary to have the rods of square section, and to heat them and twist them upon themselves—a process which turns the grain of the alternate strips of iron and steel running longitudinally from end to end of the rod in a spiral direction.

In twisting the rods care is taken to keep the edges of the iron and steel strips to the outside, for it is the twisting of the different metals that gives the various figures in the finished barrel. The steel, being hard, resists the acids and retains a white or light brown hue, while the iron or softer metal is so acted upon by the acid as to be changed into a dark brown or black color. The manner in which the strips are laid and welded together will be found described in the chapter on "Barrel Welding."

Eighteen pounds of prepared gun iron are required to weld an ordinary pair of 12-gauge barrels, which, when finished, weigh, with the ribs, lumps and loops but little over 3½ pounds. After bearing in mind this fact, and considering the great expense and loss of expensive steel and iron attending the manufacture of the metal, and the cost of welding of best barrels, it will no longer be a matter of wonderment that best guns are expensive to produce.

Gun Barrel Welding.

The methods practiced in manufacturing Damascus barrels differ but in unimportant details from each other. The welding of barrels by hand is still carried on in the author's factory, and the various processes of barrel making as employed there will be first described and illustrated.

The square rods of prepared iron are first twisted to give the Damascus figure. The rods are about four feet long and are placed in the forge fire until about eighteen inches of the rod is brought to a red heat, when one end is thrust into a square hole in a block made fast to a frame, and the other end fixed into a movable head at the other end of the frame; a rotary motion is then given to the movable head by means of a winch handle and cog wheels; the rod, being square, cannot turn round with the head, so is twisted in itself. The rod is carefully watched while twisting, and should one part commence to twist more rapidly than another, a man is ready with a pair of tongs to hold that part of the rod, so that it is prevented from twisting. This process is repeated until the whole rod is perfectly twisted, and a regular figure in the barrel insured.

To be Continued.

Winchester Team.

Wilson, N. C.—The Winchester team gave one of its marvelous exhibitions at this place and the large audience present reflected much credit upon Billy Simms, Will Walls, Ed. Killette and Jimmie D. Barns, of the local club for their untiring efforts at advertising. The above-mentioned quartette are hard to beat when it comes to running a shoot, and their scores indicate their ability at the trap. Jimmie D. led with 91, Simms 90, Walls 88, and Killette 84. Bud Harris, of Rocky Mount, came down and broke 90. With him were Daughtridge and Thurman, who also shot well. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the exhibition of the Winchester experts, and also that of the powder representatives, who have been shooting in remarkable form. Ward broke 99, Hatcher 98, and German 92.

The scores of the team were: Crosby 99, Taylor 96, Boa 95, Hawkins 95, Mrs. Topperwein 91.

The total was 476 out of 500, and for the second time this week they scored 124 out of 125. Mrs. Topperwein got 24, unfortunately losing her eleventh target after being balked several times. Crosby, Hawkins, Taylor and Boa each broke their 25 straight. This feat was generously applauded, for it was the finest exhibition ever given by a squad in this section. "Top" and Mrs. Topperwein's fancy exhibition was highly praised by all and met with well merited applause. All the small boys looked at these artists with wondrous and envious expression. One mischievous little fellow while watching Mrs. Topperwein hitting little grains of coal about the size of a grain of coffee, remarked, "Well, just look at that, she shot at a red bug's eye; I'll be doggone if she didn't hit right in the center." Numerous remarks of this kind are heard on all sides and at every place; it is amusing indeed to listen to them when the experts are shooting.

Wilmington, N. C.—A high wind at this place made the targets very erratic, but even at that good scores were made. A large and appreciative audience applauded the shooters upon many occasions. The following scores were made: Crosby 96, Hawkins 95, Taylor 92, Boa 90, Mrs. Topperwein 88; total 461.

The powder men made the following scores: German 93, Ward 92, Hatcher 91, and Col. Anthony 86.

Charlotte, N. C.—It was very cool here, and the shooters had to be moving all the time in order to keep warm. Old T. Bill did the grand act, and broke his entire hundred straight, certainly a beautiful piece of shooting, which was most generously applauded. Bill is the coolest and steadiest that ever faced the trap, and the man don't live who can beat him in an individual race of 2000 targets. Crayton, ofk the local club, came next with the fine score of 98. The team scores were: Crosby 100, Hawkins 97, Taylor 96, Boa 96, Mrs. Topperwein 89; total 478.

For the powder men, Ward made 97, German 96, Hatcher 89. Stohr, of the local club, broke 90; Anthony 87, Bates 83, and Todd 78.

Chester, S. C.—A slight rain, about starting time for the shoot, kept the crowd down to several hundred persons; but they certainly demonstrated their pleasure at the exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein drew forth many expressions of wonder. Hawkins broke the hundred straight in the team race. The scores were: Hawkins 100, Taylor 99, Crosby 99, Mrs. Topperwein 96, Boa 93; total 487.

This is the finest team score ever made in the Carolinas by five shooters, and of course Chester was alive with interest, owing to the great showing of the team; 121 out of 125 was the lowest score made in the four strings. T. Bill now has the longest run (149) made on the trip. Taylor had 120 previously.

The powder men are having a great race among themselves every day, and their work is very interesting. Their scores here were: Ward 96, German 94, Hatcher 93. They are a fine trio of good shots and good fellows, and the team is glad to have them along.

Columbia, S. C.—The team struck a blackbird trap (that would go on a strike every now and then) and a high wind, and consequently the scores suffered. Many targets were hit, but refused to break, as they did not rotate. Our friend, S. B. MacMaster, had charge of all arrangements, and entertained the team in royal style, most of them going to and from the grounds and around the town in his autos. John Taylor, one of the best fellows in the world, made high score for the day, closely followed by good old John Boa. Scores: Taylor 96, Boa 95, Crosby 94, Hawkins 94, Mrs. Topperwein 89; total 468.

The team broke 124 out of the last 125, an accomplishment that met with merited applause.

J. Mowell Hawkins.

North Side Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 3.—The team shoot scheduled for to-day was postponed. The date of it will be in the near future. The annual prize shoot will be held on Thanksgiving Day. Refreshments will be served free to contestants. Targets, one cent. In the 4 and 5 bird events, merchandise prizes figured. F. H. Lewis was the victor in the former and J. Spaeth in the latter. Mr. Lewis, who hails from the Oradell Gun Club, was the high average shooter of the afternoon, with Joe Spaeth a good second. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	25	25
J Spaeth	11	9	17	8	14	20	12
W Banta	6	6	16	9	11	20	15
Dr Reagan	7	4	13	..	..	..	..
W Jones	4	2	9	..	..	..	..
F H Lewis	11	8	20	10	13	17	20
H Beckler	..	4	..	4	..	..	..
N Boogertman	7	7	7	7	7	..	..
H Fessenden	8	8	15	7	6	13	14
W Hempstead	8	2	..	..	..	..	..
A Peckart	4	3	..	..	..	..	..
O Carlough	..	..	7	4	8	..	..
A Veenstra	..	..	10	2	7	..	..
J Halliwell	..	..	..	6	4	..	..
J E Bender	..	7	..	..	8	13	..
C Masker	..	..	5	..	..	..	..

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 3.—At the weekly shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, to-day, scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Kelly	22	23	23	21	20	19
Creamer	15	16	10	16	19	17
Shevlin	6	..	12	11	15	15
Bergen	16	16	17	23	15	17
Dreyer	16	13	12	15	..	11
Dondena	..	5	5	16	12	..
Edling	..	6	6	5	..	..
Fleury	..	..	..	16	17	18
Ryder	..	..	..	17	10	..
Gillig	..	..	..	5	..	8
Martin	..	..	..	..	15	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	18	20

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

We are just in receipt of the latest catalogue issued by Messrs J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers street, New York, the first issued since the death of Mr. J. H. Lau and the succession of his son, Mr. Robins A. Lau to the business. This catalogue enumerates a very complete list of firearms, ammunition and fencing goods. Reports indicate that Messrs. Lau & Co. are building up an enviable trade with the sporting goods dealers of the United States. They are agents for two well-known smokeless shotgun powders. They will be pleased to mail a copy of their catalogue to any sporting goods dealer asking for it.

George Washington had just announced that he couldn't tell a lie.

"Well," responded his father, thoughtfully, "as long as you were going to marry a widow, it wouldn't do you any good if you could."—N. Y. Times.

City Girl—What makes the lake such a beautiful green today?

Boatman—Three grass widows do be in bathing, mum.—Yonkers Statesman.

U. S. AMMUNITION

The proof of the Cartridge is in the shooting. The United States Army, by careful tests, have proven the *U. S. Cartridges* to be the *most accurate* and *reliable.*

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence Revolver Club.

On the 27th a few of the Krag cranks planned to shoot their qualifications in the Marksman's Reserve down at the Portsmouth range. A. B. and Mayo traveled down early in the morning, and, with Messrs. Powel and Almy, got busy. Previous to the shooting it was arranged that the scores of the latter two should go toward the excitement of a match against those of A. B. and A. C., who have become so far gone over their Krags as to believe themselves in the class with very good shots. This military game is a new one, let it be understood, and Messrs. P. and A. have been banging along just behind the twins, but the Waterloo came Saturday. Powel got a 63 and smiled; Almy a 56, and A. B., starting with a 23 at 200, smiled also, but changed with the conditions. It grew cloudy on the Portsmouth range. A. B. is not at all proud of that score of 51! Late in the afternoon Mr. Parkhurst and the other half of the twin faction came racing over from the trolley. There wasn't much time, but A. C. landed a 21 at 200 and then—started to find air at 300, catching the target for a high 2 when it was too late to remedy the trouble. When he lay down at 500, it was more cloudy. A bullseye cleared the atmosphere and a 3 shook it. The remainder of the shooting caused a threatened shaking by the larger partner. A C. was not at all proud of his 49.

The trip home was uneventful. Two men sat in the stern of the ferry very much neglected. They occupied the same seat on the train also. As they neared Providence, one of them remarked: "That armory mold is at the store; I'm going to take it home to-night, and we will get busy molding 308245's."

"Sure," said the other.

"We need practice."

"Well, it was this way, you see."

"Never mind which way it was; we are n.g. on the books. I'm going to quit shooting and get interested in something else."

"Me, too. Me for the six-shooter."

That was Saturday. Spirits are up again, for the return match with Troop B will be pulled off on the 10th, and a challenge has been received for a team shoot at 200yds. on the Saturday following with some military chaps, some of whom were on the State team. Did you ever see a thoroughbred shooter but what became disgusted with himself at a slip and yet clung to the habit?

Lieut. Miller raised our 50yd. revolver record for 1906 one point on the 3d, with the first half of the string, a five-shot standard possible, as follows: 10, 10, 10, 10, 10—50; 8, 10, 10, 9, 7,—44. Total, 94.

The following members qualified in the National Marksman's Reserve on the Portsmouth range, Oct. 27, under the conditions as laid down by the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice; 200, 300 and 500yds., two sighting and five shots for record at each range, military targets, U. S. magazine or N. R. A. musket, .30 caliber. Scores:

Yards:	200	300	500
H W H Powel	45444—21	54545—23	25354—19—63
F S Mayo	54335—20	44444—20	35434—19—59
Wm Almy	33544—10	43342—16	44544—21—56
A B Coulters	45554—23	25034—14	45230—14—51

The following scores were made in practice:

Creedmoor, 500yds.:

Coulters	54444—21	Mayo	44544—21
	44544—21	Hurlburt	35353—19
	44433—18	Almy	33045—15

Creedmoor, 300yds.:

Parkhurst ..... 42424—16

Creedmoor, 200yds.:

Hurlburt	54444—21	Parkhurst	44333—17
Coulters	54444—21		

Coulters 10-shot strings 41, 41, 39.

Standard target, 50yds.: Luther, 80, 82, 84, 86; Mayo, 72, 79, 82, 75.

Standard target, 25yds.: Mayo, 88, 85.

One-quarter inch ring target, 25yds.: Gardiner, 241, 239, 241, 240, 242; Mayo, 234, 238.

Creedmoor (reduced) target (military rifle), 25yds.: Coulters, 42, 44; Hurlburt 40, 42, 39; Parkhurst, 38, 42; Jefferds, 38, 40, 36, 43.

Standard target, 50yds.: Miller, 82, 94, 85, 78; Parkhurst, 84, 89, 86, 88, 83, 80; Eddy, 73, 83, 73, 77, 77, 82, 85, 80, 77, 81, 80; Freeman, 84; Argus, 81; Coulters, 70, 63, 72.

Creedmoor target, 50yds.: Miller, 47, 46, 46, 49, 46, 46; Coulters, 44, 42, 45; Parkhurst, 46, 48, 48, 49, 47, 45; Eddy, 45, 47, 47, 45, 44, 45, 48, 48, 48, 48, 46, 48, 47.

Standard target (indoor range), 20yds.: Parkhurst, 77, 79, 84; Miller, 75, 77, 84; Willard, 80; Coulters (.22 pistol), 65, 66, 68, 61, 63, 70, 69, 60, 65, 60, 64, 72.

Rifle Notes.

In reply to an inquiry, George J. Metz, corresponding secretary of the National Schuetzen Bund, Charleston, S. C., has informed us that the question whether or not telescopic and other magnifying sights will be admitted in the matches of the association in Charleston next June is still an open one. Mr. Metz says he has had a number of inquiries relative to telescopes, has communicated with several authorities and clubs on this subject, and has turned over all information received to the target masters. The shooting programmes are soon to be issued by the target masters, as they are nearly ready to be printed.

Books Recieved.

White Fang. By Jack London, New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Continued from page 737.

are lost! We have but a few minutes to live! Last year an English party was torn to pieces and devoured by them some leagues beyond our castle! I shall never see my father again!"

Her cries awoke her attendant, who, the moment she comprehended the danger, burst into an agony of yelling that almost rivalled in dissonance the cry of the wolves. She cursed herself, her fate, her stars, her folly, that ever drew her from France to this abominable country. She vowed to all the infernal powers she could think of, that if she were to escape this peril, she would never again commit a fault so unpardonable. She raved about herself, and her life, and her dress, and her Alphonse, (a smart *garçon cuisinier* in Paris, with whim she kept up an amatory correspondence, much to the detriment of King Louis-Philippe's French,) and all sort of matters, horrible or flimsy, that crossed her distracted brain. I remember, particularly, that death itself did not seem to affect her with so much terror as the prospect of being devoured afterward by a nasty wolf.

Her grotesque lamentations had the good effect of recalling my sister to her natural firmness of mind. She felt that in this trying occasion it became her to set an example of courage and resignation, and in an instant (the whole scene I have been just describing did not accupy more than two minutes), she was herself again. She assured me in a couple of words of her constancy, and pressed my hand to her heart to show that it was not beating with any undue emotion.

"It is no time to agitate you now, Herman," she said; "our chances of escape, I know, are but small; but still, people have escaped from dangers as dreadful, and, under God, our hopes principally depend upon your presence of mind. Our defence is in your hands, and there I am content to leave it." With these words, she

PETERS SHELLS

Won the highest honors at the First Annual Fall Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, Newark, N. J., October 17-18. Mr. E. C. Griffith won High Amateur Average, score 352 x 370, and Mr. Neaf Apgar High Professional Average—both used Peters Factory Loaded Shells.

The wonderful popularity of these loads is evidenced by the enormous demand for them—greater now than ever before. and rapidly growing. The reason is not difficult to explain—simply the superior shooting qualities and finish of the goods themselves. You can buy them anywhere and they will never disappoint you.

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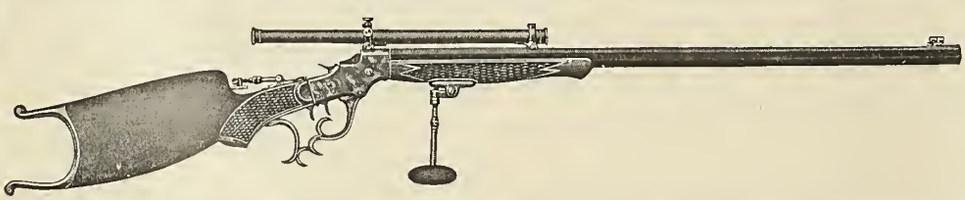

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turned to her shrieking attendant, whom she endeavored to soothe with all the topics of consolation—they were few enough in all conscience—she could think of, and to engage in some thoughts of religion, but all equally in vain; Louise could hear nothing but the howling of the wolves outside, and the howling of her own fears within.

The chase continued. I stood ready with my blunderbuss to discharge it on the herd the moment they approached within shot. I had too soon an opportunity. The fleetest of the pack in a few minutes approached within four or five paces of the voiture, and I fired. It was impossible to miss, and I saw two or three fall killed or wounded. To those who were hit it was soon matter of little importance whether the wound which brought them down was mortal or not, for they were in an instant surrounded by the rest, who fought for the fallen bodies. This obtained us the respite of a few minutes, which was occupied by the contest among themselves and the devouring of their slain brethren. We made the best of the time; but, the carcasses once demolished, and the bones left to whiten in the snow, the hunt recommenced, and we had not gained a mile when they came up with us again. My blunderbuss had been reloaded in the mean while, and on their near approach I again fired, with similar effect. But this time the respite was briefer. The wolves had now tasted blood, and their fury was excited, so that the devouring of their companions did not occupy half the space it did before, and speedily they renewed the chase with howlings far more terrific than ever.

I appealed to Heinrich, who drove his panting horses at their utmost speed.

"I have not," I said, "enough for another charge for the blunderbuss. What is best to be done?"

"It is of no use," said he, "to fire our fowling-pieces among them, for we could not expect to kill more than one, and that, so far from delaying, would only spur them on faster. We had better reserve our fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?"

"One, and that but slight. Not far from this, but I do not know how far—perhaps a mile, perhaps three—is the old hunting-lodge built for the chasseurs of the forest. If we could reach that—but what use is there in talking?—you see these poor devils of horses can scarcely hold out—they are almost sinking under the hell of a pace they have been keeping up this half-hour. Have you your pistols about you?"

"I have; why?"

"Do not discharge your last pistol on any account; no, not to save your own life. Keep it until——"

Something choked the old man's utterance, and passing his hand over his face, he wiped off some moisture, which bore as much resemblance to a tear as any thing his eyes could muster, and, applying to his lips his cherry-tree pipe, which was never forgotten in the extremest danger, he discharged a more than usually voluminous effusion of smoke. This done, he beckoned me to put my head out of the voiture, so that whatever he said should reach my ear alone. I complied.

"Keep it until these d—d brutes—God forgive me for using such words now!—until they are completely masters of the day, and we have no further chance, and then, sinking his voice to the lowest possible whisper, "discharge it into the brains of Miss Adelaide; put it to her temple, and be sure you do not miss."

Oh! how his words thrilled through my heart! —not even the horror of my own impending death, of the hideous manner in which it seemed inevitable that I should be cut off from existence in the flower of my youth, far from my friends who would perhaps for ever remain ignorant of my untimely fate—not the fierce forms which I saw hurrying to my destruction and anticipating with savage howl their bloody repast—not all the terrors of my situation so palsied me, as this whisper of Heinrich. I looked at my sister. She was eminently beautiful; and if the dreadful scene around her had banished the color from her cheeks, it had inspired her figure with an

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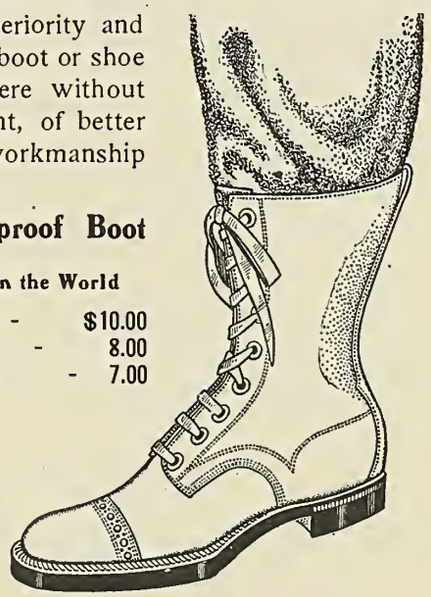

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air of exalted courage, and filled her eyes with a blended fire of heroism and religion, that rendered her one of the most majestic beings I ever beheld. And this noble creature, I thought—she, full of all that renders life one scene of happiness—she, qualified to inspire love and admiration into all hearts, the blessing or the ornament of every circle in which she moves—she, who yesterday was wrapped in visions of delight, who this morning woke to welcome the chosen of her heart, and whose present mission, melancholy as it is, was hallowed by filial duty and soothed by the recollection that she has been all that father could pray for. Is she to die?—and so to die?—by the hand of me, her brother—her brother, who would gladly lay down his life for her? Alas! alas!

Perhaps I said these last words aloud, perhaps Heinrich divined what was passing in my bosom, for he continued in a whisper:

"To be sure, it is hard enough; but it is better than that she should die many deaths by the mangling of the wolves. You and I will fight the d—d brutes—God pardon me!—with our pistols to the last, and die like men; and it is no great matter how men die. And, indeed, it is little matter how that screaming baggage, who is almost as great a plague as the wolves themselves, comes to an end; she's fit food enough for them. But that dear young lady, just think from what a horrid death you save her! She must not be torn by the jaws of a wolf. I'd shoot her myself, dear master, with pleasure, but it would not become me, as you are here. It is you are to do it, for you are the head of the family. So don't flinch."

This conversation occupied only a few seconds. It was carried on in the most subdued voice, and I thought Adelaide had not heard it. I learned from her afterward that she had distinctly heard every word. When I looked at her, she was busily endeavoring to soothe Louise. She told me that she had purposely avoided returning my glance, lest it might shake my resolution. "There was but one other hand in the world," she said afterward, "by which I should have preferred to have died, if such death was inevitable. He was not there in person; he was indeed too vividly present in my heart, though his name escaped not my lips; and to whom, dear brother, could I look for deliverance but to you?" Such was the effect of the whispering on my sister. It had not passed unnoticed by Lorise; though, as it was carried on in German, she would not have understood a word of

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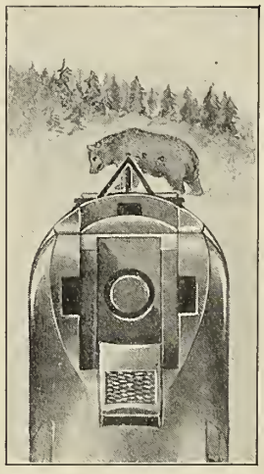

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it, even if spoken aloud. She failed not, however, to interpret it in her own manner.

"Ah, Heinrich! ah, dear baron!" she cried with an agony more intense than ever; "ah! do not—do not—do not! I am sure you cannot be so cruel. Ah, dear sweet Heinrich, of whom I was so fond!"

Even at that moment, Heinrich, who hated every thing French in general, and Louise in particular for her especial impertinence toward him and his brother Germans in the service of the princess, could not refrain from giving a most dissentient grunt.

"Dear Heinrich! dear Monsieur le Baron! do not be so cruel. I know what you are whispering about: I know you are going to throw me to the wolves, that you may get off while they are eating me. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

Adelaide endeavored to edge in a word, but in vain.

"Oh! dear Monsieur le Baron, remember what became of the wicked prince who did the same to his courier: he was torn by his own dogs for it. Remember the wicked woman who threw her children: she was boiled alive for it. Oh! dear Mr. Heinrich, dear Monsieur le Baron—oh! oh! oh!"

[Louise in her agony remembered two stories, one German and one French. The German story is, that some Polish prince, traveling through a forest, was pursued by wolves; and that a faithful heyduck devoted himself to save his master's life by descending from the carriage, and making with his sabre a courageous fight against them as long as he could. He knew that he sacrificed himself, but he did it without a second thought, in order that, by delaying them first by whatever opposition he could offer, and then by the time it would take them to devour his body, his master might escape. His devotion was successful, and the grateful master, according to our version, provided for his family, and heaped his memory with honors. A different version is, that the selfish prince who consented to the sacrifice of so faithful a servant, reaped his reward, by being torn to pieces on entering his own gate by his dogs, who did not know him in the absence of his attendant, under whose immediate care they had been placed. The other story is, I fear, true: it is that of a wretched mother, who with her three children were overtaken by wolves somewhere in the east of France, when, to save her own life, she flung away the children one by one to be eaten. The wolves pursued her to the gates of a neighboring town, which was opened to save her; but when she told her story, the populace, indignant at the unnatural conduct of this worse than Medea, stoned her to death in the market-place. As a story never loses by the telling, it is currently said that they put her into a caldron and boiled her alive.]

We had not time to pay any attention to the lament of the unfortunate suivante, for the wolves were by this time quite close upon the carriage. Fast they came as a dark cloud, scouring with inconceivable rapidity over the snow. Their dreadful howls reverberated through the forest, waking its every echo. We could see their flaming eyes, their snorting nostrils, their mouths and tongues red and dripping with the fresh blood of their mangled companions, Another moment and they would be upon us. The moment came, and there they were.

"Oh! " cried Heinrich, "keep them off one minute—one single minute, and we are at the hunting-lodge. "O that the horses may hold out!"

The poor animals exerted their last efforts. If we had been pressed too closely by the wolves, no other chance remained but to sacrifice them, and make our way as best we could to the lodge, while our assailants were fighting around the spoil. But there was no need; one wolf only succeeded in reaching the window of the voiture, and him I instantly shot with my fusil. Another was making the attempt; but I knocked him on the head with the butt end, and at least stunned him. Before a third could come up, the horses had made some desperate plunges forward, and the welcome lodge was gained. Heinrich jumped down at once, loudly calling me to follow him.

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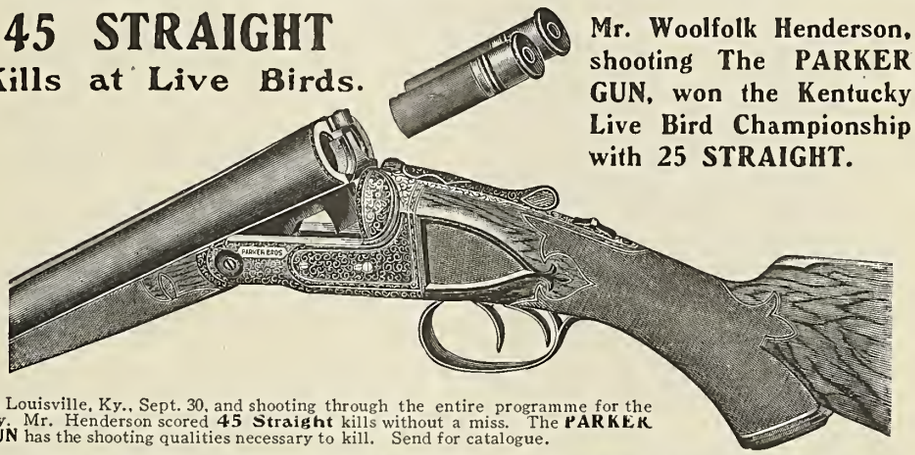

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I did so, and with the help of Adelaide dragging on Louise, who had fainted the moment the first wolf had put his nose into the carriage, in less than a second we found ourselves inside the iron-bound gate of the lodge.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "we are safe!"

III.

"A pretty safety indeed!" said Heinrich, who had lingered behind for a moment, as he firmly secured the gate. "However, here we are, at all events. I had just time to take something out of the voiture that we shall find of use, and unharness the poor horses, to whom we all ought to be so much obliged, so as to give them a run for their lives, though there is hardly a run in them, before the brutes were upon me. I could barely say, 'Take that, canaille,' as I slapped my shot among them, which gave me an instant to get in. 'Ay! there you are, my beauties! howl away as you like, but you shall be balked of your expected supper to-night.'

The lodge in which we had taken refuge, like all such buildings, consisted of four bare walls of rough but uncommonly strong masonry, with stone benches built all around for the purpose of sitting or sleeping upon. It contained a rude fire-place without a chimney; and furniture it had none, except an iron pot, left behind by chance or designed by its tenants. It contained, however, a treasure to us of intestimable value—the expected legacy of an immense heap of firewood, which the experienced hand of Heinrich speedily discovered in spite of the intense darkness. What he had risked his life to bring from the voiture, was my lamp and tinder-box; and, by their assistance, he soon succeeded in lighting an ample fire. Though the exertions of the preceding half hour had sufficiently prevented our blood from stagnation, the tomb-like coldness of the lodge chilled us, now that the excitement was over, to the very soul. The genial warmth was, therefore, very acceptable, and even Louise began to revive. She at first uttered a cry of despair, when she saw herself in a gloomy vault beside a roaring fire, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, through which she could but dimly discern our figures. She fancied she had descended to the other world, and did her old friend Heinrich the compliment of supposing him to be the devil.

"I am in no humor, woman," said he, "to listen to your prate. Thank your master and mistress, there, for saving you from the wolves, for the devil a hand I'd have stirred toward it. However, as you are here, take this drop of brandy; and that may call back your brains again, if you ever had any in your paper skull."

He proffered her the draught of what he considered a panacea for all the ills of life, and which, to do him justice, he did not prescribe without having duly tried its qualities upon himself. While hastily running back for the tinder-box, he could not resist the temptation of carrying off a small basket of provisions, which happened to contain a brandy-bottle, and it was put into immediate requisition. Louise received the glass with unfeigned politeness, in spite of the ungallant speech by which it was prefaced, and, cheered by the restorative, and delighted beyond measure with her escape, was beginning a long story of her own courage during the adventure, when she was suddenly interrupted by a piercing shriek outside.

"Silence!" said Heinrich mournfully. "I thought so. It is the poor horses, sir. They stand a great deal, the dumb beasts, without making cry or moan; but when one comes to be torn to pieces by wolves, it is quite a different thing. Ay, there's the other. There's an end of them both, poor things! I feared they had not a run in them; and the blackguard brutes outside have a supper after all—and little good may it do them!"

"What!" said Louise with a fresh access of terror, "are the wolves outside?"

"Indeed they are," replied the chasseur, beginning to smoke. "You will soon hear them, my dear, and perhaps see them too. Don't be afraid, however, for awhile," continued he, as he saw her clinging to her mistress; "all in good time—you are safe for a bit yet."

It was not long, indeed, before we heard them;

for, apparently, after they had eaten the horses, they surrounded the building on all sides. We could hear them scraping and pushing against the gates, and endeavoring to climb the wall. The only exit for the smoke was by an aperture in the roof, and seemed to serve as a sort of guide to the wolves; at least we heard them clambering along the roof, as if in search of an entrance. After a short time, the smoke began to clear, and a fresh wind having arisen, it was so far blown away, that, looking up, we could plainly behold the blue sky studded with stars. You may believe me when I tell you that we had no taste for admiring heaven's clear azure, as we saw plainly, that the aperture would enable the wolves to come down upon us. Our fears were not without foundation, for in a short time a wolf appeared and looked in. Louise fainted outright; but we lost no time in striking the intruder with our fowling-pieces, and the brute fell through the hole. We speedily knocked him on the head. Heinrich then thrust a large blazing spar through the aperture, and waved it about for a few minutes, uttering the cry used by the chasseurs when they hunt the wolf. We heard what appeared to us to be a general flight from the roof.

"They will not try that way again," said Heinrich, and he was right, "during the darkness; for they are scared off by the fire, and they have sufficient instinct to know that one of their party is killed. We are then safe all night."

"I wish," said I, "it was morning."

"It is a wise wish," said the old man; "for why should you wish for morning? Our horses

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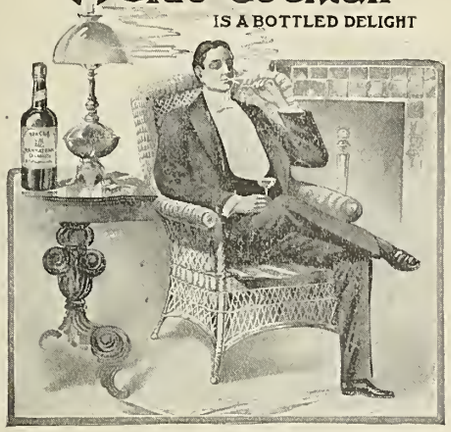

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are killed; we have near twenty miles to get through snow to the next post-house; and how could Miss Adelaide, to say nothing of this helpless jade here, walk that distance before nightfall, when we should have the wolves on us again, if we had them not before? We must not expect another lodge like this. Nay, though this fire keeps away the wolves during the night, yet when daylight returns it will shine so much more dimly, that it will lose its effect, and daunt them no more."

"I thought," said I, "the wolves retired by day, and prowled only at night."

"Ay, that's generally the case; but when there is so strong a pack as this, and they know that prey is at hand, and see nobody to scare them away, they sometimes take courage, and do not dread the daylight. Besides, it must have been hunger that drove them so early into these parts: and what brought them here will keep them from going back."

"We, then, have no chance of escape?"

"Nay, I don't say that neither: while there's life, there's hope. Something may fright the brutes off, or some travelers, seeing our carriage, may stop and come to our assistance; or ——"

"Or, in short," said I, "some angel in seven-leagued boots may descend from the sky. But no matter, dear Adelaide, we have at least another day's provision; and if the worst comes to the worst, as we lived together we shall die together. Strangers must close the eyes of our father, and strangers sit in his halls."

"It is the will of God, dear Herman," said Adelaide; "and God's will be done!"

We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and tried to sleep during that dismal night. Louise, who had shrieked and moaned away all her powers, did, I believe, at last fall into an exhausted slumber. Heinrich smoked, and sipped brandy, and alternately sung snatches of ballads or mumbled forth fragments of prayers, until he was as soundly asleep as if he was in bed. Adelaide and I were silent, ruminating on our condition, on the blighting of budding hopes and the darkening of brilliant prospects—on the melancholy fate for which we were reserved, and on our father waiting in the sickly suspense of hope deferred for his children, and perhaps sinking down to die chiding us for the unkindness of our delay. In reflections such as these passed the night, undisturbed by any sound but that of the crackling of the fagots within.

All things must have an end, and so had this night. The tardy day broke at last, and Heinrich, rousing himself, flung numerous logs on the fire to excite as great a blaze as possible.

He prepared breakfast accordingly, as well as his materials allowed, and we partook of it with heavy hearts. The sun soon shone brightly through the aperture, and the logs began to "pale their ineffectual fire." We made ourselves ready for the expected attack; for, as Heinrich anticipated, the wolves had not withdrawn. A sufficient charge for the blunderbuss, which I committed to the chasseur, was scraped together from our united stores, and, except my pistols, one of which, to say the truth, I had reserved for myself, if dire necessity imposed on me that use of the other on which I dreaded to think, we had no other means of defense but the butt-ends of our fusils. Nothing beyond howl-

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ing occurred until about three hours after sunrise—and what awful hours were they!—when suddenly our eyes, which were scarcely for a moment divested from the aperture, saw the object of their fear. Two or three wolves of the largest size had climbed up the roof, and were preparing to jump in. A discharge of the blunderbuss drove them away, and the body of one huge brute dropped dead into the lodge. Short respite!—the way was found, and the sun had deprived the fire-brand of its power. Another and fiercer relay was soon on the roof, and we had no means of preventing their descent.

"Now," whispered Heinrich, "May God help us! for there is no help for us in this world. Have you the pistol ready?"

I assented by a glance.

The shaggy wolves, howling incessantly, glared down upon us with ravenous eyes from the top, waiting the moment to spring. Below stood Heinrich and I, illuminated in the blaze of the fagots, our reserved fowling-pieces in our hands ready to strike. Louise lay at our feet prostrate, fainting on the ground; and Adelaide, sunk upon her knees, seemed, as the light from above streamed upon her uplifted countenance, emerging in radiant beauty from the smoke and glare, like an angel about to wing her way back to her native heaven from the darkness and the turmoil of a hapless and uncongenial world.

* * * * * *

"And is this all?" said my cousin Lucy.

"I have not time," said I, "to write any more, for I am going out to shoot with your brother Dick."

"But I tell you this will never do; you must put an end to it. How were they saved?"

"Are you sure they were saved?"

"Yes, quite sure; else how could you hear Herman tell the story? And he says, beside, that Adelaide told him how she overheard his whispering.

"Ah! I forgot that; but I must be off."

"Not before you finish the story."

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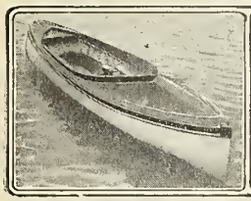

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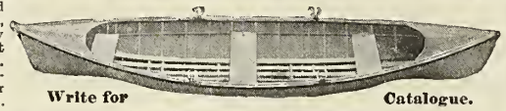

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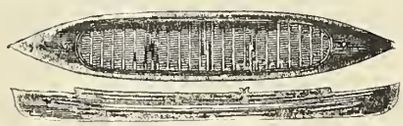

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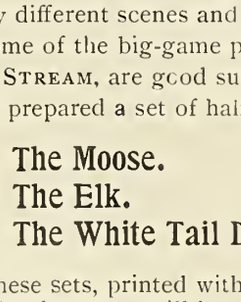

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Sea birds soaring in from Mobile bay sounded the first note of alarm and in true Paul Revere style warned the people of that stricken city of the approach of the coast storm that later brought such havoc to life and property. Through some unexplainable atmospheric condition these sea birds have advanced knowledge of coming storms, and they invariably seek the shelter of the inland country. Not only do they look to their own safety but they shriek loudly as they soar to cover and herald their note of warning to man and beast.

As early as Sunday night the people of Mobile had given recognition to the first flights of "Mother Cary's chickens," a rather timorous sea bird, which were coming in droves from the coast and passing Mobile in their early haste for shelter. Monday morning the more courageous sea gulls began to follow in the path of the timid "Mother Cary's chickens," and later in the day whole flocks of pelicans brought up the rear of the procession that was headed to safety.

The shrill notes of these frightened birds could be plainly heard above the din and noise of the busy city, and in the outskirts their presence had been widely commented upon and accepted as a sure forerunner of the disaster that followed so soon after. These people had no further knowledge of the coming storm than that supplied by these aquatic birds, but that was assurance to satisfy all that a storm was invading the coast section and that it might take its course up the bay.

Throughout Monday the presence of the frightened birds from the coast was the feature of conversation. By Monday night there had been such a general storm discussion that the people of Mobile no longer doubted the storm's coming, but only speculated on the time of its arrival. The day and night of Monday had bee a period of warning and early Tuesday morning the first signs of the storm were visible. By Tuesday night Mobile was a stricken city, the extent of life and property loss still being a matter of much doubt, but sufficient to have it recorded as among the notable disasters of the year.—From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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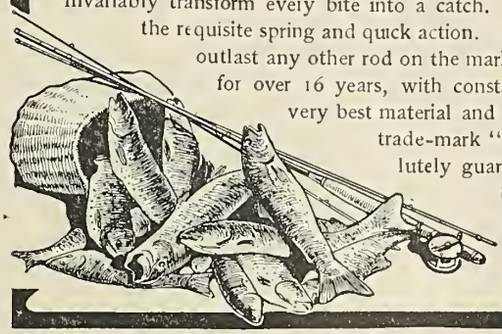

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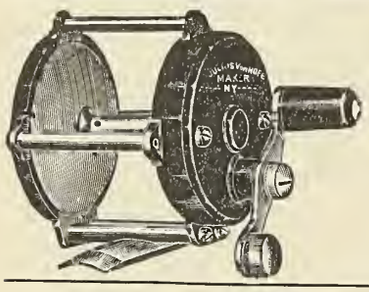

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 20. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

Federal Control of Migratory Game.

The most important subject in the field of game and fish protection now under consideration is the plan proposed by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, to intrust to the Federal Government the protection of migratory species of game birds and of fish in public waters. The plan involves a consideration of the constitutional authority of the Federal Government to exercise such jurisdiction. To this problem Mr. Shiras has given long and serious study; his conclusions are embodied in a brief which he has prepared and which will be printed as a special eight-page supplement in our issue of next week, Nov. 24.

The brief is an illuminating and instructive document and will be read with the greatest interest by those who are seeking a solution of the perplexing problem of the conservancy of our game and fish supply.

QUAIL OF THE SOUTH.

For the Northern and Middle States, this is the very height of the upland shooting season. The partridges are fat in the woods and along the steep hemlock hillsides; the quail have begun to settle down on their winter feeding grounds, and even as these pages are read, the flight woodcock may be coming in from the north or may be feeding in some nearby cover.

For many of us in the north, on the other hand, the shooting season is nearly over. Nowhere does it last longer than through December, while in many States the last open day is the 30th of November. In the good old times things were not so. Then we had at least three months of gunning and birds enough to last through the three months; but now through our own shortsightedness and through the growth of interest in outdoor sports—the birds are few and the gunners many.

As the shooting season closes in the north, it will open in the south. Beyond Mason and Dixon's line the weather has as yet been warm, the leaves still hang on the trees, the weeds are not withered, and the air is full of dust, which makes it difficult for the dogs to scent the birds. After the killing frosts have come, say about Christmas time, or a little earlier, it will be worth while to go south for a shooting trip.

Many who have the leisure, or who wisely interrupt the winter's work by a few weeks' vacation in the field, will start south, intent on having some quail shooting. Some will go to clubs, others to places that they have long visited, but each year there is a constantly increasing multitude who desire to find good localities where there are birds, and a reasonable amount of creature comforts. In our issue of next week, and of following weeks, we shall endeavor to supply these seekers after knowledge with just the information which they want for the southern Atlantic States north of Florida. We shall tell them where to go, the names of the hotels of the town or village, the names of guides who can take them afield, and of people with whom they may correspond, and shall in every way try to make smooth their pleasant paths southward. In other words we shall put them in the way of securing that specific information about shooting grounds which is ordinarily the one thing the sportsman wants—and cannot get—about a new shooting locality. The information which we shall give in these numbers will be of very great help to all our south traveling readers.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER.

In another column will be found a communication from Mr. Harry Palmer in relation to the Long Island deer shooting season. We take pleasure in indorsing everything he says, particularly as his remarks are in line with what Forest and Stream has advocated in years past.

If sportsmen were to take advantage of the four-day open season to hunt deer on Long Island in a quiet and orderly manner, we would not have a word to say against the present law, for deer increase rapidly enough under the 361-day closed season every year to furnish fair sport for a large number of sportsmen, who, perhaps, cannot afford the time or expense of a longer journey into the Adirondacks or elsewhere; but while they may have done so originally, very few self-respecting sportsmen have the temerity to join the throng which is found on Long Island now when the brief season of four days is open.

Further than this, we would favor the Long Island open season if it were taken advantage of by sportmen of moderate means, for it would then give these men opportunities to enjoy that which their more fortunate fellows could well afford to travel further afield to enjoy. But we protest that the gangs of armed ruffians that invade Long Island on the occasions mentioned are not only a menace to the peace of the citizens there, but a disgrace to modern civilization, and as this deplorable state of affairs continues to grow worse every year, it has become painfully evident that there is only one remedy, and that is to repeal the present law.

It is only reasonable to expect that, when deer can be shot so near to New York city, large numbers of men will take advantage of the four open days to visit Long Island and try for game. And as the hunters have increased in numbers, it follows that in order to get a shot each man must be on hand early on the opening day. The logical conclusion is that the crowd will go out the night before, in order to be on the stands before daybreak. None of the village hostelries can take care of the horde, and so eager are all hands that sleep is not thought of. Well supplied with liquid encouragement, those who cannot or do not care to secure beds swarm about the saloons, build fires outside, sing, shout and indulge in horseplay and other disorderly methods of killing time. Fancy how much the residents of Long Island enjoy the coming, annually, of this army of invasion! Men are made uneasy, women afraid, and children are frightened. Liquor, loss of sleep and the possession of firearms are well calculated to make a lawless beast of any man, however peaceable he may be in his normal state at home.

Midnight scarcely passes ere the crowds are on their way to the most favorable places for deer, and the residents who can sleep through the remaining hours until daylight are indeed fortunate. What follows has been told in these columns repeatedly. Quarrels with serious results are common. Men who actually kill deer are often held up and their game taken away from them. Disputes over the ownership of deer are settled by physical encounters. The man who can kill a deer and get away with it is the fortunate exception. The grounds of the preserve clubs must be patrolled by watchmen to prevent invasion and the killing and capture of deer raised by them. Men armed with every conceivable weapon known line the highways, hover about the preserves and run over private property, quarreling, fighting, insulting residents.

These, be it known, are not wild deer. They would not exist were it not for the preserve clubs. They would not be found on open ground at all if the preserve inclosures were adequate. If high fences were placed around the preserves and the tame deer driven into them early in November, there would be no deer shooting for the crowd that goes to Long Island.

As Mr. Palmer says, and as we have said in other years, close Long Island to the would-be deerslayers and let the clubs raise all the deer they may elect. If they increase too rapidly, or become a nuisance to the farmers and truck-growers, the surplus can be turned out in the Catskills, Sullivan county or the Adirondacks. There was a time when an open season on Long Island was desired by the sportsmen, but that time has passed. The New York Legislature ought to repeal the present Long Island deer law and put a stop to conditions that have become intolerable.

Rumors of vast flocks of wild pigeons come in from various points in Michigan, Wisconsin and neighboring States. This is all interesting, but inconclusive. No one has satisfactorily identified the birds as wild pigeons. Until an actual specimen has been captured and by some competent authority pronounced to be a wild pigeon the reports have no real value. A bird in the hand is worth a mile of birds in the air.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Gray Partridge in Italy.

In hunting and shooting the value of one's quarry depends a good deal on its rarety and on the difficulties experienced in finding it. The gray partridges of Italy, Linnæus' *Caccabis saxatilis*, locally known as "pernice," is one of the hardest birds to reach and is quite rare enough to make it the most sought after bird of the Peninsula, if one excepts the "urogallo," Linnæus' *Tetro urogallus*, hunting which in its Alpine haunts so many lives have been lost.

The pernice is a beautiful bird, nearly as big as a prairie chicken, but heavier and more compact in build. Its feathers are dove gray, with bright brown stripes under the wings, white throat ringed in brown, fiery little red eyes, and crimson beak and legs. It is found all along the Apennines, from Tuscany to Calabria, at various altitudes, but one of its peculiarities is that it never inhabits the slope of the mountain, always seeking the highest peak in the neighborhood and spending the entire day there, only descending to the wheat fields at night, for food.

The open season for partridge varies according to province, but from Aug. 1 to Dec. 31 is the average time for it. By the latter part of July the young are full grown. The parent birds remain with them throughout August, and one generally finds the whole covey together until that time. By September the new generation is made to shift for itself, though, and then the coveys split up, affording the best chances of a good bag.

The peaks preferred by the partridge are the ones topped by flat plateaus. On these rocky terraces, barren but for a few dry lichens and stunted shrubs, they are generally found.

It is difficult to flush them, unless one has good dogs, for they will not rise at one's approach, and they match the slate color of the basaltic rocks so perfectly as to make their detection almost impossible. Even with dogs it is at times hard to find them, for they seldom move after settling, and the dog must have splendid scent who will locate them on the hot, still days of late summer. If one be flushed, however, the entire covey will probably follow, the parent birds invariably being the last to take flight.

About a year ago I had occasion to stop in Florence on my way to southern Italy, and, mindful of some rare sport in former years in the nearby marshes, I looked up an old professional, Giulio, who had formerly been my guide. I found him in his little garden, and he welcomed me with genuine Italian fervor. When he had calmed down, I told him what I came for, and he surprised me by asking whether I could spare five or six days.

"Why, yes," I said; "but not to spend in an unhealthy marsh."

"It is not 'beccacini' (snipe)," he said, coming nearer and whispering mysteriously, though not a soul was in sight, "the palude (marsh) is nearly dry and you wouldn't get a shot there. It is pernici. The Marchese Ginori came back with a bagful of them the other day, and I know where he went. The best places he didn't touch. How would you like to try them?"

"I have no dogs," I remonstrated; "Pit never saw a partridge in his life."

He waved his hand toward his dilapidated kennel with a grand gesture.

"Have you not in there three of the best partridge dogs on earth at your disposal?"

It was evident that he was anxious for the trip, so I knew the game must be plentiful, and we had soon made arrangements to start the next day.

We met at the station ready for the fray. Giulio had with him his famous trio—Gino, a huge Italian pointer (bracco); Baffino, a well-bred griffon, and Arno, a thick-set little bracco who claimed the bluest blood of the famous Airoldi kennels. As to myself, I had the sagacious Pit at my side, but had little hope of his being of any use.

We bought third-class tickets, so as to be able to take the dogs into the carriage with us, and after zig-zagging for six hours through the truly beautiful scenery of the lower Apennines, we completed our 150-mile trip and landed safely at Terni. Here Giulio hurried me over to the "diligenza" for Leonessa, which we just made, and after a tedious 12-mile up-hill drive in the rickety old coach, we reached our destination, a primitive little village.

My man knew just what to do and went about it in a businesslike way that pleased, if it surprised me. He ordered donkeys to carry us to Cimamonte, where the mountain trail starts; secured a young mountaineer who knew every crag, to escort us; and then engaged quarters for us at a queer old "albergo."

We dined at once and went to bed immediately after. Bright moonshine flooded the room when I woke, and the pattering of unshod hoofs on the cobbles outside told me the donkeys had come. I dressed in haste and we were soon beating a rough country road which led up the mountain at a steep incline. A couple of hours later we turned off into a path that was hardly marked, and as the darkness preceding dawn fell over us, we made a dilapidated hamlet whose ruins showed signs of former grandeur. Our donkey boy called it Caprareccia.

In spite of the early hour everything was astir, and we had little difficulty in finding stabling for our mounts. We then ate a hearty, if precipitous breakfast, to lighten our packs, and taking with us only fruit, sandwiches and a pumpkin gourd of coffee and water, we struck the trail.

Before we had gone a mile all vestige of a road was lost, and then we came to the entrance of a deep, narrow cañon whose towering sides we had to climb to reach the shooting grounds. Cecco, our agile guide, led with springy and unfaltering steps over a path that bore the name only by courtesy. No visible signs marked its course, and we often had to clamber over huge rocks to follow him, while now and again he skirted precipices so closely as to give one the vertigo. Steep and rough was the climb, but we finally emerged into the light of the rising sun

Giulio, my Guide, and his Three Dogs.

Over Badly Marked Paths to the High Plateaus of the Apennines.

Where Partridges are Found; Showing General Nature of Ground. The Author and His Pointer Pit.

A CORNER IN LEONESSA—CECCO AND THE DONKEY BOY.

CAPRARECCIA.

and a magnificent spectacle met our eyes. We were thousands of feet above sea level, and though to the east were higher mountains, lilac in the morning mist and gilt-edged, to the west there rolled beneath us in pretty confusion fertile and verdant hills.

As I gazed spell-bound, practical Giulio was attending to the dogs. Their feet, unaccustomed to the hard rock, were already showing signs of distress and the careful owner proceeded to anoint them first with a mixture of vinegar and salt, which he always carried with him, then applying a coat of tallow as soon as it had dried. Incidentally, this treatment is very efficacious in all cases of sore paws.

Cecco evidently considered the precaution superfluous.

"Do you mean to spend the day greasing those brutes," he asked impatiently, "or do you want to shoot?"

"May you die killed," was the prompt reply; "these dogs are worth more than your soul, and that of all your dead."

A hot reply was on the boy's lips when I interfered and told Giulio to hurry.

Before us stretched a series of flat terraces, following the top of the range and bordered right and left with precipices. We quartered the first two or three hundred yards carefully, without finding, and then came to a deep gully, where our guide stopped us.

"Wait a minute," he said; "we must decide on our route here. We can either follow the range we are on and then take a short cut back to Caprareccia, or we can descend by this gully, cross to Rocca del Prete, and circle back to the left. This range has more birds, but once flushed, it will not pay to go after them. The Prete has fewer, but they can be followed up."

"What do you advise?" I asked.

"Signori," he said, with a shrug of the shoulder, "it's like playing the lotto. If the coveys have broken, and they should have by now, we will do twice as well here. But——"

"Never mind the rest," I interrupted, "we stay here."

The ground was very bad. Loose rocks were strewn in every direction and big crevices, out of which stuck stunted shrubs, made the walking dangerous. We spread out fan-shape, so as to cover the entire breadth of the plateau, possibly 400 feet wide, and advanced carefully.

Arno was the first to find; he suddenly dropped into a steady point, and then sprang a fine hare, which I tumbled over, little knowing that the season for fur was closed. As I ran to pick it up. I noticed that Arno had pointed again, and I stopped. Just then he dove forward and a pair of the biggest and fattest partridges I ever saw went sailing toward the precipice. I stopped one with my second shot, and watched the other regretfully, as it plunged into space with folded wings and then flew up the other side laboriously, settling at the very top; not a quarter of a mile away, as the crow flies, but miles and miles by the road we would have to follow.

Cecco, who had watched its flight, now turned to me with a superior smile.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said. "I'm glad we found the old pair alone, though. It may mean that the coveys have broken, and that we'll have a very good day."

I made Pit retrieve the fallen bird two or three times, but he did it without ambition, and when he flushed half a dozen birds unpointed a few minutes later, I realized that he had not profited by the lesson. We knocked two over, nevertheless, and one was only slightly wounded. As it fluttered away, I called on Pit to get it and for the first time he seemed to understand. He sprang after it, seized it on the jump and retrieved it with head up and tail wagging proudly.

For a quarter of a mile after that we found nothing and the Arno again pointed. Giulio signalled to me to go ahead, and passing in front of the dog, I flushed and shot a young cock. To my surprise, Pit, who had backed Arno's point, did not stir at the shot, and when I called to him sharply to retrieve, he bounced forward and another partridge whirred up. Giulio stopped it and then remarked to me drily that I didn't deserve to have good dogs.

All the birds which had escaped had alighted at the same spot, and when we had covered another mile of killing rocks, without firing our guns, I suggested going after them.

Giulio groaned aloud and again took the bantering tone he always used when something foolish was said or done.

"For an educated person," he drawled, "your excellency at times shows very little sense. It would take three hours of fast walking to get across there and in three hours' time the ground will be so hot that Victor Emanuel's own dogs could not scent a partridge stuffed with finochiella (the pungent wild fennel of the region). Staying here we will have a try at the best places in the Abruzzi. Now let us quit grumbling. If I had known you were going to act like this, I would have given you an owl and a whistle and sent you after larks."

I took the rebuke meekly and we went on. Presently Baffino began to show signs of excitement and soon all four dogs fell into a statuesque pose. They stood in a circle and we saw a beautifully marked hen, crouching in the shade of a boulder and watching Baffino as if fascinated. I literally had to kick it up, and it afforded an easy shot! Pit, now very much interested, retrieved it perfectly. As I made to go on it was Cecco's turn to lecture me.

"A hen is seldom alone at this time of the year," he said, "don't rush."

Arno was soon on a scent and pointed; then broke, followed, and pointed again.

"That bird must be running before him," remarked Giulio.

"Your dead are running," snapped Cecco. "Who ever heard of a gray partridge running at this time, in the open?"

Arno put an end to the controversy by plunging in and securing a fine cock which he brought to me alive. It proved to have a broken wing; the wound had healed and the bird was quite healthy, but it could not fly.

The pair were old, and our oracle said we'd probably find a covey in the neighborhood, but we only put up a lone hen, which Giulio shot. When we reached the break-neck path that was to lead us down, Cecco swore we had overrun at least three coveys, whereupon the hunter, who always stood up for his dogs, said unpleasant things about mountaineers. It is my opinion, though, that Cecco may have been right, for the heat was terrific. Our throats were parched, our lips cracked, and the perspiration ran down us in rivulets; not likely that a dog could scent in such weather.

The slide downhill was worse than the climb; we stumbled and slipped at every step, and as I look back on that trip, I wonder we ever survived it. We were nearly dead when we reached Caprareccia.

The return from there to Leonessa, instead, was quite pleasant. A fresh breeze had sprung up and the scenery was magnificent. Seated in the comfortable "bardella" with which my donkey was saddled and swayed by the easy motion of the beast, I enjoyed the ride immensely.

I had intended taking a second trip to the Rocca del Prete on the morrow, but the condition of the dogs made it impossible, and I had to postpone it.

The next morning, while at breakfast, I was approached by a tall, handsome man in sportsman's atire, who introduced himself as Count della Porta. He said he had heard of an American's being in the village and thought he would like to extend the humble hospitality of his home to the stranger. I found out later that the friendly aristocrat was a Noble Guard of the Pope and one of the best guns in Italy. We be-

FROM THE ROOF OF THE PRIMITIVE HOTEL.
On the peaks in the distance are the haunts of the gray partridge.

came very chummy and he took me to see his home, an interesting old fortress of mediæval build, where he spends a few weeks every year shooting quail and partridge. On hearing of my day's work, he was very much surprised, and it seemed to him an unheard of thing that a "forestiere" (foreigner) should seek game in such out-of-the-way places. He congratulated me and promised that if I'd stay over and go after quail with him, he would give me such a day as I'd seldom enjoyed. "We are sure to 'sballare' (shoot over 100 birds) between us," he said, and that settled the question.

He made good, too, for between us we brought back 112 of the gamy birds. But—that comes under another chapter.

HERBERT REEDER.

The National Parks.

Yellowstone National Park.

THE report of Major John Pitcher, 6th Cavalry, Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, to the Secretary of the Interior, has just been received. Dated Oct. 3, 1906, it gives the condition of affairs in the park and its management from June 30, 1905, until the close of the last season.

As more than once pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM, the alfalfa field, which was planted two years ago near the Roosevelt Arch, has proved very useful, and the hay cut from it has kept the antelope herd almost entirely within the limits of the park during the past winter, thus preventing any destruction by hunters and sending them off to their summer range in the hills in fine condition.

The twelve small sequoia trees imported from the Sequoia National Park in California, which were planted near the arch and on the plateau at Mammoth Hot Springs, have all died, notwithstanding the fact that great care was taken in planting them and in protecting them through the winter. There have been practically no fires in the park.

In spite of the heavy fall of snow in the park last winter, the large game pulled through in good shape, and the percentage of loss was very small.

The alfalfa field near Gardiner and the hay cut from it proved of great benefit to the antelope. This field yielded about one hundred tons of hay, which was fed to antelope at times when they most needed it. Like all other wild animals that are cared for and protected by man, they soon learned that when the snow fell deeply on the hills, they could find something to eat at the haystack near the soldier station. It was estimated that about 1,500 of these animals came down to the feeding grounds near the haystacks last winter, and as very few of them died or were lost from any cause, the number this year should be at least 2,000.

The elk also learned that forage for wild game was being issued at Gardiner, and after the antelope had been fed they came down in large numbers and cleaned up all the coarser parts of the alfalfa that was not eaten by the antelope. Major Pitcher writes: "I was told by an exceedingly reliable man in Gardiner that 1,200 elk had been seen and counted on this alfalfa field one evening during the latter part of the winter. This combination of elk and antelope within a few hundred yards of the town of Gardiner presents a game picture which cannot now be duplicated at any other place in the United States, and it is one which the people of Gardiner are doing well to assist in preserving.

"The buffalo herd still continues to thrive and now numbers 57. This is a very encouraging increase from the original herd of two bulls and eighteen cows with which the herd was started four years ago. During the past summer arrangements have been completed to move all of the young buffalo of this herd to a point on the Lamar river, where they will be eventually turned loose. The place selected for the purpose of establishing these young buffalo is at the mouth of Rose creek, where it flows into the Lamar river. The land along the river bottom at this point is particularly well suited for raising hay of any kind, and with comparatively little work in the way of clearing and ditching for the purpose of irrigating it almost any quantity of hay can be raised. A very comfortable log cabin has been built for the use of the buffalo keeper, and about one square mile of fine grazing land has been inclosed by a suitable fence of smooth wire.

"It is intended to keep the young buffalo in this inclosure and to feed them until they have become thoroughly at home at this point. After this has been accomplished they will be gradually turned loose, and it is believed that they will not wander far from the haystack which will at all times be kept on hand ready to be fed out to them. All of the old buffalo will be kept in the pasture at the Mammoth Hot Springs as heretofore, and their young will be moved up to the new pasture on the Lamar from time to time as they become old enough to be driven there. If nothing more is accomplished by this division of the herd I am of the opinion that it is advisable to divide it so that in case of sickness or disease of any kind in either band it would not necessarily be communicated to the other."

The fish hatchery near the west side of Yellow-

THE GRAY PARTRIDGE.

stone lake has been improved. Mr. D. C. Bruce, superintendent of the fisheries at Spear Fish, S. D., who had charge of the work in the park during the summer, reported the collection of 2,500,000 of eggs of the black spotted trout which were shipped to various points in the United States for planting. A hundred thousand brook trout fry were planted in four streams; Willow creek, Indian creek, and Gibbon river, above the Virginia cascades, 10,000 rainbow trout in the Gibbon river, below the Virginia cascades, and 215,000 black spotted trout in Fisheries creek and Duck lake.

The total number of visitors to the park in 1906 was 17,182; of these more than 10,400 passed through by the Yellowstone National Park Transportation Co. and Monida Co., 2,900 by various camping companies, and about 3,800 were individual parties traveling through the park with private transportation.

Various improvements have been made in roads, bridges and in certain springs. The sprinkling of the roads was somewhat delayed owing to the lateness of the appropriation.

Major Pitcher recommends the enlargement of Ft. Yellowstone to a four troop post. At present only two troops are situated there and the proportion of old soldiers and men familiar with the ways of the mountains is small. The enlargement of the post has been more than once recommended by the department commander, but a special appropriation bill by Congress is needed to accomplish it. The amount required will be about $75,000.

Yosemite National Park.

The report to the Secretary of the Interior of Maj. H. C. Benson, 14th Cavalry, Acting Superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, contains much interesting matter. Within the past year the western and southern boundaries have been established by the Geological Survey, and marked with monuments at roads and trails, as well as at all section corners. There has been little trespassing. No sheep, and only a few cattle have crossed the boundaries of the park, and the cattle have promptly been removed. There have been no fires, though several have started just without the park, but were extinguished by the troops before reaching its boundary.

Game seems to be on the decrease. As originally constituted, the reservation included on the extreme southwest some low country which served as a winter range for the game, but in 1905 and 1906 all lands lying lower than 5,000 ft., except the Yosemite valley itself, were excluded from the park limits. There is therefore no winter range for game within the park, but it is obliged to go to the Sierra Forest Reserve, where there is more or less hunting all the time. Besides this, people visiting the Yosemite Park do not seem to realize that the animals are protected, for there is as yet no law for the punishment of offenses. Maj. Benson gives an example of a party of four who asked permission to carry arms through the park, and seemed greatly surprised and indignant because they could not kill a few deer for their own use.

The fish hatchery at Wawona has hatched 300,000 fry which were distributed in the park.

Better telephone lines and better trails are greatly needed to assist in the proper protection of the reservation.

The visitors to the park numbered about 5,500, of which 3,000 were tourists and the remainder campers.

The superintendent recommends that all patented lands lying within the present limits of the park be condemned and purchased by the government; that the western boundary be fenced, and that Congress enact a law defining what is prohibited in national parks and fixing a penalty for the same. Congress could not do better than to enact for the Yosemite such a law as it did years ago for the Yellowstone.

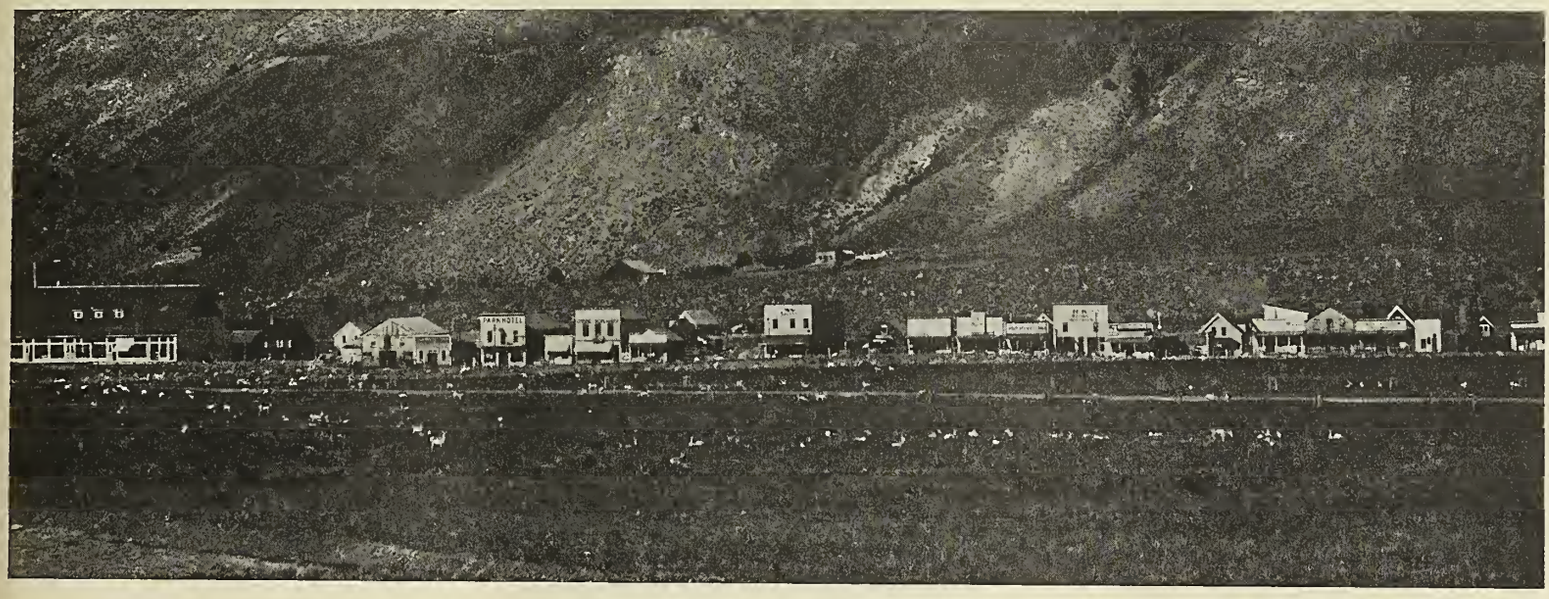
Sequoia and General Grant National Parks.

Capt. Kirby Walker, 14th Cavalry, has a difficult task in superintending these parks. The country is rough, and places that are close together can often be reached only by roundabout trails. A distance of less than four miles between two points can sometimes only be covered by going around from 30 to 50 miles. Fortunately, there have been no fires this year. More trails and better telephone communication are needed.

There are patented or private lands in both these parks which should be purchased by the government.

The waters here are well stocked with trout, and during June, 1906, 17,000 fish, donated by the California Fish Commission, were turned into streams.

Deer are plentiful and reasonably tame. There are some bears and a few mountain lions and wildcats, together with the usual small birds and animals. Orders are given for the killing of mountain lions and wildcats where possible. In the Sequoia Park there are eighteen of the Tule elk, which, it will be remembered, were donated to the government by Messrs. Miller & Lux. In the fall of 1904 an effort was made to capture these, but it resulted in failure. The following year twenty of the elk were landed in the park, of which five died later. Capt. Kirby urges the introduction of buffalo here, and the experiment is one which might well be tried. The number of tourists during the short season of two months and a half last year was only about 1,600.



YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Looking north over alfalfa field toward town of Gardiner, Mont. Showing antelope feeding and sleeping in sight of town and traveled roads. This field was plowed up and sown with alfalfa under Major Pitcher's directions. Four hundred antelope have been counted at one time on this field.

The Osthaus Exhibit.

On Nov. 6 and 7, the reception room of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, was the rallying point for numbers of cultivated ladies and gentlemen, lovers of the beautiful in art, the pleasing attraction being an exhibition of magnificent paintings by the renowned artist, Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, and by his sister, Mrs. Marie Osthaus Griffith. The paintings of the latter were devoted to landscape and still life. Those of Mr. Osthaus, fifteen in number, portrayed hunting and shooting scenes, whose themes are dear to the heart of the sportsman.

No. 1, entitled "Ruffed Grouse," portrayed a retrieve of a ruffed grouse from a stream in which it had fallen. The beautiful colors of the dog and bird were observed with wonderful fidelity. No. 2, entitled "The Sandman's Realm," had for a subject an orange and white setter, reposing contentedly while her numerous progeny, in all the guilelessness of puppyhood, diverted themselves, each according to his fancy. No. 3, "What is That?" had a like subject, differently treated; the puppies had discovered a frog, and each in different attitude, was gazing in ineffable wonderment at the unknown monster. No 6, "The Cold Trail," portrayed a pack of foxhounds in the early morning puzzling out a trail, the faint soft glow of the early morning, the light of early dawn, pervading the woods, giving promise of a delightful day. No. 15, in size about 2 x 3 feet, portrayed the famous setters, Jessie, Rodfield's Count Gladstone and Prince Rodney on point in a section of quail country whose vegetation was beautiful in its wealth of autumn colors. In short every picture is a gem in itself. Such keen interest was manifested in respect to this exhibition that Mr. Osthaus has decided to continue it during two more weeks, beginning at a date to be announced later, and in a convenient place where the public may view these beautiful pictures freely.

A Landseer Deerhound.

The portrait of a deerhound by Landseer is specially interesting from many points of view. If it represents a true type of the deerhound of that period (1836), then each dog should have his tongue protruding in an imbecile manner, besides having his fangs shown constantly. If it was not a typical specimen, then Landseer was much overrated as a dog fancier, however much he may have excelled as an artist.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Golden Eagle.

(Aquila chrysaetos.)

[From "The North American Eagles and Their Economic Relations" By Harry C. Oberholser, Assistant Ornithologist, Biological Survey. Biological Survey Bulletin No. 27.]

Few if any eagles are better known than the golden eagle, nor more nearly comport with the idea of strength and independence associated with such birds. With one possible exception no eagle has so wide a geographical distribution; it is found at some season of the year throughout most of Europe, northern Africa, Asia south to the Himalayas, and in North America south to Mexico. It breeds, however, principally in hilly or mountainous regions, preferably in unsettled parts, and in North America chiefly in the north and west, but also along the Appalachian mountain ranges to southern North Carolina.

The adult golden eagle, or mountain eagle, as it is sometimes called in the western United States, is about 3 feet in length, 7 feet in expanse of wing, and sometimes weighs 12 pounds or more. It is entirely dark brown in color, with pointed yellowish brown feathers covering the hind neck, whence the name golden eagle. Young birds are more blackish and have the base of the tail white, from which they have been called ring-tailed eagles, a plumage retained for at least three years; but the species may always be distinguished from the bald eagle, the only other eagle of common occurrence in the United States, by the feathering of the legs, which in the golden eagle extends quite down to the base of the toes.

General Habits.

While it does not winter in the most northern parts of its range, the golden eagle is not, strictly speaking, migratory, for, being able to endure the severest cold, its movements into regions not occupied in summer are more in the nature of wanderings, induced doubtless by search for food, and probably are seldom extensive. It can scarcely be considered common anywhere in the eastern United States, and in most sections is very rare, but in some parts of the west it is fairly abundant. The mountains and rocky hills are its chosen abode, whence it issues on its forays; and it is as much at home in the desert as in well-watered regions. It has a strong well-sustained flight, and may often be seen soaring in circles at great height above the earth. It is usually wary, and is rather a solitary bird, seldom seen in more than pairs, though on some occasions it has been observed in small flocks, even in the eastern United States. Its cry is a sharp, harsh scream of few notes, and is heard most often during the breeding season. So far as known it mates for life, or at least for many years, though at the death of either of the pair, the other more or less promptly secures a new consort. In nature it is fierce and untamable, and it will sometimes attack even man, particularly if disturbed when feeding. In captivity it may easily be kept for years, but with disposition quite unchanged.

The golden eagle builds its nest usually on rocky cliffs, sometimes on steep river bluffs, often in practically inaccessible places; but in many localities, such as the Pacific coast region of the United States, trees are utilized, the height from the ground varying from 10 to over 100 feet. The site chosen is preferably in an uninhabited spot, but occasionally not far from a farmhouse. In the latitude of central California the eggs are deposited late in February, in March or April, but in Arizona sometimes in January, and along the northern part of the bird's range as late as May or even June. The same nest is occupied year after year, provided the bird be undisturbed, but if the eggs be taken, breeding is ordinarily abandoned until the following season, when a new nest is constructed near by, sometimes even on the same tree; and the bird, if again molested, reoccupies the original aery.

The nest is a well built though bulky structure, commonly when first constructed not very large —about 2½ or 3 feet high and 3½ or 4 feet in outside diameter—but by the additions made during successive years finally sometimes 7 feet high and 8 feet in diameter, and containing fully two wagonloads of material. It is practically a strong platform having a slight depression for the eggs, and is composed largely of sticks, some of them 2 or 3 inches in diameter, twigs, roots, weed stalks, branches of evergreen, leaves, and rubbish of various kinds, with more or less lining of straw, grass, moss, bits of bark, pine needles, green or dry leaves, and feathers, and with often the addition of a piece of soap root (*Chlorogalum pomeridianum*) (in California) or fresh evergreen, apparently as an ornament or badge of occupancy.

The eggs are usually two in number, occasionally one or three, very rarely four, and range in color from plain white to very heavily marked with various shades of brown. They are not usually deposited on successive days, but at intervals of sometimes as much as a week. The period of incubation has been given variously as from twenty-five to thirty-five days; probably thirty days is the average time. The young when first hatched are covered with a white down which lasts for several weeks until gradually replaced by the new brown feathers. The young grow rapidly, but remain a long time in the nest —from two to three months. They are sometimes savage, and while in the aery resent any familiarity, but sometimes may be handled almost with impunity; probably individual temperament has much to do with this difference. Contrary to the many stories current regarding the fierceness of the golden eagle in defense of its brood, it strangely enough very rarely attacks persons who approach or even rob its nest. Indeed, at such times it seems to be actually cowardly, or at least quite unsolicitous for the safety of eggs or young, and at anyone's approach quietly leaves the vicinity. The male apparently does not assist in incubation, but shares in brooding the young, and in shading them when the heat of the sun becomes too great.

Food Habits.

The golden eagle is apparently not so swift in flight as the bald eagle, and less often chases its prey on the wing, preferring to hunt mostly by soaring or slow flying and dropping suddenly upon the selected victim. It also has favorite perches from which it watches for prey. The two birds of a pair hunt often together, and many a victim is thus taken that would escape a single bird. The favorite time for hunting is the forenoon, unless the day be cool and cloudy. Although inured to long fasts, this species is, like most other birds of prey, a voracious eater, and at every opportunity gorges itself to repletion. Birds are partially or wholly plucked before being eaten; the larger mammals are often decapitated and stripped of their fur; but small mammals are swallowed, bones, hair and all, and the indigestible parts finally disgorged in pellets at intervals of a few days. The young are kept well supplied with food, often with much more than they can eat, brought at least two or three times a day.

Food—Mammals.

Mammals form one of the two most important elements of the food of this species. The larger kinds appear not to be often attacked unless wounded or sick, but their young are frequently victimized. This is particularly the case with various species of deer in both Europe and America. Mr. Charles F. Morrison records the killing of a full-sized black-tailed deer (*Odocoileus hemionus*) in Montana, and there are numerous accounts by other writers of attacks on crippled, weak or sickly deer. Also the deer that are wounded by hunters and that escape only to die are often devoured, and, on occasions like the one in New Jersey recorded by Mr. John H. Sage, the eagle gorges itself to such an extent that it can be killed with a club. The number of fawns killed, particularly where deer are at all numerous, must be large, for most observers unite in saying that fawns form an important article of the golden eagle's food. The young also of other ungulates, such as antelope, wild sheep, and reindeer, are sometimes taken. The shooting of a mountain goat or other large game animal in a country where this eagle abounds frequently attracts the bird to the spot with the hope of a repast. Foxes are occasionally eaten, as the stomach examinations made in Germany by Dr. Rörig testify. Audubon says that raccoons are sometimes taken as food.

Probably no mammals are more frequently fed upon than hares and rabbits, due no doubt to their abundance, wide distribution and ease of capture. Nearly all writers on the golden eagle mention rabbits as a component of its food. Mr. W. Steinbeck reported that at Hollister, Cal., rabbits formed one of the principal parts of the bird's diet, as they do in many other localities. These animals are frequently brought to the young, and at almost every aery the skulls and other bones of rabbits are conspicuous. In Europe the common rabbit (*Oryctolagus cuniculus*) is sometimes captured, though apparently not so often as other species of the family. Mr. E. S. Cameron, who has recently published a very interesting account of the nesting and food habits of this eagle, mentions that on one occasion when one of his birds made a swoop at a jack rabbit and missed, whereupon the rabbit sought refuge in a prairie dog burrow, the eagle took up a position near by to await its appearance. While usually content to secure its prey by stealth, the golden eagle sometimes exerts its powers of flight in open chase. In one instance, witnessed by Mr. W. L. Atkinson, near Santa Clara, Cal., a pair of eagles pursued a large jack rabbit across a field and caught it after an exciting hunt. The large northern hares, in both Old and New Worlds, even more frequently than other rabbits, fall a prey to this eagle. In Scotland, according to Saunders, these animals form a considerable part of its food, and in many of the deer forests of the European Continent, at least during some seasons of the year, little else is eaten. An eagle of this species killed March 19, 1897, at Aitkin, Minn., is recorded by Mr. Albert Lano to have made a meal off the common white hare (*Lepus americanus virginianus*) of that region; and the stomach of a female shot by Mr. J. Alden Loring at Jasper House, Alberta, in 1895, contained the remains of young hares (*Lepus americanus columbiensis*).

In some parts of the western United States, particularly in California, where ground squirrels, or spermophiles (*Citellus*), are numerous, these animals form an important food supply, and their destruction is probably the best service rendered by the golden eagle. At Sargents and Hollister, Cal., according to Major Bendire, they are the principal regimen, and Mr. J. E. McLellan reported the same condition in San Mateo county and at Pescadero, Cal. Mr. W. L. Finley, in a recent article on the nesting of the golden eagle, has some interesting observations on the food habits during the breeding season. The nest of a pair near Oakland, Cal., was kept by him under surveillance from the time the eggs were laid until the young had flown, and during

this period the food apparently consisted almost entirely of spermophiles (probably *Citellus beecheyi*). As many as four of these were found lying on the nest at one time, and the remains about the nest, as well as the pellets cast up by the young, came almost wholly from ground squirrels. Mr. Finley estimated that at least six spermophiles were consumed daily by this family of two young and two adult eagles, which seems to be a conservative statement; on this basis, 540 spermophiles were destroyed during the three months the young occupied the nest. In an eagle's aery near Marathon, Texas, the writer found, among other things, a spermophile (*Citellus mexicanus parvidens*), but in this region, doubtless owing to the greater abundance of other food, particularly rabbits and prairie dogs, this animal is apparently not so frequently eaten. Along the Anderson river in Arctic North America, however, the spermophiles (*Citellus parryi*) that there abound, are, according to Mr. R. MacFarlane, an important source of food.

Tree squirrels (*Sciurus*) are sometimes captured, though by no means so often as spermophiles. The former have been found in California aeries by Mr. H. R. Taylor and Mr. C. Barlow, and Dr. C. H. Merriam records that an Abert squirrel (*Sciurus aberti*) was found in the stomach of an eagle killed in August, 1899, on San Francisco mountain, Arizona.

Where prairie dogs (*Cynomys*) occur abundantly in the vicinity of an eagle's aery they furnish by no means a small part of the bird's food, and the number destroyed must be large. In the aery near Marathon, Texas, we found two prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*) practically untouched, while many bones of the same species were recognized in the debris scattered on the rocks below. Mr. Bailey found bones at a nest near Cuervo, New Mexico. Prof. D. E. Lantz informs the writer that in Haskall county, Kan., at a time when prairie dogs were being poisoned, he has seen eagles, principally of the present species, come often to feed on the dead and dying animals, but without apparent injury from the poison.

Marmots, woodchucks, or ground hogs (*Marmota*), as they are variously called according to locality, are not infrequently devoured, particularly in the western part of the United States. Mr. J. A. Loring saw an eagle pursuing a half-grown hoary marmot (*Marmota caligata*) at Henry House, Alberta, in July, 1896, and Major C. E. Bendire records that at Camp Harney he has found the half-eaten carcass of a yellow-bellied marmot (*Marmota flaviventra*) in a nest of this eagle, and has even surprised an eagle from the ground as it was feeding on one of these animals it had just killed. Brehm states that the European hedgehog (*Erinaceus europæus*) is sometimes captured by the golden eagle, and that this animal's spiny coat, so efficient a protection against many of its enemies, is apparently little or none against the eagle.

Various smaller mammals, particularly rodents, are at times eaten. Mr. Vernon Bailey discovered bones of a pocket gopher (*Cratogeomys castanops*) among those of other animals at an aery near Cuervo, New Mexico, and these and similar gophers are doubtless elsewhere taken. In Europe the native rats (*Mus*) and in North America the wood rats (*Neotoma*) are eaten by both adults and young. Mr. R. MacFarlane records that in the region of the Anderson river in Arctic America mice and lemmings form a part of the food, but such ignoble quarry is probably a last resort.

Domestic Animals.

The golden eagle seldom attacks full-grown domestic animals, but often kills their young, particularly where easily accessible or when other food is not readily obtainable. Lambs are apparently the most frequent victims, and although the eagle probably seldom if ever carries a weight of more than 10 or at most 12 pounds, and the lambs taken are therefore of rather small size, the damage to flocks in many localities, in both Europe and America, is considerable. According to Mr. William Brewster, young lambs in the valleys of the mountain region of western North Carolina are subject to the attacks of this eagle, but the bird is not common enough there to do much damage. In the west, however—in California as elsewhere—it is troublesome on many of the sheep ranches, and is therefore cordially hated by the sheep owners, who lose no opportunity for its destruction. Mr. E. S. Cameron, writing for the vicinity of Fallon, Mont., states that the eagles whose nest he watched carried off a number of lambs, but ceased their depredations after one of their young was killed by a shepherd. Mr. Cameron states also that some thirty years ago this eagle was abundant on the western coast of Scotland and that each pair during the breeding season taxed the sheep farmer one or two lambs every day. So numerous and so destructive did the eagles become that a war of extermination was waged against them by the farmers and hundreds were killed.

Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaëtos*).
Drawn by R. Ridgway.

On the continent of Europe a single sheep farm is said to have lost from raids of the golden eagle alone as many as 35 lambs in a single season.

Other domestic animals are not infrequently seized for food. In some places in Europe and America kids and even goats are atacked by this eagle. Calves, too, are sometimes killed, even in well-settled regions, and Mr. Oliver Davie records that a golden eagle captured near Columbus, Ohio, had caused the farmers considerable annoyance in this way. Mr. J. A. Loring in 1892 was informed by Mr. J. Tevebaugh, of Cochetopa Pass, Colorado, that one of these birds once assailed one of his young calves, but was beaten off by the mother. Pigs are sometimes attacked even in their pens, and Mr. A. W. Butler states that an eagle was killed in White county, Ind., in December as it was hovering and about to swoop down on a litter of little pigs. It once in a while makes a meal off a dog; and it has been known to pounce upon a domestic cat, but such an occurrence is doubtless unusual.

Birds of various kinds, together with mammals, form the bulk of the golden eagle's food. The larger species of birds are the ones most commonly taken, while the smallest song birds pass practically unnoticed. Upland game birds appear to be preferred to all other birds and are persistently hunted.

The different kinds of grouse, no doubt from their general distribution over the areas occupied by this eagle, are much sought by it as food, both in Europe and America. In eastern North America the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) suffers, in the west the blue grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus*), the sage grouse (*Centrocercus urophasianus*), and especially the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus* and subspecies). Mr. Robert Ridgway records an instance of the pursuit of a sage grouse by a pair of eagles on the East Humboldt mountains, Nevada, in which the grouse was overtaken in open chase and seized and borne away the moment it alighted on the ground. Near Lewiston, Idaho, Mr. H. W. Henshaw shot a golden eagle that was eating a freshly killed sharp-tailed grouse, and the Nez Perces Indians told him that grouse were often killed by golden eagles. Dr. J. C. Merrill found a dead sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus columbianus*) in an eagle's nest near Fort Custer, Mont., and Mr. E. S. Cameron, in regard to the nest in Montana previously referred to, says that his eagles must have destroyed large numbers of sharp-tailed grouse, since he never visited the nest without finding one; and when the young eagles were nearly grown they were fed almost exclusively on this game bird. The killing of so many in their breeding season is of course particularly disastrous to the species. From what is known, the golden eagle seems to be partial to this grouse, and the total annual destruction must be very large, though there are no accurate means of determining its extent. Still an estimate of the probable number of sharp-tailed grouse destroyed may be interesting. Allowing a pair of eagles to every 100 square miles in Montana, which is probably conservative, there would be 1,450 pairs in the State, and should each one of these pairs kill only one grouse per day for the three months during which eaglets remained in the nest, 130,500 grouse would be destroyed in Montana during this period alone, while it is to be supposed that at other times the eagles refrain entirely from a diet of game birds. Furthermore, since at this time the grouse themselves have young or eggs, the death of the parent birds means usually the loss of the brood, and this would amount at the lowest calculation to double the number of adults (probably much more) or 261,000 young. Adding to this the adults, there results a total of 391,500—a number that is astonishingly large, yet doubtless well within the truth. The destruction of young is of course not as detrimental as that of an equal number of adults, for the young have less chance in the struggle for existence, and in the above calculation ample allowance has been made accordingly.

In Europe the black grouse (*Lyrurus tetrix*) and other species of grouse, as well as pheasants, are assiduously sought by the golden eagle and in some localities their numbers seriously depleted. Mr. E. S. Cameron states that on the island of Jura, Inner Hebrides, the grouse, once abundant on the moor, were so much molested by this bird of prey, which hunted them much as does a peregrine falcon, that they left the place.

In the northern regions ptarmigans (*Lagopus*) often furnish a part of this eagle's food. The red grouse of Great Britain (*Lagopus scoticus*) and the various other ptarmigans of Europe, as well as those of Alaska and Arctic North America, are among the victims. Mr. R. MacFarlane has found ptarmigans in the nest of the golden eagle on the Anderson river, Mackenzie, and these birds are probably often fed to the young.

Wild turkeys, particularly in regions where they are numerous and not wary, are, owing to their size, attractive quarry for the golden eagle; and, at least formerly, probably occupied no insignificant place on its bill of fare, to which effect we have the testimony of Audubon and other authors.

Also Bobwhites (*Colinus*) are sometimes taken, as is evidenced by a specimen of the golden eagle killed near Wooster, Ohio, which had remains of one in its stomach. Mr. J. B. Purdy records

the capture of an eagle near Northville, Mich., which was so intent on its pursuit of a covey of Bobwhites that it entangled itself in a thicket of raspberry bushes.

Wild waterfowl are not so much hunted by the golden eagle as by the bald eagle, but are, nevertheless, an important article of diet. Occasionally game of this kind that has fallen to the gun of the hunter will be seized and borne away before his eyes. Mr. R. MacFarlane mentions ducks as a part of the regular food in the region of the Anderson river, Mackenzie, and Mr. L. M. Turner makes a similar statement regarding the coast of Alaska. Geese and swans, particularly the former, are the principal other water birds eaten; but curlews, plovers, and probably similar species, at least in Europe, are once in a while appropriated. Mr. George A. Boardman has seen a great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*) attacked by a golden eagle, but whether to make a meal from it or for some other reason was not apparent.

A few additional kinds of wild birds are known sometimes to be taken. Prof. A. E. Verrill records that a golden eagle was captured near New Haven, Conn., while feeding on a red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), portions of which were found in its craw—strange prey for an eagle! Dr. G. Rörig found remains of a short-eared owl (*Nyctalops accipitrinus*) in the stomach of a golden eagle from Germany. Mr. E. S. Cameron says that his Montana eagles often brought meadow larks (*Sturnella neglecta*) to the nest for the young to eat. Brehm states that the trustful calandra lark (*Melanocorypha calandra*) of Europe is occasionally killed for food, but this is probably in default of other prey.

Poultry.

On occasion the poultry of the farmer is laid under tribute, but complaints of this are not frequent. Brehm tells that in Europe he has known the domestic turkey to be attacked even in the poultry yard. Mr. William Brewster says that in the mountain valleys of western North Carolina geese are sometimes destroyed, and Dr. E. A. Mearns records an instance of the same near Cold Spring, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

In some localities, particularly in the arid western United States, snakes of various kinds, particularly the larger ones, are not infrequently killed for food. Mr. E. S. Cameron says that his eagles brought numbers of rattlesnakes (*Crotalus confluentus*) to the young, and that once he noticed a bull snake (*Pityophis sayi*) in the nest. The rattlesnakes were said to be caught by being seized close behind the head, after which the head was torn off and eaten and the body conveyed to the aery.

Carrion of any kind is acceptable, though apparently not usually so when other food is plenty and easily obtained. Mr. Cameron states that the pair of eagles whose nest was watched by him never, so far as he was aware, took carrion to the young, although there were numerous carcasses of cattle scattered about the neighborhood. Mr. E. W. Nelson, however, has reported this eagle's feeding on the remains of a hog in Illinois; Mr. C. L. Rawson has recorded its devouring a sheep that had been killed by dogs near Salem, Conn.; and Prof. F. E. L. Beal informs the writer that once in Iowa he has known of its eating a dead cat on the prairie. Dr. A. K. Fisher found carrion in the stomach of a golden eagle killed at Gaithersburg, Md., in December, and also in that of one obtained at Whipple Barracks, Ariz., in the same month. Mr. L. M. Turner states that in Alaska the dead fishes along the shore are at times probably eaten, though he seems to have no actual proof of this occurrence.

Tortoises are occasionally captured, and, according to Brehm, are made ready for eating by being dropped from a height to break the shell. Mr. Vernon Bailey found remains of a tortoise among the debris under an eagle's aery at Cuervo, New Mexico. But possibly the most remarkable food that the golden eagle has ever been known to eat is that which Brehm says was once found in its stomach by Dr. Reichenow—potatoes!

In captivity this species readily accepts any kind of fresh meat, of which it will consume as much as two pounds daily. It also has been known to eat a piece of cooked beefsteak. Curiously enough, some individuals refuse to touch flesh that is in the least degree tainted, or even that has once accidentally been dropped from the claws. Chickens, sparrows, and other birds, cats, squirrels, rats and other mammals, alive or dead, as well as raw fish, are apparently enjoyed.

Economic Status.

The considerable destruction of fawns for which the golden eagle is responsible must, in an economic estimate, be set down against the bird. The large number of grouse, ptarmigan and other similar game birds killed is a very heavy charge against it, for most of these birds, aside from their food value to man, are known to be of considerable economic importance as insect and weed-seed destroyers. The destruction of water birds, such as ducks and geese, is, in the golden eagle's case, of much less consequence, since the number taken is relatively small, but so far as it goes is for the most part an injury. The song and other birds taken are so few that they need scarcely more than be mentioned. The very common depredations upon the young of various domestic animals, particularly sheep, form one of the most damaging counts against this eagle; and although lambs seem not especially to be sought when other food is plenty and easily secured, the loss at times is so great that means have to be taken for protection of the flocks, usually by killing the eagles. Poultry, though not infrequently caught, is ordinarily protected by being near the farmhouse, where the eagle does not usually care to venture.

On the other hand, much good is done by the often extensive slaughter of spermophiles in agricultural or grazing localities, where they are very injurious to crops. The same may be said of prairie dogs, except that their geographic distribution is much more limited, and that for this and other reasons they are not so frequently captured.

The killing of jack rabbits and cottontails in the western United States is also a benefit, for these animals are often a pest. In the deer forests of Europe this eagle is considered beneficial and is protected because it preys upon the hares that abound there. In the far north of both continents, however, rabbits can not be called injurious, and the eagle is therefore not to be specially commended for destroying them.

Other animals eaten to some extent by the golden eagle, and whose destruction is to be treated, in large degree at least, as advantageous, are marmots, rats, mice and rattlesnakes. The eagle does man another good turn in disposal of carrion, though this is not a very regular or frequent occurrence. Good, therefore, in some respects, but bad in others, the golden eagle must be considered on the whole more harmful than beneficial.

Destruction by Man.

The golden eagle has few natural enemies, and when free from human interference usually maintains its numbers. It is, however, very easily trapped, taking sheep, deer or rabbit bait most readily, but attracted by almost any kind of carcass, and so unsuspicious and eager for a meal that often several may be caught successively at the same place by the same bait. In fact, it frequently walks into snares set for other things; and Mr. E. S. Cameron states that in Montana some years ago the traps laid for wolves all but exterminated the golden eagle over a large area. It is not easy to shoot, being exceedingly wary under most circumstances. It is furthermore apparently not affected by poisoned bait, and there are lacking definite data to show that such means would be efficacious in its destruction.

The Indians prize the wing and tail feathers for their war bonnets, and kill the eagle whenever opportunity offers. In some sections, particularly in California, it suffers to no little extent from the raids of egg collectors—all the more from its habit of returning each year to the same locality. In some European countries bounties are paid for the destruction of the golden eagle, but in many of the States of the Union, and in some of the provinces of Canada, it is now protected along with the bald eagle. Its general extermination is by no means to be recommended, for in places where it does damage it usually may be kept in check by local means.

"Morgan's Men."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in Kephart's mountaineers and in Fairplay's comments thereon. It occurs to me that the latter's statements might lead to inferences that he did not intend, and perhaps he will pardon me for trying to straighten matters somewhat—plus an idea or two of mine own.

I had occasion to devote some three years' spare time to the old records—Tarleton's own story in his "Campaigns," Light-Horse-Harry's Memoirs, etc., etc., while working up a three-volumne set of my own—viz., "Scouting for Washington," "Morgan's Men," "On Guard Against Tory and Tarleton"—and as the critics uniformly agreed that the latter were historically accurate, and the imaginary conversations true to type, for convenience I will use them later in citation. But first—let's take up King's Mountain.

Somebody undoubtedly drove Ferguson and his 1,000 Tories up a tree. They didn't go to roost on the top of that mountain for fun. On the contrary, they had a lively idea of the wrath to come, justified by what happened after the capture, when some few of the more obnoxious were hung out of hand by their captors. So they put up the best fight they knew, and when they surrendered it was as a last, desperate chance for saving their lives. Now, who brought about this? Why, James Williams, et al., and a horde of gathered mountaineers. There wasn't a company of "regulars" within fifty miles. They must have done good fighting, for they didn't leave a man alive, uncaptured. (Cf. Fiske's American Revolution, Vol. II, page 246.)

Fairplay grants this, but says "they went home afterward." Certainly! They were not enlisted men. Just a levy for the moment. And as to that—vide "Morgan's Men," page 54:

"You know these men, Morgan," said the General, earnestly. "Why cannot we enlist them and get them to drill and work under proper discipline?"

Morgan shook his massive head.

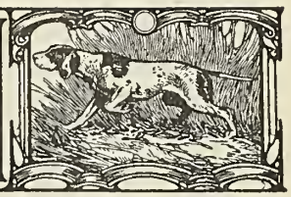
"You will never get them to do that. They live a free life, ever-ready to beat back an Indian raid, and so accustomed to jump to the front at a word's notice when danger threatens; but when that is past they want to go home again. You must remember, sir, that they are frontiersmen. They live largely on game. When the father is gone to the wars, the eldest boy must take to the woods for the family meat. Meanwhile the father is wondering how they are getting on at home; so, presently he feels that he must go and see; and once there, it is a chance if he comes back again very soon. We must take them as they are, and when we get them, put them where they simply can't run away; for no untrained men can stand a bayonet charge out in the open. Then they will fight, and fight well—for a time, at least."

At Guilford the Virginia militia did cut and run. They were thrown forward as a heavy skirmish line, and Greene doubtless expected them to light out when down came the British line of battle full upon them. Personally, with due respect to the late Greene, it seems to me he put them too far forward, for such unskilled men; too far for the moral effect of supports, which counts for so much. Still, they ought not to have thus scooted without even firing their guns, as many did, which is a count against them. They just had a panic, to which even Cæsar's men were not exempt.

Fairplay's citation of Washington's opinion of militia in general, no doubt, is well taken. Memory suggests it, though I haven't time to verify at this moment. But his comment would lead one to suppose that at Guilford G. W. charged at the head of his dragoons to the aid of the flying militia. Whereas probably he wasn't within 500 miles. Col. Billy Washington was, though, very much there; and he charged

Concluded on page 799.

GAME BAG AND GUN



All the fish laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Black Game and Capercailzie in British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the commencement of the present year a subscription list was opened for the importation of black game and capercailzie into British Columbia. The experiment having been carried out successfully, a short description may be of interest to your readers. Forty-six black game and thirty capercailzie were purchased in Copenhagen through the agency of Mr. G. Lindesay of that city. They were shipped by the Scandinavian American steamer United States from Copenhagen on the 20th of September. On arrival at New York they were taken over by the American Express Company and forwarded to Montreal and thence by the Dominion Express Company to Vancouver, where they arrived on the 10th of October.

Only two casualties (one of those due to accident) occurred en route, leaving 74 birds alive out of a possible 76. A percentage of loss which I think you will agree is exceptionally small. The birds were uncrated and put into pens at Stanley Park. On the 12th of October, seven blackcock, twelve gray hens, and five cock and nine hen capercailzie were taken up and sent to Vancouver island. These birds were received by Mr. J. Musgrave at Victoria in good condition, with exception of one blackcock which had died on the way. The black game were divided and given their freedom at Duncas on Vancouver island and on Saturna island. The capercailzie were liberated near Cowichan lake, all birds being strong and in good condition. The remainder were held at Vancouver for a few days, until the weaker ones gained strength. Unfortunately an epidemic of diarrhea carried off a number of them before the nature of the malady was discovered. The weather was also extremely wet and much against the weak birds. The loss, however, was not as large as it might have been. Of the black game left, twelve gray hens and four blackcock were turned out at Dewdney mountain on the north bank of the Fraser river near Nicomen, about fifty miles from Vancouver.

And the remainder of the capercailzie, three cocks and five hens, were liberated at Trout lake (now called Lake Buntzen) on the north arm of Burrard Inlet, about fourteen miles up the harbor from Vancouver. All these birds were in splendid condition. Our total loss from all causes was nineteen birds out of seventy-six, much of which was due to the extremely wet weather coupled with the malady which broke out among the birds. On the whole the experiment can be called a great success; all the birds liberated were strong and healthy and should thrive if they are suited to the country, which we have every reason to believe is the case. Great credit is due to the officials and employees of the Dominion and American Express Companies for the splendid way the birds were handled and the condition they arrived in after a trip of so many thousand miles.

My committee desire me to express their thanks to all subscribers and to notify them that a statement of account will be prepared and audited as soon as the accounts and vouchers are sent in, when same will be printed and a copy sent to each subscriber with a short account of the details of the experiment. Among the subscribers from the United States and eastern Canada, were the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Remington Arms Co., Hunter Arms Co., Phil. P. Beckheart & Co., Parker Bros., Dominion Cartridge Co., Hamilton Powder Works, and Ely Bros., all of which firms subscribed liberally and will be interested to hear of the success of the experiment.

F. M. CHALDECOTT,
Hon. Treas. of Fund for Importation of Game Birds into British Columbia.

[Although from time to time a number of capercailzie have been imported and turned loose in America, it is not certain that they have secured a foothold anywhere. A number of years ago, a few were turned loose in Maine, through the efforts of Mr. W. W. Thomas, but were never heard of. Long ago, black game were set free in Newfoundland, but we believe disappeared. More recently some capercailzie were turned out in the Algonquin National Park in Canada, were seen from time to time and are believed to have bred.

Within the past two years, the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. has imported a number of capercailzie, black game, hazel grouse and Dal Rypa, which were turned loose on their island in Lake Superior and are apparently doing well. Four broods of forty-five capercailzie chicks have been seen, and some of these were so young that the game keeper caught them, and thus made sure of their identity. It is quite certain, in the opinion of the authorities of this company, that there are many more birds there than were originally turned out. The showing for the company is very encouraging.

We believe that there is a place in America for these splendid exotic grouse and it may be hoped that the effort of importing them will be thoroughly tried.]

Butchery of the Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I file a protest against the extermination of the noblest animal of North America—the moose. I know of no greater medium to carry the protest to those to whom it should interest than the FOREST AND STREAM. It is with indignation and sorrow that I read only recently in one of your issues a detailed description of a moose and deer hunt, entitled "Big Game Hunting in New Brunswick," in which the writer says, (italics mine). * * * *"The bull (moose) stood in the water feeding on lily pads,* when Row shot him through the heart, etc. * * * *We skinned out the head and neck* and took it to camp."

Of one of two deer killed the same day by these hunters he says, putting the onus on Row again:

"Row killed this (the second) one by knocking out one of its eyes." I extract from the same article the following description of the killing of the second bull moose by this same party on the same trip, for the reason, that while well written, it is very much like the usual experiences that I have read in the sporting papers and magazines of moose hunting since I was a boy.

"To call a bull moose away from a cow in the rutting season, requires the highest skill of the moose hunter.

"When we discovered the bull at the head of the lake, heading toward the calling cow, Bersing put his horn to his lips and gave one call; the bull stopped in his tracks, turned round and looked in our direction; another call, accompanied by the snapping of a dead twig, turned the bull round and headed him toward us; but about every thirty seconds we could hear him roar as he came toward us; at a distance of about 150 yards he appeared in sight, stopped and looked in our direction. Standing as he did on the shore of the lake, in the early morning sunlight, with his head and antlers high in the air, he presented a magnificant sight. As the distance was a long one, and the sun shining in my face, I knew it required careful shooting lest the moose should escape in the woods, which were but a few feet distant. I raised my rifle and fired, taking careful aim at his breast; when the gun cracked, I saw the blood gush out of his nostrils, and the only move he made was to turn around and give me a better opportunity. I shot him four times in the breast and neck, when he fell in his tracks. We photographed him where he lay, and found that he had a spread of antlers 48 inches and 18 points, the finest head that I have secured.

"Our hunting was over; we had killed about all the law permitted us to kill of big game, and we were satisfied."

In another article in one of the November magazines, the writer of a descriptive moose hunting experience says:

"The guide informed us that the season was rather late for 'calling' the moose and that we must *watch the lakes and moose bogans* at night. * * * We were not favorably impressed with this form of hunting, but decided our guides knew best." * * * "These animals are exceedingly wary, the sense of smell very acute, and they are *approached* with the greatest difficulty." * * * "The following night Mr.——— and Henry were rewarded by three moose coming *to the lake* about 2 A. M." * * * "Did it pay to be a hunter, and was this really sport? Silently *awaiting the approach* of a poor *dumb* beast that I might deprive it of a life, as sweet to it perhaps, as mine to myself."

For nearly thirty years I have spent a part of each year in the woods, but up to three years ago I never saw a moose either tame or wild. I was edified by graphic stories that I had read from time to time. These stories sounded to me like tales of prowess of mighty hunters. I longed for a moose hunt. My deer, antelope, elk and buffalo experiences seemed dwarfed in comparison. Wild goat and big horn sheep seemed mild. I strove for that I had not. The last three years I have spent in the "moose country," and like the writer above am "satisfied." Satisfied of one matter particularly, that all I had ever read of the sport of hunting the moose was simply in the writer's imagination. The "moose country" is far away! hard to reach! Expensive, and the journey takes more time than the average business man can allow. Those who go, are anxious to bring back an evidence of their veracity. A big moose head with enormous antlers is the evidence. To those who know little of the habits of this animal, the enormity of size of the head and antlers fits well with a story of prowess, including as it does something like the above interesting description.

I know I will surprise some of my readers who know no more of the habits of the moose now, than I did three years ago, and I will *not* surprise those who have hunted the moose by making the statement that there is little or no sport in it!

The moose are great magnificent animals with not the same degree of "ferociousness' as is to be found in a little red bull on a Connecticut pasture. Hunting western plains cattle on horseback would be sport in comparison. After my three years' experience in the "moose country" I assert:

I can kill as many bull moose with an ax or revolver as "Row" can with his rifle!

It is about as much of a trick to "call" a moose in the rutting season as to call home the cows in the evening! They are so far from being "ferocious" and "wary" and "approached with the greatest difficulty" that I have ridden on the back of a wild bull moose, only recently, in a lake at least 500 miles north of the line! That is far enough in the "moose country" to presume he was not tame or domesticated.

I have passed within fifty feet of a cow moose "feeding on lily pads" when she actually did not

notice me! I have seen from twenty to forty wild moose on each of my trips! I had well-known licensed guides, who admitted it was a shame to kill the harmless creatures! They never knew of a "bull moose charging on his prey." They do not "roar" when being called, but come toward the call with an undetected quietude which is all the more remarkable because of their size and apparent clumsiness.

Moose feed in the rivers, ponds and lakes from early spring until the ice gets so strong it cannot be broken by their powerful hoofs. The Canadian open season for moose is *before the ice closes the waters.* My guides told me that the hunters in the region I visited killed their moose in the water while *feeding* on the submerged lily roots and water grasses. A moose in feeding often dives to the bottom, sometimes in ten feet of water. In any event his head is submerged for from 30 to 60 seconds. Any canoeist can approach them so that they can be touched with a paddle. This is not only in "fly time," but during the month of October. Why a rifle? The little red bull on the Connecticut pasture would have a better chance of getting away.

I saw many evidences of "skinning out the head and neck." The evidences were the stranded carcasses of some enormous bull moose putrefying the clean water and air whose "head and neck" had been "skinned out." I found heads abandoned beside the carcass of a bigger animal, that presumably had a bigger head. I know the name of an alleged moose hunter, a banker of Cleveland, who abandoned several heads, one after another, because the subsequent ones were larger than their predecessors. He and his party kept their guides on the water ways of the region I visited, moving steadily for two weeks, making a new camp every night, picking out the moose he wanted.

He killed them all by sneaking upon them while feeding in the water. But his greediness came near costing him his life as well as that of his party and guides. The ice suddenly formed one night, and the party being over one hundred miles from a base of supplies, had to abandon heads, canoes and camp equipage and only reached civilization in a starving condition.

This region I visited, shipped out last fall 135 head of bull moose. If my guides were telling the truth, and I had no reason to doubt them, over 500 bull moose must have been killed and all but 25 per cent. abandoned. They asked me not to publish the evidences of what I had heard and seen, as the Canadian government might stop the killing of moose everywhere as they had done in the Algonquin Park district. And in further argument one of my guides said: "It would mean a hardship to us. Every American coming into this district on a moose hunt leaves with us from one to two hundred dollars."

If the present rate of killing is allowed to continue the moose will be nearly annihilated or the remnant driven northward beyond the confines of Hudson Bay.

The Canadian government owes it to the rest of the world to preserve this animal from extinction. The meat is to be eaten only in extremities. It is coarse, dry and unnutritious. Even the Indians will not eat it if they can get anything else. Nearly all the moose that inhabited our northern States have been killed off. A part of Canada will always be practically unbroken wilderness, and a home for ages for this animal if any protection is thrown around it. There is more sport and more pleasure photographing one of these magnificent creatures, who standing on the shore of some beautiful nameless Canadian stream, throws his massive antlered head high in air, and gazes at you in big-eyed curiosity, and when that seems satisfied either resumes his feeding or ambles slowly out of the water into the recesses of the forest.

The killing of deer, in the water, is prohibited in nearly every State in which they are found.

Canada *must stop* the moose butchery.

JAMES DALY.

THE CAMPER'S FRIEND.

Pure Milk is desirable wherever you camp, one or one thousand miles from civilization. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk always opens up perfectly fresh, pure and satisfactory. It is the first item thought of by the veteran camper.—*Adv.*

In Newfoundland.

"I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well."

—W. C. Bryant.

THE ordinary woodser, if called on suddenly to decide which season he prefers to view the haunts of nature, would be at a loss for a ready answer. A kaleidoscopic vision of the forest primeval as seen at various seasons would render it difficult for him to decide. Probably when the rude norther "uproots the woods and drowns the villages," his mind would fondly travel back to the genial spring, when "the chant of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress of the fresh sylvan air, made him forget the thoughts that broke his peace, and he began to gather simples by the fountain's brink, and lose himself in day dreams"; this again would quickly give place to the drowsy, golden summer day, and sick of the strenuous life and the hollowness of it all, he sought "the thick roof of green and stirring branches," and realized what the poet meant when he sang: "The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze that makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm to thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here of all that pained thee, in the haunts of men, and made thee loathe thy life."

And when the scene changes and comes "Autumn with his many fruits and woods all flushed with many hues," and the days begin to shorten, the air become raw and the dark, ominous clouds pile on pile, will he not still sing with the poet: "When shrieked the bleak November winds, and smote the woods, and the brown fields were herbless, and the shades that wilt above the merry rivulet were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still; they seemed like old companions in adversity." And when the chilling blasts of winter have changed the face of all nature and the "clouds from their still skirts had shaken down on earth the feathery snow, and all was white," it still to the true woodser does not lose its attractiveness. He loves it in all its moods.

Hence it is that the last contingent of American anglers on their way home, met the advance guard of the caribou hunters coming to tread the woods and barrens in search of health and heads, "where the timid fawn abides." And when the caribou season closed temporarily (from Oct. 1 till Oct. 20), these again, with their proudly displayed trophies, gave way to others, who are massing on the borders of the deer country, impatiently awaiting the dawn of the 21st.

As we have had a larger number of anglers this season than any other in our history, so it is with the hunters. They seem to have discovered that it is "dead easy" to stalk and secure a well formed head where "roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake the earth with thundering steps."

From the various reports that have come in I glean that most of the hunters have had good sport. I inclose some cuttings from the local papers, which will interest the nimrods who have not been able to make dates for this season. They may make notes, and perhaps later in the season may make dates to try their luck, where the wilds are calling and "where the head of heads is feeding out of range."

"Up to Saturday last there was no frost reported on the mountains, which accounts for the scarcity of caribou along the section of the country through which the railway runs," says the Western Star. "Sportsmen, who have lately returned from up country, report an abundance of caribou far afield, and no doubt they will soon be migrating south. By every express train a number of sportsmen go to join the Bruce, and nearly all of them are taking along from one to three heads. The large herds of caribou seen by Mr. Bigelow are those that summer on the plateau between Grand and Red Indian lakes, and winter but a short distance from their present haunts."

"A party of ten American hunters, who had been in Newfoundland for the past month shootin caribou," says the Halifax Herald, "came on the Sydney flyer, Saturday night, and left at 12 o'clock by the Halifax on their way to their respective homes. As trophies of the chase the returning hunters had ten splendid heads, many of the antlers showing as many as forty full-grown points. The party was led by Edwin Grant, the well-known Boston deer-stalker, who piloted his friends across the famous St. Patrick's barrens, where the most of the heads were secured. The hunters say that the deer have not begun to trek to the south so far this season, the mild weather having kept them on the northern barrens. Following the twenty-day close season, beginning Oct. 1, some splendid hunting is looked for in the deer haunts along the line of railway. A party of forty Americans have already engaged guides, to hunt over those well-trodden spots during the waning days of the season."

Mr. J. P. Hazard, of Peace Dale, R. I., hunted around Adies Pond, and secured one head with twenty-six points.

Dr. Steele, of U. S. A., hunted caribou along Morris' Brook, near North Branch, where he secured one fine head.

Mr. G. M. Phelps and Mr. N. Edgar, of New York, who hunted caribou around Sandy Pond, returned home with three heads.

Mr. Daniels and son, of Worcester, Mass., at Terra Nova, secured six heads, the largest of which carried thirty-eight points.

Messrs. M. W. Hall, F. G. Mason, C. A. Colley and J. J. O'Neill, of Waterbury, Conn., returned home, Friday, after spending a fortnight in Birchy Pond region, where they secured three caribou. The heads were the best we have seen this year, and contained twenty-two, twenty-eight and twenty-four points.

Dr. G. R. Pisek, Dr. R. L. Loughran, of New York, and Dr. Tinkham, of Vermont, hunted caribou on the eastern side of Grand lake, where they secured nine fairly good heads.

Mr. Wm. Sinnott, who was shooting at the Topsails, secured two fine heads, each with thirty-five points.

Two Americans named Brewster, who were deer stalking at the Gaff Topsails, joined the express yesterday en route to New York, having each secured three splendid sets of antlers.

Between Riverhead Lookout and Burnt Pond there are numerous barrens, and at this time of the year there are hundreds of caribou there.

Doctors Murphy, Meyer and Johnson and their wives, who were shooting at Terra Nova, secured four sets of antlers.

The hunter who needs more excitement than is furnished by deer stalking, can have his choice of wolves, bears, or lynx, as these clippings show they have been seen plentifully of late:

The section men working at the Gaff Topsails had an experience yesterday which tickled their nerves somewhat. Near Wolf Brook four large wolves were seen. This is the first time since the construction of the railway that these voracious creatures have been seen so near the tracks. The section men are not over desirous for their acquaintance, and in future will carry rifles.

Black bears infest the country between Patrick's Marsh and Gaff Topsails. One American shot three last week on the Topsails and secured a stag's head with forty points.

There is a great scarcity of rabbits this season. Lynxes are said to be responsible for the destruction of some hundreds of them during the present season.

The partridge season opened on the 1st inst. Large numbers of local sportsmen shot over the various grounds. Although they are not so plentiful as formerly, owing to the increase of hunters, and their destruction by lynx and foxes, yet some fairly good bags have been reported to date from the nearby grounds. The big sports who went further afield will not get in for a day or two later. They will probably bring in good bags and good reports.

"The Reid Newfoundland Co. will send exhibits to the New York Sportsman's Show, which opens in March next, and the Boston Sports-

man's Show, which opens in February. The exhibits will consist largely of live and mounted caribou, foxes, lynx, salmon trout, and other articles representative of the game facilities of Newfoundland."

As a result of a suggestion made in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, it is said that an American bioscopic company intends sending a staff of men and equipments to secure some good moving caribou pictures, for exhibition purposes in the United States. The latter end of January or early in February would be the best season to procure pictures, as they mass in countless herds at that season on the south coast. Last year they were reported for over 100 miles along the southern sea coast, and trappers and others reported them as extending from thirty to forty miles back on the barrens.

A unique chance to get a series of moving pictures is offered, as I pointed out before, at the seal fishery. Here may be seen hundreds of thousands of seals, white coats, harps and hoods. The illimitable field of ice, the sealing fleet, the hundreds of hunters, killing, fanning, skinning, hauling and stowing seals, would make a most unique and attractive picture, while it would illustrate the dangers and vicissitudes of our hardy fishermen, in the annual seal hunt in the month of March each year.

For the hunter with gun or camera, who is tired of the commonplace and is seeking a new thrill, my advice is that he get a "berth to ice" the coming year. W. J. CARROLL.

Washington Game.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reports from different parts of Washington furnish a variety of opinion as to the condition of duck hunting. The only point on which there is unanimity of judgment is that one must have the freedom of a preserve in order to get any kind of shooting.

With the exception of the usual morning and evening scurry there was little movement among the waterfowl at down sound points during the past week. Joe Schlumpf, of Seattle, visited his preserve near Port Williams, not far from Dungeness, but soon came home disgusted. Paul Heiner credits Joe with bringing in two sawbills, but others say that the story is an exaggeration. On the trip before this one, Lou Smith was along with Schlumpf. They had fair luck, but were still inside the limit.

"On most of the sound preserves," said W. B. Taft, "the boys have been getting the limit recently where the club was taking the trouble to feed. The surprising feature of the year has been the early arrival of the sprigs, and the fine condition in which they have arrived. As a rule they get pretty thin during the journey down from their breeding grounds in Alaska, but this year it has been different for some reason or other. Even the young birds, which are making their first flight have been plump. The old timers say that this means a severe winter."

Grand Forks, B. C., has another sign to indicate cold blasts. Hunters up in that country report that the woods are full of chipmunks. One man counted until he fell asleep, and on awaking found that the colony had increased so much that he gave up the job in disgust.

Bige Hall is afraid that the White river valley is falling off in its importance as a duck hunting ground. He had a talk with Walter Mess recently and got discouraging reports. Mess lives eight or ten miles south of Seattle, and has one of the best preserves in the entire valley. In years past it was no job to get fifteen or twenty a day. If anything like that happens now it is looked upon as a banner day. It may be, however, that the shooting will improve as the season advances.

In view of the wonderful increase in population along the shores of Lake Washington one would hardly expect that the ducks would continue to inhabit their old grounds at the head of the lake and along the south end near Captain Burroughs' boat house. Several of the local sportsmen have been out to Burroughs' place recently and on two or three occasions they have had pretty good shooting in the evening.

DEERHOUND—BY LANDSEER.

During the evening flight it is common for the White river valley ducks to swing to the east near Orillia and pass over Renton to Lake Washington. A good bunch of decoys in the water near Burroughs' may bring them down. If it is very windy on the sound, the ducks fly over into Lake Washington, and there is always a chance of getting a little shooting at some of the best points. Mercer slough is one of the best natural retreats for waterfowl in the State, but it has been shot so hard in time past that there is little use of going there unless the conditions happen to be just right. Deputy Sheriff Chet Belding was over in the Mercer slough country a few days ago. It was stormy and he said that a hunter would have had fine shooting.

Some of the California clubs have adopted the plan of renting part of their lands to farmers who raise barley. The Los Angeles Times says that the result is that the birds find everything they want right on the grounds of such wise clubs. Only one improvement could be suggested, and that would be to have threshed out the grain where it stood and left it—a form of philanthropy too stupendous to be practicable.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Death of a Pioneer Maine Guide.

NATHAN B. MOORE, who died recently at his home in Maine, was one of the pioneer guides and trappers of that State. Indeed, he claimed to be the first guide in Maine, saying that he took his first patron on a hunting trip shortly after the close of the Civil War.

The Vermont Deer Season.

HYDE PARK, Vt., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Vermont deer season of six days closed Oct. 27. Up to date about 300 deer are reported to have been killed in the State. The total number killed will probably fall considerably short of last year's. The dry weather, with many leaves on the trees and bushes as well as on the ground, made hunting difficult, and then it cannot be denied that "deer with horns" are becoming fewer and harder to find each year. This is borne out by the fact that quite a proportion of the deer killed had the marks of other wounds received this year or in previous seasons.

However, the number of hunters in the woods was larger than ever. A friend of mine, who was out opening day, tells me that in covering a piece of woods two or three miles square he met twenty-eight different hunters and thinks there were as many more he did not meet. If this is the case, the proportion of men to buck deer in that territory must have been about fourteen to one.

Does are very plenty, and it would seem that the killing off of the bucks so closely must seriously disturb the balance of nature. That such a condition exists and is appreciated by the deer themselves is said to be proven by the killing of a doe with horns in the south part of the State. This doe evidently tried to help out the bucks.

We have never had a finer fall for hunting, but partridges have been pretty scarce. The reasons for such poor seasons, which seem to occur of late years with more frequency, are hard to find.

The large number of birds left last fall and the mild winter certainly promised much. It is true the spring was cold and rainy, but there must be other reasons for the scarcity. I am told by poultry men that last spring was an unusually bad season for the hatching out of eggs. It would be interesting to know the reasons for this, and if the same conditions could apply to the wild members of the gallinaceous family.

Woodcock, both native and flight birds, have been found in unusually good numbers this fall. For the past five seasons the writer has carefully hunted this bird in the same covers and believes that it is in no danger of extermination. It is certainly holding its own, if not somewhat on the increase. He not long ago very luckily discovered a new cover, an old pasture grown up to alders on a partially abandoned farm. He estimated that there were at least fifteen acres of alders with old cow paths winding through them. He put up some twenty different woodcock in only a partial beating of the ground. The writer does not profess to be a good judge of farms, but this alder-covered pasture was to him the most attractive piece of real estate he has seen in a long time. There is certainly hope for the abandoned farms of New England if they will only grow alders. H. A. NOYES.

The Long Island Deer Season.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it not evidence of a decided lack of interest and public spirit upon the part of sportsmen in the State of New York that an open season on deer in Long Island should longer be tolerated? The motley and ill-equipped mob that crosses the East river annually, to inflict damage upon property, to shoot each other, and incidentally to frighten the few deer in Suffolk county, is a nuisance to Long Islanders, and a disgrace to the State.

If it is necessary, in the interests of agriculturists, to prevent any increase in this number of deer at large in that section, let it be done by confining the animals so far as practicable, upon the preserves of the South Side Gun Club and other like organizations, all of whom would doubtless be glad to co-operate with the State authorities to this end. Such provision, and the inauguration of a permanent close season on Long Island deer would not only relieve Suffolk county from annual raids by New York "sportsmen" (heaven save the mark), but would eventually result in building up a herd that might be drawn upon from year to year, for restocking other sections of the State in which deer hunting may be participated in with less annoyance and danger to citizens.

It seems eminently within the province of FOREST AND STREAM, as the representative sportsman's journal of the State and country, to take up this question and push it to a successful issue.

HARRY PALMER.

Another North Carolina Preserve.

A PRESS dispatch from Baltimore says New York and Baltimore men have formed the Croatan Club and acquired a tract of 22,000 acres in North Carolina for a game preserve. Those interested are Gen. John Gill and Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore; James T. and William Woodward, Oakley Thorne, Cord Meyer, James Henry Smith, William B. Dickerman, Andrew W. Smith, D. M. Look, and W. M. Barnum, all of New York, and William Du Pont, of Montpelier, Va.

These capitalists will incorporate the Croatan Club, each of the twelve subscribing $5,000 to the capital stock. With this fund it is proposed to erect a club house and keeper's home on the property and to make other improvements.

The tract acquired is in the vicinity of Manchester, in North Carolina, and is traversed by the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad. There are 8,000 acres of arable land in it. This will be cultivated in corn, wheat, buckwheat, hay and other necessities for the wild game, but none of the product will be harvested for market. There is a lake of 500 acres on the property well stocked with fish. The new club house will overlook this. It will be arranged to accommodate the families of the members and their friends, as the preserve is intended by its owners to be a place of enjoyment for their wives and daughters as well as themselves.

The forest, which is of spruce, pine and hemlock, abounds in deer, pheasants, quail, wild turkeys, squirrels and rabbits. There are also many foxes.

The Chinese Sportsman's Gun.

BREMERTON, Wash., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently returned from a sojourn of several years in different parts of Asia, and was much interested in seeing in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM an article describing some of the fashions of the Chinese hunters. I have never had the pleasure of participating in sport as they practice it, but can confirm the statements made as to the shooting arms used.

I have seen hundreds of these guns, some of the finest workmanship and elaborately inlaid with gold and silver, and with dragons and various other animals—actual and mythical—carved on them. The handles or stocks are just as were represented by the writer.

During a recent short stay in Kiu Kiang, I was told that deer, ducks, pheasants and other small game were abundant in that part of the country.

China, of course, needs to be modernized, but Japan is very different, and its inhabitants are industrious little folk. R. I. COOPER.

Killed by a Tame Buck.

THE body of Herbert Bradley was found last Saturday night in the woods on his estate near Montclair, N. J., and next day it was proved that a pet buck deer had injured him so badly that he bled to death from a wound in the thigh. Mr. Bradley was last seen alive shortly before dark on Saturday, engaged with a servant, in putting out a fire in the dead leaves on his place. From evidences found next day it appears that the buck charged him and that he tried to drive it away with a broom he was using to beat out the fire, but it wounded him so severely that he died from loss of blood after crawling a hundred yards toward his house. He was missed and the search began after he had bled to death. Next day the buck was found to be spattered with blood, and shot. The buck was one of the small herd kept as pets on the place, and it is supposed that Mr. Bradley, in fighting the fire, paid no attention to the excited buck until it made for him.

In South Florida.

HOMOSASSA, Fla., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Far down on the gulf coast of Florida, hidden away from the beaten tracks of travel, lies the village of Homosassa. The sportsman can find here just what he is looking for. If he cares not for shooting, he can find thousands of the gamest fish. To one unacquainted with the teeming life in river and gulf the stories of big catches sound like fairy tales. On the river sheepshead, drumfish, black bass, bream, shiners and sea trout are a few of the varieties found. With the incoming tide schools of fish enter the bays, creeks and river.

Bear, wildcats and panthers are plentiful. The whitetail deer are found here. The panther is hunted by torchlight by a few sportsmen, but as a rule this animal is left severely alone. The climate is particularly good. The warm waters from the gulf afford protection from sudden changes—no snow; no piercing winds.

W. L. LOWRY.

Commissioner Whipple's Lodge Burned.

HALCYON LODGE, on North Mountain, near Salamanca, N. Y., the summer home of State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner J. S. Whipple, was burned recently, together with its contents and Mr. Whipple's collection of firearms, relics and books. It is said the fire was started through the carelessness of a plumber, who was at work in the house and left a lamp burning when he went away.

Kiamika Club Hunts in Canada.

HUDSON, N. Y., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first hunt of the Kiamika Club of Quebec closed successfully on Oct. 31. This club, which was formed last summer, has under lease about one hundred square miles of forest and lakes that have been hunted and fished by the Indians only. Deer were taken to the limit of the law by the hunting party, although the ground was unfamiliar to many of the members, and the Indians employed as guides were poor hunters.

The members of the club believe they have one of the most desirable hunting and fishing tracts in Canada. But one of the numerous lakes has been fished by others than the Indians, and their reports of the quantity and size of the fish swarming in the waters would be doubted, were it not that they have received ample corroboration from observations made by the members of the "hunt" who saw the fish on the spawning beds. Lake trout to thirty pounds in weight have been brought in by the Indians, and Canadian red trout up to seven pounds.

The only drawback to the perfection of this tract is the number of wolves that roam the forest, but the club guardians will devote much of their time this winter, while building camps and opening up the preserve, to the extermination of these destroyers.

The party report numerous signs of bear; partridges were found everywhere, and ducks and geese were seen on all the waters.

The members are already looking forward to the spring fishing, and on many bodies of water next May will be cast the first artificial fly.

SIMON.

No Deer Shooting in New Jersey.

ALL doubt in relation to the New Jersey deer law has been swept away by an opinion submitted to Governor Stokes by Assistant Attorney-General Duffield in which he holds that deer are protected absolutely until June 20, 1909, and the open season will consist of the Wednesdays in the month of November of that year. Last winter the old law was amended by the legislature, and three years added to the closed season, but the construction of the law was not generally understood, hence Governor Stokes asked the attorney-general for an opinion, in order that there need be no doubt.

Hunting on Military Reservations.

THREE sportsmen, of Leavenworth, Kan., were arrested by the military authorities recently, charged with hunting on the Fort Leavenworth military reservation. They were taken before the officer of the guard, who held their guns, but released the men, he being uncertain what steps to take toward punishing them for violating the recently promulgated order issued by Secretary Taft's office, forbidding hunting on military reservations. Later on the men were held in light bonds to appear before a magistrate for trial.

November.

A COLD gray mist that bites one to the bone,
A gray goose harking southward quite alone,
The last one loth to leave the frozen north,
When, lo! from out the mist the sun peeps forth,
And all arrayed in gold the autumn stands
With golden-rod and asters in her hand.

A cold wind, wet with hints of snow,
The sluggish brook, too full of leaves to flow;
October's red has changed to sober brown,
In serried ranks the leaves have drifted down;
The dead leaves rustle to the rabbit's tread,
Where once the robin sang the Bob White calls instead.

Along the stream, round many a curve and twist,
A hunter, silhouetted through the mist;
His brown duck coat as dreary as the day,
While just ahead the bird dog trails away.
He stops and stands with one foot raised,
A gun barks thickly—'tis November days.

WM. FELTER.

Angling Contests in California.

AVALON, Catalina Island, Cal., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find lists of prizes and names of winners to whom awards were made by the Tuna Club and the Catalina Light Tackle Club, of Avalon, at the close of the present season, Oct. 1. The Tuna Club does not award prizes for tunas under 100 pounds in weight, and as the fish ran considerably under that weight, no prizes were awarded in that class. There were 530 tunas caught, running from 18 to 68 pounds.

T. S. MANNING.

Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club.

This club's tournaments, which last from May 1 to Oct. 1 each year, are given for the purposes of higher standards of sport, and to encourage the use of rods and reels in taking large game fishes. The only restrictions are that rods and reels must be used, the rods to be not less than 6 feet 9 inches in length, the tip of which must not weigh more than 16 ounces. By "tip" is meant all that portion of the rod from reel-seat to end of rod. The line must not exceed 24 threads and must be capable of sustaining a dead weight of not more than 48 pounds. Anglers are required to reel their fish in to gaff unaided, and a broken rod disqualifies the angler. Open to amateurs only. The winners and their prizes:

The largest black sea bass of the season, silver mounted rod; won by Dr. Charles H. Earle, Los Angeles; weight of fish, 372 pounds.

Largest white sea bass, tackle box; won by A. L. Beebe, Portland, Ore.; 34 pounds. Second prize, gaff, E. H. Brewster, Montana, 32 pounds.

Largest yellowtail, Eddy cup, rod, presented by William M. Hunt, Jr., the John M. Francis gold medal and a silver-mounted rod, presented by Tuna Club; won by A. A. Carraher, 59.67 pounds, corrected weight. Second prize, gaff, won by Thomas McD. Potter, Los Angeles, 58 90 pounds.

Largest albacore, silver-mounted rod, Gustave J. Frickman, New York.

Largest sheepshead, angler's pipe, Willard P. Hatch, Goldfield.

Largest bonita, Fred L. Harding silver cup, won by E. H. Brewster.

Largest rock bass, line dryer, E. N. Fenn, Cleveland, 8¼ pounds.

For largest fish taken on light tackle, silver-mounted rod, won by E. H. Brewster, of Montana, black sea bass, weighing 188¼ pounds.

William Mathews, the boatman, wins silver-mounted reel.

For largest fish taken on steel rod, steel rod, won by A. A. Carraher.

No prize was won last year for largest tuna. In 1904 Gen. A. W. Barrett won the prize with a tuna weighing 131 pounds. The largest the previous year was 94 pounds, tied by H. E. Smith and B. F. Alden. In 1902 John F. Stearns caught a 197-pound tuna; 1901, F. S. Schenck, 158 pounds; 1900, F. V. Rider, 158 pounds, and Col. C. P. Morehous, record tuna, 251 pounds; Mrs. E. N. Dickerson, 216 pounds; 1899, C. F. Holder, 183 pounds. The record black sea bass was taken last year by L. G. Murphy; its weight 436 pounds. The yellowtail taken this season by A. A. Carraher, 59.67 pounds, is the record in this class; next largest, 48 pounds, taken in 1900 by R. F. Stocking. A very creditable performance was that of E. H. Brewster, who captured a black sea bass weighing 188¼ pounds on a rod weighing less than 16 ounces, and a 9-thread line.

Concerning the non-appearance of large tuna, it is claimed those taken this year are of a different variety from those taken in other years and weighing over 100 pounds. Their markings also differ, but they are hard fighters.

Catalina Light Tackle Club.

This club was organized for the purpose of encouraging the use of light tackle for sea fishing, and only amateurs can become members after having taken a game fish weighing 20 pounds net on a wood rod not less than 6 feet long, 16 ounces in weight and a 9-thread line. For each ounce less than 16, the weight of rod, 5 per cent. will be added to the weight of catch, with a minimum limit of 9 ounces; and 20 per cent. added to actual weight of yellowtail, with 55 per cent. added for yellowtail taken on rods weighing 9 ounces or less. The prizes and their winners:

For largest "gold button" fish of season, silver loving cup, won by Arthur J. Eddy, of Chicago, 60 pounds net, corrected weight 83 pounds.

For largest albacore of season, silver loving cup, won by Gustave J. Frickman, New York, 38¾ pounds.

For largest tuna of season, first prize, silver-mounted rod, A. J. Eddy, 60 pounds. Second prize, reel, Thomas McD. Potter, 55⅛ pounds.

Largest yellowtail of season, first prize, rod, A. A. Carraher, 38½ pounds. Second prize, reel, won by Thomas McD. Potter, 38 pounds.

Largest albacore of season, first prize, rod, won by Gustave J. Frickman, New York, 38¾ pounds. Second prize, reel, won by Mrs. H. H. Cotton, Los Angeles, 37½ pounds.

For largest white sea bass, first prize, rod, won by A. J. Eddy, Chicago, 34 pounds. Second prize, rod, won by E. H. Brewster, Avalon, 32 pounds.

For largest bonita, 900 feet 9-thread line, won by E. H. Brewster, Avalon.

For largest skipjack, 900 feet 9-thread line, won by Mrs. Stella White McNeill.

Ninety-six persons won membership buttons, divided as follows: Gold, 10; silver, 26; bronze, 60. One lady honorary member won a gold button, 2 won silver and 16 won bronze buttons.

Paris International Competition.

FISHING competitions among Parisians are common enough, but an affair like the International Angling tournament, which is held annually, the last one taking place Sept. 23, attracts attention and a large crowd. Through the courtesy of the London Fishing Gazette, we are enabled to reproduce a photograph showing a few of the contestants, and the following from that paper's account of the tournament:

"I arrived in Paris at 6 o'clock A. M. on Sept. 23, and little time was wasted before we departed for the rendezvous—the Gare de Lyon—for departure by special train to Malesherbes, fifty-five miles out from Paris. The 'meet' at the station set one wondering whether it was a gala procession or an angling competition, but the tremendous array of fishing-rods and huge landing-nets dispelled all doubts. It did one's heart good to see the latter. The Parisians were evidently after the 'big 'uns,' and I had come away without my own landing-net. The tedious journey to Malesherbes was relieved by various fishing stories and reminiscences of Henley, 1905.

"We had scarcely arrived at the station when the village band struck up that inspiring air, 'The Marseillaise.' Very little time was wasted; when the band heading the procession of 500 anglers struck up the 'Village March'—I know it was that because we had the same tune until we were met by the Mayor, who was waiting to receive us in the market square. The usual formalities for the draws having been gone through, all was in readiness for the event, for which many had come long distances to compete. There was yet thirty minutes to spare, so justice was done to a good repast, lines formed up, and that dear old village band, with that same dear old tune we were getting quite used to. A ten minutes' march brought us to the river; the bridge was safely negotiated, and then to the swims. I had not far to go, for No. 387 stood staring at me. After two minutes I collected my scattered thoughts, and gazed into the 9-inch (depth) of water in front of me, which was as clear as crystal, and mechanically put my 21-footer together. Having attached my smallest quill and a Wyers Frères' No. 13 roach hook, I stood waiting for the fray. Suddenly my next neighbor exclaimed in French, "There they are!" and pointing to the 9 inches of water in front of me I could just discern about a dozen fry that would have shamed Harry Tate's 'big 'un.' Suddenly a report of firearms was heard. Was some one shooting sparrows? No; the exponents of the gentle art were all ready to business. One, two, three minutes had passed, when suddenly a voice rang out the fateful sound, 'Commissaire!' I wondered what it was all about, but No. 382 had scored! A beautiful fish, no larger than the hook I was going to fish with—no wonder, as the float consisted of a match and the smallest hook I had ever seen. I hastily packed up, but that fateful sound, 'Commissaire!' still rang out all around me. The slaughter had commenced!"

The Asbury Park Contest.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The curtain rang down, Wednesday night, Oct. 31, at 12 P. M., so far as the Asbury Park Fishing Club was concerned, on about as unsatisfactory a season as has ever been recorded. Last evening the Prize Committee met and awarded the various prizes, which each year are offered, both by the club and private individuals.

For the largest striped bass the club's first prize this year was a $35 Julius Vom Hofe reel; John F. Seger prize, agate-mounted surf rod, $22; M. S. Stratton prize, bronze loving cup, all of which were awarded to James M. Gentle, of New York for his capture of a striped bass of 41½ pounds.

Second prize, A. J. Detsch, 13½-pound bass, agate-mounted, greenheart rod.

Third prize, Hoffman Allen, Baltimore, greatest number of pounds of bass (5.914 pounds), Seger agate-mounted, greenheart rod.

Fourth prize, third largest bass, Dr. J. F. Marshall, Brooklyn, tackle book and complete set of tackle, 13 pounds.

Fifth prize, fourth largest bass, Albert J. Roe, 600 feet special bass line, 8½ pounds.

Sixth prize, largest weakfish, M. M. Crosbie, Asbury Park, rod belt.

Seventh prize, largest kingfish, Lou Johnson, Brooklyn, fish basket.

There was also a special prize—pair of rubber wading boots—offered by J. Roe for greatest number of bass taken, irrespective of size. This prize seemed to arouse the cupidity of many members of the club, but between A. J. Detsch and Hoffman Allen the rivalry grew so keen as to arouse the suspicion that neither man was able financially to buy his own boots, and Mrs. Allen avers that many a night during the bass season her spouse's side of the bed has not been mussed up at all. As a bulletin is kept at Seger's tackle store of all fish caught, the chalking of a catch to one was the signal for a nervous chill to the other, and a consequent purchase of a fresh supply of bait and an ex-

tended excursion up the beach by the gentleman affected was in order, until matters were evened up. As a result each man has twelve bass to his credit, and neither is happier, so far as boots are concerned, than if they had caught none.

The suggestion by some one, that in case of an interminable draw they should be given to either the laziest man or the biggest liar in the club, was frowned down, as neither man felt like giving Jim Edge the boots without a contest of some sort, and so the matter rests.

"Uncle Bill" Brummaker, the veteran of many, many years, is disconsolate. Not a bass to his credit. Year after year has he carried off the prizes, while this season nothing bigger or much better than skates or sand sharks have dallied with his choicest baits. The continued easterly weather during the greater part of September and October kept the surf in such a turbulent condition that it was impossible to do much of the offshore fishing for the large weakfish and bonito, which has grown so popular of late years.

This class of fishing, however, does not admit of competition for any of the club prizes, as all fish under the rules must be taken either from the beach direct or from some structure such as a pier connected with the beach, and must be landed by the man hooking the fish, although he may have assistance in beaching, provided he at all times retains the rod.

The FOREST AND STREAM will have an item in the near future of the club's outing to Barnegat in quest of the channel bass and some of their doings while there.

LEONARD HULIT.

New York Anglers' Club.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On behalf of the Anglers' Club I wish to refute the inference, which the casual reader might draw from reading the article by P. J. N. in your issue of Nov. 3, that the sole aim and object of the Anglers' Club is to hold public tournaments. The constitution of the Anglers' Club, Article II., states:

"The particular objects for which this corporation is formed are the following: To acquire by lease or purchase a club house or house, with grounds and waters thereon, adjacent thereto or convenient for use in connection therewith, as a resort for fishing or shooting; to promote social intercourse among its members; to cultivate and practice the art of scientific angling; to encourage contests of skill in fly- and bait-casting; and the protection and propagation of fish and game."

The holding of the tournaments is only one, and certainly not the most important, of the five objects for which we organized. When in the month of September, 1906, it was decided to hold our first public tournament, on the 12th and 13th of October, we realized that our time for preparation was very short, and it was only by dint of earnest, untiring work that the arrangements were hurried through in time. That the said tournament was a success there is no question, and we have no apologies to make for having provided open classes in which the acknowledged experts of the sport could and did compete. The event of the tournament was unquestionably the making of a new world's record of 148 feet 6 inches by John Enright, the holder of the former record for fly-casting with a salmon rod; and no one who saw the ease with which the heavy salmon rod was handled and the perfect control of the long line, will soon forget it. It was a revelation to even the experts.

In all "open tournaments" for fly- and bait-casting the rule has always been to so arrange the contests that the amateur should be able to choose one or more contests, in which he would not be compelled to compete with the experts, and for that reason in two of the six events of our tournament the experts were excluded from participating by the conditions imposed. In these two contests, though they were open to the public, in one case only five and in the other case only four members of the Angler's Club took part. Not a single outsider came forward as a contestant. Here was certainly a chance for "gentlemen who practice and make a study of the art at their leisure." Why did they not avail themselves of it? In the similar contests "open to all" in which the experts took part the entries numbered respectively 10 and 9. This certainly did not show any marked disinclination to meet the experts in competition, and while Reuben C. Leonard carried off the first prize in each case, in the bait-casting amateurs took the second and third prizes, and the third prize in the trout fly contest.

The salmon fly contest was intended for experts, and three of the four contestants were so-called "professionals." But no contest in the tournament excited more interest or was watched with closer attention.

The wishes of the public must always be considered when an exhibition of any sport open to all is arranged, and what the public desires above all else is to see what can be done by the acknowledged masters of the sport. A hundred persons will go to see an expert cast the

GEN. SHATTUC AND HIS TARPON.

fly in competition, though he were a maker of rods or a dealer in fishing tackle, where not a dozen would go to see the less expert efforts of amateurs.

Mr. Leonard has been winning the first prizes in fly-casting in tournaments for certainly the last twenty years, and we hope will continue to do so, unless we can discover some one who can wrest the honors from him, and the terrible possibility that certain "concerns" "will enter these competitions, or hire others to do so, in order to receive the free advertising, etc.," strikes one as a desirable, but most improbable result. Are casting champions to be hired for tournaments? The idea is certainly original, and I am afraid the "free advertising" would prove somewhat expensive to any conservative "concern."

The Anglers' Club believes in having the experts take part in its public tournaments. The average amateur will not compete in such a tournament, for other reasons than a disinclination to meet the experts—the cold fact that a measured line will show exactly the limit to which he can cast, is, I think, as a rule, the deciding cause.

Our club contests are not open to any but amateurs, and the friendly competitions which they foster are an important feature of our club life.

If "P. J. N." is fond of competition in either fly- or bait-casting and is eligible as an amateur to join as an active member, we would be glad to have him among us and by his vote and influence be able to aid us in making our club contests the success they should be.

ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* P. J. N.'s remarks would lead the uninformed to believe that several clubs similar to the Anglers' Club of New York had "long ago failed and been forgotten." As a matter of fact, the only club of this sort which approached organization since the late '80s, in this city, was one partially formed about two years ago, but not pushed. In 1889 the National Rod and Reel Association held its last tournament; so, at least, its secretary informs me.

Take P. J. N.'s "free advertising" plaint: If this club could exclude all professionals, and decide to even bar them from watching contests, still there would be free advertising for the manufacturers of the rods and reels and lines used. Who could prevent Smith, the rodmaker, from saying to prospective purchasers, "Jones, who won such-and-such a contest, used one of my rods?" And Brown, the reelmaker, would be equally free to boast that his reel was used by the winner. This is a free country—and people who manufacture our rods, reels, baits, etc., stamp them with steel dies that cut so deeply the brands cannot be removed. We have got to advertise the manufacturers or dealers, whether we like to or not, for we could not remove the brands if we tried.

The Anglers' Club is not worried lest tackle dealers "discourage new people joining the club," for its membership rolls contain the names of over fifty anglers of high standing in this community, and applications are coming in steadily until it would seem that a limit must be placed on its membership. Contrary to P. J. N.'s belief, the friendly tackle men have helped the club grow, while their own sales have increased. We have got to have manufacturers and dealers, and it must be admitted that among them are some of our truest and best sportsmen; incidentally, some of them worked long and hard without any hope of remuneration to make the club's tournament a success.

If P. J. N. had taken advantage of the standing invitation to anglers to attend any of the club contests, and practice with its members, he might now have a better opinion of it and them.

Some casting tournaments have been open to all throughout. Ours was not, and the salmon event was intended solely to bring three experts together. Had it been open to amateurs only, it could not now be said that the salmon fly-casting record was made on Harlem Mere in 1906.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

THE half-ounce bait-casting contest for four trophies, held by this club on the Pool, Central Park, and on the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, semi-weekly since Oct. 25, was finished Nov. 8 Charles Stepath won the silver trophy and R. J. Held the second prize for the best single cast made on each of three days, and these members won first and second places in the average for all casting.

Because they were prevented by business engagements from attending, several competitors withdrew from the contest, leaving Mr. Stepath alone on the last day. Messrs. Todd and Frazer judged, and C. G. Levison refereed this final cast, and Mr. Stepath scored as follows, his last two casts being shortened by backlashes:

						Average.
Charles Stepath...	160	157	162½	52	76	121 5-10

The scores counting for the silver trophy and second prize, and those of the other contestants follow, the longest cast of each competitor on each club day to count:

	Oct. 18	Oct. 25	Oct. 27	Nov. 1	Nov. 8
Charles Stepath		176	...	171	162½
R. J. Held	161	175	...	162½	...
Milton. H. Smith	165	163	...	164	...
G. M. L. LaBranche	162	154	147	...	...
Perry D. Frazer	139	155	151	...	...

Messrs. Lawrence and Kirk did not finish.

The average for the fifteen casts made by each competitor, five each day of the three allowed him, follow, the first two winning cups:

Charles Stepath	146 9-30
R. J. Held	138 1-15
G. M. L. LaBranche	128 14-15

Perry D. Frazer						128 17-30
Milton H. Smith						126 14-15

Still another contest is being arranged, to be cast off at one or two meetings to be held during the present month, but the details have not as yet been decided on. It will probably be an accuracy contest at 60, 80 and 100 feet.

In practice the following scores were made with half-ounce weights, distance only:

P. D. Frazer	160	144	30	147	172	130 3-5
M. H. Smith	146	135	131	92	133	127 1-5
C. G. Levison	125½	125½	120	133	127	126 1-5
Charles Stepath	156	158	35	40	147	107 1-5

G. M. L. La Branche and Mr. Levison were using borrowed rods. The former cast 160 feet. Edward F. Todd, a novice at the overhead casting, made some nice side casts in a practice event limited to that style of casting, but the scores were not kept.

Snelled Hooks in a Trout's Stomach.

UNCASVILLE, Conn., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With great pleasure I read the communication of E. A. Samuels in the number of Oct. 13. I have enjoyed reading his "Fish Chats" in many back numbers. I have been an almost continuous subscriber to your paper from the commencement and have all the numbers laid away with possibly one or two missing. I am more interested in fishing than in hunting and shooting, but in my younger days I enjoyed many days with the birds afield and a good dog—partridge, quail and woodcock, the latter my favorite bird.

I noticed recently that some one reported odd catches on back casts in fishing. I once hooked a swallow and also several bats.

In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. A. E. Schafer reported taking and opening a trout that had a cod hook and double mackerel cord inside of it. Sometimes fish are quite ravenous and will swallow almost anything they can get hold of that promises to appease hunger. Two or three years ago at Upper Dam Pool, in the Rangeleys, I took with a fly a three-quarter pound trout that had three No. 4 bait hooks in its stomach, each of the double twisted snoods, four or five inches long, sticking out of its mouth. You may say this is a whopper, but I can produce several reliable witnesses to the fact. The fish took the fly as greedily as if his stomach had been empty.

Success be with you. A little more fishing matter than you have in some numbers would please me. R. N. PARISH.

Six Tarpon in Four Hours.

To take six good sized tarpon in four hours, with rod and reel, is an achievement involving not only good luck and skill, but a generous reserve of staying power. Such a feat stands to the credit of Hon. W. B. Shattuc, of Cincinnati. The catch was made at Indian Key, Fla., on April 16, 1906. The six fish weighed respectively 120, 100, 90, 75, 80 and 85 pounds. Our illustration shows the fish and their captor. To a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, Gen. Shattuc writes of the experience and enticingly of his winter programme: "I beat the world's record and do not want to do it again either. Too hard work. I have a nice yacht at Miami—the Buckeye. I live on her a part of the season when the Royal Palm Hotel is closed. We go to Miami after Election and stay until June. My yacht stood the storm they had there recently. Come down and go out on fishing grounds with me and enjoy life. Go out every day, but Sunday. I am too old to go after birds, but I have a world of fun on the water."

The New York Sportsmen's Show.

DETAILS have not as yet been arranged, but it is quite certain there will be fly- and bait-casting contests in Madison Square Garden during the Sportsman's Show, next March, and that the programme will be an attractive one, with at least two contests each day. Enthusiastic anglers are on the committee, and they will endeavor to please both the fly- and the bait-casters by arranging plenty of events of each sort. It is understood that the casting will be held on a large pool that will occupy much of the center space on the main floor, giving the contestants free swing to cast as far as they can. It may be that half-ounce weights can be used instead of the old-time soft rubber frogs, giving the contestants better opportunities to show just what they can do, but this is yet to be determined. In case of the breaking of a line, the rubber frog would not injure any person it might happen to strike, whereas the wooden weights with lead tips might inflict a painful injury, although the chances of an accident of this nature occurring are remote, for the reason that a weight broken from a line during a cast nearly always goes high in the air, and falls in line with the intended cast, seldom going further forward than 100 feet.

Not a "Mackerel Trout."

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have before me copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13, and in looking over the article about which I wrote you on Oct. 2, I note an error which it might be well to call attention to in your next issue. Instead of saying a 3-pound mackerel trout, I intended to say speckled trout. A. E. SCHAFER.

THE striped bass fishing has been fair in the Shrewsbury river, New Jersey, all through the autumn, and catches have been made every day. A number of nice fish have been taken from the bridge at the Highlands and from boats at various places near and above Seabright. In the Raritan river the bass are still being taken now and then.

INTERNATIONAL ANGLING COMPETITION AT MALESHERBES, NEAR PARIS, SEPT. 23, 1906.
(This photograph shows one of the prettiest parts of the river.)

A LITTLE OF PROGRESSION.

In those offiees about town which devote a major part of their energies to the business side of yachting, there are an unusual number of designs that have passed beyond the creative stage and are now in the builders' hands. Still more gratifying is the faet that on many of them actual eonstruction is progressing.

The preponderanee of engine propelled boats—steam or explosive motor—indicates the favor with which traveling to or from the eity by water is looked upon. The boats are a type that is new, or rather—as in many things of this world—a new development. The vessels are built of steel or wood and in many cases are fast and withal good sea boats for all but extraordinary weather, whieh does not often oeeur during our season. In a gale boats of twice their size would be most uncomfortable.

Of a summer afternoon at some of the yaeht landings the scene presents, but in a different setting, the eharacteristics of the end of a performance at the theater where the street is jammed with fast-going automobiles. At evening, this fleet of fast tenders, after eaeh dowsing an absenee pennant, darts away with a rush and hurry, seeming in great haste to reach their anchorage in some eove or bay up sound or river, away from the dust, heat, worry and noise of the city.

These, however, are not all the craft that are holding the offiees and yards busy—for there are many lesser boats and greater. The less pretentious launeh, for cruising, holds its own, and rapidly increases in numbers, a true criterion of the popularity of these boats for reereation.

Then there are some large schooners, auxiliaries and otherwise, which are being built for cruising, but the racers are shrouded in the usual mystery. It would seem that the practice of this mystery might well be discontinued; for, as sensations go, one cannot be made of a yacht.

The daily papers are assuring us that Sir Thomas Lipton will ehallenge, and that the race for the Blue Ribbon of the sea will be run in 1908. More than that, we are further assured that nothing would be interposed to obstruct the consummation of the match. We pride ourselves on somewhat of perspicaeity, as some of our writings bear witness.

There is reason for nothing exeept feelings of gratification at the outlook developed during this autumn—the worst time of the year from a yaehting point of view.

Our friend Winfield Tompson, of the Boston Globe, speaking of our bit of poetry last week, gives the eircumstances of its aquisition:

Holman F. Day, Maine's "homespun poet," wrote the following on a friend's menu card at the Lipton dinner in Boston, and it appears this week in a New York yaehting periodieal.

It is reported that the auxiliary ship Valhalla, which took part in the Kaiser's oeean race from New York to the Needles, will soon arrive here as she has been purehased by an Amerieau. Valhalla has been owned by Mr. Laycock, and till reeently by the Earl of Crawford.

Boston Letter.

It is stated that the terms for the next German-American raee have been arranged, save for the selection of the dates, and that the rules and elasses will be the same as in the recent contest at Marblehead. This is at variance with earlier information, and it is to be hoped that an official statement will be made at an early date, so that our yaehtsmen may place their orders in season for an early delivery of their boats.

The Kaiserlicher Y. C. is anxious to have the mateh oecur during Kiel week, the annual flood tide of German yachting. But as Kiel week falls in June, it is clearly impossible for our representatives to be ready at sueh an early date. Our boats should have at least three weeks in Kiel waters for a thorough tuning up. Two weeks must be allowed for the transportation of our boats to Germany. Prior to this the Eastern Y. C. would need two weeks for its trial races, and these could not well be held within a month after the boats are launched. So that eleven weeks should elapse between the beginning of our season and the time of the races for the Kaiser's cup.

Our season does not begin, in the sense that the great bulk of our boats are participating in the raeing, until about June 17, although the opening regatta is always held by the South Boston Y. C. on Memorial Day, the 30th of May. While the weather conditions in May are generally excellent, business and professional cares make it almost impossible for our yaehting men to devote the time necessary to a thorough tuning up, so early in the season. In any even the race cannot be held before July 21, and should not be seheduled for an earlier date than Aug. 15, if our representatives are to have an opportunity for careful preparation.

Assuming that the statement that the contest will again be waged with sonder elass boats is authoritative, the decision is an unhappy one for the prosperity of Massaehusetts Bay. If class Q could have been designated, we might safely have eounted on ten new boats for that class in loeal waters which would have provided eight good boats, ineluding the Orestes, to continue in hotly fought competition after the best three had been sent to Kiel. And this would have been a great move in the direction toward which the Massaehusetts Bay clubs have set their faces.

Continuing the struggle with sonder boats can have no permanent benefit for our sport. The class has no plaee in our present movement to better conditions by upbuilding a wholesome type; it has no future in our waters. Like some rare exotie, such as the orchid, it can be nurtured here, but only under glass, in expensive hothouses and by means of the most delicate attention. We ean never make the slightest alteration in the rules and restrictions governing it, much as such alterations might be needed to make the boats eomply with local conditions, for the boats would no longer be in accordance with the German rule over which we have not the slightest control.

Doubtless our yachtsmen will build new boats to the rule and equally without doubt our clubs will provide races for them throughout the season, and it is quite conceivable that the Y. R. A. would adopt the elass in toto; but, whatever is done, the elass is not, nor ean it be, indigenous to our soil; it is, and ever will be, antagonistie to the principles which must prevail if our raeing fleets are to progress along conservative lines in the production of wholesome, seaworthy, saleable boats with the speed that our talented designers ean surely weld to those qualities.

And so we see that our best, our most representative men, while honestly engaged in an attempt to nurture the spot, to encourage its growth by providing new ineentives for our skill, our capacity for improvement and our love of friendly rivalry upon the sea, because their task involves an international match are, in effeet, exerting a baleful influence upon our local interests. The international feature is the worm in the fruit. If we are to be fair, to be honest, with our antagonists we must equal them in generosity, we must yield something of our personal wishes, our local aspirations; for the good of all we must waive the good of a few. But the moment that we do so our own personal, local interests suffer.

"Local interests are ever selfish, and the Prophet of Selfishness hath no abiding future; but he that negleeteth his own fields to gather the grain of his neighbor, shall return to find his crops laid waste."

William Lambert Barnard.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

The fourteenth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architeets and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, at 10 A. M., Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22 and 23, 1906. Through the eourtesy of the President and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's, 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 23, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. The eustomary arrangements as to tickets, will be observed.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership, can seeure blank forms of applieation by addressing the secretary; the applieations should be returned to the seeretary on or before Nov. 20.

The Council will meet at No. 12 West Thirty-first street, New York, on Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 3 P. M.

By the direction of the executive committee,
Wm. J. Baxter, Sec'y-Treas.

LIST OF PAPERS TO BE READ.

THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1906.

1. "A Fireproof Ferryboat."—By F. L. DuBosque, Member.
2. "Construction of a Fireproof Excursion Steamer."—By William Gatewood, Member.
3. "Speed and Power Performance of Albany Day Line Steamer New York."—By Professor J. E. Denton, Member of Council.
4. "Personal Impressions of Model Towing Station Abroad."—By Professor C. H. Peabody, Member of Council.
5. "The Experimental Tank of the University of Michigan."—By Professor H. C. Sadler, Member.
6. "Model Basin Gleanings."—By Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor, U. S. N, Vice-President.
7. "Comparison of the Durand and Curtis & Hewins Papers on Propeller Experiments of 1905."—By Col. E. A. Stevens, Vice-President.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1906.

8. "A Modern Fleet."—By Capt. E. B. Barry, U.S.N., Associate.
9. "Recent Developments in Armor and Armament."—By John F. Meigs, Associate.
10. "The Development of War Ship Design."—By Naval Constructor R. H. Robinson, U.S.N., Member.
11. "Development of Submarines."—By Lawrence Y. Spear, Member
12. "The Effect of the Universal Rule on Yacht Design." By Martin C. Erismann, Jr.
13. "The Gasoline Engine."—By Arthur T. Chester, Associate.
14. "Two Timber Dry Docks and their Pumping Plant."—By F. P. Palen and G. L. Smith, Members.
15. "A New Sea Anchor for Coaling at Sea."—By Spencer Miller, Member.

Mr. James F. Duncan has been named by the Hampton Roads Y. C. as its representative on the Jamestown Exposition yaeht raeing committee.

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YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

AT the works of the Connecticut Construction Co., of New Haven, a light draft auxiliary schooner is being finished. This yacht, named Shielah, is to the order of Mrs. James Riley, of New York and Miami. The boat is built of wood; length, 71ft.; waterline, 56ft. 6in.; breadth, 17ft. 6in., and draft 3ft. 6in. A four cylinder Clifton engine is placed aft for auxiliary purposes. Shielah will be used about the Florida coast when completed on Dec. 15.

ON Nov. 3 was launched the first of four armed launches for the use of the Dominican government in South America. These boats are being built by Mr. Lewis Nixon, at Tottenville, Staten Island; they are of steel, 75ft. long, 10ft. breadth, and a draft of 3ft. 6in.; they are fitted with Standard motors, and the speed is expected to be 20 knots. The boats are of the same type as those supplied by Mr. Nixon to the Russian government some years ago.

AT the yard of Mr. Robert Jacob, of City Island, there was launched last week the auxiliary twin screw yawl designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo. Huntress, as the boat was named, was recently illustrated and described in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. Huntress as soon as completed will proceed to Florida waters for the winter.

A SUIT wherein Charles Herreshoff, a younger member of the famous family of yacht designers of that name, is plaintiff, and Charles H. Davis, a contractor of 30 Broad street, is defendant, was begun recently before Judge Holt and a jury in the United States Circuit Court to recover $2,500 alleged to be due for the designing of a power launch 50ft. in length by Mr. Herreshoff for Mr. Davis. Davis declined to accept the boat, claiming its engines were imperfect and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Herreshoff contended that he had merely to design the launch, that its engines were built by one of the leading launch engine companies, and that if the craft's engines were not satisfactory, it was not his fault, and that he is entitled to his fee of $2,500.—New York Times.

GEORGE HARTMAN, owner of the gasolene motor boat Rapid, was fined $100 at Baltimore recently for carrying passengers for hire without having a licensed operator for the boat. Capt. Norman Merry, of the schooner Ada F. Brown, at the same port, was also fined $100 for not having a licensed chief mate on his vessel, which is over 700 tons gross, and the mate was also fined $100 for acting without a license.—American Shipbuilder.

It looks as if there was something more than legislation doing in the above direction.

THE American Y. C., of Milton Point, on the sound, it is reported, will have a Q class for next season's racing.

THE four-masted schooner William G. Nottingham, loaded with masts, spars, derrick, timber and lumber, consigned to the Boston Oregon Mast Co., and the Pigeon Hollow Spar Co., is now due to arrive at Boston, having sailed from Port Townsend, Washington, on June 30. The William G. Nottingham is the first fore and aft vessel to load lumber for an eastern port, and it will be very interesting to compare the sailing time of the Nottingham with two square-rigged vessels that sailed from the coast loaded with lumber for New York thirty days before she sailed. The Nottingham carries a tremendous deck load, being piled up 13ft. above the deck. The old salts at Port Townsend shook their heads and said she would never reach Boston with such a deck load. Capt. Austin Keigan did not seem to think there would be any trouble in reaching Boston. People who know him hold him in great respect.

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This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Yachts in Winter Quaters.

LAID up for the winter at the Marine Basin Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., are the following yachts:

Steam Yachts—Nada, F. Thompson; Embla, J. T. Williams; Duquesne, Colonel J. G. Butler; Gleam, H. H. Melville; Sultana, E. H. Harriman; Telka, T. D. Day, Jr.; Tusearora, Walter Jennings, and Wadena, J. H. Wade.

Schooners—Lasca, R. P. Doremus; Rusalka, Bird S. Coler; Marlean, W. J. Morse; Grampus, L. D. Armstrong; Fenella, J. G. Meeham; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Endymion, George Lauder, Jr.; Alsacienne, W. I. Van Brunt; Andromeda, C. N. Nason, and Azara, Chester W. Chapin.

Yawls—Arelar, C. E. Eagle; Aeolus, E. McLean; Alcatorda, F. H. Davies estate; Esperanee, T. A. Hamilton; Gulnare, L. V. Atkinson; Lotowana, E. E. Malcolm; Onawa, C. E. Eagle; Natka, John C. Tatum; Marjory, Fred Tueker; Margaret, William M. Greve; Sakanna, Haviland Brothers; We're Here, Tracy Gray, and Tigress, George Schmidt.

Sloops—Winona, Turkle, D. A. Mount; Spoonbill, W. W. Redfern; Sue, E. F. Luekenbach; Soya, W. A. Barstow, Spots, E. Roberts; Squaw, B. F. Valentine; Surprise, John Dickson; Peri, John Lewis; Portia, William Daniels; Phantom, G. E. Loeble; Olivia, C. T. Robertson; Ondawa, Colonel D. E. Austin; Nemo, W. C. Bolton; Nepenthe, H. F. Hewlett; Nahmos, R. M. Smith; Marjory, Mr. Whitehead; Marie, Louis Theyson; Mariquita, W. M. Crouse; May, W. R. Sainsbury; Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton; Lakshmi, W. McIntosh; Lizana, D. C. Wylie; Lillian, P. Bateson; Knowmae, W. McTighe.

Jig Step, F. J. Havens; Ilikato, E. H. Converse; Impatienee, Murtha & Olsen; Hildegard, W. W. Butcher; Guide, W. M. Campbell; Graeie, J. K. Erskine; Fire Fly, M. B. Pendas; Elodlon, C. E. Chapin; E. T. Bedford, Bird S. Coler; Devil, F. J. Havens; Divine, C. C. Halgreen; Crescent, J. B. O'Donohue; Choctaw, Robert Hinke; Cygnet, William Young; Chieokee, W. J. O'Neil; Careless, R. W. Rummel; Bob Tail, E. F. Luckenbach; Anona, D. Pendas; Aglaia, P. Bently, and Athlon, J. D. Probst.

Gasolene Boats—Bob, Louis Wunder; Adria, Howard Maxwell; Adelaide, Daniel Winant; Andrea, Joseph Flashner; Elnaire, Charles J. Seepel; Elsie, John Lanyon; Marietta III, C. M. Rosenthal; Puffin, William Whitman; Pioneer, Oscar Miller; Graee, Robert Hinke; Idler, R. H. Laimbeer; Winning, C. J. Purdy; Kiwi, Maurice Coster; Sunshine, G. W. Van Vredenburg; Jean and Sadie B., W. A. Bardell.

Morse Dry Dock & Repair Company:

Steam Yaehts—Ituna, Mr. Frederiek H. Stevens; Diana, Mr. C. Ledyard Blair; Alvina, Mr. Alex. S. Coehran; Rambler, Mr. Pliny Fisk; Nourmahal, Mr. John J. Astor; Onondaga, Mr. S. M. Roosevelt; Wakavia, Mr. L. V. Harkness; Revolution (turbine), International Turbine Company; Loando, Mr. F. L. Moulton; Nushka, Mr. Joseph H. Hoadley; Nautilus, Mr. G. B. Linderman; Cayuga, Mr. Thomas W. Sloeum; Nydia, Mr. F. J. Lisman; Ben Hur (launch), Mr. W. P. Taylor.

Auxiliary Yaehts—Vergemere, Mr. A. C. Bostwick; Intrepid, Mr. Lloyd Phœnix; Enehantress, Mr. N. L. McCready; Idler, Mr. Henry T. Sloane, and Satanella, Mr. M. J. Lawrence.

In winter quarters at the Smith Yacht Works, Essex, Conn., are the following boats:

Steam Yachts—Cigarette, Mr. William H. Ames, of Boston; Katrina, Mr. L. F. Heublein, of Hartford; Agnes, Mr. Thomas B. Enders; Genevieve, Mr. Leonard D. Fish, of Hartford; and Madeleine, Mr. H. B. Hale, of Florida.

Sail Yachts—Saunterer, Mr. Thomas H. Smith; Tekama, Mr. George I. Vail; Isadore, Mr. L. M. Stiles; Tyro, Mr. George F. Barden; Lobster, Mr. L. Daniel Fish, Petrel III., Mr. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr.; Caprice, Mr. Ely; Blue Streak, Mr. Charles A. Goodwin, Kitty T., Mr. C. M. Brooks; Barnacle, Mr. James L. Goodwin; and Golden Rod, Mr. F. S. Belden.

Motor Boats—Meteor, Mr. Charles B. Wood; Wave Crest, Mr. William H. Watrous; Elaine, Mr. Charles E. Pease; Esperanza, Mr. William M. Smith; Holley, Mr. F. F. Williams; Neenah, Mr. Allen Talcott; Jennie, Mr. L. L. Wooster; Cigarette II., Mr. William H. Ames, of Boston; Hard Luek, Mr. Louis F. Heublein; J. O. S., Mr. T. Hiram Spokes; Sea Bass, Mr. Charles Watrous; Hunky Dory, Mr. W. F. Harrison; and Comfort, Mr. A. P. Smith.

IROLITA, COMMODORE CLARK, PHILADELPHIA CORINTHIAN Y. C.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., Bristol, R. I., 1906.
Phoho by James Burton.

Sales by Mr. Henry J. Gielow.

MR. HENRY J. GIELOW reports the sale of the schooner yaeht Carlotta, for Mr. Charles M. Hall, to Mr. J. G. Bauman, of New York. Carlotta is a flush deck yaeht 81ft. over all, 16ft. 4in. beam, and 10ft. draft. She was built to go around the world. On the trip from New York to Rio Janeiro, about 6,000 miles, she covered the distance in 39 days.

The steam yaeht Kittewan has been sold for Mr. N. Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Garrett B. Linderman, of South Bethlehem, Pa. Mr. Linderman has changed the yacht's name to Nautilus, the name of his previous steam yaeht. He has made a number of eruises on her this summer, and he has also used her on his frequent trips from New London to his summer home on Fishers island.

The steam yaeht Priscilla was sold through the same ageney to Gen. Francis E. Waters, of Baltimore. Priscilla's anehorage during the summer was at Castine, Maine, but she has since returned to Baltimore, where she will remain in eommission until late in the season, as her owner will eruise on Chesapeake Bay.

The famous Burgess 40-footer Gossoon, which has been rigged as a yawl for several years, has been sold by Mr. Gielow to Mr. Charles M. Hall. She is now laid up for the winter in South Brooklyn.

Another sale reported by this offiee is that of the 55ft. light draft auxiliary yawl Alcatorda for the estate of Franeis H. Davis to a well known yachtsman of this eity. Alcatorda was built in 1901 and is equipped with a 10 horsepower gasolene engine.

Yacht Sales.

THE raeeabout Mavis has been sold by Mr. J. T. Pirie to Mr. Chas. Lane Poor, N. Y. Y. C., through the ageney of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. She will be used for raeing next season at Shelter Island.

The same office has also sold the hunting launeh Adria for Mr. A. C. Fiske, Columbia, N. C., to Mr. Geo. M. Van Doorn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Seaman also reports the sale of the houseboat Lagonda for J. J. Hoppes, Springfield, O., to C. D. Peruehi, Knoxville, Tenn. The Lagonda is a steel craft 75ft. over all, 16ft. beam, 3ft. draft; built 1903. She is a very substantial boat, fitted with two Wolverine engines, giving a speed of 10 miles an hour.

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or at long range, U. M. C. Big Game Cartridges give full satisfaction. They will knock down a charging bear and keep him down. They will carry across the lake to the distant buck. The curve of the bullet's flight is true to the sight's elevation because the powder charge is uniform, the diameter of the bullet exact and the cartridge is practically perfect. The new .35 Remington Autoloading Rifle Cartridge is now ready, with 2,000 feet velocity and 200 grain bullet—a wonderful cartridge and gun.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Nov. 24.—Vicksburg (Miss.) G. C. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Columbus (O.) G. C. turkey shoot. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—North Side Rod and Gun Club shoot.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park G. C. tournament.
Nov. 29.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. sixth annual Thanksgiving Day shoot; added money. G. B. Hubbell, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Fairmont (W. Va.) G. C. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Cleveland (O.) G. C. F. H. Wallace, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible G. C.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. Lloyd R. Lewis, Mgr.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
S. Omaha.—Nebraska State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Secretary Jas. W. Bell writes us that "The thirtieth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association will be held in St. Louis, under the auspices of the St. Louis Trapshooters' Association, May 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1907."

The programme of the Ossining, N. Y., Thanksgiving Day shoot will be ready for distribution on Nov. 14. The championship of Westchester county will be a feature of the last six programme events. Full particulars can be obtained of the energetic manager, C. G. Blandford.

From the Baltimore Sun we take the following recountal of an accident grievously sad: "Wilmington, Del., Nov. 8.—Word reached here to-day that H. Lyn Worthington, aged thirty-five years, a noted professional marksman of Rising Sun, Md., and one of the best in that state, was perhaps fatally shot yesterday while gunning for ducks on the Susquehanna flats. While in the act of picking up his gun it was accidentally discharged, the load entering his abdomen. He was taken ashore and hurriedly removed to his home, where a physician attended him. Mr. Worthington is well known here, having taken part in many shooting matches on the grounds of local clubs. He was a member of the Baltimore team that competed with Wilmington and Philadelphia teams for the intercity marksmanship championship in the three cities last January and February."

The second annual championship contest of the New York Athletic Club is open to all amateurs, entrance price of targets. Mr. J. Dickerson has presented a beautiful sterling silver vase, to be first prize in this event. The club will donate a trophy for second and third, and one also for professional contestants. Full particulars can be obtained of the manager, Gus E. Greiff, 302 Broadway, New York.

Ten 15-target events constitute the programme of the all-day tournament to be held by the Christiana-Atglen Gun Club, at Atglen, Pa., Dec. 6. Events 4 to 8 inclusive are also a special event; that is, for the individual ownership of the cup won by the Chester county team in the Tri-County League shoots. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. Mr. Wm. R. Fieles is the Secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Kansas State Sportmen's Association.

ATCHISON, Kans., Nov. 7.—That the seventh 1906 tournament of the Kansas State Sportsman's Association of Atchison, Kans., Nov. 4 and 5, would be an unqualified success, was assured the moment Louis Erhardt consented to manage it, and Fred C. Whitney to cashier it. As manager, Mr. Erhardt has no superior, and the way Mr. Whitney handles this modern combination, "Jack Rabbit-Rose system" is no trouble to himself or any one else. The trade was represented by Messrs. Erhardt, O'Brien, Plank, Vietmeyer, Gottlieb (our own Chris), Dr. Spencer, Whitney, Adams and Sharpe.

The only regret of the tournament is that the conditions for high averages were very unfavorable. The lowering clouds, the first day, made the targets, at times, almost invisible, as they were thrown against a dark wall of trees. The second day, though bright, brought us one of those fitful, gusty Kansas days, which made the targets duck and bound, and any eye witness can testify that under the circumstances the scores are phenomenal.

The attendance was good, fifty-four entries the first day. The last two events were postponed on account of darkness. The second day the attendance was also good, the events not being completed until the late afternoon. All agree it was one of the most enjoyable tournaments ever held in Kansas. The scores follow:

Nov. 4, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Brk.
C G Spencer	15	15	20	14	14	14	15	20	13	15	160	155
Ed O'Brien	14	15	18	15	15	14	12	17	14	12	160	146
Ford	14	14	19	13	14	13	14	18	14	13	160	145
Chas Plank	14	11	19	13	14	14	15	17	13	13	160	143
Maxwell	13	14	19	12	14	14	14	18	13	12	160	143
Rankin	14	12	19	12	15	13	15	17	13	12	160	142
C Gottlieb	12	13	16	14	13	15	13	18	14	13	160	141
P Adams	13	13	17	12	14	13	14	17	14	13	160	140
Mackie	13	12	19	11	12	14	15	15	15	12	160	138
T Highfill	13	13	13	12	12	12	8	14	13	11	160	121
W H Lewis	13	8	12	8	12	10	13	17	11	13	160	117
H T Reece	12	12	13	13	13	15	14	17	14	12	160	140
W G Lytle	14	14	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	57
J Leath	13	13	17	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	80	63
B O Running	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	18
E Hyde	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	30	18
A Clapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	..	35	20
Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	20	11
F Dourhety	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	17	..	..	50	43
Wallisch	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	30	17
Wm Krall	8	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	30
Jas Johnson	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23
H C Clark	10	11	13	11	..	..	10	13	12	9	130	89
Renfro	9	10	..	11	11	9	9	..	13	10	120	82
Maple	6	10	..	9	9	11	10	..	10	10	120	75
M Duty	9	12	18	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	95	95
M Duty	9	12	18	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	95	73
Schultz	9	11	18	10	10	..	7	..	..	..	95	65
F D Jones	11	12	15	8	11	10	10	15	..	..	130	92
Fenton	11	13	15	13	8	9	9	15	..	..	130	93
Sampson	12	12	14	12	12	14	11	16	..	..	130	108
Page	11	11	14	12	11	14	13	16	..	..	130	103
C C Jones	11	10	9	12	10	7	11	8	..	..	130	78
Dr Myers	11	11	16	10	9	12	14	16	..	..	130	99
Dunning	10	6	16	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	80	53
Harwood	9	6	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	60	33
W Berry	..	11	18	14	10	11	..	..	..	..	80	64
M Reece	..	..	..	..	11	15	9	12	15	..	80	62
R Dourhety	..	..	..	..	11	14	11	11	11	..	80	58
H Clark	..	..	..	..	14	12	9	16	8	10	95	69
Chas Rose	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	9	..	..	50	31
Jas Johnson	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	50	34
Dr Jones	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Griffith	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
Fusselman	11	9	..	6	12	7	..	..	..	..	75	45
P Jacobson	9	9	..	10	10	11	..	..	..	..	75	49
D Ferguson	10	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28
Sharringhausen	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	11	9	..	65	38
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	10	11	..	65	35
Wm Krall	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	30	23
Lyons	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	35	26
Fred Akers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	30	21

Nov. 5, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Brk.
C G Spencer	14	15	19	14	15	15	15	19	15	14	160	155
Ed O'Brien	14	14	20	13	15	15	13	19	14	14	160	151
Maxwell	14	15	20	12	13	14	15	18	14	15	160	150
Chas Plank	15	12	18	12	15	15	14	19	13	15	160	148
C Gottlieb	12	15	18	13	14	12	15	18	13	14	160	144
Ford	15	14	18	15	13	12	12	17	11	15	160	142
P Adams	12	14	15	12	14	10	13	18	11	13	160	137
Rankin	11	12	16	15	14	12	13	17	14	13	160	137
W G Lytle	15	14	17	10	13	13	14	12	15	11	160	134
W H Lewis	9	12	15	13	13	14	11	15	9	12	160	128
T Highfill	14	9	16	12	14	12	10	15	12	11	160	125
J Leath	11	7	12	10	11	9	8	14	12	12	160	116
Wm Baldwin	11	7	14	5	11	6	11	15	..	..	130	80
Hensley	14	12	15	7	13	8	11	14	..	..	130	94
H W Vietmeyer	9	10	13	11	11	12	11	15	..	..	130	97
A Clapp	11	12	14	10	10	10	11	16	..	..	130	94
T Clark	12	14	13	10	12	10	10	15	..	..	130	96
Willberger	13	11	16	13	14	12	11	18	..	..	130	108
Dr Kullmall	10	15	19	13	13	12	14	18	..	..	130	114
Krache	14	9	18	14	15	12	13	15	..	..	130	115
W Ferguson	13	10	14	14	10	12	13	10	..	..	130	96
S C Smith	11	11	13	9	11	7	11	14	..	..	130	87
F Metzger	12	12	15	12	14	8	11	17	..	..	130	101
D Metzger	13	13	19	14	12	12	12	14	..	..	130	114
Morton	15	13	17	14	12	15	14	17	..	..	130	117
Cragg	14	11	17	13	10	9	11	17	..	..	130	102
Carolus	11	6	15	7	8	6	14	17	..	..	130	84
B O Bunning	11	12	19	13	10	12	7	11	11	12	160	118

"But why in the world did you want to elope, anyway?" "Well, I was in hopes that her family would never forgive us."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 6.—There was a fine attendance at the traps of the Crescent Athletic Club to enjoy the good sport and a pleasant day. The weather was delightful. Dr. Samuel P. Hopkins distinguished himself favorably by winning the holiday cup and two trophies. Dr. F. C. Raynor won the special prize donated by Mr. Henry B. Vanderveer. Other winners were Messrs. George Brower, C. A. Lockwood and A. G. Southworth. Scores:

Vanderveer trophy, 50 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Dr F C Raynor	10	48	W W Marshall	10	41
Dr J J Keyes	4	47	W L Wood	6	38
O C Grinnell, Jr	2	46	J N Teeter	6	38
F W Moffat	0	45	G E Brower	10	37
Dr S P Hopkins	12	45	H Werlemann	12	36
L C Hopkins	6	44	C A Lockwood	4	34
H P Marshall	6	44	E W Snyder	8	34
A G Southworth	0	43	S Sherwell	0	29

Election Day cup, 25 targets:

O C Grinnell, Jr	1	23	Jere Lott	2	20
F W Moffatt	0	23	Dr F C Raynor	5	20
Dr S P Hopkins	6	23	W L Wood	3	20
Dr J J Keyes	2	23	A G Southworth	0	17
C A Lockwood	3	23	H P Marshall	3	17
L C Hopkins	3	21	E W Snyder	4	16
W W Marshall	5	21	H B Vanderveer	3	14

Shoot-off: Dr. Hopkins 25, Dr. Keyes 24, Moffatt 22, Grinnell 22.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Dr S P Hopkins	4	15	F W Moffatt	0	9
O C Grinnell, Jr	0	12	H B Vanderveer	1	8
E W Snyder	2	11			

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Dr S P Hopkins	4	15	Dr F C Raynor	5	20
Dr J J Keyes	2	23	W L Wood	3	20
C A Lockwood	3	22	A G Southworth	0	17
L C Hopkins	3	21	H P Marshall	3	17
W W Marshall	5	21	E W Snyder	4	16
Jere Lott	2	20	H B Vanderveer	3	14

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Dr S P Hopkins	4	15	O C Grinnell, Jr	0	15
E W Snyder	2	15	F W Moffatt	0	11
H Werlemann	4	15	H B Vanderveer	1	7

First shoot-off: Hopkins 15, Werleman 15, Grinnell 14, Snyder 14.

Second shoot-off: Hopkins 14, Werlemann 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

A G Southworth	0	15	G Brower	3	11
E W Snyder	2	15	H Werlemann	4	11
J H Fairchild	2	13	Dr F C Raynor	3	12
F W Moffatt	0	12	C A Lockwood	1	9
H B Vanderveer	1	11			

Shoot-off: Southworth 13, Snyder 12.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

G Brower	5	23	C A Lockwood	3	21
J P Fairchild	4	23	O C Grinnell, Jr	1	21
E W Snyder	4	23	H Werlemann	6	19
A G Southworth	0	22	H B Vanderveer	3	15
Dr S P Hopkins	6	21			

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:
Shoot-off: Brower 22, Fairchild 22, Snyder 20.
Second shoot-off: Brower 24, Fairchild 21.

C A Lockwood	3	25	H P Marshall	3	21
O C Grinnell, Jr	1	23	A G Southworth	0	19
F W Moffatt	0	22	Jere Lott	2	18
Dr S P Hopkins	3	22	W L Wood	3	17
W W Marshall	5	21			

Nov. 10.—The shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club on the Bay Ridge grounds to-day had favorable weather conditions. Mr. O. C. Grinnell and Dr. J. J. Keyes tied on a straight score of 25 for the November cup. The scores of all the events follow:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
A E Hendrickson	2	15	W C Damron	2	12
C A Lockwood	1	14	S P Hopkins	2	10
O C Grinnell	0	13	J S Wood	1	9
J J Keyes	1	14	W W Marshall	3	9
L C Hopkins	1	12	H B Vanderveer	1	8
H C Werlemann	4	12			

Team shoot, 15 targets:

S P Hopkins	8	E H Lott	13
O C Grinnell	10	L C Hopkins	10
J J Keyes	12	H B Vanderveer	3
C A Lockwood	11	J H Waters	11
J S Wood	8	W W Marshall	9
W C Damron	8	A E Hendrickson	13
J H Ernst	9	H C Werlemann	6
Williams	6—75	C A Sykes	12—77

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
C A Lockwood	1	13	A F Hendrickson	2	10
W C Damron	2	11	H Werlemann	4	9
L C Hopkins	1	11			

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

W W Marshall	3	14	H B Vanderveer	1	8
J J Keyes	1	13	H Werlemann	4	8
C A Lockwood	1	13	J S Wood	1	10
S P Hopkins	2	9	E H Lott	1	7
L C Hopkins	1	8			

November cup, 25 targets:

O C Grinnell	1	25	S P Hopkins	4	21
L C Hopkins	3	24	T S Wood	3	18
J J Keyes	2	25	A E Hendrickson	4	17
C A Lockwood	2	24	H B Vanderveer	3	15
J H Henry	4	21	W C Damron	4	15
H C Werlemann	4	20			

Trophy, 15 targets:

J J Keyes	1	13	J S Wood	1	10
L C Hopkins	1	11	W W Marshall	3	9
C A Lockwood	1	13	A E Hendrickson	2	8
W C Damron	2	5	H Werlemann	4	13

Shoot-off, same conditions:

J J Keyes	1	15	H C Werlemann	4	11
C A Lockwood	1	14			

Trophy, 15 targets:

C A Lockwood	1	14	W C Damron	2	10
J S Wood	1	10	L C Hopkins	1	9
A E Hendrickson	2	10			

Trophy, 15 targets:

L C Hopkins	1	14	A E Hendrickson	2	10
C A Lockwood	1	13	W C Damron	2	11
H Werlemann	4	9			

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y.—The Election Day shoot of the New York Athletic Club had a large attendance. Mr. Gus Greiff, scratch man, was high average for the total of the day by breaking 160 out of 175 targets. Dr. Hamlin, with an allowance of 14, won the Election Day cup with a full score of 50. Dr. Held won the holiday cup with a score of 49. F. A. Hodgeman and J. W. Hibbard scored 50 in the November cup contest, Hodgman winning. C. W. Billings was the winner with full scores in two 25-target events. The scores follow:

Election Day cup, 50 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Dr Hamlin	14	50	A J Burnes	0	41
F Vilmar	12	49	Dr Held	8	40
F A Hodgman	4	49	R H Hendrickson	0	39
G E Greiff	0	46	P R Robinson	12	38
E McMurtry	6	44	J Crowe	10	38
M H Smyth	8	44	R H Nichol	0	34
C W Billings	6	43	E Lawson	0	32
J W Hibbard	6	43	R Mulford	14	30
Jack Fanning	0	43	C H Dugro	14	30
G Thompson	14	42	R Debacher	14	30
I N Borland	6	42			

November cup, 50 targets:

F A Hodgman	6	50	M H Smyth	8	40
J W Hibbard	6	50	P R Robinson	12	39
E McMurtry	6	49	C W Billings	6	38
G E Greiff	0	47	R H Hendrickson	0	36
F Vilmar	12	46	R H Nichol	0	35
Jack Fanning	0	44	R Mulford	14	34
I N Borland	6	43	C H Dugro	14	31
R Debacher	14	40			

Holiday cup, 50 targets:

Dr Held	8	49	R Debacher	14	42
C W Billings	6	48	Jack Fanning	0	42
F A Hodgman	4	48	R H Hendrickson	0	37
G Thompson	14	47	P R Robinson	12	36
F Vilmar	12	47	J Crowe	10	35
Dr Hamlin	12	45	E McMurtry	6	35
G E Greiff	0	44	E Lawson	0	30
R H Nichol	0	43	R Mulford	14	30
M H Smyth	8	43			

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

C W Billings	3	25	E McMurtry	3	23
F A Hodgman	4	24	R Debacher	7	17
Dr Held	3	24	E Lawson	0	17
G E Greiff	0	23	J Crowe	3	10

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

C W Billings	2	25	E McMurtry	3	20
R Debacher	7	21	Dr Held	3	17

Nov. 10.—A notable incident of the New York Athletic Club shoot to-day was a run of 50 straight by Mr. Gus Greiff. Mr. J. Dickerson presented a very handsome sterling silver vase, to be given to the winner of the championship event. The club will present a trophy for second and one for third, besides one for professionals shooting in this event.

November cup, 50 targets. Won by Pelham:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
G F Pelham	6	50	H Zittel	14	44
E McMurtry	6	47	F A Hodgman	4	43
G E Greiff	0	46	Dr Brown	12	40
C W Billings	4	46	A H Seaman	12	40
Dr Hamlen	12	46	R R Debacher	14	39
C Kuchler	14	45	F M Zittel	14	38
F Vilmar	12	45	P R Robinson	12	37
Dr De Wolfe	4	45			

Special shoot, 25 targets. Won by Vilmar:

F Vilmar	6	25	E McMurtry	3	22
C W Billings	2	25	P R Robinson	6	21
Dr De Wolfe	2	24	A H Seaman	6	20
G E Greiff	0	23	G F Pelham	2	19
F A Hodgman	2	23	H Zittel	7	17
Dr Hamlen	6	23	R R Debacher	7	16
Dr Brown	6	22	F M Zittel	7	16

Special shoot. Won by Vilmar:

F Vilmar	5	25	G E Greiff	0	21
C W Billings	2	24	G F Pelham	2	21
Dr De Wolfe	2	24	P R Robinson	6	20
E McMurtry	3	24	Dr Brown	6	18
A H Seaman	6	23	R R Debacher	7	18
F A Hodgman	2	22	Dr Hamlen	3	17

Special shoot. Won by Vilmar:

F Vilmar	5	25	G F Pelham	2	21
Dr Brown	6	24	E McMurtry	3	18
G E Greiff	0	24	H Zittel	7	18
F A Hodgman	2	23	Dr Hamlen	3	16
C W Billings	2	22	R R Debacher	7	15

Special shoot:

G E Greiff	0	24	R R Debacher	7	21
C W Billings	2	21	E McMurtry	3	19

Special shoot:

G E Greiff	0	22	A H Seaman	6	20
R R Debacher	7	22	E McMurtry	3	16
C W Billings	2	21			

Miss Dubley—She was braggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclaw." What's "eclaw" anyway?

Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclaw?—Philadelphia Press.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 3.—The attendance was light. Mr. W. T. Hill, commonly known as Sparrow Bill Hill, known to almost every shooter in the United States and Canada, died of apoplexy on Oct. 28, at 5:30, at the age of fifty-five years. He was the originator of sparrow shooting tournaments, catching, trapping and shipping sparrows all over the United States and Canada. His last tournament was held in this city Oct. 25, 1906, three days before his death. He was born in Ideal, England, coming to the United States some thirty years ago, and has been a resident of Indianapolis for the past twenty-eight years. A widow and one son, twenty-six years old survive him.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	16	15	14	19	14	17	19
Moller	18	18	17	18	15	17	16
Denney	15	14	15	19	18	18	18
Southern	15	12	12	7	12	19	18
Hunter	16	16	19	18	18	19	19
Daggett	11	9	6	11	10	..	..
Lewis	10	13	15	14	20	..	..
Beck	17	15	8	14	18	..	..
Dickman	14	15	15	17	18	..	..
Colon	7	18	15	17	..	..	..
Neighbors	7	16	18	16	..	..	..
Brennan	15	16	15	13	..	..	..
B H Moore	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
D B Hill	15	19	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	19	..	..	..	..	..	..

Nov. 10.—The feature of the afternoon was the shooting by W. H. Heer. He broke 159 out of 160. Barkley dropped 2 out of 120. Heikes 4 out of 160. The only Indianapolis shooters scoring straights were Parry and Abe Martin. Parry made two and Martin one. Our visitors were W. H. Heer, R. O. Heikes, Barkley, C. O. Le Compte, C. Le Noir and J. W. Wall.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Parry	18	17	18	17	20	20	16	..
Heikes	19	20	19	19	19	20	20	20
Heer	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	19
Le Noir	18	20	20	17	17	19	20	..
Le Compte	18	20	20	20	18	18	19	..
Abe Martin	18	16	15	17	20	19	..	..
Sheppardson	17	19	18	20	18	16	..	..
Daggett	11	7	11	7	14	..	..	..
Barkley	20	19	19	20	20	20	..	..
Moller	17	19	14	15	..	..	..	..
Roland	14	13	17	16	15	15	..	..
Brennan	14	14	16	10	..	..	..	..
Neighbors	9	7	6	13	..	..	..	..
Mack	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	19	13	14	15	..	..	..	..

WM. ARMSTRONG, Sec'y.

Arkansas Championship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 3.—Wiley B. Miller by an extraordinary display of skill and nerve to-day succeeded in wresting the live-bird championship and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic thereof, from John M. Pemberton, a feat that no other shooter has been able to accomplish within the past two years, as Pemberton had held possession practically that length of time, having won it twice in open competition during that period and also defended it against some of the very best shots in the state. The victory of Miller's comes largely in the nature of a surprise to himself and everyone else, as heretofore he has shot but few live birds, and only on one occasion has he shown any marked ability, and simply challenged Pemberton to keep up the interest in the sport.

The match was originally scheduled for yesterday, but for some reason Pemberton failed to show up, and when some of Miller's friends suggested that he claim the trophy by forfeit, he declined, saying that he would either win the same in competition or not have it at all. Pemberton's failure to keep his engagement proved his undoing, as on this day Miller was badly out of form and could only score 19 out of 25, which would have been a cake walk for so consistent a shot as Pemberton. However, on the day of the match there was another story to tell, as the Miller who was slow and uncertain shot with deadly precision, and not only won in impressive fashion, but also set a new mark that is apt to remain untouched for a long time. Missing his fourth bird in the race, he finished out with 21 straight, coming from behind, and winning by one bird. He then shot 25 more and scored all of these, which gave him 49 out of 50, and 46 straight. Then he shot four more in an effort to make a run of 50 straight, and easily accomplished the feat. This is the first time it has ever been done under similar conditions by an amateur shot in the state. The conditions of the contest were: Interstate rules, 30yds. rise, and had the boundary been 30yds., the score would have been the same, as there was never a question as to a single bird.

The race was of the heart-disease-producing kind, and was not over until the very last bird had been shot. Miller was the first to miss—his fourth, a rather easy one, got away unhurt. Pemberton went along until his fourteenth, which was the wickedest flying incomer that ever left a trap. This bird twisted all the way, and came in so fast that before the shooter was able to fire the second barrel, the bird was out of the right of way. This evened up matters, and it looked as though this would be the result, but Pemberton lost his last one, a fast-flying outgoer, and with it the jewelry and honor.

On the day previous to the match—or, rather, on the day it should have been shot—Dr. J. H. Lenow showed brilliant form, scoring 24 out of 25 by some splendid shooting, as the birds were a vigorous lot, and required quick action. This feat has set the bee to buzzing in the Doctor's derby, and visions of championships are haunting him, and he is to be Miller's first opponent. The race will take place shortly.

Following are the scores in the championship race; also Miller's long run:

W Miller. 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24
P'mb'rt'n. 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0—23
W Miller. 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

Modern Methods of Gunmaking.

The Manufacture of Iron for Gun Barrels.

From W. W. Greener's "The Gun and Its Development."

(*Concluded from page* 750.)

When finished twisting, the rod will be round, except the squares at each end, where held in the block and head, and the four-feet rod will have become shortened to about three feet three inches, and have about eight turns to the inch. All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods, while plain twist or scelp barrels are made from plain straight rods or ribands.

Without this twisting of the rod the finished barrel would have the appearance of a wire twist barrel, or it might be of a plain barrel if the top or bottom of the rod, instead of one of the sides, was kept to the outside of the barrel. By twisting the metal the grain is so arranged that it appears on the outside of the finished barrel in the form of a number of irregular links or circles.

The rod prepared, it is either joined to other rods or coiled and welded into a barrel singly.

The cheapest Damascus barrels (single iron stub Damascus) are made from a single twisted bar, rolled out into a riband 7/8 of an inch by 1/8 for the fore end of the barrel, and 7/8 by 1/4 for the breech end.

Two iron stub Damascus barrels are made from two twisted rods, each 3/8 square, and welded together and rolled into a riband 5/8 by 1-16 for the fore part and 5/8 by 3-16 for the breech end, with the twisted spirals in opposite directions.

Three iron stub Damascus barrels are made from three twisted rods, each 3/8 by 7-16, and laid and rolled together with spirals, as shown in the illustration, forming a riband of 1/2 inch by 7-16 for the breech ends, 1/2 inch by 3-16 for the muzzle piece.

Best laminated steel barrels are twisted, and the rods welded in the same manner as the stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of superior metal containing a larger percentage of steel.

In laminated steel and stub Damascus barrels it is not usual to use more than three rods in their manufacture. Fine Damascus barrels, as manufactured by the Belgians, are occasionally made from four or six rods together, but three are sufficient to give a very fine figure.

The true English Damascus barrel is prepared from three rods, twisted as described and put together as shown in the twisted riband, and is known technically as three-iron Damascus; the silver-steel Damascus is similarly made, but of different metal piled in a different order.

The rods having been twisted and the required number welded together, they are sent to the iron mill and rolled at a red heat into ribands, which have both edges beveled the same way. There are usually two ribands required for each barrel, one riband or strip to form the breech end, and another, slightly thinner, to form the fore, or muzzle, part of the barrel.

Upon receiving the ribands of twisted iron, the welder first proceeds to twist them into a spiral form. This is done upon a machine of simple construction, consisting simply of two iron bars, one fixed and the other loose; in the latter there is a notch or slot to receive one end of the riband. When inserted, the bar is turned round by a winch handle. The fixed bar prevents the riband from going round, so that it is bent and twisted over the movable rod like the pieces of leather round a whip stock. The loose bar is removed, the spiral taken from it, and the same process repeated with another riband.

The ribands are usually twisted cold, but the breech ends, if heavy, have to be brought to a red heat before it is possible to twist them, no cogs being used. When very heavy barrels are required, three ribands are used—one for the breech end, one for the center and one for the muzzle piece.

The ends of the ribands, after being twisted into spirals, are drawn out taper and coiled round with the spiral until the extremity is lost, as shown in the representation of a coiled breech piece of Damascus iron.

The coiled riband is next heated, a steel mandrel inserted in the muzzle end, and the coil is welded by hammering. Three men are required—one to hold and turn the coil upon the grooved anvil, and two to strike. When taken from the fire the coil is first beaten upon an iron plate fixed in the floor, and the end opened upon a swage, or the peam of the anvil, to admit of the mandrel being inserted.

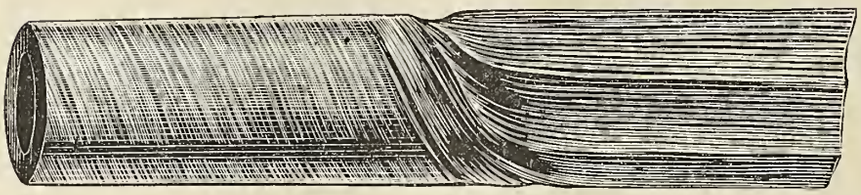
When the muzzle or fore coil has been heated, jumped up and hammered until thoroughly welded, the breech end or coil, usually about six inches long, is joined to it. The breech coil is first welded in the same manner, and a piece is cut out of each coil; the two ribands are welded together and the two coils are joined into one, and form a barrel. The two coils being joined, and all the welds perfect, the barrels are heated, and the surplus metal removed with a float; the barrels are then hammered until they are black or nearly cold, which finishes the process.

This hammering greatly increases the density and tenacity of the metal, and the wear of the barrel depends in a great measure upon its being properly performed.

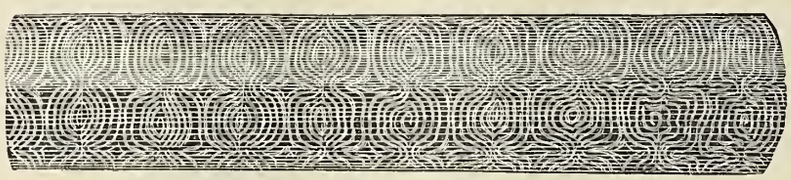
When the barrels are for breechloaders, the flats are formed on the undersides of the breech ends. If an octagon barrel is required, it is forged in this form upon a properly shaped anvil; in rifles the barrels are welded from thicker ribands and welded upon smaller mandrels.

The iron is twisted in much the same way as that already described, but steam power is used to turn the winch instead of hand power. The forge fires are blown by a steam fan, instead of the old-fashioned bellows, and the welding is done by one man instead of three. This is accompanied by having a tilt hammer close to the forge regulated to give sharp, quick, short blows, and capable of being thrown in and out of gear with the foot. The welder is also provided with an anvil, swages, mandrels, etc. When he removes the coil from the fire, he has only to knock in a mandrel, straighten the coil of the anvil, jump it close by striking it on the floor in the usual manner, and place it under the tilt, reheating the coil and repeating the process until the barrel is properly finished. The appearance of barrels so welded is not so good as that of those hammered by hand, but they are strong and sound, and on

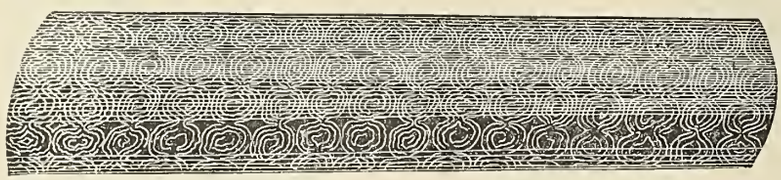
Portion of Gun-barrel Coil.



Greener's Solid-Weldless-Twist Gun Barrel.

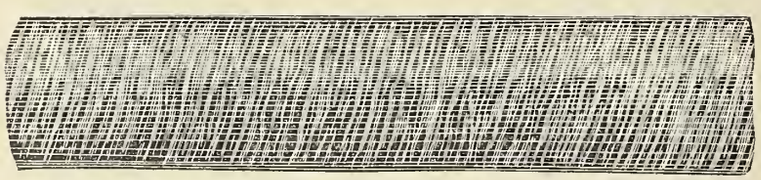


Two-Iron or "Boston" Damascus Barrel.

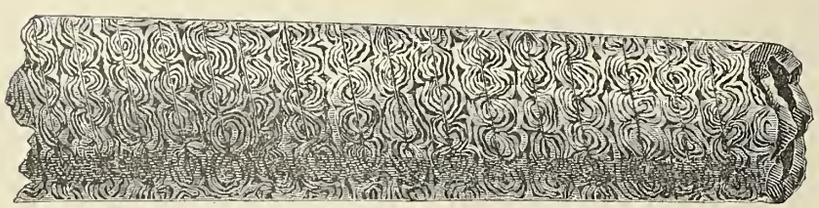


Two-Iron Damascus Barrel.

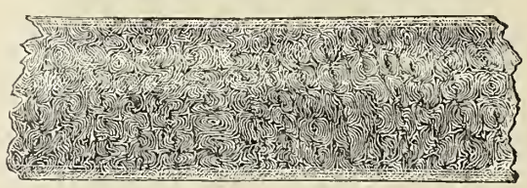
Silver-steel Damascus Barrel.



Scelp Gun-barrel.



Three-Iron Stub Damascus Barrel.



Fine Stripe Belgian Damascus Barrel.

Single-Iron Damascus Barrel.

U. S. AMMUNITION

The most accurate and reliable cartridges are the U. S., as proven by careful tests made by the U. S. Government experts.

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account of less care and labor being bestowed on their production, they are cheaper than hand forged barrels.

The latest method of making the plainer twist barrels is to treat the iron for twisting and the coils in a furnace instead of a breeze fire. The theory is that the metal is less liable to be burned, the heat being uniform, and freedom from greys and faulty welds thereby insured. Experience does not fully bear out the theory. Possibly more can yet be done in this line toward producing a perfectly welded and clear barrel.

Foreign Twist Barrels.

Damascus iron barrels are forged in Belgium and at other gun-making centers of the Continent by the same methods as practiced in England. The chief difference between English and foreign welded barrels exists in the quality of the materials; iron of local manufacture being that generally employed. Another difference is that barrels of a smaller figure and barrels of fancy figures, already alluded to in the paragraph on iron making, are frequently produced by French, Belgian and German welders.

Softness is the characteristic of Belgian iron; it is found in all their iron manufactures, and is particularly noticeable and objectionable in their barrels. The welders prefer the soft metal, as being easier to manipulate, welding more freely and containing fewer surface flaws than hard metal into the composition of which steel largely enters. There is comparatively little steel in the Belgian barrel; there are even barrels in which there is no steel, two different qualities of iron serving to produce that distinction which is necessary to produce figure in the finished barrel.

The barrel welders of Belgium are chiefly located at or near Liège. The very best barrel makers who manufacture for the London, Berlin and Vienna markets are to be found at Chaudfontaine or Nessonvaux, both places a few miles from Liège. Their method of welding is much the same as that practiced by the best English welders, but they work at a smaller forge, and instead of breeze, use a mixture of coal dust and clay. The fires being much smaller, the barrels are heated only a few inches at a time, so that greater labor has to be bestowed upon their manufacture.

The greatest care is taken to keep the anvils and tools perfectly clean and free from scale, so that no foreign matter can get between the coils and thus affect the soundness of the welds.

The type of barrel, which is peculiarly their own, is the fine figured or six-stripe Damascus; in this the figure is very minute, as shown in the illustration, and is produced in the following manner: The welders take thirty-two alternate bars of iron and steel, and have them rolled into a sheet 3-16 of an inch in thickness; the sheet is then split by a machine into square rods. These rods are then twisted after the method of the English welders already described, but to such an extent that the rods resemble the threads of a fine screw, there being as many as eighteen complete turns to the inch. Six of these rods are then welded to each other side by side and rolled into a riband, and the result is a figure so fine that it appears no larger than the eye of a needle, and requires special care in browning to obtain markings which can be distinguished.

For these fine barrels and for some others the old plan of welding on a chemise is still in use. The other old plan of plating or welding a thin coating of Damascus iron upon a barrel of plain iron has been abandoned, save for very heavy barrels for duck guns, etc., which are still not infrequently welded of the cheaper scelp or plain twist iron, then coated with fine figured iron.

The regular Belgian barrel of commerce is the double iron Damascus, "two-iron" of "Boston"—the same barrel by whichever designation known. It differs from the English two-iron Damascus in showing fewer white or light-colored streaks, and being usually of coarses figure, obtained by piling larger rods in the faggot and again not rolling them to so small a section as is the practice of the English masters.

At St. Etienne in France, where a manufactory for sporting firearms was founded early in the fifteenth century, the Belgian models are followed and the iron of the district is soft and ductile. One plan much used in this district, but by no means original, is the forming of barrels of two twisted rods to one untwisted; the appearance is that of a "barber's pole," a distinct broad stripe of straight-grained metal running spirally round the barrel from end to end between a broader band of curled Damascus figuring.

The only centers at which Damascus barrels are made are, in addition to those already cited, Brescia in northern Italy and Suhl in Prussia.

Varieties and Qualities of Twist Barrels.

In the foregoing descriptions of the methods of manufacturing twist barrels it is stated incidentally that some kinds are superior to others. The comparative strength of gun barrels and of the material employed in their manufacture, the merits and disadvantages of chosen varieties, will be found stated in detail later, but as the method of manufacture, as well as the material employed, affect the quality of the barrel, it is advisable to state here that, so far as known, the strongest forged or twist barrel is the laminated steel now usually termed "stub Damascus," made of three twisted rods to the riband.

The word laminated, as the designation of a gun barrel, arose from the fact that early in the century thin strips, plates, or laminæ of steel, piled alternately with iron strips or plates, formed the composite metal from which they were made. They differ from Damascus in so far as the iron and steel are differently arranged in the pile, so that instead of a decided curl in the figure there is only what may be termed "herring bone" lines running spirally round the barrel from end to end. Technically, laminated steel is a name metallurgists apply to faulty steel. It has been used in the gun trade for more than half a century in quite a different sense, as here stated.

By rolling the rods too fine before twisting, by twisting too much, or by twisting to a degree the particular metal so treated will not bear, the material of the finished barrel is weakened. This, apart from any possible faults in the forming—that is, welding and shaping—of the barrel itself.

Over-twisting, over-heating, and the endeavor to produce a fine looking barrel at a low price result in weakened material.

In the twist barrel the iron and steel must be so arranged that perfect welds may be easily made; and so disposed that the fibres of steel and iron intermingled shall support each other when the strain of the explosion has to be borne by the barrels. Steel of the hardness—that is to say, steel as high in carbon—employed in the manufacture of Damascus iron would be too brittle to withstand the shock of the explosion if used alone; on the other hand, the iron alone would be too soft and the barrel would bulge. By combining the two metals in the best manner, so that neither loses its character, they together give to the twist barrel sufficient hardness to withstand bulging; sufficient elasticity to ensure that the barrel, after the expansion produced by the force of the explosion, shall return to its previous caliber and that high tenacity which prevents the bursting of the barrel by the sudden shock.

The mechanical structure of the twist barrel, not less than the purity of the metals employed, enhances the strength.

Some barrels of good material may have their strength lessened by faulty arrangement of that material, while barrels made of much inferior material will yet be stronger because of the better use made of that material by arranging it with judgment. So far as can be explained, without too greatly indulging in technical minutiæ, the best proportions of iron and steel can be arranged to best advantage in what is known as the three-iron barrel; whether the iron be piled to give a curly figure when twisted, or to give the plain, straight, short-lined figure of the "laminated" steel, is quite immaterial. One is as good as the other. Four-stripe barrels are not so good, unless the barrel is heavier, thicker and larger than ordinary, when of course a point would be reached when the four-stripe would equal the other. In like manner the two-stripe is inferior, though perhaps not to the same extent. The Belgian six-stripe barrels, apart from the softness of the material of which they are made, are over-twisted. Many of the fancy figured barrels are not improved by the manner in which the iron and steel are combined, but the reverse. The advantage claimed for the St. Etienne barrel, that by the combination of the Damascus with the plain twist greater tenacity in both directions is obtainable, it yet to be proved, while the method is decidedly disadvantageous on other grounds.

In the trials of barrels by the Birmingham Proof House—barrels of thirty-nine different varieties obtainable by

the Birmingham trade—the first place is given to the group of English "laminted" steel barrels of three strips. The next best of the twist barrel groups is the "English Damascus" in two strips; then English laminated steel in two strips. The first group of foreign-made twist barrels is the "Pointillé" (a fancy figure), eighteenth down on the list in order of merit; foreign "Damascus Crollé," in three and in four strips, come next, and have the same figure of merit, both being placed twenty-fifth on the list. At the same trials, when individual barrels were tested to bursting or bulging to the extent of .01 inch, the first place in the order of merit was occupied by "English Damascus," two strip; "English Damascus," three-strip; and "English Damascus" two-strip again, all three barrels withstanding exactly the same test. The foreign "Damascus" two strip, and the same in three-strip, passed equally to the seventh place, while last in order of merit were the foreign fancy figured "Pointillé" and the foreign "Crollé Damascus,, four-strip barrels.

This report, issued in 1891, only confirms what the author wrote in earlier editions of this book with respect to the relative strengths of twist barrels, and has now repeated more concisely.

A figured barrel, notwithstanding the fineness of the figure and the apparently high quality of workmanship, is no indication of trustworthiness, much less of excellence and unusual strength. To obtain barrels combining the utmost strength with lightness and beauty, the best way is to purchase or order from a gun-maker of repute and leave the choice to him. It is not always that the type of barrel best suited to one caliber or weight will prove so advantageous when used in the construction of guns of other calibers or weights. There is only one wide difference in the practice of the English gun-maker and his Continental competitor when choosing a barrel for a particular purpose; with the English maker the figure of the barrel is the last thing to be considered when determining the type most fit for the particular purpose, whereas with the foreign manufacturer it is usually the first, and often the only, consideration. The English maker takes a barrel that will do best; the foreign maker the barrel that will look best.

The Keeping Properties of Cartridges.

SIR—I, in common with many other users of sporting ammunition, would be very glad of a definite expression of opinion from an expert as to the length of time cartridges will keep. I allude to those in the ordinary paper cases, whether waterproofed or not. A leading firm of explosive manufacturers, with whom I have had some correspondence on the subject, assures me that their cartridges are as good five years old as they are the day they were filled.

This statement is sufficiently subversive of most people's ideas on the subject to compel me to seek for an expression of opinion from you. I have no doubt there are many people who all unknowingly use ammunition two and even three years old, but there are also some people, and good shots, who frequently cannot account for a missed bird. J. SEALY CLARK, Capt.

[The subject raised by our correspondent was dealt with at some length in our issues of Oct. 26 and Nov. 9, 1901, in which thirteen different batches of sporting cartridges sent to this office in the year 1883 were subjected to a careful test, and the conclusion arrived at was that the characteristics of the cartridges in question had, practically speaking, not changed during the eighteen years they had been under storage. If a cartridge is well made, and the components are satisfactory in the first place, its good quality is likely to be permanent. The smokeless powder itself is the least likely element of change. For instance, the great explosion at the Stowmarket guncotton factory took place in the year 1865, and as guncotton was little understood in those days, in the panic which ensued a certain amount of it got buried in the wet earth. Some few years ago, in excavating some foundations, a portion of the buried guncotton was brought to light. Samples were subjected to a most carefuly chemical examination, and they stood all the tests which present manufacture receives. Guncotton itself is thus practically as stable as any substance can be, being subject only to decomposition under the influence of heat or acid impurities. Guncotton or its equivalent is the chief foundation of modern smokeless powders, and as the guncotton is thoroughly purified in the first place, guncotton it will remain until exploded. The other ingredients are mostly of a soluble nature, together with a small amount of volatile matter remaining from the hardening process. Given reasonably fair storage, cartridges, as far as one can judge from available analogies, will be the same a hundred years hence as they are to-day. A slight exception must apply in certain instances where faults of manufacture may have existed in the cartridge case. For instance, if the cartridge head shows signs of green discoloration around the cap, it is possible that impurities existing in the paper lump are causing chemical action. This has been known to influence the powder, but it is so seldom encountered, and evidence of its action is so clearly visible from the outside, that this slight exception needs only a passing mention. There is, however, one circumstance which may incline a person to suppose that cartridges vary more than is actually the case. In our own experiments refcrences from time to time appear to the influence exerted by a few months' storage on the behavior of a powder. For instance, we have only recently had reason to discard for present experiments a tin of powder which was purchased last August, the powder having in the interval changed sufficiently to give something different from standard results. The explanation is, however, a very simple one. The behavior of smokeless powder varies within certain limits, according to the percentage of moisture it contains, and this percentage varies with the time of year, according to the prevailing temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. The sample of powder which is for the moment unserviceable, will recover its August good behavior when next summer comes round. In actual powder manufacture, makers find slight variations in the behavior of different batches of their products, and so far as possible the different consignments are sent out so that the weak powder is used in hot countries or for August and September consumption, the stronger powder being held over for winter use. This slight adjustment of deliveries works for the good of the sportsman, but the variations involved are so small that but slight differences would be apparent, even under instrumental tests, if the seasons of use were reversed.—ED.]—Field, London.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 6.—A high northwest win prevailed. The shooting was difficult.

Among the visitors was that old war horse Dr. W. G. Hudson, of the Emerald Gun Club; but he does not care to shoot at targets, still harking back to the good old days when live birds were the targets.

There were three traps, Sergeant system, unknown angles. As the scores show, the shooting was most difficult, some of the targets, owing to the wind, when missed going some 70 to 75yds.

Our new grounds seem more difficult to shoot over than those just vacated on the south side of Avenue N, directly opposite. As Mr. De Long, our able office overseer, was busy at the polling place with the unexcelled manager, Mr. Fenwick Bergen, Mr. F. C. Schneider, formerly of the G. A. H. staff, took Mr. De Long's place, and every one helped himself at Mr. Bergen's station. Mr. Frank Coleman, formerly of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, pulled the traps, and all hands took turns at refereeing.

Our third annual New Year's Day distance handicap for prizes will take place on Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1907.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Schorty, 12-ga	10	11	12	10	..	12	..	13	13	14	12	12
Russell	8	4	3	8	10	11	7	8	..	..	..	..
Evans	3	3	10	12	5	..	7	..	..	6	..	5
H Bergen	13	10	9	..	10	8	11	11	9	..	..	..
Dreyer	..	6	9	9	8	9	..	8	7	..	6	..
Schorty, 20-ga.	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGill	..	..	11	9	10	7	10	9	10	10	..	..
Cramer	..	..	..	10	8	6	9	6	10	..	..	..
Shevlin	..	..	..	5	8	10	7	7	8	..	..	..
Bissing	..	..	..	8	5	10	8	10	11	9	..	..
Cracety	..	..	..	5	6	7	9	13	10	7	..	..
O N T	..	..	..	7	9	10	9	10	9	12	12	..
Schorty, 28-ga.	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Weiskotten	..	..	..	..	6	5	5	10	7	12	..	..
Fleury	..	..	..	10	11	12	11	9	10	12	..	..
Voorhees	..	..	..	..	9	7	10	12	8	9	12	10
Hilton	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	5	5	6	..	..
Evans, 12-ga.	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	7	10	10	..	..
Suydam	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	12	8	10	..	..
Manola	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	6	3	6	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	12	10	10	
Reina, 28-ga.	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	3
Hoffmere	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Nov. 10.—The shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun club to-day had nine shooters in attendance. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Dreyer	21	18	15	15	14	12
Bergen	18	15	19	18	16	13
Crocker	..	8	16	10	..	..
Dondena	..	12	10	12	16	15
Gillig	..	..	13	9	8	..
Ryder	..	..	17	16	13	17
Van Valer	..	..	..	14	10	15
Slavin	..	..	..	6	..	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	16	19

L. H. S., Sec'y.

The Winchester Team.

THE Winchester team gave a remarkable exhibition of shooting at Augusta, Ga., Thursday, Nov. 1. The event was held at the Fair Grounds, and thousands of the people took an earlier start than is usual at fairs, and witnessed the work of the experts, which started at 11 A. M. and continued until 2 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein shot in great form, and their remarkable feats were greeted with generous applause, as was, in fact, every one of the ordinary accomplishments of the team. R. H. Land had charge of the arrangements, and his efforts were appreciated by the team and by the many visitors. A stiff breeze made the targets very erratic. The team made 124 out of 125, on one string of 25 each, Mrs. Topperwein losing her eleventh target. Hawkins, Crosby, Boa and Taylor got 25 straight each. Hawkins was high, breaking his 100 straight for the second time this week. Taylor got 99. By the way John has been getting 99 and 96 or 96 and 99 so often that you can't remember the times he forgets to miss more than 3 and make 97. John Boa is getting down to business, and 95 and 96 are appearing after his name most regularly. Of course T. Bill heads the list most of the time, but he smiles just as much at 94 as he does at 100. Mrs. Topperfein is doing most wonderful; besides doing her fancy exhibition each day, she is breaking 91 per cent. of her targets on different grounds and over all kinds of traps. Top was tossing up pieces of coal about the size of a grain of coffee, and she was hitting them with bullets. A boy in the crowd remarked, "Jest look at that; what is she shooting at?" "Her imagination," remarked another. "Well, she is hitting it every time," returned the first. "For I can see dust after each shot."

The scores here were: Hawkins 100, Taylor 99, Boa 97, Crosby 93, Mrs. Topperwein 90.

The powder boys are having a fine race at each place for first honors, and first place is closely contested for all the time. The scores here were: German 97, Ward 95, Hatcher 95.

At Charleston, S. C., the shooting of the Winchester team was greatly enjoyed. T. Bill was high man with 97, closely followed by Hawkins and Taylor with 96. The scores were: Crosby 97, Taylor 96, Hawkins 96, Boa 94, Mrs. Topperwein 93; total 476.

For the powder men German made 93, Ward 89, and Hatcher 87. Mrs. Topperwein shot in fine form and deserves credit for breaking 93 of these targets. Top gave his usual fine exhibition of fancy shooting, and those who witnessed it simply marveled at his accomplishments.

The team at Savannah, Ga., found a large circus in town, and consequently not more than 150 persons witnessed the exhibition; however, many of these remarked that they were glad they had not gone to the circus. Taylor and Boa shot in fine form, breaking 97, T. Bill came next with 95. The scores were: Taylor 97, Boa 97, Crosby 95, Hawkins 93, Mrs. Topperwein 89; total 471.

For the powder men Ward made the fine score of 97, German got 90, and Hatcher 83.

Thompson shot well for the local boys. J. S. Hardee had charge of the arrangements.

At Macon, Ga., Walter Huff's home town turned out a fine crowd to witness the exhibition of the team. Many ladies were numbered among the enthusiastic gathering, and assisted the genial members of the Macon club in making the afternoon pleasant for the exhibition wonders, who thoroughly appreciated all courtesies, but discourteously reciprocated by breaking 480 out of the 500 targets, thus only leaving 20 pick-ups for the club—surely a losing game for the latter. However, the vigorous applause which greeted the announcement of the scores at the conclusion of the 500, evidenced beyond question that this amounted to nothing, and all were pleased with the fine showing. T. Bill made them all say Mr. to him by breaking 99 out of his 100. Hawkins came next with 97. Mrs. Topperwein broke 96 and was congratulated on all sides for such a fine achievement made under the prevailing condition. Johnny Taylor dropped to 94 for the first time in two weeks, and complained of being sick (which he certainly was). He tied John Boa, however, who, upon hearing the latter complaint, remarked, "I'm glad some one was sick." The scores were: Crosby 99, Hawkins 97, Mrs. Topperwein 96, Boa 94, Taylor 94; total 480.

For the powder men Ward got 95, Hatcher 92.

For the local boys, Ed. Jones got 94.

Walter Huff, the prince of entertainers, had the ladies out driving most of the time, and together with his sister, entertained the Winchester team as well as the ladies and visiting representatives, at a quail and duck dinner, which was greatly appreciated and enjoyed. The one absorbing topic among those who enjoyed Walter's hospitality, was the perplexing question, "How has he stayed single so long?" Those who attended the dinner were Mrs. and Mrs. W. R. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein, Mrs. D. H. Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowell Hawkins, John B. Taylor, John S. Boa, A. M. Hatcher, E. R. Holt, L. T. Spinks, Guy Ward and Walter Huff.

J. MOWELL HAWKINS.

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 3.—The shoot Saturday afternoon brought out a crowd to see Mr. Heer, the expert, who did some splendid work, but who was not shooting quite up to his usual form. Mr. Heer is a very congenial gentleman, and made a hit with the shooters. Mr. George B. Buchanan made the high score of the afternoon with 137 out of 150. Mr. Heer broke 135, and R. S. Rhoads 125 out of their 150 shot at. Mr. Buchanan made the only 25 straight. His shooting was fine, and he has been doing that kind of work all season. Mr. Rhoads has not been shooting for some time, and was shooting a new gun. Weber shot at 100 and broke 84.

A turkey shoot will be on the boards for Thursday, Nov. 28, all day, with a fish dinner at noon. The boys are all going to wait and win a turkey for Thanksgiving.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Heer	22	23	23	22	22	24	..
Rhoads	22	21	21	20	23	21	..
Buchanan	24	23	20	21	25	24	..
J H Smith	14	21	21	12	17	18	..
Turner	20	13	17	20	15	10	..
Treat	12	9	..	..	..	..	..
Garber	22	21	19	19	13	11	17
J T Wells	9	11	14	14	..	..	..
H E Smith	19	19	20	18	21	..	..
Jesse Smith	14	9	13	8	..	..	..
H R Vandy	21	19	..	..	..	..	..
Weber	19	22	22	21	..	..	..
Snook	19	19	..	..	..	..	..
Tarby	16	16	..	..	..	..	..
Francis	17	12	..	..	..	..	..
Siebert	8	12	..	..	..	..	..
Shattuck	20	22	..	..	..	..	..
Weller	16	15	..	..	..	..	..

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 10.—There was not a big attendance at the regular practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day, but considerable sport was had by the few who came out to enjoy a perfect afternoon at the traps. Jack Fanning came up to see the boys, and it was regrettable that more were not on hand to welcome him.

Some of the shooters tried to get high scores in the events away from him, but did not succeed very well.

Event No. 4 was a "snipe shooting" affair: shooters started at 22yds. and walked toward the traps, gun below elbow. The puller, an old shooter himself, watched carefully as the man at the score advanced, and it was dollars to doughnuts that the right foot was forward when the "snipe" flushed. Jack worked a shift on this game and fooled old Abe on several counts, with the result of high score.

The programme of the Thanksgiving Day shoot will be ready by the 14th, and as the championship of Westchester county is to be decided by the totals in the last six events, no doubt there will be a large local attendance. No prizes were shot for to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	10	10
J S Fanning	10	9	8	7	13	12	12	14	10	8
C G Blandford	6	8	8	3	15	12	11	12	9	9
J Willi, Jr.	5	5	6	4	8	..	12	..	..	..
F Brandreth	5	6	8	3	13	10	10	10	..	..
G B Hubbell	..	9	10	3	14	13	12	10	9	7

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At Liberty, Ind., November 8 and 9, HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE was won by Mr. W. R. Clark, of New Paris, O., score 321 x 330, using Peters Factory Loaded Shells.

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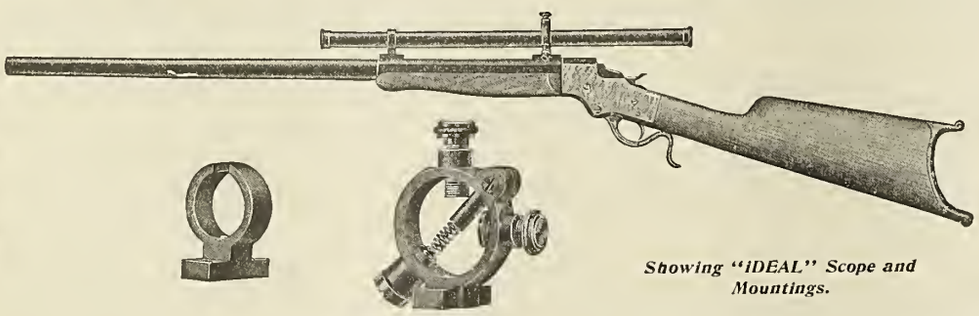

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North Caldwell Gun Club.

NORTH CALDWELL, N. J., Nov. 6.—Herewith are scores for shoot held to-day. The trade was represented by Messrs. Butler and Fessenden, who, in conjunction with the other participants, enjoyed a very delightful day. Mr. Butler was trying out a new gun, and was unable to locate the targets in his usual form. Mr. Fischer secured a clean score of 25 in the special gold medal prize event, and Dr. Hunter also had several clean scores. There was quite a high wind blowing in the shooters' faces, which made the targets rather difficult at times. Refreshments were served at noon and everybody appeared to have a good time.

The 25-target event was for gold medal, to be shot for by club members only, which was won by Wm. Fischer with a clean score of 25, the member breaking the most number of targets out of five special 25-bird events to retain permanent possession of the medal.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	25	15	15
W Kussmaul	9	8	6	8	7	6	11	6	11	20	13	..
W Fischer	8	7	6	7	8	8	12	6	14	23	15	..
G Fischer	6	8	..	..	..	9	11	7	12	..	..	..
L Stager	8	..	5	8	..	..	..	5	..	17	18	..
C Fischer	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
R Batch	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Kussmaul	7	4	8	4	9	..	..	..	8	11	..	..
S Fischer	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Fessenden	3	8	6	7	7	4	9	6	10	12	10	10
Strader	7	5	7	4	..	..	..	9	7	15	13	8
Butler	6	6	5	6	2	6	8	..	6	..	..	..
Dr Betts	7	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Hunter	..	..	..	..	4	8	10	11	9	13	25	10	12
R Batch	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Imiel	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	13	20	13	..
Edgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	14	6	8
F Sindle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	18	11	..
H Sindle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	11	11	
Westervelt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

WM. KUSSMAUL, Treas.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, Brooklyn, L. I.—The Election Day shoot of the Marine and Field Club was quite well attended. The members are earnest in a purpose to make the shooting features attractive and well supported by good attendance. The programme consisted of eight 25-target events, with results as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Brk.
C M Camp	17	18	14	9	13	15	15	19	120
I Snedcker	15	16	10	11	12	14	16	12	106
W H Davol	11	13	9	11	20	18	11	10	102
H Earle	4	5	10	12	11	11	13	8	73
W Scully	4	6	10	11	5	10	14	9	64
Macdougal	5	4	5	3	2	10	14	10	44
A H Platt	5	4	3	2	8	2	4	3	31
G S Sever	4	2	2	7	5	4	5	2	31
Stuart	3	1	4	6	4	5	3	1	27

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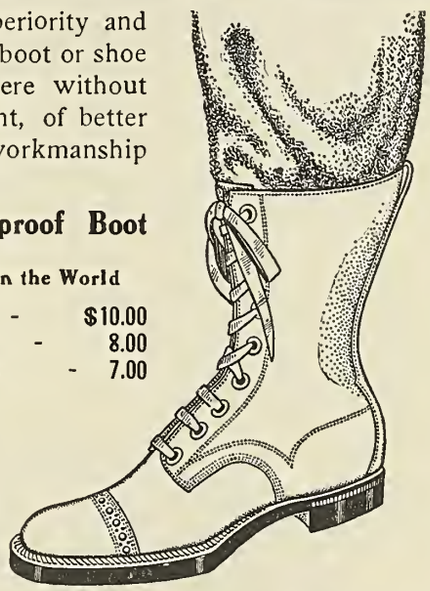

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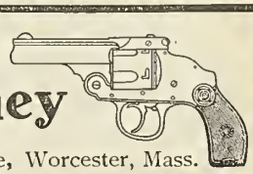

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Highland Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 10.—The shoot of the Highland Gun Club, at Edge Hill to-day, had twenty-five participants. Noah Clark made high average with 103 out of 120. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Brk.
Crothers	14	11	12	13	10	..	..	11	77
Ringgold	11	14	8	10	6	13	6	13	81
Clark	10	14	12	13	13	14	12	15	103
Ballentine	9	12	13	11	11	15	14	13	98
M Wentz	9	11	13	15	11	13	8	10	90
Freed	9	10	15	14	13	15	7	8	89
Sanford	9	10	11	13	6	13	..	..	62
Boger	9	11	10	..	7	..	9	..	46
Davis	8	11	5	6	11	9	..	..	49
Steib	8	13	14	13	10	10	11	14	97
Raeber	2	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	18
J Hamel	..	10	7	..	6	..	..	..	23
G Hamel	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	19
M Adams	..	11	10	9	9	..	..	..	39
Mull	..	8	9	..	..	15	..	..	32
Wakeley	..	..	8	7	6	11	12	12	60
Gilbert	..	..	9	13	5	12	8	7	54
Emley	..	..	5	11	3	..	5	..	24
Bready	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	12
Butler	..	..	8	14	12	12	15	9	70
Pratt	..	..	11	13	11	12	13	9	69
Felix	..	..	9	10	8	..	..	..	27
Felix, Jr	..	..	8	12	14	9	12	..	55
Dunlevy	..	..	7	13	11	10	9	12	62
R Adams	..	..	10	7	6	8	12	8	51

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 11.—A great many of the members of the Jackson Park Gun Club have left for their favorite hunting grounds. Another large party will leave this Sunday afternoon. This party will include Messrs. Ed. Morgan, Garry Hopper, Geo. Hopper, Arthur Crooks and one or two others. They will not return until next Saturday, Nov. 17.

I saw some nice strings of game last night, brought in on the early night trains from up the Erie road, and also several fine strings shot within a few miles of Paterson. There appears to be plenty of gray squirrels, rabbits, partridge and a few woodcock, but no quail around the upper part of this (Passaic) and Sussex counties.

There will be no shooting at Jackson Park until Nov. 24, on account of the shooting season. The boys will be all tired out next Saturday, when they arrive home I will give them a week's grace, then they promise they will settle down to trap work.

The Thanksgiving shoot promises to be a big affair, from all appearances, at the present time. This shoot will start at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue until dark. The special event I spoke about in my last letter will be a 100-target championship event, a handicap of extra targets, with an entry of at least twelve to sixteen entries, for which many valuable prizes will be distributed among the leaders at the finish. This shoot was at first to be among the Jackson Park Club members, but several members of other clubs wished to come in and try conclusions with the best the Jacksons could produce. The outcome will be an open championship shoot between members of the different clubs in Passaic and Bergen counties. The entries received to date indicate a very lively shooting match with many of the best shooters in this district entered. The one who wins out will know that he has been to a shooting match. This event will be shot in the regular programme events, beginning about

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No. 2

No. 3

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¶ Clear view of object aimed at.

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TUFTS MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. H

31 West 31st Street, - - New York City.

10 o'clock, and will be shot in four 25-target events, following each other, in which all shooters can participate, so that nobody will have to stop shooting during its progress. Everything will be arranged to suit those who wish to enter in a good lively shooting affair.

Lunch will be provided for all contestants and visitors.

The club always carries a large stock of ammunition on hand at the club house for those who run short. Any shooter who wishes to take part in this shoot can ship guns and shells to G. A. Hopper, 40 Main street, and they will be delivered at the grounds.

To reach the grounds, take Singac trolley car at City Hall. Cars run every 15 minutes. Get off at Jackson's Lane, turn left a short distance. WM. DUTCHER.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Individual Rifle Championship.

THE thirteenth annual 100-shot outdoor championship match was held in the shooting park at Greenville, N. J., Nov. 6, under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, and was successful in point of attendance and enthusiasm, the day being a fine one. The winner of the 100-shot match—other prizes beig at stake—was Arthur Hubalek, a comparatively young shooter in point of match experience, with a grand total of 2258 points and remarkably uniform work up to the 92d shot, every score but the last above 220, the tenth showing the fatigue and nervous strain he was laboring under—a strain that the veterans have difficulty in getting the mastery of. The character of Mr. Hubalek's shooting is shown in the following summary of the winners in various years and their scores:

Year.	Winner.	Score.
1903	W G Hudson	2301
1904	H M Pope	2270
1905	W G Hudson	2268
1906	Arthur Hubalek	2258
1900	M Dorrler	2257
1899	M Dorrler	2246
1901	F C Ross	2238
1896	F C Ross	2225
1895	F C Ross	2222
1898	F C Ross	2213
1893	F C Ross	2194
1897	M Dorrler	2183
1894	F C Ross	2142

Mr. Hubalek won the Hayes medal for the year, with its bars showing the history of the match, as summarized above; and also the Keller trophy. Charles Bischoff scored 234 and took the Armbruster trophy for the best 10-shot score made during the match.

The conditions called for 100 consecutive shots at 200yds., offhand, on the 25-ring target. It was open to all, and the only restrictions were that high-power ammunition was not allowed.

Twenty-one contestants took part in the match, representing the rifle clubs of New York, New Jersey and New England—in fact, the same men, with a few additions, who have taken part in these annual affairs since their inauguration, thirteen years ago.

The results follow:

Arthur Hubalek	21 24 24 24 18 24 25 24 25 24—233	
	24 24 23 23 25 25 21 19 22 22—228	
	22 23 24 24 25 23 21 21 23 22—228	
	24 21 21 23 22 22 23 22 24 23—225	
	22 21 22 21 23 22 23 24 20 24—222	
	22 17 24 25 24 24 23 25 21 20—225	
	22 24 24 17 22 23 23 25 24 25—229	
	22 22 21 21 19 22 23 24 22 25—221	
	22 24 24 25 24 23 21 23 23 24—233	
	24 25 19 16 20 24 23 22 19 22—214	—2258
F C Ross.....	23 21 22 23 24 24 24 22 19 19—221	
	21 24 23 22 25 23 25 22 24 23—232	
	24 23 25 19 21 24 23 22 23 22—226	
	24 22 17 20 24 23 24 22 20 24—220	
	25 18 25 22 23 21 25 23 25 22—229	
	25 24 21 23 22 22 24 24 23 23—231	
	25 24 24 24 23 21 19 20 22 17—219	
	24 21 17 22 23 22 20 23 22 21—215	
	18 23 20 23 24 25 25 22 21 19—220	
	22 24 25 18 21 21 23 23 24 23—225	—2238
W A Barker.....	22 22 24 24 22 24 18 21 21 16—214	
	22 20 25 23 24 22 22 24 24 23—229	
	25 25 23 23 23 24 19 20 18 19—218	
	21 17 18 25 23 19 25 22 17 24—211	
	20 23 23 18 23 20 24 23 21 23—218	
	23 24 24 22 22 23 24 23 23 23—231	

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Canadian Handicap—score 49-50

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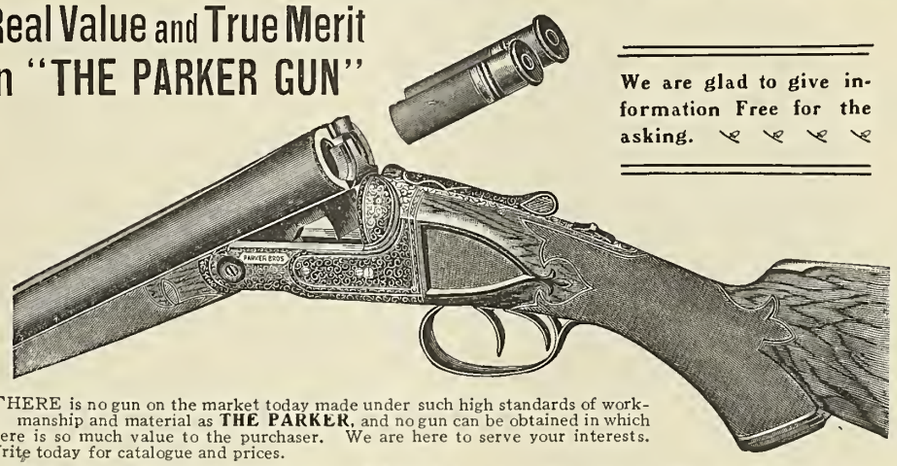

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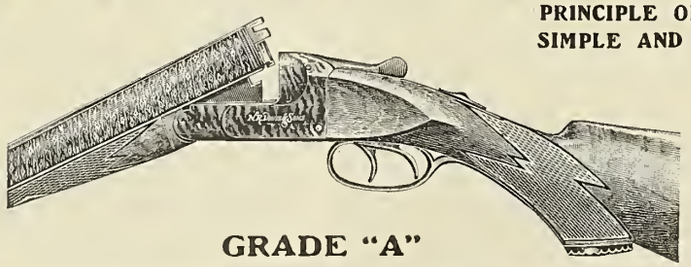

1906

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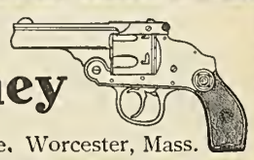

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Marlin rifles are made in all calibers for all kinds of game.

Send 6 cents in stamps for a catalogue, and you will surely find the gun you have been looking for, be it anything from .22 to .45-90.

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27 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Adair, Iowa, September 25th, R. R. Barber won high average

193-200

Newport, Tenn., October 3d and 4th, A. M. Hatcher won high average

386-400

San Antonio, Texas, October 7th, Mrs. Topperwein broke **122-125,** including a run of **114** without miss

All of the above chose to shoot

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	23	22	23	25	21	18	23	23	25	22	—225
	21	23	21	23	23	24	24	18	24	22	—223
	24	21	23	22	25	22	25	23	22	22	—230
	22	22	24	25	22	24	23	25	22	18	—227—2226
W G Hudson	20	24	23	23	21	21	18	22	24	24	—221
	16	21	19	23	22	24	22	24	24	25	—220
	22	25	20	23	24	21	25	24	21	23	—228
	22	24	24	24	20	21	21	21	22	24	—223
	23	24	20	25	22	23	24	24	22	25	—232
	20	23	24	24	20	21	20	24	16	19	—211
	20	23	24	25	19	19	21	22	23	23	—219
	24	22	22	23	24	20	20	17	22	24	—218
	20	18	22	23	24	22	22	24	25	22	—223
	22	23	24	24	23	23	20	20	25	24	—228—2223
Louis Buss	22	20	19	23	13	25	20	23	22	17	—204
	20	18	23	24	24	25	24	22	23	22	—226
	24	25	0	24	22	24	22	23	24	20	—208
	22	22	24	23	22	24	22	18	24	23	—224
	22	23	22	22	23	21	20	21	24	24	—222
	22	22	22	24	22	23	22	21	25	25	—224
	23	23	24	23	23	24	20	24	25	23	—232
	21	19	21	24	20	20	22	24	21	22	—214
	22	25	23	20	20	17	22	21	23	21	—214
	18	20	18	17	19	21	23	23	22	20	—201—2169
M Dorrler	219	203	200	221	223	214	222	229	220	198	—2154
W H French	218	230	221	210	203	213	218	200	210	228	—2156
Chas Bischoff	216	207	206	220	234	211	213	207	208	223	—2145
L P Hansen	205	213	207	204	223	214	217	211	204	214	—2112
J J Hunsiker	212	201	199	208	211	209	215	233	223	204	—2105

I Kaufman	2074	George Schlicht	2057
August Begerow	2047	Philip Andrassy	2026
P A Gabriel	1965	C E Tayntor	1938
Louis Maurer	1924	Barney Zettler	1917
J Steinbacher	1905	G L Amouroux	1652
R Goldthwaite	1645		

Armbruster trophy, best 10-shot score:
Charles Bischoff 234

New York Schuetzen Corps.

First gallery shoot at Zettler's rifle range:
Ring target:

G Ludwig	479	C W Elfers	433
R Gute	478	H Offermann	432
Chas Meyer	474	H B Michaelsen	432
J C Brown	473	H Quaal	430
A P Fegert	473	C Boesch	427
B Zettler	473	C Severs	427
F Ronn	464	A Sibberns	427
H Haase	463	C Brinkama	426
C A Niemeyer	463	J G Tholke	426
O Schwanemann	458	O Dwingelo	426
N C L Beversten	457	H Leopold	426
F Facompre	456	W Dahl	425
W J Behrens	451	H Decker	423
R Ohms	449	D Fieken	422
G Thomas	449	Ad Beckmann	418
H D Gobber	447	Chris Glandorf	417
A W Lemcke	445	J N Herrman	417
G W Offermann	445	F G Hetzel	412
P Heidelberger	444	H Martens	412
H Heinicke	442	W Lohrmann	409
C Schmotz	442	F Harre	409
J Gute	442	D H Brinckmann	404
Dr Chas Grosch	439	Aug Beckmann	402
H Ruttger	438	Dr von der Lieth	402
H Hoenisch	437	V J Harre	401
G H Wehrenberg	436	F C Brinckmann	400
H D Meyer	434		

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Bullseye target, degrees:

Chas Meyer	26	H Markers	60
H Haase	30	O Schwanemann	63
J C Bonn	31½	C Schmitz	68½
C W Ludwig	39	H B Michaelsen	76
Hy Hesse	48	H Hoenisch	76½
G H Wehrenberg	56	H D Meyer	90½
Fred Facompre	53½	T Heidelberger	99

Providence Revolver Club.

THE second match in the series between the Providence Revolver Club and Troop B, First Battalion Cavalry, B. R. I. M., was shot at the club range Saturday, Nov. 10, and for the second time the civilian team was victorious and won the trophy by 81 points, Creedmoor count, or best two out of three shoots. The conditions called for seven men to a team, and being late in the season, with short afternoons, the number of shots was limited to 10 per man at 50yds.

Following are the scores in ranking order:

Providence Revolver Club Team.

Arno Argus	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	—47
Wm F Eddy	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	—47
W H Freeman	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	—47
Edw C Parkhurst	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	—47
A C Hurlburt	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	—45
H C Miller	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	—45
A B Coulters	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	3	0	0—33—311

Troop B Team.

Lieut Crowshaw	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—44
Sergt Richards	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4—44
Lieut Richards	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—43
Pvt McKenna	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	3—43
Pvt Betz	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	3	0—39
Pvt Neild	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	0—38
Pvt Cobb	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	0—36—287

Revolver Club team led by 24 points.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

FIRST gallery shoot, Nov. 7:

Bullseye target, degrees:

A Dux	22	A P Fegert	79½
H Teschmacher	27	C Gerken	107
D Scharninghausen	49	C Ottmann	115
H Roffmann	79	F Brodt	115
H D Muller	88	F Rolfes	129

Ring target:

A P Fegert	237	240—477	A Dux	222	210—432
D Scharninghausen	232	233—465	F W Wessel, Jr.	211	221—432
H Roffmann	233	231—434	H Brumer	222	204—426
J V D Lieth	227	232—459	H C Ficke, Jr.	208	214—422
C Oetmann	230	228—458	H A Ficke	215	207—422
H D Muller	222	235—457	H A Ficke	220	196—416
C Gerken	226	225—451	H W Leonard	222	194—414
F Brodt	228	222—450	Geo Dettloff	211	191—402
F Rolfes	222	217—439	H Teschm'cher	208	199—407

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members at 200yds., on the German ring target on Nov. 4. Payne was champion for the day with a score of 225. Nestler was high man on the honor target with 69 points:

Payne	225	212	206	205	201
Hasenzahl	222	221	220	217	215
Roberts	219	214	214	214	213
Nestler	218	218	215	210	209
Gindele	214	209	205	198	195
Freitag	203	202	200	200	199
Hofer	207	204	197	178	169

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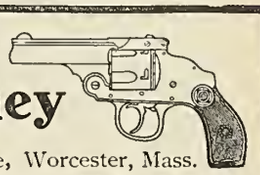

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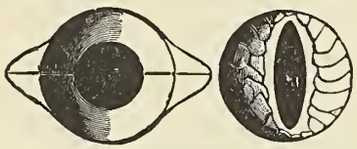

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LOST IN THE WOODS.

ON Tuesday afternoon, recently, C. McDonald, of the Big Store, with Jimmy McNiel, a boy of 12 years, drove up to Mr. Hubard's to put in the afternoon grouse shooting. Nightfall found them still from home, but it being thought that they would at any moment return, not so much anxiety was felt. When morning came, however, with no sign of the missing, genuine alarm was felt, and searchers started off. At 4 o'clock in the evening, however, word came over the wire from Courtenay that the lost had been found, and were then on their way home, where they arrived about 5 o'clock. The hunters had simply got turned around in the woods, and wandered about until dark, when they fortunately succeeded in starting a fire, and cooked a couple of grouse. The night was passed in comparative comfort, though a heavy rain fell, which kept them wet. Next day they stumbled out on Mr. Hubard's trail and got out by following that. They were none the worse for their adventure except for a good drenching.

There are many formulas in use (or on paper) for the lost to find themselves, but many of these are mere theories, others useful only to experienced woodsmen. If one has a watch, a direction may generally be struck by placing a finger tip in an upright position on the dial, no matter how dull the day, a shadow more or less defined will be cast from the sun across the dial, taking then the time of day, a fairly approximate idea of the points of the compass can be struck. A dog will often, if secured by a leash, take one out of the woods by the shortest route.—Cumberland (B. C.) News.

SELLING SNOW IN SYRIA.

CONSUL Jesse B. Jackson, of Alexandretta, describes the method in Asia Minor of providing a substitute for ice:

Snow is gathered in the adjacent mountains and packed in a conical pit, tamped in tightly, and covered with straw and leaves. At the bottom of the pit a well is dug with a drain connected at the bottom to carry off the water formed from melted snow. As the cost of collecting and storing is very small, the only labor is in delivering to the consumers, which is accomplished by pack horses. The selling price is 10 to 25 cents per hundred pounds, and often cheaper.

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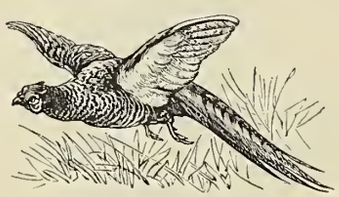

for stocking game preserves. Now in season: Partridges, Pheasants, Capercailzies, Black Game. Roe Deer, Fallow Deer, Red Deer, Wild Boars, Hares, Rabbits, Foxes, etc., etc.

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"MORGAN'S MEN."

Continued from page 774.

all right; but—to the rescue of the 2d Maryland, a regular regiment, if I'm not mistaken, which also broke some little time after the battle began. (Cf. "On Guard," page 198-203.) Yet that line regiment had done good service elsewhere. It was a flanking rifle fire from the woods that rescued the militia, not a charge.

Also, it was Col. Billy, not G. W., who officiated at the Cowpens in that classic "round-up." But history doesn't read that the frontiersmen ran unduly soon on that occasion. On the contrary, they served an excellent double purpose. To begin with, it was their constant accession that gave Morgan force enough to make his stand. And he was canny enough to take stand on the enemy's side of the river, for good reasons. (See above.)

"The trouble with most of the militia was that they had not learned this last lesson (how long to stay), so their running capacity was the part of their education which had been best developed. But they had lucid intervals, as it was; particularly in places where they couldn't run for good, though local reasons, such as a precipice, or a deep sea." ("Morgan's Men," page 250.)

I wish I had space to quote the chapter following the above, in which the tale is told as seen from Tarleton's ranks; but, briefly, all Morgan asked of the skirmish line was one good volley, the men of the line would take care of the rest. As a matter of fact, with their horses conveniently near for safety, that skirmish line gave not one but several, and a deadly lot of sniping, too, till the smoke got too thick for aiming. Then, and not till then did they retire, having done their full duty. Why should they await a bayonet charge out in the open, with nary bayonet among them? So they ran for their horses, and got out of the line of fire round behind the hill. Tarleton sent a squadron after them which ran headfirst into Billy W. and came back before him in a disorganized mob, disarranging the main line which had its own troubles plus a partial success. Then round their other flank appeared—what? Why, those very militia, who had galloped round the hill, been reorganized somewhat, and appeared like a new force on Tarleton's flank and partial rear, just when he needed all his eyes for the front. Down came the Marylanders on him yelling "Tarleton's Quarters!"—ominous words—and his men were simply wrapped around with foes and overcome in a few scant minutes. Tarleton himself had it out hand-to-hand with Col. Billy W. and broke the latter's sabre, but had to drop the matter there and run for his own life. And the despised militia were not specially backward in the chase.

I'm inclined to think that Fairplay and Kephart really would enjoy "Morgan's Men," from its general dealings with the mountaineer class, and possibly they may find a copy in some near-by public library.

All of which is respectfully and modestly submitted. JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

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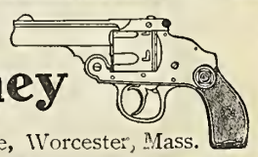

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FOR SALE.—Psyche, four-year old bitch, well-broken, good on partridge and woodcock. No experience on quail. She is very handsome. Also three of her female puppies, eight weeks old, by Maxim. All royally bred. W. E. RITCH, 20 1310 Park Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

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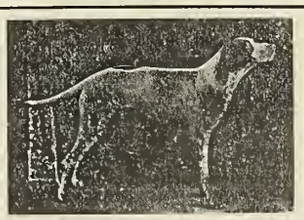

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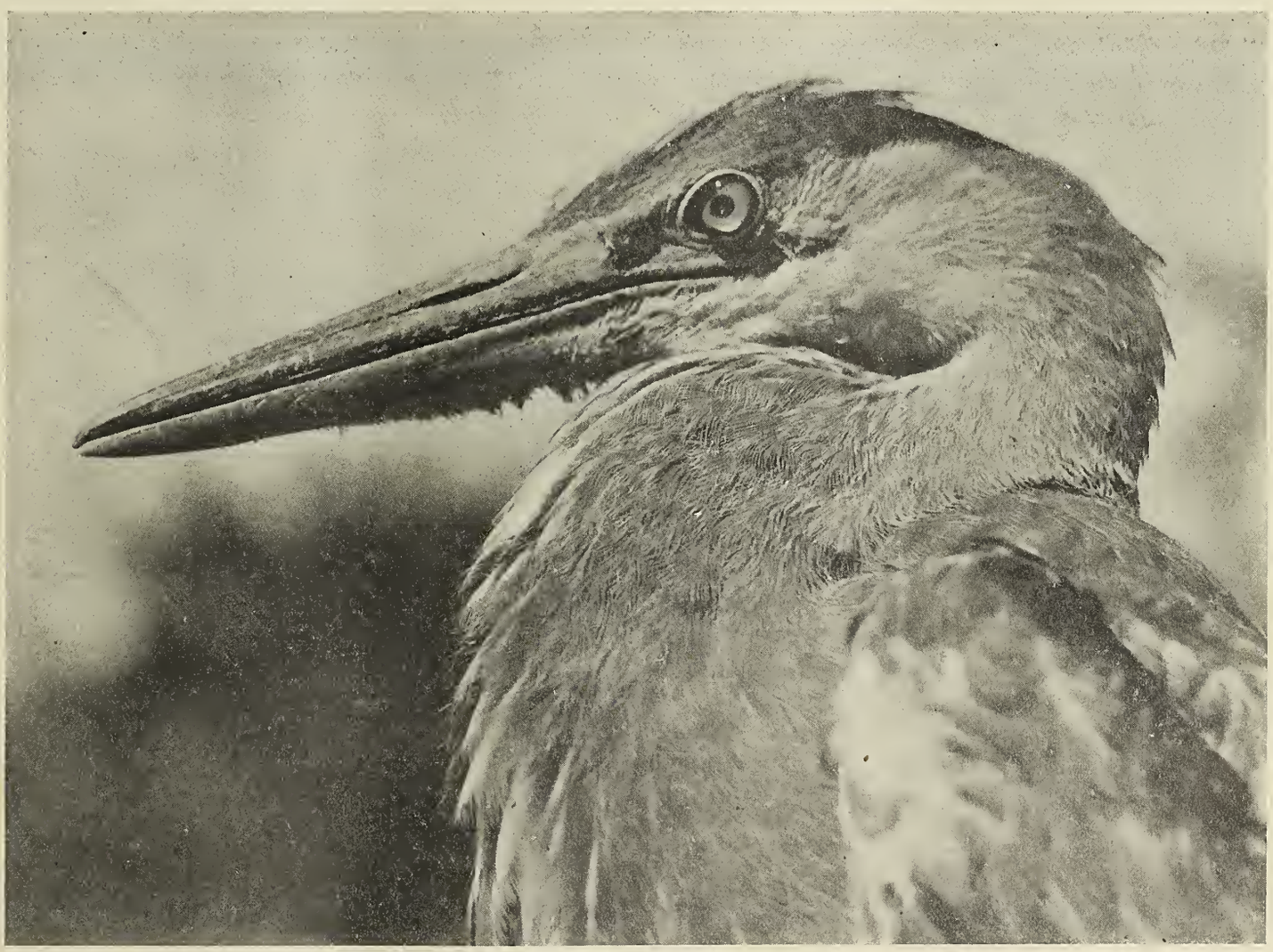

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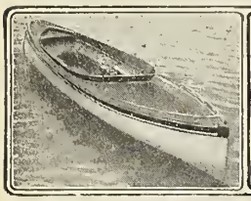

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He said, "You get breakfast and feed and harness the horses, I will go for the deer I killed last evening. When I get back we will eat and both go home." I assented, and in about an hour Waters came back to camp with two deer.

"Where did you get the other deer, George?"

"I shot her over on a point near where I had the other hung up; by the way, there was a curious circumstance. While I was going down the cañon I saw this big doe and two yearlings come out on a point. One of the yearlings saw me and said, 'Oh! mother, there is a man.' 'You need not be afraid of him,' responded his mother, 'it is Dick, and he cannot hit the side of a barn.' 'No,' persisted the little buck, 'I think it is someone else.' The old doe looked again, and shrieked while she trembled with fear, 'Run, children, run for your lives, it is Waters!' But it was of no use, I killed her before she had gone ten yards."

I grunted, and didn't pay much attention to him, but he relished this old-hashed-up and warmed-over tale so much that he told it a dozen times when he got me in a crowd, and the fools always laughed. W. J. D.

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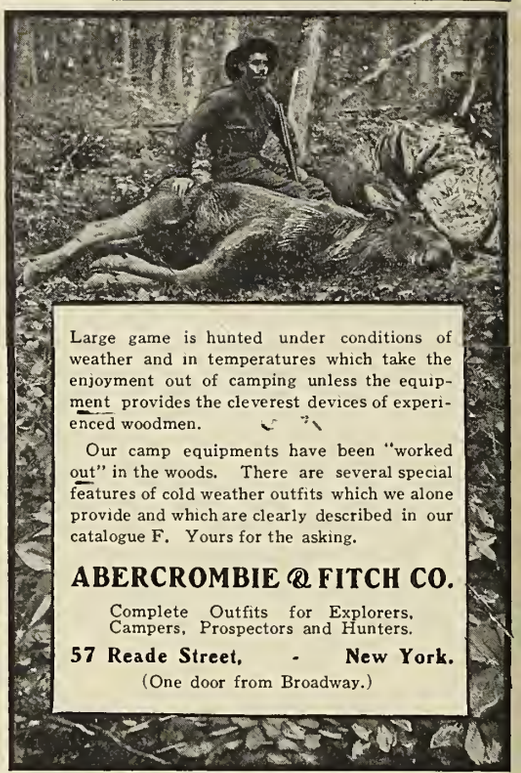

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BALD EAGLE KILLED NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

WHILE out hunting recently on Bayou Labranche, E. H. Arnold, of No. 139 Dumaine street, shot a big bald eagle. The bird measured six feet from tip to tip. The bald eagle is seldom found in this section of the country, and it is probable Mr. Arnold will present it to the State Museum.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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From the Korean Times.

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Seven Japanese soldiers eventually killed it, and they then took the remains outside and burned them.

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What eventually became of the strangle reptile is not related.

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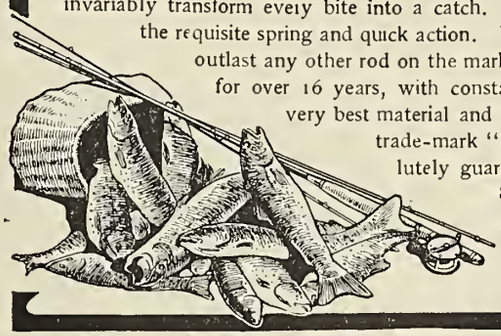

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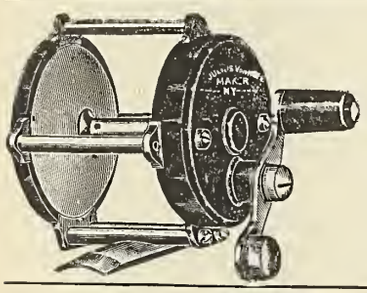

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The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF WILDFOWL.

We print to-day in supplementary pages a brief prepared by Mr. Shiras in support of the constitutional basis for his measure to intrust to the Federal government the protection and conservation of migratory game birds and of fish in interstate public waters. The paper gives a comprehensive survey of the principles involved in a determination of the relative powers of State and Nation. No one can read the brief without perceiving that it is the fruit of long study and matured thought; nor can one fail to note the spirit of frankness which pervades the document and the judicial weighing of the several propositions submitted.

All thoughtful students of the difficult problem of the preservation of our migratory species share the conviction, we believe, that endeavor to secure requisite protection by concurrent action of the numerous States concerned is hopeless. Quite as general is the conviction that if the task of wildfowl protection could be intrusted to Congress and to the executive agents of the United States, the problem would be solved and the wildfowl supply would be perpetuated. The one obstacle which has seemed to stand in the way of attaining this end has been a popular acceptance of the belief that all game protection was an exclusive function of the State, and one in which Congress could have no part. The task to which Mr. Shiras has set himself, is to show that this popular notion is erroneous, and that Congress rightly may and should legislate for migratory fowl. He has sought to demonstrate this by showing that in numerous instances the National government already does actually exercise that police power in which branch of authority game and fish protection belongs; and therefore that for the Nation to assume the task of legislating for migratory game would be an exercise of a power in no wise different from that which it already exercises, and in the exercise of which it has the acquiescence of the States.

We bespeak for the paper the careful reading and consideration it should have. We believe that Mr. Shiras's introduction of his wildfowl protection measure in Congress, the awakening of popular interest which followed, and the discussion of the subject which has ensued, mark a turning point in the history of the protection of the migratory game of our continent.

It hardly need be remarked that the paper contains evidence of having been written by one who is not only a student of constitutional law, but a sportsman as well, and one deeply concerned in the subject from a sportsman's and naturalist's standpoint. Geo. Shiras, 3d, a son of Geo. Shiras, Jr., of the U. S. Supreme Court (retired), was born in Pittsburg, Pa. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1889-90, serving on the Judiciary General Committee; and after a practice of twenty years at the Pittsburg bar, went to Congress in 1902, where as a member of the Committee on Public Lands he made a special study of forest reserves, game refuges and the National parks in their relation to game protection. For thirty-five consecutive years he has hunted big game in the Middle West; and has been also much interested in wildfowl shooting, being personally familiar with existing conditions from the south Florida coast to Newfoundland. In later years he has used the camera more than the gun, his wild game negatives now exceeding one thousand. In this field he was the pioneer, and in it has made wonderful achievements. Thus it will be seen that his environments have been peculiarly favorable to the development of such a study as that with which the present paper is concerned; and that the brief is not the outcome of hastily conceived notions.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF SHORE BIRDS

The practical lack of protection had by all our shore birds, including the snipe, plover, sandpipers, peeps and others, is a survival of the old feeling that migratory birds needed no protection, and that it was the business of each gunner to get for himself all of them that he possibly could. Happily this feeling has passed away among enlightened persons, though it still exists among the ignorant. It appears, however, that a campaign of education is about to be set on foot in behalf of the shore birds, and that it is to have the backing of two of the most influential protective associations of the country, the A. O. U. and the National Association of Audubon Societies.

During the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, held in Washington last week, the protection of shore birds was brought up by Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of New York, the president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who called attention to the practically continuous destruction of shore birds all along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, to the greatly lessened numbers of these birds, and to the danger of the extinction of some species.

With the increased population and the lessened supply of game, comes a constantly increased demand for shore birds as food and so an increased destruction of the birds. To offset this destruction, efforts are to be made to induce the different States to shorten the seasons during which the shore birds are to be killed.

Through the generous legacy of Mr. Willcox the National Association of Audubon Societies has now an income which may be devoted to the dissemination of literature on this subject, and it is purposed to spread abroad information showing the desirability of protecting shore birds and other birds from undue slaughter.

A SATISFACTORY SEASON.

Sportsmen coming home to New York city from railway journeys have been impressed at the number of rabbits carried on local trains by New Jersey sportsmen returning from a day's hunt. Evidently there is no dearth of rabbits in that State this season, and the game is fat and sleek.

Comments on the fine condition of the gray squirrels, grouse and woodcock found in various places in both New York and New Jersey are frequently heard, too.

It is noticed that the daily papers frequently comment on the scarcity and high price of grouse in the hotels and restaurants of this city. They claim from this fact that grouse are not abundant this season, whereas our reports have shown that the present season has been a favorable one, and that sportsmen have had fairly good grouse shooting in the best known coverts. Furthermore, it is evident that there will be a sufficient number of birds left in the woods to insure a good season's shooting next autumn.

The growing sentiment against the sale of game, the difficulty in safely procuring and disposing of it under the law, and other reasons, account for the situation complained of. The markets make very meagre displays of game compared with other years, and too many persons are ready to conclude from this that game is much more scarce than the facts warrant.

THE BIG LAKE DECISION.

It was erroneously reported recently that through a court decision the Big Lake shooting Club had been restrained from exercising riparian rights to some fifteen miles of land lying along Big Lake, Arkansas, which is in reality an expansion of Little River.

The case was finally decided in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit, in St. Louis. The appeal was from a decree perpetually enjoining the defendants, Frank G. Fite et al., from trespassing upon the property of the Big Lake Shooting Club. This decree was affirmed by this court in an opinion written by Judge Hook. The court also approved the conclusion of the trial court that Little River is not navigable in any real and substantial sense.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Cruise in a Converted Canoe.—I.

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

To those who love the water, Chesapeake Bay is exceedingly beautiful. The land surface lies but a little higher than that of the water, and the spaces over which one looks are very wide indeed. One sees few features of startling prominence, and none of these offend the eye. The shacks are picturesque, and few of them are seen. The bay shore is distinctly neat, pleasant and home-like. A very large proportion of the population are people who ride the waves in their own craft, and no man knows better the value of paint than a sailor. Of all classes, the sailor kind keep their homes neatest, inside and out.

The head of the bay is not so far from New York city as Albany, and one could go to the furthermost end of the Chesapeake in less time and with no more trouble than he would take to go to Maine, or Georgian Bay, which seem nearer because more familiar.

One is apt to imagine that Chesapeake Bay is small, rather too small for consideration when making plans for a long journey, or for a novel outing, and yet it is considerably larger than Long Island Sound, and has a vastly greater territory from which the adventurer may choose his stamping ground.

I suppose that the handiest and most interesting way to see the Chesapeake and its various inlets, salt rivers and winding shores is from a light, staunch cabin craft, either sail or power boat. One could go into the bay with an ocean-going yacht and make considerable of a cruise from seaport to seaport—Washington, Baltimore and Norfolk, with runs up the Potomac, James and other rivers. A small yacht, able to weather any gale, would be ideal for the purpose, for there are hundreds of harbors where it could find safe shelter in time of storm, while the broad water would still be accessible on the numerous pleasant weeks of spring, summer and fall.

I was so fortunate as to pass several months along the shores of the Chesapeake, last winter and spring, and the story of a trip which I made in a converted bay canoe on the waters between Big Choptank River and the Wicomico River may have in it some suggestions for those who would like to visit a region which is not overrun by mere pleasure seekers who cannot love nature for its own sake, and who must have excitement of a kind that nature frowns upon.

I met John W. Rusk, of Haines Falls, N. Y., in Cannon's boarding house in Cambridge, Md., toward the end of March. We became acquainted, and he told me about some of his experiences as a sportsman-traveler. Nearly two years before, he had purchased a common Chesapeake Bay canoe, the "Virgie Lee." It was built of four logs, hewed and bolted to shape, so that it was really a 4-log dugout. The craft was 28 feet long, 7 feet wide and drawing 2 feet of water. The bottom was 4 inches thick, and of southern pine. It must have weighed nearly 3,000 pounds, but it was an attractive craft, for all that. The bay canoe handled by a bayman, will ride storms that drive steamers to shelter.

Rusk discarded the mast and sail, built a washboard, put in a 4-inch high combing, covered the bow with a deck, put up a cabin 7 feet long, and put in a 12 horsepower gasolene motor. He expected to pass the winter on the Chesapeake waters, but the river Wye froze over for six weeks, and held his boat fast. When it thawed out enough, he took a compass course southward, passed through the inland route to the Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and on to Florida and warm weather. This shows the possibilities of the converted Chesapeake Bay canoe. One can get a canoe for from $40 up, and by putting in a cheap engine, have a very good sort of cruising boat at an expense of $150, or so. Of course, there is nothing fancy in such a craft—no brass fittings or hardwood finishing, but a man handy with saw and hammer and plane can build himself a cabin on a canoe that will be good to live in.

When I met Rusk, he had sold his 12 horsepower engine, and was waiting for a 4 horsepower. It was March, and the engine company was filling summer orders. Everybody seems to wait for spring to get their summer outfits, and the result is congestion of orders just when everybody is in a hurry. One had much better build himself a plank launch from plans during the winter, and get an engine as soon as he can before the rush begins. One can reach Chesapeake Bay by canals from New York easily. It is not essential that one travel in a bay canoe—its best feature is strength, and its worst one, lack of buoyancy or "life." It is a log, and lies like a log in the water.

Rusk and I became chummy. We went up to Secretary together on the steamer and had dinner with Win Murphy, an oysterman and captain, a lank, lean man with the buzz of the sea wind in his throat and a sun-baked face. Murphy believes that oysters were made for all men to enjoy and profit by. His is the faith of all the Maryland oystermen. Laws to protect the oyster are schemes of the rich against the poor, of the few against the many, he said, and for this reason he declared his intention of catching oysters whenever he could. On our way to the house he was telling about going down the river one night "stealing oysters." He was caught at it, and had to run. Whereupon the police opened fire with their .45-70s. At the table Mr. Murphy interrupted his story to invite Rusk to ask a blessing, and then continued, saying that the next morning he noticed one of his halliards was cut almost in two by a bullet.

"If it had cut square, they'd got me certain," Murphy said.

"And we had to step a new mast, the old one was so badly shot up," Win's oldest boy broke in. Good, honest men, as a rule, the tongers cannot bring themselves to observing the oyster laws any more than an old-time woodsman will observe the game laws. They present the remarkable characteristic of being God-fearing and law-breaking, both acts being matters of conscience.

Coming down Secretary Creek toward Choptank River on the steamer Joppa, we had a bit of an experience. A little schooner loaded with brick was caught by the tide in the channel, and anchored in the narrow way. The Joppa tried to get past on the starboard side, and hit a mud bank, heeled over and came to a stop. Then the steamer captain and the schooner captain exchanged compliments. After fifteen or twenty minutes the big sidewheels worked the steamer off the slope, and away we went down the creek into the river. It was low tide, and for upward of four miles the keel cut through the mud, sending coils of blue black muck up astern in the green water. We could hear the bottom strike lumps of oysters at intervals.

On another day we went out with Capt. "Dad" Flowers, of the police boat Eugie Willis. Capt. "Dad" and Oyster Inspector William Pritchard guard the tonging beds of the Choptank, winter and summer. Night after night during the open season for oystering they patrol the river, watching for dredges and illegal oystering. Dredging is forbidden above an imaginary line drawn between the steamer dock at Cambridge and a house on the far side of the river. Oystering at night is also forbidden. Nevertheless, dredgers try to get at the tongers' rocks above the line, to prevent which Capt. "Dad" and Pritchard patrol the river at night, with lights out and their eyes scanning the dark water for the faint flush of canvas shooting back and forth over the beds, betraying the pirate at his work.

Capturing the violators is sometimes a matter of a wild midnight race along the river, firing the .45 till the pirate comes to, or vanishes in the murk. Sometimes there is shooting back, and the flash of the guns darts out from two craft in mimic warfare. Some men like that sort of thing, and ride the waves of the bay regardless of consequences, so long as they can get huge catches of oysters. These free-lancers carry half-inch boiler plates which they move to between the steersman and the police boat's fire, and then run for it. They are really armored pirates. The law forbids the carrying of rifles, but has overlooked the curved sheets of iron that enable many a boat to escape the penalty of the law—fines, confiscation or imprisonment.

It was a pretty day when Rusk and I went up the river with Capt. "Dad." There seemed little chance of adventure. The river was dotted with canoes, tonging the beds in legal fashion. As we came around one point, a canoe far up the river at the next point suspended tonging, hoisted sail and slipped away out of sight. It was miles away, and too far to make it worth while to give chase, but it was an incident worth noticing, for that canoe probably had on board some bushels of "culls" or oysters under the legal size. Sight of the Eugie Willis was sufficient to send these lawbreakers scurrying, while the others were either honest, or trusting to luck not to be searched. A small batteau came bounding down with the light breeze—Capt. Wells, another oyster inspector was out viewing the work of the tongers. Asked if he had found anybody violating the law, he said, "No-o," as though to add, "Not exactly." Not exactly violating the law is the normal condition of affairs down on the Chesapeake oyster beds.

Capt. "Dad" served oysters for dinner. Inspector Pritchard opened them, three minutes from the natural rock, and they were dropped still beating into flour and then into a spider sizzling hot with grease. Better oysters one can never eat than those. One reads that certain good feeders, or bon vivants, have delicacies brought to them from all parts of the world; they think that thus they get the world's best food, but one who has eaten apple butter where it is made, sorghum where it was boiled, maple sugar in the bush, bananas from the tree, strawberries from the wild vine, trout fried beside their native brook, venison broiled over a yellow birch fire, or oysters fried at the natural rock, knows that the best flavors cannot be brought to a man, but the man must go to

them. Especially is this true of the oyster. Into every keg of oysters packed in Maryland go three quarts of preservaline, which for all time takes the true flavor from the bivalve.

"I don't like oysters that have that stuff in," said Capt. "Dad." "If I have oysters, I want them fresh, and fried like these, or boiled in their own liquor."

Opinions will differ as to oysters and the best ways of cooking them, but any one who enjoys even the doped oysters, ought to go down to the bay. He will have the real article for once in his life—as often as he wishes—but when he returns to the kegs for his shellfish, it will be a long time before he can enjoy them because of his taste having been cultivated.

Rusk, in our little wanderings together, discovered that we were congenial. Our individual eccentricities did not interfere with each other, so he invited me to go with him on his converted canoe to "sell gasolene engines." That was Rusk's idea of having a good time. I don't know that he really was a serious agent out for the mere profit of selling engines; I am inclined to think that he regarded himself as a sort of missionary, preaching the doctrine of power boats against the argument of sailing vessels.

Rusk's canoe, named the Virgie Lee, was beached on the opposite side of the Choptank at Sullivan's farm, and when the engine, no larger than a logging camp coffee-pot came, we took it over to the canoe and proceeded to put it in place. The old bed had to be ripped out, the shaft hole stopped down, a new bed built of plank, and everything adjusted, so as to get the propeller shaft true with the crank shaft.

The work on the shaft had to be done between tides, for the boat was up by the bow on the sand, and only at low tide was the stern post free. Lying on his back on a plank, wriggling, hammering, measuring and fussing, while the little wavelets lapped back and forth, sending long and longer streamers toward the plank till the worker was watching two ways at once, and calculating whether he had time for two spikes or for one only. But the job was finally done, just in time.

Then the engine was trued up a bit, fixed over, turned and fitted. A five-gallon oil can was put on a platform in the stern behind the engine, and a system of universal joints, Ls and street Ls rigged up to conduct the gasolene from the can to the engine. Finally little platforms for dynamo and storage battery were knocked into shape from pieces of soap boxes and chunks of wave-worn drift. Wires were brought out, felt of, smelt of, tested and looked at. There was some doubt as to which represented the north pole and which the south pole, and we longed for a piece of damp litmus paper, so that we could stick the wires on it and know, from the mark, that we'd found the south pole. We knew that one or other end stuck into a cup of water would have bubbles on it, but which it was impossible to remember.

However, the engine was wired up, the spark plug sparked, the induction coil concentrated the "juice" and the business had the look of a go to it. Greasy, with aching backs and triumphant smiles, we gazed upon the silent green machine—it looked trifling and lost in the big stern space of the boat, and compared to the size of the craft looked incapable of moving it.

After a day of serious engine installing, the proof of the pudding was at hand. Would the engine run? She would, and did. She started up, speeded, kicked the water astern, made a big noise and then, all of a sudden stopped with a loud sound and a profane burst of blue smoke. Rusk wriggled the wires, chucked the engine under the chin, so to speak, tightened bolts, loosed wires, tapped pipes and turned up the switch, turned the crank and saw the engine speed up to about 300, and then go bang and stop.

Night coming on, we retired to Mr. Sullivan's. I was jubilant, but I didn't let on. The way to learn what's what with a gasolene motor is to have something go wrong with it, and then help put it into shape. Rusk had had a dozen or so launches and gasolene engines. Trouble was not new to him, as proof of which his 67 years rested kindly upon his countenance. In the morning when we returned to the engine, we tried it again, with the same result.

"She back-fires!" Rusk announced and proceeded to tighten packing, squeezing bolts, and got it so tight we couldn't crank it. I got down and peeked to see where the puff came from, but the explosive puff of blue smoke always came with such astonishing suddenness that I couldn't be sure whether it was out of the packing, pump or base. At last, we dismounted the engine again. We unhitched the pump, unscrewed the wires, unjointed the pipes and got everything apart. As we lifted the cylinder from the base, Rusk exclaimed:

"Well, ain't I ——." Then he stopped. There was a hole in the bottom of the crank shaft chamber, and back in the tool box was a drain cock which appeared to have been thrown in for good measure by the makers. But it was an essential part of the engine. The base had to be lifted and the bed bored to take the drain

GEO. SHIRAS, 3D.

cock. By the time we had the engine up and doing again, night was coming on—all our work was done in and between showers on gray, chilly days, but at last the engine worked.

"She runs, she runs, she always runs!" Rusk cried exultantly. A mechanic charges from $15 to $25 for installing a motor. The price seemed reasonable when our engine was in.

Now we were ready to launch, and on a high tide five or six men lent a hand and shoved the boat afloat as easy as a peeled log. More trials and more troubles ensued, of course. It was a trick to feed just so big a drop of gasolene to the engine, and it was a disappointment when the dynamo failed to work, but the storage battery worked, and we cruised a few rods down the beach, started to turn back, and the engine stopped again. We fussed and fixed some more —got out the anchor so we wouldn't drift clear away, and when the engine did start up with suddenness and loud burstings, I'd jump and haul in the anchor and wait to see what would happen next.

We ran up the river side to Collins' house, and staid there all night. On the way we stopped and had a talk with Major Dickerson, who owns one of the prettiest of the Choptank River farms. With a bachelor chum and a dozen or so darkey hired men, he lives and enjoys the comforting life of a Maryland plantation farmer. On occasion he can out-dialect a Louisiana plantation hand—indeed, there are many ways in which the Maryland farm life surpasses most lives. For the mountain man, however, the muggy, humid atmosphere winter and summer must always be a drawback.

On the following day we crossed the Choptank River, and this trip will always be remembered by me as an occasion of novel pleasures. I had never before been afloat on salt water in a small boat when the waves were a bit rollicky. Now a cold wind out of the west, bearing misty rain, stirred up rollers that made us plunge. Who can describe the sheer joy of swinging in the waves? I could appreciate the fervor of those who first called the lisping and bubbling of waves along the side of a boat "music." Quite the most beautiful tone I ever heard is the tinkling of ice-clad grass leaves thrown into motion by a ripple in a brook, and next to this fairy sound comes the bubbling of salt waves along the sides of a boat.

At Cambridge we fitted out for a cruise. The big gasolene tank under the bow deck was filled with oil, and the little cabin was almost filled with bedding, things to eat and other necessities, including my duffle, and Rusk's. Rusk rigged cleats and two crossbars, so that at night we could fill in the space between the cabin lockers with two boards. By spreading mattresses out on these and on the lockers we had beds. Ninety cent quilts and dollar mattresses served the purpose very well. By day quilts, mattresses, overcoats, etc., were rolled up and shoved against the bow end of the cabin. This left us about five feet of space on the lockers and floor.

For cooking arrangements, we had a tiny 90-cent oil-stove, a frying-pan, coffee-pot and some pails. As the saying is, "They would do," and they did as long as we had need of them.

Having equipped ourselves, we headed away up the Big Choptank to Secretary. It had now come clear and warm. The wind was against us and pounded the bow of the boat insistently. I took my first trick at the 14-inch galvanized iron wheel and learned the feel of the waves pounding down against the rudder. Now and then, for no apparent reason the engine would come to a halt. I'd heave over the anchor and then we'd examine the engine, shake it here and there, and at last get it going again. Cranking it had a dire effect upon our hands. At one time I had seven blisters, due to the iron crank handle. This handle Rusk smoothed off with a file and emery cloth, and wrapped with rags, in vain endeavor to save the cuticle of our palms.

The hurt hands were the one drawback to the 8-mile run to Secretary. The river varied from three to five or six miles wide. Here and there long reefs jutted out from the banks, lending hues to the deep shades of the channel. Reading the water was thrust upon one instantly by these sands. To the unpracticed eye the waves were all alike, but when one stands at the wheel with Rusk fussing over the engine, mooning over the scenery ceases to be a joy.

"Now, where you going?" Rusk would ask suddenly, bringing me from a reverie of pure joy to a realizing sense that I was headed a mile or so off the course.

There were caving gravel banks on either side the river, and the trees about the houses gave them a beautiful, snug and home-like appearance. There was promise of sport in a dozen duck blinds off various points. The blinds were made of long, narrow boards, nailed into a rectangle, like a woodrick for a wagon. Down both sides, and across the bow were bored holes every ten inches or so into which was stuck cedar brush. The hunters anchor these blinds bow and stern, put out the decoys, and then get into the blinds with their skiffs and wait for the ducks to come.

Flocks of ducks left the water ahead of us, and circled back a mile or so away, for they were much hunted. On the edge of the land, looming dead against the sky beyond, were two or three trees with vast osprey nests in them. In the intervals when the chuckling of the motor ceased, we could hear birds chirruping from the bushes, and once or twice, the strange cry of the sou'southerlies, called hounds by some.

We ran up Secretary Creek, and made fast

beside the steamer dock. A dozen or so men were there, and it seemed a good opportunity to Rusk to demonstrate the engine's value to fishermen, crabbers and oyster tongers. But the engine was perverse. Having come to a stop, it refused to be exhibited. The crowd gazed on the futile efforts to start the engine and discussed the merits of the outfit. Some said it was the engine, some the engineers. What was the matter we didn't know and couldn't find out. While Rusk studied and I looked and tried to understand, there came from the dock the sound of voices raised in debate. Above the rest two gained the center of attention. One swatted the other on the nose, and the swatted one rushed to get a piece of oak board about three feet long. At this the other drew a knife with a 4-inch blade and opened it, backing away and twisting his face till it showed the mingled emotions of fear and anger. Sight of the knife brought the other to a standstill, and they stood cursing each other, while peacemakers flocked to the rescue and argued that knives and clubs were no weapons for fighting, and begging that the two go at it with their fists, "like men."

Later the man with a hurt nose drew Rusk to one side and told him that the fight was due to the engine, and that the hurt man thought he deserved the gift of an engine for standing up for it.

"You didn't stand up straight enough," Rusk remarked, and the man passed on.

Fishermen were coming in with strings of fish —white perch, catfish, shad and an occasional ring perch or yellow ned. Fishing had just begun to be good. A few days before the rumor had come up the bay that there were shad at York Spit, then one was reported at Hooper's Island. They came closer day by day, until one came in to Cambridge. The fishermen went to their nets a-quiver with anxiety. Finally every one had caught their first one or two. Then came the "catch," and one met men and women passing along the streets with plump roe shad hanging from splint stringers.

Our task was to find out what was the matter with the dynamo which refused to make the engine go without assistance from the storage battery. Repeated trials failed to bring any results. Then we noticed that the dynamo called for a speed of 1,500 revolutions a minute. A little figuring showed that our motor was giving only 1,200 revolutions—the dynamo pulley was an inch too large. This had to be remedied, and a trip to Cambridge was necessary to get another pulley. The new pulley was all right, but the shaft hole was an eighth of an inch too large. It took five hours to fit a brass collar on the shaft, but that fault was finally corrected, and at last the engine was all in whack. We were ready for a journey down the Big Choptank to Taylor's Island, where Rusk hoped to preach the doctrine of gasolene to the baymen.

Rusk was once a professor of elocution, and in his day he had given entertainments here and there on the continent. He recited dialogues, told stories and gave some impersonations of schoolboy singers. It was funny, but perhaps the funniest thing of all was his giving an impersonation of one of the little audience gathered in Win Murphy's sitting room without the victim quite realizing it. This was his farewell appearance at Secretary, so to speak, and the following morning I cast off, he started the engine, and away we went down Secretary Creek, at the rate of about four miles an hour. Our voyage was actually begun.

Finding a Man.

A CLERGYMAN summering in the Adirondacks had gone one day far into the wilderness prospecting for a camp site, fishing ground, etc., for himself and a friend expected soon from the city. Returning homeward the prospector stopped at an old hunter camp. After visiting the spring he sat down in the shade on the rough platform to rest in true backwoods style. It was nearly 4 P. M. and hot; he would wait till 4 o'clock and resume his march. Suddenly a man came out of the bushes and called, "Can you tell me where I am?" approaching as he spoke.

WING SHOOTING WITH A CAMERA——ROBIN SNIPE.

Eastern shore of Virginia. Circling over decoy. Several are dropping. 1/1000 second exposure.
From the National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1906, by Geo. Shiras 3d.

The answer was, "I think so. As nearly as I can calculate you seem to be right here."

"Well, where am I on this map?" (drawing a U. S. survey map).

"Can you tell me that?"

"I think so," and it was done.

"Well, I came from ——— lake this morning and was told to fish down the river to a bridge and the team would meet me at 3 o'clock. How should I get there?"

"I am going up that way and will show you the way."

"Well, I'm as glad to see you as though I had known you for thirty-five years."

He had missed the bridge because it was not in place this year, and had wandered on until he became lost some miles from where he wanted to be. He was wet, tired and nervous, a lawyer from one of our up-State cities.

"Do you think the team will be there?" he asked.

"Did you pay the driver this morning?"

"No!"

"Then don't worry. He'll be there."

He was and they rode home together.

JUVENAL.

Woodmont is a shore resort on Long Island Sound near Milford, Conn., famous for its wildfowl shooting. F. S. Downs, of Milford, writes that on a recent morning fifteen members of the New Haven Gun Club bagged eighty ducks. Three of the sportsmen got 22, 14 and 12, respectively.

The scarcity of ruffed grouse in parts of Minnesota is attributed to the shooting out of season of young birds in the summer months. Duck shooting, however, seems to be good, there being an abundance of wild rice, which is reported as a failure in places further north.

SNIPE SHOOTING OVER DECOYS.——PHOTO BY GEO. SHIRAS, 3D.

One hundred and ten bagged in one shot. Flying 75 miles an hour. 1/1000 second exposure. Revels Island, Virginia.
From the National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1906, by Geo. Shiras 3d.

"Morgan's Men."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 27 I notice some objections to a paragraph in chapter three of "The Mountain Moonshiner" in which I mentioned certain services performed by our backwoods riflemen in the Revolution. My words were deliberately chosen, and exactly stated my meaning; but they have been misconstrued (inadvertently, no doubt) by your correspondent, who has also misunderstood the context. If he will turn to the original he will find that I was not speaking of the North Carolina militia (who were not mountaineers), but of the Alleghany and trans-Alleghany backwoodsmen, and especially of that regiment of sharpshoters who were the first troops enlisted by the Continental Congress. These men were not from Carolina, and were not militia, but regulars—in fact the first regulars that ever served under a Federal banner in America. They formed the first regiment of foot of the Continental army, and were drawn as follows: Eight companies from Pennsylvania, two from Maryland, and two from Virginia. All of them were "expert riflemen" by the terms of enlistment, and all, save Nagel's company of Berks county "Dutch," were drawn from our western frontier, there being no sharpshooters along the seaboard, where the rifle was practically an unknown weapon. I was writing neither a eulogy nor a brief, but simply a plain statement of solid fact.

I have already told the story of our Colonial and Revolutionary riflemen, briefly in Harper's Magazine for May, 1899, (to which reference was made in my footnote) and in considerable detail, with references to authorities, in Shooting and Fishing from Jan. 1897, to March, 1898. My data were not compiled from popular histories, but from original sources, such as Provincial and State archives, American and British newspapers of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, personal narratives, official dispatches, and other contemporary records, which I compared with nearly everything that had since been published on the military annals of the Revolution. I spent five years in finding and sifting out this material before writing a line on the subject. As the result is already in print, I shall not weary either myself or your readers with a repetition.

Your correspondent Fair Play is evidently not familiar with the history of the Revolution and has quite failed to grasp the situation that faced the backwoodsmen. For example, it will be news to historical students that Washington, and not the sharpshooter Morgan, won the battle of the Cowpens, and that King's Mountain was carried by "a mob."

As for the backwoods method of fighting—did Fair Play ever assimilate the lesson of Braddock's defeat, or did he ever try to push a skirmish line through thick forest? He asserts that at King's Mountain the frontiersmen "ran from the first fire of the British, each man seeking shelter of rock, tree, stump, everything that would shelter their [*sic*] precious bodies from harm." If that be so, then they must have run back again; for they swept up and stormed a forest-clad mountain from which the British commander, Ferguson, had boasted that "God Almighty cannot drive us." Fair Play calls this band of backwoodsmen "a mob." Then, by all means, let us ever have such mobs; for they annihilated the enemy, in an uphill rush, and themselves received barely a scratch. If the object of war is to inflict the utmost damage upon the foe, while suffering the least ourselves, then our mountain mob certainly displayed good generalship. As a matter of fact, they had good leaders, obeyed them, and more—they were capable of doing what regular troops have only recently learned to do; fight in extended order, and still cohere when out of sound of their officers' voices. That is a hard lesson to learn, and there are some men who will never learn either the art itself or the common sense of it. There have been instances within the memory of to-day's schoolboys. However, the notion that backwoods tactics consist merely in a scramble of "everyone for himself and devil take the hindmost" is rank nonsense. There is leadership even in a bear-drive, to say nothing of battle against intelligent beings.

Your correspondent's other count against the Tennesseeans is that "they did not stick to the campaign." There was excellent reason. Had they done so, their wives and daughters would have been scalped within a fortnight. No Government was protecting those little log cabins in the wilderness. All honor to the "men folks" who left them long enough to make that superb dash across the mountains! More honor to the "women folks" who mounted guard against the Indians while husbands and brothers were away!

Allow me to express the conviction that no one is competent to write the history, as it should be written, of our sharpshooters in the Revolution unless he is both a trained historical student and a practical marksman as well. The material is hidden from all but bibliographers who know the resources of American and foreign libraries and public archives, while the subject is too technical for anyone who is not himself a rifleman. To show how grievously even the best of historians may blunder I need only cite the late John Fiske's eulogium of Morgan's sharpshooters. Unfortunately, I must quote from memory, being myself, at this time, far back in the woods; but you can find the passage for yourself by consulting the index to Fiske's "American Revolution." This distinguished writer asserts that every man under Morgan could hit a squirrel (I think he says a running squirrel) through the head with his rifle at two hundred yards!

MEDLIN, N. C. HORACE KEPHART.

THE CAMPING OUTFIT

of the thoughtful camper invariably includes a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. With this in camp, the most important food item is taken care of. Eagle Milk keeps indefinitely in any climate. The original and leading brand since 1857. Always uniform.—*Adv.*

NATURAL HISTORY

In a Heron Village.

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY.

With Photographs from Life by Herman T. Bohlman.

Of all the sights and sensations that break into a bird-lover's experience, the most lasting, perhaps, is when he first steps from the quieter wood scenes and suddenly emerges into the very heart of a busy bird town. The eyes pop as wide and the pulse beats as fast as that of a backwoods boy when he first walks into the very midst of a modern three-ringed circus in full swing.

Fifteen miles below my home in the heart of the fir forest, is a village of two hundred houses. It has an area of about three acres. Every home is a skyscraper. Not a single house is less than a hundred and thirty feet up, and some are a hundred and sixty feet high. The inhabitants are feathered fishers. They hunt the waterways of the Columbia and the Willamette for miles. Each owns his own claim, and there is never a dispute as to possession.

It takes the biggest reserve of nerve and muscle to reach this village, but one may sit on the wooded hillside far below and watch life there in full swing. From two to five brush-heap houses, the size of a washtub, are carefully balanced and securely fastened in the top limbs of each tree. Gaunt, long-legged citizens stand about the airy doorways and gossip in hoarse croaks. Residents are continually coming and going, some flapping in from the feeding grounds with craws full of fish and frogs, others sweeping down the avenues between the pointed firs with a departing guttural squawk.

One of the most risky and perilous pieces of work ever done in the treetop was accomplished here in the tall firs in getting the nest and eggs of the great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), The photographer had selected the most "climbable-looking" stronghold in the heronry, where the nearest nest was 130 feet up. But after the long, arduous ascent, he found that both nests contained newly hatched birds. Just fifteen feet away in the branches of an adjoining tree was a nest containing four eggs. To get this, the photographer strapped himself carefully in the branches and wrapped his legs about the trunk. With a rope, he lassoed the broken end of a limb on the adjoining tree and by slipping the cord back and forth, worked the rope up to the trunk. A slow, steady pull and the tops of the trees bent closer together. The tension became stronger and stronger between the two trees until at four feet, it looked like a huge catapult that might suddenly be sprung and shoot the climber into space. In another instant, an aërial bridge was formed in the treetop, while the photographer secured his prize.

The heronries in the Oregon forests are pretty well protected from the raids of a bird photographer by reason of their great height from the ground. For several years we hunted for a colony of these birds where a good series of photographs could be taken. We never found one in Oregon, but we did discover one in California last summer.

Down in the swamp regions at the lower end of San Francisco Bay, is a narrow wooded belt reaching out about a mile, and it is about 200 yards in width. When we approached this thicket, we saw the trees were well loaded with nests. We skirted the edge of the belt, looking for an entrance, but to our surprise, each place we tried was barred with a perfect mass of tangled bushes and trees. We crawled through in one place for a few feet, but over and through all was a network of poison-oak and blackberry that we could not penetrate. There was not the sign of a path. After two hours, we went to the point opposite the largest tree and decided to push and cut our way through. The first few yards we crawled on our hands and knees, pushing our cameras or dragging them behind. Unable to crawl further, we had to clear a way and climb a ten-foot brush-heap. For a few yards we ducked under and wiggled along in the bed of a ditch in mire to our knees. I never saw such a tangled mass of brush. Fallen limbs and trees of alder, swamp maple and willow were interlaced with blackberry brier, poison-oak and the rankest growth of nettles. All the while we were assailed by an increasing mob of starving mosquitoes that went raving mad at the taste of blood. We pushed on, straining, sweating, crawling and climbing for a hundred yards that seemed more like a mile.

We forgot it all the minute we stood under the largest sycamore. It was seven feet thick at the base, and a difficult proposition to climb. But this was the center of business activity in the heron village. The monster was 120 feet high and had a spread of limbs equal to its height. In this single tree, we counted forty-one blue heron nests and twenty-eight night heron (*Nycticorax nycticorax nævius*) nests; sixty-nine nests in one tree. In another tree were seventeen of the larger nests, and twenty-eight of the smaller.

Family of three full grown great blue herons in nest on top of sycamore tree. Photo by Finley and Bohlman.

The great blue heron or "crane" is one of the picturesque sights of every fish pond and along the banks of every river in the country. I look for him along the shallow sandbars and sloping banks as I look for the background of green trees. He is always the solitary fisher. He is the bit of life that draws the whole to a focus. Watch him, and he stands as motionless as a stick. He is patient. A minnow or frog swims past and there is a lightning flash of that pointed bill as he pins him a foot below the surface. Disturb him and he deliberately spreads a pair of wings that fan six feet of air, and dangles his long legs to the next stand just out of range.

Nature has built the heron in an extremely practical way. She dressed him in colors of sky and water. She did not plant his eyes in the top of his head as she did the woodcock, because he is not likely to be injured from above, but she put them right on the lower sloping side of his head so he could look straight down at his feet without the slightest side turn. She let his legs grow too long for perching conveniently on a tree, just so he could wade in deep enough to fish. She gave him a dagger-shaped bill at the end of a neck that was both long enough to reach bottom as well as to keep his eyes high above water, so he could see and aim correctly at the creature below surface.

It is said that occasionally a pair of great blue herons will build an isolated nest, but I never found one. The heron likes a remote fishing preserve of his own, but he loves to live in a small village community to which he can return each evening and enjoy the social life among his neighbors and dwell in mutual protection.

He is a remarkable bird in adapting himself to circumstances. In a bird of such long legs and of such proportions one would naturally

think his nesting place would be on the ground. In the lake region of Southern Oregon, we did find the great blue heron nesting on the ground, surrounded on all sides by gulls, cormorants, pelicans and terns. But in other portions of our country, a colony of these birds will select the tallest firs, deep back in the forest, or the sycamores, willows and maples in the midst of a swamp.

We made the first trip to the heronry on April 21, and found that most of the nests contained eggs. There were about 700 nests in the whole colony, of which the larger number were black-crowned night herons. The great blues and the night herons occupied the same trees, nesting side by side. The larger nests were built almost entirely in the tops of the sycamores, while the night herons set their platform nests at the very upturned tips of the sycamore's limbs and in the lower surrounding willows and alders.

When I first climbed in among the nests of a smaller tree with my camera, it sounded as if I were in the midst of a gigantic henhouse. Some of the birds were clucking over their eggs that were soon to be hatched; others were cackling over newly-laid eggs, and squawking at being disturbed; others were wrangling and squabbling, so that there was a continual clattering fuss above which one had to yell his loudest to be heard. I sat astraddle a limb with my note-book in hand. About me, seemingly almost within reach, I counted thirty-six sets of blue eggs. I was high above the tops of the alders and willows. Set all about me in the background of green, were the platforms, each holding several eggs of blue. The trees were dotted in every direction. I counted over 400 eggs in sight.

The black-crowned night heron is a very different bird from the great blue. It has a shiny black patch on the top of its head, and a gray body with a black back. The short but thick neck and short legs are just the opposite of the blue heron. The night heron, as the name signifies, is not seen or heard much during the day unless you visit one of their colonies, which is placed generally in some inaccessible swamp. As long as these birds can find some protected place to nest, they are sure to remain in spite of our civilization, for a colony of several hundred of them still nest in the maples of a dense swamp only a few miles from New York city.

Young black-crowned night heron resisting the invasion of the camera. Photo by Finley and Bohlman.

Young night heron. Showing long angular toes used to hang to limbs.

Great blue herons perched lazily in the tops of the trees. Looking in one direction, I counted over a hundred of them. They were sailing in continually and departing. The night herons fluttered about in a jerky, labored flight, lighting in the willows and hovering over their nests.

A night heron's, or as often called, a squawk's nest, looks to me like a mere botch. Some of them are not hollowed in the least, but just rough platforms. In a wind, the eggs would roll off if the mother did not sit to hold them on. There is not much trouble after the eggs are hatched, for the youngsters seem to kick themselves loose from the shell with one foot, while they wrap the long, angular toes of the other about the nearest twig.

On our first trip to the heronry, when the nests contained eggs, we selected one or two of the best and most available to get a good series of pictures showing the growth of the young. Most all the night heron nests contain four eggs. Each egg seemed to hatch in regular order about two days apart. When we photographed the same nest later, we found it held three frowsy-headed youngsters and one egg. On our third trip, the growth, both in size and ugliness, was quite apparent. But on our next trip, we found the nest deserted.

The next time I sat in the treetop, the place sounded more like a big duck ranch. Above all the squawks of the parents there was a steady quacking clatter of the hundreds of young herons, that never ceased. The sound grew more intense in spots, as here and there a mother swept in from the feeding ground and fed her children. As I sat watching, an old blue heron sailed in and lit on a branch above her nest in the adjoining tree. The three youngsters twisted in ecstatic contortions as the mother stepped awkwardly along the limb. Each reached up in full height to grasp her long bill. She sat on the nest, calmly looking about. The young continued to catch her beak and pull it part way down, endeavoring to make her feed them. When she got ready, she disgorged a mess of partially digested fish down the throat of each nestling, and left as leisurely as she came. In another case where the young were older, I saw the mother bird disgorge into the nest. The mass of undigested fish in her craw seemed to form into small portions and come up as the cud of a cow does, and each youngster pitched into the meal with a vigor and energy, that would have amazed a litter of young pigs.

When you climb anywhere near a nest after the young birds have had a good meal, they will begin to "unswallow" as fast as they have gobbled it down. On account of this habit especially common among night herons, we found it always safe to keep out of the way as much as possible, or at least not approach a nest full of young birds from below.

In order to study the life of the herons and get some pictures early in the morning before the wind sprung up so strong that we could hardly hold ourselves in the treetop, which it had a habit of doing at that season of the year, we camped at the heronry all night. At the south end of the heron jungle is a hay field, where we took up quarters. We had no trouble in keeping awake most of the night to study heron habits. The blue herons, as well as the "squawks," or night herons, seemed to keep busy most of the night. As some one has said, it sounded like several hundred Indians trying to throttle each other. Then the mosquitoes and frogs were more active after dark. We crawled into a haycock and covered ourselves up as much to get rid of the pestiferous, bloodthirsty insects as to keep warm. At daylight we felt as much comfort in crawling out to get rid of burrs and stickers as we had the night before in crawling in to get away from the mosquitoes.

Photographer climbing to nest of great blue heron, 130ft. up. Showing strap used in climbing.

(View with telephoto lens from ground. Limbs appear slanting downward, as distance is so high from ground up). Photo by Finley and Bohlman.

A young night heron is well adapted to climbing from limb to limb by reason of his long, angling toes and the ability to hook his neck or bill over a limb and draw himself up as a parrot does. Not so with the young blue herons; they are as awkward about the limbs of the trees as their parents are stately in moving through the air. When overbalanced on a limb, they often fall to the ground.

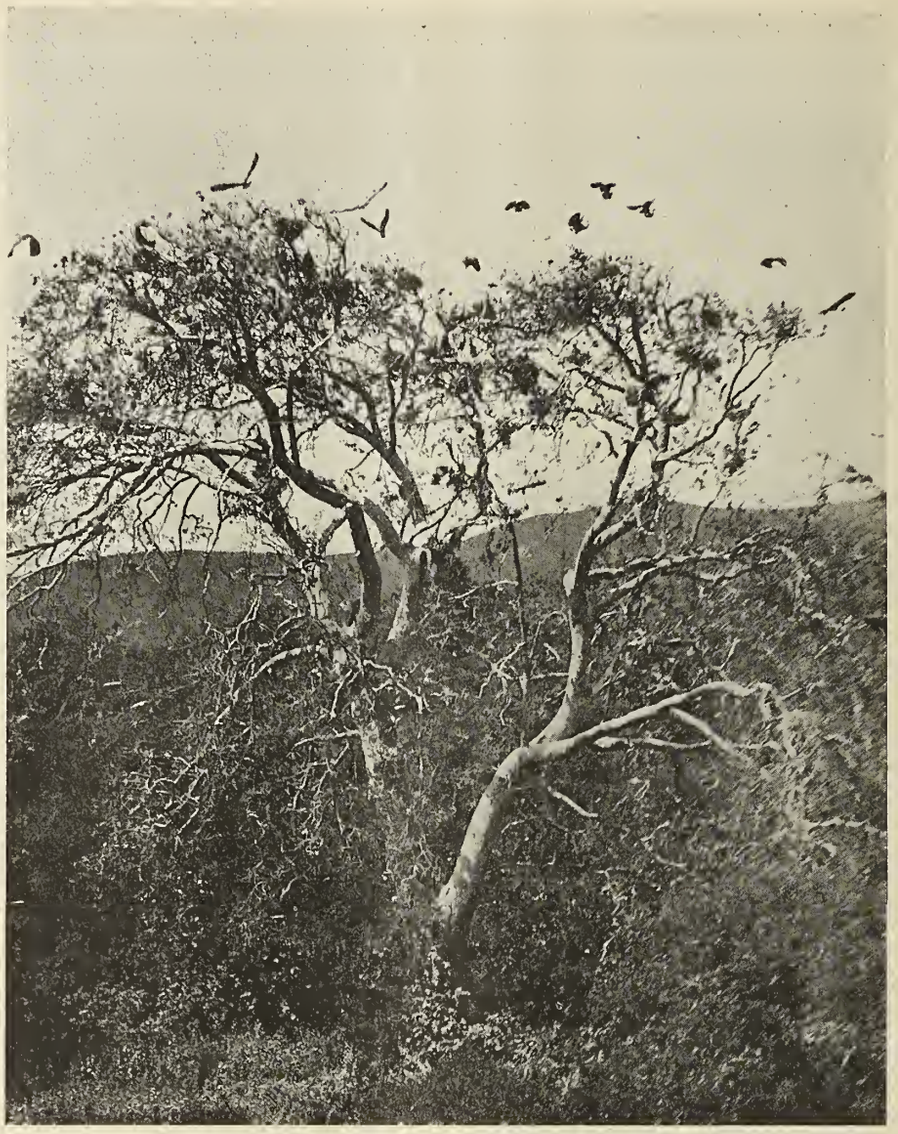
The young birds of both species seem instinctively to know that falling from the trees to the ground below means death. Not because they are hurt in the least by the fall, but because the old birds never descend to the ground below the nest tree. The ground under the trees was strewn with the bodies of young birds. The young are fed only in the treetop and those below starve in the very sight of their parents.

Several times we saw young night herons hanging dead in the branches of the trees. In one tree we found two of these youngsters hanging side by side only a foot apart. In walking about the limbs, the larger of the two birds had caught its foot in a crotch and hung itself head downward. That in itself was not unusual, but the second bird hung by the neck only a few inches away. It seems that this smaller heron had hung itself rather than fall to the ground; he had fallen or overbalanced on the small limb and, as is the custom, had hooked his chin over the branch to keep from falling to the ground. His clutched right foot showed that the death-struggle had been a reaching and stretching to gain the limb. The head was not caught between the branches as was the other bird's foot, but was simply hooked over the bend in the twig. Had he thrown his head back a little he would have dropped to the ground. We demonstrated this by turning the bill to an angle of 45 degrees and the body dropped to the bushes twenty feet below. How the bird could have held the rigid position of the neck throughout its death struggle, I do not understand, unless it was a case where force of instinct was strong even to death.

The last trip we made to the heronry, we found the limbs of the sycamores as well loaded with young herons as a good apple tree is loaded with fruit. The moment we started to climb the tree with our cameras, was the signal for the breaking loose of a squawking bedlam. Young "squawks" jabbered all sorts of epithets from the nest edge and retreated along the limbs as we drew nearer. The young blue herons savagely disputed every foot of our climb. They aimed a fusilade of stabs at us from all sides, and we took great care not to get within reach of their weapons. When we did get into the treetop, it took some little maneuvering to oust a pair of enraged youngsters so we could sit in their nest and aim the camera at the birds about.

It was considerable trouble for us to get a series of heron pictures. We suffered and scratched for weeks with a miserable rash from the poison-oak, but we made five long trips to the heron village. The last trips through the jungle were not so difficult as the first; we had the beginning of a path and we doped with poison-oak preventives, gloved our hands and veiled our faces. But it was worth it all just to get a clear conception of what life is in a big heronry. It was a sight for the soul just to watch the great blue herons; the long, slow wing-beats as they flapped in from the feeding grounds; then the picture of quiet restfulness as they lounged about their nests after the day's work.

PORTLAND, Oregon



THE LARGEST TREE IN THE HERON VILLAGE.

Containing 69 nests—41 nests of great blue heron and 28 night heron nests. The center of activity in the heron village, a sycamore 120ft. high and with a spread of over 100ft.

Photo by Finley and Bohlman.

Remarkable Wild Ducks.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Possibly some of your readers may be able to inform me what kind of ducks the following birds are:

In appearance something similar to the ordinary mallard duck; in the drake, bill very yellow, head green, white ring around the neck with head, neck and bill the size of a goose. The back and wings very similar to the ordinary mallard, but the two outer feathers on wing-tips are white, bar on wing the same as mallard, feet yellow with black nails, feet as large as a goose. Breast and lower part of neck mottled gray part way and then patch of white as large as a man's hand clear across breast, balance to tail feather mottled gray. Weight, 4½ pounds, very thin. The duck, same description as drake, with the exception of the entire breast being mottled gray and nails on feet yellow and head all gray; with four feathers on either wing-tip. Weight, 4¼ pounds; bird thin.

These birds were shot several days ago by two sportsmen of this city in the afternoon. They took them for geese at first. They say they make a noise more like a goose than a mallard, although they came to the mallard call. The crops of the birds were filled with wild rice and a little sand and gravel; nothing further that could be discovered. Flesh very similar to a mallard duck and nice and sweet.

The sportsmen say they saw a flock from which these birds apparently came, and think they were the same class of birds. Could such a thing be possible as a wild mallard duck crossing with the large pekin duck, or would a mallard duck cross with some of the smaller geese?

The writer has seen a great many freak birds, but these seem to be extremly odd. In comparing these birds lying side by side with a mallard, they appear to be again the size of the mallard duck, by the monstrous head, bill and feet giving them all the appearance of a goose.

I trust that some one will be able to describe these ducks, whether they are hybrids, or whether a bird out of its territory, although I know no similar duck in America, and believe them a cross of either the two kinds mentioned.

I sent you an article about four years ago, having seen a small flock of genuine wild pigeons. We have some mounted birds in this town, and as I have shot them and seen them in flight, I am not mistaken. Two years ago there were several small flocks in this county of genuine wild pigeons, but believe they were all killed off. One farmer reported killing several, but did not save them. They went on the table.

A. G. H.

[It appears quite certain that the birds referred to were hybrids, and from the description, one of the parent birds was unquestionably a mallard; what the other parent was is quite uncertain, though perhaps an inspection of the birds might give a hint.

It is well known that hybrids are more common among ducks than in any other group of birds, and that a considerable number of such crosses have been described. Of these one was figured by Audubon under the name bimaculated duck. The hybrids between the black duck and the mallard, and the sprigtail and the mallard are so common that we have known a gunner who has killed several of each.

We are disposed to think that the birds described by our correspondent were hybrids between the wild mallard and a domestic duck. The suggestion that they were hybrids between a duck and some one of the geese is inadmissible.]

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF WILDFOWL.

The Existence of a National Police Power, Inclusive of Federal Control for the Protection of Migratory Wildfowl and of Fish in the Interstate Public Waters of the United States.

By GEO. SHIRAS 3d

Nearly two years have now elapsed since, with a view of testing the opinion of our American sportsmen, I prepared and introduced a bill into the National House of Representatives to establish Federal supervision over the migratory wild fowl of the United States; followed by three other measures designed to give the general government effective jurisdiction over the coastal and interior waters of the country, so as to not only safeguard our great fishery interests, but likewise protect the public health of the entire country from the indiscriminate and unnecessary pollution of our interior interstate waters, the contamination of which is costing hundreds of thousands of lives each year, and, in the last decade, hundreds of millions of dollars for new systems of water supply and storage. All these bills involve precisely a similar question, viz.: Does there exist a sovereign power, in the National government, capable of meeting a situation where experience shows that the States, acting alone, have been unable to afford relief?

It is, therefore, not a problem of taking away from the States prerogatives capable of efficient exercise, but rather (1) supplementing the same by National co-operation, or (2) by entirely supplanting State regulations, when incapable of enforcement. Neither case entails a loss of powers "reserved to the States," for a power incapable of exercise is a legal fiction, and a power that can only be partially exercised is not infringed upon when the same is made fully effective by the assistance of the central government.

Recognizing the fact that the proposition, so far as it related to the preservation of our migratory wild fowl, was a new one, and that in respect to the others the situation was in almost inextricable confusion, owing not so much to conflicting decisions as to lack of public consideration, I submitted all of the proposed acts to those journals representing the several classes most likely to be interested in such legislation, in order to obtain expression thereon, not only in reference to the possible advantages, but also in relation to the legality, in the broad sense, of such Federal supervision.

As your paper has already taken the responsibility of saying, editorially, that the support accorded the migratory game bill, by the sportsmen generally, has been uniformly favorable, I will pass by this feature for the purpose of reviewing the several constitutional questions involved.

Since June 1, I have been so continuously in the woods with gun and camera, that, for the time being, I was more interested in immutable laws of nature than the rather uncertain and variable ones laid down by man in the effort to regulate his fellow creatures. This week for the first time I have hastily glanced over your files and can hardly realize that more than a year has passed since writing on the subject of Federal game laws. However, I have had in mind the propriety of summarizing the principles upon which such legislation must apparently rest, for I am heartily in accord with the suggestion made by one of the only two writers who questioned the constitutionality of Federal control, that better no law at all by Congress, however desirable the objects, than one that must eventually be stricken off the statute books as beyond the power of the National government to enact. Not only would such a result be harmful in hampering the States during the period of its temporary operation, but, of necessity, a reflection upon its author and advocates.

That I have tried to act conservatively is shown by the fact that the question of its alleged merits was left to the verdict of those interested, and no effort was made, meanwhile, for the consideration of the bill by the House committee to which it was referred. While we all seem to agree that the instant the Federal government prohibits spring shooting of ducks, geese and snipe, and makes night shooting, at any time, a crime, almost instantly the slaughter will be stopped at those points where extermination is on the programme; yet I am unwilling that the legality of governmental action shall be decided adversely by a too hasty presentation of the question. Better push the proposition slowly, steadily and cautiously than improvidently lose by not stating the case properly and at the most propitious time.

Not having been a candidate for renomination, or re-election to the present Congress, I can consider with more freedom certain features of the bill than when I wrote before; for assertions that would have sounded dogmatic, perhaps, coming from a lawmaker, will only now be regarded as earnestness in behalf of a good cause.

Arbitrary and Functional Rights of a State.

On previous occasions I have largely confined myself to the broad proposition, that we should have National laws for the protection of our so-called migratory birds and fish, and State laws for all purely local game; citing a case of two, to illustrate the tendency of our Federal courts to sustain such a principle in the direction that I am traveling, especially where the result is not in derogation of any substantial State function.

Those State rights which are functional—that relate to the effective discharge of duties to its citizens, individually or collectively—which are inherent because affording a direct, complete and responsive control of those subject-matters necessarily essential to life, liberty and property of the inhabitants thereof, as between themselves, in contradistinction to those complex relations which exist outside to the State itself—such rights as these must be preserved, for upon them depend representative government in the States and Nation alike.

But when the rights claimed by a State are based solely upon prior use or upon conditions that have passed away—upon ancient dogmas which partake of the "divinity that doth hedge a King," and are non-essential, often proving a menace to the Nation and a discredit to the Commonwealth itself—then the time has come when a halt should be called upon this method of misrepresentative government.

For as "two wrongs don't justify a right," we can hardly say one right can justify forty-four wrongs against that number of co-States; yet this is the position we are in to-day, if we tried to weigh State sovereignty by any other rule than that it must be subordinate to the general welfare of the Nation; and in saying this, I hope to demonstrate that none of the legislation herein specifically advocated, affects a single necessary prerogative of the State; and further that the harmonizing of the now conflicting claims can be done on a basis that, in my mind, is logical, easily defined and free from the inconsistencies and insincerities lying behind so many of the methods, now in vogue, to afford the Federal government control over subjects supposed to be wholly confined to the States.

In order to determine whether the Government has a right to exercise the supervision given it under the game and health bills referred to, it will be necessary, however irksome, to trace back to the beginning of the Constitution the pedigree of certain rights heretofore assumed by the States, in order to find out whether such rights are capable of severance into classifications suitable, respectively, for local and general conditions; thus permitting the State to wholly control its local affairs and yet make possible the protection of interests important to the Nation, and in which the States may have but a secondary concern.

States Creating a Nation and Vice Versa.

Constitutional construction has been unquestionably influenced by the way in which this first great and enduring Republic came into being. While the present Constitution, strictly speaking, was framed by popular conventions, yet it is within the fair meaning of history to say that the thirteen colonial States created the Federal Union and its form of government; hence as creators, relinquishing, with more or less hesitation, the power theretofore possessed by each State, we find, for many years, a tendency to regard the new Nation as the common offspring of joint statehood and scrutinizing, with rather severe countenance, any disposition of their progeny to assert powers conflicting with what might, in those days, be styled "paternal rights" of the State, in contradistinction to the present custom of calling all Federal aggression "National paternalism." Just how the States and the Union gradually shifted their position is instructive, and will help explain the process of centralization on a reasonable basis, instead of treating it as a necessarily dangerous and manifest departure from those fundamental principles underlying the relations of the States to the Union.

The States, at the outset, were isolated, lacked common interests, differed materially in social and economic conditions, and, above all else, possessed a positive and natural dread of all power centralized within a government erected over and above them, which, in their colonial days and in the history of the world, had always stood for some form of coercion and, usually, downright despotism. It is therefore not surprising that a combination, in which common defense against foreign and domestic foes was one of the great impelling causes for uniting, should attempt to limit in many respects the power of the central government; and where it was not so limited, that the States should continue to exercise functions really belonging to the general government.

Perhaps nothing has done more to bring about an accurate valuation of those rights which are necesary to the States for the administration of local affairs and those so-called "rights" existing without regard to their essence than has been the admission from time to time of new States in the Union. The change that has taken place since thirteen "sovereign States" created a Union and the "Nation" created thirty-two States, is remarkable, not only in the material advancement of the country, but in the relations that the States now bear to the Nation, as co-ordinate parts of the Republic.

Centralization and Decentralization Coexistent

It is an undeniable fact that, as we increase the responsiveness of our local governments, we add to the growth of Federal unity. Centralization and de-centralization are co-existent forces working in entire harmony in a true republic—one extending downward in a hundred directions in the effort to reach the lowest form into which our governmental system may satisfactorily be divided—the other developing upward, concentrating the diverse minor powers into a central medium, representing the Nation at large, and, like a sturdy tree, depending upon its roots to withstand the gales and tempests which might beset it. The right of Congress to have full and adequate powers to meet all National requirements, is a proper centralization

of authority, and, on the other hand, the assertion of any Federal power derogatory to a necessary and purely functional right of a State or any political sub-division therein is not genuine centralization, but an illegal invasion of a form of government prescribed by the Constitution, and, as such, always susceptible to restraint by the Federal judiciary. The so-called "rights" of either a State or the National government should be measured by the great test as to whether they concern simply the rights of a citizen within a State or whether the rights are of such a character as to belong, naturally and inherently, to the United States, in the necessary discharge of its duties, when standing as the general government of not only forty-five great States, but for the Territories and our new colonial possessions; for, it must be borne in mind that our Federal system now includes thousands of square miles of territory not within a State and millions of people who, while they may be citizens of the United States, are not citizens of any State. Our nationality now differs materially from that of the old days when a little confederacy, with its puny population, existed in scattered settlements along the Atlantic coast. How best to meet such complicated changes is the work of the present day, and is enlisting the best thought of our statesmen and patriots.

National Sovereignty Includes Police Power.

Taking, therefore, the view which now or certainly in the near future must obtain, that the Federal government stands for a "unity of States"—an expression fairly synonymous with United States—it is important to analyze those powers which belong (1) to a nation in its purely sovereign capacity, and (2) those formal prerogatives with which it is invested, by its creators, when subject to a written constitution. Every living organization possesses life and form, spirit and substance, action and material means, and hence it has come to pass that the law of nations has written into the jurisprudence of the world that every free and independent government possesses within its purely corporate form a sovereignty that cannot be so limited from within that it cannot exercise all the essential parliamentary functions upon which its life and general well being depend. "We the people of the United States," are the sovereigns and in our collective capacity wholly supreme, and it is our will to-day that the United States shall possess and perform all those powers actually necessary for the maintenance of its supreme authority.

During the discussion of Federal game regulation the past year, in your journal, but two writers have denied the constitutionality of the legislation proposed, although they, doubtless, represent a considerable class, for, as I said in previous communications, many lawyers who have not examined this question carefully, have at first sight taken a similar view, but with scarcely an exception have informed me that, after mature consideration, they believed in the constitutionality of the general principles involved. In my judgment, the propositions advanced by Mr. J. B. Thompson against the legality of Federal control of the migratory game and fish, cover, in detail and in the broadest sense, the vital differences which exist between us on this subject. His positions are plainly stated, and in the main were doubtless accepted thirty or forty years ago, and even, I am prepared to admit, up to a later date in regard to such legislation as relates particularly to wild game.

As a matter of fact, the legislative powers I depend upon have been exercised for years, though in an ever-increasing extent. The fact is that the very powers which Mr. Thompson thinks have always been reserved to and exercised by the State have also been most frequently and extensively asserted by our government, and that he has failed to recognize them, arises wholly from the circumstance that they have been masquerading under a series of false aliases so long that he, like the great majority of the lawyers and the courts, have never looked behind the masks, and if he had he would have discovered some very familiar faces.

The gradual extension of our Federal jurisdiction is evidenced by the advanced ground occupied each year by Congress, and the readiness of our Federal courts to sustain certain supervisory powers, in matters relating more particularly to public health and safety, public morals, trade monopolies, unfair and fraudulent commercial transactions, which, heretofore, were supposed to be subject only to the police power of the State. Nevertheless, the evolution has been continuous with the increase and concentration, in population, in business, and in the growing homogeneity of the people. Certain principles when advancing slowly may, for the time, apparently stand apart, and the general doctrine, which they represent collectively, may escape notice. But like its counterpart in plant creation, it must eventually receive its proper title. So in the growth of nationalism there have developed many sovereign powers, concerning public welfare, that are based upon new conditions and necessities. The method by which these new problems are to be met is not to be denied, because heretofore unrecognized, or because, in many cases, left previously to the separate States for action. In this way we have come face to face with a governmental doctrine, in the recognition of which, in my judgment, lies the only escape from the almost farcial efforts of Congress and our Federal courts to keep within the written words of isolated clauses in the Constitution, and at the same time assert Federal powers utterly at variance with the true meaning and spirit of the narrow phraseology usually relied upon. National sovereignty abides within the Constitution, and under its inspiration alone can the corporate body perform its separate and collective functions effectively.

The conservation of health, morals, safety and business prosperity depends, to a large extent, upon the proper exercise of one of those sovereign attributes, commonly called police power. This inherent governmental power has always been exercised by the States, and has proved most efficient in placing those restraints upon its citizens which experience has shown to have become necessary in the preservation of the general welfare of the local community; and each State has determined for itself, just how far it would place such restrictions upon its own citizens. Under the constitutional construction of the past it has been frequently said that all police power is exclusively reserved to the States, and that the National government is without that sovereign attribute because the State must employ it in the preservation of the life, liberty and property of its citizens, and that *ergo*, such an exercise is incompatible for similar purposes, by the National government, even though it may be directed wholly toward subjects beyond the actual and effective jurisdiction of the States. Hence, when we now wish to legislate, through Congress, upon the subjects of public health, public morals, restraint of trade, and the innumerable other subjects falling naturally under the police power of a sovereign, we turn to the Constitution, and there, under the commerce clause, the taxing clause, the clause covering transmission of mails, find some little peg to hang the exercise of National police power upon, and yet we ignore the very essence of such a power in failing to recognize that it is one of the highest attributes of National sovereignty, and is as inherent to all governments as life is inherent in every living and growing organism.

It should be remembered that police power, so-called, exists wholly independent of its express recognition in the Constitution of a State, and in statutory form may partake of any such restrictive character as the welfare of its citizens demands. It exists because of the supreme sovereignty of a State within its own sphere of action; and consequently the courts have held that a State, by its own laws, may not part with or so suspend or delegate its police powers that it is unable to effectively exercise such an element of sovereignty in its own behalf. This failure to recognize the police or peace power as an inherent sovereign prerogative and its harmonious existence in two distinct spheres of legislative action, has caused the present confusion. Therefore, in the recognition of a National police power we lay the grounds for future progress, and at the same time provide the only apparently sensible escape from a perfect jungle of evasion and illogical pretense, in which we have been wandering these many years simply because of the failure to recognize (or at least to acknowledge) those principles of national sovereignty which, when viewed collectively, must be classed *sui generis* and as such, given its proper name and effect.

When Mr. Thompson asserts that the protection of game and fish is based solely upon the exercise of police power, and when he further contends that police power is wholly reserved to a State, it must be apparent that I am under the necessity of showing some error in his premises, or otherwise forego my advocacy of Federal action. Keeping in mind that police power is synonymous with sovereignty, and that it bears such a title merely because it is of a quasi criminal regulatory character, I am perfectly willing to admit that the Federal government must possess such a general power, if the constitutionality of Federal supervision over certain game and fish is to be sustained.

Let me make three crucial statements:

1. That we have a Federal police power as complete and far-reaching under the sphere of the general government as is that within the boundaries of a State.

2. That for every instance that can be cited of a proper exercise of police power within a State there can be shown an equal number of cases where it is operative under National laws, and in most instances it will be found precisely similar in application.

3. That the recognition of a National police power is not derogatory to, nor an impairment of, the police power of a State, but on the contrary renders it more effective, and likewise affords the general government a supervisory power wholly incapable of use or exercise by the State beyond its own limits.

The first and second propositions are identical so far as proof is concerned. They call for a long series of Federal decisions and acts of Congress which must necessarily be summarized in order to find a place in a limited discussion of this question.

The third or last proposition must find its answer in the analysis of the Federal decisions and acts referred to.

Definition of Police Power.

I can conceive of no better method of showing the sovereign character of police power and its necessary existence as a governmental function, be it National, State or such as may be properly delegated to the minor municipalities, than by submitting definitions of the same as they appear in our best modern text books, and in those decisions of the higher courts relating thereto. In the American and English Encyclopedia of Law we have the following prefatory statement:

"It has been found impossible to frame, and, indeed, deemed inadvisable to attempt to frame, any definition of police power which shall absolutely indicate its limits by including everything to which it may extend and excluding everything to which it cannot extend, the courts considering it better to decide as each case arises whether the police power extends thereto."—101 U. S., 814.

This is based upon a case cited in the above volume of the Supreme Court. As sovereignty is a general and indeterminable power, such a declaration, therefore, is in harmony with my position; but in order to frame at least a tentative definition the same work gives the following:

"Police power, in its broadest acceptation, means the *general power of the government to preserve and promote the public welfare* by prohibiting all things hurtful to the comfort, safety and welfare of society, and is established by such rules and regulations for the conduct of all persons and the use and management of all property as may be conducive to public interests."

Where, in this definition, does there appear, in word or spirit, aught that is antagonistic to, or in conflict with, the National government possessing, within its own sphere, such general police powers?

And, again, I quote from the same work:

"The police power is a *governmental function*, and neither the legislature nor any inferior legislative body to which a portion of such power has been granted can alienate, surrender, or abridge the right to exercise such

power by any grant, contract or delegation whatever."—101 U. S., 814; 111 U. S., 746; 96 U. S., 521.

Being a governmental function it is of such inalienable character that its surrender or abridgment is declared illegal by the Federal judiciary, thus showing that the sovereign power of the United States can be invoked to prevent a lesser sovereignty from parting with this essential element of government.

And again:

"It is the great principle on which the statutes for the security of the people are based. *It is the foundation for criminal law in all governments of civilized countries* and all other lands conducive to the safety of the people. *The power has always been exercised by governments, and its existence cannot be reasonably denied.* All the laws for the protection of the lives, limbs, health and quiet of persons, and for the security of all property . . . fall within the general power of government."—47 Me., 211.

"The police power of a state is co-extensive with self-protection, and is applicably termed *the law of overruling necessity.* It is the internal and *plenary power of the state* which enables it *to prohibit all things hurtful to the comfort and welfare of society.*"—70 Ill., 192.

Therefore, it must be quite plain that police power is a most vital governmental function, because it relates to all those subjects involving the general welfare of the individuals and of organized society. Considering its present scope and character it would seem more appropriate and descriptive to term it a general welfare—rather than a police—power, which latter savors of the mace and brass buttons instead of signifying a parliamentary function representing the acme of sovereignty.

The next question that arises is whether such a power is wholly reserved to the States, or whether it can be equally and effectively exercised by the States and the Nation within their respective limits.

National and State Police Power Coexistent.

No one, it seems to me, can carefully review and compare the many acts of Congress and the numerous decisions of our Federal judiciary with those of our States without coming to the conclusion that, in the main, the police regulations enacted by our more progressive States, have their counterpart in the Federal statutes; and what is of more importance, that they seem to exist in perfect harmony. Such a comparison will prove startling, and I will endeavor hereafter to append a sufficient number of parallel cases to establish such a statement. The real barrier, however, that stands in the way of a prompt acknowledgment of such a power, arises from the very natural failure of our early statesmen to perceive that, in the course of time, as the Nation and its internal interests expanded beyond State lines, there would spring up a need of a similar power in the management and control of National affairs involving our public welfare, whereas, on the other hand, its essential and immediate need by the States, in the conduct of their purely local administration, was so very apparent, it is not at all strange, in figuring what were the particular rights reserved to the States, that this one, among others, was promptly labeled for "States' use exclusively." But the Supreme Court has well said that "many powers lodged by the Constitution in the legislative department long lie dormant until the exigency arises to invoke them into activity."—64 Fed. Rep. 34.

The struggle, in the past forty years, to escape from a construction thus placed upon a governmental function has been largely devoted to "getting around" the barrier instead of breaking it down. Like many instances of circumlocution—justifiable in the first instance—we have had to climb over so many other obstacles that it ought now to be realized that the time has come when it is much better to proceed directly instead of getting mixed up to an ever increasing degree with side issues.

Perhaps the most persuasive argument that can be used, in an appeal for the recognition of such a power in behalf of the general government, is the one that its use is not derogatory to the State; and the next most effective one is, that its denial is unquestionably injurious to the welfare of the country at large; and the final one, that, by its full exercise, the Federal government will be able to so strengthen the States in their own field of action, by joint co-operation, that many State regulations, now practically ineffective through lack of extra-territorial force, will be made wholly effective. In the face of such results what may be said in opposition?

National and State Police Power Compared.

At this juncture one must turn from promises to proof. Having reiterated to the point of redundancy that our general government has exercised a National police power in innumerable ways, it is only necessary to recall in connection therewith a former statement that familiar faces are often screened behind a strange mask. However, the time has come when the merest novice can guess the identity of a figure whose general outlines are now too well known to be concealed by such a device.

When a State places restrictions upon the freedom of its people in order to conserve morality, life and property, it does so under its general police power to promote the public welfare of the community within its boundaries; and in doing so it may destroy those private rights of the citizens otherwise inherent or especially accorded them under the common law. A legal restriction has usually embodied therein some penalty for a violation thereof, and hence in those that relate to things harmful to the comfort and welfare of society, there has been given the title of "police regulations," synonymous with "police powers" when referred to generally. As a matter of fact, such a designation can be wholly dropped and the same called according to the nature of the subject it relates to. Hence, when health boards are created and invested with the plenary power to impose and enforce by fine or imprisonment the innumerable regulations necessary for the preservation of public health, it is not incumbent to style this a "police" regulation, but it can be called a "health" regulation. So, when the State interdicts or restricts the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or misbranded goods, dangerous drugs, or the vending of diseased meats, impure milk, etc., it imposes a restraint upon its local business affairs, and very properly this power may be called a "trade" regulation—though be it a police power. When a State compels pilots, engineers and others in charge of public conveyances, to pass an examination and take out a license, or compels common carriers to adopt safety appliances or regulates the rate of transportation charges, or prohibits combination of competing railroads, or the ownership of products carried by said common carriers, it only exercises its sovereign right over "local commerce" by land and water—though be it a police power, pure and simple. When a State, in order to restrain the too dangerous use of intoxicants, exacts a high license and imposes numerous restrictions upon the vendors, it is of course using its power in a way to conserve "public morals," but it need not be called a police power—though it is such. When a State prohibits lotteries, the sale and transmission of obscene matter, or prohibits the corrupt use of money in elections, it is safeguarding "public welfare," but it need not be called a police power—though it is such. So on ad infinitum. But how different when we come to the exercise of *these very same regulatory powers* by the National government.

As it would never do to call similar Federal restraints, put on the citizen of the United States, whether living in the States, the Territories, the District of Columbia, Alaska or numerous colonial dependencies, by their true name, we have at hand a set of masks, to be donned when the occasion requires.

So gradual has been the growth of National police legislation affecting our general welfare that at no time apparently, have we had the courage to enunciate a general principle of such far-reaching effect when confronted simply with a proposition standing alone.

But let us look at them in the order of their magnitude, taking first those sovereign police powers of external application.

International Police Power.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Were we, as is sometimes contended, wholly limited to the four corners of the Constitution for the exercise of our sovereign powers, the "Big Stick" would become a highwayman's bludgeon. Yet, if any European country by conquest or purchase would acquire additional territory on the American continent from Labrador to Patagonia, it would mean war instanter. Uncle Sam is policing the western hemisphere and no trespass is allowed. In the case of Cuba we intervened to save a neighboring country from oppression, and now stand as its sponsor and guardian, under a treaty agreement to maintain a constitutional government therein. Powers like these must depend upon an inherent sovereignty, possessed by every nation.

THE "PROTECTIVE" TARIFF.

This is a fine example of the tax mask. In order to protect our early and struggling industries from the competing European wares, produced by low priced, skilled labor, and sent to this country by wealthy manufacturers, naturally intent on discouraging or breaking down local enterprises, we put on a so-called duty, sufficiently high to either knock out foreign competitors or at least equalize the difference in wages. It was in the nature of a fine imposed upon those who wanted to stifle our infant industries. Had the Federal statute read, "An act to prohibit the entry of all foreign goods capable of production in the United States and providing a penalty for the violation thereof," or "An act to protect local industries and the wages of American mechanics from foreign competition," it is a practical certainty that our Federal judiciary, in the first instance, would have declared that neither under the taxing or commerce clauses of the Constitution was there authority given Congress to convert revenue duties into trade barriers or to so adjust the respective cost of production as to directly protect and foster home industries by a system of tariff protection. The right of a government to preserve its industrial interests from any destructive influence is naturally inherent, and today a so-called protective tariff is legally recognized. When we prohibit the entry of certain foreign wares, we collect no tax, we regulate no commerce, but do legislate in behalf of public welfare, just as plainly as when we bar skilled contract labor, adulterated goods, obscene matter or the Mongolian race; and when thus protecting our labor and our industries from harmful influences we do so for the *same reason* that influences a State (under its police power), in guarding its industries and wage-earners from the crushing competition of convict labor.

IMMIGRATION LAWS.

The right of a sovereign to preserve its inhabitants from the evils of unlimited immigration is wholly independent of any express constitutional provisions and a good example of National police power. Under our Federal laws paupers, criminals, the insane and the diseased are denied admission to the States, irrespective of the laws or desires of such States.

Just as we have passed laws operating to restrain the entry of cheaply made wares because destructive to home industries, we have, for similar reasons, cared for the welfare of the wage-earners, by prohibiting the importation, under contract, of foreign workmen. This Alien Contract Labor Act was purely a police or preservative regulation and in no way based upon the personality of the immigrant, for he might be most acceptable, but such importation, in large numbers, of poorly paid skilled labor was deemed a menace to the maintainance of a regular well-paid scale of wages in this country. The law was passed for the conservation of our general welfare. In the enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law we had in view a similar purpose and in addition thereto the exclusion of a race, in many ways, deemed undesirable. These were all general welfare measures, and hence police regulations within the meaning ordinarily given them when exercised by the State.

IMPORTATION OF HARMFUL ANIMALS, PLANTS, ETC.

For the same reasons that lead to the exclusion of immigrants harmful to our social or economic life, Congress has placed the ban upon the importation of those animals, birds, insects

and plants which experience has shown to be injurious to our agricultural and other interests. This is purely a police regulation and of the kind that can be exercised by the States as between themselves. Similar Federal statutes prohibit the importation of obscene literature, opium, lottery tickets, women of bad character, etc., and being regulatory of public morals, they are police laws, pure and simple.

INTERNATIONAL QUARANTINE.

Quarantine regulations, either State or National, are not mentioned in our Federal Constitution. Under the old idea the States were regarded as the sole guardians of public health. Soon, however, it was seen that the National government alone could effectively prevent the entry of contagious and other harmful diseases into our midst and Congress acted accordingly, under its sovereign power to preserve public health. These are police regulations of the first order and are exercised by all nations, in preventing the entry of persons or live stock infected with communicable diseases, dangerous to the health of the country. While at one time the coast States attempted to regulate, at their ports of entry, such admission, they have now yielded the supervisory right to the Federal government.

IMPURE FOOD AND DRUG IMPORTATION ACT.

Although the present Congress has given much time to the consideration and perfection of the Hepburn bill, for the regulation of the sale and manufacture of impure foods and drugs, in the United States, it is doubtful if one person in a thousand knows that last year Congress, in the form of a rider to the general Agricultural Appropriation bill, enacted a law giving the Secretary of Agriculture power "to investigate adulterations, false labeling, or false branding of foods, drugs, beverages, condiments and ingredients of such articles * * * where he has reason to believe that such articles are being imported from foreign countries which are *dangerous to the health* of the people of the United States."

But this measure, unlike the Hepburn Pure Food bill, does not seek to make its legality wholly depend upon the commerce clause, but stands out clearly as a police measure intent upon the preservation of public health and the guarding of domestic consumers against fraudulent foreign productions. Any one who can read this act and appreciate all the powers given the government authorities for the inspection, control or exclusion of such adulterated or misbranded goods and not say it is a police regulation of the most drastic source, is beyond the reach of any argument I can offer in support of such a proposition.

The Present Extent and Limitations of National Police Power.

We now come to those numerous and important instances where the Federal government in the guardianship of our general internal welfare has found it necessary, from time to time, to put in statutory form police regulations for the betterment of our social and economic conditions. These acts of Congress include practically every form in which the State also seeks to preserve the internal peace, individual comfort, and the moral and physical safety of one and all within the scope of its legislative action.

In order to have some semblance of a classification of the various elements entering into the exercise of such Federal powers, I shall take up, in the order of their general importance, the different instances of police regulations, under those appellations which usually serve as an alias for police power.

REGULATIONS OF INTERSTATE COMMERCE.

The authority given Congress "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes," is the most familiar screen for covering up interstate or National police power.

In the early days the regulation of commerce, in the sense used in the Constitution, was regarded by the courts and Congress as a mere withdrawal from the States of any power to tax or harass by petty and inharmonious local regulations the free passage of commerce from port to port, either foreign or domestic; for the framers of the Constitution, according to the record of debates, were then only providing for the perpetual establishment of free, unhampered commerce between the States.

The manner in which the commerce clause is now used, to restrain, restrict and prohibit commerce and regulate business ethics and what not, is wholly due to the now admitted necessity of preserving public welfare by numerous regulatory provisions of a police nature. The various restraints, necessary now to be placed upon the cupidity, recklessness and general depravity of mankind in the wider sphere of business and social relations, have, in the absence of a better term, been labeled "regulations of interstate commerce." Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not a regulation of commerce, but in either case it is a police regulation whenever affecting the health, morals and unfair business methods in National trade and commerce.

THE LOTTERY AND INSURANCE CASES.

In volume 188, U. S. Rep., p. 321, is reported a case which not only fairly represents the present legal status of Federal police power, but is a perfect picture of the hopeless efforts of our highest court to avoid a practical admission that Congress possesses the right to legislate upon those subjects of general welfare which, in the States' sphere of action, are always within the purview of its police power. Yet that the delicate situation was fairly realized by the Supreme Court in deciding the lottery cases, is shown from the fact that they were argued fully, and then twice reargued thereafter, with a resulting decision that the lottery act of Congress was held to be constitutional, by a vote of five to four. To any one who wishes to get a clear idea of the great struggle now gradually culminating in favor of recognizing police power as a necessary attribute of Federal sovereignty, I would recommend a careful reading of this case.

In the condensed form in which this brief now appears, I have necessarily omitted a comprehensive comparison of the lottery cases with the decision of the same court in the insurance cases. It is proper, however, to say that in the former the Supreme Court decided that this pernicious form of gambling could be suppressed by Congress under the commerce clause; while, on the other hand, a legitimate business, involving hundreds of millions of dollars in interstate transactions, could not be reached under the same clause, however harmful certain abuses of insurance corporations carrying on a business beyond the effective control of the separate States. Neither in the extension of the commerce clause to wipe out a "moral pestilence," as the court defined lotteries, nor in its refusal to curb the power of the great insurance companies under the same clause—do I desire to make the slightest criticism of inconsistency—but on the contrary, believing firmly, as I do, that our highest court is composed of the best legal minds of the country—that these two interpretations of the commerce clause only serve to point out, in the most striking manner, the impossibility of asserting a National police power as a—distinctly enumerated—instead of a—naturally inherent—power of a sovereign government. Since the right of a State to supervise lotteries or insurance companies is based upon its police power (quite irrespective of their commercial character) the solution becomes easy when a similar power is recognized in the Federal government.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT UNNECESSARY.

Numberless writers have suggested a constitutional amendment which would vest in the central government the right to exercise certain sovereign powers which, in their judgment, could not be fully asserted under the present Constitution. Leaving aside the almost insurmountable difficulties lying in the way of amending the Constitution, it must be plain that any purely sovereign power cannot be brought into life by the formal assent of a lesser sovereignty, or withheld by such a lesser political entity, admittedly incapable of exercising the power thus denied to the general government. National police power is that attribute of sovereignty which only comes into use (1) where the jurisdiction of the State police power definitely ends, or (2) where the well established failure of any State to properly exercise its police power necessarily and inevitably injures the substantial welfare of the citizens of *other* States—in which latter case a corrective power must be in the central government, or otherwise the autonomous relations of the States to each other would be impaired or destroyed. Since the States are not asked to part with a single police power actually or theoretically capable of exercise, how can these States vest in the central government that which they, either singly or collectively, do not possess or, if possessing, are not required to part with? Police power as a basic legislative function, is an inherent and not an express power, or one impliedly reserved exclusively to the States, and hence its dual existence in separate sovereignties is not a matter at all of reserved or enumerated powers in State or Federal legislation.

The extent to which the general government employs this essential power and the makeshifts under which it frequently must be asserted, will appear more fully in what immediately follows.

Instances of Federal Internal Police Power.

THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST ACT.

The most far-reaching and drastic act, for the regulation or destruction of trade monopolies ever enacted under the police power of any state or nation.

By this act every person, firm, association or corporation doing an interstate business is subjected to Federal supervision—from the inspection of the private books up to the dissolution of the business or corporate enterprises violative of its provisions, including personal penalties of the most severe character. It would take a volume to depict the important litigation, past, present and in future contemplation, involving the police regulations restrictive of those illegal combinations and trade conspiracies harmful to the general welfare of the Nation. Many of the separate States have police statutes directed against local restraints of trade, but none surpass this act in severity or give such absolute authority for the detection and punishment of the wrong doer. Under this law the beef trust, the oil trust, the drug trust, tobacco trust, the railroad merger monopolies, etc., have all been prosecuted by the Federal authorities; the courts in several cases going so far as to hold that combinations and consolidations, which may prove destructive to competition, are, *per se,* violations of the act, without proof that they have, in fact, restrained trade or increased prices. A good illustration of what Congress can do when it can once get in its work, under the commerce clause, enacted in the year 1787!

ELKINS ANTI-REBATE ACT.

Just a shade under the former measure in its vigorous application of police power.

A shipper, consignee and carrier may, in a given case, be charged with conspiracy, extortion and various misdemeanors provided in its sweeping regulations, also to be categoried under the commerce clause.

OLEOMARGARINE ACTS.

One act requires specified marking and wrapping indicative of the contents, alleged to be for the prevention of fraudulent sales, which, if true, makes it a police regulation. The other act imposes a tax of ten cents a pound upon the substance when colored; its supposed purpose, to prevent its competition with butter; alleged purpose, to be a safeguarding of the public against deception; hence a police regulation.

FEDERAL SAFETY-APPLIANCE LAWS.

Similar in most respects to the police statutes of the States requiring the best adapted and most efficient devices for the protection of life and limb of employes and passengers on railways.

STEAMSHIP INSPECTION, ETC.

Covers a wide field of regulation, from the inspection of boilers, machinery, tonnage and passenger capacity, to life saving apparatus, fire drills and speed limits.

Regulations and penalties of this kind are provided for under the police statutes of many States, especially in factories, mines, stationary engines, etc.

U. S. INSPECTION OF DRESSED MEATS.

Originally government inspection at the abattoirs was to determine the sanitary qualities of meat products intended for foreign commerce. A police regulation under the commerce clause.

The Senate last session inserted an amendment in the annual agricultural bill extending Federal inspection to cattle and hogs intended for domestic use, covering a rigid inspection both before and after killing and after packing.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, the author of the meat inspection bill, in an interview says:

"We are now in a period of the *moral regeneration* of American business. The meat inspection bill is a part of that general regeneration. Its purpose is to make certain that the American people shall get from our packers just as good meat and meat food products as the European people get from them. The European governments demand that we subject all meats shipped to them to careful inspection, and we on our part concede that that demand is just. That is the reason why the Federal government provides such careful inspection of meats sold abroad. But if it be conceded, as it is, that we ought to inspect meat sold to the people of other countries, we ought to inspect meats to the people of our own country."

The bill not only provides for inspection, but really gives the government unlimited supervision of the packing business, as inspectors can and will be present from the time the cattle arrive at packing yards until their carcases are carted away in cans and otherwise.

Such regulations are for the *preservation of public health* and nothing else, so become police measures of the highest order.

PURE FOOD AND DRUG BILL.

Any one who can read this bill without realizing that it is a police measure from top to bottom, lacks, it seems to me, the capacity to tell daylight from darkness. It has two purposes: (1) the protection of public health, and (2) the enforcement of a proper code of business morality in the production, manufacture and sale of pure foods and drugs in the country at large. Similar laws are in operation in most of our States; and the legality of the restrictive regulations and penalties prescribed, *have, without variation, been sustained by the State and Federal courts as proper and necessary police statutes in the preservation of public health, and the control of harmful business methods.* Excepting minor differences relating to the practicability or justice of certain provisions in the bill, the only opposition in Congress has come from those who contend that such Federal regulation of impure food and drugs constitutes an invasion of the police powers reserved to the States. Out of a total membership in Congress of 478, hardly a dozen votes were cast against the bill. The Sherman anti-trust act primarily affects great organizations of capital unjustly restricting the freedom of commercial competition, while the food and drug bill covers an infinitely greater range of business dealings; the police regulations thereunder will require the employment of a skilled detective corps far exceeding in number any now performing similar duties in the other bureaus of our government.

The legality of this health and business morality bill is made an argument to rest upon the commerce clause.

NATIONAL INTERSTATE QUARANTINE BILL.

This bill has become a law. It is the unquestioned forerunner of acts conferring complete Federal jurisdiction upon all public health maters of National concern. It involves the two great questions of Federal and State police power, and its future enforcement will show, in the simplest manner, the entire practicability of such powers existing (1) independently, and (2) in co-operation for the preservation of public health. Like most of its predecessors relating to public health, the jurisdiction of this act, is incorrectly made to rest upon the commerce clause. Death and disease are to be conquered by the Federal authorities, because Section 7 of said bill relates to the carriage of freight and passengers in transitu. Nine-tenths of the regulations relate to public health; one-tenth to the entirely proper adjustment of this Federal health law to traffic interests. The bill is for the control and suppression of yellow fever—an epidemic disease imperiling the Nation's health—and invests the Federal government with supreme authority thereunder when the occasion arises. If legal in one kind of contagious disease, it must be so as to all other infectious and communicable diseases; hence it is the beginning of Federal legislation that will eventually include many forms of police regulation necessary for the protection of our public health—from the pollution of our interstate public waters to the control of all "migratory" diseases, which, from their nature, are necessarily beyond the scope and control of the State.

THE DEBS CASE.

The attitude of the Federal courts in the litigation growing out of the great Pullman strike in 1894, evidenced most strongly the existence, in the Federal government, of a sovereign, far-reaching police power. The fact that equity jurisdiction was extended to reach an alleged criminal conspiracy is of little importance to the laity, or the fact that such jurisdiction attached under the commerce clause and that relating to the transmission of mail. The general principles laid down by the court, and especially its aplication, are worthy of mention. While the right of the National government to prevent any substantial interference with interstate commerce or with the free carriage of mail, under its police power, should be conceded, the court went further than this by declaring, in effect, the existence of a sovereign power capable of protecting a community from the disastrous consequences of mob rule at a time when the local authorities, through connivance or indifference, failed to assert the criminal laws of the State in checking a riotous demonstration affecting all those within the natural protection of the local laws.

In summing up the court says:

"We hold that the Government of the United States is one *having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory*, and acting directly upon each citizen; that while it is a government of enumerated powers, it has within the limits of those powers *all the attributes of sovereignty.*"

ANTI-PASS LEGISLATION.

Within the States, laws have been generally enacted, prohibiting the issuing of passes by common carriers to persons in official positions who might be improperly influenced thereby, or, possibly, discredited before the country in the discharge of their public duties. So important a moral question has this become that some of the State constitutions contain this prohibition. Such acts are police regulations of the plainest sort. In the Railway Rate bill a similar prohibition has been included—but as, of old, it is solemnly treated as a regulation of commerce. If Congress has no police power sufficient to warrant the passage of such an act in separate form as a regulation of public morals, it is inconceivable how such a provision becomes a legal one because embodied in a rate bill.

PUBLICITY AND CORRUPT PRACTICE ACTS.

In various forms of late the States have begun to regulate political contributions by corporations and the reckless and corrupt use of money by candidates and parties in political contests. Such laws are police regulations, of course. The several bills of similar import, now pending in Congress, involve only matters of political morality and must stand or fall upon the existence of a National police power.

FEDERAL EIGHT HOUR LAWS.

Legislative limitations put upon the hours of labor have become a well recognized police regulation within the States for the betterment of social conditions, or in the preservation of the health of employees in certain pursuits. Congress has already limited the hours of labor within all its great departments, and has now before it several bills directly affecting certain employees of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce; and also one applying to private contractors doing work for the government. All such restraints and penalties are, as in the case of a State, purely police regulations without, however, any express authority in the Constitution, other than exists in the exercise of the government's sovereign powers.

PROHIBITORY PRACTICE ACT.

The law passed by Congress, denying the right of a Senator or Representative to receive compensation for professional services rendered before any department in which the government may be interested, was enacted with a view of relieving the various subordinate officials of the departments from influences derogatory to the good of the service. It made a crime out of official pressure and rendered such a person violating the act liable to fine and imprisonment, and hereafter incapable of holding any office under the government. The recent cases of Senators Mitchell and Burton are familiar to the public. That this law is a police regulation, is too apparent for argument, the only purpose being to shield the government departments from an improper pressure and against possible reprisals, by officials, in a position to possibly resent any failure to grant their requests. Nor can this law be treated as a mere government regulation of Federal office-holders, for the court expressly held that Senators "do not hold their places under the government of the United States," and are therefore to be regarded as the representative of a State and not of the general government. When this distinction is kept in mind the effect of such restrictions will be more fully appreciated.

INDIAN LIQUOR PROHIBITION LAWS.

Congress recognizing the tendency of the red brother to look on the wine when it is red or any other color, passed a series of acts prohibiting, under the commerce clause, the sale of liquor to them in the States and Territories and has also put in a general prohibition clause in the Statehood bill, providing for the admission of Indian Territory into the Union. The Anti-Canteen Act is also one withdrawing certain privileges from the soldiers. These statutes are regulatory of public morals.

FEDERAL RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

With few exceptions the acts of Congress regulating common carriers are police statutes of the most apparent nature.

The rate bill just passed is the best example we have of the extensive effect of the commerce clause upon a single branch of private business. Under existing regulations and those proposed in the Tillman-Hepburn bill, the Federal government has exercised and proposes to exercise a practically unlimited dominion over intersate carriers. Many of these provisions are proper regulations of commerce, both as police measures and otherwise, while others far transcend, it seems to me, the meaning that should be given by Congress to the clause regulating commerce between the States, and, moreover, put the government in the position of exercising all the regulatory powers of an incorporator without any of the responsibility that should rest upon a creator of such enterprises. The right to so regulate it seems to me must necessarily involve the right to incorporate—and the sooner we have Federal laws for the creation and control of interstate carriers, the sooner we will escape from the confusion of conflicting State and National statutes.

POLICE POWER OF POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

From the inception of the postal service the

right to regulate the rates, the bulk, weight, the perishable or dangerous character of the articles offered for transmission was, of course, a primary and unquestioned one. The present scope of its regulations and extensive criminal jurisdiction exercised by it in the efforts to stop and restrict any form of business and social intercourse apparently harmful to the individual and the country at large, represents, in the aggregate, one of the most powerful pieces of governmental machinery that could be devised to correct those manifest evils which, from a series of causes, lie beyond the practical control of the local police regulations of the States. While the commerce clause has been worked to the limit as a police statute covering offenses against everything that could be possibly associated with lawful trade, the Post-Office Department has stepped into the breach and assumed to regulate illegal trade and all forms of social delinquencies, from the bunco-steerer to the man who writes defamatory letters. Experience has shown that all those various and practically unlimited systems of fraudulent promotion, the circulation of scurrilous and obscene matter and all the unscrupulous methods of selling noxious drugs or quack medicines have never been capable of extermination by the local authorities of the States. Schemes and conspiracies in one State have been put into effect at distant points, so that the offenders avoid local supervision or punishment, and the thousands of victims, scattered throughout forty or more States, lack co-operation in asserting their rights and generally prefer to keep silent from motives of privacy or are deterred by the cost of uncertain and expensive legal proceedings. In the course of time it is not strange that Congress authorized the exclusion of lottery tickets, fraudulent and obscene matter et al. Finally came the resolve to punish by fine and imprisonment those guilty of deceptive and immoral acts. These prosecutions now range from the recent conviction of a man who sent a rude postal card to his wife saying, "You are a nice old bird," to the breaking up of great brokerage, mining and industrial schemes, possessing all the outward evidences of prosperity and respectability, under which cloak millions of dollars are extracted, in rapid campaigns of plunder, preceding the eventual smash up and departure of the figure heads. While all this is very well, the time has come when the police power of the nation should be asserted under a code of statutes relieving the Post-Office Department and the Department of Justice from instituting investigations and criminal proceedings upon a whim or fancy of postal inspectors who were never intended to be so employed. When the time comes that Congress is recognized as having a plenary police power, then will such necessary subterfuges be laid aside.

STATE AND FEDERAL NATURALIZATION.

Hardly a better illustration exists of the former disposition to confer upon the States every possible legislative power they were deemed capable of exercising, than in the case of the naturalization of aliens. In the light of to-day there could be very little question that the authority vested in Congress by the Constitution "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization" should be construed to mean a primary, and probably a supreme and exclusive right to regulate, by Federal statute, under general provisions, the terms and conditions upon which such citizenship should be predicated. Yet, in the year 1790, Congress passed the first act in relation thereto, and conferred upon the State courts the artitrary right to admit aliens to citizenship under the terms of the law. The result is, to-day, that forty-five States may, each for itself, determine the qualifications of such aliens, but when thus admitted, such citizen, be he an anarchist, a criminal, or one wholly lacking in proper qualifications, may nevertheless, subsequently, become a citizen of any other State, by simply complying with the same regulations, as to length of residence, that applies to a native born citizen coming therein. Not only has such a result taken away from the National government a sovereign police power which becomes each day more important in the maintenance of proper safeguards over the admission of individuals or inferior races, but in recent years has resulted in the wholesale naturalization frauds in States where such laws are corruptly or carelessly administered.

THE LACEY GAME ACT A POLICE MEASURE.

It is so frequently assumed that the National government has never asserted a custodianship over game and fish which might properly come within its general police jurisdiction, that it is well to point out what it has already done, before taking up for consideration just what it ought to do in the future.

The Lacey law has so far proven most beneficial in its general operations; for, among other things, it has conferred on the Federal courts a criminal jurisdiction for the preservation of game of the most far-reaching character. Under it the State regulations for the protection of game are molded into a Federal game law, in such a way that violators of certain vital provisions in the State game laws, are made punishable in Federal tribunals within and without the jurisdiction where the original offense occurred. That all of the regulatory powers and penalties in this act are of a police nature is most apparent; and the fact that in the title of the act occur the words "to prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws," in no wise alters the real character of such legislation, for a State may, if it chooses, regulate the internal shipment of game, and yet be acting wholly within its police powers by so doing. That it has been deemed necessary to tie this measure, for the protection of game, to the commerce clause, makes it no more objectionable pro forma, than in the case of the numerous other Federal police regulations heretofore cited.

OTHER FEDERAL GAME LAWS.

The laws that Congress has already passed for the preservation of game and fish within the land and waters of the United States are too numerous to give in detail. In the case of Yellowstone Park, all wild animals and birds are protected at all times, while fishing is permitted under reasonable regulations. In the passage of these game regulations, the jurisdiction of the State of Wyoming, so far as relates to game and fish, has been specifically withdrawn by the act of 1894. We now have a complete Federal game law over this area. Its enforcement must necessarily be under a National police power, possessed by the general government. In the case of game refuges in the forest reserves, we also have a good example of Federal ownership of certain game and its protection under National laws.

The Wichita game refuge includes the entire forest reserve in which it is established (nearly 60,000 acres), and the game regulations there have entirely supplanted the Territorial game laws of Oklahoma, by making a close season throughout the year; so that we have Congress directly legislating upon game in an area heretofore under the legislative jurisdiction of the Territory. In the case of Alaska and the District of Columbia, we also have Federal game laws which, in form, are almost identical with the more progressive ones of the States.

However, perhaps, the most striking instance of Federal game legislation is the recent Act of June 28, 1906, entitled, "An act to Protect Birds and Their Eggs in Game and Bird Preserves;" because, thereunder, the general Government assumes custodianship over birds on land, within a State, heretofore wholly under the criminal jurisdiction of the local game laws.

President Roosevelt, while often regarded as one primarily interested in the preservation of big game animals, has, as a matter of fact, done more for the practical protection of bird life than any executive we have ever had. The several executive orders, under which the President set aside certain government lands in the Gulf, the Great Lakes, and elsewhere, as breeding grounds for water and sea fowl, necessarily lacked specific trespass penalties. The following letter contained the draft of a bill prepared by the United States District Attorney, of Louisiana, designed to put into practical effect the existing executive orders:

"Nov. 28, 1905.

"The White House, Washington.

"My Dear Mr. Shiras:

"What I am doing in the effort to protect our birds I know has your most hearty sympathy. Will you look over the enclosed communication and see if you cannot get through the legislation suggested?

"With regard,

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Major Lacey was likewise enlisted in behalf of Congressional action, and, after remodeling the above bill, had it passed through the House with the celerity which has made him famous in previous legislation of this character. While its progress through the Senate was slow, requiring the aid of many bird lovers throughout the entire country, the bill finally became a law just on the eve of adjournment. This act, assuming that it shall finally be sustained, will settle for all time, in the affirmative, that wild birds within a State may be subject to exclusive Federal custody. The accepted principle that all game in a State is owned by the State, as trustee for the inhabitants thereof, irrespective of the ownership of the private or public land upon which the game was found has thus been changed. Under the provisions of this act the President may set apart a wild fowl preserve upon Government lands within a State and the jurisdiction over such game birds is transferred and becomes vested in the general Government, as trustee for the entire country. How do the writers who declare that the National Government cannot own or protect migratory wild game within a State reconcile this act with their views?

Is it not plain that the old theory of State ownership of all game simply rested upon the proposition that until the general Government saw fit to assert its own title it was eminently right and proper for both the State and Federal courts to sustain the State custodianship of such game, because the only protective laws then in existence, and upon which the preservation of game then depended, were the game statutes of the several States?

It is well to recall that for years the States were accorded an exclusive jurisdiction in naturalization; later, it became concurrent, and it will occasion no surprise, if the Government soon takes entire control; at least in the establishment of uniform qualifications for citizenship.

In order that the logic and the legality of the Government's duty to preserve migratory birds and fish shall be made more apparent, I have set forth in detail the evolutionary history of the principle upon which this doctrine is based. While necessarily occupying considerable space it must be remembered that in the presentation of a new question much depends upon the stability and scope of the foundation.

Federal Control of Things Migratory.

We now come down to a subject more directly relating to the sovereign right of the government to assert its jurisdiction at that point where the actual or effective jurisdiction of the State ceases. Assuming, therefore, it has been satisfactorily shown that Congress can exercise all the essential attributes of a predominant government, inclusive of police power, it naturally suggests the consideration of the proposition, how can Congress most effectively and systematically extend its legislative dominion into a field where the limitations are more or less undetermined? New problems are always best approached by laying down certain tentative rules, wherein past experience and the unquestioned necessity of action, should be the working basis. By considering how far Congress has already accepted certain principles underlying the proposed legislation, and thence, by analogy, extending it to those limits justifiable under present conditions, we may create a fairly logical standard for measuring both the ne-

cessity and the legality of the propositions advocated herein. In order to accentuate the principle of Federal control over migratory birds and fish of similar habits, I have used the word "migratory" in its analogous sense; i. e., those things which are transient, roving and going from place to place, in contradistinction to those things which are "local" or stationary.

LOCAL AND MIGRATORY DISEASES.

When the States were isolated, sparsely settled, and business interests largely local, it is not strange that all regulations relating to public health, so important from the beginning, should emanate from a government specially charged with the protection of the local interests of its inhabitants and possessing sufficient means to meet such demand. It was because public health and sanitation required immediate consideration and action that the States made prompt provision for the discharge of such a manifest duty. On the other hand, the Federal government, in its early days, was overburdened with debt, its taxable resources extremely limited, and its expenditures for public purposes kept, so far as possible, within the narrow limits of its administrative expenses. There existing no necessity or demand for Federal legislation upon questions of public health, and the States, finding themselves entirely able to meet satisfactorily the demands made upon them, it therefore came to pass that all regulations conservative of health were deemed to belong exclusively to the States, and for many years it constituted one of those numerous State's rights which were accorded each commonwealth, regardless of the fact that in the future it might become necessary to divide such a responsibility between the State and the Nation, whereby the former would entirely regulate its local, sanitary matters, and the National government regulate all health matters that were interstate or international in their character. When finally the United States became a great and powerful Nation, its treasury filled to overflowing, the duty of expending its income in the furtherance of all projects that were National in scope became more and more manifest. It is interesting to note certain directions in which the public money was first disbursed. Leaving aside the millions spent for the army and navy, we come to expenditure for public buildings, river, harbor and jetty improvements, canals, the Pacific railroads, pensions, and the like, against which many Constitutional arguments were made, and, finally, we come to those expenditures and regulations connected more particularly with the internal affairs of a State. While there has never been any trouble in giving a State or its citizens therein all the money that carried with it no obligation but the fun of spending it, there has always existed a jealousy whenever the Federal government sought to use its means, under its own supervision, for the preservation of public health, a subject so sacred by prescription, if not actually coming under the reserved rights of a State. When the Department of Agriculture was created, its principal purpose was the furtherance of agricultural interests by a scientific study of plant and animal life; and as a necessary incident thereto, were the investigation and abatement of diseases affecting the animal and plant industries. As a result, Congress now has admitted jurisdiction over those contagious and infectious diseases which affect animal and plant life. The government's right to examine into the contagious character of the diseases affecting domestic animals and prohibit their shipment or transportation from State to State is purely a police regulation, and as such frequently exercised, for similar purposes, by a State.

But it also has a further meaning, to wit: That, in the protection of public welfare, Congress may authorize its agents to pass upon and determine what are contagious diseases in a given case, and to what extent the government should assert its supreme right to suppress the spread of such diseases beyond the limits of a State. If such a disease is of a "migratory" character, it passes then from the jurisdiction of the local authorities to that of the Federal. On the same line exactly Congress has passed a law prohibiting the importation into this country of all animals infected with communicable diseases, and its inspectors determine this question over the heads of the local authorities within a State, which, through its citizens, may have made the importation. States that would have regarded this supreme, supervisory power with disfavor, if applied to matters relating to the health of its citizens, were perfectly content to have the general government assume jurisdiction over contagious diseases injurious to domestic animals. But the principle is the same in either case.

The same reasons that would justify Federal inspection and quarantine of diseased animals naturally, and even more strongly apply to those infectious diseases threatening the health of mankind, and at last we have had passed by Congress an interstate quarantine bill, already mentioned, which gives the Federal government supreme authority over one deadly form of contagious disease—yellow fever—and here again, Federal jurisdiction attaches because it is a migratory or roving disease, which refuses to acknowledge State lines or an allegiance to its sovereignty. Local or non-contagious discases, are properly under the exclusive jurisdiction of the State, while diseases of an epidemic character, so destructive to human life, are properly within the jurisdiction of the Federal government. Wherein is this fallacious?

LOCAL AND MIGRATORY INSECTS.

It has been estimated that our farming interests suffer a loss of some seven hundred millions of dollars annually from the ravages of the boll weevil, the gypsy moth, the Colorado beetle, the Russian fly, the codling moth, the white scale, and many other pernicious insects too numerous to mention. Congress has, from time to time, authorized the expenditure of sums now amounting to millions of dollars for the extermination of these pests, without making any pretense that it was for other than the public welfare, in preventing the spread of vagrant insect life, which could not safely be left to the States for exclusive action. A State, by its indifference or lack of resources, may be wholly lacking in a proper system of sanitation; its general health board may be inefficient; its minor local governments without any sanitary officers; its sewerage system may directly pollute the potable waters; its regulations of medical practice ineffective—yet if all this is true, it is not a matter for Federal interference, so long as such conditions do not affect the health of those residing beyond the limits of such a State. It is only when conditions existing within a State imperil the health or property rights of the country that the Federal authorities have a right to intervene. It is concededly one of the State's "rights" to guard or neglect the purely domestic welfare of its inhabitants in all local matters of health, morals, trade, including of course, local fish and game. Would any one contend, however, for a moment that, because the State of Massachusetts, after spending a million of its own money in a war upon the gypsy moth, at last finds itself unable financially to continue such a warfare, the government of the United State should sit supinely by and permit the extension of such insect life throughout the entire country? Can it be possible that a State, given over to the ravages of small-pox, yellow fever, boll weevil, German carp, or the gypsy moth, can be permitted to incubate and spread such plagues because there exists no primary right in the Federal government, under its police power, to enter such a State and there, through its strong arm, stay the spread of such diseases and noxious life from State to State? According to Mr. Thompson, the government possesses no such right; but, as already shown, under the laws now in existence, we are exercising just such powers.

Result: The migratory character of the thing is the basis of Federal jurisdiction.

THE PREDATORY MONGOOSE.

At times a great principle of law, or rule of action, may be best illustrated by a specific case. The right of a government to possess a supreme control over certain birds and animals may be shown in the case of the pestiferous mongoose. The history of this animal is one of deadly destruction to the material interests of every great country, wherever it has gotten a foothold. Imported into Australia for the apparently laudable purpose of keeping in check wild rabbits, it in turn became an infinitely greater plague, utterly wiping out all ground breeding birds and many of the more valuable smaller varieties of game and domestic animals; in Jamaica the story was the same, and millions of dollars were expended in the effort to check its ravages; in Hawaii it became a pest beyond all control. Several years ago the Agricultural Department learned that two dozen pairs of these animals were on their way to California from Honolulu to be used in exterminating the gopher and ground squirrels in a limited agricultural portion of California, and in which section no one had special concern about the possible spread of this animal beyond their place of liberation. At this time the character of the mongoose was well known to the authorities in Washington and they instantly realized the great peril threatening the entire country. Unfortunately, no Federal law was then in existence by which the entry of these animals could be stopped, but an order nevertheless was immediately sent the Custom House officers, at San Francisco, to hold up the delivery until the State of California might interfere. It then appeared that this State had no law upon the subject, and it was only by moral suasion that these animals were destroyed on arrival. Shortly thereafter the Lacey Act, which was then in process of formulation, had added thereto a section which gave the Department of Agriculture the right to exclude all harmful animals, and therein specifically mentioned the mongoose. This was a police regulation in the first place, and at the same time gave the government control over all animals and birds coming into the United States. Now, let us suppose that, as a matter of fact, this collection of noxious animals had gotten into California before the passage of the Lacey Act. Would Congress have had a sovereign right to pass an act prohibiting the breeding and liberation of those animals within the State? If not, then this would be the result—that the mongoose would spread rapidly from county to county in the State of California; that it would cross its boundary lines into adjoining States, and finally spread throughout the entire country, resulting in the eventual destruction of much of the bird and animal life, and, to a very large extent, the domestic poultry in the rural portions of the country, entailing the loss of millions of dollars, the destruction of our wild game and an outlay, on the part of the government, hard to approximate.

Upon what rational theory can it be contended that the harboring, within a State, of such an animal plague, is a matter of purely domestic concern, and in which the National government has no right to interfere? Or how can it be reconciled with the right of the government to prevent the citizens of a State from importing such animals? As I will attempt to show later, in the case of German carp, the same peril threatens all the public waters of the United States if a State is free to liberate within the interstate waters such a fish, which, possessing all the destructive characteristics of the mongoose, foretells the coming doom of nearly all our food and game fish, together with the fresh water ducking marshes of the entire continent. That our government possesses a plenary "jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory" has been decided by the Supreme Court in the Debs case, and within this power is the primary control of all animals or insect pests which by reason of their migratory character are destructive to National interests.

LOCAL AND MIGRATORY BIRDS.

Originally wild game and fish belonged to him who could capture it, for the modern theory that

a government had a title thereto, as trustees for its citizens, had not yet been devised. As game decreased in the more populous States, its preservation in the breeding season naturally followed, but, without exception, its early prohibitions applied wholly to local game: the quail, grouse, wild turkey, mating, nesting and rearing their young broods, and remaining within the borders of the State, were unmolested during the general period of reproduction; while, on the other hand, migratory birds, such as ducks, geese, brant, swans, snipe and the wild pigeon, were not protected at all for nearly one hundred years in the State in which they did not breed, although in the case of the wild pigeon the slaughter was particularly ruthless during the nesting period, because these unfortunate birds happened to spend a part of the year north or south of their breeding grounds, and hence were killed and netted by the millions in the very forests in which every tree contained the eggs and half grown young of the slaughtered parents. The fact that these game birds attempted to raise several broods a year, in different localities, only doubled the opportunity for wholesale destruction.

The ideas that once prevailed in regard to migratory game birds were largely based upon ignorance—an explanation that can no longer palliate their unreasonable destruction to-day. The following extract from an Ohio Senate Committee's report in 1857, recommending the passage of a law protecting local game birds, is most impressive:

"The passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the north as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them or be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced."

In just twenty-five years after this recommendation this bird, which existed in countless millions, became totally extinct, because it did need protection of the most urgent kind. Far from being a prolific bird (laying but one or two eggs), it is doubtful, under the condition that prevailed at the breeding grounds, if one bird in a dozen came to maturity, in striking contrast to the quail and grouse with their well protected broods of a dozen or more. Again the report says:

"The snipe needs no protection. It does not breed in Ohio, but merely tarries a while in its migration to the breeding grounds in the extreme north. The snipe, too, like the pigeon, will take care of itself, and its yearly numbers cannot be materially lessened by the gun."

Just think of it—these birds "will take care of themselves" with the entire country continually at war with them! Certain varieties of snipe are now extinct, and the remainder but a straggling remnant, still being shot ten months in the year and their doom sealed unless the Federal government steps in. Can any one doubt that if the passenger pigeon had been a stationary or local game bird it would have been protected in, at least, the breeding period, and that it would be extant to-day? Yet the same selfish conditions prevail to-day in many of the States where the migratory flight occurs. When the market hunters are able, on such occasions, to make a hundred dollars a day, it often happens that the minor local authorities, either acting in a mercenary collusion, or for political or personal reasons, are so indifferent that every possible method of destruction is employed, by night and by day, in killing the more valuable of these game birds, as is natural, in a trade wherein killing is the necessary means of converting ducks into dollars. Those who may think that migratory game birds are getting, or ever will get, any adequate protection under the State laws are possessed of a serious delusion. The ordinary migratory game bird is killed legally or illegally from eight to ten months each year, while the quail, the grouse and turkey have an open season averaging from a month to six weeks, and sometimes such birds are protected by the States for a period of from two to five years. And the mere difference in the close season, or in the more effectual enforcement of the laws, in the case of local birds, is not the most vital reasons for Federal protection. Our geese, brant, swans, woodcock, snipe and most varieties of duck are incapable of restoration by the means now employed to replenish the native game when it becomes reduced or exterminated within a certain area. A State may have permitted the complete destruction of its quail, and yet later, by the aid of legislative appropriations, or by the liberality of its local sportsmen, is able to restore them in their usual numbers. The deer may have disappeared for generations, and yet become plentiful by importation; trout streams may be barren for half a century and again be teeming with those flashing forms of silver and red. But not so with the brant, the sickle billed curlew, the wood duck, the swan, or the sandhill crane. Should conditions permit their extermination at one or more points in the line of migratory flight, they are gone forever. As pointed out in a previous article some of these migratory birds are now entirely extinct, and others from the fact that they are only found on the Atlantic coast, and that during the spring and fall migrations, must become extinct whenever any State, on this narrow avenue of flight, continues to permit the unrestricted killing of those varieties, whose growing scarcity only serves to make a more attractive target to a sufficiently large class of so-called sportsmen, who will crowd the shores, eager to slay the remnant of any rare bird, en route to the breeding grounds in the far north. The same cupidity or carelessness which leads one State to encourage the divorce industry, or charter predatory corporations, will be much stronger in the case of wild fowl, whose growing scarcity becomes a selfish cause for their destruction rather than affording, as it ought, a reason for their careful preservation.

Having seen that the Federal government, in many instances, has obtained complete jurisdiction over a class of subjects heretofore exclusively within that of the State, or which, from the absence of any demand, had never been brought within a legislative action of either, we will now consider more particularly, in its legal aspects, a subject toward which I have endeavored to apply most of the preceding discussion, in the belief that the proposition would rest upon such a well defined and accepted mode of Congressional procedure that the burden of advancing an entirely *new theory of legislative power* would be avoided and, instead, it would only be necessary to urge *a further application of a power already in existence.*

The first thought, possibly, that will strike the casual reader, in my efforts, by analogy, to apply that rule to migratory wild fowl which Congress has already done toward those epidemic diseases, noxious insects, infected live stock, perambulating corporations and the like, will be that in all the cases cited, the regulatory powers of Congress have been exerted toward the extermination, suppression, or adequate control of things harmful *per se*, or which, while lawfully created, have worked an injury to the public through an abuse of existing powers. In other words the police power of the general government has, in the above cases, been employed in regulating *evils*, which, without restriction, were necessarily injurious to the public welfare of the Nation: while, in the effort to preserve migratory wild fowl, the government would be asked to exercise this same power in behalf of that which was *beneficial* to mankind. While it is true that police power is usually directed toward the safeguarding of the public from the effect of harmful things, or conditions or circumstances which work an injury, nevertheless it is equally true that every government must frequently protect things beneficial to the general public from the harmful and improvident acts of the individual. And in proving this I need only take the case of protecting potable waters from pollution, the atmosphere from contamination, and more especially all State game laws, where this principle is the entire basis of a restrictive legislation and the penalties provided thereunder.

I have shown that the Federal authorities, under the power given them by Congress, have now assumed the right to enter a State and there assert a supreme and unlimited jurisdiction over yellow fever, a right that heretofore has always been denied, on the ground that matters of public health within a State were wholly beyond Federal jurisdiction, and as such, subject only to the police power of the State. The yellow fever quarantine act establishes three things: (1) that the Federal government has complete jurisdiction; (2) that it also has a plenary police power, and (3), that jurisdiction expressly attaches because the disease sought to be controlled is not local, but belongs to a roving class which travels quickly from State to State, and therefore not a subject of exclusive State legislation. Is not this equally so of wild fowl?

President Roosevelt in a recent message to Congress pointed out the necessity of controlling certain corporations which, while nominally abiding within a particular State, as a matter of fact, had a free range of the entire country, and were therefore not "local" corporations doing a local business, but were in reality a class belonging to no State and occupying a field of enterprise within a Federal jurisdiction which has never been, but which ought to be, more fully asserted.

I quote the following extract from his message:

"Experience has shown conclusively that it is useless to try to get any adequate regulation and supervision of these great corporations by State action. *Such regulation and supervision can only be effectively exercised by a sovereign whose jurisdiction is co-extensive with the field of work* of the corporations—that is, by the National government. I believe that this regulation and supervision can be obtained by the enactment of law by the Congress. There at present exists a very unfortunate condition of things, under which these great corporations doing an interstate business occupy *the position of subjects without a sovereign, neither any State government nor the National government having effective control over them.*"

Had the President used the words "migratory wild fowl," instead of "great corporations," the sense and the necessity would not have been altered.

In State legislation upon those things which may be harmful or beneficial, as the case may be, we may make an important distinction between contagious diseases and migratory birds; in the case of the former, a State, in its efforts to stamp out dangerous epidemic diseases, undoubtedly favors and openly aids the flight of its citizens from infected districts, because the fewer the number within this area the less chance such diseases have to get a foothold; and consequently the local authorities gladly permit a hegira across State lines into those communities over which they have no official responsibility, and but a secondary interest therein; whereas, in the case of migratory birds and fish coming temporarily within the limits of a State, the State lines are thrown around these migrants like a great net, and the slaughter carried on as though extermination was the object in view.

In other words, the State lines are *down* for the escape of deadly disease and *up* for the destruction of the wild fowl, the shad and the salmon. Is it not plain, therefore, that the same urgent, public necessity which impels Congress to regulate within a State epidemic diseases, destructive insects and infected cattle, should likewise induce it to protect beneficial migrants, which, by reason of their well-known and established habits, are not local in habitation or constituting, in a proper sense, subjects of internal regulation, upon which grounds alone has a State an exclusive jurisdiction. If the time has come when the National government can relieve a State of the necessity of spending millions in the extermination of that which may imperil the National welfare, then the State ought not be in a position to assert the right to recklessly destroy that which is beneficial to the public at large, especially so when, under the principles involved, such Federal intervention would be employed in the attainment of the same results—public welfare.

Canada Desires Federal Protection of Wildfowl.

Before concluding this particular branch, it is well to present another reason for future Congressional action. This spring I noticed, in one of the Canadian sportsmen papers a strong and entirely proper criticism of our State laws regulating wild fowl shooting in the United States. The writer, after alluding to the fact that the Dominion had, for many years, pro-

hibited spring shooting, goes on to say that, while the Canadian sportsmen were more than willing that their vast country should be made the great and permanent breeding ground of the wild fowl, it was certainly very exasperating each spring to hear the continuous boom of the American guns all along the northern boundary line, in some cases, like that of the St. Clair river, only a few rods separating the thoughtful and unselfish sportsman, on the Canadian line, from the ravenous and thoughtless market-hunter on the American side. The writer then went on to say that in the natural order of things, many varieties of duck and snipe rear their young and were ready to leave for the United States late in August or early September, before even the fall shooting had opened in Canada. He then pertinently remarks, if such birds are to be shot in the more northerly States during *both* migratory flights and also during all the fall, winter and spring in the southern waters, that there was practically *an open season all the year around for such birds, in the United States.* Therefore he asks, "Why should not the Canadian sportsmen, in view of the coming destruction of the ducks, geese and snipe, get their fair share of the very birds which they harbored and protected so considerately in their own country?" And he thereupon advocated spring shooting and an open law on all young birds, when capable of flight. In the absence of a fair reciprocity, this does not seem like an improper retaliation, considering that at the best the Canadian sportsmen only have a shooting season of about six weeks, while we shoot ducks, snipe and other wild fowl nearly ten months in the year.

The Canadian government has prohibited spring shooting of wild fowl in all its great Provinces and it expects this Government to do likewise. Neither country is concerned about the State or provincial laws regulating the shooting of local birds in the home districts of their neighbor, but much interested in proper laws for the preservation of game in which each has a mutual interest and a mutual duty. The proposition for Federal regulation of migratory game birds has been warmly espoused by the leading Canadian sportsmen, and we are in honor bound to aid in the protection of those birds in which Canada has a half-ownership, according to the plainest ethics of sportsmanship. As fully seventy-five per cent. of the migratory game birds are raised in Canada, how utterly contemptible it is for a State, on the line of migratory flight, to claim the legal right to exterminate them, if it sees fit. Let a State wipe out its native game, if it so wishes, but let us stay its hand when it would destroy those birds in which the whole country and other nations have a vested interest.

Under no consideration, *should there be more than two months, each year, allowed for wild fowl shooting in any one locality* in the United States, or about the legal period in the case of *local* game birds, in those districts in which they are fairly abundant; moreover, the States under such a Federal close season should still retain the full power to enact all regulations deemed necessary for the reasonable preservation of wildfowl during the open season. What sportsmen to-day will say that such a uniform close season will ever come, if left to the forty-five States for action? When we realize that our great bays are becoming more and more unsuited for wild fowl, by reason of continuous shooting, the appropriation of these waters for oyster culture or their conversion into great highways of commerce and travel, wherein the noisy gasolene launch is such a conspicuous figure, it must be plain, particularly to eastern sportsmen, that now is the time to make a stand for wildfowl protection or give up the fight.

Migratory—in a Jurisdictional Sense.

Although in a previous article I have alluded to the ease and certainty with which local and migratory game birds may be differentiated, it is well, at this juncture, to summarize this distinction.

In the game bill (which, it must be remembered, was a tentative one only), migratory birds are defined as follows:

"Sec. 1. That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail and all other migratory game birds, which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the government of the United States, and shall not be taken or destroyed contrary to the regulations hereinafter provided."

Thus, it will be seen, that such birds are practically classified by species, and also covered by a clause intended to bring them within a reasonable definition of what shall constitute a migratory class.

The word migratory, however, when used in this connection has a well-established meaning in ornithology, and is much more easily determined when a question of jurisdiction arises than in the case of what legally constitutes a "contagious" disease, or a "reasonable" rate, or a private or public nuisance, and the like. In a contagious disease, for instance, upon which may directly depend the jurisdictional right of the Federal health authorities to intervene, two questions may arise; (1) What is a contagious disease? and (2) has the person or animal in question contracted such a disease? The first question may be a most difficult one at times to determine, because the number of contagious diseases are as yet to be fully ascertained, while the second question involves not only the extent the symptoms may have developed, but also the skill of the person making the diagnosis; nevertheless the jurisdictional right of the public authorities to interfere depends wholly upon their accuracy in the determination of each of these two questions.

In the case of migratory game birds, we have them definitely classified by species and varieties, and by the well-known scientific meaning attached to the word migratory when used in this connection. Then again, by a system of elimination it is easy to segregate into a definite class all the so-called local game birds, and thus we have a double means of determining this question.

LOCAL AND MIGRATORY FISH.

It has been conceded by Mr. Thompson, in denying the constitutional right of the general government to protect our wild fowl, that, in principle, there exists no difference between the Federal protection of migratory birds and migratory fish; and as he, and most others, contend that the jurisdiction of the Federal government over the public waters of the United States is limited solely to that which pertains to navigation, it must follow, if true, that the government possesses no power whatsoever for the preservation of health, our fisheries or any other of the many interests connected with such public waters. I am willing to admit that the legality or illegality of a Federal statute, which seeks to protect either class of migrants, is determinable by the same line of reasoning, but I beg to differ most earnestly with the statement that our general government now or in the future is without any supervisory power over our interstate waters other than in the regulation of navigation. I know that such an impression is most general, but in so much as the facts are at hand to prove the contrary, and, were they not, the necessities of the immediate future would lead the government to assert its sovereign jurisdiction over these waters, I will pass this question by, for the moment.

Having in a previous article shown that the annual migration of anadromous fish, like the salmon and the shad, are influenced by the same general causes which induce certain birds to seek distant points for the purpose of reproduction, and as they remain beyond the borders of the United States for the greater part of the year, it is plain that such fish may be easily differentiated from those that are local, like the bass, pickerel, white fish, perch and grayling, which, as in the case of local game birds, are easily protected and fostered by the State, in whose waters they may be more or less abundant, according to the care taken in their preservation and culture. If, therefore, these fish upon coming from the ocean and into bays and rivers, on either coast, are netted to an unreasonable degree, it finds "a deadly parallel" in the over-shooting of wildfowl during their vernal migration; and when the nets, weirs, fykes either destroy or totally intercept such fish on their way to their spawning ground, we have, in effect, that fearfully destructive method by which the passenger pigeon was completely wiped out, when netted or otherwise molested at the breeding ground. From the several reports of the U. S. Fish Commission I have been able to show that on the Atlantic coast, where certain fish hatcheries were established adjacent to the annual spawning ground, it became impossible to obtain more than a few million eggs of the shad where the capacity of these hatcheries was up in the hundreds of millions; and this solely because the market fishermen, unhampered by any reasonable regulation of the State, were permitted to string their nets, in an unbroken line, across the public waters through which the fish had to pass in reaching the spawning grounds. The loss of the myriad of young fish that would otherwise have come from these hatcheries was immensely increased by the exclusion of the female shad from their natural spawning beds. Whereas, in the case of fish which are purely local, like the black bass and the brook trout, the State usually exercises great care in their protection, especially during the period of spawning, because of the natural desire to permanently conserve the interests of its own citizens; but in the case of the shad and the salmon it is devil take the hindermost, with a result most destructive to some of the country's most valuable food fishes. Not content, however, with such slaughter, the local authorities while entirely willing to have the National government spend thousands of dollars in the effort to replenish the public waters, have, in many cases, refused any practical co-operation; and in one State a law was passed prohibiting non-residents from taking or offering for sale any shad captured within its waters, so that these valuable commercial fish, even when thus improvidently destroyed, were reserved for the enrichment of those directly responsible for such wholesale destruction.

The Atlantic salmon by unreasonable and unseasonable killing, by the pollution and the obstruction in our northern rivers, are practically gone, while on the Pacific coast the same story will soon be told. It has been declared by competent authorities that Federal protection of these fish would add $20,000,000 annually to our wealth and conserve the supply indefinitely.

My interest in Federal supervision over these fish was aroused when looking into the question of preserving our migratory wild fowl, and the two bills subsequently prepared were somewhat different in character. The first contemplated Federal control over certain migratory salt-water fish during the spawning period, while the other was much broader in scope, including all fish in all the interstate public waters of the United States, inclusive, of course, of the migratory fish in the first bill. The former bill, by reason of its limitations and greater apparent necessity for action, would probably meet with less opposition, and as its enactment would involve the same question of Federal jurisdiction over public waters it may be the better one of the two for a test case, especially in view of a similar law, which, at one time, existed in the past. The first bill, covering all the interstate public waters of the United States, will be more fully mentioned when considering the broad question of a general Federal jurisdiction over such waters.

Some time ago I had occasion to talk with Dr. Palmer of the Bureau of Biological Survey, regarding a bill pending in Congress for the Federal protection, during the spawning season, of the sponge fisheries off the coast of Florida, a measure involving a government regulation of a very extensive order. As a result of this interview quite a discovery was made, as will appear from an extract in Dr. Palmer's letter:

"Since our conversation, a day or two ago, on the subject of Federal jurisdiction for the protection of fish and game, I beg to say that I have looked into the matter a little further, and through Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of

the Bureau of Fisheries, have secured some additional data. It seems that Congress has already passed an act nearly twenty years ago upon the protection of migratory fish. This law, entitled 'An act relating to the importation and landing of mackerel caught during the spawning season," was approved Feb. 28, 1887, and remained in effect for five years. It may be found in 24 Stat. at Large, 434."

The first paragraph of the bill is as follows:

"That for the period of five years from and after the first of March, 1888, no mackerel other than what is known as Spanish mackerel, caught between the first day of March and the first day of June inclusive, of each year, shall be imported into the United States or landed upon its shores."

This is followed by a provision permitting fishing for mackerel from a boat, with a hook and line only, and from the shore. The debate in Congress shows that the sole purpose of the bill (as does the title) was the preservation of these fish on the spawning grounds, and the closed season therein covered this period. The principle involved in this law is therefore applicable to *all* migratory fish within and without the jurisdiction of the several States, and therefore its pertinency, at the present time, is most apparent. This act was especially espoused by Thomas B. Reed, not only the speaker of the House, but one of the most learned and distinguished lawyers in matters relating to constitutional questions this country ever had. That such an act has been in operation is not, after all, so strange when we come to look at the extensive powers given by Congress to the Bureau of Fisheries, under the act creating it, wherein it is prescribed that this Bureau "is authorized to *promote and protect the fishery interests of the country* and to ascertain what diminution, if any, in the number of food fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place, and from what cause the same is due, *and whether any protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures should be adopted.*"

Thus it will appear that one of the direct purposes of this act was to give the Bureau of Fisheries supervisory power over the entire salt water coast of the United States, and upon the Great Lakes, all of which waters were heretofore supposedly under exclusive State jurisdiction. This particular feature of the act has been sustained by the Federal courts, as already pointed out in a previous article, but will again be referred to later. A review of the many other recent instances, in which the Federal government has undertaken to assert its general police powers over the public waters for purposes wholly apart from navigation, will be considered in a separate and later brief.

Since the above brief was written Congress has adjourned. The papers and magazines have been filled with praise of the work accomplished. Some ascribe the results to a "centralization which was not at the expense of individualism"—some to the advancement of "Federal control"—but all are blind to the fact that *every act*, which meets their particular commendation, was a police regulation, and that the great principle enunciated by the present Congress, was the simple one, *that police power is an attribute of National sovereignty.*

In a week Congress will re-convene and once more it will have up for consideration many measures carried over from the previous session, and several others that the President will likely recommend in his December message. Most of these proposed laws will, in my judgment, more or less, involve the question of police power. Whether it is better to postpone the pressing of the migratory game and fish bills until these unfinished measures are out of the way, and their constitutionality determined, which means, of course, waiting until the new Congress assembles, or whether it is better to press their passage during the brief session now pending, is a matter that requires careful consideration.

The advancement of such future legislation in Congress depends, to a great extent, upon the active interest shown by the American sportsmen, whose vast army of millions of energetic and patriotic men, representing practically every hamlet, city, county and State in the Union, are in a position to obtain almost anything in the bounds of reason and justice.

For Congressmen, as a rule, are exempt from the petty and selfish influences which so retard, in the States, proper legislative protection for migratory game and fish and are, therefore, particularly responsive to the counsel and desires of any decent class of people seeking the enactment of worthy measures.

BROAD-BILL DUCK——PHOTO BY GEO. SHIRAS, 3D.

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GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Ruffed Grouse in Sullivan County.

New York City, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If any one had told me, before I went to Centerville, that fifty partridge could be put up near there in one day, I would have thought that person had some interest in sending me there and would not have gone; but that is exactly what I did—saw or heard forty-nine, to be exact, in one day, not counting those put up twice.

This, of course, was exceptional, and was quite a distance from the village—twelve or fourteen miles—but in going on foot each day from Graham Merritt's house we put up from ten to twenty. Being an indifferent shot, I was glad to have such a good one as Mose Hammond with me, and between us the first day we bagged five "patridges" and three woodcock out of a bunch of five that got up, Mose making as pretty a double as I ever saw.

The next day we got the same number of ruffed grouse and two woodcock, and could have killed numbers of rabbits if we had cared to; in fact, we saw so many that we decided to go for them on Wednesday and supply the house with a dinner. It had rained the night before and every one figured that we would get all we cared to carry, but evidently there was an error somewhere in these calculations, as we saw but three and got two. I did not get a shot. Mose "kicked one out" and got it, and the other one he dug out of a pile of stones where the rabbit had holed after as pretty a chase over open fields as one would wish to see.

The young dog we had with us seemed to hunt only by sight and kept jumping up and down, looking for them. The old dog found a trail and followed it, the young one immediately joining him but giving no tongue. Suddenly we heard a terrific yelping, and rabbit and hound came into view not ten yards apart but 200 yards away. I ran to a knoll and watched the chase. The rabbit was a wonder at dodging and finally got away from the young dog, which lost all trace of it, but the old fellow came right along at slow speed and trailed bunny to the pile of stones, where Mose got to work despite my protests and finally got the rabbit. I wanted him to let it go and give it a chance to get away if we missed it, but it went into his pocket without further ado.

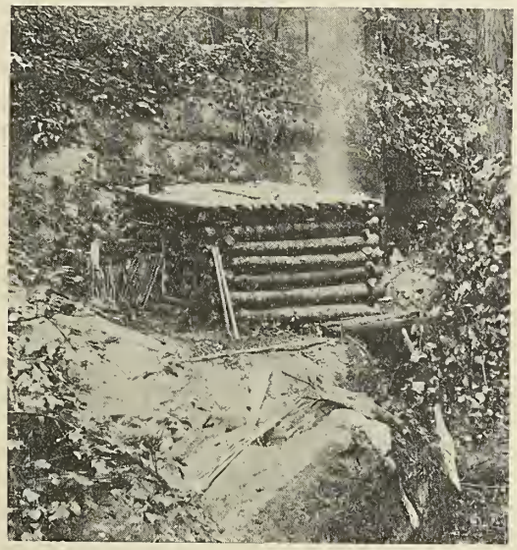
The next day was the fifty bird day. Ernest Kinne, justice of the peace, guide, sportsman, and partner of Mr. Merritt, told me he had seen thirty or forty birds at a place he would take me to if I wanted to go. It was like shaking a red rag at a bull, and off we went at 6 A. M., Kinne, Mose and myself, and after a drive of more than an hour we got to work. We had not been out ten minutes before we found a bunch of seven—and never got a feather. Mose missed one sitting in a tree, and he was much crestfallen. We hunted a beautiful country, with many fine streams which I investigated and found them full of trout. I saw a dozen or more in one small shallow pool, all over twelve inches in length, and saw some solitary big ones that would have gone over a pound or a pound and a half. I am for that place next spring. I will not tell where it is, but Merritt or Kinne will take you there if you ask them. If any one who reads this should go there, I ask him to "keep it dark."

That day we got ten birds between us, so that there are forty at least left in that one spot, and we did not cover one-hundredth part of the good country. I am going again very soon for a day or two, and am certain to get shots at all the law allows one man. At any rate, I will bring back an appetite that will last for a month or so—and that is what most all of us go for. La B.

In West Virginia.

Morgantown, W. Va., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* West Virginia is sadly handicapped in the first impression she makes on visitors. The railroads entering from the north, west and south dive directly into great centers of coal-mining operations and oil development; and while these are great factors in a State's progress, the sportsman heaves a sigh of bitter disappointment when he comes into such a region.

On the east, however, the railroads break through the Alleghenies and disclose a wealth of rugged, unsettled beauty that is indeed



Lodge built with a camp ax and roofed with tar paper, which had to be carried for ten miles. Preston county, W. Va.

thrilling. Nowhere on earth are streams more alluring or woods more inviting than some of those found in our "Little Mountain State." Now the sad part of it all is, that the native vandal and foreign elements of our population have in defiance to good laws and poor game wardens, gradually driven in the game until only here and there does the hunter or naturalist find a bit of forest primeval. Randolph, Hardy, Preston and a very few other counties have deer and bear left in them. Almost all of the western part of the State has left only the cottontail rabbit and the gray squirrel, and not many of these. The reason is simple—coal mines. The smoke which rolls up from the coke ovens in such nauseating clouds, settles down on our forests and fields, coating everything with a poisonous, sulphurous coat. We have no nuts and no berries, and hence no game. Why, even the weeds do not produce enough seed to entice Mr. and Mrs. Bob-White to go to housekeeping in such counties as Marion and Harrison! Our streams, also, were dynamited relentlessly during our railroad-construction times, and when the fish tried to recuperate their depleted ranks, they were met by gushing volleys from coal mines, steel mills and pulp mills.

Thus our fine mountains and beautiful streams are prostituted. But not all of them are so. As has been mentioned, the eastern part of the State as yet has not trembled beneath the Attilic feet of the coal baron and oil king. Cheat River still retains the wonderful clearness which earned for it its name; and in its depths are some of the gamiest of black bass. Parts of the mountains along Cheat River are extremely rugged—so much so, that the heavy timber has not grown sufficiently valuable to entice lumbermen to despoil them. In one of these places the writer penetrated with ax and cooking utensils and spent many happy days. Game is not plentiful in the common acceptation of the word. But there is enough to lend that ineffable charm of the game-inhabited woods. The old diamond-back "rattler" is here, but he is not dangerous, because he always politely tells you that if you don't look out he might bite you.

Now these conditions, adverse in the extreme, have not depleted the ranks of real sportsmen in West Virginia. Only the fittest survive here, it is true; but in the world of sports only the fittest should survive. Hence, among the lovers of the rod, the gun and the camera in our State you find many who come back from a week's hunt in the mountains to boast of three pheasants, or six fine bass! But is not that kind of man the simon-pure article? Here's to the good fellow who accepts your invitation to go hunting to your happy hunting grounds and who, after a hard day's hunt, when you return with a pair of quail apiece or maybe only one pheasant, delightedly praises the beauty of the woods, the freshness of the air and eagerly asks how soon another such trip can be arranged!

Chesney Ramage.

A Massachusetts Game Dinner.

North Brookfield, Mass., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This organization was only started in its career last March, but it has been growing in size and importance ever since. It has reached the century mark, and is still growing in a healthy way. It has finely fitted up quarters in the Walker block on North Main street in the pleasant village of North Brookfield, which satisfy the demands of the artistic eye and allow the members to swap stories of the trout pools and partridge and woodcock covers they have known and loved. Here are to be found magazines pertaining to the fish and game part of the world, as well as to the doings of the people in general.

Each member has a pass key, by means of which he can gain admission at any time, sure of a pleasant and comfortable place to rest and refresh himself and to commune with congenial sportsmen. The organization has been instrumental in stocking the streams and covers with fish and game. A quantity of quail distributed in various parts of the section of country, also Mongolian pheasants and fingerling trout attest to the spirit of the Association. They have been kindly and generously treated by the members of the State Fish and Game Commission.

The president of the organization is Hon. Theodore C. Bates, who has been an enthusiastic and successful manager of the affairs of the members, and who has spared no expense to make them contented and happy, contributing freely of his time and money for that end. Last August they had a banquet in the woods at Bates Grove, which was a great success and which the president took special pains to make pleasant for the members, causing a concrete bake hole oven to be constructed for the occasion, and contributing himself much toward the feast of the day.

So enjoyable was the August feast that it was determined to have a supper in Castle Hall, and the date was fixed for Monday, Nov. 5. Most elaborate preparations were made for

the event. Hunters of the club were to shoot and prepare the game birds and the rabbits, and other members of the Association were put on committees for the various duties to be performed. Again the president helped out with his generous contributions of venison, fish and clams. The members had the privilege of inviting each a lady or gentleman, as he preferred. A few guests were present also by courtesy of the president. Dr. Field, of the State Fish and Game Commission, who is much interested in the work of the organization, had made all his arrangements to come, but was attacked by neuralgia just before getting ready to start, and had to forego the pleasure of coming. He has promised, however, that soon he will come to see the members and address them on topics kindred to the work of the Commission. The enthusiastic labors of the vice-president and of the members of the committee ought not to be passed over without mention, and the success with which the members of the Pythian sisterhood took charge of the work of preparing and serving the supper is worthy of mention.

The menu was elaborate, and the jolly company sat at table for two hours. The list of good things included clam chowder, bluefish, partridge and woodcock on toast, venison, pies, cake, ice cream and other palatable viands. When the inner man had been satisfied, the people were called to order by the vice-president, who introduced the president, Hon. R. C. Bates, as toastmaster. He also presented him with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums on behalf of the members of the Association and their friends. Mr. Bates responded gracefully, and Attorney Jere R. Kane, of Spencer, and Selectman A. C. Stoddard, were called upon to make brief remarks. So passed the evening away, and happy memories will remain. A. P. Morin.

Hunting Tales in a New York Church.

Once a month the members of the Men's League of the Broadway Tabernacle, Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, this city, meet in the parish house. Sometimes they have a little dinner, and afterward listen to talks on various subjects by well-known men.

Last Thursday night, Nov. 15, there was a dinner in the parish house at 6:30, about two hundred members and their guests taking part, and shortly before 8 o'clock the ladies who were invited appeared in the balcony. Mr. Irving C. Gaylord, vice-president of the league, presided, as the president, Mr. George W. Schurman, was absent from the city. In announcing that the speaking would be limited to "Hunters' Tales," Mr. Gaylord told a story himself that pleased the audience. Some one who had stated that Bently had been hunting big game was asked if he got anything, and he replied, "No; Bently has no imagination."

Mr. William H. Sage was the first speaker, and he said that in the audience there were at least three gentlemen who had heard his story ("My First Elk") before, but his memory, he was sure, was as good as theirs and he could tell it just as he had done ten years ago, when it was new. He was, he said, a poor fly-caster. He called himself a camper-out; hunting was merely incidental. Formerly he had hunted a great deal, but since his marriage he had not hunted game. "My wife won't let me," he explained. His first elk hunt took place in the Bitter Root range, where he went with four other gentlemen. They had nineteen cayuses. The country looked good, but was horrible for travelers. Some of the ravines were so deep they could not see the bottom, and there were places where crossing one of these required long, tiresome detours. One night his Indian guide said, "Me get bull elk to-morrow," and at 3 o'clock in the morning Jim roused him. Jim was in full hunting costume, consisting of a pair of moccasins. They found plenty of tracks of cows and calves, and Jim on one occasion announced that a trail he found was that of "a bull three days old," meaning the tracks' age. Then Jim found fresh tracks and showed him one from which a blade of grass that had been tramped on was just resuming its former position. That bull, Jim announced, had "thirteen, fourteen horns." Presently Jim wet his finger, raised it to feel the direction of the wind, and ordered a flanking movement on all fours around a hill on which he was sure the bull was feeding. When they had almost circled the hill, and Jim had found no continuation of the trail, he said, "Bull no come down. Must be up there." Up the hill they went Mr. Sage stopped Jim to ask if he heard something go thump, thump. Jim had heard nothing, but knew the noise was the beating of his patron's heart. At a signal both rose, Mr. Sage fired twice and the elk disappeared. Jim ordered that they sit down and smoke, and would not have it otherwise, so they smoked a while, then went on, found blood, made their way through the brush until they heard the bull breathing, and Jim ordered "more smoke." They circled, and Mr. Sage found a thirteen-point bull, which they skinned and cut up. He carried the head and Jim two quarters, and they returned to camp.

The party had, among other things, a small jug of whiskey, all agreeing that this should not be touched except in case of accident, but at a solemn council that night, it was decided that Mr. Sage's shot was an accident, and the keg was tapped.

Mr. William Edward Coffin was called on for his story, "A Tenderfoot in the Selkirks." Mr. Coffin illustrated the tendency of Indian guides to select curious and varied supplies if it was left to them to make purchases. Jack and Charlie met him at the railway station on the Columbia River with 1,300 pounds of groceries they had bought for a twenty-three-day trip over the hardest mountain climb imaginable. They had evidently procured a full line by wholesale measurement from the list supplied them by the outfitting station. Among other things equally ridiculous they had ordered 15 pounds of evaporated fruit, 51 cans of potted meat, 3 large bottles of lemon and vanilla extract, 6 bottles of catsup, 6 bottles of Worcestershire sauce, enough flour and bacon for a full company of cavalrymen, and so on. This, too, when 40 pounds was considered a robust man's load in the mountains. Mr. Coffin sold most of this truck, and the party started into the mountains. The traveling was very hard, as it necessitated climbing the steepest mountains among jack pines, growing so thickly it was not easy to push through them. At one camp it was necessary to build a platform of poles to provide a place for their beds. One end of the poles was in the mountainside and the other end 6 feet in the air, supported by uprights. The Indians had to dig a hole for their fire, and when standing before it, it was breast high. There were seventy-two mountain peaks in view from camp. Traveling over the glaciers was an easy matter so long as the ice was in the sunlight, but if shaded by a mountain peak, or on a cloudy day, the ice was very treacherous. On one occasion he stepped on a leaf and slipped, then slid down hundreds of feet, until he fortunately tumbled into a snow-filled pocket and was rescued by the Indians minus some very important sections of clothing. The impression he got was much like that of the terrapin the darky told about. When the buzzard took the terrapin on his back and helped him to start, the terrapin fell ker-plump. The buzzard asserted that it was no use, whereat the terrapin said, "Oh, yes, I can fly, all right, but you didn't teach me how to light." Mr. Coffin had some good shooting among the big game. Being a busy man at home, he had arranged for the delivery of two telegraphic messages weekly, though the cost was high. While in camp a messenger came out from the railway with two, and a bill for $65. One of these conveyed the information that a message he had sent to Chicago could not be delivered, and the second one, bearing a later date, announced that the first message had been properly delivered.

Dr. Robert T. Morris talked on "My Trip to Hudson Bay," in a general way, but referred particularly to what he and Mr. Charles Waite had found to eat along the way. "Give me the woods," said the Doctor; "we are sure of something to eat there." In coming to New York that night, he said, he had had a long drive through the snow to the railway station, only to find the train delayed so much that he was not sure of getting anything to eat at the New York end of his journey. In the woods he was always sure. In going on such a long journey he did not carry much food, as he liked to depend on his own resources, and as it required more skill to live in wild regions, he therefore enjoyed such trips. On such a trip one may lose his provisions in an accident, but if his purpose is to live off the country, he feels more independent. As previously told in Forest and Stream, the Doctor and Mr. Waite canoed to Hudson Bay by way of the Moose River. They had four Indians. The first fish they found was the jackfish, or great northern pike, whose average weight in those waters was, he thought, about thirty pounds, although he had heard stories of much larger ones. This fish furnished the most substantial part of their food. They would take the fly, strike on trolling spoons, baited hooks, and got into their collecting nets.

The Doctor doubted whether he had better tell it, but on one occasion he had taken a jackfish on live bait, and after it got away he weighed the bait, and found that the scales balanced at 7 pounds. A roar of laughter greeted this.

Pike-perch or doré baked in clay, they found to be very satisfying, and he dwelt on the subject of the brook trout they caught in the pools—if the large, quiet places in a river three miles in width could be so termed. These, he was absolutely certain were the true *Salvelinus fontinalis*—just the same as those found in New England brooks, but they were the largest he had ever seen anywhere. These, however, were not quite as good as the smaller ones he had caught in the States. Fresh-water codfish they caught on the fly, and also large herring that would take the fly like trout after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They caught and cooked fresh-water smelt, Labrador whitefish, and crawfish. The latter boiled and eaten with butter, salt and pepper, were very good; but the Indians did not care for them. He corroborated Mr. Coffin's remarks anent Indians, saying they were always fonder of the white man's food than of the delicious wild food of which they had an abundance.

The Doctor said the party found several varieties of ducks, and they often ate young wild goslings. These latter, he said, were easily approached and caught if one was on land, but in some way they had learned to fear enemies approaching by water, and would hide under something on shore, where they were easily caught. It was not hard to tame them, and a few attempts were successful, whereas the young sheldrakes were vicious and would resent familiarity. Young gulls were good, snipe very abundant.

On James Bay, standing at the high-water mark, it was often hard to see the low-water mark, sometimes five miles away. Because of the very gradual slope of the shores and the rapidity with which the tide rises—about as fast as one can walk—it was very dangerous to be caught by the flood tide, particularly on a foggy day.

The Doctor said they had found very large snails on which one could subsist if necessary. Most of them were not very good unless other things were added, however. Of large game they shot very little, because most of the animals had young to take care of. He killed one fat black bear and enjoyed roasted steaks, and he killed a moose for a surveying party they found in a starving condition, with most of their food spoiled. Of sixteen canoes they had started out with there were but six intact. His party found the tips of caribou moss nutritious, and plenty of cranberries; in fact, he was astonished that any one could starve in the sub-arctic region, and was impressed with the abundance of animal and vegetable life. He had been in Labrador at about the same time of year as Leonidas Hubbard, who

starved to death there, and he had found plenty of food.

This reminded Dr. Morris of a report that "Caribou Charlie" had killed two men in Newfoundland for their money. He did not know the details, but was certain that while this famous guide might be compelled to shoot in self-defense, the Doctor knew it was absurd to think the guide cared for money. He said that he had shared the same blanket with Charlie, tramped and camped with him, and while he had paid him well for his services, had found it hard to get Charlie to place a value on them. On one occasion he had had to give Charlie a check, and although a long time had passed, that check had never been received by the bank on which it was drawn.

Dogging Deer.

MONTREAL, Canada, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I spent a couple of days hoping to get a moose in the northern country recently and failed. Moose signs were plentiful, but the dry, still weather made it impossible to stalk them. Some friends who went up with me are still up there, and the light snow that is falling as I write makes me feel that they will come back successful.

Partridge are very scarce this year. There was too little snow last winter to protect them from their enemies and the early spring was too cold and wet. The scarcity of partridge is also accounted for by the increase in the number of wolves. We are trying to make the authorities in Canada wake up to the necessity of a very much more active attack on wolves from ocean to ocean and we expect to succeed in time, and that time not too late I hope.

In the woods the other day I heard some backwoods settlers talk about hounds. There are sportsmen settlers who look for a little annual outing for themselves when hired as guides by sportsmen who come from the towns. These frontier sportsmen are universally outspoken in their condemnation of dogs, saying that next to wolves they are the most mischievous in the destruction of deer. One man was very anxious that dogs should be licensed, $5 being paid to the Government and $5 to the nearest municipality on each dog. The writer thinks that this is a very good suggestion indeed. He would have a license fee charged for every kind of dog except the small lapdog and the collie.

At least one-half of the sportsmen of America are strongly opposed to the use of hounds in deer hunting; it would only be just that they should be taxed. L. O. ARMSTRONG.

Fisher's Island Notes.

FISHER'S island, a part of New York, lies opposite New London, Conn., and contains the Fisher's Island Sportsman Club. Their preserves cover 5,000 acres and are well stocked with pheasants, quail, duck, Belgian hares and English hares. No quail or hares are being shot this year, this being a closed season.

There are thirty-five members in the club. At the annual election, Nov. 1, the following officers were elected: President, Archibald Mitchell, Norwich; vice-president, Frank L. Palmer, New London; secretary and treasurer, Charles W. Gordon, Fisher's island; game committee, Archibald Mitchell, William G. Wilbur and A. T. Hale. They have an English game keeper. Last fall an English pheasant was shot back of Flanders near here which likely escaped from the club's preserve.

It is reported that the extensive tract of land, which was purchased by the late Robert G. Erwin for a game preserve, may be bought and used for the same purpose by another party (name not given). There are 1,600 acres of land as surveyed, but for hunting purposes the area will be more nearly 2,200 acres. It's one of the best game lands in this part of the State.

Ruffed grouse and rabbits are fairly plentiful this fall about here, but so far woodcock are scarce, though no man knows what the late fall flight may bring from the north and east. Yesterday I met a Flanders sportsman at 3 P. M. His bag contained one woodcock, one gray squirrel and five ruffed grouse; the limit one can shoot in this State in one day. He said he could have shot more of the latter game. These birds are wild, rising well ahead of the dogs. The shooting will improve when the late rains deaden the leaves.

Gray squirrels are in evidence. Every time one passes through the woods three or four show up. W. WARREN BROWNE.

Greenfield Sportsmen's Club Banquet.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the events in the Franklin county circle of sportsmen is the annual game supper of the Greenfield Sportsmen's Club. At the fifth gathering last Wednesday Dr. L. A. Newton presided and shared with Secretary O'Hara the credit for a most enjoyable evening. Dr. Geo. W. Field, Chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, reviewed the work of the board during the year. Representative Griswold assured his fellow members of the club that he would exert himself to the utmost to advance the interests of the club and help secure such legislation as the legitimate interests of fish and game should require.

Gen. Lee Fairchild has been stumping in New York and New Jersey during the recent campaign. The General proved a "trump card" as an entertainer, relating several pointed and amusing anecdotes which captivated the hearts of his hearers. It was long after midnight when the one hundred and thirty or more diners wended their way homeward. I regretted the absence of former President Russell and Col. Fred Pierce.

Senator Frank Gerrett must have felt a trifle lonesome without his friend Mr. Charles E. Ward. The Greenfield Club has never faltered in joining hands with other sportsmen in their efforts to care for the fish and game interests of the State; and it promises to continue for many years to come to be a power for good.

Deputy Game Warden Rausch, of Lawrence, who was shot some weeks ago by Patrick J. Cahill, at Ox-Pasture Hill in Rowley, has so far recovered as to be able to leave the hospital. Cahill has been bound over under $2,500 bonds to the Superior Court on the charge of assault with intent to kill. CENTRAL.

The Canadian Camp.

THE semi-annual dinner of the Canadian Camp was held the night of Nov. 13 at the Hotel Astor, this city. Its members are a few of those who have camped in Canada, and it was announced that President Roosevelt had accepted honorary membership in the camp.

Wild boar meat from the Corbin preserve, Blue Mountain Park, New Hampshire, was in evidence at the feast, which was presided over by Dr. G. L. Curtis, the camp's president, who introduced as the toastmaster the Rev. Dr. MacArthur, whose remarks were followed by a talk by Gen. Cecil Clay, of Washington.

Stephen P. M. Tasker, who journeyed across Labrador, in which his wife accompanied him, declared that it was a most unattractive region and appealed not at all to sportsmen. He advised them to give it a wide berth. All he saw there, he said, was a few ptarmigan, a caribou or two and some white foxes.

Dr. J. C. Allen spoke on hunting in Panama, and said that any healthy man who lived as he ought to live would get along all right there, and if he wished to hunt game, could find it in abundance, especially turkeys.

Cy Warman talked about camping in Canada.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday was our opening day for ducks, and a very careful estimate places the number killed by sportsmen and by the market hunters together at 6,500. Ducks were much later than usual coming to Currituck this season; but they have fattened quickly and are in prime condition. Now there are many more canvasbacks than usual for the middle of November, and it is a good sign, for they like choice food and we have it this season. Altogether I think we may expect a little better than an average season. MORE ANON.

Quail Grounds of the South.

FOREST AND STREAM herewith publishes the first of a series of articles on the game grounds within the boundaries of the Southern States contiguous to the Atlantic. All that vast game region is threaded with great railway lines, thus affording quick and comfortable transportation to those who journey thence.

In the main, the information has been obtained from the local agents of the railway companies whose lines run through the States whose game resources are presented. Thus, coming from trained men, who are familiar with the resources of their respective sections, the various information is considered to be reliable. However, on reference to the information presented further channels of information are readily available to the inquirer, inasmuch as the local residents are mentioned in connection with the advantages of each town, and to them the sportsman can write for specific information as to his wants. As any service rendered by them is largely a matter of courtesy, it is only a matter of proper forethought that the inquirer should inclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for a reply. Inquiry prior to a trip is advisable, as changes in local game conditions are frequent, due to many causes. Indeed it is essential to observe this precaution. Negligence concerning it may result in serious disappointment.

Dogs are rarely obtainable in the smaller towns of the South, or indeed any other section. In such cases as dogs are locally owned, the owner keeps them for his own private use. There are few men who care to loan a dog to every stranger who happens to straggle into his zone of sport. Horses, in most cases, are readily obtainable. The rates of horses and teams vary greatly one locality compared with another. In a general way it may be stated that a single team is from $1 to $3 per day. Double teams, $2 to $5. Saddle horses, $1 to $1.50.

The State laws, in respect to open season and license, are variable one compared with another. On this point, the sportsman should inform himself thoroughly. All necessary information is contained in the "Game Laws in Brief." In many of the States there are also distinct county game laws which are essential to observe. These are given in the Brief.

In the summaries that follow will be found the name of towns, hotels and their rates per day, the kind of game to be found, the names of persons who will furnish information, and whether lands are free or posted:

Florida.

Winter Park.—Seminole, Batchelor. $2. Quail, deer, fishing. A. Hunter, W. R. Smith.
Hampton.—Hampton, $2. Quail. A. A. Darden, W. G. Seals. Free.
St. Catherine.—Bradford, $1. Quail. L. A. Briles.
Morriston.—Sunny South, $2. Quail. J. A. Parham.
Lees.—F. M. Stroud, $1. Quail. W. T. Sullivan. Posted.
Monticello.—Meskelucca, $2. Quail, ducks. D. H. Mays. Partly posted.
Tavares.—Osceola, Fitch, $1 and $4. Quail, deer, turkeys. B. F. McCormick, E. J. Fitch, J. M. Beauvais.
Orlando.—Several, $1. Quail, deer, turkey, duck, squirrel, bear. S. G. Doline, H. L. Beeman. Free.
Willistan.—Willistan, $2. Quail, deer, turkey, squirrel. J. N. Willis, E. S. Mixan. Free.
Oviedo.—Argo, Cushing, $2. Quail, deer. Capt. James Argo.
Tavares.—Osceola, $2 to $3. Quail, deer, ducks. George Butler, H. H. Duncan. Free.
Turkeycreek—Moody, $2. Quail, snipe, squirrel. Free.
Citra.—Mansion, $2. Squirrel, rabbit, duck, quail, turkey. E. L. Wartmann, S. S. Harris. Free.
Campville.—J. Marter, $1. Quail. N. A. Mathews, W. Stewart. Free.
Chaires.—E. C. Smith, $4.50. Quail, turkey. E. C. Smith. Free.
Fernandina.—Albemarle, Hopper, $1.50 and $2. Quail, deer, turkey, bear. E. R. Williams, G. Beard, J. Fred Lohman. Free.
Mt. Pleasant.—None. Quail, plentiful. Free.
Drifton.—None. Deer, bear, turkey, quail, duck, squirrel. Free.
River Junction.—Shepard, $1. Quail, turkey, deer. W. L. Shepard, C. L. Moore, J. G. Stubbs. Free.
Lake City.—Blanche Central, $2. Quail, duck, squirrel. Mostly posted.
Tallahassee.—Leon, $2. Quail, deer. J. P. S. Houston, J. D. Hutchinson. Free.
Whitney.—None. Quail plentiful. A. E. Walker. Free.
Oxford.—Oxford, $1. Quail, turkey, deer. J. E. Charles. Free.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Chautauqua Muskallunge.

I HAVE read with much interest the article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 3, by Mr. Louis Rhead on the Chautauqua maskinongé [muskallunge], and I can agree readily and fully with most that Mr. Rhead says regarding the excellence of this fish, not only as a game fish, but as an article of food. His description of the methods by which it is captured is particularly interesting.

Mr. Rhead is quite right in stating that the Chautauqua muskallunge is a species quite distinct from that of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, but he is in error in regarding it as specifically identical with that of the small lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin. As a matter of fact, three species of muskallunge are now recognized as inhabiting our northern waters; namely, (1) the original muskallunge (*Esox masquinongy*) which occurs in the Great Lakes, the upper St. Lawrence river, in certain lakes and streams tributary to the Great Lakes, and possibly in a few lakes in the upper Mississippi valley; also in certain Canadian waters of the Great Lakes. This species is perhaps most common in lakes Erie and Michigan and among the Thousand Islands. (2) The great northern pike or unspotted muskallunge (*Esox immaculatus*), known from Eagle lake and other small lakes in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. This species may be distinguished from the Great Lakes muskallunge, in that the body is entirely unspotted or merely with vague dark cross shades. The tail is said to be a little more slender and the fins a little higher. (3) The Chautauqua or Ohio muskallunge (*Esox ohiensis*). This species occurs most abundantly in Lake Chautauqua; it is known, however, from the waters tributary to the Ohio; namely, Conneaut lake, Pa.; the Mahoning river, Ohio; the French Broad river near Asheville, N. C.; Deckers creek, a tributary of the Monongahela at Morgantown, W. Va.; and from the Ohio river itself at Evansville. This species differs greatly in appearance from that of the Great Lakes species; also from that of the lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

As these three species are not known to intergrade, and as their habits are entirely distinct, they must be recognized as three distinct species. They may be distinguished by the following key:

a. Sides grayish, with round or squarish blackish spots, not coalescing to form bands ..... *Masquinongy.*

aa. Sides brassy, with narrow dark cross-shades, which break up into vaguely outlined dark spots ..... *Ohiensis.*

aaa. Sides grayish, unspotted or with very vague dark cross-shades. *Immaculatus.*

This species was originally described in 1854 by Dr. Kirtland from a specimen taken in the Mahoning river. The real home of the species, however, is in Chautauqua lake, only occasional individuals having been taken elsewhere in the Ohio basin. As early as 1818 Rafinesque obtained it in the Ohio river. He says: "It is one of the best fishes in the Ohio; its flesh is very delicate and divides easily, as in the salmon, into large plates as white as snow. It is called salmon pike, white pike, white Jack or white pickerel and *picanau b'anc* by the Missourians. It reaches a length of five feet." It would appear from this that the muskallunge was a common, well-known fish in the Ohio 100 years ago, even if we make some allowance for a possible misapplication by Rafinesque of some of the vernacular names.

As a game fish the Chautauqua muskallunge is by many held in very high esteem. Though it may not be a great game fish in the best sense, its size, which is often enormous, renders its capture and landing by means of hook and line an undertaking by no means devoid of exertion and interest. It is usually taken by trolling either with a spoon or good-sized minnow. During the last week in September the spoon is chiefly in use by local anglers. A comparatively short line is used, and the boat is rowed only fast enough to keep the tackle in shape, the spoon being kept only a short distance under the water. Later in the season minnows are used. The "chub" (*Semotilus atromaculatus*) is the minnow most used early in the fall, but later, when the water becomes colder the "shiner" (*Notropis cornutus*) is regarded as better bait. The "cisco" (*Notropis hudsonius*) is also an excellent muskallunge bait and is said to constitute a considerable part of the regular food of this fish. As a matter of fact, the muskallunge will doubtless feed upon almost any species of fish found in the lake.

As a food fish the muskallunge is a superior fish. Dr. Kirtland says that "epicures consider it one of the best fishes of the west," and Mr. J. L. Beaman affirms that "as a food fish there is nothing superior to it. It ranks with the salmon and speckled trout and surpasses the black and striped bass. The meat is almost as white as snow, fine-grained, nicely laminated, and the flavor is perfect." The quality of the meat seems to improve upon keeping, being found more juicy and better flavored three or four days after capture.

The muskallunge is as voracious as the pike, and 80 pounds of muskallunge represent several tons of minnows, white fish and the like. It is not a common fish; its great size and voracity perhaps account for this. As good old Charles Hallock has said, the muskallunge "is a long, slim, strong and swift fish, in every way formed for the life it leads, that of a fierce and dauntless marauder."

BARTON W. EVERMANN.

Temagami Bass Fishing.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In common with my brethren of the angle, my attention for the last two years or more has been attracted to the wonderfully lurid and pictorial advertisements of the fishing possibilities in the Temagami region, Province of Ontario, and this year I determined to visit the range of lakes about which so much has been written, and see for myself if fish were as numerous as has been claimed by the various persons having houses of call in the region, and canvassers for the railroads.

I may premise by stating that Temagami Station is reached by the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto after a ride of less than twenty-four hours. At Temagami Station is a very excellent hotel kept by a Mr. D. O'Connor, who has done an enormous amount of work in developing this region. This gentleman has built three extremely comfortable hotels, one at Temagami Station, called the Ronnoco, another the Temagami Inn, some fifteen or twenty miles from the station, and the Lady Evelyn Inn, fifteen or sixteen miles from the last. All three are of modern construction. At either of these hotels one may have comfortable and well furnished rooms with bath rooms attached, and within three minutes' row of the fishing grounds. I should say, however, that one need not expect to have all the comforts of civilization in the Temagami country without paying correspondingly for them.

In the month of August there are no flies or mosquitoes, and the small-mouthed black bass are exceedingly numerous and are taken by trolling with live minnows. They will not take the fly at this time. The best way of trolling is to hire a competent guide, who has a good St. Lawrence double-ended skiff, and with a plentiful supply of live minnows, start about 6 A. M. for the haunts of the bass. One hook only at the end of a four-foot double gut leader is baited with a good-sized, well-kicking minnow, and the line is allowed to run out from 60 to 80 feet from the stern of the boat. Enough lead is fastened to the line just above the leader swivel to keep the line from 4 to 6 feet below the surface. The guide pulls leisuraly along 20 or 30 feet from the shore and you wait developments. I noticed that many of my fishing brethren lost their fish by striking too quickly; it is better if a slight tug is felt to give out a little line, 10 or 12 feet, while the boat is still moving, and then to strike hard and quickly, reeling in fast enough to keep the fish from running up on you and leaping in an effort to disengage the hook. The last fish I caught at the end of my stay at the Lady Evelyn Inn when struck leaped about 6 or 8 feet in the air and then ran up toward the boat, breaking nearly every 10 or 12 feet. Having a quick multiplying reel, I was able to land him after about 20 minutes' play. He weighed 4½ pounds. We had an excellent opportunity of seeing how the bass examined and played with minnows during one day's fishing when there was not ripple enough on the water to make trolling successful, letting the boat drift over a reef of rocks some 15 feet below the surface. We saw through the clear water scores of bass feeding apparently on the small crawfish, of which myriads are found in the lakes. We allowed our baits to sink nearly to the bottom and watched carefully the movements of the fish. They would swim slowly to the bait, smell it and then back off a few inches; if the minnow moved a little the fish would again approach, moving around it with great caution, a dash and the minnow was swallowed. We noticed particularly one old fish swimming first near the bait on one side of the boat and then on the other; in fact, three or four times my own minnow was partly swallowed and rejected. This venerable fish we called "Scar-faced Charlie," because of a white cicatrix on the upper part of his head, showing that he had probably been hooked sometime. He was very old; too cunning for us, so we left him on his reef.

I remained at the Lady Evelyn Inn eight days, and during this time my average daily catch was about 24 pounds, but it must be remembered that by the law of Ontario a fisherman is not permitted to take over eight fish a day, and all fish under 10 inches in length must be thrown back. The advertisements that can be seen in the newspapers and railroad folders, speaking of the great numbers of fish in these lakes are not exaggerated. The water is alive with small black bass, salmon trout, wall-eyed pike and pickerel. During the August fishing season, the large salmon trout remain in the deep, cold water in the lake, and must be fished for with a copper wire line 200 or 300 feet in length, and with a large trolling spoon or lure. This kind of fishing did not appeal to me, and I did not attempt it, but there were a number of parties at the hotel who seemed to take delight in taking these trout weighing from 10 to 20 pounds. There was a good deal of work in these captures, and it seemed to me like pulling in a heavy weight from the bottom of the lake.

I have fished for black bass in many localities, but never had the excellent sport I experienced the past summer in the Temagami region.

As I have before remarked, in the pursuit of fishing, the expenses are rather heavy; in the first place, the hotel charges are large, and you are expected to pay your guides from $3 to $3.50 a day, provide him with food and buy minnows, which at 2 cents each bring pretty well up the items of expenditures. A good many persons

whom I encountered seemed to think the charges made by Mr. O'Connor at his different hotels for the furnishing of guides are excessive, but when you come to consider that the guide rows you 10 to 15 miles in the course of the day's fishing, and, of course, cooks your lunch during the noonday hour, and cooks it well, the hotel furnishing all the materials except the fish, there seems no cause for complaint. O'Connor is practically the pioneer of this part of the country, and has gone to the expense of furnishing sportsmen with first-class fishing and accommoditions. I do not think fault should be found with him. In my intercourse with him, I have found him courteous, gentlemanly and extremely anxious that his patrons should be pleased, and I think we are warranted in believing, as the years go by and sportsmen become more and more in the habit of going into this country and the facilities of civilization are better established, prices will probably be lower. There is no reason why I should recommend Mr. O'Connor, apart from the fact that he treated me with great courtesy and furnished me the best fishing sport I have had for many a long day.

Visitors from the United States must be prepared to pay for a fishing license to the game wardens, but as the cost is only $2 for four months, no one should complain in view of the splendid sport afforded.

The manager at the Lady Evelyn Inn, Mr. Lawrence, was particularly polite and gave us the very best of care while we were with him.

H. C. YARROW.

Another Letter of an Angler to an Angler.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22.—*My dear Mr. W.:* Being now at home, and not forgetting your kindness to us while at Bay of St. George, I take this opportunity of thanking you and giving you a short account of our experiences.

We found both of the guides all that could be expected; they were efficient, very attentive, good-natured and industrious. The first day we camped on the Waehanjees pools, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon hooked a good-sized grilse with a Jock Scott. Owing to my inexperience, and the fact that the line was improperly run from the reel, I lost this fish. About 5 o'clock we hooked and killed a grilse of about four pounds. Our supply of Jock Scotts was very limited, and, unfortunately, they were attached to very thin, delicate snoods, and most of them were snapped off in Tom's endeavors at long casts. I think the weight of the long line was too great for the delicate snoods, and hereafter shall use hooks without snoods. These pools seemed to be quite full of fish. The second day, about noon, we killed another grilse of about the same weight, on the upper pool, also with a Jock Scott. On the third day we proceeded down the river, and at a pool above the Dump pool hooked a quite good-sized salmon, on a silver gray fly, but after a considerable fight, when he was beginning to show white, he got behind a rock and succeeded in throwing the hook from his mouth. This pool was also quite full of large fish. On the Dump pool, about noon, hooked and killed a 7-pound salmon, also on a silver gray fly. In the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, hooked and killed a salmon which the guide said weighed about 13 pounds. This was also caught with a somewhat dilapidated, nondescript fly, which looked something like a Jock Scott. The next day, about 5 o'clock, Ross succeeded in catching a larger salmon, about 15 pounds, in the lower pool, which I believe was also on a silver gray. These pools were well supplied with fish.

On the succeeding day we pulled up stakes and started for your camp, arriving there in the afternoon. Your pool was simply full of fish, and some very large ones. In the morning it was raining very hard, which prevented our taking a picture of the camp as Ross had promised. About 9 o'clock landed a grilse weighing about 4 or 5 pounds, also on a silver gray. By that time it was raining so hard that we were compelled to give it up, and as it did not have any appearance of clearing, we started down the stream. On our way down Ross landed a small salmon, in what I suppose is called New Pool, the one at which you took your lunch and caught a grilse the day we first met you.

Coming down the river we saw a farmer who had hooked a fish in one of the lower pools, but after a long fight lost it.

We enjoyed the trip very much, thanks to your kind suggestion and advice, and felt perfectly satisfied with our experience. I suppose it might be called our primary lesson in salmon fishing, and I now feel sure, after having had the practical experience and having conversed with yourself and other fishermen on the subject, that I could make a success of it another year, which I fully intend to do. I was rather surprised to find that the fish really did rise better about mid-day than any other time. I watched them very closely, and, with one or two exceptions, in the Dump Pool, I did not see any movement on their part to indicate that they were in quest of food. On dissecting the fish, your statement as to the absence of anything substantial was verified. I have not the slightest doubt, had we had the proper flies, we would have caught quite a number of fish. They seemed to want a small dark fly. I think a black dose would have been successful. After what observation I could make, I am not yet prepared to relinquish my view that the fish rise to the fly in at least an attempt to procure food. It is a very interesting and pleasurable pastime, and I hope to be able to pursue it more thoroughly in the next few years.

C. H. GUILBERT.

Light and Heavy Rods.

AT one of its meetings the Piscatorial Society of London listened to discussions on light and heavy trout fly-rods. Mr. A. C. Poole's definition of a light rod was one which could be used for a hard day's fishing without straining the hand or wrist of an average man. Rods which weighed between 4 ounces and 8 ounces might be designated light. Anything over that weight he considered heavy. Mr. R. C. Blundell said he could do as well with his 5¾ ounce rod as many others could with heavier rods. Mr. J. G. Chatterton preferred a light American rod. Mr. H. T. Sheringham, angling editor of The Field, said the south country trout had become so highly educated that he had been compelled to use very fine gut, and while breakages when using this gut with heavy rods were frequent, this was not so much the case when light rods were employed. Mr. W. M. Colles was sure a 13½ ounce rod was not heavy for fishing rivers like the Test in strong northeast winds. He fancied a 10½ ounce, 10ft. 3in. rod, which he wielded all day without fatigue. Mr. G. E. M. Skues, after six years' experience with light rods, preferred them, and he asserted that a light rod would cast, hook, hold and kill as well as a weighty one. Mr. Kemp said he liked a rod to suit the hand and a line to suit the rod. Let the fly-fisher make a balance for himself, and know where that balance lay; then he could do a day's fishing with a 13 ounce rod as well as with one weighing one-third that weight.

New Laws for Vermont.

VERMONT legislators are to be asked to pass laws calculated to enhance the interests of her summer resorts, railways and other enterprises whose success depends largely on the summer visitors, who are not content with the attractions of certain regions unless trout and bass fishing are included. Efforts are being made to win back a part of the patronage lost to or at least enjoyed by the Adirondack resorts, and the Vermonters interested claim that while their waters are well stocked by the Government and State, the pollution of streams and the laxity in the observance of the laws call for vigorous reform measures.

COMMISSIONER H. G. Thomas, of the Department of Fisheries and Game, informs us that "several bills have been introduced during the present Legislature. The joint committee on fisheries and game will recommend that a bill be passed prohibiting the dumping of sawdust into our streams. There is a very strong sentiment against such a law. The lumbermen oppose it as well as others. There is a bare possibility of getting the bill through; however, the chances are against us."

Anglers' Club of New York.

TO-DAY, Nov. 24, beginning at 1 o'clock P. M., there will be a bait-casting contest for accuracy on the Pool, in Central Park, this city. The event will be open to members only. Half-ounce weights will be used, and there will be no restrictions on rods or lines. The distances will be 60, 80 and 100 feet, casting at a target in the water, the method of scoring being the usual one, as follows:

Five casts will be made by each competitor at 60 feet, then the target will be moved and all will cast five times at 80 feet, then at 100 feet, 1 or 2 preliminary casts being allowed. A perfect cast is scored when the white buoy is struck; within one foot of the buoy counts 1 demerit; 2 feet, 2 demerits, and so on. The sum total of demerits divided by 15 gives the demerit percent., and this, deducted from 100, gives the accuracy per cent.

There will be three fine trophies for first, second and third prizes, and it is hoped every member who can attend will take part.

Fishing Notes.

The fishing steamboats that leave New York city every morning for the banks off the Long Island and New Jersey shores have been coming in at night with a few choice specimens of codfish taken with rod and reel. These weighed from 15 to 30 pounds and were highly prized by the anglers who caught them. The old saying that the proper time to eat a fish is immediately after it is taken from the water and cooked is particularly true when applied to the codfish, as anyone will attest on eating one fresh from the water when accustomed to the cold storage fish.

Anglers who have fished the Delaware river in November inform us that stream was found in good condition and that the black bass were still taking live bait, although casting for them was not an altogether comfortable occupation because of the frosty air and cold wind.

Election day anglers in the Hudson river complained that the frostfish (tomcods) were still conspicuously scarce and very small. Usually these fish come in with the advent of cold winds and water, but they are very late this season.

THE Elk Rapids Fishing Club was organized in Elk Rapids, Mich., Oct. 16, and the following officers elected: President, F. S. Wilson; secretary, M. E. Butts; treasurer, Thomas Mitchell; trustees, H. B. Morse, F. Robert Williams and C. B. Carver. The club's fishing grounds are on the Rapid river at Rugg station, and a lodge will be built there. Mr. Wilson informs us this is one of the best streams in Michigan, and it has been stocked with both brook and rainbow trout.

It seems that the anglers of London are to devote more attention in the future to sea fishing with rod and reel than they have in the past, and the membership lists in the sea angling clubs of that city are increasing in length. The British Sea Angling Society has done much to popularize the sport and to furnish information for its members, and the outlook is bright for a still larger increase in the number of salt water anglers next year.

A correspondent writes us that the run of salmon into Alsea bay and river, ninety miles south of Portland, Ore., in October, was so large that about thirty-five fishermen, equipped with drift and set nets, supplied the local cannery with an average of 15,000 salmon a night.

Pelican Lake, in Washington, has a reputation for big lake trout. A correspondent informs us that the record trout for that lake weighed 22 pounds, and that R. R. Flint, of Sacramento, and J. P. Lippincott, of Portland, Ore., caught one during the recent season which weighed only a pound less and was 32¾ inches in length.

YACHTING

THE SHIP'S HUSBAND.

This is a term not often used in common conversation or in the business of shipping. Like many another, it is unfamiliar in sound and in significance, but to the yachtsman—of means—it suggests relief from some of his troubles, and very vexatious ones too. How often we hear the owner complain about his inordinate expenses; bills making their appearance months after his boat has been laid up for the winter, and when steward or sometimes even captain have vanished—the only ones who can check the bills or prove that they are not legitimate ones. The owner often checks or supervises the accounts, but this takes his time, mars his enjoyment, and throws him back to cares similar to and often more annoying than those he left ashore.

To avoid such vexations, some owners, after their vessels are designed, further commission their naval architect to inspect the work as it progresses, requiring the builder to live up to his contract. When the yacht is nearly finished, the owner orders his captain to proceed to the yard and remain there till the work is completed and the yacht delivered; and the captain, then taking full charge, passes upon the accounts before they are turned over to the owner for payment.

Another way is to let the architect select the captain who in turn chooses his crew. The architect is given charge of the ship in every way, with the exception of the culinary department, which is in charge of a steward. The naval architect, in the language of the profession, then becomes the ship's husband, and to him must come captain and engineer with proper requisitions, which are allowed or disallowed as the case may be, but nothing comes or goes to the ship without his approval. The owner is thus entirely relieved of responsibility and is left free to order his ship anywhere without having to listen to complaints and excuses. A ship's husband must be a man of parts, of wide experience and judgment and with a faculty for quickly grasping situations. He receives a certain percentage of the expenditures, or a salary, as the case may be.

The ship's husband then is a useful member of the yachting community and should be better recognized as a real part of the profession. Were the practice of employing him more general there would be fewer complaints and far less trouble with the running of a yacht. There are firms who devote a great part of their energies to this work and who are capable of delivering a vessel at a specified place, prepared to go foreign on a cruise lasting many months.

Many owners of smaller vessels enjoy building a boat and are interested and have a very fair knowledge of what is being constructed for them, yet it seems too bad that many summers are entirely spoiled because some detail has gone wrong. No one will go so far as to say that a ship's husband can keep down dissensions or bring together a perfect crew free of grumblers; he can, however, get some responsible men to serve him faithfully.

A ship's husband then is one, who for a consideration so provides and arranges that the owners shall have enjoyment, unmixed with cares and worries, and shall have at his command a floating home on which he may truly find the pleasure and relaxation which are the chief charm of yachting.

S. Nicholson Kane.

Early on the morning of Nov. 15 Samuel Nicholson Kane passed away. He had gone south to Hot Springs, Va., in search of health but a few days before: his malady becoming more troublesome, he decided to return to New York, and on his way became worse and died.

S. Nicholson Kane lived a life of such extended usefulness and included within the sphere of his activities so many important interests that it is at the moment a little difficult to measure the good he achieved or to indicate the salutary influences he inspired. He was a conspicuous example of the good citizen, born to a life of leisure. To him nothing was alien that concerned the wellbeing of his country, his State or his city. He preserved to the last the keenest sympathy with the naval service, in which he had been educated; he was unfaltering in his devotion to his church, and was unsparing in his acts to further the especial form of national sport wherein he had been an active participant all his life and on momentous occasions a responsible agent of international reputation.

Commodore Kane, as he is best known, entered the United States Naval Academy in 1862, graduated in 1866, and served in the West Indies, later appointed as aid to Admiral Farragut when this famous officer made his memorable cruise to the ports of Europe. After this mission Commodore Kane entered Cambridge University, where he remained studying till 1873, when he returned home and entered the Albany Law School, from which he was admitted to the bar, but never actively practiced. Returning to New York, he joined the New York Y. C. in 1874. In 1875 he was rear-commodore; 1876, vice-commodore, and in 1877 became the commodore. The club became his life, and to it he devoted his entire time and energies, and to him in a great measure is due the growth of the club and the powerful and successful organization that it is.

In 1889 he was chosen chairman of the regatta committee, and he held that position except in 1897 until the close of 1904, and in that period managed five races for the America's Cup—in 1893 and 1895, when the Valkyries came across the ocean, and in 1899, 1901 and 1903, when the three Shamrocks tried for the much coveted trophy.

For fourteen years in all, yacht club affairs took all of Commodore Kane's time. He studied racing rules, rules of measurement, regattas and everything else that would improve the sport, and no man ever started more races or more yachts in contests. He had to settle many troubles and unweave many tangles. He always gave his most careful attention to everything, and when he had decided a protest every one concerned was satisfied. It was largely through his efforts that the plans for keeping of the courses clear during international races were adopted, and it was through his personal influence with navy men and with men in high place that so much has been done for yachting.

At the end of his long career as chairman of the regatta committee the club presented him with a loving cup.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain Commodore Kane offered his services and received an appointment as an ensign in the navy. He was detailed with Capt. Sigsbee on the St. Paul and was promoted to a senior lieutenancy. His brother, Woodbury Kane, joined the Rough Riders and was made Captain before the close of the war. Capt. Kane died last spring.

His interest and activity in the work of his church led to his continued selection as a member of the Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, and as vice-president of the Church Club. His charity was as unobtrusive as it was wisely distributed.

Commodore Kane was a member of many clubs and organizations, including the New York Y. C., Metropolitan, Union, Knickerbocker, Eastern and Larchmont yacht clubs.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Visit.

The visit of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., came to an end on Saturday last when he went aboard the Cunard liner Carmania and sailed for Liverpool. Sir Thomas came here to pave the way for a contest for the America's Cup, and the days of his visit have been paved with entertainments—all over the country—and the feeling all around is one of clear understanding, satisfaction and mutual good feeling.

Before sailing Sir Thomas said that he would challenge next year for a race in 1908. He would have Fife design one boat, and Milne the other. The designs to be under the Universal Rule. The boats will be in the 82ft. class and spread about 10,000 sq. ft. of canvas. Sir Thomas will select the best of the two boats to bring over, or bring them both over. The desire of Sir Thomas to call attention to the wholesome type of yacht has been well accomplished. The day of the great machines seems to be passing, and even now stories of the exploits of Reliance, Constitution and Independence seem like fairy tales.

Lipton Gravesend Bay Cup.

The acquaintance with Gravesend Bay of Sir Thomas Lipton began when he first came over to this country with the first of his string of Shamrocks, and which in a short time will have one more added. The Crescent A. C., a young organization as far as yachting goes, has always been very courteous to Sir Thomas, and in return he has offered the club a perpetual challenge cup to be raced for in the 18ft. class under the Universal rule. There is no doubt that this cup should encourage sailing boats of good types, and indeed this sentiment is very distinctly understood in all the many cups that he has given "for the encouragement of the sport, and the development of a healthy type." It is regrettable that the cup is to be a challenge cup, for in time challenge cups pass out of memory and are forgotten, to gather dust in the locker; whereas, had it been made a condition that it be won three consecutive times by one owner and then become his property, the end would have been just as well accomplished.

Hollis Burgess has sold the famous schooner yacht Barbara, owned by R. T. Paine, 2d, of Brookline, Mass., to Augustus P. Loring, of Boston. Barbara was designed by William Fife, Jr., the famous Scotch designer, and was built by Lawley at South Boston for C. H. W. Foster. She is composite in build, with steel frames and wooden planking. She is 63ft. over all, 46ft. waterline, 13ft. beam and 11ft. 3in. draft, and is one of the handsomest schooner yachts of her size afloat.

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When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

Jamestown Motor Boat Races.

THE Motor Boat committee in charge of the races to be held at the Jamestown Exposition, at a meeting at the Hotel Astor on Nov. 14, finally adopted the programme of events for the contemplated carnival. They also discussed the question of rating rules to govern, and ended by appointing a large committee to finally dispose of the matter. There was an evident disposition not to accept the present rule of the American Power Boat Association or any "tinkered rule" which it may adopt as "good enough," but to approach the subject on a scientific basis and arrive at a solution of the problem.

The programme adopted calls for six days' racing, starting on Sept. 2, which will be given over to reliability trials of six hours' duration to take account of continuous progress, speed, condition after trial, economy of fuel and oil, efficiency of reversing mechanism, ease of control, and other factors.

A long distance race from 100 to 150 miles on Sept. 3, mile and kilometer trials for boats of all classes on Sept. 4, and series of races on Sept. 4, 5 and 6 for cabin cruising boats, for high speed open boats both with and without time allowance, including championship contests. All these series races will be decided on the point system and not single races.

The classification of boats will be by over all length alone and not by rating lengths, but the allowances will be by rating tables. The classification includes: Over 60 feet, from 50 to 60, 40 to 50, 33 to 40, 26 to 33, 21 to 26, and under 21 for high speed boats, and over 100 feet, from 60 to 100, 40 to 60, 30 to 40, and under 30 for cabin boats in cruising trim.

The Rating Rule committee appointed includes H. P. Sutphen, Charles P. Tower, J. Howard Wainwright, C. C. Riotte, H. Newton Whittelsey, M. M. Whitaker, and E. A. Stevens, Jr.

The names of the motor boat committee in charge of the carnival is as follows:

Anson B. Cole, Chairman, 63 Wall street, New York; Hugh S. Gambel, Secretary, Room 14, 314 Madison avenue, New York; Dr. Wadsworth Warren, Detroit; Chas. P. Tower, New York; M. M. Whitaker, New York; E. A. Stevens, Jr., New York; Walter J. Hewlett, New York; Henry R. Sutphen, Bayonne City, N. J.; H. Newton Whittelsey, Long Island City; A. D. Proctor Smith, New York; John D. Roach, New York; Anson B. Cole, New York; Frank Bowne Jones, New York; J. Howard Wainwright, New York; Albert E. Eldridge, Rye, N. Y.; Dr. J. E. DeMund, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. F. Dohn, Buffalo, N. Y.; Howard I. Shaw, Chicago, Ill.; W. B. Stearns, Marblehead, Mass.; Charles L. Seabury, New York; Martin C. Erismann, New York; J. Norris Oliphant, Thousand Islands, N. Y.

1907 Motor Boat Show.

THE attention of engine and boat builders and manufacturers of all kinds of accessories, of the United States, is called to the 1907 National Motor Boat show, to be held under the auspices of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers at Madison Square Garden, New York city, Feb. 19 to 26, inclusive, as being the only National show of the engine and boat building industry of this country. This will be the first show of a national character ever held that will be an out-and-out engine and boat show. The space of time that this show will be open is only eight days, whereas, heretofore, the national show has been held in connection with the Sportsman's Show and was of fifteen days' duration. This long period has necessitated a loss of considerable time to both employers and employees from their respective plants, which has added greatly to the cost of exhibits. With the show now a distinct engine and boat show and of but eight days' duration, considerable expense is saved the respective exhibitors.

VIRGINIA, steam yacht, owned by Mr. Isaac Stern, New York Y. C., is at Fletcher's undergoing repairs. Virginia was built at the Bath Iron Works to the designs of the late Geo. Lennox Watson, and is one of the fine vessels owned in this country.

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Hints and Points for Sportsmen.
Compiled by "Seneca." Cloth. Illustrated, 244 pages. Price, $1.50.
This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

Two New Yachts.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page report that the steel steam yacht, which they have designed for Mr. C. E. Proctor, New York Y. C., is proceeding at the yard of Robert Jacob, at City Island. The dimensions are interesting, and are as follows:

Length—
Over all ..... 135ft.
Waterline ..... 134ft. 8in.
Breadth—
On deck ..... 16ft.
At waterline ..... 14ft.
Draft, ... 4ft. 10in.
Hull ..... 4ft. 4in.
Displacement ..... 80 tons
Engine, one Sullivan triple exp..... 500 H. P.
One Roberts water-tube boiler.
Coal capacity ..... 20 tons
Water capacity ..... 1500 gals.
Speed ..... 17 knots

The yacht will be used about New York and the Sound, and will cruise eastward. The plans show a very well turned boat, combining good looks, good speed and comfort. She will be delivered on May 15, 1907, and as a product of the Jacob yard, will bear out that builder's good reputation.

The other yacht well under way is for Messrs. Marshall & Spader, brokers, of New York. The yacht will be used about New York and to convey the owners to their summer homes at Falmouth, Mass., on week ends. This boat will be driven by a 100 horsepower Standard motor, and a speed of 14 miles is expected. The dimensions are:

Length—
Over all ..... 79ft.
Waterline ..... 74ft.
Breadth ..... 11ft.
Draft ..... 3ft. 3in.

The boat is now under construction at the yard of Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., South Boston, and is to be delivered on April 1, 1907.

Lake Worth Races.

The third motor boat carnival and races on Lake Worth, Palm Beach, Fla., under the auspices of the Palm Beach Power Boat Association, will be held on Jan. 29 to Feb. 1. The officers of this association are W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., H. M. Flager, who is president of the association, and Frederick Sterry, of Virginia Hot Springs and Palm Beach. The executive committee embraces such well known names as W. Gould Brokaw, of New York; Lieut. Hugh L. Willoughby, of Newport; Bowden, of Boston, and others.

The classification of racing boats for the Florida regatta caters to nearly every type of boat, and the entries promise to be larger than ever. Theodore D. Wells, Chairman of the regatta committee, 32 Broadway, New York, will receive entries and give information, while the general arrangements are in the hands of W. J. Morgan, Bretton Hall, New York.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Small Bros., of Boston, have recently completed the drawings of a two tonner for use on the lake of Geneva, in Switzerland. The boat, which is for Mr. Robert Breitenstein, will be named Apache; her dimensions are as follows: Length, 34ft. 6in.; waterline, 23ft. 0in.; breadth, 6ft. 6in.; draft, 5ft. 0in.; sail area, 625 sq. ft. The hull will be double planked with mahogany.

Messrs. Small have on trial a class A Seawanhaka boat for Mr. J. S. Simmons, a racing boat for Wisconsin, two cruising launches, an auxiliary yawl and a cruising sloop.

Mr. Chas. D. Mower reports that he has been commissioned by Mr. John Graham, of Seattle, Washington, to furnish him with complete building plans for an auxiliary cruising yawl of the following dimensions: Length, 46ft. 0in.; waterline, 34ft. 0in.; breadth, 11ft. 0in., and fitted with a ten horse motor. Mr. Mower has an order to supply drawings for a one-design class for Winnipeg (Canada) yachtsmen. These boats will be 21ft. 0in. long, waterline, 16ft. 0in.; breadth, 7ft. 0in., with a sail area of 250 sq. ft. The order for the eight boats forming a one-design class, for members of the Babylon Y. C. on Long Island, has been placed with the Nelsen Yacht Building Co., of Baltimore, Md. These boats are 24ft. 0in. long, waterline, 15ft. 0in.; breadth, 8ft. 0in.; extreme draft, 1ft. 6in., and the sail area is 337 sq. ft in a jib and mainsail.

Some of the boats other than those previously reported from the office of Mr. Henry J. Gielow are as follows: Auxiliary steel yawl, length, 93ft. 0in.; waterline, 65ft. 0in.—building at Mr. Jacob's, City Island; two sailing boats, a one rater and a one and a half rater for Switzerland; a 70ft. cruising gasolene launch for Mr. Gould, of Manhassett Bay Y. C.; a 70ft. launch for Mr. Alex. Stein, speed 16 miles, Craig engine; an auxiliary ketch, for Mr. Edwin Thorn, for Great South Bay, length, over all, 46ft.; waterline, 39ft.; a 30ft. speed launch for Mr. Walter Furgeson, which will be fitted with an 80 horse power motor; a 60ft. cruising power boat for Mr. H. E. Smith, to be used in Florida; a power boat for Mr. Craighead, also to be used in Florida, 50ft. long, draft, 15in.; a 45ft. auxiliary yawl for Dr. Jones, and a 48ft. power launch for Mr. Louis Bosset, of Brooklyn.

A jury in the United States Circuit Court awarded to Charles H. Herreshoff recently a verdict for $675, owed to him by C. H. Davis for designing the power launch V. Mr. Davis put in a counter claim for a one-rater designed by Mr. Herreshoff in 1902, and had yachtsmen in court to testify that the boat was a failure as a racer.

B. B. Crowninshield, who was concerned in the designing of Thomas W. Lawson's unsuccessful yacht Independence, created a laugh by testifying that Independence was a good racer. In his own behalf Mr. Herreshoff testified that he had done everything in his power to make the V a success as a racer, but that he had nothing whatever to do with the engine in the boat.

The one-stickers were not his own creation, but were good racers in light breezes.

The jury decided that Mr. Herreshoff's case was good in equity and in law.—New York Times.

The above case is one of interest to yachtsmen as well as naval architects. So far we have not gotten all the points in the case, but hope to make some comment upon the matter very shortly.

Yachting News continued on page 842.

Canoeing.

A. C. A.

OFFICERS FOR 1907.

Commodore, George P. Douglass, 839 N. First street, Newark, N. J.; Secretary, Wm. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley avenue, Trenton, N. J.; Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield avenue, Stamford, Conn.

FIXTURES.

National Camp, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 9 to 27, 1907.

Atlantic Division Camp, Hermit Point, opposite Riverdale, N. Y. city, May 30 and 31, and June 1 and 2, 1907.

HOW TO JOIN THE A. C. A.

Art. III, Constitution.—Any gentleman over the age of eighteen, and a competent swimmer, may become a member of this Association fourteen (14) days after his application has been announced by the Treasurer in one of the Official Organs of the Association, and approved as provided in the Constitution.

Chapter I, Sec. 1, Membership.—By-Laws: Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of $2, $1 as entrance fee and $1 as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant. The Treasurer shall forward the names of applicants to the Pursers.

MEETING OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

At the meeting of the Board of Governors, held at the St. Denis, on Oct. 27, 1906, there were present: Messrs. R. J. Wilkin, President; Paul Butler, Recorder; J. N. MacKendrick, H. C. Morse and C. F. Wolters, proxy for C. P. Forbush.

The following data was furnished from said meeting:

Twenty-two life members elected during the year.

The Association entirely out of debt, except for current expenses.

The transfer to the Association of title to the several small islands contiguous to Sugar Island, which have hitherto been held in the name of certain members of the A. C. A., is now an accomplished fact.

Recommendations on the part of the Forester with reference to the cutting of trees on the island and the planting of certain needed shrubbery. Accepted.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a member of the Association may re-rent his camp site, which has been previously occupied by him, at the rate of $1 per year, to be paid to the Treasurer before July 1 of each year. A site having been thus retained and not occupied during the camp by the member in whose name it is held, may be assigned by that member, with the approval of the Association, or re-rented by the Association. In either case, should the site contain a floor, the occupant to pay one-half the price of the floor and the privilege of re-renting to remain with the original occupant. A member failing to reserve his site by July 1 of any year forfeits his rights to the site. The moneys received from the re-rentals shall be applied to the general funds.

MEETING OF THE RACING BOARD.

Meeting of the Racing Board of the American Canoe Association was held at the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh street, New York city, on Oct. 27, 1906, at 5:45 P. M.

Meeting called to order with the following present:

D. B. Goodsell, Chairman, Atlantic Division, A. C. A.; Louis S. Drake, Eastern Division; J. N. MacKendrick, representing J. McD. Mowatt of the Northern Division; F. B. Huntington, Western Division; Commodore Geo. P. Douglass, ex-Commodore H. Lansing Quick.

Resolved, That Rule III., Sec. 1, be amended by adding the words "Except racing paddling canoes for one or two men." Adopted.

Resolved, To change Sec. 6, Rule IV., to read, "A paddle at least three feet long shall always be carried." Adopted.

Resolved, To add to the heading of Rule V., Sec. 1, the words "sailing type" making all that follows in that rule apply only to open canoes of the cruising class and add to the end of Sec. 1, "The beam at the waterline with 150 pounds weight aboard must be at least 88 per cent. of the over all beam." Adopted.

Resolved, To change the wording of Sec. 5 to read, "Weight.—The minimum weight of open canoes of this class shall be 70 pounds." Carried.

Resolved, To add a new Rule VI. as follows: "Paddling canoes for racing, one and two men. Maximum length, 16 feet; minimum beam, 30 inches; minimum depth, 10 inches; minimum weight 50 pounds." Adopted.

Resolved, To number all subsequent rules in the present order, namely: Old No. VI. to become new No. VII., etc. Adopted.

Resolved, To amend Rule XI. Sec. 1, by inserting after the word "except," in sixth line of the 1906 book, the following: "entries in events of the Racing Paddling Canoe class as defined in Rule VI., or" etc. Adopted.

Resolved, That the Racing Regulations as published in the 1906 Year Book, with the foregoing amendments, be adopted. Carried.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: D. B. Goodsell, Chairman; Louis S. Drake, Clerk; H. Lansing Quick, Acting Clerk. Meeting adjourned.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—B. J. Suffern, N. Y. city, by F. L. Dunnell.

Central Division.—Benj. M. Williams, Pittsburg, Pa., by Lewis Russell.

U. M. C. Ammunition

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or at long range, U. M. C. Big Game Cartridges give full satisfaction. They will knock down a charging bear and keep him down. They will carry across the lake to the distant buck. The curve of the bullet's flight is true to the sight's elevation because the powder charge is uniform, the diameter of the bullet exact and the cartridge is practically perfect. The new .35 Remington Autoloading Rifle Cartridge is now ready, with 2,000 feet velocity and 200 grain bullet—a wonderful cartridge and gun.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 24.—Harrisburg, Pa., Sportsmen's Association. J. B. Singer, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Watertown, Mass., G. C., first annual Thanksgiving Day tournament; $100 added. H. W. Jordan, Capt.
Nov. 24.—Vicksburg (Miss.) G. C. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Columbus (O.) G. C. turkey shoot. Fred Shattuck, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Paterson, N. J.—North Side Rod and Gun Club shoot.
Nov. 29.—Patcrson, N. J.—Jackson Park G. C. tournament.
Nov. 29.—Ossining (N. Y.) G. C. sixth annual Thanksgiving Day shoot; added money. G. B. Hubbell, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Fairmont (W. Va.) G. C. Ed. H. Taylor, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Cleveland (O.) G. C. F. H. Wallace, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible G. C.
Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. Lloyd R. Lewis, Mgr.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
S. Omaha.—Nebraska State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The trap editor this week is sojourning at Newton, N. C., where the Eastern Field Trial Club trials are being held.

The next Sunny South Handicap will be held at Brenham, Tex., Jan. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1907. The programme will consist of live birds and targets and made very attractive throughout. For further particulars, address Alf Gardiner, Secretary.

Mr. Frank Lawrence arrived in New York last week after a most strenuous season as advance agent of the Winchester team of experts who have been touring the South, and who end their tour at Bristol, Tenn., on Dec. 6. He performed some capers, in the way of securing columns and pages of press notices, that would give the professional advance agents good object lessons. He deeply appreciates the many courtesies extended to him by the sportsmen uniformily throughout his itineracy, and desires to publicly express his thanks therefor,

The Pleasure Gun Club, of Englewood, N. J., will hold an open all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Programme will consist of sweepstake and clay bird shooting for turkeys, etc. Refreshments furnished free to shooters. Shooting begins at 11 A. M.

A turkey lunch will be a feature of the Ossining, N. Y., Thanksgiving Day shoot, all participants to perform from scratch. Ten programme events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, will engage the activities of the shooters before and after lunch. No. 4 is a merchandise event. No. 3, 5 to 10 inclusive, 100 targets, constitute the amateur championship of Westchester county for 1906. Totals 175 targets; $13,50 entrance; $15 added. Class shooting. Programme competition begins at 10:30. Merchandise prizes for every one. Ship shells to Barlow & Co. G. B. Hubbell, Secretary. C. G. Blandford, Captain.

The next shoot of the Boston Shooting Association, one of a series which ends on April 24, will be held at Wellington, Mass., on Nov. 28. O. R. Dickey is the manager. There are eleven events on the programme, at 10 and 15 targets. Events 5 to 8, 50 targets, constitute the cup match. Targets, 1½ cent. The manager will give seven loving cups of equal value to shooters making highest aggregate in six best scores made in series. One to 90 per cent., two to 80 per cent., two to 70 per cent., one to 60 per cent, one to 50 per cent.

The Fit of a Gun.

From W. W. Greener's "The Gun and Its Development."

Take a gun, and put it up to the shoulder two or three times without aiming at anything in particular; if it seems to come up easily, and to be under perfect control, choose a mark ten or fifteen feet distant, and slightly higher than the aimer's shoulder. Fling up the gun quickly while looking steadily at the mark, and immediately the gun is at the shoulder close the left eye and glance at once along the rib; the sight on the muzzle should cover the object at which the shooter was looking as he brought up the gun. If upon this maneuver being repeated several times it is found that the gun each time covers the mark at which it is aimed, it should be tried in like manner at other marks, at different distances and elevations. If these marks are covered in the same manner, the gun may be considered a fit, and a little practice will make the shooter quite at home with the weapon. It should then be tried at a target. Take a few snap shots at a bullseye, and if the shots are not placed central, something is wrong with either the gun or the shooter. If a man cannot hit a fixed mark at 30 to 40yds., every time with a shotgun, he cannot expect to hit birds on the wing.

The sportsman who can make his choice out of a large stock of guns, or with the assistance of an experienced man to guide him, has a great advantage over the man whose trials must be made with a few weapons and without the help of an expert to correct any faulty actions which may escape the observation of the shooter. For instance, a person adept in the art of gun fitting would detect at once whether a second aim was taken in aligning the gun, and could immediately so alter a dummy try-gun as to come up in the way desired; whereas the shooter, if alone, must note where the gun points, and calculate what amount of alteration is necessary.

If a gun is pointed much below the mark at which it is aimed, the stock of the gun is too crooked, too short, or the gun too heavy.

If it points above the mark at which it is aimed, it is too straight or has too much toe upon the stock. It is much better to use a gun that is too straight than one that is the reverse, as the author will prove in the paragraphs on the use of guns.

If it points to the right, it is cast off too much; if to the left, the cast-off is not sufficient. If it is not horizontal, but twisted over so that the right barrel is the higher, the stock requires to be twisted over by casting off the toe more; if the left barrel is higher (which is very rarely the case) both the cast-off of the gun and the shape of the butt must be altered.

The straighter and longer the stock which can be manipulated with ease, the better and quicker will be the shooting, and less fatiguing the work of a heavy day's shooting. All good guns are so regulated that, aimed point blank and dead level along the rib, they will center on the mark at 40yds. distance.

Some trap shots require their guns to carry as many as 6in. high at 40yds.; this is preferable to using a gun which shoots high, because, being too straight in the stock, it is aimed too high. Misses with a shotgun, as with a rifle, more frequently arise from errors in elevation than the misdirection of the aim.

The "try-gun" is a gunmaker's tool, which permits of the stock being altered to any length, bend, cast-off, and shape of the butt, and is of use in fitting a sportsman who needs a gun of special build. Most of these guns are capable of being fired, but, as not one of them handles at all like an ordinary gun, it does not follow that, because a shooter is able to use it with success, a proper gun made with the same measurements of stock will prove quite suitable. It is a tool which can be used to good advantage only when in the hands of an experienced gun-fitter.

A short gun stock assists the shooter to get up the gun freely, but is against his holding it firmly against the shoulder; a large butt, not too flat, and with a fairly broad toe, is the best for bedding firmly against the shoulder; it should, in most cases, be slightly shorter to the left edge of the butt-plate than to the right. The better and more truly the butt fits the shoulder the more comfortable will be the gun in use, and the less appreciable will be the recoil.

The hand, or the grip of the gun, must not be so thick that it cannot be grasped with ease; it may be of oval section, or egg shape, with the smallest point at top, or, to afford a better grasp, even diamond shape in section; it must not be round, or have too fine or too flat a checkering, or feel clumsy, and the fore-end must be narrow, standing high from the barrels, and fall full into the palm of the left hand when it grips the barrels.

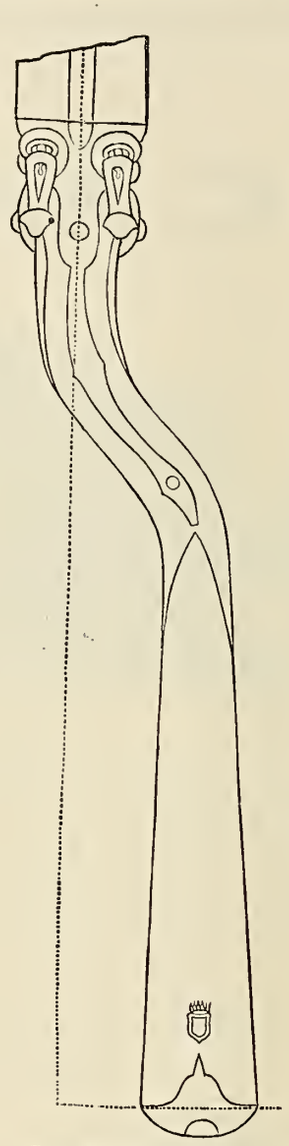
It is sometimes said that a sportsman cannot shoot with a gun that suits him if he varies his clothing; possibly some men cannot, but they are not good shots, nor should they pose as such, for as before stated, the good shot, the man who knows how to handle a gun and how to aim, will shoot well with any gun. Dr. Carver has in a single exhibition shoot of less than an hour's duration shot and performed equally well with a Winchester repeating rifle of the military model, a double shotgun of 2¾in. bend, and a double shotgun of 2in. bend. The man who really means to shoot well does so irrespective of any trifling wrong dimension in the weapon he has to use, and the acquisition of the art of shooting enables one to do what the hypercritical gun-fitting faddist would not attempt, with even the most favorable conditions.

Of the Shape and Dimensions of Gun Stocks.

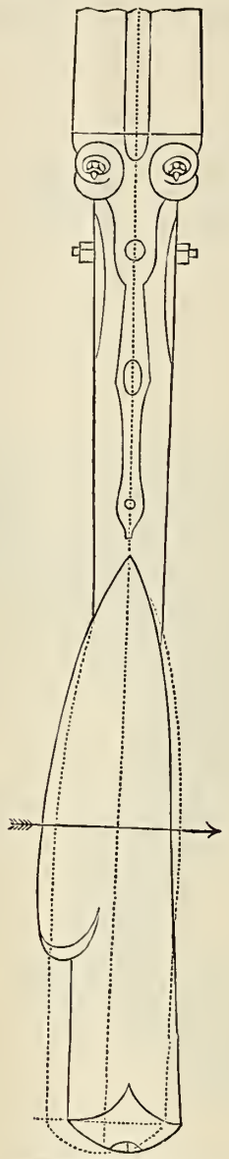
There is no definite authority for the prevailing fashion in gun stocks, and the dimensions and shape of this part of the gun have given rise to more frequent discussion among gunmakers and sportsmen than anything else connected with shooting.

The measures of the gun stock include the bend, the length and cast-off. These are of great importance to the user of the gun, and must suit his particular method of handling the gun, as well as the stock being of such dimensions as the shooter's build—i. e., length of arm, breadth of chest, etc., may determine.

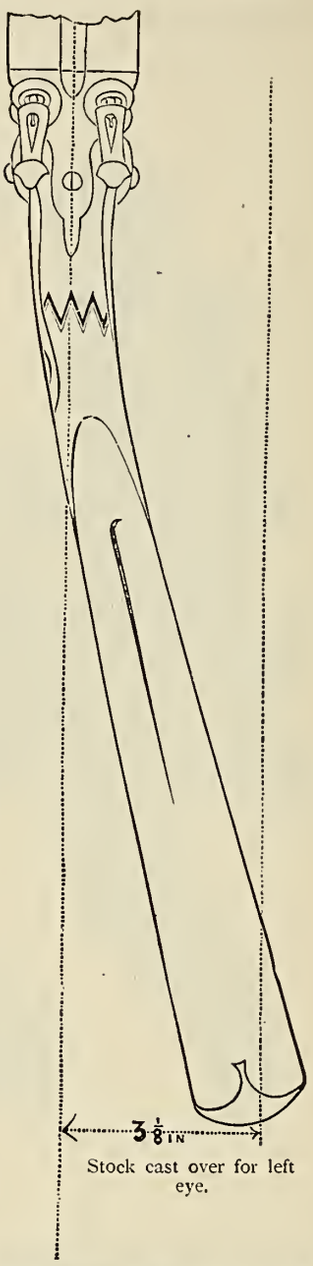
The measures of a gun stock may be ascertained as follows:



Bent Stock for use from right shoulder with the left eye.



Gun Stock with Cheek Piece.



Stock cast over for left eye.

Take a piece of wood or iron, with a perfectly straight edge, sufficiently long to reach from the sight on the muzzle to the extremity of the butt; lay this straight-edge along the rib and measure the distance from muzzle to heel and from muzzle to comb. This is the bend. The lengths required will be from the center of the fore or right-hand trigger to the heel, center, and toe respectively, and the depth from the heel to the toe. The circumference of the hand may be obtained by passing a string round it immediately behind the trigger guard, and measuring the string. In taking the length, measure the extreme length, and not to the edge of the heel-plate.

Cast-off is the amount the stock is thrown out of truth with the barrels in a lateral direction. Most gun stocks are twisted over—that is, the toe of the butt is more "cast-off" than the heel—the usual "cast-off" is three-sixteenths for heel and three-eighths for toe.

Balance.—This is always to be measured from the breech ends of the barrel. It is best to balance the gun on thin string.

A 12-bore with 30in. barrels, weighing 7lbs. or over, should balance at about 3in. from the breech; if with 27in or 28in. barrels and 5¾lbs. to 6lbs., about 2⅝in. from the breech would be considered a good balance.

Americans use guns with stocks much more crooked, as, when shooting, they keep the head erect; and many English colonists follow this rule, the crooked gun stock being quite common in South Africa.

The lengths of the gun stock from fore trigger to toe and heel will regulate the angle of the butt, and the cast-off will throw the butt over a little, so that unless the butt were rounded or chamfered, its edge only would touch against the shoulder. The amount of chamfer required will depend upon the amount of "cast-off," and the build of the person for whom the gun is intended. Dr. W. F. Carver always shoots with a heel plate not only much hollowed—i. e., very much shorter to center than to the extremities—but also chamfered so as to fit squarely against the muscles of his shoulder. Many shooters will find it more comfortable to shoot with a gun having the butt so rounded or sloped, than with the usual butt, which is of equal length to either edge.

Guns with stocks from 14in. to 14⅜in. long, measuring from the fore trigger to the center of heel plate, will be found in most gunmakers' shops, and the common "cast-off" is 3-16 in. at heel and ¾in. at toe. A sportsman above the average height should take a gun stock longer than usual, and also one slightly more bent. The longest stock the author has made is 15¾in., and the greatest bend 4¼in. It rarely happens that stocks shorter than 13¾ are required. A shooter with sloping shoulders will find that a stock about 2¾in. bend at heel and 1⅜in. at comb will probably suit him best.

The gun stock must be so fashioned that the heel plate shall be at right angle, or nearly so, to the barrels, and the gun will stand with the barrels almost perpendicular. Some, however, prefer that the gun when stood upright shall be such that the sight and the center of the butt shall be in a plumb line.

A thin man requires but little cast-off to his gun, while a stout man with broad shoulders may need a gun much cast off.

The pistol-hand gun stock, known technically as half pistol-hand, is the common form throughout Canada and the United States, and is also being adopted by the sportsmen of Australia and South Africa.

Among English sportsmen the use of the pistol grip is confined chiefly to double rifles and large bore guns, and it permits of a firmer grip than the straight hand stock, but is not so convenient for pulling the left trigger in quick succession to the right. With the straight grip the hand may slide backward, but with the pistol grip it is necessary to bend the trigger finger more to fire the second barrel rapidly. Some sportsmen, whether using straight or pistol-hand stocks, find it more convenient to pull the near trigger first and move the hand forward to fire a rapid second.

There are other shapes of stocks, with which many sportsmen are acquainted, but to others they will be novel and offer certain advantages. First, there is the horn guard, equivalent to the scroll guard of the old-fashioned English rifle. This guard is supposed to allow a better and firmer grip of the gun to be obtained with the right hand. The same advantage as claimed for the pistol hand stock, and it moreover prevents the second finger of the right hand from being bruised by the back of the trigger guard.

The horn guard is much used by some Continental sportsmen, and the German gunmakers particularly fashion it into an ornamental fitting for either the shotgun or rifle. Another Continental form is the shield guard,

or horn before guard. With this style of stock, the gun is grasped just in front of the trigger guard by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, the palm of the left hand and the remaining fingers being firmly pressed against the guard. This style of holding the gun is not to be commended, but it must be admitted that many fine shots are to be found who never hold their gun differently.

The rational gun stock was introduced by the author some time ago, and it embodies qualities long sought in pistol-grip guns, and the undeniable advantage of the straight stock.

In this stock, as will be seen from the illustration, there is more than the usual bend at the bump or heel, and that the comb is not straight, but arched slightly; and as the cheek touches the stock about midway between the heel and the thumb, it is there, and there only, that the stock need be straight.

With the usual English gun stock, put up in the usual manner, it will be found that about one-quarter of the butt projects above, and has no bearing against the shoulder. This leaves the sharp narrow toe to steady the gun and to take the recoil. With the rational stock, the face of the shooter will be resting upon the stock when the bump or heel has reached a level of the shoulder, and the whole of the butt will find a bearing in the hollow of the shooter's shoulder. The bend of the gun will, with the rational stock, be about 2½in. at heel, 1½in. at comb and 1½in. midway between heel and comb.

The use for and necessity of cast-off will at once become apparent on an examination of the next illustration, showing a gun so cast over that it may be aligned from the right shoulder with the left eye. This kind of stock serves a very useful purpose. Unfortunately, too many shooters lose the sight of the right eye from some mishap when using their guns, and to such a gun with a stock of this description is an absolutely necessity. But more than one style of stock has been devised for these sportsmen, and the second model shown is, of the two, to be preferred; it is quite as handy and strong, and gives the same shaped comb at the same angle as an ordinary stock. The "Monopeian" gun comes into this same category, although the result obtained is not by bending over or so fashioning the stock that the left eye may see over to the rib and align the gun, but the sight is brought out to the left side of the left barrel, and an additional sight affixed to the breech.

B. S. A. Shoot.

Notices were sent out the first of the week that there would be a special white flier shoot at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds Saturday afternoon, Nov. 17. The special feature was two 20-bird races, $10 a side, the loser to pay for birds, shot by Messrs. Roder and Brown. The first race resulted in a tie on 17. In the shoot-off at 5 birds each, Roder won, Brown missing his fourth bird. In the second race Brown was victorious, scoring 17 to Roder's 16. The scores:

First race at white fliers, 20 birds, $10 a side, loser to pay for birds:

Roder .....22102202022221221212—17
Brown .....10222102122222212202—17

Shoot-off at 5 birds:

Roder .....22221—5 Brown .....22101—4

Second race, same conditions:

Roder .....22211200122011220212—16
Brown .....22220122002222222222—17

The next event was a 10-bird race, $10 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. There were eight entries. Waters and Jones divided first money with a score of 9. Roder and C. Malone second with 8. This was followed by a very exciting team race, 5 birds each—Waters and Roder against Brown and Jones. The former team won, 10 to 9.

It was a typical day for white fliers, just wind enough to make them fly with spirit, and more swift birds darted from the trap than Capt. Malone has given us for a long time. There was the usual miss-and-out with five entries, won by Waters and C. Malone, who made a run of 12 straight. The scores:

Ten birds, $10 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. Waters and Jones divided first money:

Waters	2220211122—9	C Malone	2120101122—8
Jones	2201212222—9	Watkins	2200102222—7
Fenhagen	0021011001—5	I Brown	2222012200—7
Meares	221220001—7		

Team race, 5 birds each man, Roder and Waters against Jones and Brown. Roder and Waters won:

Roder	22112—5	Waters	21222—5
Jones	22222—5—10	Brown	02222—4— 9

Miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Fenhagen	001110212	C Malone	221111121111
Waters	222222222222	Roder	212211122220
J Malone	111111111110		

The many friends of Mr. J. H. Moxley are congratulating him on winning the H. A. Brehm cup, which has been shot for at Prospect Park every Monday for four weeks. The race was for 40 white fliers, and Mr. Moxley made the remarkahly good score of 36. Considering varying weather conditions and a week's interval between each race, this was an exceptionally fine score. Next week Brown and Roder will shoot a race at 50 white fliers each, for $25 a side, loser to pay for birds. This promises to be a very interesting event, as both are evenly matched, and doubtless much money will change hands. The members of the B. S. A. are discussing challenging the Holmesburg Gun Club shortly for a ten-man team race, at 25 white fliers per man. There is keen rivalry existing between these clubs, and much interest will be taken in the shoot. We would like Philadelphia to "wake up" and make a proposition.

"Let me see," said she, "what is it you call these men who run automobiles?"

"Pardon me," replied the gallant man, "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I call them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

490--500

A New Squad Record!

MADE WITH

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

SUCH was the remarkable score made by the Winchester squad of expert shots at Albany, Ga., November 9th—a score that has never been equalled by a like number of shooters, and which is all the more noteworthy on account of one of the members being a woman. The individual scores were as follows: W. R. Crosby, 99; Jno. S. Boa, 99; Jno. R. Taylor, 98; J. M. Hawkins, 98, and Mrs. Topperwein, 96. Total, 490 out of 500. All used Winchester Factory loaded shells, and the high scores they have been able to maintain on the trip so far, which includes 100 straight each by Crosby and Hawkins, bid fair to set a new standard for merit in loaded shotgun shells.

WINCHESTER SHELLS PROVE THEIR SUPERIOR MERIT

Montclair Gun Club.

Although nothing special was scheduled for the shoot held Nov. 17, some thirteen men faced the traps, among them Messrs. Hadwen, Jr., Wheeler, Force and Gould, all of whom had done no shooting for nearly a year, and had in consequence grown a little rusty.

Jack Fanning came over and tried to show the boys how to shoot, and help stir things up a little.

On next Saturday the November shoot for the cup will occur, and the usual Thanksgiving Day shoot will occur on the forenoon of the 29th.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	15	25	10	15	10
Batten	20	15	18	9	11	7
Fanning	18	14	22	9	10	9
Bush	21	12	18	6	12	6
Boxall	19	13	19	6	10	7
Barnes	14	10	17	9	..	..
W I Soverel	..	11	12	..	7	..
Parke	..	8	13	3	9	..
S R Soverel	..	11	12	..	7	..
Cockefair	..	11	17	8	13	7
Hadwen, Jr	..	..	5	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	..	7	8	5
Force	..	..	..	2	..	..
Gould	..	..	..	3	6	5

The Life of Rifle Records.

The conclusions of the experts of the United States Army Ordnance Department are interesting, in that they agree that high velocity and low trajectory are too costly in small arms and in ordnance alike. The life of all modern rifled guns is brief, and the larger the caliber the shorter becomes their life. General Crozier has pointed out that one of the 12in. coast defense guns, which would become inaccurate after sixty shots had been fired from it, would, in the event of an action with an enemy's ships, be out of commission in less than an hour and a half, less time than it would take a fleet to pass a given point. He favors lower velocity in some guns. At Springfield the tests of bullets for the .30 caliber service rifle have resulted in attaining muzzle velocities as high as 2,700 feet per second, but the erosion is so great that rifle barrels in which this test ammunition is used soon lose their accuracy. Smaller powder charges and heavier bullets would reduce the effectiveness of the service rifle, but prolong the life of the barrels.

Ferdy—Why did you stop calling on the Mainchance girl?

Algy—Why, the whole family seemed too glad to see me.—Life.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Most of the boys have arrived home from their first hunting trip, and report fairly good luck, but not as successful as expected on account of the stormy weather. G. A. Hopper and Ed. Morgan, who started Nov. 11 for their favorite hunting grounds, were only able to hunt two days on account of a severe snowstorm, 8in. on level. They returned with twenty-nine partridges, one rabbit and one gray squirrel. They report many birds, but hard to get after them on account of snow. Other shooters report fair luck on partridge, gray squirrels, and rabbits, but very few quail; in fact, I have not seen or heard of a quail being brought in. There seems to be plenty of rabbits in some localities, but none in other formerly good shooting grounds. No quail in sight at any of the favorite haunts of those once numerous birds. The result of too many big bags and no stocking of covers.

The replies to cards sent out for our Thanksgiving shoot began to come to hand the first of last week, and have been coming in every day since. The prospects are very encouraging for one of the best shoots the Jackson Park Club has ever pulled off, and that is saying a great deal, as the club has certainly run off in the past some very large affairs in the shooting line. The indications are that this shoot will be one of the hottest kind of company, as many of the best shots around the nearby country have promised to be on hand and take part in the day's shooting. The special event is filling up very fast, and the entries received to date, which at the present time number twelve, all of them capable of breaking 80 per cent. or over, will prove good company for those who intend to come to Paterson on that day, as every one of these entries will shoot the programme through.

The special will not interfere in any way with the general shooting, as there are four 25-target events on the programme, and this event will be decided in those four events, so that every one who wants to can enter right along through the whole programme.

The club will cater to the desires of the shooters on hand—if it is their desire to have sweepstake or prize shooting, it goes. But any shooter can shoot for the price of targets, and are welcome to join in any event.

All paid representatives shoot for the price of targets at these grounds, and are always welcome. Lunch will be served, and everything done for the comfort and entertainment of those who visit us on Thanksgiving Day.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

The target shoot held Nov. 13 was handicapped by a high northwest wind, which cut the scores down, as the following summary shows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Schorty	12	12	10	9	12	13	14	..	12	12	8	10	9	11	17
A Schoverling	4	7	5	8	9	8	10	..	10	5	8	7	..	..	..
Russell	5	9	10	7	6	8	6	..	6	7	..	..	7	..	..
Dreyer	8	10	8	10	9	10	9	..	13	11	6	6	..	..	13
H Bergen	12	10	11	10	10	10	12	..	8	7	10	..	5	..	..
J A R Elliott	..	14	15	12	14	9	..	19	15	13	15	12	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	12	11	13	11	10	..	21	15	15	12	..	13	14
Sim Glover	..	..	..	14	10	10	12	..	21	11	..	..	..	..	..
Evans	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	7	9	18	7	12	13	10	6
Jack Fanning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	11	8	15	11	..
P May	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	12	12	..	10	9	11	13	..
A Hendrickson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	6	6	6	12	..
Shevlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	4	7	..
Buffalo	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

Annual New Year's Day distance handicap for merchandise prizes. Entire proceeds of programme, less cost of printing, to be devoted to purchase of prizes for series.

Fifty-two shooters took part in 1906 competition, twenty-seven qualified.

Dates of sliding distance handicap series, five contests, three shoots to qualify a contestant. Every shooter who qualifies receives a prize, no matter how low his scores may be, as in 1906 competition. Open to all amateurs: 1907—Jan. 8, Feb. 12 (Lincoln's Birthday), March 12, April 9, and May 19. Programmes sent on application to secretary and manager, L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York.

Target events shot Nov. 17, under unfavorable weather conditions:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Voorhees	16	18	16	14	..
Fleury	13	9	13	19	..
Isaacs	11	12	13	17	..
Dreyer	12	13	17	16	5
Creamer	..	16	18	16	..
Bergen	19	22	22	18	..
Williamson	..	14	..	..	..
Evans	..	13	9	17	10
Craft	..	16	22	16	..
Russell	..	14	12	5	..
Fairchild	..	12	15	13	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Brower	..	15	14	12	..
Jones	..	..	4	10	..
Gillie	..	..	7	9	..
J Voorhees	..	..	..	19	16
Van Vater	..	..	..	9	11
Howard	..	..	..	15	18
Lamb	..	..	..	3	..
Kellar	..	..	..	3	4
Nolan	..	..	..	2	..
Osterhout	..	..	..	6	..

In Other Places.

All the arrangements are being perfected for a good tournament, to be held on the grounds of the Newberry, S. C., Gun Club on Thanksgiving Day. Many clay targets have been secured, and the shooters of the county are expected to participate.

There will be a shooting match Nov. 27 at Piqua, O. Everybody invited. The prizes will consist of ducks and chickens. A good time is expected.

The Prescott, Mich., Gun Club will this fall make a trip to the Upper Peninsula for their annual hunt.

Two covered wagons belonging to the members of the Adirondack Gun Club started on Thursday last for Boreas River. Some of those who accompany the party are Howard Bokcr, Chas. Roach, Fred Slocum, A. W. Thompson, Norman Doroes and Wallace Thayer.

Large preparations are being made for a bluerock and live-bird shoot at Aplin Beach, Thanksgiving Day.

The five gun clubs of Hardin county, Ia., are contributing to a fund to be used in buying a trophy. This trophy will be up for regular contests between the clubs, and will no doubt create a healthy interest.

In and about Ames, Ia., the shooting at the traps will now revive, as the shooters have returned from their hunt on the lake. The Ames boys think they can win the trophy.

At the annual election of the Troy, O., Shotgun Club the following officers were chosen: Harry Eddy, President; W. J. Parson, Vice-President; George Pratt, Secretary and Treasurer. The first shoot was held Nov. 8.

Visitors to the town of Houghton, Mich., who are judges, report that they have not seen a club in such good condition nor with better quarters and a more complete outfit than that of the club at this city.

Dr. Magie, Ed. Windom, W. E. Morrow, J. L. Mullin, B. E. Loney, C. S. Carpenter, B. C. Vaughan are members of Bowstring Club, of Duluth, Minn., who are a band of good shooters.

A gun club was recently organized at Whitehouse, O., for the purpose of promoting trapshooting and good fellowsnip.

Crescent Athletic Club.

The rehandicapping of the members of the Crescent Athletic Club trended toward scratch recognition in respect to many of the contestants, and shows what material improvement has been gained in the way of skill by the club members who shoot. The allowances in 25 and 15 target events, follow:

D H Bennett	1	0	Dr J J Keyes	2	1
H M Bingham	0	5	E B Knowlton	4	2
G L Blake	7	4	E H Lott	2	1
F T Bedford, Jr	1	0	Jere Lott	2	1
C H Chapman	7	4	W W Marshall	5	3
W H Cornell	8	5	C J McDermott	6	4
F E Driggs	6	3	W J McConville	4	2
W H Degnee	7	4	H L Meyer	6	5
W C Damron	4	2	E L Maltby	10	6
W K Fowler	5	3	F E Mendes	8	5
J C Faulkner	4	2	G W Meeker	4	2
W M L Fiske	10	6	F W Moffatt	1	0
J S Fiske	6	4	H P Marshall	3	1
C E Foster	1	0	Grant Notman	3	1
J P Fairchild	4	2	H L O'Brien	4	2
J O Graham	10	6	J C Oswald	8	5
J H Hallock	4	2	L M Palmer, jr	0	0
D V B Hegeman	1	0	G E Pool	4	2
A A Hegeman	5	3	F C Raynor	5	3
A W Higgins	8	5	J S S Remsen	0	0
L C Hopkins	6	4	C G Rasmus	5	3
L C Hopkins	3	1	T W Stake	5	3
C W Hickling	5	2	F B Stephenson	0	0
A E Hendrickson	4	2	G G Stephenson, Jr.	1	0
R W Hoff	5	3	C A Sykes	3	2
C C Henry	6	4	Dr Shepard	4	2
O C Grinnell	1	0	H B Vanderveer	3	1
G W Gair	8	5	H C Werleman	6	4
W H Holden	6	4	E G Warfield	7	4
Henry Kryn	1	0	J S Woods	3	1
Clarence Kenyon	4	2			

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

In the regular shoot held Nov. 17 on the Columbus Heights grounds, Dr. Hunter was high man in the eight events that were shot off. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	25	10	10	15	15
Dr Hunter	8	12	21	21	9	8	11	11
W H Wilson	4	4	..	..	5	2	2	2
J Spaeth	9	12	15	18	9	7	11	12
W Banta	5	13	16	17	8	8	11	9
C Simonton	5	9	..	..	6	4	8	..
H Beckler	7	10	11	..	5	5	10	8
W Jones	5	3	10	..	2	7	4	6
H Wright	..	..	17	..	4	5	5	6
W Harris	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	..
N Boogertman	..	..	12	19	..	5	7	4
G Hail	2	4	..	..	..	2	..	..

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day for prizes well worth winning. Lunch will be served on the grounds and loaded shells will be kept on hand. The first shot will be fired at 9:30 A. M.

Boston Shooting Association.

Wellington, Mass.—The first shoot in winter series for cups was held on Nov. 14. The attendance was small, as many took advantage of a perfect day for the field and went after game. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10
Griffith	13	13	14	15	10	13	10	14	13	11	10
Frank	15	13	14	15	10	14	9	15	13	15	10
Hassam	12	12	13	13	9	13	10	14	13	11	9
Burns	13	13	14	14	7	13	9	15	13	10	10
Gleason	15	14	13	14	10	15	10	15	15	14	10
Powdrell	10	13	11	12	5	11	9	10	14	7	5

Scores in cup match, 50 targets: Griffith 47, Frank 49, Hassam 46, Burns 44, Gleason 50, Powdrell 35. Next shoot Nov. 28.

O. R. Dickey, Mgr.

Ashland Defeats Rose Glen.

In a contest at 25 targets each man, Nov. 15, the Ashland Gun Club team defeated the Rose Glen Gun Club team on the grounds of the Belmont Club, Narberth, Pa. The scores:

Ashland.		Rose Glen.	
W Lyle	21	Fryer	22
Greenwood	20	Barker	19
Roberton	20	Miller	18
D Lyle	18	Lowry	15
Haggerty	17	Devenney	15
Searle	17	Grady	14
Bauman	15	Myers	13
Winchester	12—140	N Grady	13—129

South End Gun Club, Camden, N. J.

The annual tournament was held Nov. 17, with a good attendance and favorable weather conditions. Eight events were finished, and Lester German was high man with 102 breaks out of 110 shot at. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	10	15	20	10	Brk.
Elliott	10	14	19	10	10	11	18	9	101
Lawrence	8	15	19	8	8	10	17	9	94
Pratt	10	11	15	8	8	13	14	8	87
Butler	10	11	18	8	8	14	16	8	93
Ballantine	10	11	19	10	9	14	18	10	101
Skelley	10	13	18	9	10	13	17	9	99
German	10	13	19	9	8	14	20	9	102
Squires	9	14	17	8	10	13	20	10	101
Lohr	8	11	20	9	6	11	14	7	86
Tule	7	10	14	6	9	10	7	9	72
Holloway	8	9	15	8	6	12	11	4	73
Hineline	9	10	12	10	8	11	16	7	83
Dixon	..	8	..	8	7	..	10	7	40
Felix, Jr	..	3	11	6	6	..	13	..	39
Johnson	..	..	13	4	5	7	14	9	52
French	..	..	14	9	10	7	18	9	67
Pechmann	..	14	..	7	4	13	15	7	60
Thompson	..	..	15	8	..	12	14	7	56
Rice	6	..	14	7	8	..	15	..	56

Colgate Gun Club.

The regular shoot was held Nov. 15. In the handicap shoot for a box of 500 shells, donated by Mr. Keller, first prize was won by S. Nitzel, second by L. Smith and third by W. Carl. In practice, L. German was high gun with 147 out of a possible 150. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
German	25	25	24	24	24	25	..
Smith	22	18	22	24	21	25	22
Spann	23	19	19	19	21	16	..
Volkman	17	16	..	..	..	..	..
Walters	15	17	16	18	..	..	..
Moxley	20	22	22	22	23	21	..
Nitzel	24	24	23	23	22	..	..
Haase	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knop	16	18	..	..	..	..	..

The Colgate Gun Club will have a sweepstake shoot of white fliers Wednesday, Nov. 28, from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence Revolver Club.

Unexpectedly good weather permitted out-of-door practice at the Saturday meeting. The evening attendance at the gallery was promising of some warm times this winter. Miller and Willard have graduated from the "ladylike .38" and appeared with .44, so that now the heavy ordnance department, which has stood many a jest, bids fair to soon be in the majority. Just by way of proving that the .38 is still in the game, Parkhurst rolled up some neat strings, which show he has not gone stale by any means. The scores:

Rifle practice scores, 25yds., ¼in. ring target: Gardiner 240, 241, 241; Mayo 235, 235, 238, 238, 239, 234, 240, 237, 239, 239, 235, 238, 238, 236; Mrs. Mayo 227, 218, 236, 228, 225, 217, 233, *237.

*Telescope.

Reduced Creedmoor, 25yds., military rifles, miniature charge: Coulters 41, 42, 44, 40, 45, 44, 44, 42; Hurlburt 43, 42; Jefferds 34, 34, 34, 38, 38.

Revolver practice scores, 50yds., standard target: Eddy 83, 86, 85, 81, 88, 80, 85; Hurlburt 81, 82; Parkhurst 83, 88; Freeman 85, Argus 84.

Creedmoor target, 50yds.: Eddy 49, 49, 48, 47, 49, 47, 48; Wm. Almy 44, 45, 45, 47, 48; Hurlburt 47, Parkhurst 48, 50.

Standard reduced, 20yds.: Willard 81, 81, 81, 81, 81, 82, 85, 83, 86, 86; Hurlburt 80, 81, 84; Miller 75, 75; Coulters (.22 pistol) 71, 74.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The first winter shoot was held on the Zettler ranges, when these scores were made with .22cal. rifles:

Ring target:

A P Fegert	240	240	480
R Busse	237	236	473
R Bendler	234	229	463
Schwanemann	234	226	460
B Eusner	225	218	443
H C Radloff	220	220	440
Schwarz	222	217	439
J Facklamm	272	216	438
J Fueger	219	212	431
E Stern	216	215	427
G Schroeder	212	211	423
L Benz	212	210	422
H Kuhlmann	199	182	381
J Keller	211	195	406
A Reilestein	200	180	380
G Bach	197	171	368
A Wiltz	183	183	366
F Trimke	157	158	315
C Stoever	181	129	309

Rifle Notes.

It seems likely that the next national rifle meeting will be held on the range of the Ohio State Rifle Association at Port Clinton, Ohio. The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice is said to be favorably impressed with the range and its central location with respect to the States that send the largest number of marksmen to contests of this sort. With the target accommodations now on the Port Clinton range, and the possibilities for the best services incident to the recent purchase of additional land, it seems probable Port Clinton will be chosen. Ohio has thousands of tents, the range is ample for all the needs of an army of marksmen, and there are summer resorts nearby, where amusement can be obtained by the shooters, and supplies purchased. The National Board will meet in January.

U. S. AMMUNITION

The most accurate and reliable cartridges are the U. S., as proven by careful tests made by the U. S. Government experts.

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LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

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Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular indoor shoot was held Nov. 14, when these scores were made at 25yds., offhand:

Ring target:

A P Fegert	240 239—479	Dr A Muller	213 223—436
H Koch	232 231—463	H J Behrman	222 213—435
E Modersohn	224 227—451	Jas Martin	209 214—423
O Heinrich	230 228—458	C G Hopf	210 207—417
John Mauch	228 229—457	S Baumann	210 206—416
C Wembacher	229 231—460	F Weiler	202 213—415
J Blumenberg	222 226—448	F Horn	191 208—399
G Thomas	230 213—443	W Mensch	194 212—406
Chas Thibauth	220 221—441	Ph Ziegner	201 193—394

Bullseye target, degrees:

J H Blumenberg	25½	J Martin	88
C Hopf	50½	O Heinrich	95
W Mensch	53½	S Baumann	96
A P Fegert	70	C Thibauth	129½
G Thomas	78	Dr A Muller	135
C Wembacher	81	F Weiler	136

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York, call attention to their November list of old and second-hand guns, which contains many bargains in high grade guns, which were taken in trade or which were damaged in handling by travelers.

The rapid loader is a new device for quickly reloading shotguns. Clips attached to a ring which is held by the middle finger, hold two cartridges in reserve, which can be instantly inserted after the gun is opened and the empty shells removed. Full description is set forth in a circular which can be obtained of the Rapid Loader Co., Pontiac, Mich.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Most of us who use the double barrel can get only two shots into the birds that rise before us, or the ducks that come up to our decoys. With the purpose of making the double barrel more effective a simple implement, known as the Rapid Loader, has been invented, which must greatly hasten the loading. The cut in the Rapid Loader Company's advertisement this week gives an idea of the device, which is more fully described in a catalogue which will be sent by the Rapid Loader Company, of Pontiac, Mich.

The Clockmaker—This is a wonderful clock, madam. It will run for three weeks without winding.

The Customer's Little Boy—Say, mister, how long would it run if it was wound?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

QUAIL GROUNDS OF THE SOUTH.

Continued from page 827.

Pasadena.—Boarding houses, week, $5. Quail, snipe, rabbits. W. Muirhead. Free.

Macclenny.—A. D. Powers, week $8 to $12. Quail. Dr. J. B. McCormick, G. W. Ganett. Free.

Apopka.—W. R. Williford, $2. Quail, deer. J. B. Williford. H. H. Witherington. Partly posted.

Leesburg.—Lake View, $2. Quail, snipe, duck. L. E. Dozier, W. H. Frieson, H. A. Beard. Free.

Ocala.—Ocala, Montezuma, Glenwood; $1 to $3. Deer, bear, quail, duck. H. Livington. Free.

Waldo.—Waldo, $2. Quail. E. W. Millicon. Free.

Madison.—Merchants Lines. Quail. B. McLeary. Free.

Greenville.—Porter, Harley, $1 and $2. Quail, duck. L. A. Greene, M.D. Posted.

Georgia.

Avera.—Boarding house, J. C. Bailey. Doves, partridges.

Baldwin.—None. Partridge. E. T. Baker, W. A. Shere, Ethan Philbrick, A. M. Kitchen. Partly posted.

Baxley.—S. Barnes, $2; J. S. Patterson, $1. Quail. H. W. Brozier, W. H. Shiphard, H. C. Newton & Co. Partly posted.

Blythe.—J. A. Hatcher, $1. Doves, partridges. J. M. Hardy. Partly posted.

Bowdre.—J. W. Oglesby, $1. Partridge, squirrel. M. C. Buffington, M. Reynolds. Free.

Bremen.—Boatright House, $2; Bremen Hotel, $1. Partridge, squirrel. M. K. Phillips. J. P. Boatright, F. M. Bullard. Posted.

Brunswick.—Oglethorpe, $3. Partridge, deer, duck. R. R. Hopkins, O. W. Fleming.

Bullard.—None. Partridge, squirrel, duck. R. H. Melton, J. W. Paul, Jr., F. Harrell, T. F. Everett. Partly posted.

Chauncey.—A. E. Vickers, $2. Fish, quail, squirrel, deer, turkey. J. W. James, L. S. Evans, A. E. Vickers. Free.

Columbus.—Rankin Hotel, $2; Springer Hotel, $5; Racine Hotel, $2. Quail, rabbit, squirrel. A. & R. Reed, Frank Springer, Ed. Racine. Partly posted.

Concord.—One, $2. Rabbit, quail. J. C. Owen, Dr. R. A. Mollory. Free.

Cornelia.—Hotel Grant, $2; Little Piedmont, $1. Wild turkey, deer. W. S. Erwin. Free.

Dalton.—Hotel Dalton, $2; Fincher House $1; Horan Hotel, $1. Quail, fish. J. L. Fincher, John Towns, Ernest Stroupe. Posted.

Everett.—Boarding house, $1.50. Deer, bear, turkey, squirrel, duck. Sam Bland, H. W. M. Manning, J. T. Pousell. Free.

Gibson.—Rogers, $2. E. B. Rogers, J. W. Whiteley.

Hazlehurst.—Jeff Davis House, $2; Tutch House, $2; Mrs. A. McEachin, boarding house, $1. Quail, squirrel, deer, turkey; fishing. H. N. Williams, J. C. Tutch. Posted.

Hiram.—Parrin House, $2. Birds, squirrel, fish. J. B. Richardson. Free.

Jackson.—Buchanan. Quail. J. R. Lyons, C. Beauchamp.

Keysville.—Daniel Hotel, $1. Fish. T. F. Daniel, T. H. moore, J. T. Anderson. Free.

Lumber City.—McLeod Hotel, $2; Steel House, $1. Quail, turkey, deer. R. B. McLeod, John F. Blauton, J. W. Crumpler. Free.

Mt. Pleasant.—Jones, $15 per week; Mobley. Fish, birds. L. R. Akins.

Piedmont.—$2. Quail. Free.

Rex.—Born House, $2. Birds, squirrel. Powell Bros., J. E. Mitchell, A. A. Born. Free.

Roberta.—Harris Hotel, $2. Fishing, quail, fox, geese, duck, squirrel, rabbit, snipe, coon, wildcat, possum. Col. R. C. Le Sueer, Dr. L. J. Le Sueer, J. C. Bond, W. J. Watson. Free.

Rockmart.—Euharlee, Alpine. Quail, squirrel, fox, rabbit. Posted.

Roswell.—Williams' Hotel, $2; Thomas House, $2. Small game. C. C. Foster, Paul Stribling, J. Buring, G. W. Wing, Phil Beach. Partly posted.

Sandersville.—Juleda Hotel, $2. Quail. B. B. Lovett, Jr., C. A. Wall. Free.

Shiloh.—Jenkins House, $2. Partridge, squirrel. G. B. Anderson. Partly posted.

Suwanee.—Rhodes House, $2. Fish, quail, squirrel. H. W. Rhodes, J. W. Beaty, G. W. Little. Posted.

Tallulah Falls.—Cliff House, $2; Tallulah Lodge, $5. Free.

Toccoa.—Albemarle, Hotel Swift, $2. Quail. Posted.

Towns.—Browning Hotel. Partridge, squirrel. E. D. Towns, W. S. Moore. Partly posted.

Vaughn.—J. R. Connelly, $1.50. Quail, squirrel, possum. G. H. Steel. Posted.

Warthen.—Gilmore House. Birds and squirrel. J. M. Whaite, R. T. Godfrey. Partly posted.

Williamson.—$2. Quail; no fish. Tom Drewry. Partly posted.

Woodbury.—Wales House, $2; Fendley House, $2. Fishing; fox. Not known. Free.

Yatesville.—Mahel, $2. Partridges. Partly posted.

Zeublon.—Howard House. Quail. Partly posted.

Mt. Vernon.—Dr. M. Morrison. Quail, duck, deer. S. V. Salter.

Abbeville.—Palace Lasseter, $2. Various. J. W. Carr, G. W. McLeod. Posted.

Clyo—U. L. Elzey, $1.50. Deer, turkey, quail. J. D. Grooms. Partly posted.

Stillwell.—None. Deer, turkey, quail. J. W. Reiser. Partly posted.

Seville.—None. Quail, rabbits. J. F. Bevie, T. S. Roberts. Partly posted.

Ailey.—One, $2. Quail. A. A. Peterson, Jr., Dr. J. W. Palmer.

Hagan.—Geiger, Nelson. Quail, squirrel. D. S. Clonson.

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FOR SHOTGUNS

Manufactured by the Men that made Smokeless Powder Famous

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THE LIVE BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP OF ARKANSAS

Won on November 3, by Mr. Wiley B. Miller, of Little Rock. In the Championship race and subsequent practice Mr. Miller killed 50 STRAIGHT from the 30-yard line, a feat never before accomplished by an Arkansas amateur. He used

Peters Factory Loads

Mr. L. H. Reid, at Lynn, Ind., October 13 broke 148 x 150 targets; and at Glenkarn, O., October 6, 147 x 150, with Peters Ideal Shells. Mr. C. L. Baker was high amateur at both these shoots, also using Peters Shells.

At Liberty, Ind., November 8 and 9, HIGH AMATEUR AVERAGE was won by Mr. W. R. Clark, of New Paris, O., score 321 x 330, using Peters Factory Loaded Shells.

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New York Office, 98 Chambers Street.

Partly posted.
Elberton.—Roberts, Central, $1 and $2. Quail, squirrel. Free.
Plains.—Dean, $2. Scarce. Posted.
Cusseta.—L. S. Hickey, J. Stephens, $1 and $2. Quail, doves. R. L. Wynn, J. S. Brown. Free.
Ochwalkee.—None. Turkey, squirrel, quail. J. A. Sedwick. Free.
Collins.—Kennedy, $1 to $2. Quail, squirrel. J. J. Kennedy. Free.
Sasser.—Bass, $2. Quail, deer. S. A. Brim, H. L. Hill, C. C. Anthony. Free.
Rincon.—Gynann, $2. Quail. E. E. Hinley. Posted.
Huntington.—A. S. Numm, $2. Quail. G. W. Numm. Free.
Daisy.—Dyess. Quail. T. J. Edwards, J. Rogers. Partly posted.
Ocilla.—George Wilcox, $2. Quail scarce. J. C. Gammage. Partly posted.
Pembroke.—Dukes, $2. Quail. J. D. Williamson, J. H. Leonard. Free.
Helena.—Brick, Turner, $1 and $2. R. Tompkins, J. N. Moses. Partly posted.
Renfroes.—None. Quail. Partly posted.
Fish.—J. F. Lawson, $1.—Quail plentiful. J. F. Lawson. Free.
Gloster.—None. Quail plentiful. W. Arnold, C. M. Wynn, H. Harrington. Posted; fee prohibitory.
Loganville.—Barley Hotel, $2. Quail. C. W. Braswell, A. C. Cooper, J. R. Stevens, D. Y. Hodges. Partly posted.
Albany.—New Albany, St. Johns, Grand Central. Squirrel, quail. H. T. McIntosh, E. N. Clark, B. M. Wilson. Partly posted.
Pitts.—Malone, $2. Scarce. Partly posted.
White Oak.—G. V. Baker, $2. Quail. G. O. Floyd. Posted.
Louvale.—None. Quail. H. T. Cain, C. Hobbs. Free.
Americus.—Windsor, Allen, Brown. Quail, wild turkey, duck. J. L. Hightower, H. W. Smithwick. Posted.
Omaha.—One hotel, $2. Quail. Posted.
Rochells.—Reid. Quail. H. Mashburn, J. H. Smith, W. G. Brown. Free.
Lumpkin.—Corbett, Lawson, Hardy. Quail. J. F. Holder, Dr. W. P. Carter, W. L. Mardae. Free.
Union.—None. Quail. J. L. Banks. Free.
Floyd.—Poor accommodations. Quail. T. L. Floyd. Free.
Powder Springs.—E. Lindley. Quail, squirrel. G. Lindley, E. Apling, V. Elliott. Free.
Hiram.—Paris House, $1. Quail. J. S. Tidwell. Free.
Dallas.—Connolly Hotel, $2. Quail. Connolly Hotel. Mostly free.
Grayson.—None. Quail. W. A. Cooper, W. P. Williams. Posted.
Tucker.—None. Posted.
Colbert.—Glenn Hotel, $1.50. Quail. R. L. Estes, E. O. Childress, W. Glenn. Free.
Heardment.—None. Quail, squirrel. T. B. Tucker, M. A. McCalla. Posted.
Dacula.—N. G. Pharr, $1. Quail. N. G. Pharr. Free.
Auburn.—Hawthorn House, $1. Quail, squirrel. R. Moore. Posted.
Bogart.—Burson and Adair hotels, $1. Quail, squirrel. W. A. Munnally, T. D. Jennings, T. B. Hodges. Free.
Esom.—Borden, $2. Turkey, deer. T. Wheeler. Free.
Cedartown.—Booz House, Right House, $2. Quail, duck, squirrel. W. S. Coleman. Posted.

HOTEL KEEPS TROUT POND.

ANOTHER step has been taken in that art of supreme simplicity which is fast becoming the distinctive feature of the London school of epicures. The Carlton hotel is bringing live trout from Barrasford-on-Tyne. The tanks in which they are carried are packed in ice, and the water is changed several times on the way, so that the fish arrive in London in prime condition. They are at once transferred to a great tank fed by water running over miniature icebergs. This tank is covered with wire netting to keep the vigorous fish from leaping out. Presently a glass will be fixed in an annex to the palm garden beyond the restaurant, and those who are so pleased may go and see the actual fish caught ten minutes before they are served at table. Of course, this custom is a fairly common one on the continent, more especially at little inns among the mountains, but until M. Jacques took it in hand it has never been a success in London. Last year a visitor to Vevey spent one of the most exciting quarters of an hour of his life in trying to land a six pound carp for his lunch from the private fish pond of a little inn at Vevey. It was not until assistance had been given that the fish was triumphantly caught. Every year at the great London restaurants the demand for plain fare increases. Nothing could be more perfectly simple than "truite au bleu"—trout fresh from the stream, plainly boiled. London is setting a new fashion in epicureanism. It insists on the very best materials perfectly cooked and in such a manner that the original flavor is not lost. The age of the sauce is happily over. England is going back to plain boiled, grilled and roast meats, but discarding the coarseness of our forefathers in favor of the delicacy of French methods.—London Express.

DUPONT SMOKELESS

A Few Recent Recotds

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 25-27—**High Average** won by Lester S. German (Amateur), Aberdeen, Md.

IVESDALE, Ill,, Sept. 20-21—**First, Second** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 22-23—**First** and **Third Amateur Averages.**

TUCSON, Ariz., Sept. 23—**First General Average** and **First Amateur Average.**

All the above records were made with

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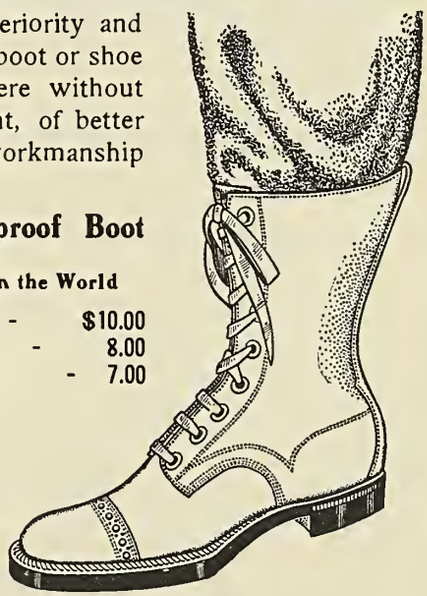

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The Only Truly Water-Tight Leather Boot Made in the World

15-inch Russet Waterproof Boots, - - - $10.00
10-inch Russet Waterproof Boots, straps at top, - - 8.00
7½-inch Russet and Black Waterproof Blucher Cut Lace, - 7.00

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Tan Grain Leather, with strap tops, double sole, - - - - - $8.00

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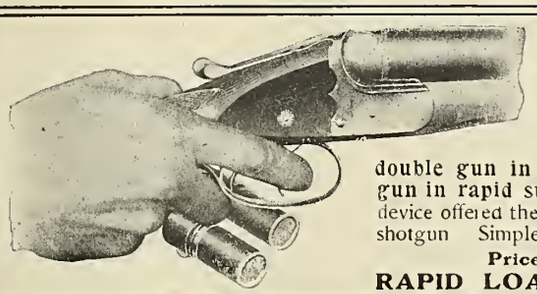

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Price, $1.00. Catalogue tells about it. 21

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348 STRAIGHT

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17 Warren St., near B'way, New York

Boston Letter.

THROUGH the kindness of the yachting editor of the Boston Globe, Winfield M. Thompson, I am able to retire discreetly into the background this week and present the impressions of Mr. Otto Protzen on American yachting and the causes for our successes in the Roosevelt cup races. Herr Protzen was the skipper of Wannsee, and his impressions, as reproduced here, were first published in Wassersports, the leading nautical German periodical:

"Beginning his article with the statement that the Greman yachtsmen had been warned against Uncle Sam, who had been pictured to them as 'a foxy old dollar-chaser without inspiration or sympathy for ideal values,' Mr. Protzen says that they found out as soon as they arrived here that they had been entirely misled.

"He enthusiastically describes the hearty reception and cordial greetings that were extended to him on his arrival at Boston, and the dramatic farewell tendered him by the yachtsmen at Marblehead, when 'from every window we saw German flags, handkerchiefs, hats, parasols, waved at us,' and says that while he was at first skeptical of the exuberant expressions of the Americans he soon found that behind it all was 'an unselfish friendship, an honest pleasure in greeting one, and a warm-heartedness such as I have never found in any other part of the world.'

"Such an ovation, he says, in the old world would be tendered only 'to beloved princes.' This expression of good fellowship was not because America was victorious.

" 'They did not exult because we were defeated; for on the day of the regatta when Wannsee, on which I was sailing, came in first, the ear-spliting ovation that greeted me, from the steamboat whistles and the yachtsmen, was even greater than that given their own yachts.'

" 'The races at Marblehead have proven to us that our boats, under certain conditions, are equal, and even superior, to the Americans; but in all kinds of weather the American sails are better. Although they have been used in Germany without success, it was because we did not know how to handle them. This is not to be regarded as a reproach on our own sails. It was after seeing our sails used at Marblehead that our theory of flat sails proved to us that they are antique, that it is also decidedly difficult for us to cut a sail which has the flow in the right place. That accounts for our failure when we gave our sails flow.

" 'The Germans' boats are superior in strength and workmanship,' he says. 'One could see that at a glance, and it was admitted by the American boat builders themselves.

" 'As the reduction of the skin friction was considered important on the side of the Germans, our boats on a smooth sea in light breezes were especially good, and would have beaten the Americans if we had had the right sails. The only win of the Wannsee was achieved under these difficulties.

" 'In a stiff breeze with a heavy sea our boats lacked reserve power and sufficient length in the overhangs.

" 'The American boats were carelessly built, as far as planking was concerned, and in some cases over the limit, with the exception of Vim, which looks as if she could win many more races. Wannsee and Gluckauf averaged one-eighth inch too thick in the planking and deck, and the cookpits were too small. Wannsee was handicapped by being a fresh-water boat. The heaviness of our rigging was the subject of smiles.'

"Commenting on yachting in America, Mr. Protzen says:

" 'The Americans have become masters in this sport because of the vast amount of money they have at their command, the necessary time that they give to the sport, and because of the honest interest they take in it. Their theories are proved by their practice.

" 'In America they build fifteen to twenty boats exactly after the same designs in one-design classes, and the best skippers sail in them. They have a club race every Saturday in every club. In these races can they study the

problems of the sport. They sail because of their interest and the honor in it.

"'Yachting with us is not as great as it looks, because it has not grown with public spirit. Every little boy in the street in American yacht centers knows more about the sport than the average German yachtsman. Young girls sail dories and raceabouts without assistance, and can pilot large yachts and motorboats as if they never did anything else in their lives.'

"Herr Protzen describes the luxury with which the yacht owners live, the great personal interest they take in the sport, and how they themselves go into the sport and supervise the building of their boats, and then manage their own boats in a manner that would open the eyes of any foreigner.

"In the international match, he says, the course was patroled by the Government cutters in a masterly manner, so that, notwithstanding hundreds of boats followed the racers, they were never molested or bothered in any way.

"He continues:

"'Now a word regarding the American sportsmen. We were warned that all kinds of difficulties would be placed in our way, and that all kinds of tricks would be played on us; that protests against us would be entered to keep us out, and that the Yankees would play hide and seek with us.

"'Instead of this, on the first day after our arrival we were invited to go on board the boats and sail on them. When the boats were on land we were invited to inspect them inside and out, and even to photograph them. The measurements and weights were posted on the walls in the club in public view.

"'Not once during the races did an American boat try any suspicious move on us to set itself right, in a critical moment. Once there was a collision between Vim and Caramba, and once Auk and Vim. At once the boat in the wrong left the race. In one word, the yachts were carefully sailed; and to sail with such opponents is a pleasure, even when you are beaten. I am proud of the fact that my three American opponents are among my best friends.'

"Reverting to the Germans' reception here Mr. Protzen says:

"'Not only did they give us public dinners and luncheons, but every home, every family was ready, willing and anxious to receive us. We were the guests of the nation, and because of the lack of time we had to decline many of these kind invitations. Everywhere we went we found the German flag flying, and we found also the bachelor button, Germany's national flower. As many noticed that the white carnation was the mascot of Wannsee, we received many baskets and boxes of this flower.

"'Not only in Boston and the watering places nearby were we most cordially received and feted, but this kindness extended to New York, where we were officially received and banqueted by the yacht clubs. I believe that we received guest cards from at least twenty-five clubs. The American Y. C., whose commodore was the winner of the Roosevelt cup, made us honorary members, an honor that we share with the President of the United States and other notables.

"'Everything that we could wish for was at our command, and if I could have accepted all the invitations that were extended me, I should have to remain in America at least a year.'"

Such courteous and generous appreciation from one who demonstrated himself to be a boatman and sportsman of the highest rank should make all our yachtsmen proud of themselves, of the Eastern Y. C. and of our German adversaries.

WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

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Sloops—Reliance, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin et al.; Effort, Mr. Frank M. Smith; Mineola, Mr. W.

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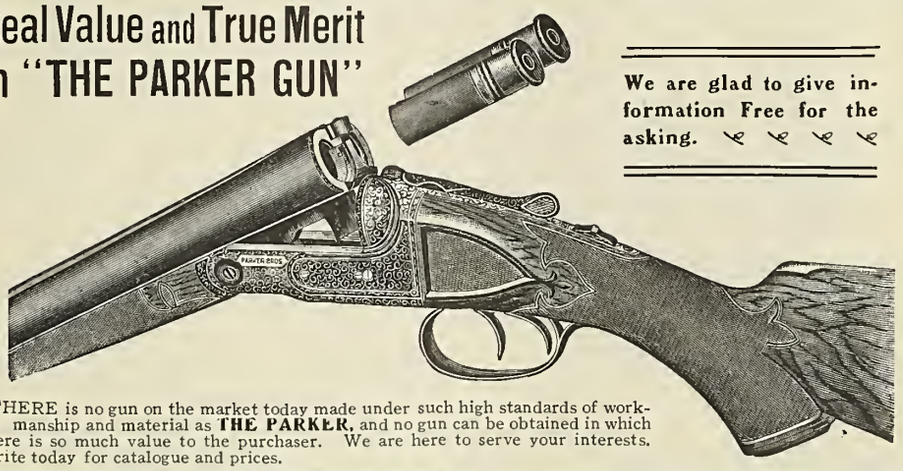

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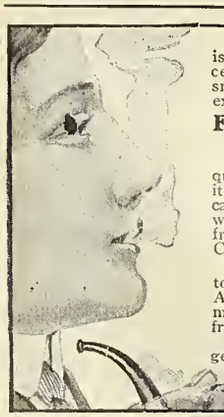

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Steam Yachts—Bo Peep, Mr. E. H. Townsend; Twinkle, Mr. E. H. Weatherbee, and Reposo, Mr. Robert C. Black.

Houseboats—Marjorie, Mr. F. L. St. John, and Onawa and Moorings.

Power Boats—Duchess, Miss Swift, Lambkin, Moondear, Firenze, Asor, Fern, North Star, Rita and Mix.

THE steam yacht Niagara, Mr. Howard Gould, New York Y. C., reported some time ago in these columns as having gone south, has returned with her owner and friends to Baltimore and proceeded to New York by train. The fishing down the bay was found very good.

KEHTO, Mr. Roswell Eddridge, New York Y. C., has proceeded to Hoboken and has been laid up in winter quarters. Captain Stafford is in charge. Messrs. Cox & Stevens contemplated running the yacht's trials shortly, but these have been put off till spring.

MRS. LUCY C. CARNEGIE'S (New York Y. C.) steam yacht Skibo, is fitting out at Jacksonville, Florida, for the winter season. The yacht is in charge of Captain Yates and chief engineer Ulmo. Skibo was built at the Crescent ship yard in 1901 and is built of steel.

A NUMBER of Q boats are reported under way for the Q class encouraged by the American Y. C. William Gardner has two on hand, and one for a Philadelphia yachtsman. Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright, who was such a prominent figure in the New York 30ft. class, has charge of the new Q class, and it bids fair to be a great success.

TAORMINA, keel yawl, owned by Mr. Brandreth, after completing a refit at Elizabethport, New Jersey, put to sea on a voyage around the world. Taormina was designed and built by A. E. Payne & Son in 1871 at Southampton, England. Her dimensions are, length, 84ft.; load waterline, 74ft.; breadth, 15ft. 10in., and a draft of 10ft.

A PECULIAR accident occurred last week at the wintering basin at Fifty-eighth street, Brooklyn. Visitor, a steamer belonging to Mr. W. Harry Brown, New York Y. C., arrived from Boston and moored alongside of Nourmahal, Col. John Jacob Astor. It appears that Visitor's forecastle port holes came in line and close to one fitted with a stove pipe on the Nourmahal. The crew turned in early and one of the men was awakened early the next morning by the cries of the ship's parrot. The man dragged himself on deck. He was suffering from partial asphyxiation caused by coal gas blowing in the open port hole and fill-in the forecastle. The air revived him and after getting his companions out summoned a doctor who attended the men. The parrot did not seem to mind his trying experience.

It has been a matter of great regret to all those interested in yachting to learn that Mr. Oliver E. Cromwell has resigned from the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. For some time Mr. Cromwell has been ill and unable to carry out his duties, though at the last meeting of the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. a paper was read emanating from him. It was very interesting and threw much light upon the new or universal rule of measurement, and Mr. Cromwell did not hesitate in making recommendations for scantling regulation and changes which will certainly improve the rule and make it effective and satisfactory.

* * *

At the Cramp yard in Philadelphia the auxiliary schooner yacht Ariadne, Mr. James Laughlin, Jr., New York Y. C., is having some minor alterations made preparatory to leaving for Jacksonville, Florida, for the winter. Ariadne is to have also a new power launch. It will be remembered that Ariadne, designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane was formerly owned by Mr. Henry W. Rutman, New York Y. C., who sold her in the fall. Mr. Rutman is having built at Lawley's, South Boston, a new auxiliary schooner, which is now in frame from the designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

SHOOTING THE WILD TURKEY.

"If you want to see real scientific hunting," said the "old sportsman" to his reportorial friend recently, "go into the woods some day with a man who understands the pursuit of turkeys. I know of no species of hunting that requires such untiring patience, unflagging perseverance, and exhaustless ingenuity to make it successful. I have seen many men who, though passionately fond of shooting and hunting turkeys, were never fortunate, even to mediocrity, in killing them. I have seen the best shots, who prided themselves on their sagacity and persistence, who always loaded their guns personally and spared no expense or outlay in their equipments, return from the chase empty-handed, and I have seen a hunter who understood the habits of his game better, come in the same day with as many turkeys as he could carry. The Indians call the turkey 'the wit of the woods,' and never was a name more appropriately bestowed, for in cunning and wariness it is unsurpassed by any bird in existence.

"With the exception of the bustard of the old country, the turkey is the noblest of game birds. His magnificent size, beautiful plumage, and exquisite flavor as a table delicacy render him an object sought after with the greatest eagerness by every class, from the schoolboy to the epicure, who never sees him except on the table. The peculiar lustre of his feathers makes them preferable to those of the domestic bird for millinery purposes. One of the handsomest fans I ever saw was made from the tail of a 17-pound turkey cock I killed one Christmas. They are fast becoming scarce, and as each year passes, their traces are less and less apparent, and it is only a matter of time until, like their original concomitant, the Indian, they will have become a portion of tradition east of the Mississippi. I have always found them more plentiful in the western southern States than in Georgia or the Carolinas, but I recollect the time when just before dawn on a spring morning their rolling gobble could be heard in any swamp around the country.

"There are various ways of killing this bird. The farmer 'roosts' them and kills one or possibly two. The butcher baits them and kills eight or ten at once; but the sportsman follows his game with all the knowledge of woodcraft and laborious skill, and shoots him in a way that he can reconcile to his conscience. A careful hunter, who knows what he is about, can make out a turkey trail and follow it with as much precision as a pointer, being able to tell how far he is from his game by the freshness of the earth scratched up by its feet, or the round cavities hollowed in the ground as the bird flutters the sand over its body and through its feathers. Such signs are as legible to an experienced hunter as the News and Courier is to you. A thorough

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Col. Fred A. Olds, Raleigh, N. C.:

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(S) Arthur L. Walker.

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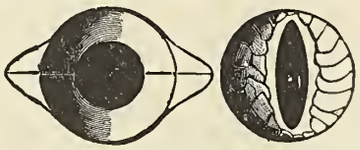

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Highest cash prices. Send for circular. E. G. BAKER, & SON, 116 South Water St., Providence, R. I.

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The "Pocket Kennel Record" is, as its name implies, a handy book for the immediate record of all events and transactions which take place away from home, intended to relieve the owner from the risk of trusting any important matter to his memory.

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It will pay you to correspond with me before buying eggs, fry or yearlings in any quantity. I guarantee a safe delivery anywhere. Crystal Spring Trout Farm. L. B. HANDY, So. Wareham, Mass.

BROOK TROUT of all ages for stocking brooks and lakes. Brook trout eggs in any quantity, warranted delivered anywhere in fine condition. Correspondence solicited.
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FOR SALE—WILD GEESE.—Seven one year old and six young ones. JOSEPH DUNLAP, Ovid, New York. 22

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"Sometimes turkeys are 'roosted' at night and shot from their perch early in the morning as they are calling to each other and preparing to fly down. This is very inconvenient, as it entails such early rising, and as turkeys usually roost in swamps, the hunter is pretty apt to get miserably wet and cold. Again, turkeys, as far as I have observed, never roost close together, but individuals occupy places in the trees away from each other, a flock sometimes sleeping in four or five trees. As a consequence the shooter seldom kills more than one bird, for the remainder of the flock takes flight immediately at the sound of the gun and scatters in every direction like the baseless fabric of a vision."—Charleston News.

It was in the latter part of November, and we lay on a point in the Great South Bay, directly opposite Babylon. The sun was slowly looming up in the east, the wind blowing from the same quarter in a way that would have gladdened the heart of Wiggins, could he have foretold its coming; and as for the cold, well that can only be appreciated by those of you who have spent a winter's day in a cramped-up sharpie on the unprotected "mash" of the Great South. My bayman and myself were lying in the bottom of the boat shivering, and not the sign of a bird, excepting a great bunch of broadbills, that seemed to drift lazily along with the wind, at a distance of a mile or so from shore, but never venturing nearer.

You can well believe that I was not feeling extremely lively; so to make things agreeable as well as to kill time, my bayman (thanks to him for the attention shown me during that pleasant week spent on his trim little oyster sloop), led off with a string of marvelous shooting exploits,

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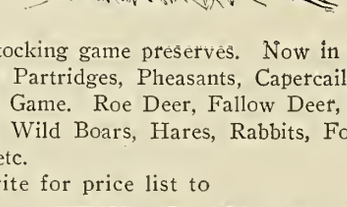

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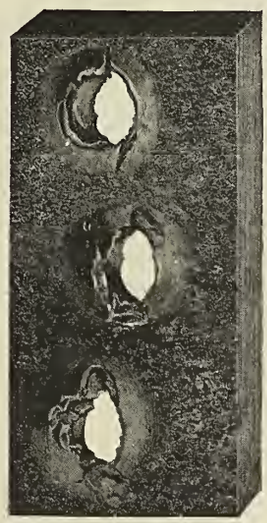

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all of which had been performed by either himself or his father. I listened to a number without comment, until he came to one which struck me as being a "Davy Crockett," sure. The story went as follows:

He was gunning at the mouth of a small creek with a miscellaneous lot of "stools" set out and upward of forty birds heaped upon the stern. Suddenly he discerned a bird of enormous size making directly at him or his birds, he was in doubt which. To protect himself, he immediately fired both barrels simultaneously, but although he wounded it, failed to stop the bird's onward course. "I saw now," she he, "that it was an eagle, and a big one, too, so I did not lose any time gettin' overboard, although it was near the middle of winter. He struck squar in ther boat and in a minit was out in ther water after me, but I took an oar with me when I went over, and although I killed him with it he tried durned hard to get his claws in me."

This yarn I received with an ill-concealed sneer, and suggested that probably he had indulged too freely in "tangle foot" that morning, and had fallen overboard, and I was ridiculing the idea of the bird falling into the boat, etc.; but I was cut short in my remarks by the sudden appearance of a dark object directly in the sun's rays which seemed to be coming straight at us. I took a snap shot at it and paused for results, which came in a very unexpected manner—swish, bang! and before we could duck our heads a—fat old sheldrake landed directly in the boat between us. "There now," triumphantly shouted my bayman, swinging the bird aloft, "you won't believe my eagle story?" "Yes," said I laughing, "I believe it now, after having it so well illustrated." We had a narrow escape indeed. H. L.

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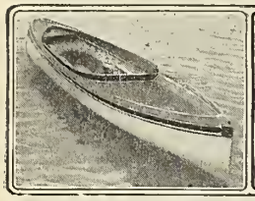
A TRAGEDY OF THE WILDS

Drawing by Carl Zimmermann



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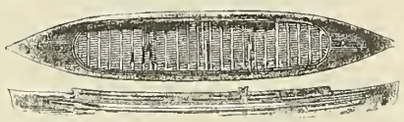

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[Our correspondent's letter was dated Nov. 16. At that time the weather was warmer than usual for the season, and it is quite likely that the quail were in search of winter feeding grounds of a character to which they have been accustomed. They may be found within a mile, perhaps further away, but it is not likely they have gone to any distant point.—Ed.]

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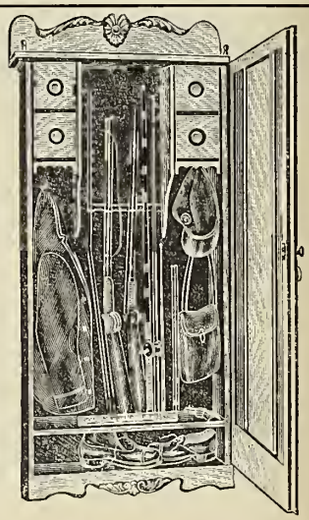

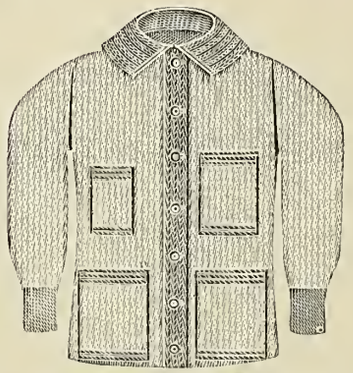

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The Season in Washington.

SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Big game hunters returning to Spokane from eastern Oregon, where the season has just closed, declare that more than 300 deer were killed in the mountains in Josephine county and that hundreds were bagged in other parts of that State and in southern Washington. There is an abundance of feed and all deer killed were in prime condition. Hunters believe that the continued enforcement of the game law will result in the continuation of the present abundant big game supply for years, as it will be many years before the mountain sections of Oregon are thickly settled.

Besides deer many black, brown and cinnamon bears have been killed, and as there is no closed season for these, the hunting of them will continue till "denning up time," or till late in December. The abundance of sweet acorns gives plenty of feed for the bears, and they are now, and will continue to be in good condition. Three parties of non-residents are now hunting bear in the Bear Camp country of lower Rogue River.

Frostfish Coming In.

AT last the juicy frostfish, the tomcod of that vast army of anglers who make their appearance everywhere that fish can be caught in Greater New York, has made its appearance in numbers. First it was taken at the resorts on the south shore of Long Island and inside Sandy Hook across the lower bay, then in the upper bay, and finally in the East and Hudson rivers. In the latter waters the "tommies" run small, with an occasional specimen of goodly size, but the angler who catches a few that run from 10 to 12 inches in length considers himself lucky.

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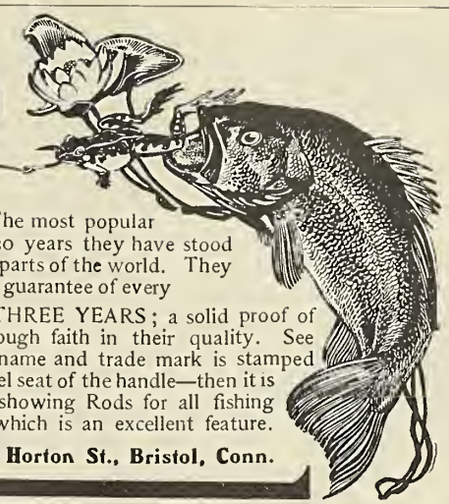
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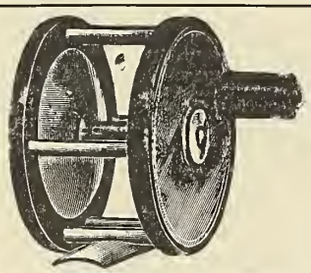

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 22. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. REYNOLDS.

After a connection with the Forest and Stream which has endured for more than thirty years, Mr. Charles B. Reynolds to-day leaves its service. His first work on the paper was printed in 1874, while he was yet a student in Amherst College, and almost immediately after graduation he came to New York and entered its office, where he has been continuously ever since. On the resignation of Mr. Chas. Hallock, in the year 1880, Mr. Reynolds took Mr. Hallock's chair, and for more than twenty-six years has been the responsible managing editor of this paper.

What his work has been is well known. Yet not even the sportsmen of America can appreciate how much he has done for their interests; for game and fish protection, for forest conservation, and for higher ideals and better practices in the field of sportsmanship. What this work has been is best known to those who have been most closely associated with him in these movements. It is recorded in the files of Forest and Stream, running back more than a quarter of a century.

To his newspaper work Mr. Reynolds brought qualifications seldom united in one man; rare literary taste and judgment, keen intelligence, wise foresight, devotion to the right, and unflinching courage. His was the genius to conceive and the daring to voice that Forest and Stream Platform Plank, "Forbid the Sale of Game," which at first was fiercely opposed, then achieved a wide popularity, and at last was embodied in the laws of most of the States.

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For a generation Mr. Reynolds has devoted his best efforts to the interests dear to the outdoor men and women of this continent. To him more than to any other are due the present wholesome condition of game protection matters in the United States and Canada, and the existing feeling that the natural things of this country should be preserved. By the steady, persistent work of all these years, he first created and later directed public sentiment in behalf of these things, and thus performed public services such as few men have the opportunity or the ability to render to their country.

That other interests should now claim the time which has so long and so faithfully been given to the service of Forest and Stream seems to his long time associates on the paper a misfortune greater to themselves than to any one else. Those who have been in its service as long as he, and others who have entered it much more recently, will keenly miss the friendly encouragement and wise direction which so long has been a part of their editorial life.

LIGHT TACKLE FOR SEA FISHING.

Anglers read with a thrill of pleasure the statement in our last issue in relation to the light tackle competition on the famous fishing grounds off Catalina Island, California. Using a rod less than one pound in weight, and a nine-thread line, one angler brought to gaff a black sea bass weighing more than 180 pounds. Just what the rod weighed our informant does not state, but the Light Tackle Club, we know, offers special inducements to those who employ rods weighing less than nine ounces. A nine-strand line is no larger than those employed by fresh water black bass anglers until the gossamer-like casting lines came into popular use, a few years ago.

While the catching of one large fish on light tackle proves little, the taking of scores of fish weighing from twenty to sixty pounds does show that lighter tackle is in many respects adapted to sea fishing, and it is a pleasure to note that numbers of our salt water anglers are using black bass rods, reels and lines with satisfaction to themselves.

THE LUMBER CAMP DEER BUTCHERS.

In certain districts of the Adirondacks the depredations of the lumber camps on the deer supply are continuous, extensive and serious. The crews are fed on venison taken in close season by French Canadian employees of the camps. The number of deer destroyed is very large. The extent and nature of the illicit hunting are recognized, but owing to the peculiar conditions surrounding the camps the game protectors have not been able to cope with the evil.

It is proposed by Adirondack residents and other interested persons to ask at the coming session of the Legislature the enforcement of a law to forbid the possession of firearms in the close season within the limits of the Adirondack park. It is believed that this would go far to solve the difficulty, for the lumber camp butchers could hardly use their arms without discovery, and if the penalty of fine or imprisonment with confiscation of the illicit weapons were attached there would be need of only a very few convictions to put a summary stop to the butchery of deer for feeding tree choppers.

It is true that under the law as it now stands relative to non-resident hunters something might be done to check the ravages of the Canadians in the North Woods; for the statute forbids them from hunting unless they shall have paid a non-resident license fee of $25 if they come from Ontario or Quebec. None of these hunters have any such license; and every one of them is subject to a penalty for hunting without a license; but the protectors have not been able to detect the violators; and here as generally throughout the State the non-resident provision has been a dead-letter.

HIGHER STANDARDS IN MATCH SHOOTING.

A glance over the results attained by the riflemen who took part in the Individual Championship match at Greenville recently will show the steady advance in skill among the men, and the figures indicate the improvement in rifles and ammunition during the past thirteen years.

One hundred shots, fired in one day from a heavy rifle, held offhand, generally show just how skillful the rifleman is, his average being a fair sample of his work. In these contests practically the same marksman have taken part every year, they have been shot under uniform conditions, and the weather only has varied. On Election day the temperature is about the same every year, a fresh wind is to be expected, and the light only is uncertain.

One hundred shot scores, that would have been at or very near to the top a dozen years ago, are found half-way down the list this year, and the averages of all these expert riflemen have advanced steadily but surely year by year, showing that they have not only studied the art of rifle shooting, but have practiced every method known to be advantageous.

Here we have more than a dozen men who, shooting offhand, at 200 yards, place 97 to 99 per cent. of their shots in a circle no larger than one's hat, and a majority within two inches of the center of the bullseye. No more expert work can be found anywhere at the present time, unless, indeed, some of the Swiss and German rifle clubs can show better averages. This may well be doubted. While the European riflemen may be equally expert, we are not at all satisfied that they and the manufacturers they patronize have so highly developed match rifles, sights and ammunition, as have ours.

Those who have expressed the hope that Governor-elect Hughes will begin right have little cause to worry, for he took advantage of the first opportunity offered to get into the woods, where he has been walking long distances, part of the time with a gun under his arm.

THE TOP RAIL.

Many a good story is told while sportsmen rest on the top rail of the old fence; and this reminds me of one good old Jack White told me years ago, for it had to do with the top rail of an old worm fence. Jack was hunting when he noticed a very peculiar cloud coming up, and as he was cyclone-wise, he made for an open field where there was nothing that could fall on him; thinking, he said, that if the wind increased too much, he could lie down behind a sapling and hold on to it. On came the cloud, circling, rising and dipping, and for a time Jack was scared, and scared badly, for he was fond of that neck o' woods, and not anxious to be picked up and dropped in another county, perhaps without his gun. But after things quit falling and the cyclone went its way, Jack's equanimity returned.

"And where do you think I found myself?" he queried. "On the top rail of the highest stake-and-rider fence in the neighborhood!"

Here's another one in which a fence played a part, as one often does in hunting. Up in Sullivan county there is a man who spent a whole day hunting, and at nightfall he was returning homeward empty-handed when he found a rabbit in a snare and still kicking. He released it and was about to dispatch it with the back of his hand when it occurred to him that he could not say he shot it, as no shot-marks would be found to corroborate his story. So he tied a string to one of the hind legs of the rabbit, tied the other end to the fence, backed away twenty yards and fired. The shot cut the string and bunny ran away. Such a good joke on himself was too good to keep, and he told it at the village grocery, little thinking that it would be handed about, until now, if you want to anger him, the mere mention of the yarn opens the old sore.

In Sullivan county another story is told which had to do with a man who was picking blackberries when he saw a black bear coming his way, nose to the ground, and, as he thought, following his trail. He put the bucket down hurriedly, and selecting a handy tree, made for it with the intention of shinning up to a nice, strong limb, prepared to stand a siege. Along came the bear, head down. It passed the half-filled berry bucket without seeing it, passed the tree without taking notice of the man's scent, and went on down the path until it was out of sight.

"Now," thought the man, "is the time for me to beat it for home;" but when he moved, as if to climb down from his lofty perch, he found that in reality he was sitting on the ground with his arms and legs wrapped around the tree trunk. Excited. Next.

When John Enright made his great cast of 152 feet with a salmon fly on Harlem Mere at the recent tournament, reporters for the daily press were hot after particulars. An angler spent half an hour explaining all the details to a reporter, and when he finally turned away the reporter stopped him and asked, "And did he use a half-ounce weight, too?"

Said an old sportsman, "This bird is a ruffed grouse in New York state and a partridge in New England, while in the South it becomes the pheasant. In New York city, however, it is ten dollars, no matter whether you are buying or selling."

When yarns are being spun one hears a good deal concerning the curious antics people go through when highly excited, but very little is said about the man who "gets scared after it is all over." And the latter, not being so constituted that he can faint, as a woman often does after a fright, generally keeps his own counsel, and often is given the credit of being cool and "nervy" when the fact is that his knees are ready to bump together for mutual support.

Give me for a companion in the backwoods the man who "gets cold feet" after he has with apparent coolness tackled a situation requiring courage and mastered it. You can depend on him, even though he may confide to you at the camp-fire that night that he is still scared. Sometimes a man is justified in being scared after a thing is all over and he takes sober thought of what might have happened, particularly when the lives or safety of other persons depended on his judgment and action.

Now comes another man who says that Pacific coast salmon will rise to the artificial fly. James N. Mackin, of Seattle, Wash., has sent me a copy of the Seattle Post-Intellingencer, dated Oct. 28, containing the following:

"The experience of Russell Homan, proprietor of the Antlers, in the Olympic Mountains, while fishing on the Quiniault River recently, tends to confirm the contention of a few sportsmen that the salmon of the Pacific coast will rise to the fly. * * * Mr. Homan put in the greater part of the summer camping at different points in the Olympic peninsula.

"While camping on the wild and picturesque Quiniault, Mr. Homan enjoyed what he describes as the finest fishing he ever had. He says that he killed four or five salmon, which averaged fifteen pounds each, with the fly. They struck hard, and gave him a great battle.

"Dolly Varden trout were numerous and they, too, dispelled the commonly accepted idea that they will not take the fly. Two or three years ago, a Chicago sportsman, who was fishing in the Skykomish River, which flows into Hood Canal from the hub of the Olympics, reported that he hooked a monster Dolly Varden with a fly. The story aroused a heated discussion, the consensus of opinion being that it was a very unusual occurrence, as the Varden lies close to the bottom of the stream and is inclined to be sluggish in comparison with the beautiful rainbow."

I know a guide who is fond of scouting around in the brush, watching bears and learning their habits, and in this way he came to know just where and when he could put his finger on a bear if one was wanted. It happened that he met a party of discouraged hunters who lamented their inability to find bears in a place where they were said to be abundant. He denied that bears were scarce and asserted that he could get one that day if necessary. Argument led to a wager of a large sum, and he won it before dark by bringing his bear to camp, then sold it to one of the hunters.

On a recent morning I talked with a patrolman whom I knew and who is one of the Central Park squad. We were commenting on the abundance of squirrels and their splendid condition, when he said that early the previous morning he had found two of the squirrels dead on one of the walks. If I were to say that the very people who believe they do all in their power to protect dumb animals from man's cruelty are responsible for the death of a large number of the Central Park squirrels, I would probably be abused roundly. Still, this is true, in a measure. Said my friend, the patrolman:

"The trouble is that so many feed the squirrels with soft nuts instead of hard ones like hickory-nuts that they don't 'rustle' for their own food, but fast part of the time because they have gotten out of the habit of foraging, and gorge themselves when their friends give them peanuts. The result is, they get indigestion and die, or their teeth get so long they cannot crack hard nuts as when their teeth are kept in normal condition."

I have heard sportsmen say they would not shoot one of these half-tame squirrels for anything, yet they feed them cooked peanuts, and it is astonishing how many of these a squirrel will eat before it takes to hiding them under leaves or burying them for future use. A steady diet of roasted nuts is too much for them, apparently, and they suffer torture at the hands of their human friends, who think they are doing the right thing by feeding them anything at all they will eat.

It is astonishing how tame these little rascals become and still they will not submit to handling. One day one of them that knows me, or at least recognizes me as a friend, climbed up to my overcoat pocket and peeked in at the sack of pecans reposing there, but was not quite satisfied that it was safe to climb down into the pocket in order to help himself. He did ascend to my shoulder, however, and sat there until I had secured a pecan and held it at arm's length, when he made his way to it, pried it from between my fingers and sat on my sleeve and ate it, then returned to my shoulder to beg for more. The slightest attempt to stroke its head or back, however, put it instantly on the defensive, and I have yet to find one that will not either run or fight when touched. Even an old gentleman who passes many hours every day in the park, and whom hundreds of squirrels know as a friend that never fails them in good weather and bad, and on whose shoulders the squirrels will sit and munch nuts without fear, says that they resent petting, and in this they are still wild. Their long teeth are ever-ready to close on the fingers that would imprison them, even for a moment, and although they are prisoners and pets in one sense, they will not tolerate the signs of affection a favorite dog accepts with unmistakable pleasure.

Grizzly King.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Our Opening Day Hunt.

We discussed it seriously, planned it carefully, and executed it brilliantly, on November first, opening day—the Boy, Lady and I. It was dry and hot in the sun, but several good frosts had browned the stubble. Lady and the Boy were game from start to finish, although they are both in the infant class.

We had traveled over much rough territory before the first covey was found, and the manner of finding it reflected little credit on the dog, and afforded little immediate satisfaction to the sportsmen. It was on the upper side of a ploughed field—where a heavy growth of timber stood—that the birds were lying in the warm sunshine, dusting in the loose dry earth, and it was a tremendous covey. Lady managed to stumble into the center of it, and when birds to the right of her, birds to the left of her, and birds literally all around her—"volleyed and thundered"—she forgot her blood, breeding and record.

Fortunately they scattered in all directions, and as she tried to chase everyone that flushed, she did not get far away before I got her again under control and calmed down. I fired at one big, strong flying bird, which dashed back through the trees over my head while I was protesting vigorously to the dog; but when I saw shot cut leaves falling about eight feet out of range of the bird, concluded I was too mad to shoot and quit.

They scattered out in the woods, thick with underbrush and many laps where sawmill men had worked, and we only succeeded in flushing four birds, two singles and one pair. The first single I missed. The second flushed wild—out of range—and of the pair, I sent an entire broadside at the one offering the fairest shot, scoring a miss that the veriest amateur should have been ashamed of. We tried long and hard to find more of them, but the cover was so thick and dry we failed.

The Junior had several times suggested the propriety of pausing for refreshments, so selecting a sheltered spot, among the trees, we proceeded to the always pleasant task of eating lunch. Thinking it likely we would hear something from the scattered birds before long, I did not hurry through, and as we were about getting to the finger bowl stage of our dinner party the calling began. Low, but distinct, we heard—first in one direction and then in another—the musical, flute-like whistle of the quail, and as we made no sound or motion we soon heard an occasional rustle in the dry leaves as a bird would run from one thicket, or tree top, where it had been hiding, to another where one was calling.

I finally saw two birds cross an open space and run into a pile of loose tops and limbs, and having experienced the difficulty of finding them, without knowing their exact location, concluded to try to make sure of this pair. Calling the dog we went to the place and catching scent at once she drew up to the brush and came to a point with her head thrust through the forks of a large bush limb. I saw from her steady eye that she was close on a bird, but even my stamping on the limb failed to flush it.

The Boy then proved his ability to be useful by climbing through the loose limbs from the other side and approaching the place where the dog pointed. "I see it," he announced. "Can I catch it?"

Having my permission to do so, he stooped slowly, with hand extended, and making a quick grab got the bunch of leaves in which the bird hid, while I got the bird. As he straightened up, with an exclamation of disappointment, the other bird flushed, flew in line with the first, and at the crash of my second barrel we had a pair.

More hard tramping in the thick cover ensued, but no more birds flushed. Passing through the heaviest part of the woods, en route to cover beyond, the Boy and I walking single file along a path, I stooped to pass under an overhanging limb and found that I had planted my feet on either side of an ugly looking black snake about five feet long. I knew instantly that the snake was harmless, but a crouching tiger, famished and ferocious, could not have startled me more.

The path was on a steep hillside, sheer ascent and descent on each side, the Boy was behind me, and the head and most of the snake's body in front so straight up was my only line of retreat, and to the very best of my ability I pursued it. I will not attempt to stake how high I jumped, nor will I stand for the Boy's statement that it was "most out of sight," but I can truthfully say that I jumped just as high as I could and staid up as long as I could.

The snake sprang into the air at the same time—not trying to strike, but evidently surprised and startled—and when compelled to return to the earth we were about in our original positions. Without a moment's hesitation I jumped again, as did the snake.

With the next jump I combined a kick which landed and spoiled the snake's jump, and coming down just right set my heel with full weight upon it, causing it to thresh about desperately for an instant and then beat a hasty retreat. Straight down the path toward the Boy it went with wide sweeps. I could not shoot it, without endangering him, and could only call out reassuringly: "Stand still, it won't hurt you."

The distance was not over twenty-five feet, and it took but an instant for the snake to cover it. I hoped it would turn aside from the path before reaching the Boy, but apparently it had no such intention.

Just as it reached the little fellow—standing wide-eyed and motionless—it swerved very slightly to one side, but the quarters were too close. With a yell all out of proportion to his size the Boy sprang for a sapling growing near at hand and ran up it like a squirrel. As his feet cleared the path I sent a load of shot into the snake, raking it fore and aft, and although I deprecate the killing of all harmless serpents, I have not yet felt regret for this case.

Out in the open once more a rabbit was the first thing up, and as the dog did not see it, we added it to the bag. A single bird next flushed wild from a bit of very heavy cover the dog was threshing around in, giving me a long hard shot on which I scored.

The Boy found the next game—a bird flushed at his feet that evidently did not know I had my shooting clothes on and tried to cross my bows, thereby putting us one more to the good. We felt that the day was turning out well, and our bag increasing nicely, in spite of the discouraging beginning and the snake incident, and concluded to keep on trying.

Our next find was another covey on the edge of the woods. On the flush they went into the woods—flying low—and to my surprise, and the Boy's delight, I made a double. Remembering our former experience we did not try to follow them, but one straggler out into the open we did follow and find. This bird, shot in the head, bored straight up to a great height, dropping back stone dead, as I have often seen them do.

Nothing more offering for a while we concluded to call off the hunt and strike for the point where we had engaged our conveyance to meet us.

We were pretty well tired out, but the little dog was making quite a brave show of attending to business, covering the ground nicely well out to the front. Once she thought she had found something, and stiffened out on a point, but as I closed up on her she reluctantly admitted a mistake.

When almost to the last fence, and while in the act of removing the shells from my gun, she began acting suspiciously again and roading a few steps pointed again—steadily and fast.

I did not expect to find game, but—giving her the benefit of the doubt—stepped up ready and thereby added two more fine birds to our bag, clean killed from a small covey that flushed from the point I had doubted.

We were more than satisfied with our bag—nine birds and a rabbit—and almost inclined to feel quite "cocky" over seven straights, and two of them doubles. Although a veteran I don't often shoot like that, even when allowed to make my own report. Lewis Hopkins.

Long Canoe Trips of 1906.

I have another good trip to record, one made by Prof. Stevenson-Smith, of Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. This trip should settle the question, if it ever were a question, as to the existence of brook trout on the Hudson's Bay slope. Prof. Stevenson-Smith writes to Dr. Robert T. Morris:

"You will doubtless remember that I called to see you last May in reference to the feasibility of a trip I had planned into the Hudson's Bay country. We were entirely successful in carrying it through, and as you can well believe it was one of the most enjoyable summers of my life. The people of Moose Factory begged to be remembered to you, and as I know that it was more than a polite conventionality, I am anxious to deliver their message.

"Our trip took us down the Missanabie river, and after we had visited Fort Albany we returned by the Abitibi. At New Post we stayed a couple of days with Mr. Barret. As he was afraid that he would not be able to get a letter out after we left, and as he had neglected to write while entertaining us, he asked me to communicate with you and report my own experience."

Prof. Stevenson-Smith gave details of the Indians catching brook trout in the Abitibi waters, but says that he caught none himself, probably owing to muddy water. He says: "We caught white fish on bait and shot with a rifle a couple of big sturgeon in the grass on the side of the river, but our flies were no good to us on the Abitibi. The Missanabie is good trout fishing, especially just below long portage, of which I send an illustration."

Dr. Robert T. Morris writes me:

"When I said one day in your presence that it was reported that there were no fish of consequence in the Missanabie and Abitibi rivers, you responded, 'Oh, nonsense. It is just like the Moose river reports you got, and disproved.' Prof. Stevenson-Smith came in to get points

about a canoe trip into the James Bay basin in June and I asked him particularly to look out for brook trout, as I believe he would find them in both the Missanabie and Abitibi rivers. Here is his letter, there are trout in both of the rivers just as I predicted, etc."

The letter referred to I have already quoted. Another letter from Prof. Stevenson-Smith reads as follows; it was written to me on Oct. 20:

"I only regret that I have not the requisite time to write you a full description of the fish and game of that country in so far as I observed them. As to trout they are to be found there in several places to my certain knowledge. They are plentiful in the Missanabie just below the long portage, which is about half way down the river, and some French packers from Revillion Brothers assured me that they were found in other parts of that river, as of course they must be. At Fort Albany I met Mr. Remsen who last year was an Indian treaty commissioner and who had just come down the Albany river. He assured me that his party had caught as many trout as they could eat on nearly every part of the river.

"Mr. Osborn, a gentleman who has for some years prospered in the Ungava country, tells me that the streams around Whale river are so full of trout that one may depend safely on them for food. As I wrote Dr. Morris, the Indians of the Abitibi sometimes take trout in their nets, and lastly Mr. McKenzie, head factor of the Hudson's Bay district, assured me that he had gotten trout out of a little pond near Abitibi lake. All these fish are, as you see, north of the height of land."

There is fish I maintain in plenty north of the height of land between the St. Lawrence system of rivers and Great Lakes and James Bay, while I admit that in Ontario at least the fishing and shooting are rather better south of the height of land.

In the future a favorite canoe trip will be north from the Canadian Pacific main line to the Grand Trunk Pacific main line, which would be down stream from railway to railway. In the meantime the summer fisherman will get all the bass fishing he wants in the less known middle and western parts of the Georgian Bay, which will be made very accessible next year by the opening of new railroads to Point au Baril and Byng Inlets on the north shore of Lake Hudson, whence new steamers will give frequent service to Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior with their trout fishing.

L. O. Armstrong.

Floating Down the White River.

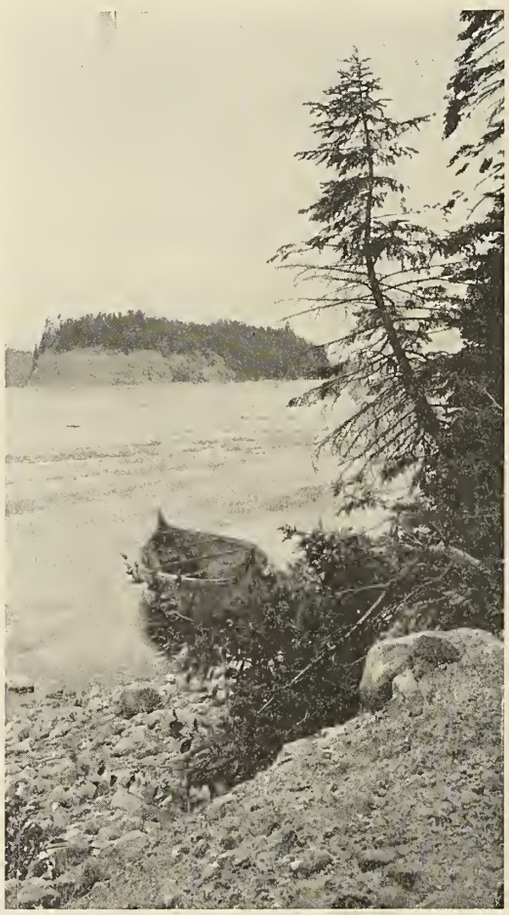
At the unseemly hour of 2:30 A. M., Sept. 10, a party of Kansas City's enthusiastic sportsmen boarded the train for Branson, Mo.—arriving at 11 A. M.—to take the White River float. This is fast becoming one of the most popular pleasure trips within easy reach of this city, requiring but nine hours to reach the starting point of a very interesting and fascinating trip. With good hotel accommodations at either end of the float, most excellent guides, good, safe boats, a proper camp outfit, good tackle and a knowledge of the art of using it, no one willing to take chances with the weather need return in the least dissatisfied.

Our party was composed as follows: "Commodore" Herman Schmeltzer, because of his being the organizer, and in command of the party; "Dad" J. M. Clark, because of his being the "Daddie" of the present style of short-rod bait-casting, having practiced it twenty-five years; "Grand-Pa" Willie Stine, because of his fatherly ways; and "Billie" W. L. Rock, because William sounds too dignified for one so genial and companionable. Three guides—Ed. Barker, Jim Hicks and Higdon Milton (no relation of the poet, however, though residing in a fisherman's paradise)—each in charge of a boat, one used entirely for luggage, all under the command of the Commodore, who arranged with Messrs. Todd & Haines, of Branson, for the outfit, excepting the commissary, which was taken from Kansas City.

At 3 P. M. they stepped into the boats ready for the fray with any big or little mouth that might feel disposed to challenge their right to cast adrift their images of the insect world. However, they found the water out of condition, owing to recent rains, and concluded to float six miles to Bull creek, where there was an excellent camp site, with a chance of the creek being in better condition, but it proved otherwise, and the air was not perfumed with the aroma of frying fish for supper.

An early to bed and early to rise programme was suggested, and ere the gloom of darkness shrouded the hills, the entire party was asleep.

We did not take to the boats until about 9 o'clock next morning, expecting the water to clear, which it usually does in twenty-four hours; there must have been very heavy rains near the heads of the streams, and we learned later on what a heavy rain is in this country. We floated leisurely along, making an occasional cast in a



ABITIBA RIVER.

particularly inviting spot, usually without result, talking as we passed with the "Billy Hills," who often wondered if we really ever "kotched anything with them air traps." We reached Forsythe (one of the oldest towns in this part of Missouri) by noon, landed and took dinner at the hotel.

We made our second camp at Beaver creek (26 miles from Branson), where we had expected some good fishing, but found the stream high and the water cloudy. As a consequence we did no more than enough to satisfy seven large healthy appetites. We awoke next morning to find it raining gently, and did not break camp until noon, but made sixteen miles to Moore's Landing, taking fourteen bass our last hour out.

As catches up to this time had been somewhat scarce, the Commodore had become a little over anxious. Upon getting a strike, it was noticed he was yanking them in in a very unsportsmanlike manner, and he was advised to "play 'em," and as a result of a very nice long cast just below a large rock near the shore, he was rewarded with a vicious strike. He thought to follow the sage advice of Dad and undertook to play him. It was evident the fish was a "lunkah," to use the river expression, as it beat the water into foam in its struggle for freedom, darting here and there, and at last coming clear of the water at least a foot, and with a double somersault, made off down stream at a terrific pace, making the line whistle through the water. But the Commodore had staying qualities also, and succeeded in checking him gracefully. Then he took a whirl up stream, and as just then the boat was going with the current at a rapid rate, they met, and parted. We did not understand what it was the Commodore said, but the expression of his face as he watched that four-pounder as it bade him adieu was a study.

Dad had a very bad accident in this camp, but owing to the delicacy of the subject and the chilliness of the water, I refrain from mentioning it. During the night one of those rain storms, which make one think some one had turned the water wagon over on you came up. We remained in camp all of the next day, and resumed our journey on the sixth day, passing many old fish traps, which since the passage of more effective game laws, have been abandoned; and if a few convictions for dynamiting in Missouri could be secured it would improve matters wonderfully. We passed in and out of Arkansas twice during the day, and ran a pretty stiff rapid just below in Missouri in which Billie hooked another "lunkah" and was promptly commanded by the Commodore to play him, which he as promptly did, and after an excellent play, landed him in Arkansas, weight 3¾ pounds, the largest of the entire catch. By this time the water had become excellent, and no trouble to land all the fish we could use or give away. On the seventh and eighth days out we had simply floated out of civilization, and were communing with nature in all her iridescent beauty, enjoying to the fullest the ozone of the Ozarks. We had not seen any mosquitoes and very few snakes.

We covered about thirty miles on our ninth day, were about 160 miles by river from Branson, and only twenty miles from our destination, Cotter, Ark. We took thirty-two bass and returned the most of them to the water. On this day we shot the Wildcat rapids. We arrived at Cotter at 3 P. M. next day in time to take a good rest before train time for home, having landed 167 bass on the trip.

That this beautiful and picturesque stream is so little known is due, perhaps, to its having been almost inaccessible—one having to ride over rough and hilly roads 75 to 100 miles—until last year, when the White River Branch railway was built. It can now be reached at several points, and any one wishing an interesting outing, where the sycamore and elm shade and overhang the crystal water, where the oak spreads its broad branches over the hillside, where the rocks glare in the sunshine on the mountain top, where the fishes are abundant, song birds in the bushes, and squirrels frisking in the treetops; where, as you float over the rapids, there is an ever-changing panorama of scenic beauty; where, in fact, nature is supreme in all her simple grandeur—take the White River float. You will be satisfied if you do not land a fish.

W. H. S.

Kansas City.

National Archery Association.

In a circular letter to the members of the National Archery Association of the United States, Edward B. Weston, of Chicago, its secretary and treasurer, congratulates them on the advancement the pastime has made during the past season, and says archery is growing stronger and better until to-day there are more archers in the country than there have been in twenty years. He urges every member to pay his dues and assist in every way to make the next annual tournament, to be held in Chicago next August, a success. The officers of the association are the following: President, Homer S. Taylor, Chicago; Vice-President, Tacitus Hussey, Des Moines; Secretary-Treasurer, E. B. Weston, Chicago.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Hunting in the Unaka Range.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Mr. Kephart stated recently, the pages of your paper may be utilized in describing the beauties of the Great Smoky section; both from a scenic standpoint and from the fact that it is by far the wildest and roughest section east of the Rocky mountains.

I have traveled for days through the country which he speaks of, where it was necessary to pack everything, as it was too rough to take any kind of animal, and where not the slightest indication of any kind could be seen that man had ever visited that section of the country ahead of me. It is like God made it and the Indians left it.

I happen to know Mr. Granville Calhoun, and it gives me great pleasure to endorse everything Mr. Kephart says about him. I am satisfied that if the proposed club is carried to a successful issue, and I see no reason why it should not be, that it will be second to none in this country, and the sportsman who is fortunate enough to spare the time in which to visit this country and become a member of the club should consider himself indeed fortunate.

For a number of years I have been spending my vacations in that wild country—principally southwest of the Little Tennessee river. I have found turkey, bear, squirrel, pheasant, cat and speckled trout in good quantities, and am told by the old hunters that there are still a number of wolves and panthers left in the wilder part of the Great Smokies.

Speckled trout exist in nearly all of the streams, and while I have never tried to make a record, as our party was small and we only caught a sufficient number for our actual table needs, I recall one instance when in thirty minutes one afternoon (having to procure my bait) I landed twenty-eight, all good size.

As to game. We killed on one trip in November, 1905, five bears, the largest one measuring 7 feet 6 inches from nose to tail, and weighed, we estimated, somewhere in the neighborhood of 600 pounds. We killed as many as four turkeys one morning, and quit because we had enough meat to last us a couple of weeks. Pheasants, which are quite plentiful, and squirrels constitute the principal dependence for existence.

I enclose a newspaper article, part of which you may care to use. Tom Lewis.

"This place is not in the heart of the Great Smoky mountains, as stated, but is the roughest section of what is known on the maps as the Unaka Range. The maps do not have the name correctly, as I am told it was named by the Indians, and is known to them as the Unakoi Range. It is separated from the Great Smoky Range proper by the Little Tennessee river and extends from the Little Tennessee river in a southwesterly direction practically to Ducktown, Tenn., and from the Little Tennessee river to the Tellico, some twelve or fifteen miles southwest of Jeffrey's Hell is the State line between North Carolina and Tennessee.

"Jeffrey's Hell is embraced in a very large section of country eight or nine miles long and approximately four miles wide, at the headwaters of Citico creek. It is surrounded on every side except the west with the highest peaks in that part of the country, among which are Hayo, Stratton, Bald, Big Fodder-stack, and Little Fodder-stack, John Knob and Hangover.

"These peaks all range from 5,000 to 5,500 feet above the level of the sea; and the elevation of Citico creek, where it forks into east and west arms, is about 2,000 feet. From almost any point north, east or south of Jeffrey's Hell there is a drop of from 2,000 to 3,500 feet within less than a mile.

" 'Uncle Dave' Orr, who is the nearest settler about twelve miles from Jeffrey's Hell, and who has been living there for nearly all his life of over eighty years, tells me that a long time before the war a man named Jeffrey did not return from a hunt in this section at a stated time, and his family becoming alarmed, aroused all of the settlers within reach. They obtained the help of every able-bodied man and boy in all that section and went into the mountains to look for him. After three or four days Jeffrey was found just coming out of the edge of this wild section exhausted from exposure, lack of food, and overexertion, and, when asked by the men who first found him, where he had been for the last week, replied that he had been in hell. From this circumstance Uncle Dave and the other mountaineers called the place 'Jeffrey's Hell.'

"While this very rough section of country, consisting of thirty or thirty-five square miles, is the roughest part of these mountains it would not be so extremely difficult to penetrate but for the exceptionally thick growth of mountain laurel or rhododendron. These thickets are practically impenetrable unless one follows the numerous bear trails through them.

"It is the natural home of the bear, and the best stands when bear hunting in this section are always in the low gaps on the edge of Jeffrey's Hell, as the bears when once jumped by the dogs almost invariably make for this section, where they can easily whip the dogs, and have found that they cannot be followed by men.

"While Jeffrey's Hell is substantially everything that you have pictured it, there are sections

COW MOOSE.
Photographed in the Maine Woods by W. E. Pinkham.

in the Great Smoky range from forty to one hundred and twenty-five miles to the northeast, that are incomparably rougher and wilder than this particular section. In fact, after having explored a large portion of the Great Smokies and substantially all of the Unaka Range, I would undertake to cross Jeffrey's Hell at any point a dozen times rather than attempt even to penetrate half the distance in some of the wildest sections of the Great Smokies. The last bear I killed in these mountains was one on the top of the State ridge immediately on the edge of Jeffrey's Hell, and he was followed for some distance into Jeffrey's Hell before he was finally finished with a second shot."

An Ideal Game Preserve.

From the Muskegon, Mich., Chronicle.

Excepting only Yellowstone Park, Grand Island, in Lake Superior, is the largest and most complete game preserve in the United States. Nestling in the water of the great inland sea, this picturesque native woodland, with its rock-bound shores is a veritable gem of nature.

Grand Island resembles in shape a transposed outline of the State of Louisiana, but here the similarity ends. The island contains but 13,000 acres, or about twenty square miles. It is ten miles long and four miles wide.

It is this natural garden woodland dotted with the log cabins of trading days that nestles in its lap an inland lake stocked with the gamiest bass of the northwest.

Five years ago Grand Island passed into possession of the Cleveland Cliffs Mining Company. Its unbroken forests of pine and hardwood have been converted into a game preserve in which nearly every species of game animal and bird native to this latitude can now be found in its native state. The physical nature of the island is especially favorable for the project.

Over half the coast line is bounded by perpendicular cliffs rising to an elevation of from 40 to 350 feet, above the level of Lake Superior, forming a perpetual barrier against escape. In some places along the coast line these miniature mountain ranges are broken by deep ravines and gulches, which, in most cases, are sequestered valleys of singular loveliness.

Where these valleys open an exit to the lake, game fences have been built to prevent the animals from gaining access to the mainland by swimming the channel in summer or crossing the ice in the winter season. At a point two and a half miles north of the southern extremity of the island, a game fence twelve feet in height and extending east and west to the shore line, has been built, inclosing an area of about 8,000 acres over which the animals roam at will.

Between two lofty ridges that traverse the island from the north to the south is a dense cedar swamp, three miles long and one mile wide at its broadest point. This is the natural home of the caribou, which feed upon the dry, glutinous mixture commonly called reindeer moss and found in great quantities in this region.

The original herd of caribou was brought to the island three years ago from Deer Lake, Newfoundland. There were five animals in the herd. Like their near relatives, the moose, they are slow breeders, but grow to enormous size. There are probably a score of specimens of the moose family on Grand Island, one of which has attained its full growth, now being about fifteen years old, and weighing 1,000 pounds. The moose were imported from Canada and northern Minnesota.

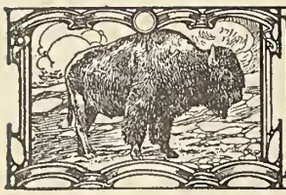
Other big game in the Grand Island preserve is a herd of elk. Originally it numbered eleven, but since brought to the island three years ago it has largely increased, the elk being a prolific breeder.

During certain seasons of the year men are employed by the company to carry on a war of extermination against the fox, mink and other small animals which prey upon the game birds. The beaver, however, is allowed to propagate, and many specimens have been brought to the island and given the freedom of its several streams. The native, or ruffed grouse, are plentiful in all parts of the preserve, and the spruce hen, a bird now almost extinct, is present in great numbers.

From Scandinavia two years ago, the company imported 150 game birds, also members of the grouse family, and from Manitoba it secured a number of sharp-tailed grouse. The birds secured from the Scandinavian peninsula are known as the capercailzie and orrie. The former is possessed of habits much like those of the partridge native to the Lake Superior region. There are many other specimens of game birds on the island, among them the English ring-neck pheasant, a bird of highly colored plumage, and the wild turkey. The latter were obtained in the Indian Territory and are the most difficult of all game birds to propagate.

The capercailzie, or "black game bird of Norway," is one of the largest species of game birds in the world, being very hardy and frequently attaining a weight exceeding fifteen pounds, but when the birds are young they are easy prey of hawks. The birds are what are known as "rangers" for the reason that while in quest of food they cover a wide expanse of territory. During periods of heavy snowfall they burrow into the snow and remain until the storm subsides before venturing out again. Their food in winter consists chiefly of birch buds and in summer they catch mice and other small animals. They are rated as members of the grouse family, and in habits are much like the partridge.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*



NATURAL HISTORY

For the Protection of the Killdee.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Boston Transcript prints nearly a column in its issue of Nov. 17 of information in regard to the approaching extinction of the killdee plover. The article is written by the Transcript's regular Washington correspondent, "Williams." He speaks of the plea made for this bird by William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, before the American Ornithologists' Union, which was then (Nov. 16) holding its annual session in Washington.

In addition to the interest all bird lovers and good sportsmen will have in this noble plea for the preservation of the killdee, the article has for me special interest because of its full details of the wholesale destruction of this bird in the autumn of 1882 by a fierce storm which swept up the Atlantic Coast and met the hosts of migrating birds, whose flight took them a long distance to seaward, before turning toward Florida.

Readers of Forest and Stream who may remember my theory that the greatest destruction of the passenger pigeons was by a storm over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, will readily understand my desire to bring to their attention this additional evidence of the plausibility of that explanation.

The theory of the destruction of the pigeons by catastrophism has been thought by many to be far-fetched and unworthy of credence. I commend to all who are skeptical as to the adequacy of this theory to account for the occasional almost complete destruction of a species, the facts cited by Mr. Dutcher.

Presumably epitomizing Mr. Dutcher's statements, the Transcript correspondent says:

"Years ago Celia Thaxter made a similar plea for the protection of the killdee. She found the birds dead on the rocks near her cottage on the Isles of Shoals after a severe storm. At that time the killdee was an unfamiliar bird, and to learn what it was Miss Thaxter plucked some of the cinnamon-colored feathers from the bodies of the dead killdees and sent them to a Boston ornithologist, asking him to tell her the name of the birds, which had perished in such numbers in that late November storm. Her message of inquiry called the attention of the scientific world to the destruction in the ranks of the killdee. It was even then predicted, when the extent of the disaster which the birds had encountered was not fully known, that it would take years of protection to bring them into their own again. The effect of Miss Thaxter's efforts was that for a few years the killdees were not shot as wantonly as before. Nature makes a quick recovery and the killdee increased in numbers until apparently they were as plentiful as before. Since then their wholesale destruction has begun again."

And again in his article he says:

"Twenty-four years ago the killdees delayed their southern journeys for several weeks. The mild weather tempted them to remain in the north. A change came and the birds started south. Those that had left the north Atlantic Coast went seaward before turning their flight toward Florida. A southeast storm swept up the coast and met the birds midway. Countless thousands of the journeyers perished. From the sands of Barnegat to the rocks of East Cape the coast was strewn with their bodies. It may be that if the killdees of the year 1882 had not been betrayed by the promise of fair weather, there to-day would not exist the necessity of a plea for their protection. It was then that Celia Thaxter came to their rescue. Soon after they had reached their former numerical strength their persecution began again, and year by year it was noted that the spring returning birds came back in smaller flocks.

"If the shooting of the killdee is stopped as the result of the plea made in Washington this week by the chief official of the associated Audubon societies it is estimated that the killdee within five years will be as plentiful on the shores and on the uplands as they were before they were storm swept nearly a quarter of a century ago."

The more one thinks of it the more reasonable it seems that a fierce storm at sea at a time when vast numbers of migrating birds are passing over its surface would be the most natural means of their destruction. There can be nothing incredible about the story, so circumstantially told, of the destruction of the pigeons while crossing the Gulf of Mexico. The only point of evidence needed, as I have explicitly stated, is as to the southern limit of the migratory flight of the pigeons.

My reasoning has been that the great flight did not winter in the Southern States, or there would have been abundant history of their presence there. Their numbers were so great that their wintering there—even supposing that they were widely separated and distributed—would not have escaped frequent notice and comment. Does any one know of any traditions, even, of such presence?

They were preëminently gregarious birds, going and coming and during their stay in the north, and it is hardly to be supposed that this trait was utterly lost during their winter sojourn, wherever that may have been. They were noted for their swift and long sustained flight. I have known pigeons shot in northern Illinois to have undigested rice grains in their crops, and the passage of the Gulf of Mexico would have been an easy feat for them. I hope I shall be pardoned for bringing this subject before Forest and Stream readers once more.

While I am writing let me add a few observations of recent travel:

One morning early in September last my son and I were in Rome and took the well-known drive out over the Appian Way. We noted the paucity of bird life as compared with what any similar excursion in almost any part of America would reveal. Only two or three times did we hear a bird note, and these were faint and subdued and came from tiny specimens no larger than a wren or chipping sparrow. Several times we passed a man or boy with a gun over his shoulder and wondered what possible use he could have for such a thing. On our return we saw one of these persons in a little orchard and heard the report of his gun, but saw no sign of game of any sort. Later nearly opposite the entrance to the ruins of the Baths of Cavacalla we passed three men and two dogs—the men rigged with all the paraphernalia which would be needed for a prairie chicken hunt in Illinois in the old time. They had double-barreled shotguns, game bags, belts, top boots, etc., and the self-satisfied air of successful nimrods.

I could not resist calling on my coachman to stop, and of stepping up to them and telling them of my interest in their occupation and begging them to show me their game.

Evidently they recognized in me a fellow sportsman and proudly they opened their bags and displayed—five tiny little songsters, of the size of canary birds, and one of them with only a broken wing, but alive and bright eyed in its silent terror and pain. A more sickening and shameful sight I have not recently seen. Only one of these tiny birds could in any sense be classed as game. That one was—as I recognized when the proud "hunter" pointed it out to me, but not till then—a wee little quail, the smallest of its kind that I ever saw.

There wasn't enough material in all they had secured to feed a convalescent cat, but they seemed as elated as if they had bagged ruffed grouse and mallard duck. I thanked them and resumed my seat and meditated much on conditions which make the Italian immigrant the indiscriminate shooter of everything that hath life, and the foe of the game warden.

On the homeward voyage I spent many hours, field-glass in hand, watching and studying as often as before the flight of flying fishes—that perennial puzzle—and confirmed myself in the fullest persuasion that the fins are used as true wings, and that the progress of these silvery sprites of the sea is, while it lasts, genuine flight, and under considerable control, at least enabling the fish to veer to right or left, and to rise or fall somewhat and to sustain itself far beyond the limits that could be reached by the force of the initial spring from the sea.

While the brief appearance is generally so baffling and puzzling, and perfectly satisfactory observation is very hard to get, there yet come times to the patient observer when there can be no doubt that it is genuine flight that is seen.

C. H. Ames.

The Ways of Gray Squirrels.

Mr. Moonan's interesting article about the squirrels in the Bronx woods recalled memories of the times when as a boy I studied the ways of the squirrels in the Indiana woods, and in fact as I have studied them for most of my life. In regard to their storing food for hard times, it has been observed that they do not store it in quantities in one place. I helped to fell many trees which had squirrel dens in them and was always on the lookout for anything pertaining to squirrels, but never found so much as a single handfull of nuts stored in one place by squirrels. It is a fact that they bury thousands of nuts in the ground, and can find them again when the ground is covered with six inches or more of snow. How they find them is not known, but presumably by the sense of smell, as there could be nothing else to indicate where a nut was buried. Why they bury the nuts instead of storing them in hollow trees is another one of nature's mysteries, but it is probably one of nature's plans for the planting of seeds.

The nests made of leaves and twigs are not made on account of a scarcity of holes, but are the hot weather sleeping places, and the difference in the number of nests built during a hot summer and a cool one is very noticeable. I studied the squirrels in a tract of woods where there were many more holes in the trees than there were squirrels, so the nests could not have been built on account of lack of room.

Mr. Moonan is right when he says that no squirrel starves to death. If there are no nuts he can and does often live on tree buds and the tenderest of the twigs. I have seen them working carefully over the top of a tree and clipping off and eating the buds, and there are some kinds of bark eaten by them. The holes in the trees have a tendency to close up with the growth of the tree, but the squirrel sees to it that the hole does not grow up by keeping the bark gnawed away from the edge of the hole which prevents the hole from closing.

Under all circumstances the squirrel is one of the best fitted animals to take care of himself, and he generally does it up to the time he meets death coming from the muzzle of a gun.

O. H. Hampton.

A California Vulture in New York.

Among the papers read before the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union held last week in Washington was one of peculiar interest by Mr. W. L. Finley, whose ornithological and photographic work is so well known. It gave his account of the hatching, early life capture and rearing of the great California vulture "General," which is now on exhibition in the New York Zoological Society's Park in the Bronx.

The California vulture has been regarded as almost extinct, and it may be doubted whether any of its kind have ever been in captivity except this one and those now in the Government Zoological Park in Washington. Although the species is not extinct, it has become extremely rare.

After long watching of a pair of California vultures Mr. Finley in March last discovered their nest. It contained a single egg and the bird was not disturbed. For twelve days he and his comrade watched the nest and at last the egg hatched.

Mr. Finley's account summarized is as follows:

"A ridge, just wide enough for a path, dropped steep into the gorge on both sides. For two miles we wound around a shaky trail, tracing the top rim of the basin. A great slab of gray stone barred the doorway of the condor's home, and protected it from storms. Up a steep, narrow pocket we scrambled, clinging to the scrubby bushes and the roots, washed bare by rain, until we could peer through a crack in the rocks through which we could see.

"The nest was not disturbed, but we watched it, Eight trips were made to it between March 10 and July 5. The observations made during this time yielded much information of great scientific value."

It was in the beginning of July, when the young condor was 110 days old, that Mr. Finley took the bird from its nest and carried it with him to his home in Portland. It weighed then 15½ pounds. In August, the condor was taken to a summer camp up the Willamette River, and placed in an inclosure in the forest. For two months the bird was under the closest observation from day to day and was treated to a diet of a pound of raw meat twice a day and plenty of fresh water. Especial attention was given to the bird's feeding in order to determine whether the natural propensity to live on carrion would manifest itself. It was found ultimately that it ate the fresh raw meat by choice and would never touch anything else unless driven to do so by the absence of any other food.

When "General" was 150 days old he was well fledged, except that his breast was still covered with gray down. His wing feathers were strong, but they were not yet able to support his heavy body. If we did not let him out of his cage a part of each day, he became very restless. When the gate was opened he would stop a moment or two, look about and stalk slowly out. He did nothing without deliberation. Then, with several hops he would go half way across the yard clapping his big wings, and going through a regular dance, jumping up in the air several times in succession. On his removal from his wild native haunt he had lost his wildness and had now become gentle and fond of those who cared for him. He loved to be petted and fondled, would nibble at my hand, run his nose up my sleeve, and bite the buttons on my coat. Every move he made was with care, as if afraid of being too rough. If scared or struck at he would strike back, but there was never the least indication of savageness when well treated.

One would think there could be little attachment for a vulture, but there is nothing treacherous or savage in the condor nature. Contrary to expectation, he was cleanly in his habits. Becoming accustomed to fresh meat, he would take nothing else, and if it was the least bit dirty he would refuse it; while game, such as squirrel and rabbit, he would not touch if he could get fresh beef. When mixed with squirrel meat, the beef would be eaten and the other left. He would gnaw a good bone with as much eagerness as a dog until there was not a bit of meat left on it.

The young bird was shy with strangers, but playful about camp. After having his breakfast, would jump down from his perch and toy with a stick in true canine fashion, shaking it in his bill, and then dropping it only to jump upon it with both feet and toss it up again. He was extremely fond of pulling on a rope, and would strain at the guy lines of the canvas tents in a way that seemed to threaten their demolition. A rope dragged along the ground he would watch and follow like a kitten after a string. He learned to follow his owner about and to come when called. If a ladder was stood up against a tree, he would hop up, rung by rung, to the top, and then fly off, only to repeat the experiment again and again. He liked to be petted and amused, and showed great interest in any sign of activity about the camp.

He was fond of bathing. He would go down to the creek near the camp and patter along in the water for an hour at a time. He would get under a water spout and wallow in the pool. When thoroughly soaked, he would step out into the sun for a moment and then suddenly go back again. He would keep this up until almost exhausted by the exercise, and would then want to take a sun bath and sprawl in the sand.

When the care of the young condor was relinquished to Director Hornaday in New York the bird weighed 20½ pounds, was 46 inches in length, and had a wing-spread of 8 feet. The fact that the bird's history has been followed from the egg stage to the present time has made the present instance unique in the records of wild birds in this country. There are only forty-one condor eggs in the museums of the whole world, and as the species is now so nearly extinct it is not likely that this number will ever be largely increased. None other of the raptorial birds has a range so restricted, and its range at the present time, so far as scientific men know, is from Monterey county, California, southward into Lower California.

British Birds in New Zealand.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A communication to the Field (London) regarding the importation of British birds into New Zealand makes interesting reading. Following are some of the more important facts noted:

The house sparrow has not a single friend, not any one to say a good word for it. Its name is anathema. The chaff-finch and green linnet are accused of eating young vegetables and fruit, and the skylark is said to be destructive to young crops. All are denominated a "nuisance" by the farmers. It is to be feared the latter have not much taste for music.

The starling is highly spoken of—"the only truly insectivorous bird that has been introduced," says one authority. Yet we read that in Australia it does such damage to fruit that an order has been issued for its systematic destruction. How is this?

The pheasant throve wonderfully at first, then received a check and then began rapidly to decline. Several causes are given for this, of which doubtless these two were the most potent: poisoned wheat and the introduction of stoats and weasels, both being intended to contend against the rabbit plague.

The valley quail of California has been more successful that the pheasant. But the farmers, at least, are not rejoicing. One, they say, is as bad as the other. It will be observed, by the way, how like one farmer is to another.

The rook (which is first cousin to our crow) doesn't propagate rapidly despite the fact—wonderful to state—that it is popular with the farmer. Why is it popular? We are not told. Certes it must have reformed since it left its native habitat.

Other species are referred to, but the above embrace the most representative of the importations. A useful lesson, if indeed it is needed, may be derived from all this by America. Nature is very jealous of her balance, and any efforts of man to interfere with or improve upon it are apt to be sternly resented.

Frank Moonan.

A Rare New Hampshire Fox.

Dunbarton, N. H., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A man living some seven miles from my house, has been trapping foxes. I do not understand how he gets so many foxes. He uses but three traps; sets them very near his house on dry land and uses no scent. In the last two weeks he has caught fourteen foxes. Yesterday morning he 'phoned me saying. "What is a black fox worth? I caught one this morning." My first impression was that he had caught what is called a mongrel. Such a fox is killed once in a while. I replied that I would like to see his black fox and possibly I could estimate what it was worth. A few hours later this man drove into my yard with the fox (unskinned). The moment I saw the fox I said: "I can't say what it is. I am quite sure that it is neither a mongrel, silver gray nor cross."

I will describe this fox as well as I can and perhaps some of the fox hunting fraternity can relegate it where it belongs. A dog fox in good condition, as I weighed it on a set of tested scales it weighed 11½ pounds. Markings: Face and top of head to ears, gray; from back to ears to about one-third of distance to root of tail a very decided black. Where black ended a rather dull red to within a few inches of root of tail. Brush very black. A very few white hairs at extreme tip. Breast, belly, sides, legs, very black.

I know two men in Concord who buy raw furs. I 'phoned them about this fox and in the afternoon they came to my house and I ran them to the trapper's house in one of my motor cars. On our way I offered to wager them that they would see a fox which would stick them as to its market value. The result was, we all saw the dark colored fox. I had not the least idea as to its value. The buyers were in the same fix and so was the owner. My companions bought of the trapper thirteen red foxes at a fair price. The dark one is still with the trapper.

I have no interest whatever in the price this dark fox brings. Its owner is a New Hampshire farmer and therefore needs every dollar he can get. I will make this offer. I think I can arrange with the owner of the dark fox so that he will send the pelt to any reliable party. They to say what they will give, and if price is not accepted to return pelt to owner, they paying all express charges. When I first saw this partly black fox in my dooryard yesterday, I said I had never seen such a fox before. Thinking it over last night I now think that I once saw pretty near its twin brother, quite a number of years since I was in New York. It was early in the spring when Capt. A. H. Bogardus had returned from a victorious trip against the pigeon shooters of England. I met the captain at his hotel, and at his request went with him to Paterson, N. J., to see him give an exhibition. I heard previously that there was a fox hunting club in Paterson; also that there was a black fox which they wanted. When Bogardus and I reached the Mansion Hotel at Paterson we saw the celebrated black fox in a glass case in the barroom. As I recall what I saw at Paterson I would say that the fox I saw yesterday comes pretty near to being an exact duplicate.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., has a large collection of pelts. Should he be interested in this New Hampshire fox I would be glad to hear from him.

Occasionally I meet some of my old time shooting friends. They are kind enough to say: "We always enjoyed reading your letters in Forest and Stream. We have not seen any for some time." All I can say is, having nothing to say, I kept still. As a sportsman I have had my day. Since I became the owner of a couple of motor cars most of my spare time is spent in keeping the plaguy things in running shape. I see occasional deer quite near my house, also birds and foxes. I have lost to a great extent my desire to kill.

C. M. Stark.

BREAKFAST IN CAMP

is nothing without coffee, and coffee is nothing without Cream. Ordinarily cream is out of the question nine times out of ten, but Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream takes its place perfectly and keeps indefinitely until opened. It is unsweetened and has the natural cream flavor and color.—*Adv.*

GAME BAG AND GUN

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

Breeding Quail in Massachusetts.

Whitinsville, Mass., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I give herewith an outline of our work last winter in feeding and liberating quail for the purpose of keeping up the stock of birds in our covers; also, the result of our observations as to the breeding of the birds during the past summer.

We set the birds free—twelve dozen that we bought—the latter part of December, 1905. We placed them in lots in the manner as described in a former article which was published in your issue of Nov. 18, 1905, and we used the same feeding box illustrated there in nearly all cases. There was no snow at the time and three or four of the coveys wandered further than they would have otherwise. We found all but one, however, within an eighth of a mile at farthest, and established new feeding places that the birds accepted and used thereafter. The covey that was lost we think appeared in the spring about a mile from where they were put out. At all events, we found a covey then that could be easily accounted as the lost one, but we have not figured it into the totals of birds fed.

Most of the quail put out seemed satisfied with our selection of location and stayed around the feeding boxes until late in the spring. Of this lot of twelve dozen birds we counted as carried through, 92, nearly 65 per cent. The counting was done about the middle of February on a light snow, by noting the different tracks at the various feeding places, and we think the aggregate is well within the number.

We saved a much larger percentage of this planting than we did of that of a year ago, partly on account of the mild winter with little snow and the fact that the quail were a much stronger lot than the former ones. We are certain that some of these birds raised young quail this season, and we believe that many of them must have done so.

We also fed and cared for seven coveys of native quail which counted fifty-nine birds, making a total of 151 for both boughten and natives. The natives give the best results as to raising birds, and we were fortunate to be able to find so many of these.

We intend this coming season to depend on the natives altogether, and will begin to look them up as soon as the shooting season closes, Dec. 1. We think these native quail will now give us all the birds that will naturally stay with us through the season and probably more.

There is no doubt that quail move about to quite a large extent in the effort to find suitable homes for themselves; that is, a given section will support a certain quantity, and if more are placed there, they are likely to move to where feed and range are more suitable.

We think some of the broods raised in our section have already moved off in this manner. We made a special point of searching out the young broods to get an idea as to how the quail bred the past season. We found, or were informed of, 22 coveys of young quail. Only three of these were reported by farmers, the rest were all seen by reliable men, and we think none were counted twice.

We found most of them during the month of August, and we used our dogs to hunt them up, the same as though we were hunting regularly.

The accompanying photo shows a couple of setters pointing one of these coveys of young quail. We counted fourteen in this particular lot when they flushed, and they were nice, strong birds. Nearly all the young birds were found in the mowing fields, where grasshoppers were plentiful, and we think the birds were feeding on them.

We have good evidence that four of these broods of young quail were second broods. They were discovered quite late in the season and were very small individuals. In the case of two of these second broods the cock quail alone was with them. We observed this more than once in each case. We do not try to explain how it came that a lone cock had these little chaps under his care—perhaps some of your readers can. It is some expense and a little trouble to feed quail through the winter as we have done, but we think it pays, as the results are practically sure. Quail can stand

TAKING A CENSUS.

all the cold and snow we have, provided they are fed. The parent stock is saved by this means, and we are assured of having birds for the next season.

We do not think it is possible to shoot all the quail out of a section of country, but we do feel certain that a long, hard winter will kill every one if they do not get a little outside help.

We find a good many quail this fall. Our section is not a particularly favorable one for quail, as we have no large number of cultivated fields which the birds seek naturally for feeding places late in the season; still it is not unusual to start two or three coveys in a day's hunt, and this is about as good as we have ever done and they help out a lot in a day's sport.

Cyrus A. Taft.

Long Island Game.

Bayport, N. Y., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gunning season around here since the first of November has been most successful considering the dry weather we have had which has made it difficult for the dogs to work. Good bags of quail and rabbits have been secured and partridges (which a few years ago were almost extinct around here) are quite plentiful, but the woods and foliage are so thick it makes this shooting somewhat difficult. Duck shooting is better than we have had in several years. The bay is literally full of ducks. Several bags of thirty to forty a day have been secured the past week. Guests shooting from the hotel the past week were J. K. Hackett and wife (Mary Mannering), J. Reichert, J. C. Hanway, F. Lawrence, A. Wolff, H. R. Lawrence, J. L. Murphy, E. L. Rhett, A. B. Rhett, L. L. Hayes, N. Y. city; D. M. Johnson, Utica, N. Y.; A. G. Conolly, Oscar Johansohn, E. A. Demonet, J. Klenk, G. A. Whitehead from Brooklyn.

Henry Stokes.

The Alaska Game Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years ago a wise step was taken by the authorities at Washington when, by an act of Congress, certain laws were passed for the protection of game throughout the Territory of Alaska. This act had for its primary object the laudable intention of preserving the game in a country which is undoubtedly to-day the greatest haunt of big game on the American continent. Nothing could have been more acceptable to the minds of all true sportsmen than the object aimed at by such an act, provided that it was framed and drawn up in a practical manner by men who were conversant with the existing state of affairs in Alaska. But, alas! if we may judge from opinions freely expressed to-day by residents in that country, the law in its present form and the modes adopted for its enforcement require prompt and considerable alterations if any good purpose is to be effected by it.

So peculiar, and even unreasonable, are certain of the conditions now imposed, that certain of the clauses in the act, and the results of such, are worthy of a moment's consideration by any fair judges who may be interested in these matters.

Let us take, for example, the latest copy of the Alaskan game law issued from the U. S. Department of Agriculture on June 4, 1904. In its preamble this act states that "the primary object of the Alaska game law is the preservation of game for the use of the people in Alaska, native and white." So far, so good, although on the face of it the act seems to be directed only against the wandering sportsmen, and of them the number who are found sufficiently hardy to rove as far as this distant land in any one year might be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. So few indeed are they that their depredations among the big game of Alaska are likely to be infinitesimal for many years yet to come. Consequently it is hardly to be presumed that any act could have been passed which intended to utterly exclude every sportsman from a country which teems with fauna as Alaska does. More particularly so when we consider that in every other country where large and small game exist, some form of laws are in force which extend privileges, within reasonable limits, impartially to international sportsmen. It is worthy of note, therefore, when we see the present false position in which a sportsman is placed on arrival in Alaska.

Section 3 of the present law reads as follows: "That it shall be unlawful for any person at any time to kill any females or yearlings of moose, caribou, deer, or sheep, or for any one person to kill in any one year more than the number specified of each of the following game animals: Two moose, walrus, or sea lions, four caribou, sheep, goats, or large brown bears, etc., etc."

In addition to the above, caribou are entirely protected within certain districts. Also, it is illegal to take or ship out from Alaska any trophies or specimens of big game, with the exception of bears, unless their owner holds permits for the same from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. For some unexplained reason the department has refused nearly every application for such permits during the last three seasons. In consequence, a sportsman, on arrival in Alaska, finds himself in the following absurd position, owing to the illogical state of affairs existing to-day. He can go to any part of Alaska, and kill the number of animals allowed by Section 3, with the exception of a few closed districts above mentioned, but he is obliged, for lack of permits to export them, to leave his specimens of horns or hides rotting on the ground. A more ridiculous state

LOCKED DEER HORNS.

of affairs it is hard to imagine, but such is one phase of the law.

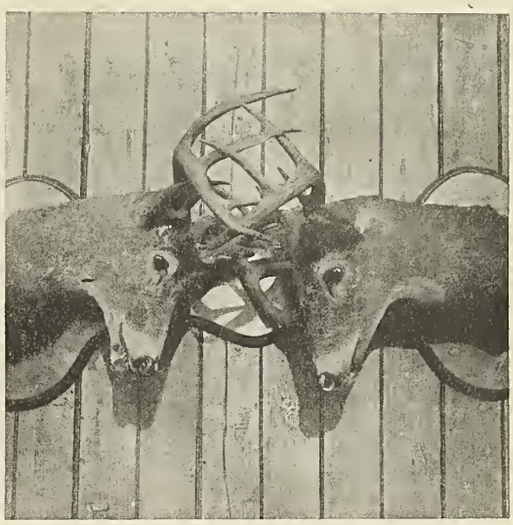
"Indians, Eskimo, miners, explorers or travelers, when on a journey" are permitted to kill what game they consider necessary for food or clothing. It might be presented that a hunter traversing a long trail across Alaska would be classed under one of the last two headings here named. But such is not the case, according to the ruling of a certain district commissioner who adjudicated on some memorable trials held under the game laws in 1903, at Kenai and Seldovia, in the Cook's Inlet District. Various close seasons are appointed by the law, during which certain kinds of game are protected. This is also a wise measure, but again it only affects the sportsman, since all other residents in Alaska kill all kinds of game at any time of the year, claiming exemption from this last clause on the plea of needing food, etc. Neither are they any respecters of age or sex in this indiscriminate game killing.

Fortunately for the game of Alaska, the native population is rapidly decreasing, owing to the introduction of such things as bad liquors and strange diseases imported by the white man. But those natives who remain are all armed with cheap modern firearms, and undoubtedly inflict far more destruction among the big game than did their forefathers when armed with primitive weapons. And as regards utterly wanton destruction of game, certain acts committed by the Alaskan natives which have come under the writer's personal notice, have overshadowed anything which he has ever seen done even by savages in Africa. Under such conditions it may well be imagined what effect some big commercial enterprises have on the game of Alaska. One instance is sufficient. There is to-day, and has been for some time past, a railroad in the course of construction across the Kenai Peninsula, which starts from the small town of Seward and runs right through the heart of what is possibly the finest game country in Alaska. Here there have been some six hundred men employed, and the consumption of moose meat by them has been enormous. Horns and skeletons of moose lie strewn to-day in the Kenai forests, grim relics of the march of civilization. The grand white Alaskan sheep (*Ovis dalli*) also fall victims by summer and winter, to furnish a staple form of food in the miner's and other camps thickly strewn along the Kenai Peninsula. And all this is daily taking place on a spot which is at present closed to a sportsman, who, when requesting a modest permit to export the horns of two moose from the peninsula, which he is legally entitled to shoot there is met with the courteous and inspiriting reply from Washington that "the authorities regret their inability to grant such permits, having regard to the fact that this district is so easy of access to sportsmen, and there is fear that a great influx of them may exterminate the moose and sheep of Kenai, which the authorities are now doing all in their power to protect in that district." As the writer happens to be numbered among those who have practical experience, both past and present, of the modus operandi with regard to such protection, he is inclined to be skeptical as to the ultimate beneficial results to the big game of Alaska. Furthermore, having spent many months hunting in Alaska in 1903, and again spending part of the present year in that country when, owing to lack of permits, he was debarred from hunting, not being inclined to kill game animals and leave them to rot, but amused himself by investigating the present system of administering the game laws of Alaska, he has been enabled to collect an amount of evidence which may be of use to fellow sportsmen and others in the future.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be stated that at present the Deputy U. S. Marshals in Alaska are ex-officio game wardens in their own particular districts. Constant alterations in the wording of the game laws have so bewildered these worthy men that they are hopelessly muddled regarding the exact interpretation of the present law. Two instances will be sufficient to prove this. Formerly permits were required to export the skins of brown bears, but in 1904 a new clause was inserted which read as follows: "The skins of large brown bears, and bears of all kinds may be shipped from any point in Alaska without the formality of a permit." This refers to Section 5 of the game laws, and the prevailing idea among the marshals and custom house officers in Alaska to-day is that a man may kill and ship out as many brown bears as he likes. But they quite overlook the clause in Section 3, which limits any one person to the killing of four bears only in one season. In consequence two fortunate hunters visited Alaska for bears recently. One of them secured and took out twelve bears, and the other hunting on Kadiak Island in the spring of the present year, killed and took out eight brown bears. The amusing part of it is that these shipments were made with the full knowledge and consent of the officials, whose clear duty it was to seize the skins, under Section 3 of the game laws.

Another curious misinterpretation exists relating to Unimak Island, situated at the west end of the Alaska Peninsula. By the act passed Aug. 22, 1903. "Killing caribou on the Alaska Peninsula west of Lake Iliamna is hereby prohibited prior to Sept. 1, 1906." It is possible, when framing this act, that the authorities were unaware, or overlooked, the fact that caribou are found in large numbers on Unimak Island, to which place they easily swim across from the Alaska Peninsula. Consequently the officials interpreted the island of Unimak as being outside the prohibited area, and now allow caribou to be shot there. But again, in 1904, we find the following amendment added to the game laws: "The Peninsula District, comprising the Aleutian Islands, the Alaska and Kenai Peninsulas and adjacent islands." Now it was clearly the intention of the act to protect all caribou inhabiting lands lying to the westward of Lake Iliamna, and had the prohibition clause above mentioned been worded "Killing caribou in the Alaska Peninsula District," this would clearly have protected the caribou on Unimak Island.

It can scarcely be believed that the authorities responsible for framing the game laws are ignorant of the fact that Unimak Island is one of the greatest strongholds of the caribou in the Peninsula District, therefore we may presume they have merely overlooked the faulty wording of the above named clause. When visiting that locality in August of the present year, the writer was informed by the custodians of the law that he would be allowed to kill four caribou as usual on Unimak Island after the season opened on Sept. 1, if he desired to do so. His informants also added that a good many more would probably be killed by others who went to kill caribou there since the Alaska Peninsula had been closed. Shortly after this conversation, during an extended tour along the Alaska Peninsula, many other facts came to the



LOCKED DEER HORNS.

LOCKED ELK HORNS.

LOCKED ELK HORNS.

writer's notice. Two leading residents of Unga town, which is situated on the island of that name, informed him that a brisk trade was still being done at Unga by the sale of caribou meat. Boats conveying professional meat hunters cross frequently to the mainland of the Peninsula and return loaded with caribou meat, which is sold in Unga throughout the summer and winter for an average price of about ten cents per pound. One of the informants added that the system adopted there reminded him of what he had seen in former days on the North American prairies when thousands of buffalo were killed for their tongues and hides. According to him, the caribou are still killed in the Unga district irrespective of seasons, sex or ages, and merely the haunches are packed away for sale, the remainder of the meat left to rot on the ground. Ample evidence of the above facts can be obtained by making inquiries to-day at Unga. Episodes similar to this are rife throughout Alaska to-day, and tend to make the average sportsman question the wisdom of the present form of laws affording protection to the game in that country.

Now those interested in this matter may ask, "Can nothing be done to alter such a state of affairs?" The reply is that undoubtedly it can be done. And the writer is in a position to know, from recent conversation with the highest authority in Washington, that attempts will shortly be made to place the administration of such affairs in the hands of capable men resident in Alaska, who know the wishes of people living in that country, and who, owing to their local knowledge of existing conditions, can frame a sensible and beneficial set of game laws of Alaska. Even now Governor Hoggat, who is a shrewd and able man, is giving this matter his personal attention, and ere long we may hope to see a state of affairs exisiting which will be more beneficial to the game of Alaska, and more satisfactory to the minds of all those who, like the writer, are honestly interested in seeing a big future throughout which Alaska may still claim to hold, as it does to-day, many of the most notable specimens of big game still roaming the face of the earth.

C. E. Radclyffe.

Minnesota Fish and Game Notes.

Aitkin, Minn., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from Duluth News Tribune in regard to a large fish caught in a Mississippi bayou.

"Is there any difference between a pickerel and a muskelonge? Is the muskelonge an overgrown pickerel? These questions are going the rounds of the City Hall and interest in them is deepening. A number of sportsmen, presumed to be learned fishermen, have been asked for advice and they also differ.

"The discussion started after Miss Lucy A. Jaques, deputy city treasurer, brought to her office a large fish mounted on a board. The young lady, in company with her brother, Attorney Alfred Jaques, caught the fish last week in one of the lagoons in the Mississippi River near Aitkin. She had a hard time landing it, her rowboat being pulled upstream at a pretty lively clip. Late Thursday afternoon the discussion became so warm that to prove his contention that the fish is a 'muskie,' A. E. Zimmerman, deputy city clerk, took it and is going to make the rounds of all the anglers in Duluth in the hope of meeting the well versed of piscatorial knowledge."

As is usually the case the news report is mainly error. Attorney Jaques, of Duluth, was not handling the paddle at the time the fish was taken or at any other time. This heroic act was performed by Francis Lee Jaques the amateur artist, taxidermist and erstwhile winner in the Forest and Stream's prize deer head competition. The fish was taken into a 16-foot canoe, 34 inches wide at widest place, and three persons aboard. The same day I was paddling the boat when the other "Kid" hooked a fish of exactly the same size as the one spoken of in the clipping. Our style of taking in these large fellows, 20 to 25 pounds (I believe a 39 inch fish would weigh 25 pounds), is to play the fish till it can be led up beside the boat quietly, then quietly working a hand down, a quick grab lands thumb and finger in the eye sockets. A firm hold ends all struggles until the fish is released. Once you have a secure hold you can take your fish into the boat with you or paddle to some sloping shore, and stepping ashore drag your prize to a place of safety.

Of course where one is fishing from a large scow or rowboat any convenience for landing may be taken along, but the inconvenience of handling so much lumber more than offsets the advantages. This particular fish broke my hold after I had it in the boat and then another spring landed it back in the water. This is the only fish I ever knew to make a struggle while the grip was on. When it was once back into the water the fight was much fiercer than at first, and getting an eye-hold again was impossible. We were finally obliged to lead it ashore.

As to the difference between muscalunge and pickerel it is the same as the difference in spelling and pronouncing "musky." It is the whim of whoever expounds it. It is somewhat like the name muskrat named from the musk. The early Indians in trying to speak the white man's name got it musquash and now some of the knowing ones are telling us musquash is the original.

The weather has played it upon us here much as it did last year; rained for six weeks until every depression in wood and swamp was filled with water and then covered all with sixteen inches of snow, so that one does not know when he puts his foot down, whether he is going to hit solid ground or a concealed bottomless pool.

The deer season, too, opened about as unfortunately as last year. The first good tracking snow came about a week before the legal date. A good tracking snow opens the season here at any old time and everybody was out except the few who later buy licenses and go out and hold the bag. By the time the season opens the deer that have been eating my cabbage and turnips all summer and fall have been driven to the remote fastnesses of a tamarac swamp twenty miles away; and there is no possible cure, for you cannot touch them for hunting without a license for it is not the hunting season. Neither can you take them for killing game out of season for they do not kill any, simply chase it into the further distance.

The other day I made a desperate resolution to get a deer. I knew of a wooded island in an open sweep of swamp where there is nearly always deer. Getting there was indeed a desperate undertaking, but with long wading boots with pants over to exclude the snow, I started out feeling that success hinged entirely on being able to get there. More than once I nearly gave up and turned back, yet kept on and at last found myself skirting the island to get a favorable wind. I was rewarded, too, by seeing several tracks leading from bog to island. It had stopped snowing at daylight, so of course the tracks were fresh. Then as I looked away toward the open what should I see but a belated buck coming directly toward the island and sure to pass within fifty yards of me. Just as I spied the fellow I stepped into one of those before mentioned pools and disappeared, that is, all but my head and shoulders, two feet of me being in the water and two feet more buried in snow. I instantly decided that the water lacked half an inch of coming over the top of my boots and lay still as I had landed. I watched that buck come leisurely along until within 75 yards, the point blank of the rifle I had, and then drew back the hammer. As I raised it there was a sharp snap and the hammer fell back limply in my hand; the mainspring had broken. It was a horrible moment, and to add to the anguish I seemed to feel cold water trickling over the top of my boot and imagined I could hear a torrent rushing in. This was a false alarm, however; the boot came out dry. I have read often of hair being turned white by extreme mental anguish, and that mine did not, seems the greater miracle of all. I watched that deer loaf quietly by and disappear in the wood and then took up the dread homeward march, leaving the island and its tenants to pass the day undisturbed.

The Y. M. C. A., of Duluth, have general camp outings each year, and fishing is part of the programme. Their rules require each young man to dress his own catch of fish ready for the pan. It is a very good protective measure and should be extended to all society outings. If members of shooting clubs had to pluck the feathers out of their own ruddy ducks, many would be allowed to pass unmolested that now are sacrificed. One of the oddities of this season was the flushing of a woodcock out of a snow bank in mid November. E. P. Jaques.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been gratified at the general approval of my position on this subject in your issue of Oct. 20, the said approval having been expressed both personally and in the public press. Your Hudson, N. Y., correspondent, Columbia, who while assenting in the main, called attention to the possibility for "jacking" in September and claimed that if the season opened Sept. 1, 95 per cent. of the deer killed in September would be by jacking, is so evidently earnest and sincere in his interest that he deserves to be set right. I think his estimate of 95 per cent. is altogether too high. Others who know the localities to which he refers, say 40 per cent. would be too large an estimate. But suppose Columbia's estimate is O. K. and 95 per cent. the true proportion, that could not mean the decimation of the deer supply, for the total killed in that way in September would, if necessary, be very small. And for this reason the habits of the deer and the usual weather in September would preclude much successful "jacking" at that time. Most of the nights are cold and the deer come to water late if at all. Later and later as the season advances is their well understood habit until they almost entirely cease. Even in midsummer cold nights often keep them away. This was matter of frequent experience by many in the old days of legal "jacking." The weather can generally be depended on to protect the deer during the nights of September. But there is another factor in the problem. The food which the deer find about the ponds in early summer, lilypads, etc., on the surface, and certain moss, etc., on the bottom, has either disappeared in September or ceased to attract them. The fact is September does not afford opportunity to kill many deer by "jacking."

Mr. W. A. Bradshaw's communication, and intended criticism, in your issue of Nov. 10, was rather amusing than otherwise. It reminded me of the clergyman who preached an earnest revival sermon and then called on a minister of another denomination who was present to lead in prayer. He consented, but before beginning carefully turned up the cushion of a pew and then kneeling beside it began: "O Lord, we have heard tonight" (then followed a few sentences of what he *supposed* the preacher had said), "but O Lord, *we know better*," and brought down his fist with a resounding whack on the naked seat of the pew. This was several times repeated, each "We know better," and each whack being louder than the preceding. When the prayer was over the preacher quietly remarked to the audience: "Our brother has evidently very much misunderstood and misapprehended the sermon."

"Why, didn't you say so and so?" questioned the man of the prayer.

"Not at all," said the preacher.

"Well, I thought you did," was the reply. I assume that your Jamestown correspondent *thought* I said what he attributed to me, and that I argued for all that he implied. But a candid reading of my article will show that he almost entirely misunderstood and misrepresented my position. Only one of his statements requires answer; the suggestion that if September shooting be allowed, consistency requires that August and July shooting should also be permitted. For those who know anything about our noble game, it is sufficient reply to call attention to the relation between does and fawns in the comments. Mr. Bradshaw states fairly two important points: First, what legislation is necessary to perpetuate the game for the people of the commonwealth to whom it belongs?

Second, what open season, if any, may be safely accorded under proper limitations to the sportsmen at large? To the questions should be added another, viz.: What will secure the greatest good of the greatest number? To a fair and square, practical answering of these three questions my article was directed, and many intelligent sportsmen conversant with the facts have given it their approbation. I regret that I could not before send this reply, but this is a busy world. JUVENAL.

NOVEMBER 21.

Concerning Regulating Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been interested in game protection for many years, and have done my little share in saving a great deal of fur and feather from the pot-hunter and law-breaker. Game protection is certainly succeeding in a great many localities, as far as I can find out, and I hope that the general law to prevent spring duck shooting will be adopted one of these days by all of the States.

I received a few days ago a copy of proceedings before the Congressional Committee on Territories, and I thought that certain parts of it would prove interesting reading to those who read your paper. In this pamphlet, which claims to be a copy of a hearing before the Committee on Territories at Washington last March, Mr. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, appeared and attacked the new type of guns—the automatic, especially the shotgun.

There are many of us who have been members of the League of American Sportsmen for a good many years, to whom it seems that the president of the organization is running away with himself and is trying to drag the members after him—that is, judging from the little booklet I have.

Mr. Shields was asked why any one particular arm should be prohibited, and he answered, "I will say in answer to that question that, personally, I would be glad to see a law enacted to prevent the use of any gun on God's earth hunting any wild animal or bird, for at least five years to come." That is game protection with a vengeance, and it seems to me that if we join this gentleman in his fight he will lead us to a victory which will relegate our guns to the junk pile, and force us to shoot at a target in the cellar instead of enjoying our annual hunt with dog and gun.

President Shields was pinned right down by this question, asked by Mr. Higgins, the member of the Committee from Illinois, later in the hearing: "So far as you are concerned personally you are opposed to the use of any sort of a gun for the killing of game?" Mr. Shields answered, "I am willing to assent to that, and personally I am in favor of it." Mr. Higgins asked, "That we prohibit what is known as the double-barrel shotgun?" Mr. Shields answered, "Yes, sir."

It seems that my double barrel gun is in danger, and it is about time that I protested to your paper, which I have read for many years. In fact, I cannot see why we should tell any man what kind of a gun he must use, provided he holds it to his shoulder.

From what one of the witnesses at that hearing stated, I believe that Mr. Shields is against these guns because it is a business proposition with him. He seems to be booming his magazine, in which he asks everybody to send him a dollar to push the good work along. Of course, the more dollars he gets the better for his magazine.

Now, it seems to me that all this sentimental or commercial talk about protecting our poor game birds does more harm than good. What we need is common sense protection. Let us shorten the open season when it is necessary and control the sale of game so as to cut out the market-hunter all we can, and enforce our game laws as we have them. I personally believe that the hawks and owls kill more feathered game than all the guns in the world. I advise my fellow sportsmen to shoot these pests whenever they come across them.

I hear that Mr. Shields did not get his bill reported by the Congressional Committee, and I am glad the Committee were sensible enough to vote down anybody who would do away with our shooting, or dictate to us the kind of a gun we must use—that is, tell us whether it shall be muzzleloading or breechloading, self-ejecting or automatic. JUSTICE.

Moose Calling is Exciting.

NOVA SCOTIA, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No doubt you were perfectly prepared for the avalanche of protests that would be precipitated upon you after the publication of Mr. James Daly's "Butchery of the Moose," Now the good Mr. Daly means well and we all sympathize with his desire for law and decency, but why did he slop over so pitifully? And what kind of a country must that be where people ride on the backs of bull moose and kill more of them with axes than others can with rifles? No, no, Mr. Daly, we will not believe any man who indulges in such extravagance of language. Calling bull moose in the rutting season is as easy as calling home the cows, eh? Only for one who has been at it but three years, Mr. Daly. Keep at it and you will notice that bringing moose within rifle shot by calling will get more difficult every year. Some of us have hunted moose longer than three years; in fact a good deal longer, and our experience (in Maine, and the Maritime Provinces) is that, in spite of Mr. Daly, a man may be very proud of himself if he has been able to call a bull away from a cow after mating, that is, call him within gun shot, for nothing is easier than to make him answer. Calling moose is a subtle and delicate art and is perfectly sportsmanlike, while containing some moments of excitement that still-hunting cannot rival.

Let Mr. Daly come down here and we will show him moose that cannot be found feeding in the streams after the month of August, that he cannot bestride with impunity, and the antlers of which adorn the homes of only one sportsman in three who seek them, showing that it is not easy, but extremely difficult, even for experienced hunters, to bag them. EDWARD BRECK.

California Sportsmen's Convention.

ON Friday evening, Nov. 9, several hundred ladies and gentlemen met in Monterey, Cal., and listened to speeches on game and fish protection, and on the 10th the sixth annual convention of the California Fish and Game Protective Association began its deliberations. Out of the 85 branches of the organization, whose membership is 272, about 35 were represented by 200 delegates. So enthusiastic were the delegates that in ten minutes $1,000 was raised to send members to work for fish and game protection at the Legislature. A well known member writes FOREST AND STREAM that in Governor-elect Gillett the California sportsmen and their cause have a friend, and they feel that in the future their efforts will bear fruit.

President H. T. Payne's address, and the report of the executive committee were largely condemnatory of the administration of the State Fish Commission's office and of its executive agent. These were followed by a discussion in which Commissioner Gerber, Lieut.-Gov. Anderson, Deputy Commissioner Vogelsang, and members of the association took part. After six hours the committee report was adopted, 117 to 57.

H. C. Hall presented a resolution declaring that the right to hunt was being rapidly denied the people; that the boys had no chance to learn the art of woodcraft or hunting, and that the President be asked to consider the devoting of lands and streams of this State solely to hunting and fishing, as in the Yellowstone, Yosemite and Big Basin. Referred to the Legislative Committee and a copy will be sent to President Roosevelt.

The following amendments to the fish and game laws were adopted and referred to the Legislative Committee:

Making the bag limit of wild geese and brant twenty-five birds.

Limiting the taking of surf fish, yellow-fin and croaker, which are caught in the surf off southern California, to hook and line, and prohibiting the sale.

Closing the season for Wilson snipe from Feb. 15 to Oct. 1.

Limiting the open season for doves to the month of August.

The bag limit for ducks was reduced from 50 to 25, and their sale prohibited.

The open season for deer is fixed at from Aug. 15 to Oct. 15.

A fine of $10 is proposed for each bird killed in violation of law.

The re-enactment of the shrimp law is urged and fixing the close season for shrimps during the months of May, June, July and August.

A closed season is proposed for striped bass from Feb. 15 to May 15.

A hunter's license is urged. It is proposed that all hunters must secure a license, the fee to be $1 per year for resident citizens of the State, $10 for non-resident citizens, and $25 for aliens. It is estimated that this will bring into the State a yearly revenue of $50,000.

In Arkansas.

HOT SRINGS, Ark., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fish have practically quit striking in the part of the river we frequent, although I hear reports of pretty good luck from anglers who have fished recently on other parts of the same stream.

Ducks are still scarce. From all I can learn, quail shooting has been fine. Some hunters who were near camp with good dogs last week must have given the birds a warm time, judging by the amount of shooting they did.

Two of us hunted squirrels one morning in the heavily wooded bottoms, but every squirrel we saw was on a dead run, and we would only get an occasional glimpse of him through the undergrowth and foliage, which is still dense enough to be a hindrance. We were armed with .22 rifles when we should have had shotguns instead, but the rifles were decided upon because we wanted to still-hunt, a method that would not do at that place.

FRANK CONNELLY.

West Virginians Organize.

AT a meeting of sportsmen held in Clarksburg, W. Va., Nov. 18, the West Virginia Game and Fish Protective Association was organized and the following officers chosen: President, Andrew Price, Marlinton; Vice-President, W. A. Vance, Clarksburg; Deputy Game Warden Merrick, Cabell county; John Alexander, Pocahontas county; Treasurer, Dr. King, Weston; Secretary, L. C. Crile, Clarksburg.

The constitution provides for a vice-president from each county. A suggestion will be sent to the next Legislature recommending a change in the season for hunting quail from Nov. 15 to Dec. 31. They will also recommend a light tax on resident hunters for protective purposes. The association recommends an increase of salary for the State game warden and the appointment of a field warden to have jurisdiction over all deputies.

To Brown Gun Barrels.

TAKE 1 ounce muriate tincture of steel; 1 ounce spirits of wine; ¼ ounce muriate of mercury; ¼ ounce strong nitric acid; ⅛ ounce blue stone; 1 quart water. Mix well, and allow to stand thirty days to amalgamate. After the oil or grease has been removed from the barrels by lime, the mixture is laid on lightly with a sponge every ten hours. It should be scratched off with a steel wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough; and then the acid is destroyed by pouring on the barrels boiling water, and continuing to rub them until nearly cool. If the barrels are of laminated steel do not dilute the acid so much.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

The Vermont Game Season.

Sheldon, Vt., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As we have here in northern Vermont at the time of writing about a foot of snow and with ice over the marshes and bays of the lake, we may conclude that bird shooting is over for this season. Ruffed grouse shooting was the poorest that we have ever known. The extremely wet weather in the early summer killed off the young chicks. In all of our hunting we have only seen four young grouse. Woodcock shooting in the extreme northern part of the State was nearly as bad, as the birds migrated early before the open season. We have good breeding grounds, but poor feeding grounds, so the 'cock leave as soon as they are through moulting. There has been but little good sport with the duck and snipe. The fox-hunters, however, are reporting good success.

Up to date over 625 deer have been reported as killed during the past open season. This slaughter of the innocents cannot be classified as sport, for our deer are semi-domesticated animals. They are salted and allowed to run with our cattle during the summer and then shot down before it is hardly daylight the morning of the open season. There are scenes here that rival those witnessed in Long Island during the open deer season there. A lot of "crazy loons" go out with an insane desire to kill something and blaze away at every moving object. One rattle-brained fellow in Swanton shot his neighbor's hog before he had got outside of the village limits. The number of does and fawns that have been killed will never be known. We have just seen a doe brought in alive and totally blind. On examination we found fine shot imbedded in the skin near the eyes, showing how she had lost her eyesight.

Our Legislature is in session at the present time, and the Committee on Fish and Game has a large number of bills and amendments to act on, which will be duly reported to you should any of them become laws. Stanstead.

Illinois Field Trials.

Columbus, Ind., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The All Age Stake of the Illinois Field Trial Club was run on the club's grounds at Robinson, Ill., Nov. 13 and 14. There were thirty starters in the race, pointers and setters competing on equal terms. The weather conditions were much the best on the first day, which was even a bit too chilly for riding in comfort. The second day was quite blustery, and a light snow drifted down almost the entire day.

Probably between twenty and twenty-five coveys of quail were found the first day, and much satisfactory bird work was gotten. Owing to the adverse weather prevailing the second day, but little bird work was to be had, as the birds had retreated from the open fields to the timber in gulleys and to the large cornfields.

An interesting feature of the running on these grounds is the flushing of large numbers of prairie chickens; during the running of the first day probably from 500 to 1,000 of this fine game bird were found, a splendid testimonial to the efficiency of the five-year closed season on this bird. This law expires with the coming of another shooting season; but if the open date of the chicken season will be but made late enough, the birds will have all the protection they will need for some time.

These trials are held on quail, and the work of the dogs on chicken is not counted, either for or against the dog. The chickens are pretty generally "packed" now, and it was very seldom any of the great numbers found came within shooting range.

The present law in Indiana on chicken is proving a boon to the bird in that State. The season opens Nov. 10, and by that time the birds are grown strong and wary, and all through the Kankakee Marsh district of the Hoosier State the chicken are on the increase.

The winners in the Illinois All Age Stake, 1906: First, Fishel's Frank (pointer); second, Prince Whitestone; third, Shot Wind'em; fourth, King Woolton (pointer), Tonapaugh, Oakley Hill's King.

For the benefit of a lot of stay-at-home wiseacres who write long dissertations on the relative merits of a "Field trial dog or a shooting dog," I will say that Prince Whitestone, the winner of second in this big stake, is a quail dog over whose points 3,000 birds have been shot, and the dog was handled admirably in this stake by Mr. Pace, an amateur.

G. G. Williamson.

Non-Residents Fined in North Corolina.

Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would be very glad if you would make a notice of the inclosed clipping in Forest and Stream, as we are troubled a great deal by men who seek to avoid paying the license as required by law.

T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary.

Tarboro, N. C., Nov. 21.—Special Warden Haynes, of the Audubon Society, arrested five non-residents for hunting without license to-day. The men are Messrs. Guy Webster, of York, Pa.; J. S. Woodard, of Baltimore county, Md.; O. E. Thompson, Chester county, Pa.; T. B. Todd, Jr., Baltimore. They were fined and paid costs and were required additionally to take out license as required by the Audubon Society.

Mr. M. W. Haynes, who was recently appointed special warden, has been doing some effective work, having had seven convictions already, and has four cases now on docket ready for trial. Mr. Haynes is no respecter of persons, as to-day's arrests show, and is eager to prosecute all persons guilty of infringing on the Audubon law.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Wisconsin Notes.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After the last day of November, which winds up the duck and deer shooting, there will be little to attract the sportsman. It will be principally talking over the season past, preparing for the one to come, with an occasional rabbit hunt and one or two fishing trips through the ice just for a fresh perch. The trout season was a good one out here and I had the pleasure of casting a fly every week through the season. My two best trout experiences during the season (the truth) was one in May on Pine River when I stood at the head of a reach and took seven trout in seven casts all better than 8½ inches, and never moved out of my tracks from where I took the first fish. The second was on White River. The first cast a 1½ pound rainbow, and twenty feet further down stream with the second cast killed a 2½ pound brown. Both of these fish killed on a 4 ounce rod of my own make and without landing net. When I went to the house with these two trout, my creel was full and heavy. I returned to the stream within an hour with fond hopes of another big one and never got another rise. I took these two trout on a yellow dun, an English fly.

The duck shooting has been fairly good this season, although the teal flight was not as good as usual. More hunters than ever are going to the northern part of the State for deer, which are reported as being plentiful. I am inclined to believe, however, that one reason why they are more plentiful is because the settlers are coming in more every year, clearing land and confining the deer to a smaller territory.

Frederic Foster.

Deer Coming to Town.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed appeared in the Evening Bulletin, Nov. 20, and may be of some interest regarding the game supply of Rhode Island. It looks as though deer were itching for trouble!

We hope, though, that before the law expires, another will be put into force and the animals protected. In fact, it would hardly be safe to allow deer shooting in this State. Imagine the result of having an open season for a week, with high power rifles and hundreds of them; there would be certain two-legged animals who would cut up antics of a more frightened nature than the deer at the Doyle Monument.

A. C. Hurlburt.

[The deer referred to made its appearance in Fenner street, and being frightened at the crowd that collected, jumped through the plate glass window of a vacant store, and meeting the janitor, turned and smashed more glass in going out, and astonished four sportsmen who, with gun cases and supplies, were just starting on a shooting trip. In East Providence next day this deer or another one attracted attention, and in New London, Conn., Nov. 19, a buck swam across Shaw's cove, to Bank street and jumped through the window of a jewelry store, frightened the proprietor's wife, jumped back again, and made for a meat market, where the butcher, cleaver in hand, gazed at it in astonishment. It finally got away.—Ed.]

Quail Grounds of the South.

We continue our series of articles begun last week on resorts in the south where game can be found.

In the summaries that follow will be found the name of towns, hotels and their rates per day, the kind of game to be found, the names of persons who will furnish information, and whether lands are free or posted:

Alabama.

Akron.—One, $2. Birds, squirrel. D. B. Borden, C. E. Worms, Chas. Lichtmore. Free.
Alabama Port.—Alabama Port Hotel. Quail, duck, fish.
Bayou Labatre—Bayou Labatre Hotel. Quail, duck, fish.
Burnsville.—M. E. Cole. Duck, etc. J. H. Burns, C. E. Golson, W. B. Taylor. Partly posted.
Cedar Bluff.—Cedar Bluff Hotel, $2. Quail, squirrel, turkey, fish. J. F. Slone, J. F. Burnett. Posted.
Coatopa.—Honeycutt Hotel, $2. Deer, quail, squirrel. J. W. McCarty. Partly posted.
Coden.—Julian House. Quail, duck, fish.
Covin.—Brcek's Hotel, $1. Quail, squirrel, hare, fox, coon, and possum. R. J. Brock, L. A. Weathers, Dr. J. S. Hallis. Free.
Heflin.—Alexandria Central. Quail, turkey, squirrel. W. G. Milligan. Free.
Kennedy.—$2. Quail, squirrel, fishing. U. T. Prapst. Posted.
Lynn.—W. M. Barton, $1. Deer, turkey, squirrel, quail. W. T. Long, W. A. Baughn, W. M. Barton, J. W. Hyde. W. R. Long. Free.
Magnolia Springs.—Magnolia Springs Hotel.—Quail, duck, fish.
Manila.—E. W. Lott Duck, etc. E. W. Lott. Partly posted.
Mobile.—Bienville Hotel, Cawthon Hotel. Quail, duck, fish.
Montevallo.—St. George, $2. Squirrel, partridge. George Kroell. Partly posted.
Nauvoo.—Romine, $2. Quail, turkey, deer. A. C. Romine. Partly posted.
Pell City.—Carnett House, Mrs. M. Cameron, Cobb Hall. Fish, quail, duck, geese, turkey. S. Cogswell, W. A. Starnes. J. E. Harmon. Posted.
Plantersville.—W. S. Driskill, $2. Quail, turkey. W. S. Driskill, W. T. Coker. Partly posted.
Paint Rock.—C. C. Kell, $2. Squirrel, birds. Free.
Riverton.—One, $2. Quail. Dr. G. T. McWharton.
Russellville.—Drake House, $2; Commercial Hotel, $2. Quail, squirrel, fish. W. S. Douglass, J. A. Wilson. Partly posted.
Slade.—None. Bear, turkey, deer, fish. Walter Richardson. Posted.
Stevenson.—Stevenson Hotel, McGriff Hotel. Turkey, deer, duck, quail, squirrel. P. H. Woodall, W. R. Merritt, A. H. McKehon. Posted.
Talladega.—Central Hotel, $2; Exchange Hotel, $2; Southern Hotel, $1.50; boarding houses. Trout and bream fishing. J. I. Hubbard, Felix Oglesby. Partly posted.
Town Creek.—J. H. Hall and J. K. Clam, $2. Fishing, hunting. Houston & Co., J. P. Hall, R. N. Harris. Partly posted.
Wagar.—Wagar Hotel. Fish, duck, deer, turkey. J. J. Garris. Partly posted.
Odenville.—T. Byers, W. C. Harden, $1. Quail, turkey, squirrel. S. O. Fowler. Partly posted.
Hardwick.—None. Few quail, turkey. Free.
Ragland.—J. J. Teague, $1.50. Few quail. W. T. Brown. Partly posted.
Chesson.—None. Few quail. J. T. Johnson. Posted.
Hurtsboro.—Powell, Renfroe, Mitchell, $2. Quail. S. A. Powell. Partly posted.
Cottonton.—None. Quail plentiful. Free.
Harmen.—None. Quail. T. H. Reese. Free.

South Carolina.

Batesburg.—Batesburg Hotel, Timmons Hotel, Lexington Hotel. Quail, squirrel. W. C. Farber, A. B. Waters, D. P. Hartley, T. B. Kemoghan. Posted.
Bamberg.—Mayflower Inn, Johnson House, Bamberg Hotel. Partridge. C. N. Brocker. Geo. Jennings, G. F. Bamberg, W. G. Hoffmer. Free.
Blackville.—Southern Hotel, $20 to $30 per month; Rush House, rates same. Partridge, quail, squirrel. J. P Strobel, C. S. Wilson, Jno. Browning. Partly posted.
Boykins.—None. Duck, partridge. L. W. Boykin, B. H. Boykin, A. H. Boykin. They may furnish information. Partly posted.

Continued on page 878.

Colorado Trout.

Intelligent Railroad Cooperation with Fisheries Bureau.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Much has been said about irrigation as a menace to trout in the streams of the Rocky Mountains and vicinity. It seems that there is a bright side to the question. The necessity for a continuous water supply during the summer months when the streams are low and the demands upon them are at the maximum, has occasioned the building of hundreds of reservoirs high up in the mountains, as well as the reservoiring of hundreds of natural lakes by raising the outlets to impound a greater water supply. These waters are almost always so located as to form ideal trout preserves, and as a result good lake fishing obtains where heretofore the fishing did not amount to a great deal.

In the State of Colorado many of these preserves are utilized by the United States Bureau of Fisheries and to some extent by the State Fish Commission as a source of supply in obtaining spawn of the eastern brook trout, rainbow and black-spotted trouts. In this connection it may be noted that more eastern brook trout are obtained from the waters of Colorado to which this species has been acclimatized, than from the waters of any other State in the Union.

The inclosed circular from the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railway Company is of special importance as illustrating the interest that railroads are now taking in the preservation of fish. All of the railroad companies in Colorado are very much interested in the work of the Bureau of Fisheries, but this is the first occasion where I have ever seen a circular calling upon the people to co-operate with the State Fish and Game Commission and with the United States Bureau of Fisheries in the stocking of streams and in the preservation of fishes. State fish commissioners and other officials connected with the preservation of fishes twenty years ago will vouch for a radical change of sentiment in this regard of a very satisfactory nature. J. W. T.

The Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railway Co.
Industrial, Land & Mineral Department.
Denver, Colo., October 12, 1906.

Dear Sir—The stocking of the streams of Middle Park with trout, and the preservation of the fish, is a subject of great importance, not only to the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific, but also to the dwellers in all the territory contiguous to the line. And this applies not only to those who own lands traversed by the rivers and their tributaries, but to every one who has anything to sell, whether it be meals, farm produce or merchandise, for the reason that the greater the number of visitors that can be attracted to our beautiful fishing waters, so in proportion will all those articles appreciate in value, and for this very good reason, I feel justified in asking the co-operation of our friends with this department, with the State Fish and Game Commission and its wardens, and with the United States Bureau of Fisheries, in the stocking of our streams and the preservation of the fish. The number of those who are sportingly inclined is increasing with the rapidity of most popular fads, and the angler and his methods are becoming yearly more artful, and this fact, together with the natural enemies of the salmonidæ family, will render necessary all our combined efforts to keep our streams from being depleted. Trout will devour their own spawn and that of others, and will not hesitate to make a hearty meal off their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The eggs are also devoured by the voracious larvæ of the May fly, the helgramite, and other insects which bore their way into the sand, by wild and tame ducks, frogs, suckers and by the tramping of cattle, and the floating down of ties. After maturity, the trout's two-legged enemy comes along in the shape of the sportsman, the poacher and the game-hog. So you will see what a bad time the poor trout has of it after all.

We are planting all the fry the State and United States fisheries will give us, but there are some 600 miles of fishable waters in Middle Park, and 100 men a day through the four fishing months, at 25 fish each, per day, will catch 300,000 fish, and as from danger of transportation and other reasons given, not over 50 per cent. of the fish planted come to maturity, there is still a heavy deficit in the fish supply, and a very rapidly increasing demand. The ranchmen and residents in Middle Park can aid us by putting paddle wheels in the intake of the irrigation ditches, by keeping a lookout for those who take trout under size, over the weight limit per day, and by illegal methods, reporting the same to the local wardens, by seeing that they are not marketed, and by netting the "red horse" suckers that lie in big shoals in the deep pools in November, after the trout have gone down into the deeper waters.

It is as natural for the wild trout to decrease and gradually disappear with the advance of settlement and civilization, as the Indian and the buffalo, and it will take all our united efforts to prevent this. The same argument for protection may be used with regard to our furred and feathered game. Scenery and mountain air are attractive to the tourist and the dwellers in the cities, but these can be had anywhere in the Rocky Mountains, and soon pall on the visitor, but good fishing and shooting never; and the places of easy access where these latter may be had are fast receding into the inaccessible. Therefore, let us foster with every care the only one that fortune and the "Moffat Road" have placed at our very doors. So I appeal to you for your hearty co-operation.

W. WESTON,
Gen. Agt. I. L. & M. Dept.

Canadian Fishing.

Good Sport in the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

THOSE Quebecers who are satisfied with bait-fishing have been able to enjoy it during the last month at their own doors. Smelt are so abundant at present, and have been for some time past, that it is no uncommon thing for small boys to take 20 to 30 dozen in the course of a single tide, fishing from one of the wharves in front of the city. At times these wharves are lined by fishermen, literally elbowing each other. It is surely no exaggeration to say that the little fish must be ascending the river by millions. Sometimes a lucky fisherman will lift them out of the water four and five at a time, for quite a number of hooks are often used.

Whitefish are also abundant at present in the vicinity of the city, and take bait freely, though occasionally the fisherman finds he has a pike-perch instead of a whitefish.

The tomcod is not yet very plentiful, but is usually quite abundant in the month of December, and Dr. Douglas, of New York, is perfectly true to nature in his new history of "New France in the New World," when he indicates the supply of these delicate little fish that were at the disposal of Jacques Cartier and his crews during the first part of the winter which he spent in the mouth of the St. Charles River here.

The opening up of newly made roads and portages through the woods from the neighborhood of Ste. Anne de Beaupré to Snow Lake and Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, makes it much more easy to reach these famous fishing waters and the hunting offered by the neighboring woods than it was when one had to travel by way of Stoneham and Tewkesbury and the old Lake St. John colonization road, which was the route followed some years ago by Mr. John Burroughs and party, as described in "The Halcyon in Canada."

Snow Lake is the headwaters of the Montmorency River, and Grand Lake Jacques Cartier feeds the river of the same name. From the magnificence, the size and the abundance of the fontinalis which inhabit those rivers, wherever they are not overfished, it is easy to believe the stories of successful fishing told by those who have visited the lakes in which they take their rise. Almost every year for some seasons past a few sportsmen have made the trip to the inland waters, and in almost every case they have brought back with them brook trout running from five to eight pounds apiece. The members of one party which ascended to Lake Jacques Cartier in the latter part of September appeared quite disappointed because their largest fish weighed but six pounds. The members of this party are true sportsmen and would not think of infringing the rule that permits fly-fishing only in the waters of the Laurentides National Park, in which the lake is situated, and are consequently under the impression that those who brought back so many of the larger fish in other seasons may have been less particular in regard to lures. There may be something in this contention, though I am rather inclined to the belief that the season was against the highest measure of success in fly-fishing last autumn, since my own experience in that month was that even in some of the best preserved waters in the country, the water was so hot and so low that the trout could scarcely be prevailed to rise to the fly at all, even in the very best of the season. In Snow Lake there are enormous lake trout as well as fontinalis, and some very large ones, exceeding 20 pounds in weight, were taken out of it by trolling during the summer and fall months. Big game is exceedingly plentiful in the country traversed to reach these beautiful lakes, and a number of excellent moose and caribou heads have been brought out of the woods during the last couple of months. Both the hunting and the fishing in the whole of that territory is controlled by the manager of the Kent House at Montmorency Falls, who has only recently had the roads and portages cut out, which furnish the new short cut to the interior of the park and the surrounding country. A caribou head secured by Manager Baker on a recent hunting expedition to the Snow Lake district had antlers 43 inches in length, and with a spread of 35 inches.

Many other fishermen who took their rifles with them into the woods at the opening of the hunting season, when starting for the September trout fishing, were lucky enough to get shots at big game. Several bears were shot by parties who hunted and fished in the latter part of September in the country northwest of Lake St. John, and a number of fair moose and caribou heads have been brought here from the neighborhood of Lake Edward by visiting sportsmen, as well as from the territories of the Triton and Tourilli clubs. Among those who were successful on the last named territory was Mr. McSloy, the president of the club.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Washington as an Angler.

The late George H. Moore, librarian of the Lenox Library, of New York, an erudite scholar and an authority of high standing respecting scarce Americana, was also a devoted angler, and out of the rich stores of his knowledge of men and things in the early days of our country's history he prepared a monograph entitled "Washington as an Angler, with Extracts from His Diaries, 1787-89." The study was dedicated to Grover Cleveland in 1887, in this neat way:

To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States:

It is known to me that there have been skillful fishermen, more than one, among the Chief Magistrates of the nation. Your immediate predecessor has left an unsurpassed record among them, and it is with no ordinary pleasure that those of us who profess the faith and follow the precepts of "The Complete Angler" have been assured that you are inclined to indulge in similar recreation betimes. No good fisherman was ever a bad man, and history will bear out the assertion that the best Presidents have been the best fishermen. No one of the many biographers of the first President of the United States has done justice to the character of Washington in this important feature, and the present publication of extracts from his diaries is intended to be a timely tribute to his fame as a man among men, a fisherman among fishermen, in which it will be no disparagement to you to share. In the first century of this nation's life he was the first and you have been called the last President. I trust that the beginning of the new era will find as good a fisherman as you are in office, and that the line may continue to stretch out, like that of the blood-boltered Banquo, till the crack of doom. George H. Moore.

Lenox Library, July, 1887.

To which Mr. Cleveland made response:

Executive Mansion, Washington, July 31, 1887.—Dr. George H. Moore: My Dear Sir—Please accept my thanks for the little book you sent me entitled "Washington as an Angler."

I am much pleased to learn that the only element of greatness heretofore unnoticed in the life of Washington is thus supplied.

I am a little curious to know whether the absence of details as to the result of his fishing is owing to bad luck, a lack of toleration of fish stories at that time among anglers, or to the fact that, even as to the number of fish he caught, the Father of his Country could not tell a lie. Yours very truly,

Grover Cleveland.

With which by way of preface we give Dr. Moore's presentation of George Washington in his character of angler:

Mr. Sparks, in his life of Washington, has mentioned the report of tradition that he displayed in his boyhood a passion for active sports and a fondness for athletic amusements which he did not relinquish in mature life. Other writers have repeated this general statement, but no one has pointed out his claim to be recognized as a "Brother of the Angle." Among his manuscripts hitherto unpublished he has left a very interesting record of his recreations at a period of his life when he was engaged in a service hardly less important to his country than that of his military career. Without him there would have been no United States to need a Constitution, and without him no Constitution would have been formed or established. He was the savior of his country in peace as well as in war. As President of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, in the summer of 1787, he was punctually in his place during the arduous deliberations of that renowned assembly. After a very close application to business for more than two months the convention appointed a committee of detail to whom they referred the results of their previous action, with orders to prepare and report them in the form of a constitution. The convention then adjourned on Thursday, the 26th day of July, until Monday, the 6th day of August, 1787.

It was duly reported in the newspapers of the day that on "Monday last [July 30, 1787] his Excellency General Washington set out for Moore Hall, in order to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge."

Moore Hall was the ancient stone mansion of William Moore, who has been characterized as "the most conspicuous and heroic figure in the county of Chester" in his day and generation. The building is still standing, overlooking the Schuylkill and, three miles distant, the Valley Forge. Judge Moore, who was born in 1699, died in 1783, leaving a widow who survived him several years. An advertisement in the Pennsylvania Gazette of Feb. 2, 1791, offered:

"Moore Hall. To be rented. Mansion house, farm and mill, in the township of Charlestown, in the county of Chester, situated on the River Schuylkill, distant twenty-three miles from Philadelphia. Two hundred acres. Mill on a never-failing stream called Pickering. Feb. 1, 1791."

This ancient homestead, known in 1787 as "the Widow Moore's," was the objective point of Gen. Washington's outing when he set out to visit his old quarters at the Valley Forge. What a flood of recollections must have overwhelmed him as he fulfilled this purpose and reviewed those scenes of past trials, sorrow and distress, in the great light of patriotic hope after the hours of triumph! The contrast must

MONUMENT TO GEORGE CORYELL, LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.
Photo by John A. Anderson.

have been more impressive than that presented in the suggestions of his visit to Lexington—neglected by historians—when, in his first vacation as President of the United States, he "viewed the spot on which the first blood was drawn in the late glorious war" where

> "Once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

But historic places and reminiscences were by no means the only thing in view upon the excursion—perhaps not the main thing. What it all was cannot be better told than in Gen. Washington's own brief, sententious records of each day:

"Monday, 30th July.—In company with Governor Morris went into the neighborhood of the Valley Forge to a Widow Moore's a-fishing, at whose house we lodged.

"Tuesday, 31st [July].—Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & Works of the American Army in the Winter of 1777-8, and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. & Mrs. Rob. Morris. Spent the day there fishing, &c., & lodged at same place.

"Wednesday, August 1.—Returned abt 11 o'clock with the above company to Philadelphia.

"Friday, 3d Aug. 1787.—Went up to Trenton on a Fishing Party with Mr. & Mrs. Robt. Morris & Mr. Govr. Morris. Dined and lodged at Colo Sam Ogden's. In the evening fished.

"Saturday, 4th [Aug., 1787].—In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished. Dined at Gen. Dickinson's and returned in the evening to Colo Ogden's.

"Sunday, 5th [Aug., 1787].—Dined at Colo Ogden's and about 4 o'clock set out for Philadelphia—halted an hour at Bristol and reached the city before 9 o'clock."

These were very notable fishing parties. The companions of Washington were old, tried and constant friends, always true and never found wanting.

Gouverneur Morris, of New York, one of the noblest of her sons, a great man and a good citizen, who could truly say that the welfare of his country was his single object during a conspicuous public career. He never sought, refused nor resigned an office, although there was no department of government in which he was not called to act; and it was the unvarying principle of his life that the interests of his country must be preferred to every other interest. Such a man was Gouverneur Morris, the inspired penman of the Federal Constitution.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, the great financier of the Revolution, whose services to his country have never been justly appreciated, for his biography has never been justly written.

Mrs. Robert Morris, whose charming face, in the most beautiful and well-preserved portrait of a woman ever painted by Gilbert Stuart, smiles on the vain effort of the writer to tell what is the real secret of its winning grace and lasting impression on every visitor to the gallery of the Lenox Library which is now its permanent home, and of which it is one of the principal ornaments.

The Widow Moore, the loyalty and devotion of whose husband is the best testimony to her merits. He has left the record in his will—"happy woman, a pattern of her sex, and worthy the relationship she bears to the Right Honorable and noble family from whence she sprang."

Gen. Philemon Dickinson, a distinguished officer of the New Jersey line, a brother of that famous writer and patriot who was the author of the "Farmer's Letters," both "Petitions to the King," and the "Declaration of the Continental Congress on taking up Arms in 1775."

Col. Samuel Ogden, the brother-in-law of Gouverneur Morris, and, like Dickinson, a worthy representative of that grand army of the Revolution, whose practical lessons of disinterested patriotism are so full of wisdom and rich in instruction to every true-hearted American.

Truly this was a goodly company for any place or pursuit, with much of profitable entertainment therein for all concerned. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether anything recorded in the annals of angling anywhere can challenge it for distinction, all things considered. Certainly no American fishing party hitherto described can vie with it, for a moment, in historical interest and importance.

Another fishing excursion is mentioned in a later diary of Washington. When he made his great northern and western tour, already alluded to in 1789, Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, was the extreme point of his journey. While he was there he was taken out to view the harbor, and to try his skill and luck in salt water. On Monday, Nov. 2, they went down to the outer harbor beyond the fort and the lighthouse, where, as he says himself:

"Having lines, we proceeded to the Fishing

LOST DOGS

From the original painting by Otto von Thoren, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington

ROOSEVELT CUP RACES—TILLY AND WANNSEE FOULED

Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Jackson

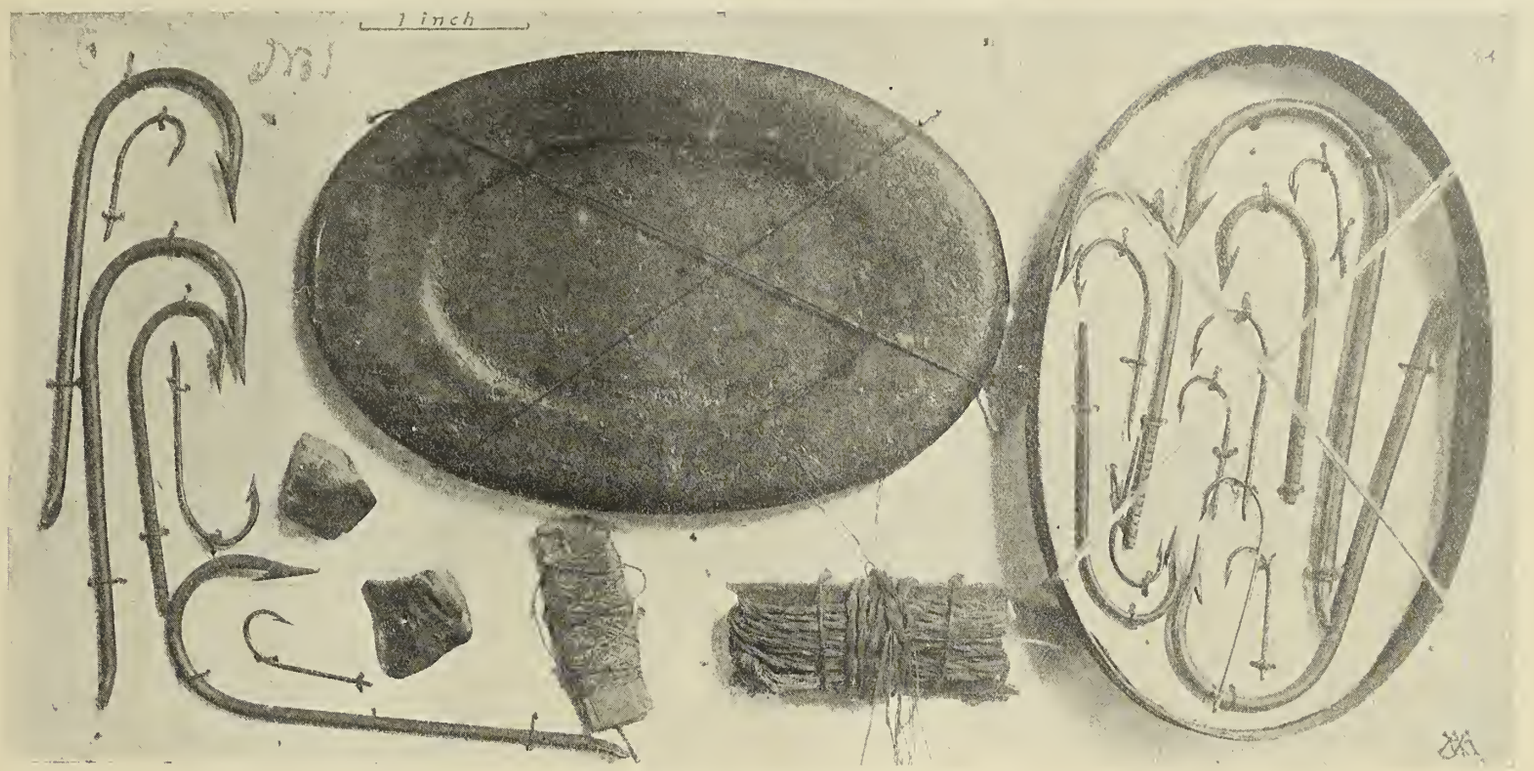
Copyright, 1898, by Geo. Shiras 3d

EXPECTATION

Flashlight by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d

WILD BOARS IN A GERMAN FOREST

From a painting by Carl Zimmermann



WASHINGTON'S FISHING TACKLE.
Photo copyright, 1906, by John A. Anderson.

Banks a little without the Harbor and fished for Cod, but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with w'ch, about 1 o'clock, we returned to town."

His visit to Lexington, to which I have alluded, took place on his return toward New York. He had intended to go to that historic locality while he was yet in Boston, but on the day appointed, Monday, Oct. 26, his record is:

"The day being Rainy and Stormy, myself much disordered by a cold and inflamation in the left eye, I was prevented from visiting Lexington, where the first blood in the dispute with G. Brit'n was drawn."

Returning from Portsmouth, he left that place on Wednesday, the 4th of November, passing through Exeter, Haverhill, and Andover, where on the 5th he was received and escorted by the Hon. Samuel Phillips, Jr., President of the Senate of the town. He made a short visit to Mr. Phillips, who attended him as far as Lexington, where they "dined and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with G. B. on the 19th of April, 1775." His further route was continued through Watertown, and by what was known as "the middle road" to Hartford, Conn. He arrived in New York on Friday, the 13th November.

Future research may or may not reveal particulars of these fishings in the Schuylkill and the Delaware or their tributary streams, the character and weight of the catch, the methods of the sport in those days, and all the incidents which crowd such fleeting hours of charming recreation. I am content to have been the first to claim for George Washington his rightful place as an angler—a genuine disciple of Izaak Walton.

Washington's Fishing Tackle.

By courtesy of Mr. John A. Anderson we are permitted to give the accompanying illustrations of treasured relics of Washington, which are in possession of a nephew, Mr. Torbert Coryell, of Lambertville, N. J. Mr. Anderson sends us the following description of the tackle and something of its history:

The relics consist of a number of fish hooks, some silk thread, a piece of hair line and some bits of wax, with the box originally containing them.

This box, with the contents, was presented by General Washington to his physician, Dr. James Craik, by whom they were presented to George Coryell, of Alexandria, Va. The latter gave them to his nephew, Lewis S. Coryell, of New Hope, Bucks county, Pa., in April, 1810, from whom, at his death, they came to his son Martin Coryell, by whom they were mounted in the manner shown in the photograph. Upon his death they came into the possession of his son Torbert.

The box is oval, of japanned sheet iron, 4⅛ inches long, 3 inches wide and ¾ of an inch deep, being of size and shape convenient for the pocket. There are nineteen hooks, varying in length from 3 inches to ¾ of an inch. The most of them have the shank flattened at the end. Some have the shank plain and roughened, and one has a ring for attaching the line. The hair line is but a short piece. A note by Lewis S. Coryell, with the articles, states that some of the hair was given to a friend.

George Coryell, to whom these articles were given by Dr. Craik, was acquainted with Washington and was a member of the same Masonic lodge with him. He was born at Coryell's Ferry, now Lambertville, N. J. He was a worker in iron and upon Washington's seeing in Philadelphia a gateway which he had made for Benjamin Franklin was invited by Washington to take up his residence and his calling at Alexandria. The closing years of his life were spent at Coryell's Ferry. His remains lie in the ground attached to the Presbyterian Church of that place, the spot being marked by a modest monument, bearing the following inscriptions:

East side:
Here lies the body of George Coryell who died February 18th, 1850, aged 91 years.

South side:
The poet has told his character,
"A wit's a feather, a chief a rod,
An honest man the noblest work of God."

West side:
A brother member with Gn. Washington of Lodge No. 22.

North side:
The last survivor of the six men who laid the Father of our Country in his Tomb.

The last inscription is slightly erroneous. Upon the occasion of the funeral of Washington there were six colonels of the Virginia militia designated as pall bearers and four lieutenants for carrying the bier, bearing the body from the mansion to the family vault. One of the latter, Lieut. William Moss, being a delicate man, gave way under the weight and Mr. Coryell took his place. Mr. Corvell did survive the six pall bearers, but outlived only one of the men with whom he was associated in carrying the remains.

The Coryell family was of Huguenot descent and settled at and established Coryell's Ferry in 1732-33. Washington, with portions of the Patriot Army, was at least twice at this point, on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, where the dwelling which he occupied is still pointed out. On the Pennsylvania side of the river is New Hope, also formerly known as Coryell's Ferry. Here and in the vicinity the army under Washington was encamped prior to the movement which resulted in the crossing a few miles below and the victory at Trenton on Christmas Day, 1776.

A Visitor from the Tropics.

New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* A short time since, while walking along the shore at my summer home near here, I discovered in a pool left by the receding tide, a small fish of which I would like to learn something. I annex a crude sketch with dimensions. In color it was a bright scarlet. The fins are almost transparent, and of a pearly color. The scales were quite minute. The eyes, after placing them in a pail of water in the dark, shone like phosphorus. I should imagine it a deep sea fish from tropical waters. F. S. P.

[The fish inquired about is the *Pseudopriacanthus altus* (Gill). Descriptions of this fish can be found in Oceanic Ichthyology, p. 242, fig. 239 and 240, in Bulletin 47, U. S. Nat. Mus. p. 1239, pl. CXCV., fig. 512, and elsewhere. The largest specimen of this fish observed on our east coast was eleven inches long, and was taken at Charleston, S. C. Small individuals are occasionally caught near Narrangansett and Buzzard's Bay. The red or crimson color of the body, and the large glowing eyes, are characteristic of this beautiful species. As suggested, the fish comes from tropical writers, its home being in the West Indies.]

Restocking Maine Waters.

Sportsmen who maintain summer cottages or camps in Maine are elated at the activity of the Federal fish hatchery men, who have been stocking the principal lakes with young trout. Several special fish cars have been operated since mid-November, and it is understood that the work will be continued as long as practicable this season.

YACHTING

Cigarette.

We publish this week the very interesting plans of the steam yacht Cigarette, designed in 1905 by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page, of Boston, for Mr. William H. Ames, also of Boston. After two seasons of service, the boat has proved all she was intended to be by her owner and designers. Cigarette is very similar to Visitor in many respects, though it is more in the type than in appearance. Visitor, which is owned by Mr. Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, has less power, and is therefore less speedy, but is perhaps better adapted to cruising, having a somewhat smaller draft of water.

Cigarette has many of the general characteristics of the torpedo boat. Built of steel, of fair breadth, her sheer is long and straight, and with practically no overhang forward. The stern is finished in the popular canoe stern form, i. e., sharp. The deck erections consist of only casings, hatches, skylights and ventilators, the two stacks and light military mast give her a fast appearance and rakishness, which has been maintained in her actual speed on the trial course at Provincetown, which she covered at the rate of 23 miles per hour. Under one boiler, steaming easily, Cigarette, in moderate weather, can keep up a 16½-mile-an-hour gait, which is certainly fast for cruising. However, the conditions of her service require speed for conveying her owner expeditiously from place to place.

The arrangement below decks, from the bow aft, includes: First, the fore peak, fitted to receive the cable; next, the crew's toilet and the forecastle, which is fitted with the usual pipe berths for six men; on the starboard after end the master's cabin is located. Aft the full width of the ship is located a galley, with stove, sink, ice-box and store spaces. Abaft the galley on the port side is a toilet room, stair to deck and a large dining room, fitted with sofas and sideboard. The room is lighted and ventilated by port lights and skylights. The arrangement in this part of the ship is good, as it gives the steward and cook a convenient place to work, and both the dining saloon and forecastle are within easy reach. The dining saloon may be, in case of need, converted into a sleeping apartment. Large water tanks are located under the floors. Aft of the dining saloon is situated the boiler and engine rooms, separated by steel bulkheads. The engines are located between two boilers of the Lewley water-tube type. Coal bunkers are located on each side of the boilers, and have a capacity sufficient for a radius of action of 600 miles at half speed. The engine is of the triple expansion type, developing 850 horsepower at their maximum number of revolutions. The engine is fitted up to the usual condenser feed and air pumps. Ventilation, skylights and hatches are fitted in the casing, which is raised about 9in. above the rest of the deck. Aft of the engine and boiler space and separated from it by a steel bulkhead, are situated the owner's quarters. These quarters consist of, first, on starboard side, a bathroom and toilet, opening directly from the owner's stateroom; on the port side is located a large store room, fitted as a clothes press, with ample lockers. The owner's stateroom extends clear across the ship and is fitted with two beds, lockers and drawers. From the owner's room a door leads into a passage, on the port side of which is located a toilet room, to starboard a linen press. Aft again, situated on each side of the passage, there are two guest rooms. The passage terminates in the companion steps which lead through a large sliding hatch to a comfortable cockpit. Under the cockpit is a large storage space for trunks, a water tank and the steering gear. The joiner work is very well and tastefully carried out in different woods.

Cigarette is fitted with the usual equipment of small boats, required for a vessel of her size. The hull is built entirely of steel, and was built at the works of the Geo. Lawley & Son, South Boston.

The plans of Cigarette are very interesting at this time, as this year there are a number of orders already placed, and the boats under construction of this type, of late years have become very popular.

Cigarette's dimensions:

Length—	
Over all	121ft. 9in.
Waterline	117ft. 3in.
Overhang—	
Forward	6in.
Aft	4ft.
Breadth, extreme	14ft. 7in.
Draft	4ft. 7in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	6ft. 4in
Least	4ft. 1in.
Aft	4ft. 4in.
Indicated horsepower	850
Speed trial	23 miles
Lawley boilers	2
Construction, steel.	

The size of quarters are as follows: Cockpit, 10ft.; two quarter staterooms, 7ft. 3in. long; toilet, 3ft. wide; owner's cabin, 7ft. 6in.; bath, 6ft. long; engine space, 33ft.; dining saloon, 11ft.; steerage, 3ft. 6in.; galley, 6ft.; captain's room, 6ft. 3in.; forecastle, 13ft. long.

British Letter.

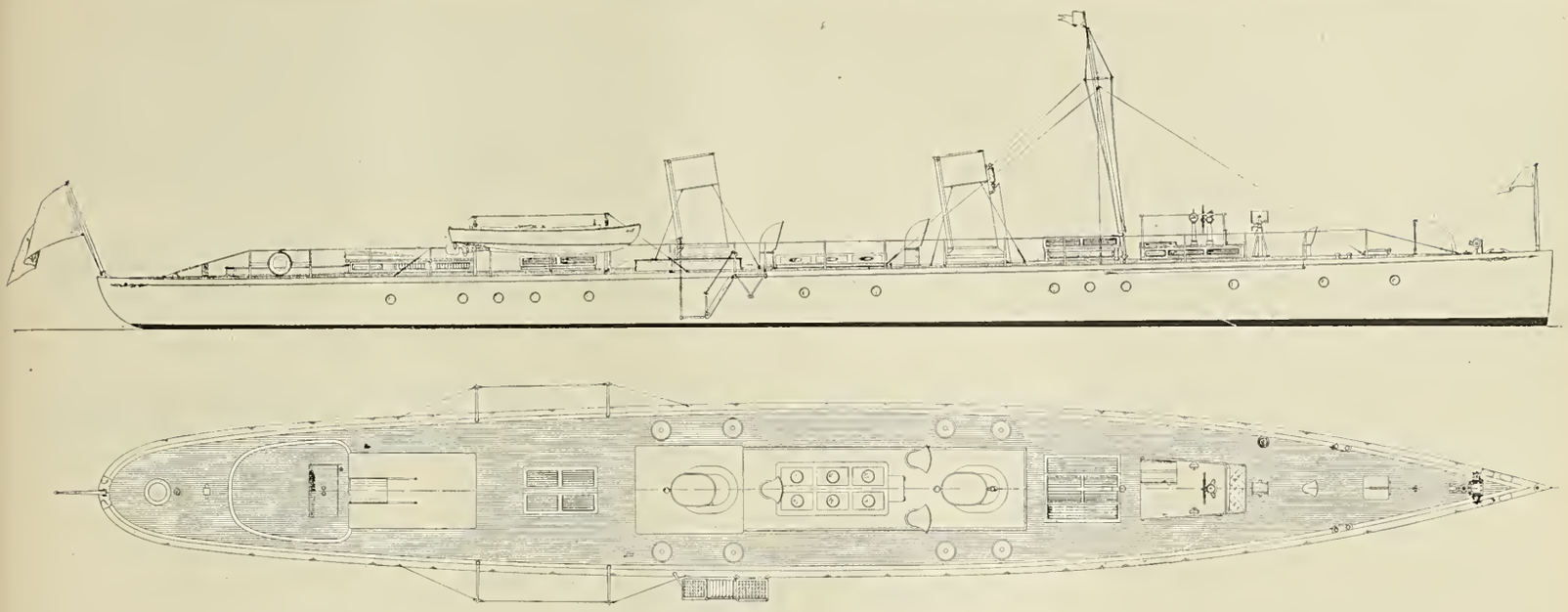
Yachting in Great Britain, and in fact the sport throughout Europe, has been in a transient condition during the last twelve months. We began the year with the International Conference upon yacht measurement, which was held in London, in January. Eleven nations were represented: Austria-Hungary, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, the latter country having some small class racing on Lake Geneva. The task of making a uniform rating rule for the whole of Europe, which was before the nations, appeared a hopeless one at the outset, but after a most elaborate debate lasting for five days continuously, the conference adjourned, having practically agreed upon a rule, for five months to think the matter over. All the delegates except those of Italy and Switzerland met again in London in June, when the uniform rule of yacht measurement was finally agreed upon and adopted by all the countries represented. The members of the conference were almost entirely yacht owners, but they represented both the practical and theoretical side of yachting, each country was allowed to bring to the conference any number of naval architects and professional advisers they thought fit. While these gentlemen gave their advice freely they had no power to vote, and the deliberations of the conference were held in private. The leading yacht designers in the British Isles, Mr. Wm. Fife, Mr. C. Nicholson, Mr. I. M. Soper, and Mr. Alfred Mylne were in attendance, and in addition to the conference on the measurement rule, they met the surveyors of Lloyds Register of Shipping, which body in conjunction with the Germanischer Lloyd, and the Bureau Veritas proceeded to draw up an entirely new set of tables specially compiled to suit the yachts built with the intention of racing in the new international classes. The yachts so built will be classed "R" instead of under the old Lloyd's classification "A." So it will be seen the state of yachting in Europe has in the last year undergone a great change. In future we are to have one rating rule and a uniform table of scantlings for each class, from the biggest, 23 meters or 75.4 feet linear rating, down to the smallest, 5 meters or 16.4 feet linear rating. I hear that in France the rating rule will be adopted on Jan. 1. 1907. In England, except for one or two small classes in which there are existing boats, the rule will be in force on the same date, but unfortunately in Germany there are so many existing boats that the Deutscher Segler Verband, the German Y. R. A., cannot see their way to bring the new rule in until Jan. 1, 1908. The interest taken by British and Continental yacht owners in the work of the conference can scarcely be overstated, and the prevailing opinion is that while the new rating rule is pretty sure to foster a good type of yacht and so produce sport, the scantling regulations will do far more to encourage owners to build racing yachts than any other piece of practical legislation hitherto adopted by the governing bodies. For years there has been an outcry against matchbox construction decks, and skins have been getting thinner and causing general discomfort, but any attempt to frame scantling rules has been met by the old cry, "You are hampering the designers and stifling invention." Men protest that the Y. R. A. could not carry into practical effect their scantling rules, even if they published tables without a staff of yacht surveyors, while they freely proclaimed that Lloyds knew nothing about the construction of sailing yachts. These difficulties were, however, eventually overcome, for it was found that the three leading classification societies of England, France and Germany were quite ready to consult with the principal yacht designers of each nation, and draft an entirely new set of scantling rules for the International classes. These rules are now complete, and although at the time of writing they have not been made public—I have myself seen all the details—and I am convinced they will prove an immense boon to yachting and will be received with satisfaction by owners, builders and designers.

At the conclusion of the second session International conference, in London in June, it was quite evident that there were some minor details connected with the working of the rule and the "Instructions to Measurers" which must be left in the hands of a committee. Accordingly a permanent committee consisting of an English, French, German and Scandinavian delegate was appointed and a meeting was held in Berlin in October. I had the honor, on this occasion, with the other members of the committee of being received in audience by the German Emperor at Potsdam, His Majesty having invited us to the palace to learn, personally, from our chairman, Mr. Augustus Manning, the particulars of the new yacht measurement.

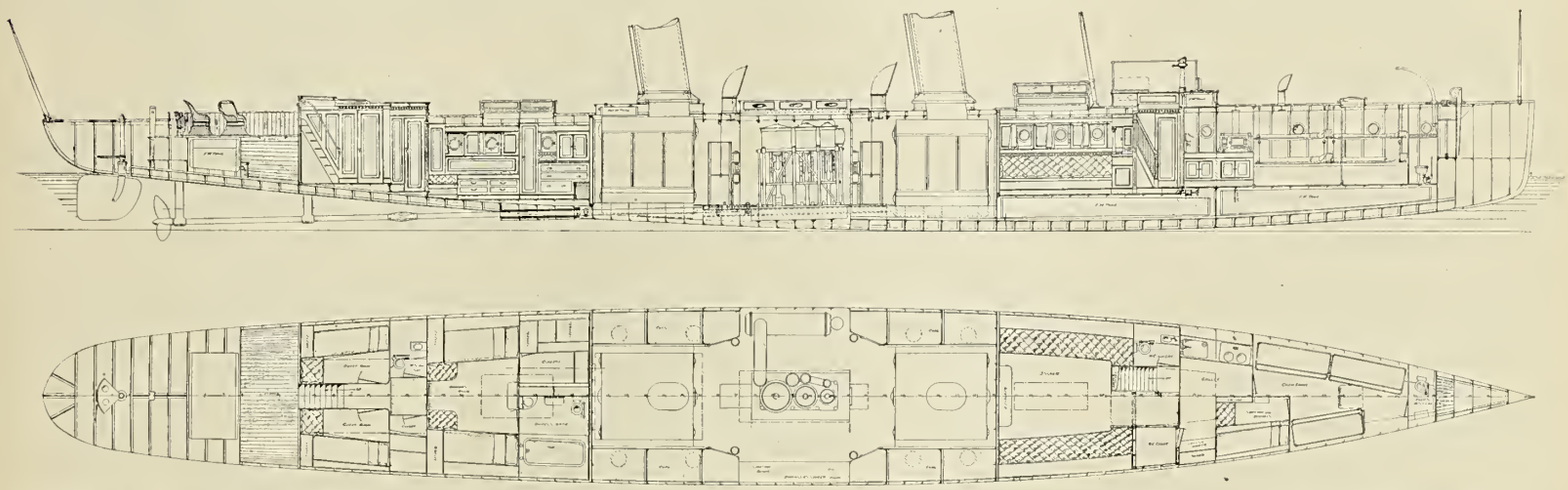
The Emperor was very well acquainted with all the details of the rule and discussed the various points in a way which showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of them. He was particularly interested in the effort of the conference to encourage pure class racing and strongly commended the abolition of time allowance in all the International classes. In future, it should be noted there will be no time allowance or rig allowances between new boats in the International classes. These classes will be:

75.4	feet	or 23	meters
62.3	feet	or 19	meters
49.2	feet	or 15	meters
39.4	feet	or 12	meters
32.8	feet	or 10	meters
29.5	feet	or 9	meters
26.2	feet	or 8	meters
23.0	feet	or 7	meters
19.7	feet	or 6	meters
16.4	feet	or 5	meters

This rule practically makes it compulsory that all racing yachts up to 75.4 feet will be cutters, or



CIGARETTE—ELEVATION AND DECK PLAN.



CIGARETTE—STEAM YACHT—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN. Designed by Swasey, Raymond & Page, for Mr. Wm. H. Ames, of Boston.

CIGARETTE—STEAM YACHT.
Designed by Swasey, Ramond & Page, for Mr. Wm. H. Ames.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

of course, in the small classes the usual standing lug may still hold its own; schooners and yawls, however, will have no chance in any of these classes. The German Emperor said he did not anticipate building a 23 meter—and added, as a grandfather his days of cutter racing were over—but he was much gratified with the new regulations passed by the permanent committee with regard to class A. This class is for all vessels above 23 meters or 75.4 feet. These regulations are briefly as follows: (1) The yachts will have to be built according to Lloyds rules—not the new "R" classification, but the "A." (2) No cutters will be allowed to compete. (3) Schooners, ketches and yawls will sail as 0.88 of their rating. (4) The time allowance will be four seconds per meter of rating per nautical mile. (5) That clubs may divide the A class into two sections. I. above 23 meters and not above 27 meters. II. above 27 meters. This class would, of course, include all such vessels as Ingomar, Meteor, Hamburg; and yachtsmen in America should take special note that after Jan. 1, 1908, matches will be given for this class at Kiel which would be particularly suitable for some of the faster American schooners.

In England the effect of the new legislation is already being felt. Designers are hard at work on new boats, and I hear that they are likely to be a splendid type. Mr. Myles Kennedy, the well-known owner of Maid Marion and White Heather, has ordered a 23 meter cutter, and Sir James Pender, who had Brynhild, and last year

Kariad, has also given an order for a cutter of this class. Fife is designing for Mr. Kennedy and Nicholson for Sir James Pender, while Kariad—the last of the "big cutters"—is being broken up. The new 23 meter boats will be magnificent ships—faster on level terms that the old Britannia type, yet more compact—a cutter with about a 76ft. waterline, 21ft. beam, 14ft. draft, between 8,500 and 9,000 sq. ft. of sail, classed by the new rules and planked with 2¼ inch mahogany, will be a vessel worth having; the main-boom—always the trouble in a big cutter—will run about 83 feet, whereas that of the Prince of Wales' cutter Britannia was 90 feet, and the German Emperor's cutter Meteor II. 96 feet. These were rather unwieldy vessels for racing and the new 75.4's will probably be more popular. In the smaller classes I hear that Fife has an order for a 49.2 boat which will be practically the same size as the Herreshoff cutter Sonya, which was racing here in the 52ft. class last season; so even before the scantling tables have made their first appearance in public the designers have begun work under the new rule. They cannot, strictly speaking, commence building until the tables are published, but as the tables of scantlings are practically the outcome of the designers' own proposals they probably have a pretty accurate idea of the final figures. At any rate, it is said that 2¼ inch mahogany is to be the stuff for the new racing cutters, and this is good sound material to battle with all weathers round the coast.

Last season's racing is now merely of academic interest. There was only one Herreshoff boat racing in British waters, namely Sonya, and she was at the bottom of her class, the result in the 52ft. class being:

	Firsts.	Other Prizes.	Total.
Britomart	19	10	29
Moyana	16	13	29
Sonya	8	6	14

There is no time allowance in the class, and the first past the post is the winner. Britomart, sailed by her owner Mr. W. P. Burton, is slightly better than either of the others. She is designed by Mylne. The Herreshoff boat is weatherly, but rather slow reaching, and it is fair to say she is not so well handled as the others. This may well be said without any discredit to Mr. Turner Farley because her rivals, Mr. Burton and Mr. Leuchars, who owns Moyana, are second to none in yacht sailing and handling in England at the present time.

In the big cutter class the most successful yacht of the year has been the 80.0 linear rater Nyria, designed by Nicholson and owned by Mr. R. W. N. Young. This vessel, which is very strongly built and classed A at Lloyds won seventeen first prizes in an open class against White Heather and Kariad. The Fife boat, White Heather, stood a good second with fifteen firsts, while the old racer Kariad, designed by the late George Lennox Watson in 1900, which was bought and fitted out this year by Sir James Pender, in a season of thirty-nine matches, only won one first prize. Sir James, as I have said, has now broken her up, and is using part of her lead keel and some of her cabin fittings in the new racing cutter he is building for the 23 meter class for next year. B. Heckstall Smith.

New York Y. C. Meeting.

The nominating committee of the New York Y. C. has ended its labors and has arranged the ticket of officers for 1907 which will be voted upon at the December meeting of the club. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt will remain at the head of the club. The Vice Commodore, Mr. Henry Walters, who has had the post since 1903, will retire in favor of Mr. A. Curtis James. Mr. James is a well-known cruising man, and with his brother owns the auxiliary half brig Aloha, which is almost as well known on foreign coasts as she is at home.

Mr. F. F. Brewster, the owner of Elmina II., will succeed Mr. Seymour L. Husted, Jr., as rear commodore. The interests of the racing men will be in good keeping with Mr. Brewster, who raced so persistently his Elmina last summer against Queen. Mr. Geo. A. Cormack, the secretary, and Mr. Tarrant Putnam, will remain in their present positions.

Prof. Chas. Lane Poor, of Columbia University, succeeds Mr. Francis W. Belknap as measurer. Prof. Poor is a keen racing man, until lately being the owner of Mira. He is interested in the movement to form a naval and astronomical museum in New York. Prof. Poor will bring to the office of measurer of the club talents which have for so long been the basis of his keen enthusiasm. To the committee on admissions has been added the name of Mr. Geo. A. Armour.

The library committee will be entirely composed of new men as follows: Mr. Grenville Kane, Nelson Macy, James A. Metcalf. The ticket complete is as follows:

Commodore, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Vice-Commodore, A. Curtis James; Rear-Commodore, Frederick F. Brewster; Secretary, George A. Cormack; Treasurer, Tarrant Putnam; Regatta Committee, H. de B. Parsons, Ernest E. Lorillard and Walter C. Kerr; Measurer, Charles Lane Poor; House Committee, Thomas A. Bronson, Hunter Wykes and George A. Freeman; Committee on Admissions, Henry C. Ward, Edward F. Whitney, Alexander S. Cochran, George A. Adee and George A. Armour; Library Committee, Grenville Kane, Nelson Macy and James A. Metcalf; Model Committee, A. Bradlee Hunt, Paul E. Stevenson and James D. Sparkman; Committee on Club Stations and Anchorages (the flag officers ex-officio), Augustus C. Tyler, Alfred C. Harrison, Cord Meyer, Charles Lane Poor, Henry H. Rogers, Henry C. Ward, J. Harvey Ladew, Maximilian Agassiz, William H. Thomas, William Lanman Bull and Paul G. Thebaud.

Meeting of the Motor Boat Club.

A large number of the members of the Motor Boat Club of America were present at the annual meeting held at the Hotel Manhattan on Wednesday evening. After the routine business had been disposed of the election took place, the following were chosen by unanimous vote. Commodore, Edward J. Schroeder; Vice-Commodore, Joseph H. Hoadley; Rear-Commodore, Seymour Oppenheimer, M. D.; Secretary, Hugh S. Gambel; Treasurer, Charles Francis. Members of Board of Governors, class of 1909, Messrs. John D. Roach and Louis Neumann, M.D.; class of 1908, Messrs. E. A. Stevens, Jr., and Charles Boucher; class of 1907 to fill vancancy, Mr. Frank D. Gheen. After being escorted to the chair the commodore made a short address in which he made known the fact that Dixie would represent the club at the Lake Worth regatta this winter and that he also intended sending her abroad endeavoring to secure the Harmsworth trophy now held by England. Addresses were also made by the other officers and were in substance that every effort was to be put forth to make the club a success. Assurances received by the officers from the members of their support showed plainly that the club would make great strides during the coming year in the matter of membership and in the sport of motor boating. The club has now ninety members, and at this meeting nine life memberships were taken out. In order that everyone who chooses might become members, and the fact that the club has only had a station or temporary quarters, the dues were reduced from $50 to $35 and the initiation fee suspended for an indefinite period.

In all probability these reductions will only be in vogue until the club secures its permanent quarters which will be on the Hudson River, the exact location for the present being withheld, but it has been stated authoritatively that the location is one easily accessible, and one that members owning automobiles might visit the club house grounds instead of being compelled to leave their cars at some distance away. The club house question is one which will receive the immediate attention of the Board of Governors when they meet. It is expected that the house will be ready for occupancy at or shortly after the opening of the season of 1907. There was an informal talk in relation to racing rules, and it was the general opinion that radical changes were necessary for the benefit of the

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The author has taken two designs for practical demonstration, one of a centerboard boat 19ft. waterline, and the other a cruising cutter of 22ft. waterline. Both designs show fine little boats which are fully adapted to American requirements. Full instructions, even to the minutest detail, are given for the building of both these boats. The information is not confined to these yachts alone; they are merely taken as example; but what is said applies to all wooden yacht building according to the best and most approved methods.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Gas Engines and Launches.
Their Principles, Types and Management. By Francis K. Grain. 132 pages. Price, $1.25.
Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

sport and an effort would now be made by a committee of the Jamestown International Motor Boat Carnival Committee to this end, and that if that committee decided on a new rule, the changes made meeting the necessary requirements of a better rule, that the club would in all probability be asked to adopt them.

Lake Worth Races.

The Palm Beach Power Boat Association has announced the schedule of the racing which will take place at Lake Worth, from Jan. 29 to Feb. 1 inclusive. The classification is as follows:

I.—Below 80ft. rating. II.—Above 80ft. rating. III.—All boats. IV.—Under 35ft. waterline. V.—Over 35ft. waterline. VI.—All lengths.

The programme includes two five-mile races for Class I. on Jan. 29; a five and a ten-mile race for Class II. and a ten-mile race for Class III. On Jan. 30 a five and a ten-mile race for Classes I. and IV., two ten-mile races for Classes II. and V., and a fifteen-mile race for Classes III. and VI. are offered. On Jan. 31 two five-mile races for Class IV., two five-mile races for Class V., and a five and a fifteen-mile race for Class VI. will take place. Feb. 1 will be given over to a five-mile consolation race, two six trial events at one mile, and an endurance run.

The races are under the management of the Executive Committee, including W. Gould Brokaw, Lieut. Hugh L. Willoughby, J. S. Clarke, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., A. D. Proctor Smith, James K. Clarke, H. L. Bowden, and George E. Andrews, and under the personal direction of Theodore D. Wells of the Atlantic Y. C.

Last week Mr. Garfield Chard and Mr. Sidney Stokes sailed from Greenwich, Conn., for the St. John River, Florida, 1,200 miles distant. Their boat, called the Teal, 30ft. long, schooner rigged, fitted with a small cabin, is well provisioned for the long trip, which is expected to end about Christmas time. The journey down the coast should be safely accomplished. There are one or two long stretches of beach, but for the passages the weather will have to be watched. Mr. Chard is a good man in a boat, having spent much time in small boats, and last summer was syord fishing about Nantucket and Block Island, a good school for the sailorman. When the St. John River is reached a number of expeditions are planned after game and fish.

The power houseboat Whileaway has been sold by Mr. J. H. Carpenter, of Ossining, N. Y., to Mr. James L. Hutchinson, of the N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York. Whileaway was built in 1904, measures 61ft. over all, 17ft. beam and 3ft. draft, equipped with 25 horsepower Standard engine. Mr. Hutchinson has taken the boat to Norfolk, where she will winter and undergo alterations next spring being used about the Jamesations next spring, being used about the Jamestown Exposition and cruising in the North Carolina sounds and Chesapeake Bay, arriving in Shelter Island, her home port, about the first of June.

Mr. Hutchinson also owns the well-known power yacht Skylark.

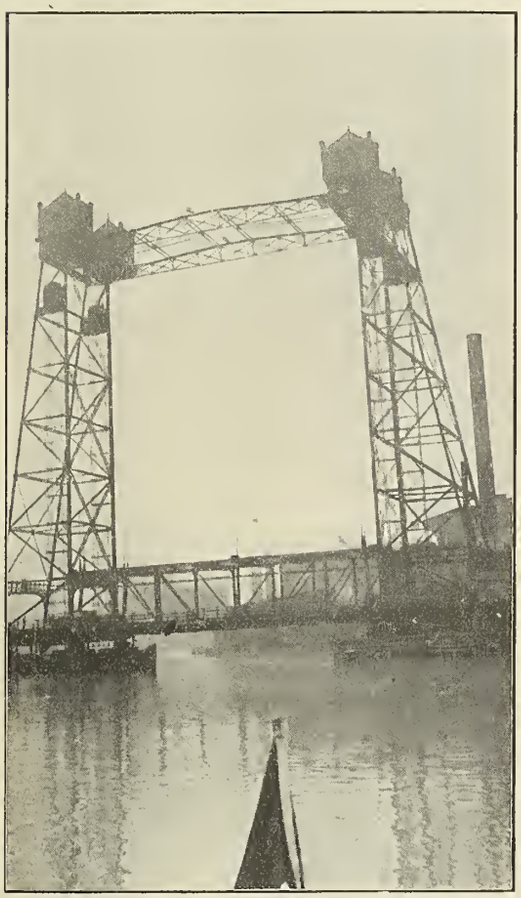
AN A. B.

An "A.B." or able seaman's duties are both legally and by custom defined by three expressions, "hand," "reef" and "steer," to which custom, at least, in the words of the immortal "Pinafore," might add that he is "never, never sick at sea." If he can perform the three duties before enumerated, which means furling or making fast sails, reefing them and steering the ship, his wages cannot be reduced for incompetency. Yet these things are the A, B, C of seamanship only. A good seaman is able to make all the various knots, splices and other manipulations in hempen or wire rope without which a ship cannot be rigged; he can make a sail, send up or down yards or masts, and do many other things, the sum total of which needs several years of practice and experience. With the disappearance of sail before steam such seamen are fast becoming extinct, and are almost totally unnecessary in modern steamships, except when the engines fail in a gale of wind or when the ship is otherwise in peril, and it becomes necessary to launch the boats.—Pacific Marine Review.

The Cruise of the "Keen Kutter."

From Michigan to St. Louis in a 40ft Launh, Covering Five Hundred and Seventy-seven Miles in Five Days.

The object of the writer is not so much to exploit the adventures and pleasures of four congenial men, as it is to awaken enthusiasm concerning the most healthful and enjoyable sport of cruising among St. Louisans, as it applies especially to the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. Unless one is especially interested in natural cures for chronic indigestion, insomnia, nervousness and bad disposition, they should read no further. If they are interested, and especially in the pleasures to be derived while seeking out these cures, this article may be of some interest.



THE BRIDGE WHICH SLIDES UP AND DOWN.

Before elaborating on the beauties of the great Lake Michigan in its fury, the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, it seems opportune to present a brief itinerary of the trip, which briefly is as follows: From Muskegon to Chicago across Lake Michigan, then through that most remarkable of rivers, the Chicago River, the once busy Illinois and Michigan canals, and, by the way, one can almost imagine they see Garfield "riding a mule" with a book in his hand, and also hear the cursing of the canal boat captains and altercations of the lock tenders most anywhere along this unnavigated, artificial stream; then into the Illinois River at La Salle, 224 miles from its mouth, down the Illinois through its pretty villages and under its many railroad bridges, until it empties into the great Mississippi at Grafton, 41 miles from St. Louis; then winding your way between dikes, sandbars and "bad navigators" of motor launches, past the interesting Chain of Rocks Reservoir, with the great, big intake tower rising up out of the center of the river like a phantom at night, with two big, red lights, which look like fiery eyes of a monster throughout the darkness, to St. Louis, which makes a trip of about 577 miles.

Our party consisted of four congenial and,

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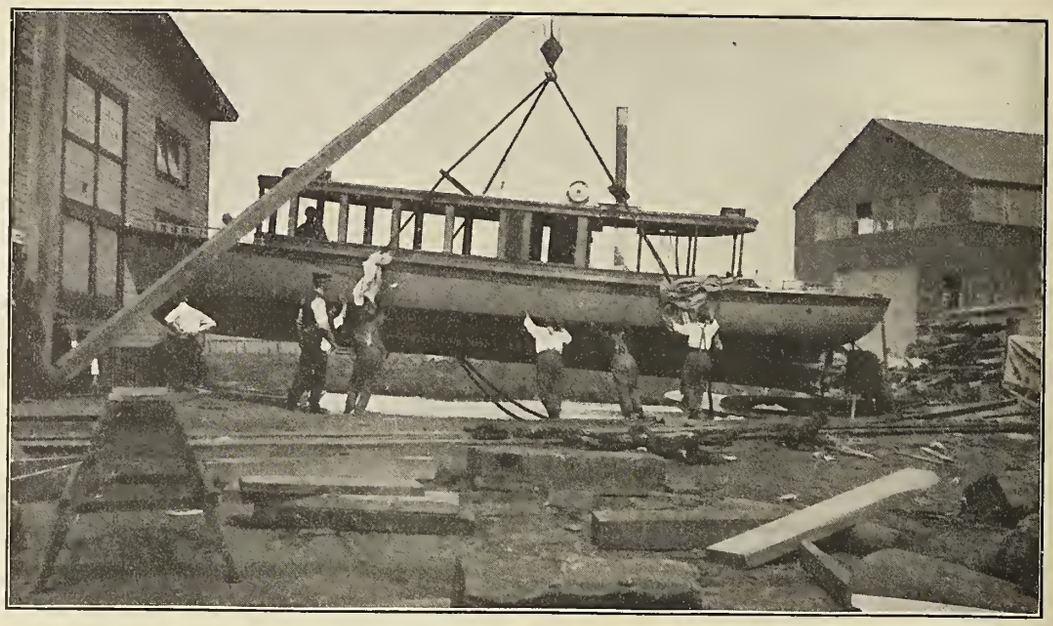
under ordinary circumstances, "cheery men," not generally afraid of man, the elements, or the devil; but I say without fear or gainsay, that while the great Lake Michigan has no fear for any of us—at least it has its terrors for two, because a bad case of seasickness laid its tremendous hold on George and Fred to such an extent that even during the gale they were not interested to know or care whether the life boat was on board. or the engine needed oiling. I can even now see poor Fred trying with all his force of character and physical culture to explain to me at that critical time the difference between the carburetor and the clutch.

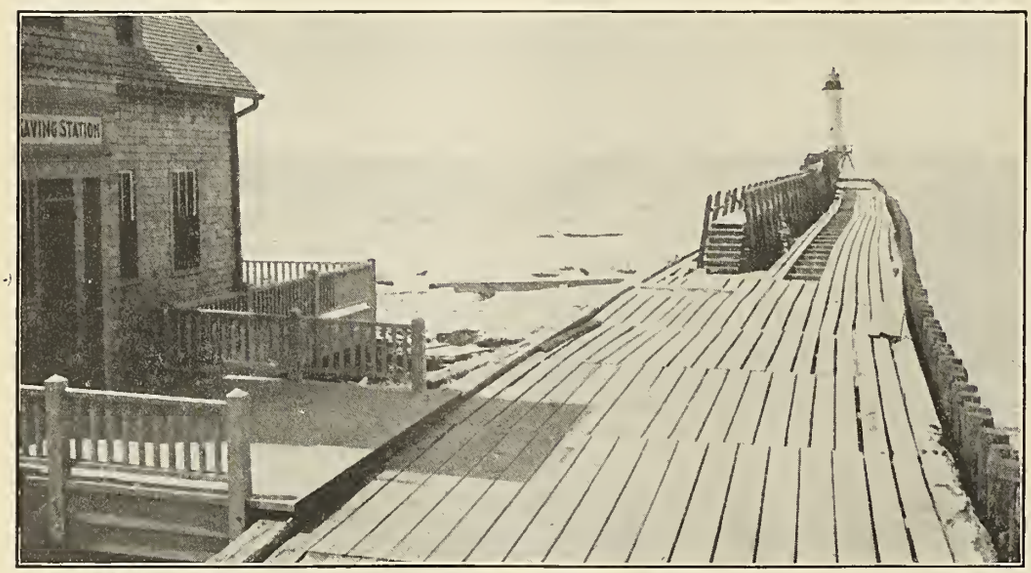
While we were in Muskegon, one of these extraordinary June storms gathered up a whole lot of fury, way down in the southwestern States somewhere, and started in a "bee-line" for Chicago, selecting a northeasterly course across the lake, trying its very best to head us off and break up our journey; and we amused ourselves one entire afternoon trying to persuade the barometer to rise one point. Finally that rise of one point occurred about 8 o'clock Thursday evening, June 7, and we crossed Muskegon Bay so as to tie up in the channel at the life saving station, through which the steamers pass out into the Great Lakes. We reached our anchorage there about 11:30, and by the time we tied our boat (and smashed a window pane of glass in doing so, because a stringer on a pier would get in our way), smoked our pipes, spun our yarns—in true sailor fashion—we turned in, to use the proper "tar" expression, at 1:00 A. M., and in spite of all our efforts that barometer would not rise, and it was blowing good and hard.

Friday morning found the weather no better—



JUST GETTING WET.

sure to follow. Thus it was, from top to bottom and from bottom to top, but our good, true launch coming right side down every time. Now this boat was not built for ocean traveling, and the mass of broken crockery, glassware, edibles, etc., which we threw overboard, not to



LIFE SAVING STATION, MUSKEGON HARBOR.

176 miles. In about an hour those great, black clouds, which mean wind and plenty of it to the mariner, rose very rapidly out of the horizon ahead of us, and the sea commenced to "make" very fast, and continued to "make" until we called a consultation and decided the best thing we could do would be to put back into Grand Haven; and I have not yet been able to figure out to my own satisfaction why we went all the way back to Grand Haven instead of going due E. into Holland.

Those who have seen a gale of three or four hours' duration on Lake Michigan will readily appreciate the fact, that in a 40ft. launch we were simply picked up by one high place and thrown over to the next, sometime thrown clear over the next into the bottom of the one which was that is, as far as the clouds and barometer were concerned; but there was not such a heay sea running. We advised with the genial captain of the life saving station until 11:00 A. M., when we decided to start; we set our course S. by S.W. one point W. of Chicago, a distance of about mention bruised shins and heads, was quite remarkable.

We decided to anchor for the night in Grand Haven, and hoped that the barometer would at least be kind enough to rise another point before starting out again Saturday morning, and we were greatly gratified to find the barometer two points higher in the morning, so we weighed anchor and started out at 6 o'clock. The sea, however, would insist on "making," simply to prove to us that it could do it, and after a few hours we were driven back into Holland; we then coasted down to South Haven, and from South Haven to St. Joseph, where we witnessed one of the most beautiful sunsets and rainbows I have ever seen. This condition and a rise of the barometer reassured us, so we fully determined to start at 11 o'clock that night for Chicago, because we had made up our minds to cross the lake, and cross we would; but, alas! for poor George and Fred, still sick, and not only sick, but weak from continued sickness. Paul and I held a conference, and as Paul not only builds boats, but engines as well, he is therefore an expert engineer. Paul said he would run the engine if I would navigate the boat, and we would put the invalids to bed and arrive in Chicago Sunday morning. Under those conditions, with the invalids asleep, we started out into the choppy sea, but not a bad one. About 12 o'clock midnight we were overtaken by the City of Chicago, and we saluted and received a salute in return. We verified our course by hers. and found that we were absolutely correct. Nature, however, seemed to have it in for us, and when we were just exactly half way across the lake, and when it was a case of eat bean soup or leave the table, a squall came up out of the horizon and squalled for an hour. Fortunately, one of the symptoms of seasickness, after it has reached a chronic state, is great drowsiness. The doctors tell us that this is occasioned by loss of appetite, and, in fact, everything else internal, and the invalids did not get up during the squall.

Daylight brought fair weather, and when we ran into Chicago the sea was really quite calm. When we were about 5 miles from Chicago, at the lighthouse, and the high buildings were well in view, poor Fred wended his way to the pilot window, looked out, and said (when he got the opportunity), "Great Scott! aren't we to

Continued on page 885.

ILLINOIS RIVER.

U. M. C. Ammunition

At Close Quarters

or at long range, U. M. C. Big Game Cartridges give full satisfaction. They will knock down a charging bear and keep him down. They will carry across the lake to the distant buck. The curve of the bullet's flight is true to the sight's elevation because the powder charge is uniform, the diameter of the bullet exact and the cartridge is practically perfect. The new .35 Remington Autoloading Rifle Cartridge is now ready, with 2,000 feet velocity and 200 grain bullet—a wonderful cartridge and gun.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 6-7.—Arkansas City (Kans.) G. C. Fred Bell, Sec'y.
Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—Palefaces' first annual shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Guvnor's Sec'y-Treas.
Dec. 7.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen G. C. Lloyd R. Lewis, Mgr.
Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
S. Omaha.—Nebraska State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A Cumberland (B. C.) correspondent informs us that the Dominion Cartridge Co.'s medal, shot for at ten different shoots not less than one week apart, was awarded to T. E. Bate, who won it six times out of the ten and tied three times out of the other four. A total score was made of 154 out of 200. The winning of the medal entitles Mr. Bate to take part in the shoot for the $100 trophy, which will take place in the early part of next year.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The attendance at the regular bi-monthly shoot picked up a little to-day. There were nine on hand to smash the clay disks, which was good, considering the fact that we have a defunct trolley system on our hands and the grounds are three-quarters of a mile from the station. During the early part of the afternoon a strong wind caused a bunch of goose eggs. Hubbell was the bright and particular star to-day, getting a win on the gun handicap event. Blandford got a win in the scratch event, No. 7, on a shoot-off with Le Grand Wynant. In event No. 6, handicap, misses-as-breaks are added. This was the initial attempt of Messrs. Gwyn and Christie at the traps and they "made good."

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	15	15	10
C G Blandford, 3	3	6	6	7	..	22	13	14	9
A Bedell, 3	7	8	..	..	..	21	11	..	..
Le G Wynant, 5	7	7	..	10	7	23	12	14	9
G B Hubbell, 3	7	7	..	10	9	23	12	14	9
O Wynant	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fisher	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
L R Gwyn, 12	..	..	..	..	5	21	8	..	3
E McDonald, 9	..	..	..	..	5	20	7	..	..
J R Christie	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4

C. G. B.

Arkansas Championship.

Little Rock, Ark, Nov. 19.—The possession of the live-bird championship and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy was debated with a shotgun on the Little Rock Gun Club grounds to-day between W. B. Miller, holder, and Dr. J. H. Lenow, challenger. The day was not a propitious one, and the weather conditions were very much adverse, as it was dark and a drizzling rain fell and the atmosphere was cold and raw. This handicapped the contestants, but also affected the birds, as it made them slow to start, but once on the wing, they were active enough. As far as the race was concerned, there was nothing to it but Miller, and if the weather conditions were any handicap to him, he gave no evidence of it, as his good score of 25 straight will attest. The doctor never had a chance after the first gun was fired, as he was clearly out of form and hopelessly outclassed.

Owing to the cold, there were few out to witness the contest, and little shooting was done outside of the regular contest. A. J. Westerchill shot at 35 and scored 33. Miller also shot at 35 more birds and scored 32.

The conditions of the match were interstate rules, 30yds. rise.

Miller shot a Hunter one-trigger gun, Peters Ideal shells loaded with 3½ drms. of Dead Shot powder and 1½ oz. of No. 7 chilled.

John M. Pemberton is anxious to regain possession of the trophy, and it is likely he will be Miller's next opponent. Scores in the match follow:

Miller .....2222222222222222222222221—25
Lenow .....0001221000202210222222202—16

Paul R. Litzke.

Interstate Association.

The annual meeting the stockholders of the Interstate Association will be held Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10 A. M., at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J. The meeting will be held in proper form and adjourned to the afternoon of the same day, when the adjourned meeting will be held at the Grand Hotel, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York city, at 2 P. M.

WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

The scores made at the Buffalo, N. Y., Audubon club show several members well up in winning. Dr. Wooton won A class with 22, followed by J. E. Wilson. Messrs. Cox and Cummings were near up. Scores at 25: Cox 23, Kellogg 24, Covert 21, Cummings 23, Wilson 20, Johnson 16, Wooton 22, Savage 19.

The Missouri River Gun Club, Kansas City, Mo., held their shoot Nov. 18, at which Paul Parker and Doc. Elliott tied for the club medal on 17 out of 20. Howard Harlan was second, with 16. Of those who were participants, Harlan, Sr., 14, Sullivan 13, Sieben 12 and Lyle 11.

The Valley Beagle Gun Club, Marlin's Ferry, Ohio, has disbanded, and the house and traps have been disposed of to Aug. Breidenstein. The understanding is that a new club will be formed sometime in the coming spring.

Poor shooting was the result of the first day's tournament at Atchison, Kansas, where Lou Erhart was manager, some of the best shots getting but 9 out of 15 targets. Fred Whitney was cashier, and all worked smoothly in the office.

G. W. Maynard, Alexandria, Ind., held an old-fashioned shoot last Saturday, at which hogs, beef, and such like, was up for prizes.

The Macungie, Pa., Gun Club held its monthly shoot last Saturday, with results as follows: Gaumer, 14 out of 25; Knauss, 14; Mayer, 11; Keiser, 13; Land, 14.

Shooting for practice at the Council Bluffs, Ia., Gun Club, Sunday afternoon, the scores were, based on a possible 100: A. C. Brown 91, O. K. Hardin 89, William Roper 86, Chas. Hordell 82, Fred Loyd 82. Several of the boys will take part in the shoot at the Omaha grounds, where the Iowa-Nebraska championship will be decided.

A prize shoot is now on at the Columbus, Ohio, shooting park. The distanre handicap will be put in force. The 90 per cent. man will stand at 20yds.; 85 per cent., 19yds.; 80 per cent., 18yds.; 70 per cent., 17yds., and 65 per cent., 16yds. Three prizes will be awarded, and much interest will be the result.

East End Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., held a shoot recently. The secretary makes the announcement that the final shoot for the cup will be held Dec. 2. Scores at 15 targets: Whistler 11, M. Haas 11, H. Hogaman 12, Telambo 6, Telcaner 3.

The Elwood, Ind., marksmen were a bit shy when they shot at Linwood. A. Charmness made the best score. The attendance was large, over twenty gunners being present.

J. J. Lealand won the trophy at the shoot held last Sunday at Houghton, Mich., by accounting for 22 out of 25 targets shot at. Then in the medal shoot which followed Mr. Lealand tied with Joseph Arrison on 23 out of 25.

The Troy, Ohio Shotgun Club met recently and elected officers, as follows: Harvey Eddy, president; W. J. Pearson, vice-president; George Pratt, secretary. An interesting shoot will be held soon, and the club hopes to enlist many new members.

Scores were better at the last day's shoot of the Kansas and Missouri League of Trapshooters. In the special events, George Lewis, Herrington, Kan., won the trophy; George Maxwell, of Holstine, Neb., won the target trophy, and O. N. Ford the powder cup.

Another trophy has been presented to the Hickman, Ky., Gun Club, and a series of shoots will be arranged. The last cup race was won by Ira Green on 133 out of 150. Now that the duck season in on and the bass are biting, there is a prospect of a tournament being held in the near future. Many of the western shooters have had the pleasure of an outing on the great Reelfoot Lake, and all will be glad to go there on a similar occasion.

The Northern Kentucky Gun Club is holding shoots regularly at Dayton, Ky., which is just across the river from Cincinnati, O., and very convenient for the many shooters of that city.

Frank Baldwin, of New York city, was a recent guest of the Columbus, Ohio, Gun Club. The weather was ideal, and yet there was a haze of the Indian summer order that caused the scores to be below par. At 25 targets: Frank Baldwin 19, McCormack 17, Rhoads 21, Weirick 21, Treat 19, J. H. Smith 19, Guilbert 18, Welles 17, Hall 19, Baker 21, Shattuck 21, Madden 17.

At the tournament of the Creston, Iowa, Gun Club there was good sport for those present. The results of those who shot through were: Barker 183 out of 200; Kline, 173; Crissman, 171; Dill, 148; Spencer, 186; Rambo, 171; Young, 155.

Members of the Springfield, Ohio, Gun Club held their last practice shoot, until the game season is over, on last Friday.

Shooting men residents of Delhi, Howe City and Fernbank have organized a gun club, and some will meet each Saturday afternoon for practice at the traps.

Wednesday's contest at the gun club, Bloomington, Ill., resulted in a win for Bender with 43 out of 50 targets. The previous winners were Boettger, Curley, and Radbourne . The interest now centers in the shoot-off. Bender shot at 90, scored 67; Davis, 75, 51; Curley, 75, 57; Finney, 25, 17; Boettger, 100, 69; Radbourne, 75, 58; Guty, 50, 33; Browning, 25, 20; Gray, 75, 48; Rudin, 50, 28; Smith 25, 4.

When the Hawkeye Gun Club, Cedar Rapids, Ia., met last, A. J. Smith won the medal for the third time, and it becomes his property. The contest was a close one. Other members winning were J. W. Burgess, C. A. Pierce and C. R. Hartinger. In the handicap shoot John Hayek came out ahead. A big shoot is to be held on Thanksgiving Day. Shooting at 30 targets, unknown angles: A. J. Smith 24, L. Stusak 23, John Hayek 23, J. W. Burgess 23, C. R. Hortinger 22, L. J. Rick 20, C. A. Pierce 20, W. Stusak 9.

The Chanute, Kans., Gun Club has been organized, and has held its opening shoot. The officers are: President, A. W. Butler; Secretary and Treasurer, Hobart Cavancsse, H. Graham being a member of the executive committee. All those of the city interested in trapshooting are expected to join the club.

Fort Scott, Kans., Gun Club held a shoot Saturday, and F. A. Hosnody, I. H. Bahney, Dakota Coon, F. D. Martin and Frank Etchen tied on 13 out of 15.

The opening gun for the winter season was fired at the Troy, Ohio, Shotgun and Rifle Club on last Thursday. There were over twenty-five participating in the sport, while about one hundred highly entertained onlookers aided in the outing by their presence.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club held its trophy shoot last Saturday. These Trenton lads have been very much interested in the outcome of the ownership of the silver cup that has been up for competition during the past season.

Gus Fichter, of Evansville, Ind., has won the gold medal for the best average for the season. He averaged 45 out of 50, which is very good considering that there are some very fine shots members of this club. He was presented with the medal last Wednesday.

The Omaha, Neb., shoot, known as the fall tournament, opened up under very poor conditions as to weather. There was wind and rain, and all the shooters fell down much below their usual averages. It was Mr. Billy Hoon, the Jewett City, Ia., good shot, who outdid the whole bunch, and smashed 155 out of 170.

The Bob Whites are ripe now, and until the shooting men have bagged a few there will be little doing at the target game.

Billy Asher, the Coon Rapids, Ia., phenom, tied the high professional at the Omaha shoot with 161 out of 170.

C. A. Clark won the silver cup at the wind up of the season for the Trenton, O., Gun Club. He scored 448 out of 500 targets shot at. C. W. Kerr won second. L. Baker, third, and H. Schoenfeldt fourth prize. The scores made, at 500 targets, were: C. A. Clark 448, C. N. Kerr 436, L. Baker 426, H. Schoenfeldt 420, Jones 414, I. Heckman 410, D. A. Jacoby 395, D. Smith 311. The above was the result of the season's scoring, using a sliding handicap, 16 to 22yds.

Those of the trapshooting fraternity who partook of the dinner cooked by Mrs. Gambell, at the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds, had something good to be thanful for.

Report comes from Omaha, Neb., that the most perfect record made at the shoot held last week was that of a Mr. Johnson, who shot in one 20-target event. He shot out straight, and then shot for home, the envy of all present.

The Pueblo, Colo., Gun Club held a shoot last Thursday, and the scores were as follows: At 15 targets: Killing 13, West 12, Reger 11, James 10, Gray 9, Jenner 12, Hugher 12, Wilson 8, Killing 10.

A shooting contest was held Tuesday at Frank Curtis' ranch, near Sheridan, Wyo. During the evening the boys and their girls were entertained at a dance.

Judge Wier on Wednesday last won the postponed shoot of the Oscada and Au Sable, Mich., Gun Club.

Ed. Ruck, Joseph and John Mayor, of Troy, O., Gun Club, were visitors at the Wapakoneta on Wednesday last to attend the shooting tournament held there.

Crescent Athletic Club.

The attendance of members on the grounds at Bay Ridge Nov. 17 was large, the weather conditions being favorable. A large number of events were pulled off. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
C A Lockwood.	14	15	..	..	21	25	14	..	14	..	11	..	14	11	12
S P Hopkins....	14	13	..	..	21	20	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
F B Stephenson	14	11	13	..	23	..	14	..	14	..	11	..	12	..	..
F W Moffett...	14	13	13	..	25	24	12	..	15	12	12	..	12	10	..
O C Grinnell,Jr.	13	..	..	..	24	21	12	..	12	..	14	..	12	..	..
L C Hopkins....	13	..	10	..	20	17	13	..	13	..	15	..	13	..	..
H B Vandeveer	12	..	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Keyes.....	12	..	14	13	..	24	15	12	12	..	..	..	13	..	..
W W Marshall..	11	..	14	12	23	..	13	..	15	11	15	8	13	..	..
H Werleman ..	..	..	11	..	..	19	13	..	10	..	10	..	9	..	..
Dr Williams ..	..	..	9	..	..	..	15	11	13	..	..	..	11	..	..
J H Ernst	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Hendrickson.	..	..	..	..	..	22	15	14	13	..	11	..	14	11	15
W C Dameron..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	..	9	..	6	..	11	..	..
C A Sykes	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Event No. 5 was for the monthly cup.

Brooklyn, Nov. 24.—A strong northwest wind played havoc with the targets at the club's Bay Ridge grounds to-day, but the attendance was good, and the shoot interesting. Dr. Keyes won the November cup, the conditions of which require three contests. Dr. Keyes was high last week, and as no one made high enough scores to-day to beat him, he won over Lockwood.

The second event was for a live wild turkey sent home from Tennesee by J. S. Remsen. W. C. Damron won it. The scores of all events follow:

November cup, 25 targets:

	Brk.	T'l		Brk.	T'l
O C Grinnell	20	21	C A Lockwood	16	19
Dr J J Keyes	19	20			

Live turkey shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

W C Damron	21	25	Dr Raynor	16	21
C W Hicklin	19	24	Dr Keyes	20	21
L C Hopkins	20	23	F W Moffett	19	20
F B Stephenson	22	22	J H Ernst	15	20
Dr Williams	17	22	A E Hendrickson	16	20
Dr Hopkins	18	22	C A Lockwood	17	20
O C Grinnell	22	22	H B Vanderveer	16	20
D C Bennett	19	21			

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Moffett	14	14	Vanderveer	10	12
Stephenson	13	13	Grinnell	11	11
L C Hopkins	11	13	Dr Keyes	11	11
Hendrickson	11	13	Lockwood	9	10
Dr Williams	10	13	Damron	7	9
Bennett	11	12			

Trophy shoot, same conditions:

L C Hopkins	13	15	Moffett	13	13
Grinnell	14	14	Bennett	12	13
Stephenson	15	15	Damron	9	11
Lockwood	13	14	Damron	8	10
Dr Raynor	11	14			

Trophy shoot, same conditions:

Stephenson	14	14	Domron	8	10
Grinnell	12	12	Hendrickson	7	9
Lockwood	10	11	L C Hopkins	7	9
Moffett	10	10			

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

Moffett	20	21	L C Hopkins	16	19
Grinnell	20	21	Vanderveer	13	17
Lockwood	18	21	Damron	12	16
Stephenson	20	20	Hendrickson	11	15
Dr Williams	15	20	Bennett	10	12
Keyes	18	19			

Shoot-off, same conditions: Moffett 23, Grinnell 21, Lockwood 19.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Moffett	15	15	Raynor	9	12
Stephenson	14	14	Williams	9	12
L C Hopkins	12	14	Keyes	11	11
Bennett	12	13	Hendrickson	8	10
Damron	11	13	Grinnell	9	9

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

Grinnell	22	23	Damron	17	21
Moffett	20	21	Hendrickson	13	17
Lockwood	18	21			

Winchester Wayfarers.

The Winchester team drew quite a large and appreciative crowd of trapshooting enthusiastics to Atlanta, Ga., for a city of its size, with so many counter Saturday afternoon attractions. T. Bill was high man in the team race with 97, which gave him the grand total of 591 out of 600 for the whole week. One hundred targets over six sets of traps and in all kinds of weather, certainly a magnificent performance. Some one asked Bill how he missed those nine, and the king of target smashers folded his arms, smiled pleasantly at his questioner, and remarked, "That's easy; what bothers me is how I broke 591." The score of the team was:

Crosby	24 23 25 25—97	Boa	21 24 24 24—93
Hawkins	25 24 23 24—96	Mrs Top	21 22 23 24—90
Taylor	24 23 24 24—95		

For the powder men Hatcher carried off all the honors with 97. Huff came next with 96, and Ward, who was not feeling very well, dropped a little below his previous fine average to 91. Harold Money joined the team here, and will go along for a while. For the home boys Barney Worthen was the only one who shot the 100, and he broke 86.

Messrs. Ford, Hinton and Henders assisted in making the visit of the Winchester team pleasant while in Anniston, Ala., and all appreciated their efforts. The weather turned extremely cold, and the conditions were all against target shooting. However, the team journeyed out to the grounds, and though half frozen, gave a remarkable exhibition for a windy and blustry day. Crosby was high with 95, one bird better than consistent Johnnie Taylor. Mrs. Topperwein broke 86, which was a remarkable score for a half-frozen little woman in a high wind, and she was applauded time after time for skillfully breaking a sharp darting quartering target in her customary easy and graceful manner. The team score was:

Crosby	24 23 24 24—95	Boa	22 23 20 24—89
Taylor	23 24 25 22—94	Mrs Top	21 21 23 21—86
Hawkins	24 24 22 22—92		

For the powder men Hatcher got 86; Ward was too sick finish, and Huff was in a wreck.

Mr. R. H. Baugh had charge of all arrangements at Birmingham, Ala, and the Winchester team felt very much at home in consequence. The weather was still very cold and raw, and the large crowd generously joined the shooters in shivering and dancing around the fire. The old steady reliable T. Bill broke 99; consistent John was next with 98. The score was:

Crosby	24 25 25 25—99	Hawkin	24 21 24 25—94
Taylor	25 25 24 24—98	Mrs Top	22 22 22 22—88
Boa	24 22 25 25—96		

E. J. Borden, of the Ballistite Co., joined the powder men and broke 95. Huff carried off the honors with 98, and Hatcher, who was all stiffened up from the cold of the day before, got 90. Hatcher says the trip of the Winchester team puts life in a different light to him, and is certainly strenuous. He quotes it as follows in a letter to a friend: "Eat standing up, sleep walking around, rest unheard of, 98 low man, 99 you're beaten, 100 you're tied, and 95 no good at all." The team welcomed Tom Cassady and George Hillman, also Harold Money, who appeared here. Harold took Mrs. Top's place in the black powder event and assisted the team in breaking 45 out of 50, with the Winchester Nublack factory loaded shells. John Boa was the countryman to-day, and broke the 10 straight with Nublack. Harold shot at the 100 and broke 96.

J. Mowell Hawkins.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, Nov. 24.—Pleasant weather but a strong wind greeted members who went to the grounds this afternoon. Fourteen took part in the events shot at 25 targets, and the results follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Suydam	16	22	16	16	14	..
Bergen	9	15	20	16	15	15
Dreyer	16	16	14	14	14	12
Schuster	11	9	11	..	..	..
Snyder	15	18	15	14	13	8
Hans	..	..	12	17	19	13
Griffith	..	..	12	12	..	..
Van Vater	..	..	9	13	14	13
Gott	..	..	7	14	11	14
Voorhees	..	..	20	17	10	19
Cooper	..	..	14	20	14	..
Gracely	..	..	13	14	17	..
Ryder	..	..	9	..	..	..
Gillig	..	..	..	..	6	12

New York Athletic Club.

Dr. Brown won the November cup at the shoot held on Travers Island Nov. 17. The target scores of all events follow:

November cup, 50 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Dr Williams	10	48	McMurtry	6	42
Pelham	4	47	Crowe	10	40
Billings	4	47	Vilmar	8	34
Hawbourne	6	46	Lawson	14	32
Hodgman	4	44	Debacher	13	24
Knuckler	14	43	Dr Brown	12	49
Hibbard	6	43			

Trophy shoot:

Williams	5	25	Pelham	2	21
Dr Brown	6	25	Lawson	7	18

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Dr. Brown	24	Dr. Williams	22

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Lawson	7	24	Hibbard	3	22
Pelham	2	24	Crowe	5	22
Hawbourne	3	23	McMurtry	3	20
Billings	2	23	Hodgman	2	18
Vilmar	4	22	Debacher	7	16

Shoot-off:

Pelham	21	Lawson	18

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Kuchler	7	24	Billings	2	19
Lawson	7	24	Vilmar	4	19
Pelham	2	22	Dr Williams	5	17
Hodgman	2	21	McMurtry	3	16
Crowe	5	21	Hawbourne	3	16
Hibbard	3	21	Debacher	17	18

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

McMurtry	3	25	Dr Brown	6	23
Pelham	2	23	Debacher	17	18
Crowe	5	23	Hodgman	2	16

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Nov. 24.—Edward Winslow won the silver cup in the monthly trophy shoot to-day. He and Barnes tied with 44, but in the shoot-off Winslow scored 20, which, with his handicap of 4, gave him 24 to Barnes' 19. Winslow also won a turkey, during the afternoon. The scores follow:

	Hdcp.	No. 1.	No. 2.	Totl.	No. 3.
Nott	2	17	18	39	15
Ehrlich	0	21	22	43	22
Winslow	4	21	15	44	24
Barnes	0	23	21	44	19
Munoz	6	8	10	38	20
Cockefair	2	21	13	38	20
Bush	0	15	21	36	21
Perley	0	15	21	36	21
Tilt	0	14	16	30	17
Allan	0	21	22	43	19
Stehli	6	0	0	0	14

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

Rain cut down the attendance on Nov. 17, and several of the regulars were away shooting game. The total scores at targets follow:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Sampson	55	46	Sullivan	45	15
Tarbill	55	43	Smith	25	14
Warner	45	28	Morgan	35	11
Wright	50	25	Hall	25	13
Gambell	30	24	Middleton	20	11
Kirshner	35	18	Hughes	50	10
Mills	35	15	Ibold	25	8

Perryman (Md.) Gun Club.

The following scores were made Nov. 17 in a cup match at targets:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Schirling	40	25	Ross	20	14
R F Mitchell	40	25	Walstrum	20	9
Morgan	40	32	L Lowner	20	17
Cord	20	11			

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The A. H. Fox Gun Company, of Philadelphia, announces the purchase last October of the complete plant of the Philadelphia Arms Co., of that city. The new plant purchased by the Fox company is one of the finest and best equipped gun factories in the United States, and from this time on, the company expects to manufacture the Ansley H. Fox gun in quantities sufficient to fill all orders promptly. A considerable portion of the anticipated product for the year 1907 has already been contracted for. The move was rendered necessary by the growth of the company, which required a larger factory to make possible the output of guns demanded by a rapidly increasing business.

Schoolmaster—"Anonymous" means without a name. Give me a sentence showing you understand how to use the word.

Small Boy—Our new baby is anonymous.—Chums.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one."

"That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—Chicago Daily News.

Effie—But, papa, how do you know that it was a stork that brought us the new baby?

Papa—Because, my dear, I just saw his bill.—Woman's Home Companion.

490--500

A New Squad Record!

MADE WITH

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shells

SUCH was the remarkable score made by the Winchester squad of expert shots at Albany, Ga., November 9th—a score that has never been equalled by a like number of shooters, and which is all the more noteworthy on account of one of the members being a woman. The individual scores were as follows: W. R. Crosby, 99; Jno. S. Boa, 99; Jno. R. Taylor, 98; J. M. Hawkins, 98, and Mrs. Topperwein, 96. Total, 490 out of 500. All used Winchester Factory loaded shells, and the high scores they have been able to maintain on the trip so far, which includes 100 straight each by Crosby and Hawkins, bid fair to set a new standard for merit in loaded shotgun shells.

WINCHESTER SHELLS PROVE THEIR SUPERIOR MERIT

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

Members held their regular shoot on the Zettler ranges Nov. 23, when these scores were made:

Ring target:

Chas Meyer	243	242—485
J C Bonn	238	236—474
C A Niemeyer	238	234—472
A T Fegert	241	229—470
D Peper	232	238—470
B Zettler	234	235—469
H D Meyer	232	234—466
F Ronn	233	233—466
G Ludwig	243	221—464
T Heidelberger	230	232—462
O Schwanemann	226	234—460
R Schwanemann	229	230—459
R Ohms	230	227—457
F Facompre	223	223—456
W J Behrens	227	228—455
H B Michaelsen	229	223—452
H D Gobber	227	223—450
Ch Sievers	226	222—448
H Haas	226	221—447
C J Brinkama	231	215—446
J Gute	228	217—445
O W Lemcke	227	217—444
J B Tholke	224	220—444
Dr Chas Grosch	221	222—443
N C L Beversten	221	221—442
W Dahl	222	220—442
C Mann	223	217—440
C Schmitz	220	218—438
Ad Beckmann	227	211—438
G Thomas	224	213—437
J H Hainhorst	220	216—436
Dr Von der Lieth	222	214—436
A Sibberns	218	218—436
J N Herrmann	225	210—435
M Then	217	215—432
W Lohmann	229	200—429
H Decker	210	214—424
H Hoenisch	213	210—423
W Schaefer	225	197—422
W Ullrich	212	210—422
D Ficken	210	210—420
G H Wehrenburg	214	205—419
C Roffmann	212	207—419
Hy Rottger	207	206—413
Chris Glandorf	212	201—413

N Heimicke	196	215—411
H Martens	207	203—410
J F R Ernst	211	198—409
F Schnam	208	200—408
Nic Jantzen	208	197—405
F C Hetzel	211	194—405

R Schwanemann	48	C Mann	63½
A W Lemcke	50	F C Hertzel	63
C J Brinkama	58	T Heidelberger	65
F Ronn	62½	D Peper	72½
Dr Chas Grosch	63	F Lange	75

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

Gallery Shoot, Nov. 21, on the Zettler ranges, 25yds., offhand:

Ring target:

H D Muller	245	237—482
R Busse	242	240—482
Geo A Viemeister	238	234—472
A T Fegert	239	233—472
D Scharninghausen	240	231—471
F Rolfes	236	230—466
B Eusner	230	231—461
Chris Gerken	227	232—459
H Schumacher	224	225—449
F W Wessel, Jr	232	224—456
Fred Jaeger	228	217—445
A Heimerich	227	218—445
F Schroeder	222	222—444
H Roffmann	226	215—441
A Dux	221	220—441
C F Tietjen	220	219—439
F Brodt	220	217—437
H A Ficke	219	206—425
J M Leonard	212	211—423
D Wuhrmann	211	207—418
Geo Dettloff	208	205—413
H A Ficke, Sr	206	201—407
C Fred Gennerich	212	187—399
Chas A Schrag	198	193—391

Bullseye target, degrees:

D Scharninghausen	21½	A Dux	69
H Roffmann	41½	C F Tietjen	71½
F W Wessel, Jr	45	R Busse	85
H A Ficke, Jr	59	D Wuhrmann	92½
Chris Gerken	69	H A Ficke, Sr	95

klyn Club.

Cypress Hills, Nov. 24.—The Cypress Hills Rifle and Revolver Association was organized here to-day. August Siebeneichen was elected president, Charles W. Green secretary and treasurer, and Samuel Squib, John Kaufman and Arthur Hubalek shooting masters. Mr. Green will take care of any applications for membership that may be sent him. His address is Chichester and Chestnut streets, Richmond Hill, L. I. Weekly shoots will be held on the ranges in Cypress Hills Park.

The results of the practice held at 200yds., offhand, to-day follow: Arthur Hubalek 222, 216, 223, 226, 216; John Kaufman 213, 216, 207, 207, 221, 215; A. Siebeneichen 213, 207; C. W. Green 197, 201, 211, 201, 212, 205.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made by members of this association, at 200yds., on the German ring target, on Nov. 18. Roberts was champion for the day, with a score of 229. Nestler was high man on the honor target, with 71 points.

Roberts	229	216	215	213	212
Payne	225	221	215	212	208
Hasenzahl	225	218	217	215	
Gindele	221	215	208	200	195
Nestler	221	214	202	193	
Drube	216	193	190		
Hofer	210	209	208	193	188
Freitag	209	204	203	201	198
Allen	203	201	194	194	184

Rifle Notes.

Last summer N. C. Nash, the famous rifleman of Boston, during his sojourn at Kineo, Maine, offered the rifle shooters of that town two silver cups for competition during the season—one for men and another for women. The contest has been concluded, C. A. Judkins winning the men's cup, and his wife taking the women's cup, both with good scores.

Michael Dorrler, the veteran rifleman, scored 237 points in ten shots on the German ring target on the range at Greenville, N. J., Nov. 17, and Dr. Hudson scored 235, the best individual scores of the day.

GLORIA MUNDI.

"Speak of me," quoth the novelist, magnanimously, "as frankly as if I had been dead a hundred years."

"If you had been dead a hundred years I shouldn't be speaking of you at all," replied the critic, taking prompt advantage of the dispensation.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked the discontented employer.

"Well, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I s'pose I could do mo', but I never was much of a hand foh showin' off."—Washington Star.

Fitz—Say, are all your beaters out of the wood?
Keeper—Yes, sir.
Fitz—Are you sure?
Keeper—Yes, sir.
Fitz—Have you counted them?
Keeper—No, sir, but I know they're a'right.
Fitz—Then I've shot a roe deer.—Punch.

QUAIL GROUNDS OF THE SOUTH.

Continued from page 866.

Branchville.—Merchants' Hotel, Byrds Hotel, St. Charles Hotel, W. A. Bass R. R. Hotel. Quail, duck, turkey, squirrel, deer. O. F. Ott, G. M. Noble, J. M. Tucker, W. F. McLain, D. L. Rhoods, J. R. Hamilton.

Camden.—De Kalk. Quail. Manager Hotel. Posted.

Carlisle.—Buffalo, $2; Carlisle, $1. Quail, duck, squirrel, possum. J. G. Rice, W. H. Gist, W. K. Thomas, W. H. Jeter, C. A. Jeter.

Central.—Central. Fish, duck, geese. J. E. Brown, H. Hill. Free.

Charleston.—St. John, $3; Charleston, $3; Argyle, $1. Deer, turkey, quail or partridge, snipe, woodcock. George A. Douglas, Sheriff's office. Partly posted.

Claremont.—None. Deer, turkey, partridge, fishing. C. J. Jackson, E. A. Jackson, T. S. Stuckey, W. H. Cook, J. J. Dorgon, W. D. Vinson, N. B. Murray, D. Bull, Charles Pinckney, G. M. Sanden, T. J. McCorless. Posted.

Edgefield.—Dobose, $2; Miss M. L. Buford, $1.50. Fish. D. D. Brunson, J. W. Peak, J. E. Hart, D. T. Grice, H. C. Stetson, B. L. Jones. Free.

Fort Motte.—None. Duck. T. T. Hone. Partly posted.

Fort Mill.—Williams' boarding house. Squirrel, fox, coon. Catawba Power Co. (This place near Catawba Power Co.'s plant and New River.) Posted.

Furman.—Folk House, $2. Partridge. C. L. Folk. Partly posted.

Gaffney.—Commercial, $2; Palmetto House, $1. Quail. J. Q. Little, W. H. Ross, N. Walker. Partly posted.

Gantt.—None. Quail. J. E. Brown. Partly posted.

Graniteville.—Graniteville House $20 per month. Partridge, fish. J. D. Plunkett. Posted.

Greenville.—Mansion House, $2.50; Normandie, $2. Quail, squirrel, snipe. A. H. Wells, A. G. Furman, C. H. Schwing. Posted.

Greenwood.—Oregon Hotel. $2; City Hotel, $1; boarding houses. Rabbit, partridges ten miles in country. J. W. Chipley, Thomas Chipley.

Hickory Grove.—Central, Leech House, $2. Quail. W. T. Haughton, J. M. Leech, D. P. Lettimore. Partly posted.

Johnston.—Johnston Inn, $2; Wert's Hotel, $2. Fox, quail, deer. J. G. Wright, A. S. Rhoden. Partly posted.

Jonesville.—Jonesville Hotel. Quail, turkey. Posted.

Kershaw.—Benton Hotel, $2.50; Kershaw Hotel, $1; Blackwell House, $1. Quail. F. L. Truesdel, J. F. Gardner.

Ladson.—None. Quail. Free.

Lena.—Prumers' Home. Deer. W. E. Peeples. Free.

Lexington.—Meetze Hotel, Drafts' Hotel, $2. Squirrel, fish. Harman & Caughman. Free.

Old Town.—None. Squirrel, mink, otter, fish. J. W. Ropp, J. W. Sanders and others. Free.

Pelion.—None. Partridge. J. C. Fort. Posted.

Pineland.—Pineland Club. Deer, turkey, quail. Frank Davis, W. L. Jackson, J. C. Richardson, Robertville, P. O., S. C. Posted.

Reevesville.—D. M. Baxter, boarding house. Fish. D. M. Baxter, C. M. Whitsell, Reevesville, S. C. Free.

Ridgeville.—Mrs. E. Baxter, boarding house, $2. Partridge. Dr. W. B. Way, Reuben Owens, W. M. Cummings. Posted.

Ridgeway.—Ridgeway Hotel. Partridge, deer. W. J. Kennedy, E. H. Beall. Posted.

Sally.—Sally House. Quail. C. H. Sally. Free.

Sharon.—Byers' Hotel, Sims Hotel. Quail. J. A. Byers, J. S. Grier. Posted.

Shelton. None.—Birds, partridge. J. G. Walling, H. S. Kincaid.

Springfield—Mins House, $2; Hair & Hair, $1. Deer, turkey, duck, squirrel, partridge, coons, possum, wildcat, bear. Capt. Jas. H. Fanning. Free.

St. George.—Edmond, $2.50; Avengh, $2. Fish, deer. P. C. Johnston. Posted.

Summerville.—Pine Forest Inn, $4; Dorchester Inn, $2.50. Deer, quail, turkey, woodcock. J. A. Ziegler, Browly Miles.

Sumter.—Hotel Sumter, $3 to $5; Jackson Hotel, $3 to $5; Jersey House. All. G. F. Epperson, W. B. Boyle, C. W. Stancel. Free.

Tillman.—None. Deer, turkey, duck, partridge, woodcock. J. H. Bayles, B. R. McKenzie. Posted.

Toumey.—W. L. Jacnon, $10 per month. Partridge. W. L. Jacnon, H. S. Volk, S. A. Harvin. Partly posted.

Ward.—None. All kinds. J. P. Buzhardt. Posted.

White Pond.—Sunny South, $1.50; Oak Grove, $1. Quail. J. E. Brown, B. B. H. Cary. Free.

Yorkville.—Yorkville Hotel, $2; Shandon Hotel, $2. Quail. Shandon Hotel, Yorkville Hotel. Posted.

Calhoun Falls.—Minwood Inn, $2. Quail. S. Buford. Free.

Clinton.—Clinton Hotel, $2. Quail. A. B. Galloway. Some are posted.

Greenwood.—Oregon Hotel, $2.50. Quail.

Pride.—None. Quail. Free.

Leeds.—J. G. Walling, $2. Quail. J. G. Walling.

Catawba.—J. A. Hoke, J. R. Stephenson, A. B. Ferguson, J. M. Hough, $1. Quail. J. C. Farris. Partly free.

Laurens.—J. R. Fuller, $2. Quail. J. R. Wilcutt, B. Whortan.

Blaney.—L. D. Evans, L. J. Sharp, $1.50. Quail. L. D. Evans. Mostly free.

Ulmers.—W. O. McCaskey, $5. Quail, squirrel. G. O. Bess.

Gaston.—W. A. Goodwin, $1 to $2. Quail. C. S. Goodwin, D. E. Craft, J. A. Lucas. Posted.

Bethune.—None. Quail. S. T. Bradley, L. Kelly. Posted.

Cheraw.—Cheraw Hartzel, $1 and $2. Deer, quail, turkey, duck. B. Robinson. Free.

Patrick.—Gillespie Bros., $2. Quail, squirrel. T. P. Campbell. Partly posted.

McBee.—Bolin. Quail. A. A. Bolin. Partly posted.

Wadesboro.—G. W. Huntley, $2. Quail, G. H. Huntley. Free.

Weldon.—Railway Evans. Quail, turkey, deer. A. Pair, H. L. Grant, W. Harrison. Posted.

Lugoff.—J. N. Jones. M. B. Rabon, $2. Quail, squirrel. J. T. Arrants. Posted.

North Carolina.

Ararat.—One private boarding house, $1. Squirrel, quail. G. K. Key, D. V. Bryant. Posted.

Balsam.—Balsam Inn. Turkey, pheasant, quail, squirrel, trout. W. S. Christy, F. F. C. Woodward. Posted.

Bellews Creek.— Birds. A. W. Preston, J. W. Freeman. Free.

Black Mount.—Black Mount Inn, Gladstone Hotel, Euthoffers Inn, Washington House. Fish, game. J. C. Coggins, Geo. W. Stepp, P.M. Free.

Bryson.—Entilla, $2; West Dale, $1; Cooper House, $1. Quail, squirrel, bear, turkey, pheasant, fish. Board of Trade, A. P. Roberts. Free.

Bullock.—Bullock House, $2. Turkey, partridge, squirrel, wild duck, deer. H. M. Talley, R. M. Pittard. Posted.

Burlington.—Ward Hotel. Quail. O. F. Crowson, J. W. Murray, C. H. Durham. Posted.

Cedar Falls.—None. Turkey, squirrel, partridge. A. F. Cox. Posted.

Chapel Hill.—Chapel Hill, Central.—Quail, squirrel, possum, fox. R. L. Stroud, A. S. Barbee, D. McCauley, G. C. Pickard. Posted.

Cleveland.—G. J. Chandler. Quail, snipe, ducks. G. J. Chandler. Posted.

Connelly Springs.—One, $1.50; two private houses, $1. Quail, fishing. W. P. Hallybarton, J. M. Sides. J. M. Cannon. Partly posted.

Cornelius.—Miller Hotel, Proctor House, $1 to $1.75. Quail. A. A. Tarrence, John Best, F. C. Sherrell. Partly posted.

Dillsboro.—Jarrett's Hotel, $2. Fish, birds, bear. Hotel and liverymen. Partly posted.

Elkin.—Elk Inn, $2. Quail, trout, pheasant, turkey. Alex Chatham, Jr., W. W. Whitaker. Posted.

Elon College.—None. Birds. J. B. Gerringer. Posted.

Flat Rock.—Heidelburg House. Deer, quail, trout. P. H. Walker, Dr. A. R. Guerard. Partly posted.

Garner.—None. Quail. H. D. Rand. Posted.

Goldsboro.—Hotel Kennan, St. James. Quail. L. F. Pearsall, John Dartch, H. P. Dartch. Posted.

Grover.—None. Quail. Price Martin.

Henderson.—Massenburg, $2. Quail, rabbit. Hasn, Mgr., Mr. Jones. Partly posted.

Hendersonville.—Blue Ridge Inn, Wheeler Hotel, Imperial Hotel, $2. Quail, trout, bass, turkey, pheasant. Walter Reese, Deb. Reese, E. L. Ewbank, J. D. Waedrop. Posted.

High Point.—Elwood, $2 to $4; Bellevue, $2 to $3; Everett, $1 to $2. Quail. J. Elwood Cox, J. P. Redding. Posted.

Hillgirt.—W. M. Liberett's boarding house; reasonable. Partridge, squirrel. W. M. Liberette. Posted.

Marion.—Eagle Hotel, $2. Fishing. W. T. Morgan, Posted.

Mocksville.—Mocksville Hotel, $2. Squirrel, quail. A. M. M. Glamercy, Mayor; J. A. Yates, Agt.

Montreat.—Hotel Montrcat. Bear, deer, fox, otter. J. A. Porter. Free.

Morgantown.—Hotel Morgan, $2; McCannaughey House, $1.50; Mountain Hotel, $2; Southern Hotel, $1. Quail. B. S. Gaithee. Posted.

Moorsboro.—Two, $2. Quail. T. D. Scruggs, W. A. Martin, M. G. Martin. Posted.

Mt. Airy.—Blue Ridge Inn, Central Hotel, The Brown House, The Pole House. Partridge, pheasant, squirrel, fish. Proprietors of either hotel, or the Mayor. Posted.

Mt. Mitchell.—Hotel Montreal. Bear, deer, fox, otter. W. H. Suttles. Free.

New London.—Culp, $2; Redenhour, $1. Quail. J. C. Schuyler. Posted.

North Wilksboro.—Hotel Blue Mount, Hotel Gordon; rates on application. Quail. J. T. Finley, North Wilksboro, N. C. Partly posted.

Old Fort.—Sandlin House, $20 to $30 per month; Salisbury House, $20 to $30 per month. Turkey, bear, fox, raccoon, possum, quail, squirrel, trout. J. C. Sandlin. Partly posted.

Pineville.—Stough Hotel, Younts House, care J. W. Younts, $2. Quail, squirrel, possum, fish. Dr. W. K. Ried, T. E. Devlin, J. W. Younts, W. S. McClelland, W. C. Barnett. Partly posted.

Raleigh.—Fork, $4; Yorborough, $3. Quail. A. Cobb, R. H. Phillips. Posted.

Ramseur.—Hotel Ramseur, $3. Birds. E. C. Watkins. Posted.

Riedsville.—Hotel Huffinas, $2; Rockingham Hotel, $2; Staples House, $2; Huggins House, $2; White House, $2. Quail, turkey, squirrel, fox. Riedsville Livery Co., Whitsett & Rascon, J. E. Armor, P. D. Watt, E. M. Redd. Posted.

Ronda.—None. Quail. R. L. Hickerson, W. H. McEwen. Free.

Rutherfordton.—Iso-Thermal, $2; Central Hotel, $1. Birds. M. L. Justice. R. B. Clark. Partly posted.

Saluda.—Hotel Charles, $1.50 to $2; Melrose Inn, $1.50 to $2; Esseola Hotel, $1.50 to $2. Quail, pheasant, squirrel, deer, turkey, fish. E. Buncombe Goelet, Q. C. Somer, O. D. Gilbert, I. D. Morris. Partly posted.

Siler City.—Chatham Hotel. Quail. P. O. Welch. Posted.

Siloam.—None, private place, $1. Partridge. Aaron Whitaker, J. R. Marion. Posted.

Skyland.—Mineral Springs, $1 to $1.50; Bonny Crest Inn, $1.50 to $2. Loyall Park, $1 to $1.50. Quail, grouse, turkey, squirrel, coon, possum. C. O. Case, C. F. White, S. B. Chapman.

Statesville.—Tredell Hotel, $2. Squirrel, turkey, quail. E. G. Gilmer, J. H. Gray. Posted.

Stearns.—J. B. Mayes, $2. Quail. J. B. Mayes, W. H. Whittaker. Posted.

Stony Point.—The White House. Quail, squirrel, possum J. W. Sims, A. W. White, B. P. Hims. Partly posted.

Summerfield.—Boarding houses, $1.50 to $2. Quail, turkey, fox. Sheriff J. A. Hoskins, C. H. Wilson, P. W. Davis. Posted.

Taylorsville.—Hotel Campbell, $1; Hotel Alex, $1. Quail. R. F. Cobb. Posted.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1.000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

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Agencies: **497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York. 114-116 Market St., San Francisco.**

Thermal City.—Thermal City Hotel, $1. Turkey, squirrel, quail. A. F. Weaver. Free.
Trinity.—Parker Hotel, 50 and 75 cents. Quail. Parker & Bro. Partly posted.
Troutman.—No hotels. Quail. L. N. Brown. Partly posted.
Winston-Salem.—Phœnix, $2 to $2.50; Hanes House, $1 to $1.50. Quail, squirrel. Merchants' Transfer Co., Blum & Fleming, Thomas Hanes. Posted.
Willits.—Robinson House, $1. Squirrel, possum, quail, turkey. D. L. Robinson, J. B. Cogdill, Willits, N. C. Partly posted.

The Sapphire Country—North Carolina.

Brevard.—The Franklin, $3.50; McMinn House, $2; The Ætnelwood, $2; Henning Inn, $1.50. Quail, pheasant, squirrel. E. T. Henning, Toxaway Hotel Co., T. H. Shipman. Posted.
Etowah.—Private houses, $1. Birds, turkey. J. L. Gash, W. P. Kerns. Posted.
Horseshoe.—H. F. Johnson, boarding house, $1; H. W. Allen, $1. Squirrel, birds. M. J. Allen, W. A. Cannon. Free.
Lake Toxaway.—Toxaway Inn, $4. Deer, grouse, turkey. Toxaway Hotel Co. Posted.
Penrose.—Private houses, $1. Partridge, turkey. G. W. Allison, D. B. Hedden, W. A. Tally. Posted.
Sapphire, N. C.—Sapphire Cottages, $2.50; Fairfield Inn, $3.50. Deer, turkey, duck, squirrel. Toxaway Hotel Co. Posted.
Hickory.—Hickory Inn. Quail. E. B. Menzies, Z. B. Buchanan. Posted.
Lexington.—March House. Quail, turkey. E. B. Craven. Partly posted.
Henderson.—Massenburg Hotel. Deer. J. Jones. Partly posted.
Chapel Hill.—Chapel Hill Hotel, Central Hotel. Quail, squirrel, possum. J. F. Pickard, A. S. Barbee. Posted.
Davidson.—P. W. Booe, W. P. Sloan. Quail, squirrel. W. N. Thompson. Free.
Morganton.—Hotel Morgan, Mountain Hotel, McCaunaughny House. Quail, deer, bear. B. S. Gather, S. H. Coffey. Free.
Durham.—None. Quail. W. C. Bradley.
Hamlet.—Gresham, $2. Quail, squirrel. Partly posted.
Shelby.—College Shelby, Central, $1. to $2.50. Quail. H. Carroll. Partly posted.
Lewiston.—Barnes, Williams, $2. Turkey, deer, quail. J. S. Plummer. Free.
Woodland.—None. C. W. Harrell. Partly posted.
Norlina.—Gresham, $2. Quail, turkey, deer. F. B. Wiggins. Free.
Creedmoor.—C. E. Lyon, A. Rogers, $2. Quail. C. E. Fleming, D. P. Wagstaff, L. H. Longmire. Free.
Rutherfordton.—Iso-Thermal, Hester, $2. Quail. M. H. Justice, Jr., W. C. Brittain. Partly posted.
Ellenboro.—Ellenboro, $1. Quail. E. T. Pruett. Posted.
Maxton.—Maple Shade, McRae, $2. Quail. H. S. McCallum. J. McNair, J. N. McKinnon. Free.
Henderson.—Massenburg. Deer, quail. R. J. Southerland.
Louisburg.—Louisburg, Macon, $2. Quail, turkey. Partly posted.
Paw Creek.—None. Quail.
Littleton.—Bon Air, $2. Quail. F. F. Thorne. Posted.
Columbus.—None. Quail, deer. J. A. Brown, J. H. Land, T. H. Ramsbottom, N. A. Edmunds. Free.
Jacksonville.—Jarman, $2. Ducks, turkey, geese, deer. Dr. John Gilmar, Dr. R. W. Ward, H. A. Jarman, R. A. Lackamy. Free.
Rocky Point.—Casteen, $2. Quail, deer. R. L. Castle. Free.
Grifton.—Cobb, Hellen, $1. Quail. W. S. Blount. Partly posted.
Four Oaks.—One hotel. Quail. Dr. J. H. Stanley, R. B. Strickland. Free.
Scotland Neck.—Scotland Neck, $2. Quail, duck, squirrel. A. C. Liverman, J. E. Bozners, J. S. White. Partly posted.
Southern Pines.—Southern Pines, Piney Woods Inn, Highland, $2. Quail. Posted.
Middleburg.—A. Plummer. Quail, deer, turkey. A. Plummer.
Roanoke Rapids.—Roanoke Rapids, $2. Quail. B. B. Higgins. Free.
Pittsboro.—Pittsboro, Exlin, $1.50 Quail. N. M. Hill, S. Taylor. Free.
Hoffman.—One hotel, 75 cents. Quail. J. W. Burter, C. G. Pepper, D. T. Blue. Posted.
Marshville.—Commercial, $2. Quail. Posted.

Virginia.

Amherst.—Central, $1; Robertson, $2. Quail, fox. B. R. Harrison, Dr. Ed. Sadidge.
Arrington.—Hotel Powers, $1.50. Squirrel, quail. Mrs. O. M. Ponton, proprietor Hotel Powers. Partly posted.
Ashburn.—W. W. Orrison, A. S. Jenkins. Wild turkey, pheasants, partridges, squirrels, black bass, crappies. B. F. Nolan, C. B. Arundel, Fred Dove, J. L. Grubb.
Belfield.—Central Hotel, $2. Partridge, squirrel, deer; all kinds of fresh-water fish. H. M. Wiess, B. W. Wycke, S. D. Goodwyn. Partly posted.
Bon Air.—Le Noel. Birds, turkey, deer. Polk Miller. Posted.
Barbeursville.—G. T. Mundy, $1.50. G. T. Mundy.
Burke.—None; board, $16. Quail, squirrel, pheasants, turkey, woodcock. R. S. Goinn. Posted.
Burnleys.—Boarding house, $2. Squirrel, quail, etc. W. N. Marshall, A. P. Dunglot, G. S. Hanun. Partly posted.
Calverton.—One; $1. Birds, turkeys. Tom Scanlon. Partly posted.
Charlottesville.—Claremont, $2; Gleason, $2; Colonial, $2; Carter House, $1. Quail, squirrel, wild turkey, pheasant. Geo. Bruffy. Posted.
Charlie Hope.—S. N. Mitchell. Deer, squirrel, quail, fox. Mellory, Turnbull, Manson & Sheel. Posted.
Claremont.—Waldheim, $1. Deer, turkey, squirrel, quail, geese, duck. H. J. Arrington, Porter Weidman. Partly posted.
Clarksville.—Hotel Grace. Quail, duck, turkey, geese, deer. Thos. H. Owen, H. M. Harris. Partly posted.
Clover.—Mason Hotel, $1. Quail. A. L. Williams. Posted.
Courtland.—Courtland Hotel, $2. Quail, turkey and squirrel. J. N. Snell, Sr. Partly posted.
Drewryville.—No hotels; good board at private houses. Deer, partridges, hare, turkey, fox. J. P. Fox. Partly posted.
Edgerton.—E. P. Jolly, R. S. Twiss, $2. Partridges or quail, wild turkeys, deer, rabbits, woodcock. Edward Crane, Peter Y. Bowen. Partly posted.
Elba (R. R. Station, Franklin Jct.).—$2, $1.25, and $1. Birds, fish. B. R. Powell, M. C. Whitman, N. W. Plank, H. M. Acuff & Co., J. J. Motley. Free.
Emporia.—Virginia Hotel, $2. Partridge, squirrel, deer. H. W. Wiess, B. W. Wycke, S. D. Goodwyn. Partly posted.
Finneywood.—Private board. Quail, turkey and deer. D. J. Thumson. Partly posted.
Fort Mitchell.—Board with private families. Quail, deer, turkey. R. A. Thompson, W. F. Spencer. Posted.
Glencarlyn.—$7 week. Partridge, squirrel. J. R. Long, C. F. Cross. Posted.
Green Bay.—Price, Smith. Birds, turkeys, hare, deer. L. D. Jones, Hon. J. J. Owen, W. T. Mitchell. Partly posted.
Hallsboro.—Turkey, partridge, deer, foxes, squirrel, pheasant. B. I. Walkins, J. P. Baker. Partly posted.
Hallsboro.—None. Turkey, partridge, deer, squirrels, pheasants. B. T. Watkins, J. P. Baker. Partly posted.
Jeffress.—Litheodena, $1. Partridge, deer, squirrel. A. E. Chadwick, J. J. Crowder, R. H. Gregory. Partly posted.
La Crosse.—Percival, $2; Montgomery, $2. Turkey, quail, deer, fox, etc. D. L. Northington. Partly posted.
Leesburg.—Leesburg Inn, $2; Loudoun Hotel, $1.50. Partridge, squirrels. R. T. Hempstone, Dr. W. C. Orr. Partly posted.
Lester Manor.—Lester Manor. Duck, sora, turkey, birds. T. S. Dennis, J. R. Miles, John T. Dennis, C. S. Brady, A. J. Page, G. M. Cook. Posted.
Lowesville.—Loving, $2. All kinds. H. C. Loving. Posted.
Mayo.—Quail, squirrel. W. H. Carrington, R. A. Puryear, H. W. Jones. Partly posted.
Meherrin.—Price's Hotel, $2.50 to $5. Deer, quail squirrel. M. E. Gee.
Midlothian.—Turkey, deer, birds. L. S. Barr. Partly posted.
Moseley.—Fox, deer, birds. J. H. Mosely. Posted.
Virginia.—Hotel Virgilina, $2. Deer, fox, quail and turkey. B. S. Reyster, B. F. Pruyear, George Yancy, Willie Stovall, W. W. Tuck, G. D. Neal. Free.
Water Lick—Private houses, $1. Partridge, pheasant, ducks. Any of the guides named herein. Partly posted.

THE LIVE BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP OF ARKANSAS

Won on November 3, by Mr. Wiley B. Miller, of Little Rock. In the Championship race and subsequent practice Mr. Miller killed 50 STRAIGHT from the 30-yard line, a feat never before accomplished by an Arkansas amateur. He used

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Mr. L. H. Reid, at Lynn, Ind., October 13 broke 148 x 150 targets; and at Glenkarn, O., October 6, 147 x 150, with Peters Ideal Shells. Mr. C. L. Baker was high amateur at both these shoots, also using Peters Shells.

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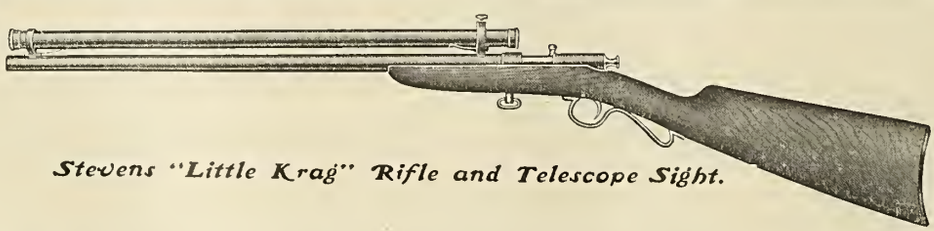

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West Norfolk.—Parson's Hotel, Duke's Hotel. Birds, fish. W. F. Hudson. Posted.
West Point.—Hotel O'Conner, Terminal Hotel, $2.50 to $4.50; Ridgaway, $1. Duck, quail. C. W. Pumphrey, Geo. C. Guvernator. Posted.
Wiehl.—Wiehle House, $2. Turkey, quail. Max. C. J. Wiehl. Posted.
Winesap.—Private, $1. Various. J. C. Long, S. L. Loving. Partly posted.
Winston.—Boarding house, J. E. Hull. Turkey, squirrel, quail. L. D. Winston, W. A. Burton, A. H. Wallace. Partly posted.
Woodstock.—Geary Hotel, Hotel Holtzman. Partridges, pheasants. J. H. Clower. Partly posted.
Yale.—Two boarding houses, $2. Deer, turkey, partridge. W. A. Owen. Free.
Chatham.—Hotel Bennett, Hotel Chatham, Hotel Central. Quail, squirrels. J. H. Hargrave, Jr. Partly posted.
Mt. Jackson.—St. Charles Hotel. Quail. Morgan Moore. Posted.
Baskerville.—J. H. Gafford. Quail, squirrel. J. H. Gafford. Free.
La Crosse.—D. L. Northington. Turkeys, quail, deer. D. L. Northington. Posted.
Lester Manor.—Atkinson. Waterfowl. F. F. Thompson. Partly posted.
Chase City.—Mecklenburg Hotel. Quail, turkey, deer, squirrel. Col. W. T. Hughes. Partly posted.
Quinton.—No accommodations. Free.
Nottoway.—Central Hotel, Burkville Hotel. Quail. J. H. Bosurel, J. P. Dahlborn. Partly posted.
South Hill.—Drummus Hotel. McAden's Hotel. Quail. Posted.
Charlottesville.—Clermont, Gleason, Colonial hotels. Quail, squirrel, turkey. Geo. Bruffy. Posted.

RECREATION AND THE FOREST.

From "Forestry and Irrigation."

Men work that they may enjoy leisure, and make money in order to spend it. This is not, perhaps, the normal and proper state of affairs, and it may be that work for its own sake should bring rewarding enjoyment. But as the world goes, work may mean overwork, or work without real choice or aptitude, so that what might otherwise be a pleasure is too often a dry task. Recreation, therefore, though it takes up but a short span in the course of a lifetime, is cherished in proportion to its brevity. If the world had no natural recreation grounds the ordinary man would lack incentive to labor except to supply the bare needs of existence. For the play instinct, the delight in free activity for its own sake, especially in the great outdoors, is as old as the race and one of its best inheritances from its prehistoric ancestry.

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TUCSON, Ariz., Sept. 23-**First General Average** and **First Amateur Average.**

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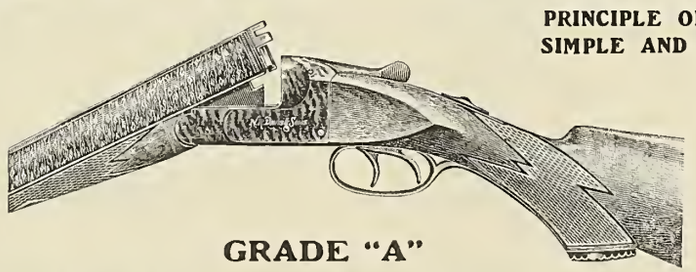

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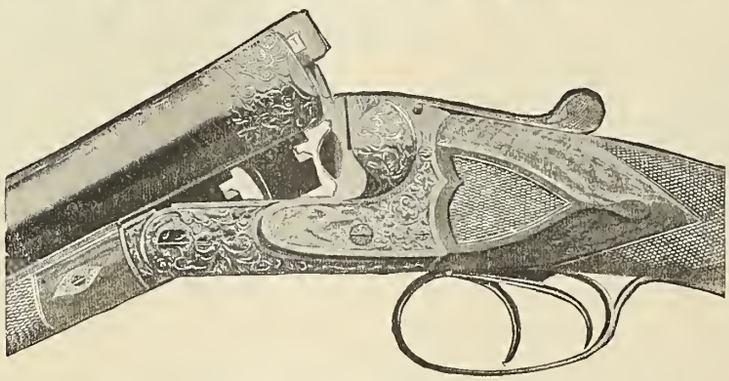

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the race. Dread of the forest, its incentive to achievements, the sense that within it all things good and evil were to be found and treasured or encountered and overcome, have left an indelible impress in the minds and hearts of men.

In primitive days, when the business and risks of life were over for the day, the stern and impressive realities could be rehearsed by the hunter and his children in the mimic world of play. Nowadays, the ordeals of our forest ancestors have become all play. Hunting, picnicking, canoeing, fishing, tramping, the tent life and the roaring camp fire, are all survivals of the life of the Forest Age, reminiscences coursing in the very blood of our civilization and carrying us back to the times when danger was a part of the day's work and successful craft against bird and beast and fish was the first condition of existence. Recreation in the forests is the pleasant recall, in imagination, of a life vivid, fresh, free, and heroic. This life, now lost to us in the humdrum barter of the market place, may be brought back by the power of money, to amuse and invigorate and thrill us yet in our short hours of leisure and liberty.

How highly this reversion to the old life is treasured may appropriately be measured, in these times, by the sacrifices men make, the money they spend, for a summer's outing beside forest and stream. In New Hampshire, for instance, about half a million dollars are spent each year by the summer visitors, whose choice of this region is based upon its fine woodlands and lakes. Of the 174,280 persons spending their summer there, in the latest year for which figures are at hand, only about one-tenth (20,352) occupied cottages for the season, while a third remained but a week or so, and more than half (95,706) remained less than a single week. The cash received from these people, in the same year, was almost $5,000,000, and the total amount of this business added to the capital invested in summer resort property exceeded $10,000,000.

Had the forests been destroyed or disfigured by wasteful logging, probably not one cent of this large income to the State would ever have been spent. Common sense, not sentiment, must make the strongest protest against any use of the New Hampshire forests, save one consistent with retaining forever the attractive power of the whole region for those seeking recreation. Of course, this "summer people" revenue is only a subsidiary affair in a business sense. The forests are chiefly valuable there, as elsewhere, for their ability to supply use and profit in the concrete of wood products. But the two values, the commercial and the pleasurable, may be secured together. The farmer whose yearly income is greatly augmented by the recreation his guests are sure to find in the forest which he owns, need not withhold an ax altogether. His woodlot may be made to pay by oft-repeated cuttings which yield wood for home use or for market, without so thinning the stand as to mar the shade or pleasantness of the picnic grounds. Besides, by clearing the woodlot, though the first returns would be greater, he would have to wait long for further revenue; not only would he, in effect, turn away the paying guest, but he would discount the future.

Rules for the farmer's woodlot management in this region would be to avoid cutting of any kind during the summer outing season, to have strips of woods along the roads, to leave undisturbed the favored picnic grounds or places of special interest, and, in generel, to avoid as far as possible, the clear cutting of any tract.

The same principles hold true even more emphatically of larger lumbering operations. These should go on; they yield a good part of the State revenue. But if pushed recklessly, as too often in the past, they will not merely invite their own end, but will put a stop to the quest for recreation in the New Hampshire hills. Moderation, wise and foresighted lumbering, will preserve both the direct and the indirect sources of revenue, and time will constantly add to their amount.

All this, which applies to the pocketbook alone, is important enough to lead to wise action without further discussion. But there is a broader argument of general policy which may be used in defense of the New Hampshire forests. Rec-

reation grounds in the east are limited. More and more, as the cities swell, and the pressure of industrial life becomes severer, it is of the highest common concern that nature be safeguarded and encouraged in her beneficent work of building up and sustaining the great world of recreation, in which care is thrown aside and cramped limbs, bent shoulders, and weary brains may find freedom and invigoration. The forest for recreation has become a much needed investment in the interests of the whole community.

A RIVER OF ROLLING SAND.

A RIVER of sand rolls past Kansas City. The bottom of the Missouri river, from the mountains of the northwest to where it empties into the Mississippi, is one rolling, shifting bed of sand, ever moving slowly onward to the sea.

If you were to go down in a diving suit to the river bottom you would see this sand constantly moving down stream, rolling over and over in the current. Opposite Kansas City this sand that forms the river bed is fifty feet deep in places. But it is always the same depth at the same place. It is continually shifting exactly as sandbars shift upon the shores in the treacherous current.

This sand comes from erosion of the mountain rocks. No one knows or can guess how many years ago the sand, now drifting past Kansas City, was on its long journey from the mountains. It may have started many thousands of years ago. It may have been halted upon the way for hundreds or thousands of years. The "Big Muddy" has a trick of dumping a few million tons of sand by the wayside and of leaving it there for years. But the river always claims and takes it again some time.

It is a part of the tearing down and building up plan of this mysterious old earth. Eventually the sand will be deposited upon the floor of the Gulf of Mexico, forming a vast plateau that some time, by some great convulsion of nature, will be uplifted from the waves and form a fertile continent.

This river of sand helped to build Kansas City. Wherever you see a bit of concrete or street paving or cement work there is sand from the river in it.

Along the river front of Kansas City are 350 acres of level, drifting sand. The sand is from twenty to fifty feet deep all over the 350 acres. There are millions of tons of sand there, and every grain of it was pumped from the bottom of the Missouri river.

There are two boats which work day and night pumping sand upon the land that is being reclaimed from the river. From the pump upon the boat the sand and water are forced through a long iron pipe and are discharged upon the land. In this way the 350 acres have been reclaimed from the river. The land is owned by the Armour-Swift interests. It is worth $30,000 an acre now.

The water of the Missouri river where it flows past Kansas City averages twenty feet in depth, and the current is very swift. Anchored 100 feet from the shore are the pump boats and sand barges. They have powerful engines and pumps and long steel pipes that are lowered to the bottom of the river. The nozzle of the pipe sinks into the sand and the pump sucks it up. The

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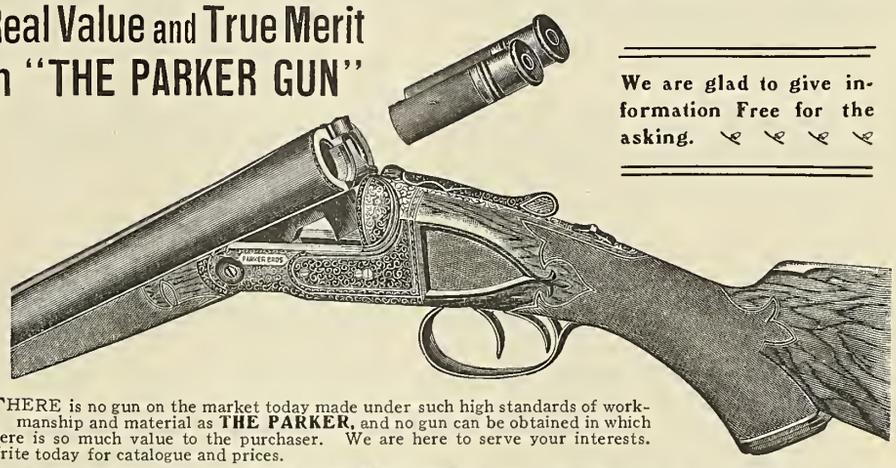

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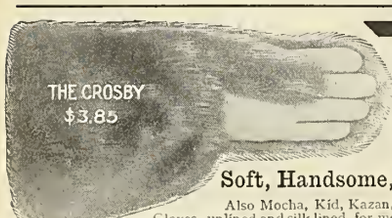

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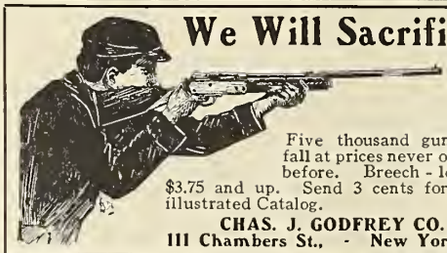

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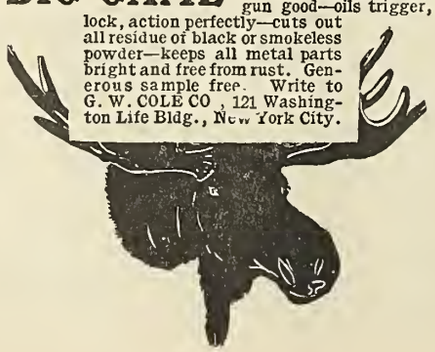

sand that is sold for building purposes runs out into a scow. The sand fills the scow, the water rising and running over the edges until the scow is full of sand. Then the barge is towed to the bank, a system of buckets upon an endless belt running up a long crane scoops the sand out, carries it up, and dumps it in a pile upon shore where wagons can get at it.

For years and years, day and night, the pumps have been steadily sucking up sand from the river bottom. But the quantity never lessens. There is always a mass of it rolling and drifting slowly onward, and the current quickly fills up the depression made by the pump nozzle.

Beneath the sand is a deposit of "gumbo" or hard clay, beneath that is a blue shale, and next to that is the bed rock. The piers of the Winner bridge go through from 90 to 125 feet of sand and soil before they reach bed rock. There is more of each of the piers below ground than there is above.—Kansas City Star.

CATCHING THE ELBEDRICHELLA.

A favorite sport in this region is catching the "elbedrichella" on the neighboring hills, writes a Reading, Pa., correspondent. Recently a party of Germans invited a well-known member of the bar to participate in a hunt on Mount Penn. They left for the mountain at 9 o'clock, and after they reached the top the lawyer was stationed in the middle of a narrow path, with a large bag, and was told to hold the mouth of the bag wide open and low to the ground, to catch the "elbedrichella" as they ran past. He was informed that the night birds invariably ran up that path, and that they'd surely get into the bag. This species of night bird, the lawyer was told, only left their nests at night. When he heard the marvelous stories told concerning this game he became exceedingly interested, and, to the surprise of all, he readily consented to go along on one of their night trips.

It was bitter cold, especially on the mountain. The lawyer held the bag, and his companions descended down the mountain 100 yards, and then began "shooing" in loud voices to stir up the game. They also beat the bushes with clubs. One by one the party descended the hill and went to the nearest saloon, while those who remained back kept up the shouting. Meanwhile the lawyer kept holding down the bag, expecting every moment to hear the clatter of the coming "elbedrichella." He became numb and soon shivered with cold, as he quietly stood still in a stooping position, while the merry jokers below laughed, shouted, and beat the bushes.

At length all was still below, and the lawyer then believed the game would soon appear. He held his post for fully a half hour longer, when, fearing being frozen to death, he dropped the bag and made his way down to where he expected to find his friends. No one was there. He called, but there was no answer. Weary and disheartened he reached the saloon, and to his great astonishment and anger he saw his "friends" holding their sides in lauhgter, drinking and frolicking around the large warm stove in the barroom. The lawyer first warmed himself and then delivered a bitter tirade against men who pretended to be his friends and yet were so unfeeling and heartless as to play such an inhuman joke upon him. They tried to explain that it was a German custom in the old country to play such a practical joke once a winter upon uninformed persons, and that he should take it good naturedly and take a drink, but the lawyer refused and vowed vengeance. The wonder is that the lawyer had never before heard of the trick. The "game" has been frequently played in this district, but the details were never published, in order to procure fresh victims once every winter. That's the reason the lawyer never heard of it.—New York Sun.

Principal, to home-coming salesman—How did you come to sell that fellow Smith, who is on the verge of bankruptcy, so many things at such low prices?

Traveling Man—Well, I said to myself, "Now, if he goes bankrupt, then we sha'n't lose so much money."—Wiener Salonwitzblatt.

Miss Elsa—You are certainly polite, Baron. You pass me and never look at me.

Baron—Ah, mademoiselle, if I had looked at you I never could have passed by.

THE CRUISE OF THE "KEEN KUTTER."

Continued from page 874.

Michigan City yet?" We made a nice landing at the Goodrich Line pier. Fred and George commenced to convalesce very rapidly just as we were going into the Chicago River. There everything was relative, by that I mean when your are in a boat which is pitching, the entire muscles of your body and range of vision become so accustomed to it, that even though you look at a fixed object, it seems naturally fixed, because of the accommodation of the range of vision to the motion of the boat, and this is where Fred and George fooled themselves, because when they themselves reached the fixed objects on shore, this condition of vision and muscles was reversed. This is called "Sea legs." And they could not understand why it was that posts would get in their way and the buildings would sway from side to side, and, worse and more of it, this brought on a fresh attack of seasickness.

Paul was the real pilot, and so we asked him to take us down through the Chicago River, because he knew just how to whistle for drawbridges and whether one or two toots of the whistle meant to pass to the port or starboard, and when we got our boat in the first lock of the canal with her nose pointed toward La Salle, and we knew there was no possible chance of our going astray, then came our parting with Paul. You are possibly wondering who is Paul? Well, I will tell you who he is. He is one of the most congenial, lovable men among men, whom I have ever met. He is courageous, temperate and truthful; possesses a good head for business, as well as sailing, and an appetite like a "buzz saw." Incidentally, he is one of the officers of the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., and earns his daily bread building pleasures and troubles for others. This is Paul McCracken. Our seasick George is Mr. George D. Lyford, manager of the sporting goods department of The Simmons Company, and Fred, who says that this was his first sickness since he had the measles, immediately after his sister had the whooping cough, is Mr. Fred Daehnert, chief electrician of the same establishment. This consituted our party, Paul, Fred, George and myself.

We entered the Illinois and Michigan Canal at about 2:00 P. M. on Sunday, not knowing just whether it was 5 or 105 miles long, and were a little disappointed when we were told by a lock tender it was 96 miles in length, and contained sixteen locks with a various range of drops from 3 to 15 feet, and I assure you that when we went through the one with the 15-foot drop, it certainly did seem as if we would never reach bottom. It did not take very long to find out that in those pretty towns, villages and cities along the river through Illinois, that the "lid" was not on, Sundays. The only difference between Sunday and Monday, as far as the "lid" is concerned, is that on Sunday you go into the back door instead of the front.

I am willing to wager my last dollar, that lock tenders never had their training in any of the modern, mercantile establishments, and I am quite sure that the superintendent of the canal, himself, could not hold any other job than a political one long enough to save enough out of his salary to buy a good cigar. His headquarters are at Lockport, Ill., which is a very beautiful city. He has a very imposing suite of offices, an assistant, and a young lady secretary, whom we did not see, however. All of this official staff to record the passage of about four boats a week. In the absence of the young lady, the superintendent finally condescended, on receipt of $15.88, to write out our clearance papers, and after using several blanks, duly receipted for our money, and said they were all right. As a matter of fact, they were all wrong and the various old lock tenders along the route were not sure whether we were "imposters" or genuine; however, they all knew that such a boat as ours had not gone up the canal, and as it could not very well have been brought overland, they were taking no chances in letting us pass—especially when they saw the receipt for $15.88.

What a pity to see that great artificial body of water running over rivers and through tun-

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(S) Arthur L. Walker.

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nels, but surely filling up so that in a short time navigation of anything less than a raft or rowboat will be impossible, and it is really sad to see those old, antique lock tenders nearing the Great White City, where so many good canal boat captains have gone before. One poor, old fellow in particular, with a smile and a tear said: "Waal boys, there ain't much boatin' through the locks now-days, and I don't know what we would do if it warn't for the State which preserves the canal." It is remarkable how a drink of whiskey will cheer these old fellows up and stimulate them to a little energy in opening their locks. In one instance—and I am free to confess where we got the quickest service—the lock was opened and closed for us by a poor, lone woman, who said that she had been born on the canal, raised a family on the canal, buried her husband along the canal, and was simply waiting to die on the canal. So to La Salle where we arrived at 5:15 P. M. Monday, June 11.

Then began one of the most beautiful trips it has ever been my pleasure to take. The Illinois River from La Salle to its mouth, contains islands and islands, of green thick trees, which by reason of their abundant nutrition, are simply smiling at you all the time, and one can gain an idea of the fishing industries along this river, when I tell you that from Havana, Ill., alone 10,500 tons of fish were shipped last season.

There is one lock at Henry, Ill., on the river, which is under control of the Illinois and Michigan canal and, by the way, if you ever have any idea of going up the river in this vicinity, be sure you know first that there is a lock there; and secondly, that you know just where to find it, because years ago, it was found necessary in order to render the upper part of the river navigable, to build a dam across the river four feet high, so as to have at all times sufficient water to navigate a boat with a six foot draft, therefore it became necessary to install a lock. This lock and dam, as you are sailing down the river, does not present itself to view until you are right on it, because of the sharp bend of the river, and the current is so swift that unless you keep well in to shore, there is a possibility of going over the dam. The other two locks, one at La Grange, and one at Kampsville, are controlled by the United States Government under the jurisdiction of the United States Army, and it is quite refreshing when passing through them, to know that there are sufficient men to open them quickly and unceremoniously—exemplifying the efficiency of good government. To anyone who does not possess a chart showing the chan-

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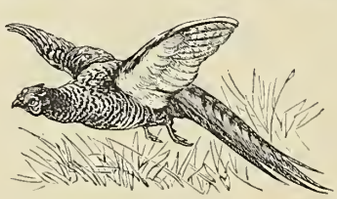

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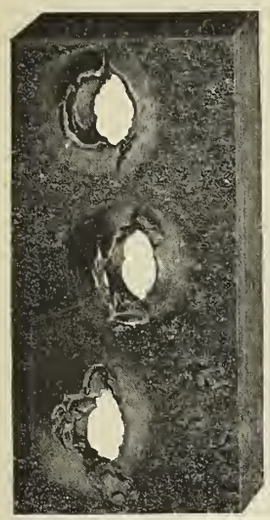

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nels of the Illinois River, it is considerably safer to navigate by simply going from one United States Light to another. I think it would be even safer for a boat of four or five feet draft to simply keep near the middle of the river, keeping a little nearer the far shore when coming around all of the bends.

One of the most beautiful sights presents itself where the Illinois empties into the Mississippi. It empties into it diagonally—and even at a distance of a mile from its mouth you can see the high bluffs of the Illinois shore and their big, interesting rugged formation extending for miles along the river. There also begin the dikes.

I do not know why the government finds it necessary to construct so many dikes in the river between Grafton and Alton, but I presume, like everything else it does, that it was necessary; anyway. I stand ready to accept that version. However, as gales and squalls and Fred's and George's illness did not stop us on Lake Michigan, nor the odor of the canal at Chicago, we determined to at least take chances on passing the dikes, because we had gotten so accustomed to finding the Government lights that we made the run from Grafton to Alton, not only without a mishap, but in remarkably quick time.

Now, when we reached Alton we had been away from business and home folks longer than we had anticipated, but as we had never run over the course from Alton to St. Louis, we decided to tie up for the night and make an early start in the morning, arriving at St. Louis, Wednesday morning, June 13, at 9:30 A. M.

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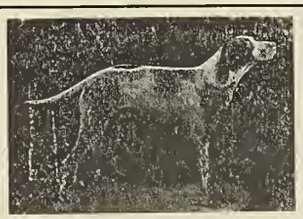

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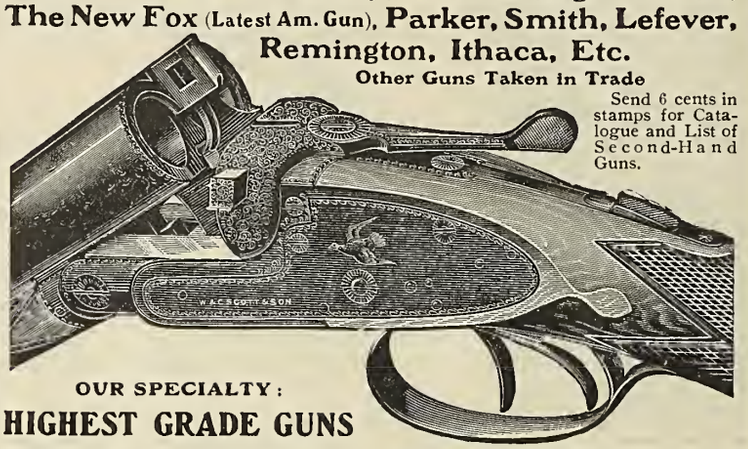

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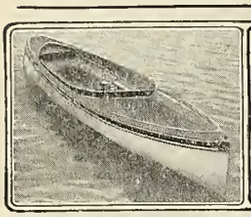
From a Photograph by J. C. Thompson



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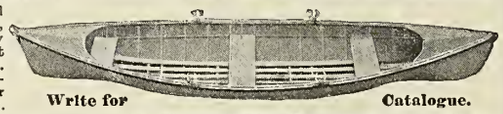

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"Package downstairs for you."

"Well, it can wait till morning, I suppose?

The boy departed, and after a long time the man was sound asleep again, when there came another resounding knock.

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"'Tain't for you, that package!"—London Tit-Bits.

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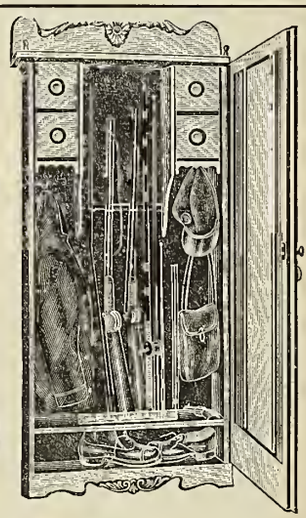

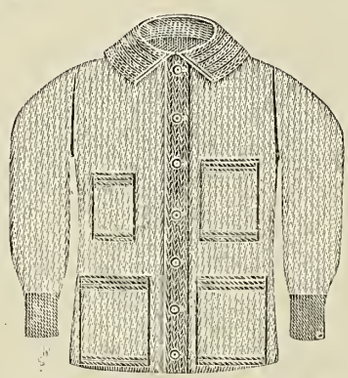

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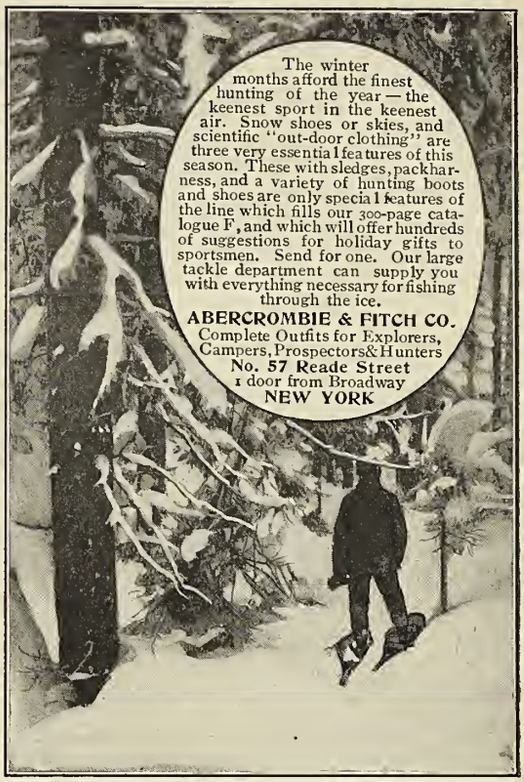

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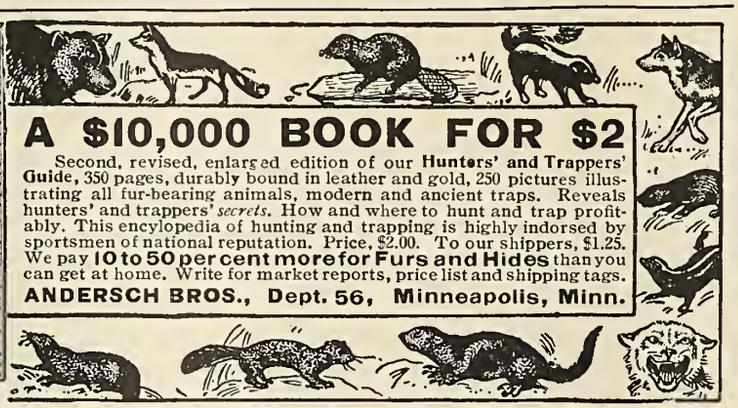

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John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)
A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)
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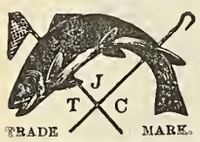

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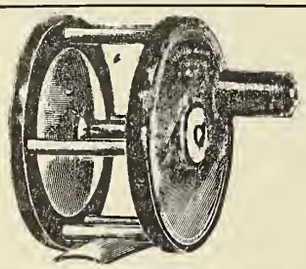

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Forest and Stream

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THE NEW YORK SHOOTING LICENSE.

The New York nonresident shooting license law calls for a license fee from the nonresident shooter equivalent to the fee exacted by the State from which he comes; or if he is from a State which has no nonresident fee the amount he must pay for hunting in New York is fixed at $10. This is the theory. In practice the rule is that the nonresident does not pay any license fee. The fees collected during the season could perhaps be counted on the fingers of two hands. The law is practically incapable of enforcement. Men who go to the Adirondacks for deer hunting may come from New Jersey or Pennsylvania or Ohio, but at the hotels they register themselves as from New York or Buffalo or Erie, and there is no way of determining their actual residence and collecting the fee. The conditions in New York are very different from those in Maine, where the hunter from out of the State can usually be identified as coming from abroad.

As an expedient to insure the collection of the nonresident license and for what is believed to be beneficial extension of the license system, the game authorities will endeavor to secure from the next Legislature a license law applicable to all shooters, whether resident or nonresident, the resident fee being some nominal sum. This will serve to identify every man in the woods with a gun as a resident or a nonresident. The resident shooter will be required to take out his license from some public official and under conditions such as to identify him as a resident. The system will render impossible the securing of a resident license by a nonresident. Under these conditions where every hunter abroad in the game fields must show his license and identify himself, the protector will have no difficulty in discovering the man who comes from out of the State.

This system is in vogue in other States and it is to be accepted as something which will be adopted in New York sooner or later; and for the matter of that, in all States which have game worth the caring for. We give elsewhere the Wisconsin license form.

NATIVE BIRDS PREFERRED.

The variety of effort made to provide wild game for the sportsman is an interesting feature of the shooting of the present day. Except South Africa, no land was ever fuller of game than was North America, yet this natural wealth we dissipated with a childish lack of foresight, and now we are resorting to various expedients to recover it.

The example of England suggests that we should rear by hand birds for shooting, but conditions in England differ widely from those in this country, and the men here who have the time, the money and the land needed to rear birds for stocking are very few. A few individuals and a few clubs breed pheasants successfully, and generously too, for these birds are such wanderers that when set free they spread themselves over wide stretches of country. There are places on the Atlantic seaboard where for years a stock of wild pheasants has existed; but they do not seem to increase in numbers and barely hold their own. On the Pacific coast, however, pheasants increase rapidly and do singularly well.

European partridges, in some of their many varieties, have been imported to America, but without result. Years ago a few were turned out in New Jersey, and young ones were seen, but they never established themselves.

The hardy and larger grouse of Europe seem to promise better. Those turned out on a Michigan island, and in one of the great parks of Canada, have apparently bred, but it is yet too early to conclude that any permanent results will be attained. These experiments, and the one being now tried in British Columbia, are extremely interesting.

With proper protection and encouragement the native game birds of America might be so increased as to furnish shooting for all the gunners in the land. Scattered over the United States and Canada are a dozen species of grouse, as many of quail, and the superb wild turkey. With all these species why should we go abroad for our game? This week it is reported that a steamer has brought from England a consignment of 2,000 pheasants intended to be turned out in Kansas. In Kansas, the home of the quail, the prairie hen, the sharp-tailed grouse and the wild turkey! It is true that over much of that State these native species have been terribly reduced in numbers or even exterminated, but would it not be better, by the passage of wise laws and the expenditure of a little money to strive for the re-establishment of these native species rather than to bring in others from foreign lands?

AN IMPORTANT SEIZURE.

When Game Warden Morgan arrested three men in Los Angeles, Cal., a fortnight ago, and confiscated a carload of elk antlers, hides and teeth, shipped there by them, it is believed he accounted for the principals if not all the members of a band of men that it is alleged have been killing elk in or on the borders of the Yellowstone Park and disposing of them through a taxidermist of Los Angeles. In the shipment were thirteen bales and three crates of elk antlers, several bales of elk scalps and quantities of teeth. Search of the taxidermist's place revealed eight elk scalps hidden under the floor.

Warden Morgan had been busy on the case for several months, for it is believed these men and perhaps others with them, have been at work a long time in or near the park. Shipments, apparently between the parties now under arrest, have been confiscated, and the Wyoming authorities were on their trail. Their examination will be held on Dec. 12.

Everything found by the authorities goes to show that these men worked skillfully and took great pains to select, preserve and pack for shipment by freight only the most perfect specimens, and it is evident they killed the elk in deep snow at short range and took their time to finish their work. Two of the men had even interviewed the warden to ascertain his interpretation of the law before the shipment was undertaken. The shipment was entered as "household goods," and the men were arrested while actually receiving it from the railway company.

The slaughter of a herd of elk is not a thing that can be accomplished quietly and without leaving plain evidence. Handling the bales and crates, some of which weighed close to a ton, was not the work of two men. These and other facts tend to show that other men probably know something about the killing and shipping, and the authorities in and about Yellowstone Park should leave no stone unturned to put a stop to the practice of killing elk in order to supply men with "trophies" and watch-charms.

PROMINENT SPORTSMEN KILLED.

Last week a terrible accident on a southern railroad cost the life of four sportsmen and business men of great prominence. These were Mr. Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway Co.; Gen. Philip Schuyler, of New York, and Francis T. Redwood and Chas. D. Fisher, of Baltimore. These gentlemen, on their way south on a shooting excursion, were traveling in a private car, the last on the train, when a following train ran into this car and killed or severely injured all its occupants. Mr. Spencer was one of the most important railroad men of the country. He was a native of Georgia and had worked himself up from the bottom to the presidency of the railroad. Besides being a railroad man he was a financier.

Gen. Philip Schuyler was a member of the old Schuyler family of New York and an enthusiastic sportsman. He was a member of the Boone and Crockett Club, and an important citizen of New York, a man whose charming manners and universal courtesy endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Messrs. Fisher and Redwood belong to well known Baltimore families and had each a large circle of friends.

WASHINGTON'S FISHING TACKLE.

That Washington was an angler is well known. Some years ago Dr. George H. Moore, Librarian of the Lenox Library of New York, published a monograph on the subject which we reprinted in our last week's issue. That there are still in existence tangible relics of Washington's fishing tackle is a fact which has been as little suspected by anglers in general as it is grateful to know. This fishing box with its hooks we count a veritable find. Anglers everywhere will be thankful to Mr. Anderson for affording the Forest and Stream the privilege of picturing and describing the treasured relics.

THE TOP RAIL.

Frederic Foster, of Fond du Lac, Wis., writes me as follows:

"I should like to get up a dinner for the duffer who was mentioned in Top Rail notes, and took along the napkins and tablecloth, and if he went into rough country could get along with granite in place of china. I certainly agree with Forest and Stream when it says, 'Shades of Nessmuk!' I go deer hunting Thursday night. Go in at Florence, Wis., and drive over corduroy roads twenty miles. I should like to have that gentleman join me and bring along the china."

A correspondent commenting on a recent note in these columns wrote: "We seem never to read anything in Forest and Stream about the 'piscatorial artist who with crafty lure entices the finny denizens of the deep.' Possibly the editor has an antipathy to him and blue-pencils him on sight. I would, too, if I had the chance. I never hear of this creature without being reminded of the tonsorial artist who removes one's redundant hirsute efflorescence. I think they must be brothers or otherwise closely related. When I go fishing I go to catch fish; I don't go to inveigle finny denizens. And if I were in the push-cart business I'd blow my horn and bawl, 'Fresh fish.' If I hollered hifalutin; something like this, 'Here's your piscatorially-artistically-inveigled finny denizens of the deep,' I shouldn't expect to sell enough codfish to keep the children in shoes."

While discussing this subject it might as well be said that the "speckled beauty" offender also calls down the weight of the blue pencil. And did anyone ever see a silver trophy that was not called "a handsome silver trophy?" Then there is the "festive jack rabbit" and "the old bronz-backer." The country newspaper writer never announces that so-and-so are anglers, but invariably dubs them "successful Waltonians" or "true disciples of Izaak," always misspelling the given name so that it appears as "Izaac" or "Isaac."

So often is testimony offered to show that certain birds and animals are "weather prophets" that we accept part of this evidence without question. Close observers of the habits of wild animals believe they have some means of knowing in advance the coming of bad or good weather, and whether an approaching winter will be mild or severe.

Granting that there are good reasons for believing that animals are at times guided by some instinct or reasoning, it seems to me that this wisdom is partly acquired, just as the man who spends a great deal of his time outdoors acquires knowledge of what he may expect in regard to weather. Woodcraft he depends on largely, the animals' and insects' actions he relies on to a certain extent, and the air, the sun, the wind and the clouds guide him in other respects. Asked to explain why he is sure a thunderstorm may be expected during a day of clear skies, he may not be able to do so, but he feels a something that prompts him to prepare for one. Often he is wrong in his surmises, just as the lower animals make mistakes or are taken unawares.

Why is it, if the lower animals know in advance the coming of storms—as it is often claimed they do—so many land birds are found dead far out at sea after a storm? Do they, like small boat sailors, make desperate efforts to gain the shelter of land, only to be overtaken before they can reach it, or are they really ignorant of the approach of the storm? These are questions that cannot be answered positively, but very interesting ones, nevertheless.

A State of Washington correspondent informs me that a case came up in one of the courts there not long ago in which the prisoner admitted he had obtained a bounty of $7.50 in Washington on a wild animal scalp cut from a rug in Wisconsin, and that the State auditor had reason to believe a syndicate was working this game in various parts of Washington. This situation, and others similar to it, are not devoid of their humorous side, although the jokers appreciate the seriousness of being caught with the goods.

In all game regions there are men who have a sort of claim to private ownership over certain beasts whose haunts they are familiar with, and if these haunts happen to be in a neighboring State, where there is no bounty, and their own State pays bounties, why there are ways to force the bear or wolf across the line and dispatch it. Men have even been accused of baiting places to attract coyotes from another State, and it is noticeable that when a State puts a new bounty law in force, scalps in quantities are presented to the county treasurers.

Here's a good one that a Duluthian has sent me. It was printed in a local paper:

"With the color of the deer in his eye and the hunter's blood bounding through his veins Frank Berry, one of the most noted nimrods of Duluth, laid low a valuable Irish spaniel belonging to Theodore Frerker last week while hunting on the Cloquet River, twenty-eight miles from Duluth. Berry, with Frerker, Tom Story, Al Salter and three other Duluthians, own a hunting camp on the Cloquet, to which the party repairs every fall for a little sport with the big game, which is quite plentiful in that section. All of them have earned reputations for being most careful hunters and Berry never sees a story of the death of a man, woman or child by the hunter's bullet that he doesn't inveigh wrathfully against such carelessness. Never before, so he claims, has he made a mistake when he thought he was shooting at one of the four-footed inhabitants of the Minnesota woods. * * * Suddenly, between the branches, he spied a 'fawn' reposing peacefully and entirely unmindful of the approaching danger. Sure that at last he was to prove his ability as a huntsman he advanced cautiously, always keeping that little patch of dark brown in view. Foot by foot and yard by yard he crept upon his unsuspecting victim with his gun raised ready for an instant shot. A twig snapped. The 'fawn' jumped. The rifle spoke and with an agonized howl Frerker's prize spaniel fell over backward with a bullet from Berry's gun imbedded in its shoulder."

Over in Pennsylvania some twisters are spun occasionally, and this one, which a friend sends me, is all right: He says that a Mr. Rossi was after quail and rabbits in the woods when his dogs got on the trail of a rabbit. He shot the rabbit when it came into view, and was proceeding to the spot when he was surprised to see a big hawk rise in the air with the cottontail in its claws. The rabbit was not yet dead and was kicking vigorously. The hawk rose before Mr. Rossi recovered from his surprise. Then he blazed away at the robber and brought down the hawk and its prey with one shot.

This is not quite like an experience of my own. I was on the shore of a river when I saw a big hawk swoop down and fasten its claws in the back of a fish swimming along near the surface. Interested, I watched the hawk ascend slowly to a dead sycamore and noted that the fish was large enough to fill my frying pan nicely. Taking careful aim, I fired at the hawk, but the small bullet did not take immediate effect. The hawk tried to rise, but its double burden was too much for it, and it dipped lower and lower until it struck the water far out and the fish got away. After that I generally counted my game when it was secure in the bag.

M. F. W., who sends in the following paragraph, is justified in his remarks, but he does not mention that while the moose in the picture is supposed to be on his knees, the head and shoulders are in the same position as if he were standing on all fours, and the hindlegs seem short enough for those of a caribou or elk:

"The attempts of ignorant illustrators to depict animal life are often exceedingly amusing. A case in point is to be found on p. 124 of the December number of The Wide World Magazine, wherein is shown a moose with antlers on wrong side front, with a tail reaching half way to his hocks, and a short bell depending from the lower jaw. Perhaps this is meant for whiskers. The moose is blowing a cloud of steam or smoke from his mouth. The cigar is not visible, but probably the moose dropped it when struck by the bullet which apparently cut his throat."

This reminds me of another picture published among the advertisements in popular magazines recently. The picture shows an angler with rod in one hand and landing net in the other, engaged in leading a fish, head first, up to the net. One might infer that at the proper time he would whistle and give it slack line, and the fish would accommodatingly rush into the net and wait to be lifted out, for there is no other way that it could follow.

On a famous rifle range there was an important team match one day, and the men were firing in pairs, one for each team, side by side. The best shot on the home team was given to aiming so long that bets were made on whether or not he had gone to sleep at the firing-point. Presently he withdrew his head from the stock of his rifle, lowered the barrel and asked his opponent, in a low voice:

"Did I fire or did you?"

Grizzly King.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Cruise in a Converted Canoe.—II.

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Coming out of Secretary Creek, taking care to follow the brush buoy channel marks, we headed away down big salt Choptank. It was a beautiful afternoon. A slight haze diffused the white sunlight, and a faint breeze ruffled the water's surface. It was just such a day as tempts an uneasy spirit to leave home and seek the unknown beyond the horizon. The land fell away astern, and when we turned down the river—salt bay, really—it seemed as though a new spirit had come into the region; and so it had. The spirit of "going somewhere" was upon the face of the waters, and brushing the lands back that we might find new ones.

Nowhere can one see prettier pictures than afloat on the Chesapeake Bay rivers. This is not to say the scenes are full of grandeur, or always awe-inspiring. What we saw that morning was a wide, oily surface stirred by catspaws of wind. Here and there were little fleets of canoes, with sails wrapped around the one or two masts, or in hummocks around the masts on the seats. Silhouetted against the bright beyond were the men, looking like imps in the distance, as they spread their arms far apart and drew the handles of their tongs together, while at the bottom of the river rake-like jaws closed under shells and debris.

Sight of these men in their boats on all sides far and near gives the river an uncanny look, especially when a slight mirage seems to raise the workers above the water's surface and holds them like day-ghosts in the air.

The land seemed more distant than on our previous trips along the river. The faint haze removed the shores to a distance, and where we saw the clay and gravel banks, yellow and low, the suggestion was not that of solids, but rather ethereal, and the trees and bushes and fields were still more cloud-like. Ahead of us around each bend, beckoned the waterway. Any road, any river and any sea is an invitation to roam.

We stopped long enough to talk to Win Murphy who was tonging on a "rock" in midstream. We saw him from afar, and bore down upon him with the noise which an unmuffled gasolene motor makes. The sound was heard afar, and we saw men a mile away stop their tasks and look to see the launch.

While Rusk talked to Murphy, I took a lesson in tonging from Bruce Murphy, Win's son. Bruce is fourteen years old, and he handed me a forty pound pair of tongs with one hand. I got the 30-inch rakes down to the bottom fifteen feet below the surface and spread the two half-round handles far apart and began to jounce them on the bottom. When the handles were together, I hauled up and found one oyster about an inch long, and dropped him trying to get the jaws over the boat's side. Three or four times trying gave me a little better idea of how it was done, and also taught me that the ache comes across the small of the back and the strain on all the muscles above the waist line and in the calves of the leg. Worst of all, the salt water comes down on the hands, and when one works for days in the winter, when most of the work is done, the hands fairly break open. Nevertheless the tonger longs for bitter winds to drive the dredges out of the big water. This gives him a good market for all that he can get. The pretty weather of last winter was good for the physical man on the bay, but those who longed for money more than for comfort were disappointed.

We went into Cambridge Creek, and tied at the dock. Just ahead of us by the bridge were oyster boats unloading, a horse hoisting the iron buckets holding a bushel, to the second story of the oyster house. These boats were among the last to come for the season. Rusk got some dime novels, and we laid in a little supply of grub. We slept aboard the boat, and next morning, after getting our mail, started down Choptank River.

It happened that there was quite a crowd at the Long Dock, waiting for the Baltimore steamer. Nothing would do but we must show the engine to the crowd. We got to the dock, and my green hands at the rope made a shocking display of incapacity. Nevertheless, we got tied in, bow and stern, and Rusk began to dilate on the merits of the engine. What followed was a joy to the spectators.

We'd had trouble with the motor from time to time. It was brand new, and on occasion something stuck—some little thing, which had to be hunted for and remedied before it would go. This time when Rusk tried to make the engine go, it started up, fizzed, puffed and stopped. It stayed stopped thereafter, for half an hour. Rusk sweated over the crank handle, tuned up the commutator, shook the wires, tightened screws, and all the while kept up a running fire of talk. At first the onlookers listened with gravity, then they suppressed smiles and finally become hilarious.

"Now, isn't that a pretty little motor," Rusk began. "Just look at it! She'll turn up 750 revolutions a minute when she gets shaken together a bit. She isn't quite smooth yet. You just ought to have seen her heading into the wind up Choptank last Tuesday. She was just a-coming-hard wind, and waves rolling good—never missed a stroke! You wouldn't think a little tempest in a teapot like that would show four horsepower, would you? Just look at her! Now I'll start 'er up and show you something pretty!"

He gave the crank a turn, but nothing happened. Then he gave it other turns and stopped to explain that something was the matter, and how difficult it is to run an engine till it's been worn down smooth. But the engine had more than common stubbornness that morning.

"Perhaps the wires are wet," he said, and examined them.

Then he tackled the carburetor, the spark plug, the oil holes, and so on down the whole list of possible troubles. The spectators grew tired of standing and sat down on the string piece, looking down at the engine, feeling funnier, and acting so, every miute until all of a sudden, there was a loud explosion, a puff of smoke and a rattelty bang of the machinery. Two of the onlookers literally threw their heels as high as their heads and scrambled off the string piece like crabs. The engine was going at last, after more trouble than it had given us since the first day. Then Rusk tried again and a third time. The engine went all right.

"Cast off!" Rusk said, giving the crank a turn for the third time, intending to head away down Choptank, but the engine quit again, and we reached back to the pier with a rope. Ten minutes later the engine started and while I yapped at it, and Rusk nursed the engine, the

SCENE IN CAMBRIDGE CREEK, MARYLAND.

boat banged into the pier and shook things. We scrambled to the wheel, and a minute later got clear, and away we went, not once looking back at the pier where we heard manifestations of joy above the sound of the motor.

It was now 9:30 o'clock A. M., April 5. Before us was a run of more than fifty miles, part of it out in the main Chesapeake Bay. The tide was low, and we had to run far out from the land around a gas lighthouse. For long stretches we could see the bottom, bare and sandy in places, and in others gloomy with sea weed.

The air was perfectly calm. The water was glassy. A schooner was floating out with the tide, her sails hanging like curtains. I sat at the wheel and kept off or up as Rusk commanded. We stopped to take off the muffler because it cost considerable power to keep it on. The noise of the rapid fire explosions seemed to increase in volume, certainly in effect, till the whole river seemed to resound from the beat. There were upward of three hundred shocks a minute, each one as loud as a .38-55. After half an hour, we just had to replace the muffler.

The run to Cook's Point was made without particular incident, then we bailed. In throwing out the water some splashed on the timer on the shaft and the engine died. We tried to start up, but without avail. Across the silence came the yelping of great flocks of sou'southerlys from just inside the point. Looking to see them, the fact that we were drifting toward the big bay was apparent, so over went the anchor while we fussed with the motor.

Here we lay an hour, finally disconnecting the propeller shaft, and taking the timer apart, wiping it dry and connecting up again. Once assembled, away went the motor, and I hustled up the little anchor. Making a turn we headed toward the bay once more, and passed the point into the wide, wide water.

Across the entrance to the Choptank between two long points is about four miles. As we rounded the point, we could see Sharp's island almost west of us, and a bit west of south was Hill's point, as the maps indicated. We kept down rather close to shore, but keeping our eyes on the charts, one must have a Government chart for comfortable traveling along the eastern shore. Along shore on the maps were shaded places with figures indicating the depth in feet. It was disquieting to see "1" a mile from shore. We were drawing more than twice that.

Our calm was unbroken even by a zephyr. Far out on the bay were steamers shooting up or down. To the left were farm lands, the edges of which we could see beginning to curl down because the shore was washing away—the bay making in, as the expressive term of the baymen has it. Along all the shore lines that we passed, the bay was making in—islands were washing away, points and mainlands dissolving under the impact of waves and tides. In this respect, a voyage on the Chesapeake waters will at times give one a depressing thought like those raised by the sight of the great caving bends down the Mississippi. Here, as on the Mississippi, some attempt to stay the tide is being made. One sees piles of brush pinned out from the banks by stakes. A few have built sea walls of stone. They serve the purpose to some extent, but effort to save the land is so seldom made, that it amounts to little compared to the aggregate of unprotected shore front. The land washed out into the bay, shoals it, and there are miles of water only a few inches or feet deep. For these shoals we had to keep watch.

We cut across the mouth of Bannock's Bay. Its whole surface was dotted with duck blinds. The water ranges from seven feet down to inches, and into it flock the wild fowl during storms, and when on their migration flights. Each blind has its owner, and to the bay come the hunters from afar and near. On favorable days, the roll of gun shots does not cease from dawn to dusk. But they were quiet now for the birds were most of them gone north, or were out in the big water free from disturbance.

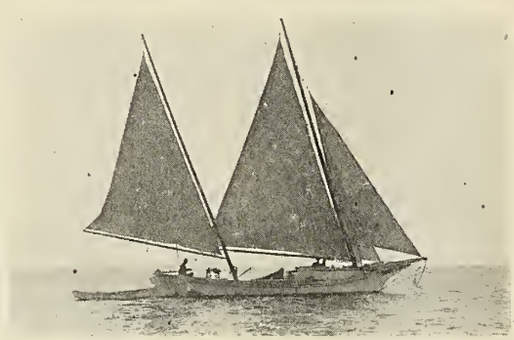
We ran in to Hill's point for lunch. It is not pleasant snatching for one's grub between engine strokes and turns of the wheel. We ran in rather further than we meant to, for the bottom suddenly jumped up, and scraped our keel. We stopped, clawed back over the reef and came to anchor. As we ate, the tide carried past us feathers which wild fowl had preened from their breasts, and the oily slicks, which the birds caused spread away in great patches, some of them covering acres. It was a most interesting spectacle, and quite as thrilling as a deer track, or rabbit bed in the snow.

We headed into Little Choptank Bay, around Hill's point, and ran down to some tongers who were miles from land. It seemed as though they must be over water many fathoms deep, but those

STEAMER WHARF AT SECRETARY, MD.

we came to were using nine or ten foot tongs. We stopped to have a talk, to get the lay of the shore, and to tell of gasolene engines. These men had batteaus, or plank boats. Only two or three had canoes. There were fashions in boats, it appeared, and this is not the least interesting of the bay phenomena. One cannot travel far on the bay waters without discovering places where the heavy log canoes give way to lighter skipjacks, where the spanker gives way to the jigger, where progress is seen in the coming of motor boats. One could not find a more interesting collection of craft than are to be seen on the Chesapeake Bay to-day. Some of the old types are sinking out of sight now. Here and there one will find a one-log dugout, here and there a two-log canoe, but new ones are not made, and the old ones are fast passing out of existence.

The museum authorities should awaken to this fact. The pongy was the craft in which pirates



AN OYSTER DREDGER.

went afloat in the old days; at least one of these should be put upon a shelf. Why should not a bugeye, a bugeye with a bustle, a three-log canoe, a five-log one, a Pocosin, a maulhead, a jigger rig, a spanker rig, and all the other small boat rigs of Chesapeake Bay be hung as they are rigged for the edification of the near generation which will have forgotten these strange craft? Sailing craft we shall always have with us, but not such rigs as these, effective though they are. It is not too much to say that there are more than a dozen, probably more than a score of kinds of log boats used on the Chesapeake Bay which will pass out of existence before the young men of these days have grown old. Let the museums look alive. A museum of small boats, containing pirogues of Louisiana, Mississippi bottom dugouts, Chesapeake Bay canoes, Florida, Maine, Michigan, Arkansas, Alabama and a thousand other kinds of local craft, has now a vanishing opportunity to make a complete collection, but the time is passing very rapidly. Where can one see an old time keel boat? Where is a Mississippi "ark" to be found? Who can point to a pioneer bullhide boat? While going to the South Seas and to the Eskimos for odd craft, some of our own oddities seem likely to pass out of existence unnoticed and forgotten.

The tongers pointed the way across Little Choptank Bay. A clump of trees was our guide mark, and we were to head straight for it, and take to a little creek which would open up before us. We started on without difficulty. A few minutes later a puff of wind breezed across the surface, raised a few little wrinkles which soon flattened out. A mile further, and we struck another catspaw. Then the gusts came oftener and oftener, until the wind was steadily rising, and down in the west was a dark and threatening murk of storm.

"Keep up to windward," Rusk said, "under the lee of those islands it isn't so rough, and if anything happens, you have further to drift before you hit the shore."

We were running across the wind, but the waves began to have crests of froth, from which gusts snatched spray and threw it against our faces like wet salt. We were heading up into the wind, to get out of the trough of the sea. When, just as we reached the seaway between two islands, with open water for miles across the Chesapeake, and only five miles down wind from us, a shore on which the waves were tumbling, the engine gave a back-fire puff and came to a stop. The absence of the engine sounds showed us how loud the wind roared. Rusk took up the cast iron crank, gave the wheel a turn, but it did not go. He gave another, harder turn, still the engine did not start. He gave a third twist, and instead of going ahead, the wheel started backward. We had to come to anchor to find out what was the matter. Finally we started, hauled up the anchor and the engine stopped again. Then it gave a vicious back kick, threw the crank against the balance wheel, and the head broke off at the neck.

We were in a quickening sea, and the usual means of starting the engine was broken past repair. Over went the anchor, up breezed the wind and Rusk rubbed his nose reflectively. He had in mind to make a crank out of wood, but ten or fifteen minutes later I happened to give the balance wheel a little jerk with my hands and the motor ceased to balk. It puffed, and backfired a bit, but did not stop. I yanked up the anchor, and we headed away for the creek once more, Rusk hovering over the needle valve ready to remedy any signs of too much or too little gasolene. In ten minutes we ran into Slaughter Creek, a narrow waterway, and tied to the steamer dock. We had only just reached the shelter when a gale came howling down out of the west which, with only a hundred yards clearway, raised waves that tossed and jumped our big log canoe.

Rusk's first task was to find a blacksmith to make a new crank, with which to start the engine. He did not find the smith, who was back on the island somewhere, but he brought down to the boat seven engine observers, who stood in the lee of the Taylor Island wharf house and peered down at the engine. Most of them were young men who tonged and crabbed for a living. By working steadily, they could make two or three dollars, even more, a day during seasons. It was more money than they knew how to spend, so they gambled much of it away. One man at Taylor's Island was progressive. He was the storekeeper, and our astonishment was great when we found that he had an artesian well and that his island home, store and other buildings were lighted by electricity, and boasted sundry other improvements.

At first sight it seemed to Rusk that every one on Taylor's Island would like a gasolene motor boat, but if the baymen wanted the boats they did not have the money to buy. The best place to sell motors is not where there are none, but where many have already been introduced. It is a curious fact that the tourists frequently pave the way for improvements in local specialties. It was the sportsman who carried small bore smoke-

less weapons to the guides, and it was the pleasure seeker who took gasolene boats to the fishermen—and it takes a long while for most men to see the point. The people who are building summer homes along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay are doing a great deal to develop the region, but these home-seekers have played havoc with shore front prices. Everything is a "hundred dollars an acre," and bargains are not easy to get. Back from the shore the width of a farm, one can buy as good land for a few dollars an acre.

We were at a landing which the steamer visited twice a week. The impulse had not come to make the most of the land. There were woods on every side, and the farms seemed like mere clearings. Many depended on the bay bottoms for their living, letting go the opportunity for fruits and vegetables.

Like the bay craft, the people "run in patches." Some are very old fashioned, primitive and suspicious; while along Big Choptank, for instance, are generous and able farmers. Further down the bay, in Virginia, one finds the old fashioned southern type. On the islands the people vary from the gum boot trappers to the haughty patent leather type of say, Deal's Island.

A low pile bridge crosses Slaughter Creek at Taylor's Island post-office. At the draw is the steamboat landing, and we were tied to the piles, on the lee side. The waves started a few hundred feet away at the low land, and gaining height as they came, sloshed under the dock and flung the canoe up and down. Our night's rest was broken at frequent intervals by the pound and boom of the boat against the side. Once I crawled out to look at the cleats by which we were held, and found one loose. The sweep of the wind was exceedingly vicious. In the morning the wind rose higher and higher, and the canoe was pounded more and more. We had a time swinging it around to catch the wind right, but everything looked well enough when I started after a pail of water.

On returning, I found that disaster had just been averted. Rusk was in the cabin getting dinner when a mightier bump than usual caused him to look out. To his astonishment he found that the bow line had pulled loose, and the boat had swung around against the draw bridge and dropped down in the trough of a wave, and the cabin roof came up under a beam end. The boat was heeled till the water came in over the combing. It looked as though it would sink right there, but two men happened to be coming across the bridge headed for the store, and being handy with ropes and boats, got the stern line clear and hauled the canoe free from the bridge just in time. In two minutes more, the boat would have filled, and unquestionably sunk, for the craft's timber was waterlogged. Worst of all, Rusk himself would have been in jeopardy, for getting on to the bridge meant a jump and a scramble at best.

The wind continued to howl all day without signs of abating, but there came a lull about 3:30 o'clock, of which we took advantage by going through the draw. The draw was worked by hand, by means of a huge crank turned like a stile on the bridge walking the draw around.

The blacksmith under Rusk's direction succeeded in making him a crank, and the engine was once more partially under control. We tried it, and the engine went, whereupon we gave some spectators a ride in Slaughter Creek. The engine behaved admirably, but Rusk saw that there was little business to be done among such islanders, so he determined to go up the creek far enough to be out of the wind for the night.

The tide was coming in, and being assured that there was plenty of water in the channel of Slaughter Creek, we started up it. There was some doubt as to whether we could get through because of a bridge somewhere beyond, and the grassy shoals of the Honga River might compel us to turn back after leaving the creek. Moreover, we were assured that the way was long and intricate, with many tempting creeks leading away to right or left which might fool us into a labyrinth of endless channels and lost sloughs. Nevertheless, it was worth risking rather than go into the big bay, and make the long and profitless journey on the wide water. In any event, we could probably return the way we had come.

THE POLICE BOAT, "EUGIE WILLIS."

The real joy of a rambling journey is oftenest found on some little out-of-the-way creek, like this one. Perhaps a gasolene launch never went through Slaughter Creek before. Ours was not without its little adventure. Half a mile from the bridge, just where the wind had its fullest sweep, we were obliged to shut down to consider which way to go. The water shoaled alarmingly in all directions, and going aground even in such a narrow place was not to be risked, for once we struck, the boat would unquestionably fill in five minutes. Mud might even swallow it up.

Finally we thought we saw the way, and attempted to get the engine going, but spray had wet something, and we had to rub the machine dry. It was necessary to anchor, an unpleasant alternative with night coming on, and the boat rocking and lunging worse than ever. We had come seeking shelter, and we determined to get to it. The engine started, the boat plowed ahead, and by good luck, materially assisted by Rusk's long experience in Albemarle and Pamlico sound shoals, we hit the real creek, and as the sun went down, cut through the narrow waters on slow speed.

It was a very interesting place to me. I stood at the bow, of course, sounding for the channel, yelling, "Port" or "Starboard" according to where I found the shoal. The creek was like the body of a running snake—it had neither straight reach nor angle in it. Ahead of us was always the bank, while off to the right or left squirmed the water between low, marsh grass banks. Sometimes we seemed to be approaching a woods shelter on the marsh, only to be led from it far toward the other side of the open. At one turn the wind smacked us up against the bank. At another we grounded. One turn was so short that we couldn't make it, so I jumped ashore and cordelled around the point. Time and again we had to stop the engine, to study the way before us.

It was rapidly coming dusk, and still we had no place to lie which would be out of the wind, while ahead was the elusive shelter "just around the next bend." Suddenly, we banged full tilt into a sand bar. An eel, stirred from the bar, scared by the propeller doubtless, rushed up out of the water toward the grass in its amazement. I almost pitched over the bow into the deep pool just ahead of the reef we were on.

The canoe refused to budge. We pushed, strained, hauled, but without avail. While we worked we noticed that the tide was going out. We worked harder, and got the boat teetering on the edge of the reef, but there it hung immovable. We threw the anchor and tried to kedge off, but without avail. Finally we decided to wait for the turn of the tide. We crawled into the cabin, cooked supper, made our bunk and settled down to read the adventures of Vidocq and Black Eyed Somebody. We were about to go to sleep, when it became alarmingly apparent that the boat was tipping down by the head and heeling over alarmingly.

We got up and looked out. The tide was still ebbing, suckling under the down-pointed bow. It seemed as though it could not go out much longer, nevertheless a little more fall would be distinctly dangerous for the safety of the boat. A little more down, and a little more tip, and our boat might shoot head first into the channel under water. At best, the rising tide would find the boat without buoyancy enough to raise the combing above the rising waters. The more we studied the situation, the less we liked it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Moose and Hares in Nova Scotia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received a letter from a valued correspondent in Nova Scotia, Dr. Y. C. Lockwood, a portion of which will, I think, prove interesting to some of your readers. In his letter my friend says:

"Your article on the American hare, published in FOREST AND STREAM, was very interesting. This year finds them even more plentiful than last; some of the farmers tell me that their gardens have been totally destroyed by them. This was a great season for moose. Nearly every hunting party was successful. One party had the unheard of experience of calling up at one time six bulls, three of which they shot, one for each man of the party."

Letters from other correspondents are all to the effect that moose are exceptionally abundant in Nova Scotia this season, and that every hunter has no difficulty in securing his quota of one, to which he is limited by law.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Dog's Boilers and their Fuel.

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D., IN OPEN COURT.

The secret of life lies in the gift of drinking in sunshine, either raw as plants do, or worked up into what we call foods, as animals must, and using its warmth for selfish purposes. The green stuff of plants catches the sunlight, which sets to work building the stem-leaf house, and then storing it with starch and sugar. Then comes the animal and, most greedily, eats up the plant, crystallized sunshine and all, and uses it first to build his own body-house, then to move it about and warm it.

The first and most important need of the dog-engine is plenty of fuel. It was to move about in search of this, that his racing machine grew up. So that his body is like a locomotive, not only in having a running gear and "wheels," but a "fire box" as well, in which his food fuel can be burnt and turned into heat and horse-power, or more correctly, "dog-power." As you would expect in any fire box, there are two openings, one for taking in fuel, the other for getting rid of stuff that will not burn properly, called ashes or waste.

These are the opposite ends of the body, so that the dog's fire box is in the form of a longish tube, known in Latin as the alimentary canal, or in plain English, food tube. This is the form of the body-furnace in all backboned animals, and most backboneless, though some of the simplest and earliest of these have a mere pouch, with but one opening.

But the food tube of the dog is very far from being a simple canal, of uniform caliber from mouth to anus. As you look at it, you see that about a foot down from the mouth it balloons out into a pear-shaped pouch, the stomach, then becomes small again and thrown into a large number of coils, the last of which is somewhat larger than the others. Altogether in fact, instead of being just the length of the body, it is between five and six times as long. Is there anything in the food of the dog to explain this state of affairs? Why does he need a stomach-pouch, and coils of intestine?

A pouch is used to store or carry things in, and if you recall the kind of food that the dog lives upon, you see at once how much he needs a place where he can stow away a quantity at one time to be digested at leisure. When he catches a deer, or a woodchuck, all that he is sure of is what he can eat on the spot. He is compelled to be greedy, for if he leaves any of it till the next day, or even next meal, it is almost sure to be stolen before he comes back. So he gorges himself with all that his stomach will hold. Indeed if you can come upon a wolf while he is feasting on the body of a heifer, or yearling colt which he has pulled down, you can sometimes ride or run him down, inside of a mile, so enormously has he loaded down his stomach, not merely for present but also for future use.

This then is the primary use of a stomach, a storage or delay place for food, until it can be gradually absorbed. But would not this delay be an excellent time for beginning to melt it for absorption? In an early and simple stomach, like the fish's, where the food is chiefly other fishes, shrimps, worms, water weeds and such like soft watery things, which need only to be kept warm and moist, to melt of themselves, you will find little else in its lining but a pavement of thickish, smooth cells. But if you will look at the lining of the dog's stomach, you will see that it looks thick and velvety, and with a magnifying glass you can make out swarms of tiny, little openings, like pinpricks, dotted all over it. These are the mouths of tiny pouches of the inner cell sheet, known as glands, which manufacture and pour out a sour juice, called the stomach, or in Latin, gastric juice.

This has a curious power of melting meat, and can dissolve a moderate stomachful in two or three hours, though the huge gorges that the wild dog takes may require two or three days, during which he sleeps most of the time, in his burrow, or on a sunny hillside, and doesn't like to be disturbed. Indeed it is a rule, with wolf-hunters, that unless you can get your hounds to the place of his last kill within twelve or fifteen hours after he has left the carcass, so that the pack has a chance of "cold trailing" him to his lair, it is better to wait two or three days, until hunger drives him abroad again, for as long as he lies still, he, of course, makes no trails, and to beat the woods on the mere chance of stumbling upon him, would be like hunting a needle in a haystack, unless you happen to know just what thicket he "lies up" in.

This explains the meaning of that simple, pear-shaped pouch in his food tube, which we call the stomach. But what of the long coils, not unlike a live garden hose, into which the rest of the tube is thrown? Evidently these are not adapted for storing the food or for letting it rest in one place until it can be melted; but if you will open the tube and look at a portion of its lining under the microscope, you will get a suggestion as to the meaning of this loop of coil form. Instead of being, like a stomach, dotted all over honeycomb fashion with tiny little openings of glands, the lining of this part of the tube, known from its narrowness as the small intestine, is covered with tiny, fingerlike projections standing up all over its surface; and it will not take you long to guess that like fingers elsewhere the purpose of these is to pick up things, and that the business of this part of the intestine is to take up or absorb the food which has been melted in the stomach. But why should it be so long? A simple experiment will answer the question.

If you will take a sheet of blotting paper, hold it on a gentle slant and endeavor to pour a stream of ink down it, you will find that although it runs briskly enough for the first inch or two, before it reaches the bottom of the sheet the current stops completely, as it has all been soaked up by the paper. Now this is, roughly speaking, almost exactly the process which is going on in the dog's small intestine, and for the matter of that in the intestine of all animals including ourselves, and it follows, that the longer the tube of living blotting paper, the more completely will the melted food be absorbed. But it must not be supposed, that nothing else but absorption of the melted food takes place in the small intestine. A good deal of further melting goes on as well, for although the lining membrane in the greater part of the intestine has lost most of the gland pouches which pour digestive juice into the stomach, yet this is only because, so to speak, these have all been piled together in two great masses, each of which opens by a tube nearly the size of a quill into the bowel, just beyond the stomach. The largest and solidest of these, on the right side of the tube, is known as the liver; the smaller and more loosely built, upon the left and behind the stomach, is the pancreas.

These are simply very complicated gland pouches which have budded out from the lining of the tube, like a little plant or shrub whose stems are hollow. The leaves of the shrub are the cells which manufacture the digestive juice, the stalks are the smaller collecting pipes, and the stem is the discharge tube or duct of the gland through which this digestive fluid is poured into the food tube.

But it will strike you at once that the huge solid liver is much larger than would be needed, simply to manufacture and pour into the canal the bitter brownish or greenish bile; and your suspicion would be quite correct, for in addition to aiding digestion in this way, the liver also receives the blood from the walls of the food tube loaded with nourishment which has been soaked up out of it, and sends this on another step in the direction of being turned into blood and body fuel. It also filters out and neutralizes many poisons which get into the blood both from the food tube and from the waste processes of the body cells.

Then if you will look at a food tube which has been blown up and allowed to dry, you will see that after the coils of the garden hose part of it comes a third, very much wider portion, curiously puckered and pleated along its sides, known as the large intestine. In the lining of this you will find no fingers whatever and very few gland openings, and this, together with the curious way in which its walls are pouched and puckered by three narrow bands of muscle fibre, which run along its outer wall like draw strings in the mouth of a bag, would suggest that it is merely a place of detention for the remains of the food until its moisture and such traces of nourishment as the fingers of the small intestine have left in it have been soaked out of it.

The saving of this loss of moisture is really a very important thing, for none of our body cells can live unless kept continually in water, and salt-water at that. We are still sea animals in ninety-nine per cent. of our structure. When the parts of the food, which are too hard or tough or coarse to be melted by the digestive juices, have had all the nourishment and surplus moisture sucked out of them, they are discharged through the second or terminal opening at the end of the food tube known as the anus. Like other furnaces, the body fuel tube is constructed with two openings, one to receive fuel and the other to get rid of ashes or waste.

If then the food tube of the dog has grown into its present shape to match the amount of food which is put into it, we would expect that animals living upon widely different food would be found to have developed a somewhat different shape both of stomach and intestine, and if you will look at this drawing of a sheep's stomach, you will see at once that this is just what has occurred.

In place of a single pear-shaped swelling or pouch in the course of the food tube, you find a most complicated looking bag of four pouches or chambers opening into one another, the whole being nearly four times the size of the stomach of a dog of the same weight. But to remember the difference in the food is sufficient to explain this at once.

The dog, of course, under natural conditions, lives almost entirely upon meat which is quite a concentrated food, and three or four pounds would make a fairly satisfying meal. A sheep, on the other hand, lives upon grass, leaves and hay with a little grain in the winter time, and these foods are extremely coarse and low in nourishment value. It would take from twenty to forty pounds of green grass to make a satisfactory meal for a sheep as against the three or four pounds of meat which a dog of the same size requires, so that just as a place to store food the sheep's stomach needs to be much larger. Not only this but coarse hay and such foods are much harder to melt in the stomach, more difficult of digestion; indeed, neither the dog nor ourselves could digest enough of them to live more than a few days upon a diet of grass, leaves or green vegetables, and this you see is matched by the numerous divisions of the sheep's stomach.

So hard of digestion is a grass diet, that it is not sufficient to bite it off, chew it and swallow it, but it has been found necessary to put it through the curious process of returning from the stomach to the mouth, to be carefully chewed

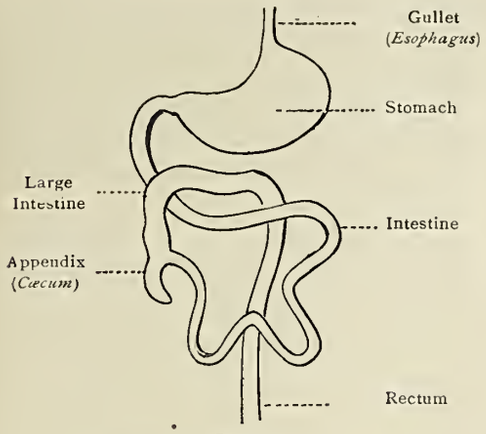


FIG. 1.
FOOD TUBE OF DOG.
(From Flower).

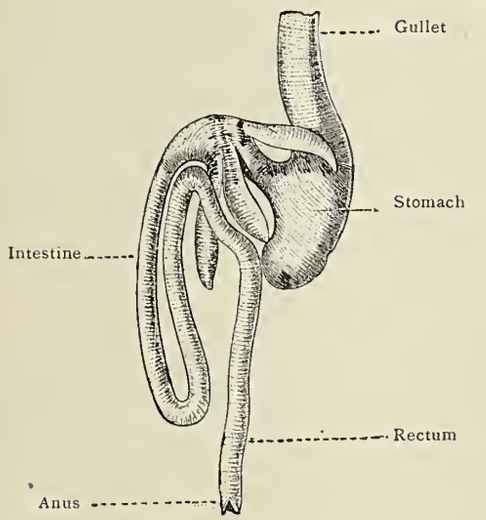


FIG. 3.
FOOD TUBE OF FISH (PERCH).
(From Wiedersheim).

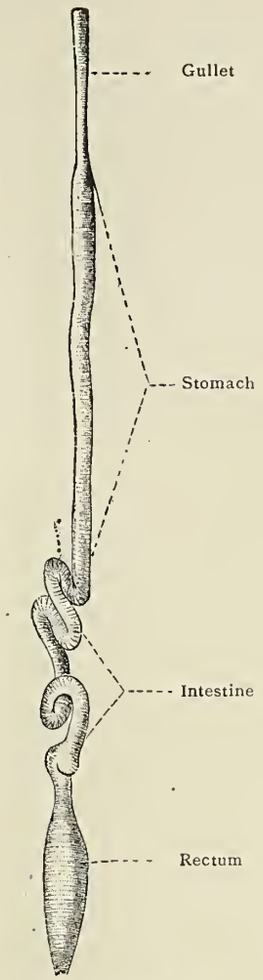


FIG. 2
FOOD TUBE OF NEWT
(From Wiedersheim)
showing simplicity and straightness.

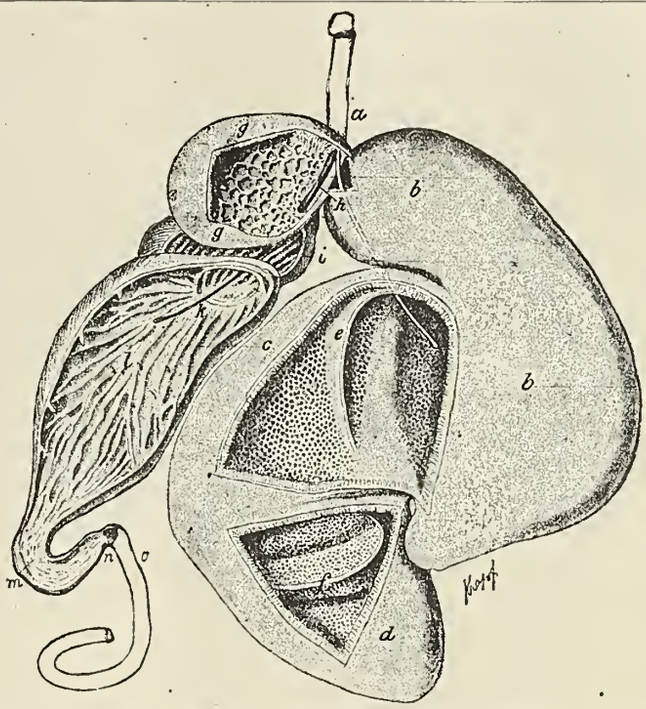


FIG. 4.—STOMACH OF SHEEP. (From Oppel.)

a, Gullet *Esophagus*; *b*, *c*, *d*, the three subdivisions of the paunch, marked off from one another by the folds *e* and *f*; *g*, reticulum; *h*, œsophageal groove; *i*, psalterium; *k*, aperture leading from the psalterium into the abomasum (*l*, *m*); *n*, pyloric valve; *o*, intestine.

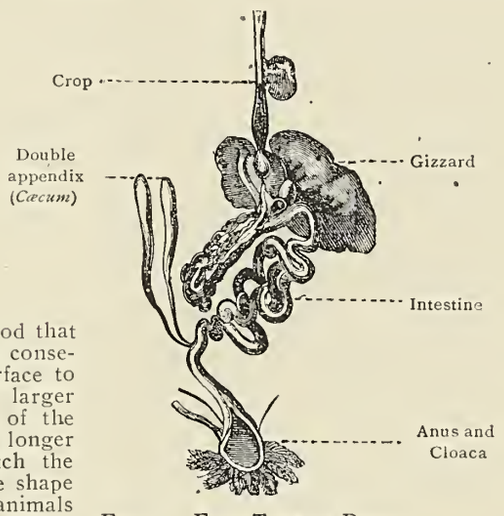


FIG. 5.—FOOD TUBE OF BIRD.
(From Holder).

or masticated a second time, and that is the meaning of the first or largest pouch at the right of the sheep's stomach as you look at it, known as the paunch, which is simply a storage bag, where the grass and leaves, taken in by the sheep while grazing, can be stored until the animal has time to lie down in a quiet place and devote its entire attention to, as we say, "chewing the cud," or masticating carefully for a second time the food, as it is returned to it from the first pouch of the stomach. This is what is known as ruminating and has given the name ruminants to this class of animals. Curiously enough, from the fact that sheep and cows look so peaceful and meditative while they are going through with the second eating of their food which they seem to enjoy thoroughly, the term has actually been applied to the mental process in ourselves known as "thinking over things."

From this second grinding the cud is passed back through the second and third stomachs where it undergoes a sort of churning process and then passes into the last compartment of the stomach (to the left of the picture) which corresponds to almost the entire digestive stomach in the dog and in ourselves. Indeed if you will look closely you will see that it is nearly the same pear shape as the greater part of the dog's stomach.

Now let us turn to the small intestine. At first sight this appears entirely unchanged, but it looks somehow much more complicated and if we proceed to measure its length, we find that it is nearly three times that of the dog's intestines, that is to say, while this part of the food tube in the dog is from four to six times the length of his body, in the sheep it is from twelve to fifteen times the body length, and this is only what we would naturally expect, when we remember that it has to deal with food that is much more difficult of digestion and consequently requires a longer absorptive surface to soak it up completely. The second or larger part of the intestine differs from that of the dog only in this same direction of being longer and slightly more complicated, to match the more watery character of the food. The shape and length of the food tube in different animals match quite closely the character of their food. just in the same way as do their teeth. By looking at an animal's teeth you can usually tell quite accurately not only what sort of food he lives on, but also what sort of stomach and about what length of food tube he has.

A curious proof of the close relation between teeth and food tube is to be found in those toothless "animals" the birds. These, as you all know, have no teeth but simply a horny covering of the jaws known as a beak. In the birds of prey this beak is curved and sharp, so as to be capable of tearing up the food to some extent, but in the greater majority of birds, both those who live on grain and seeds, and those who live on insects, the beak is simply a quick-acting pair of pincers for picking up the corn and catching the insects, which are then swallowed whole.

How then is their food canal to manage food in large, hard pieces like this, which has never been ground by teeth before it is swallowed? As everywhere else in the animal kingdom, nature is ready with a substitute. Instead of teeth, moved by powerful jaw muscles, developed at the opening of the canal to form a grinding apparatus, near the middle of it, just beyond or more exactly in the last portion of the stomach, we find a thick, hard globe, about the size of a walnut in a fowl, for instance, known as the gizzard. On cutting into this we find, little as it looks like it from the outside that it is really a pouch with immensely thick walls, made up of strong muscle and tendon and lined with a thick leathery, almost horny, layer. The small hollow in the center of the pouch is usually filled with bits of gravel and pebbles.

What can be the use of such a strange looking structure as this? If you would clasp your two hands together as if you were about to wash them in imaginary soap and water, then drop into the hollow between the palms a piece of chalk, say, a lump of hard clay and rub it backward and forward between the palms, you will find that you can break it up into small pieces and gradually to powder. If, however, you drop in three or four other small pieces of chalk or dry clay and especially one or two pieces of squarish bits of stone, or any small object with a rather rough surface and some corners on it, you will find that you can grind the clay or chalk into powder nearly twice as rapidly, and that you can even break up grains of corn, thin-shelled hazel nuts and walnuts in this curious form of mill, and this is precisely the meaning and action of this tremendously thick-walled

pouch at the end or "door" of the stomach.

The food is here ground into powder, after being softened and soaked in the crop and the stomach instead of before, as in animals. Nature can make a grinding apparatus at any part of the food tube where it seems most desirable. With this exception and addition of a pouch-like swelling of the gullet, at the lower part of the neck, where food can be stored and soaked before being passed on to the stomach, the bird food tube is practically the same as the animal's.

It matches the character of the food in precisely the same way, for in birds which live upon flesh or fish or soft-bodied insects, the walls of the gizzard are extremely thin, because such food after being torn up by the beak needs comparatively little grinding and the length of the food tube is short in proportion to that of the body. In the grain-eating birds on the other hand, its walls are extremely thick and strong, because their food cannot be properly melted for absorption until it has been ground, and the food tube is long in proportion to the length of the body, just as in grass and grain-eating animals. As an instance of how quickly a food tube can adjust itself to change in the diet, it has been found that the gulls in the north of Scotland, which during one part of the year live largely upon grain and seeds, and another part of the year chiefly upon fish, grow a much thicker walled gizzard during the time that they are living on grain than they have in the other half of the year when they live upon fish. Curiously enough, in the ant-eaters, some armadilloes and other animals of that class, which have lost their teeth and hence are known as "edenates," the lowest part of the stomach has become greatly thickened and lined with horny plates almost exactly like a bird's gizzard.

As we have seen that our own teeth are intermediate between those of the flesh eaters and those of the grain eaters, although much nearer to the former than the latter, so our food canal is also intermediate between the two, although it is so little removed from that of the dog that nearly everything that we have said of the dog's food tube is true of our own. Our stomach is a little larger, on account of the larger amount of potatoes, vegetables and such like bulky foods that we eat, but its shape is almost exactly the same, and our food tube, for the same reason, is about six times the length of our bodies instead of about five times as in the dog.

But we again come under precisely the same rules as the rest of our animal cousins in this respect, for negroes and other races of men living in warm climates where there is abundance of vegetable food, such as rice, bananas, yams, maize and fresh fruits, to be had the year round, and whose diet is in consequence more largely vegetable than that of our northern races, have added about another body's length to their alimentary canal. The same sort of lengthening has been proved to take place in the food tubes of poor children in the city slums, who are fed upon coarse, innutricious and indigestible food. In them the canal may actually become ten or twelves times the length of the body.

It is said by some observers that the Eskimo, in the frozen North, who are compelled by their climate to live almost exclusively upon animal food, and that very largely in its most concentrated form of fat or oil, have shortened theirs nearly a body's length.

You must not, however, conclude, from what we have seen of the shape of the dog's canal, that his food is or ought to be entirely meat or flesh. There are very few animals indeed that live absolutely and entirely upon a flesh diet. Those who take their flesh in the form of fish, such as the seals, some fishes, and the flesh-eating birds, are almost the only ones. Even when wild, although two-thirds or three-fourths of his diet consists of the flesh of animals and birds that he can capture, the dog also eats a certain amount of fruit during the season. Indeed the best place to find tracks of wolves, foxes and bears in the height of summer is in the patches of wild raspberries, wild cherries, salmon-berries and so forth, and later in the groves of wild plum trees. Some dogs will even go so far as to crack and eat nuts when they can find them, and nearly all these wild animals when captured, if given bread or sweet-stuff or even potatoes and carrots will eat them in fair quantities.

I dare say most of you have seen dogs biting off blades of grass and swallowing them, but this is not for food, merely their way of taking medicine for certain digestive disturbances. Since the dog has become domesticated, sleeps for the most part under cover, spends a good deal of his time indoors and has only about half the need of exercise or the opportunity for it, that he had in the days when he would find his breakfast on foot, on waking in the morning, he no longer needs such a concentrated, highly nourishing and stimulating diet as one of pure meat. Indeed, too much meat will seriously upset his digestion, and, fanciers assure us, give him that unpleasant "doggy" smell, which is the principal objection to his being received in the parlor, as a member of the family.

A diet consisting of a mixture of animal and vegetable foods, meat and bones with potatoes, rice, oatmeal, breads and biscuits of various descriptions will be found to be the best for his health under domestication, and though sugar forms but a very small part of his diet, when in a state of nature, only during the short fruit season in fact, yet a small amount of it in his food is of great importance, and one of our best known brands of dog discuit owes part of its value to the fact that it contains sugar in the form of dates. In fact, so closely does the dog's alimentary canal correspond to our own that when he is brought under domestication and housed and "cityfied" as we are, he thrives best on almost precisely the same diet that we ourselves use. There is no better food for any dog than an abundance of household scraps, and dogs in kennels who are fed in large numbers, upon specially prepared and purchased foods, seldom thrive as well as those who get the "little-of-all-sorts" diet which any household scraps can give in perfection. As for the dogs and their cousins the bears, in captivity, a well-mixed diet, like our own, is found to agree with them far better than a purely animal one.

Of course here as everywhere else, the food fuel must be regulated according to the kind and amount of work required of it, and for hounds and other hunting dogs, setters, collies, and dogs that are used to draw carts and wagons, larger quantities, in proportion of meat and larger total amounts of food are required, than in the case of pet and lap dogs of all sorts, or the ordinary city dog, who is confined for the most part to a small yard and has only an occasional formal run of an hour or so as an apology for exercise.

The more nearly vegetative a dog's existence becomes, the lighter and more vegetable should his diet be. In fact, some unfortunate little wretches of lap dogs, toy spaniels and pugs, can only be kept alive at all and in any temper short of fiendish, by cutting down the meat in their diet almost to the vanishing point. Some of them are kept by fanciers, when training for a particular beautiful coat of hair, for show purposes, upon a diet of toast, dipped in tea, or milk-and-water; shavings, instead of sea coal, under their boilers.

Reindeer or Caribou to Replace Dogs.

Some weeks ago it was announced in the columns of Forest and Stream that an interesting experiment relative to the introduction of reindeer into Newfoundland for draught purposes, was about to be tried. In his trip around the Newfoundland and Labrador coast in 1905 His Excellency, Sir William McGregor, Governor of the island, saw the need of some substitute for the half savage mongrel dogs now in use.

He gathered and caused to be gathered large quantities of the different mosses that grow in immense quantities on these shores, in order to have their qualities tested as a food for reindeer. It was his intention, if it were proved that these immense tracts of moss were good provender for reindeer, to import some of the latter from Lapland or Alaska where they have been domesticated, and get them into general use in northern Newfoundland and Labrador. The Governor, since his advent to the island, though a professional man formerly, has proved that he is also a practical hardheaded business man. If he succeeds in introducing reindeer in the place of the savage mongrels now in use, he will need no other monument to keep his memory green in this island.

It was suggested at the time that an experiment be tried with our own caribou. It was urged that they were easier and cheaper to obtain, and they had the advantage of being already acclimatized. Many people who are competent to judge, say that caribou would be preferable. For some reason the suggestion was not acted upon officially. Several hunters caught young caribou this spring and are taming them. If they succeed in domesticating them, the problem will be solved. While it is extremely hard to feed dogs, it is comparatively easy to feed deer, especially caribou, and there is no doubt as to the fitness of the indigenous mosses as a food for them. They thrive on them in summer, and in winter scrape away the snow to secure them.

The Governor did not spend much time in theorizing about the quality of the various mosses and lichens, but sent them to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew near London to be tested. He himself is a scientist of no mean attainments, but not satisfied with his own opinions, he appealed to the botanists at Kew, these being the final authorities in the scientific world on matters botanical. The Governor's theories were confirmed in every particular and by last English mail he received the specimens back duly classified and labeled.

W. J. Carroll.

A New Bogoslov Island.

In the Bering Sea are two well known volcanic islands known as the Bogoslov group. Both of these are of comparatively recent origin, the older having emerged from the sea in 1779, while the second popped up in the same way in 1883. Both islands still have hot springs and steam vents which are constantly in action. The islands are uninhabited except by sea lions and by millions of sea birds, of which the murres are by far the most numerous. Dr. C. Hart Merriam has written interestingly of the Bogoslov group.

Last spring the Indians on the western end of Unalaska Island were astonished by a tremendous commotion in the waters of Bering Sea to the northwest of their home. By day the water smoked, by night flashes of light were seen; there were tremendous noises and deep rumblings from time to time, and finally great numbers of dead fish, birds and seals drifted ashore.

The reports brought the Aleuts were not at first believed, but a little later they were confirmed by stories told by other neighboring natives. The result of all the talk was that an expedition was organized to go to the Bogoslov group and see what foundation there was for the persistent reports. When the party had come to within a few miles of the islands dense clouds of vapors were seen hanging over the sea, and later large numbers of dead fish and other marine animals were found floating in the water. The investigators were unable to get very near to the islands, but did approach them near enough to see the land at intervals. When this was possible, they saw to their astonishment that instead of two islands three were standing up out of the water. For the most part the islands were nearly hidden by vapor, the water about them was very much disturbed and its temperature was several degrees above that of the sea.

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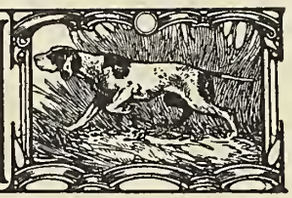
IN THE WOODS

or in the mountains, no matter how far from civilization, fresh milk can always be had if foresight is used in packing the outfits. Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream in cans keeps indefinitely until opened, and answers every purpose. It is pure, rich milk, condensed to the consistency of cream, put up without sugar and preserved by sterilization only.—*Adv.*

GAME BAG AND GUN



All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

The Case of the People vs. Sauter.

Mr. Fred Sauter, Sr., is one of the best known as he is one of the veteran taxidermists in this country. He studied the art in Stuttgart before coming to America, and during the forty-odd years that he has been in the business in New York city he has enjoyed the respect of everybody and has earned his standing as a good citizen. He is a member of the New York Zoological Society and a number of other prominent organizations. During all these years his honesty and integrity had never been questioned until one day last February.

On that day Game Protectors Overton and Dolan entered the Sauter establishment and announced that they wanted to inspect the drying room. The elder Sauter was not present, but Fred Sauter, Jr., took them to the drying room after they had exhibited their credentials, quite confident that they would go away satisfied. He states that they looked over the room and were about to retire when they saw two quail mounted on panels and with the name of the owner attached. Young Mr. Sauter assured them that he was entitled by law to have these birds in his possession while mounting them for a customer, and thought the wardens agreed with him, but they took the name of the owner, which was attached, and asked for his address, which Mr. Sauter refused to give them, on the ground that he did not want him annoyed. The protectors then went away.

Mr. Fred Sauter, Sr., gave a Forest and Stream representative the following statement of facts as he knew them, and with this is incorporated the statements subsequently made by Fred Sauter, Jr.:

In February, 1906, a lady residing in New York city received the skins of two quail from her husband, who was shooting birds in Georgia (in the open season in that State), and who wanted them mounted in natural positions. So badly mutilated by shot were these quail skins, however, that they had to be mounted as dead game, on panels, and in this shape Protectors Overton and Dolan found them, last February, in Mr. Sauter's drying room. The name of the owner was attached, and there was no attempt at concealment, for Mr. Sauter believed he was acting well within the law. The birds were killed in Georgia in the open season, and were not for sale.

The wardens, according to Fred Sauter, Jr., were not sure they had a case, but in due time Mr. Fred Sauter, Sr., with his attorney, appeared before Judge Truax and a jury in the Supreme Court to answer to the charge of having these two quail in his possession. Mr. Sauter says that at the trial Warden Dolan swore that he found the quail on the counter in Mr. Sauter's store, and that they were apparently fresh. Judge Truax heard the evidence regarding the quail, but did not give the case to the jury. Instead he fined Mr. Sauter $110, which, with the costs, brought the total amount to about $290.

We understand that a sea gull also was involved—a gull that was brought from the Arctic regions to be mounted for scientific purposes. Fred Sauter, Jr., informed a Forest and Stream representative that Protectors Overton and Dolan said nothing about this sea gull at the time they visited the drying room, nor was any charge made concerning it at the trial. Afterward, however, according to Mr. Sauter, Sr., he was informed that if the judgment in the quail case was paid, nothing further would be done concerning the sea gull. This, if not a threat, very closely approaches it.

Mr. Sauter claims that if Judge Truax's decision is used for the future guidance of the wardens, his business and that of all other taxidermists in the State of New York will be greatly handicapped if not ruined. He argues that, with the fear of arrest constantly hanging over him, he will be compelled to refuse business that comes to him. As it takes at least two weeks for a mounted specimen to dry, he cannot accept work during the last three weeks of the open season, as the margin of safety is too narrow. It might happen that a specimen mounted lawfully and shipped by express, or sent out by a messenger during the open season could not be delivered. It frequently happens that owners of such goods move away without notifying him of their new address. Often they are away from home and servants will not take upon themselves the responsibility of accepting the work, and it is returned. If work comes back to the taxidermist after the end of the open season, he feels that he might be subjected to further punishment, although the circumstances be beyond his control.

Probably every taxidermist has in his possesion some mounted specimens that were obtained before laws were passed protecting them. By all the rules of common sense these specimens are exempt. Technically the possessor is liable to a fine. The warden who cannot distinguish between prosecution and persecution may decide that he has a case anyway. If repetitions of the Sauter case are to follow, the honest taxidermists of this State feel that they are facing financial ruin.

California Game Notes.

Greenville, Cal., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The earthquake and fire last April at San Francisco and vicinity had peculiar results in venatic affairs on the Pacific Coast. Sportsmen who met with big losses, for instance, could not afford to go fishing or hunting, and the grounds were not visited by many who in past years hardly ever failed to be there when the seasons arrived. Then again the destruction of ammunition caused a shortage, and when the fall shooting opened, there was a famine of cartridges. Pompano has been selling in the San Francisco and Sacramento fish markets all summer for only 25 cents per pound, because the epicures "had not the price" for more than that, and some clubs had to omit giving the "game stews" that are peculiar to "foothill" hunting circles.

The duck shooting season has, however, opened with great eclat, according to advices received from the Sacramento valley, and some good shooting is reported in the mountain meadow and mountain lake districts, and in the tule marshes.

Nowhere, though, have I ever seen such an abundance of mountain quail as I did this summer and fall in the mountains that surround Indian and neighboring valleys. Not only have the game birds been plentiful, but fat and healthy. I have taken drives of 40 or 50 miles a day and was hardly ever out of hearing for half an hour at any time of their querkling or whirring.

In the Sacramento Bee an acrimonious discussion is being carried on over the ethics of market hunting. Gun club and game preserve men of high commercial and social standing are charged by market men with having sold game to them! The exposé of this heinous offense has shaken the very foundations of the social fabric of Sacramento, and the discussion threatens to overshadow the issues of this fall's political campaign.

I will not burden your space with any details, but let me caution you should other word reach you regarding the fearsome combat being waged in print, to get both sides of the story, sift it down thoroughly and sprinkle the residue with salt before swallowing.

The case of the charges against Chief Deputy of the Fish Commission, Charles A. Vogelsang, for instance. He has been completely vindicated. The Fish Commission's "lot is not a happy one," as the old song goes. At least in California, where he is also game warden. The game laws are a constant provocative of debate and discussion, both in print and verbal moot. Even between the State and county authorities there has been friction as to the open and close seasons, and though dates were established by the State, some of the counties passed ordinances making local dates at variance. This has caused confusion, and the hunter is liable to be "up against it."

The deputies and justices of the peace, to further complicate matters, are prone to put their own construction upon what constitutes an infringement of the law, and the innocent hunter is liable to be subjected to much inconvenience before he frees himself from legal entanglements. Recently a squirrel was shot by one of a party of four men who were returning from a big game hunt. A ranchman made complaint to the warden of this district, and three of the men were arrested. The fourth, and the one who did the shooting, was a non-resident and had gone on his journey before the warrants were served. He escaped. The others, prominent business men, had to make a journey by stage of over twenty miles to answer the summons before the justice, who, however, had no case against them. Much indignation has been expressed over this scheme "to make an example of somebody," and the preponderance of sympathy is with the sportsmen. The warden was simply doing his duty, in swearing out the warrants, on the complaint being made to him by the ranchman, but was acting under erroneous counsel.

The wardens, nevertheless, are sometimes altogether too zealous in their efforts to get people to make complaints. Wardens want to make records so as to show that they are earning their salaries.

Last winter I happened to be in a Sacramento valley city, and the editor of the local paper asked me for news of the mountains. I told him of flagrant violations of the fish laws, with full particulars except the names of the violators. It was published the next day. The warden on reading the article took the next train and interviewed the editor. The latter promptly gave the warden my name and arranged for an interview. The warden demanded the names, and he became quite brusque in his insinuations that my story was a fake. Of course, on perceiving his attitude, I refused to assist him in his efforts to ferret out the perpetrators, and plainly told him that it was his duty to get his information from first hands. He was particularly anxious to have "no story go east" concerning the report, and that seemed to be his chief anxiety. I realize the duty of sportsmen to "stand by" the officials, but every sportsman will appreciate my motives in refusing to co-operate with a warden who lacks tact and who shows a disposition to countenance the acts of the game law violators.

William Fitzmuggins.

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Washington Sportsmen Successful.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inland duck shooters gained what the marsh shooters lost last week. The floods in western Washington had a tendency to scatter the birds, and the lack of strong winds worked to the disadvantage of those who have blinds where the birds drive over in time of stormy weather.

There is a general belief that rain makes good duck shooting, but where this idea had its birth is difficult to imagine. A day that combines rain and wind is good, because the ducks may stir around between showers, but if the water simply pours from a still sky, there is little doing. An exception may be noted in respect to sheltered nooks. If the ducks are in the open when the rain commences to fall they will seek shelter, and if a hunter is lucky enough to locate the hole into which they are dropping, he may get good shooting.

High water always increases the difficulty of getting good blinds on grounds other than those where due allowance is made for changes in the weather. The high water of the past week, however, has been just what the owners of preserves along inland sloughs wanted. Fields hitherto dry have been covered just deep enough for the ducks to paddle around and still get food.

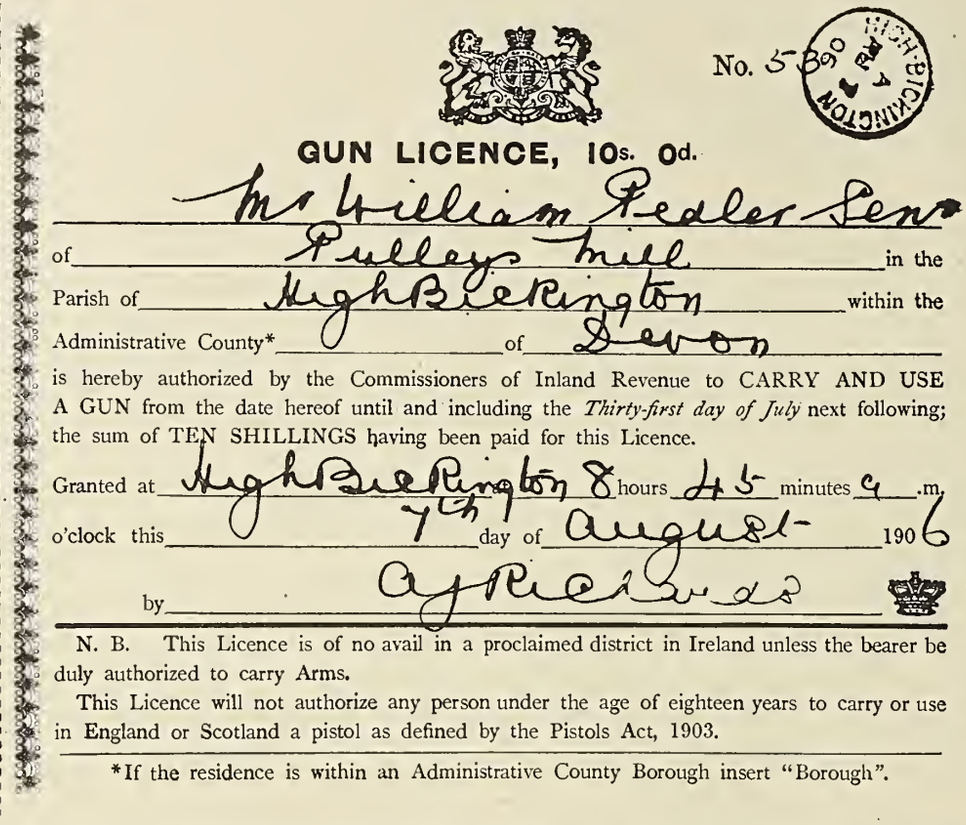
Squak slough will be good from now on to the close of the season, but there is no use of anybody going there unless he has the privilege of a preserve. Practically speaking, the entire distance from Lake Sammamish to York is guarded, not only by trespass signs, but by keepers as well.

Charlie Holcomb had good luck last week at Fir. It was not easy work, but he managed to bag twenty mallards and sprigs. Dave Williams was also one of the lucky ones. William Cruse has found La Conner good ground this fall, his last hunt yielding between 30 and 40 big ducks. Lou Smith, Walter Cole and Charlie Beckingham were among those who got in a good hunt for snipe and teal in the White River valley before the flood came to spoil it all. Billy Tarrant also caught the snipe right and came home with a full sack.

Charlie Beckingham came down from the court house one afternoon to find himself famous as a big-game hunter. At first Charlie did not understand the congratulations, but when he saw a large cougar in the window of Joe Schlumpf's cigar store with a placard telling how he had killed it after an exciting battle, he caught on to the fact that Schlumpf had been having his little joke. As a matter of fact, the cougar was killed by Riley McCoy, a well-known politician, near Dungeness.

Goose shooting has never been better than it is at present. Miller brothers, of Tacoma, recently killed sixty in the Horse Heaven country. Johnny Wheeler, Herman Boltz and Charles Stumer were also there but did not get the right wind. Twenty was all they brought home, but they weighed 200 pounds.

PORTUS BAXTER.



No. 5 [illegible] HIGHGATE

GUN LICENCE, 10s. 0d.

Mr William Pedler Senr

of Pulleys Mill in the

Parish of Hugh Bickington within the

Administrative County* of Devon

is hereby authorized by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to CARRY AND USE A GUN from the date hereof until and including the *Thirty-first day of July* next following; the sum of TEN SHILLINGS having been paid for this Licence.

Granted at Hugh Bickington 8 hours 45 minutes 9 .m.

o'clock this 7th day of August 1906

by A Richards

N. B. This Licence is of no avail in a proclaimed district in Ireland unless the bearer be duly authorized to carry Arms.

This Licence will not authorize any person under the age of eighteen years to carry or use in England or Scotland a pistol as defined by the Pistols Act, 1903.

*If the residence is within an Administrative County Borough insert "Borough".

The Baskatong Country.

QUEBEC, Canada, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am continually in receipt of letters from sportsmen in different parts of the United States asking for information as to various new sporting territories, and am therefore very glad when any of my acquaintances forward me a description of their own experiences in practically unknown portions of the country; just as I always print such of my own as I believe likely to be of value to readers.

A brother of mine has sent me an account of an expedition made by him with a party of friends, in the latter part of September, through the almost unknown interior of the northern parts of Ottawa and Montcalm counties, in the Province of Quebec, which may determine some sportsmen to follow their tracks next year, for there are sportsmen who prize the opportunity of getting as far as possible from civilization. My brother writes:

"We had a very charming trip to the Baskatong and the Baskatosing, but on account of the inaccessibility of Lac Rouge and Lac Travers, we have given up all idea of applying for a lease, which was our original idea in undertaking the trip. From Maniwaki, the head of the Gatineau line, we had to drive forty-two miles to Baskatong bridge, the last frontier post. Thence canoes were taken up the Baskatong River, four miles; through Baskatong Lake, which is often impassable, owing to high winds, for five miles; portage three-quarters of a mile; Baskatosing River thirty miles, including three hard portages; Baskatosing Lake some three miles to the last portage, which leads through a bad bush for four miles to Lac Travers. This lake is three and a half miles long by one and a half wide, and is connected by a creek, on which there is an inhabited beaver dam, with Lac Rouge, a beautiful body of water, four miles long by one and a half wide."

From all accounts these last mentioned lakes are among the best trout waters in the country. The fish run large and are very gamy, the big red fellows rising freely to artificial lures, which is more than can be said of all the lakes which contain big specimens of the American red trout.

The writer and those who accompanied him are not of those who care to give up too much of their time to canoe trips through the country to reach their fishing and hunting grounds, but he admits that lakes Travers and Rouge are very desirable bodies of water, if they did not take five and a half days to reach, and were they not infested by Indian hunters and trappers, who kill great quantities of game. On the authority of an Indian who saw the skins, the party was told that 110 deer were killed on Sable Bay, Baskatong Lake, during the summer. This lake is included in a fishing and hunting territory under lease to a club, whose duty it is to protect it against poachers, and the failure to do so may result in a cancellation of the lease. At any rate, either the club or the Government will have to see to it that the fish and game laws are properly enforced. Public attention having been directed to the matter, a few of the Algonquin gentlemen who have been setting the law at defiance will no doubt be brought to book when another season comes around.

Many evidences of wolves were seen by the party, and in the drive from Maniwaki to Baskatong bridge. The few scattered settlers and the Indians had not heard before of the increased bounty on wolves.

Splendid hunting was had on the territory of the Wright County Club at Bear Lake, of which my brother is a member. He killed his two deer on the second day.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Rabbit Shooting in England.

A CORRESPONDENT living in Lawrence, Mass., has sent us a picture of an American sportsman and the bag of rabbits he and a friend secured in one afternoon while shooting at his old home in England. Of the twenty-seven rabbits and the shooting on the other side of the water, he says:

"This bag was taken by two men, one dog and two guns (not repeaters) in one afternoon. At first thought, it would seem that the gentlemen had taken more than their share; the fact is, however, that the hares and rabbits are so thick that if not shot in this way there would soon be nothing for them to eat, or the inhabitants either, unless they lived on themselves. As it is, they both provide good, cheap food for the people. None of them are wasted and left to rot on the ground, as some of our game is said to be. Every hare or rabbit finds its way to the pot. The skins are sold for from two cents to six. Every hunter must take out a license to carry a gun. This costs $2.50, and he must have it with him. It will not go that he has one at home, or anywhere else. Now this gun license (one of which I send you) only allows a person to carry a gun and kill vermin. Rabbits and hares come under that head. The license to shoot what they call game calls for the sum of £3, a copy of which I will send later. Mr. Wm. S. Pedler holds an important position in the Pacific Mills of Lawrence, Mass. He is an Englishman born and bred, so every chance he gets he slips over to the old country for the fall rabbit and hare shooting. On his return, we are beguiled by stories that are as good as moving pictures."

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Moose Calling.

Wanakena, N. Y., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing an article in to-day's issue by one Jas. Daly, entitled "Butchery of the Moose," I very naturally take exception to a few of his statements in regard to the hunting of moose in Canada. Having hunted the moose in his native haunts in New Brunswick, I know positively that the calling of moose in season is no work for a child. Calling moose is a difficult thing to do. I have known dozens who have tried to learn the trick and have failed.

On Sept. 15, in New Brunswick, I called and killed a bull moose with a spread of sixty inches. It took me a long time to acquire the proper tones, and until I did get them, no moose would come or even answer. I have had them come to the call without noise and again they would come like a steam engine. I have seen them in their anger tear the ground up for yards until it resembled a pig-pen. I can also cite numerous cases where the hunters have been charged by angry moose and also of hunters being treed by them. A charging bull moose is hades let loose, as any number of hunters in New Brunswick will swear to. Now, when any man states that he can kill as many bull moose with an ax or revolver as a man can with a rifle—well, I leave it to the army of sportsmen who have hunted moose to judge if I am not right. Moose are very wary animals and as keen of scent as any deer. Moose meat is as fine as any wild meat I ever ate, and Canadian people are more than pleased to have it to eat. In St. John, N. B., during the open season for big game, you will find moose meat for sale in the markets for 20 cents per pound. Now, were it "coarse, dry and unnutritious," as Mr. Daly says, would the markets handle it and would the people pay 20 cents per pound for it? Hardly.

In one point I agree with him: The killing of moose and leaving the carcasses in the woods should be punishable by a heavy fine.

The article also speaks of another article in which parties were lying in wait for moose at 2 A. M. The Canadian game law states that the hunting or killing of moose and deer one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise is punishable by a heavy fine.

W. J. Baldwin.

The Monmouth County (N. J.) Season.

Asbury Park, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The covers of Monmouth county, New Jersey, famous in the past as pleasure grounds for the nimrod, are certainly making good the present season. I spent several days, beginning with the opening day, through the central parts of the county and found game fairly plentiful in all districts. Quail are rather more plentiful than for many years past, while rabbits are about in normal numbers. Woodcock have been found scattered liberally all over the county. While personally I killed but one of the latter, a friend who has made several trips specially for them has killed as many as eleven in a single day, finding them in the vicinity of Lakewood. The liberal stocking of quail the past winter is showing most gratifying result. The birds are well grown and good, strong flyers, but a peculiarity I noticed was their extreme low flight. Whether this is distinctive of southern birds I am unable to state. Certain it is, however, they put marksmanship to the test as we found foliage still adhering to tree and bush in very liberal quantities.

Leonard Hulit.

Value of Restocking with Quail.

Long Branch, N. J., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far as New Jersey is concerned, we have found more quail in the southern part of the State this season than for many years past, and there is no question in our mind but what it is the direct result of stocking. We have proof of this: (1) we find the birds now where there were none before, in the same localities where we planted them last spring; (2) we know in many instances, parties who have seen the birds from the time they were liberated, almost daily during the season. It is safe to say that there are thirty per cent. more quail with us now than there were before stocking. All hunters are getting big bags. I have traveled through the State a great deal the last three years, and I feel justified in saying our woods and fields would be about depleted of quail if they had not been restocked. From present indications we will be unable to obtain any more birds for stocking purposes, and will then be able to tell very quickly whether stocking has been a success or not.

Benj. P. Morris, Commissioner.

Wisconsin Hunting License.

Supplementary to what we have said editorially in relation to the proposed resident and nonresident license law for New York State, we give below the Wisconsin license application blank in condensed form:

To the County Clerk of ..... County:

I hereby apply for a resident's license to hunt protected game as provided by law, and declare the following statements by me made to be true: Name, ..., No. .... Street ..... State of Wisconsin.

Have you resided in Wisconsin for a period of one year immediately preceding the date of this application? ..... Age ..... Height..... Weight..... Color of eyes..... Color of hair..... Distinctive marks.....

Hunting season for which license is applied for.....

Dated, this .... day of ....., A.D. 19..

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY OF.....ss.: being first duly sworn, on oath, says he is the person making the application above and whose name is signed thereto, that he has not and will not make application for license of any other county clerk in the State of Wisconsin during the period covered by this application, and that the same is true:

.....

Subscribed and sworn to before me this..... day of ....., A.D. 19..

.....

.....

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY OF.....ss.: being first duly sworn, on oath says that he has resided in the county named in the application above more than one year preceding this date; that he is acquainted with ....., the person making application above; that he has read the application above and the contents thereof are true of his own knowledge.

.....

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ..... day of ....., A.D. 19..

.....

.....

A resident of this State desiring to hunt must apply for license in the county where he resides.

Big Game in Canada.

Montreal, Canada, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Splendid moose trophies are coming out of New Brunswick this year. O. H. Anderson brought out a moose from the Little Salmon River with antlers measuring 60 inches. W. S. Troop, of Digby, shot a beauty in Digby county whose antlers also measured over 60 inches. Caribou are just beginning to come in.

The best moose sections this year have been on the Soo Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The country between that branch and the main line is one of the best fishing and shooting districts of Canada.

The British Columbia season has been exceedingly satisfactory. One gentleman writes from the University Club, New York: "I have found that one is generally disappointed when he tries to take a trip the second time in the same territory, but your British Columbia country and guides and outfits there are different from the others. Last year I thought I could not have a better time, but this year's trip was surely away ahead. The trip on the prairies was the best of my hunting in that kind of country, although of course I enjoyed every bit of the trip in the mountains. Then after the hunting trip, sitting around your bungalow with that restful and satisfied feeling was as good as any of the rest."

L. O. A.

Wildfowlers in a Storm.

A press dispatch from Sandusky, Ohio, says that Ottomar Zistel died and Fred K. Marshall suffered fearfully before he was cared for, after a night in a storm on the marshes near there. While they were hunting wildfowl their boat was capsized in a storm and they were so exhausted when they finally reached land that Mr. Zistel succumbed, and his companion did not obtain assistance until the following day.

Treed by a Moose.

Deux Rivieres, Canada, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two years ago along with another guide we were portaging some provisions into a hunting camp about twenty miles from the track and north of the Ottawa River east of Mattawa town. There was a party of tourists going in within a few days and their intentions were to get a moose each before going home again. These sportsmen's intentions are not always fulfilled. However, if some of them had been with us on this particular night they would have had a good opportunity of shooting a moose.

We carried provisions across and canoed it in all day and had just one more portage to make of about half a mile between two small lakes. We had everything over except our canoe and the two of us doubled and carried it together. It being after dark, we were supplied with a small bullseye lantern, with a slide to open and close it. We had carried it about half-way when the other guide said the paddle was hurting his shoulder, so that we put it down and rested. We had no sooner laid it down there when I heard a noise in the brush not over fifty yards from us. I told Joe to turn on the light and he did so promptly, revealing the eyes of a huge bull moose. The moose, on seeing the bullseye lantern, made for it immediately. My first thought was to tell Joe to shut off his lantern, which he did at once and then hied him to a tree. Not one could we find and the moose (we felt a great amount of respect for him about then) by this time was getting uncomfortably close. Joe ran one way and I another. Fortunately for Joe, he got to a small cedar tree and crawled up it quicker than he usually moves in the morning when called. The moose evidently had his eyes on Joe on account of his having had the lantern, and this gave me a good opportunity to find a tree for myself. I had just time to get clear when he arrived at the foot of my tree; in fact, I was so close to him that I could have put my foot on his horns only I was afraid it might not be wise, so I climbed a little higher and called to Joe to turn on his lantern, but it was in the canoe and he could not get it. I told Joe we might as well make up our minds to stay there for the night. We had bough beds ready made up on those trees, which were springy but rather uncomfortable and we did not sleep very much.

The moose stood guard until 2 A. M. when he left. Nobody was ever more anxious to see a moose arrive than we were to see ours disappear. We waited about another hour and came down, as it was getting daylight. We were pretty hungry for supper that morning I can assure you.

Geo. Gibbons.

International Exhibition in Belgium.

During May and June, 1907, an International Exhibtion for Hunting and Fishing will be held in the halls of the Royal Society of Zoology at Antwerp, Belgium, under the patronage of the King.

The exhibits will be classified as follows, each section to be in charge of a committee of well-known gentlemen:

Section 1.—Hunting.
Section 2.—Fishing.
Section 3.—Sciences and applied arts.
Section 4.—Industry and commerce.

Everything that is of interest to sportsmen may be exhibited, but powders, fulminates, loaded cartridges and other dangerous matter will be excluded. All entries must be made before March 31 next in order to be entitled to the minimum charge of $8 per square meter for ordinary stands and $12 per square meter for isolated stands. After that date the charge may be increased. Exhibits may be installed April 20 or later, but must be complete on or before May 9. The Belgian railway system will carry free of charge, and the kingdom will admit free all exhibits that are to be returned. Exhibits unaccompanied by personal representatives of the exhibitors will be taken care of by the committee. Application blanks and all information can be obtained by writing the general manager, Mr. G. Lequim, 63 Rue Van Luppen, Antwerp, Belgium.

A Warden's Predicament.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Miles from his hunting camp in north Idaho, suffering from three fractured ribs and several gashes in the back of his head, and unable to help himself, was the predicament in which W. E. Mason, of Grangeville, Deputy Game Warden of Idaho, found himself the middle of November. The heavy snow was falling in the mountains, and the warden's wounds were so painful he dragged himself under a fallen tree. In this desperate condition a mongrel dog—homeless, deserted by his master, probably a miner, who abandoned his cabin to reach another prospect—found him. The dog licked the prostrate man's face and hands, staunching the blood and snuggled close to him during the night. The dog vanished with the break of day; when Mason dragged himself to his camp, where a searching party, headed by his partner, William Abbey, found him unconscious on the floor. The party had been out three days and was about to abondon the search, when one of the men suggested going back to the camp. Mason has been taken to his home at Grangeville, the journey being made with a cot strapped to the backs of several cayuses. He was unconscious most of the time. It has been learned that he fell from his cayuse while climbing one of the hills and rolled down the decline, nearly 100 feet, before stopped by a tree. The attending physicians do not believe the skull is broken or that the brain is injured, and say with rest for two or three weeks, he will recover. However, Mason sustained compound fractures of the ribs.

Trappers of north Idaho are laying in provisions for a long and hard winter, declaring that beaver and other wild animals are gathering extra supplies of foods and making their haunts more cozy. The hunters and trappers in these parts believe in the beaver as a prophet for forecasting weather conditions, and the colony on the little creek where the north fork of the Coeur d'Alene river receives its waters is putting in lots of work on its dam, building it higher and making it stronger. The animals are also gathering food supplies, and this, it is the opinion of J. S. Safford, who has been closely associated with outdoor life the last twenty years, means plenty of snow and cold weather in the mountains.

"Tom" Hopper, the veteran Spokane bear hunter, has established a new record, having bagged six big bears in ten days, all within twenty miles of Spokane. Four of them were black, the others brown, and the smallest weighed 150 pounds, the largest 325 pounds. He sold their flesh and pelts for $350.

Hopper has made many friends of farmers in the Spokane valley who telephone to him at his Spokane home when they get track of bruin, and Tom starts out at once with his hounds and a .30-30 rifle. He has eight dogs, the breed being a cross between a fox and a stag hound. Tom shoots for the head. "I aim to hit 'em low behind the ear," he says, "if I can't get 'em between the eyes. They can't get away when I've got the dogs with me." August Wolf.

Michigan State Game and Fish Protective League.

Monroe, Mich., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following circular letter to members, if published, may attract the attention of Michigan sportsmen:

"Nearing the time of the meeting of the next State Legislature the true sportsmen of Michigan must again get together and agree on game bills.

"Last session our meetings were very productive, and we have a good strong organization now and must continue it. Any suggestions in reference to our organization, game laws, changes, etc., please send to the secretary at Monroe, and he will tabulate all of them ready for our first meeting. We can do considerably more good by acting as an organization than individually, and as an organization we must have harmony among our members and agree to leave the game bills as they are or to any changes we may want before meeting the game committee.

"Dues of our organization are only $1 per year and this income is used by the officers; especially the secretary for stationery and postage in getting circular letters out and keeping the members and sportsmen acquainted with the suggestions of the shooters and fishermen of Michigan. They are asked to correspond with the secretary and all correspondence will be kept on file for our meetings. Have your friends join us. Kindly send dues, $1.

"W. C. Sterling, Jr.,
"Sec. and Treas."

The Adirondack Deer Season Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to note that so many substantially agree with the position taken in my recent article on our deer season. Now, however, just a word in reply to Columbia in your last issue.

While it may be true that some deer would be killed by "jacking," the 95 per cent. he names is in my judgment entirely out of proportion. I do not believe that 50 per cent. would be low enough. There are too many devotees of the rifle, men who aside from legal questions would rather kill one deer with a rifle in daylight than three in the dark with a scatter gun. But suppose Columbia's estimate of 95 per cent, correct, still the total number killed would not decimate the deer supply, for as a rule there is but little September weather favorable to "jacking." The deer come to water late, if at all, and the nights are cold. Rarely, as this fall, the weather is warm, but usually during most of the month September weather effectually prohibits September jacking. Juvenal.

Game Bird Propagation in California.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thus far the number of quail shipped from California to other points in the United States, has not exceeded three hundred per annum. In most cases, they have been offered in exchange for Bobwhites.

A good many attempts have been made to acclimatize the Bobwhites in this State, but with indifferent success, except in one locality near Sacramento, where the birds seem to have obtained a foothold on a large grant, from which all ground varmints had been exterminated. Our native quail roost in trees, whereas the Bobwhites roost on the ground; hence they fall easy victims to predatory animals.

We have brought in quite a number of pheasants from Oregon, and also from China. They show slight increase in some sections. We are now experimenting with Hungarian partridges.

It is believed that the Bobwhite and Hungarian partridge adapt themselves better to the encroachments of civilization than our native birds, and in the great stubble fields of this State we hope they may find a congenial habitat.

Chas. A. Vogelsang,
Chief Deputy California Fish Commission.

New Jersey Sportsmen's Show.

At the Colosseum, 457 Springfield avenue, Newark, N. J., Dec. 11-15 inclusive, the New Jersey Sportsmen's Show and Athletic Carnival will be held. Exhibits of everything of direct interest to outdoor people will be the leading feature.

Game Notes.

A five-point buck was shot by W. S. Mitchell, of Colorado Springs not far from La Veta, Colo., last month, which, he says, weighed 356 pounds when first killed and 240 pounds dressed. If the weights given are correct, this was a very large buck for Colorado.

Moorefield, W. Va., sportsmen had good hunting the latter part of November. The Rev. Dr. Waters of that town brought in a 209 pound deer, which he shot within a mile of his home, and Capt. Jenkins was equally proud of a turkey gobbler he secured in the woods near town. Its beard measured 13 inches and it weighed 35 pounds.

Atlantis.

Tradition says there was a continent lying over against the Pillars of Hercules, in extent greater than Libya and Asia put together, and was the passageway to other islands and to another continent, of which the Mediterranean sea was only a harbor, and within the Pillars the Empire of Atlantis reached to Egypt and Tyrrhenia.

When she was supreme on both of the greater continents and the sea, in the fullness of time and her power, an earthquake came, and the great island of Atlantis disappeared in the sea which we call to-day the Atlantic ocean.

The writer believes that Atlantis was an empire, the heart of which was in South America, and that its power spread thence before Egypt had a history, across the Atlantic, from island to island, to and beyond the Pillars of Hercules (Calpe and Abyla of the long ago, the Rock Gibraltar in Spain, and Ape's Hill in Africa near Ceuta of to-day); that another line or lines of such insular communication, at one time extended through the great western ocean to the peoples of Oceanica; that seismic quakes destroyed the the peoples of the east; and that Atlantis was islands of the lines of communication, and, of course, the old empire of the west was lost to the outgrowth of the oldest civilization of this earth, even as geologically speaking, the western or North American continent is older than the continents of the east and the far east.

Dr. A. J. Woodcock.

Vermont's Deer Season.

Stowe, Vt., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season began Oct. 22 and closed on the 27th, six days only, and there were 632 deer reported legally killed. Perhaps there will be several more to come in, but the average was 106 a day, the largest number ever killed in the history of Vermont during that period. The largest number killed heretofore in six days open season was in 1904, when 531 deer were killed, or an average of 88 in one day. Vermont has never allowed the killing of does, and the taking of bucks only does not seem to deplete the stock of deer. Woodcock have been very plenty this season.

Mr. Thomas has been reappointed to serve as commissioner of fisheries and game for the fourth term. H. G. Thomas, Commissioner.

A New Indiana Hunting Club.

The Chippecoke Hunting and Fishing Club, incorporated at Vincennes, Ind., Oct. 24, avows that its purposes are to indulge in the sport of hunting and fishing and to co-operate with the game wardens of Illinois and Indiana in enforcing the game laws of those States. The membership is limited to twenty-five, and the names of the officers follow: President, A. T. Cobb; vice-president, Harry Mitchell; secretary, Myron Rindskopf; treasurer, Fred C. Chaney; master, A. T. Cobb; sergeant-at-arms, Joseph Friesz; directors, W. L. Ewing, J. N. Bey, Harry Mitchell, A. B. Williams and Charles Hartigan. A club house is to be built on Nine-mile Island, in the Wabash river.

New Jersey Sportsmen's Convention.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen of Newark and of New Jersey intend assembling in a public hall some time in December, where radical changes will be advocated in the game laws of our State, and also once more endorse the Hon. Geo. Shiras and to give him our hearty support in his great task of bettering the conditions of our migratory birds and fishes. Victor L. Hesse.

New Hampshire Quail.

Lancaster, N. H., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The stocking of the fields and woods of New Hampshire with quail from the south and west has amounted to nothing. Our winters are so severe that quail cannot live here to any great extent.

Merrill Shurtliff, Commissioner.

In Pennsylvania Waters.

As a rule most anglers in Pennsylvania put away their rods the last of October and spend the time until April 15 in talking over what they did catch in the past season and what they expect to catch in the next. But this year the weather, when November was ushered in, was so pleasant and the fishing so good that the enthusiasts kept on with their sport. About the fifth or sixth there came a cold snap and a snow storm which swept over the greater part of the State, but in a day or two the temperature rose, the snow disappeared, the waters did not appear to be too high, so to the surprise of every one good fishing continued throughout the month. A very large number of bass were caught in the deep waters in nearly all the principal streams, and in the Susquehanna River "salmon" fishing has been superb.

The Susquehanna River may be considered to-day one of the finest wall-eyed pike streams in the country. Large catches of good sized fish are very common. David Weaver, Jacob Hackert, the Rev. D. S. Curry and Samuel Dennes, of York, caught in one day the second week of November forty wall-eyed pike; and their catch is said to have been less than those of several Harrisburg men on the same day.

The favorite method of fishing for wall-eyed pike is by means of a copper trolling spoon with the burr hooks removed and a gang of two small hooks substituted, to which is attached a lamprey. But some of the very enthusiastic anglers when this lure is not at hand use all sorts of odd contrivances as make-shifts, and often with success. For example, Walter Van Bamen and Vincent K. Keasey, of York, finding they had nothing better, fastened a bunch of keys to their line and attached their hooks thereto, and with this device caught seventeen wall-eyed pike. E. S. Herman and J. M. Shelly, of Harrisburg, caught twenty-four in one day, ranging from one to five pounds each. Dr. John C. Bucher, of Lebanon, caught twelve at Marysville which averaged over four pounds each.

The wall-eyed pike fishing will continue unabated until the weather becomes cold, that fishermen can no longer hold rods in their hands. The west branch of the Susquehanna afforded quite as good sport as the lower river. While the catches of black bass have naturally been diminishing, those of the wall-eyed pike are keeping the fishermen in an ecstasy of delight. The Juniata and the Swatara and the Conodoguinet, all tributaries of the Susquehanna, are affording first-class sport. Little has been heard of the north branch of the Susquehanna, but that little indicates a slight falling off in bass but not in "salmon."

The Allegeheny River, above the source of dreadful pollution, has been yielding excellent fishing as far up as the Indian Reservation. As was the case on the Susquehanna, the leading fish has been the wall-eyed pike. Ernest Lantz, of Oil City, caught three four-pounders on the eighth at Thompson's Eddy. Dr. Delmar Richey, of Pittsburg, caught a seven-pound muscallonge and a three-pound bass at Trunkeyville. Morris LaLonde, of Oil City, who has been complaining of ill luck throughout the season, in one day caught nine bass from the Allegheny, the smallest weighing two, and most of the catch tipping the scales at over four pounds each. Harvey Fritz, of the same city, captured four bass at Thompson's Eddy that weighed twelve pounds.

It is not often we hear much from the south or southwestern part of the State, except of dynamiting, but Frank Wood and Stacy Smith on the first day of November captured a number of fine bass at South Bend.

It is hardly likely that there will be much fishing done in December, hence the angling season in Pennsylvania may be said to have closed in a blaze of glory and with returns such as the fishermen have not experienced in years. Even those who swore at the fish laws and howled at what they called the persecutions of the fish wardens, admitted that the fishing has been better in Pennsylvania than in very many years, and that it is due to a large extent to the work of the Department of Fisheries, and, as is usual where there has been good fishing and in spite of the general admission that it has been due to planting and protection, there is a movement on foot to change the fish laws so as to open the doors wider to reckless fishing. Here are a few of the provisions that some of the most conservative of the "open door" anglers want the Legislature to enact:

To repeal the law forbidding fishing on Sunday.

To make it legal for one man to fish with four to six lines for everything but strictly game fish.

To permit snaring for everything but trout.

To permit gigging.

To allow at least five tip-ups. Some want an unlimited number.

To abolish the provisions making violations of the fish laws "summary proceedings" and to substitute jury trials.

The Commissioner of Fisheries has expressed himself as favoring in a modified form two or three of these provisions, but is opposed to enactment of most of them. He announces that he will present a bill himself to take place of the present act, and that it will be more liberal than the one now on the statute books, but more clearly expressed. It will embrace not only fish, but frogs, fresh-water terrapin and fresh-water shell fish.

The Department of Fisheries is having a warm time with the fishermen at Lake Erie these days. Under an act of the Legislature in 1905, fishing with nets was prohibited from Nov. 15 to March 15. Last year, as neither Ohio nor New York had passed a similar law, although bills were pending in both Legislatures, the commissioner issued employment papers to all the captains of boats who applied to catch whitefish and herring on their agreeing to turn in spawn of these fish. It would naturally be supposed that with such a privilege the fishermen would have exerted themselves to furnish the department with an abundant supply of eggs. But not so. Some of the boats did not take the trouble to bring in any eggs. Some stripped the females and did not fertilize the eggs. Others just brought in enough eggs to swear by. Less than a half dozen boats brought in a satisfactory amount. To use an expression of one of the captains, "they thought the commissioner was an easy mark." This fall they have learned different, hence a row. Ohio passed the close season law, and this fall Commissioner Meehan and Commissioner Paul North, of Ohio, agreed that, as States, they would issue no employment papers nor permits for the capture of fish for spawn purposes for the State hatcheries. They agreed to place the work of spawn gathering entirely in the hands of the United States Bureau of Fisheries; that in Pennsylvania waters no gill-nets should be used even by the United States, and that in Ohio the main fishing should be west of Vermilyea; that the boats designed by the United States Bureau of Fisheries should be given papers signed by Mr. Paul North, of Ohio, or Mr. W. E. Meehan, of Pennsylvania, as commissioners of the respective States. The Pennsylvania commissioner was immediately overwhelmed by howls from the fishermen at Erie with the allegation that Ohio was issuing permits, and they appealed to Congressmen, Mayors and any one they thought had a pull to induce Commissioner Meehan to break the agreement with Ohio. This he refused to do. Under the agreement he signed two papers, one to a boat to use pound-nets for whitefish and herring eggs and one large mesh gill-net for lake trout. If the fishermen in Erie have their way, Commissioner Meehan will be out of a job before long, and all because he is enforcing a law which they themselves asked for.

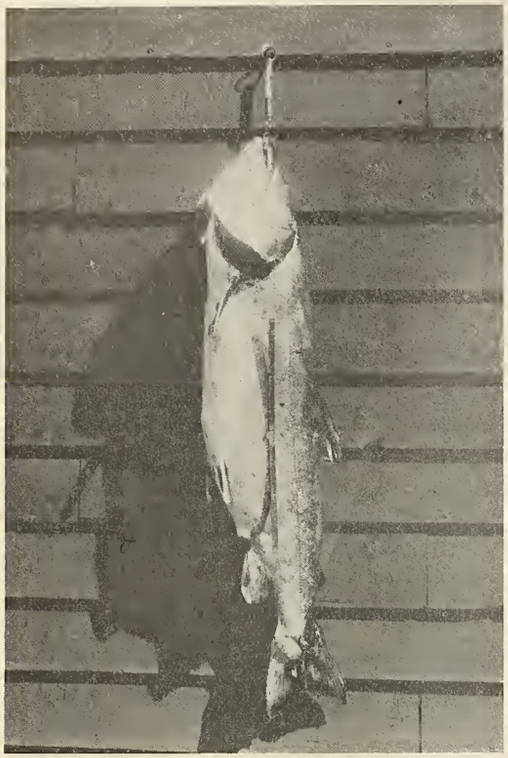
There is, however, a rift in the clouds. During the autumn there was an unexampled run of whitefish of all sizes. Three and four-pound fish were common, and one day to the amazement of the fishermen a trial net captured twenty-four lake trout, weighing 490 pounds, from a ground which several years ago had been swept barren by the fishermen's nets, and every indication points to an abundant harvest of this fish. It is declared by the fishermen that the reappearance of the whitefish and lake trout in large numbers has been due entirely to the millions of young fish hatched at the Erie hatchery by the State and planted in the lake.

Superintendent Berkhous, of the Torresdale hatchery, while lifting his nets one day in November from the Delaware River, where he had set them for catfish, found two large shad therein. It is generally supposed by fishculturists that shad as soon as they have finished spawning in June, leave at once for the sea, but some of the river fishermen have declared that every autumn there is a fair run of shad. Mr. Berkhous' catch seems to indicate that the fishermen are right and the fishculturists wrong. The shad caught by Mr. Berkhous weighed over three pounds each.

A few years ago there were members of the Legislature who freely designated the fish commissioners as "dude fishermen who like to whip the streams with $40 rods, and who did not care for anybody's interests excepting the swell city fishermen."

Judging by what he is doing, this charge cannot be laid to the door of Commissioner Meehan. His announcements and acts are for close attention to the wants of the masses. One of his first acts on becoming commissioner was to go into the propagation of yellow perch on a large scale. Next he undertook to rear bullfrogs, remarking dryly when asked why he did it, that he could not see why the boys should not have a chance to exercise their skill at stone throwing as well as the trout fishermen with the artificial fly. This was followed by his hatching 100,000,000 or so of pickerel last spring, and in November he announced that he had ordered the building of ponds in nearly all the hatcheries of the State for the rearing of catfish. He says he sympathizes with Peck's Boy's love for the bullhead. He distributed this year more than 12,000 of the humble but youth beloved catfish, and he promises from seven to eight times that number this year. Some of the trout fishermen are grumbling at the attention given the bewhiskered fish. They say they think he is making a mistake, but the members of the Legislature are overwhelming him with applications for catfish for their constituents.

The offices of the Department of Fisheries in the Capitol are one of the show places of that magnificent building. The majority of the thousands of visitors to the "Hill" every week ask the guards to direct them to the Governor's room, the halls of the Legislature, the Supreme Court room and the Fish Department. The department has three rooms—all beautifully furnished. In the commissioner's private office the walls are hung with a series of large photographs showing the entire process of hatching



TOGUE CAUGHT IN MAINE.

trout, from drawing the breeders from the pond to the planting of the fish in the streams. There is a large aquarium of Schuylkill River goldfish and bottles of trout eggs in all stages of development, colored plates of fishes and photographs of hatcheries. In the chief warden's room the walls are hung with pictures and festooned with nets which have been seized as having been used illegally, and in the clerk and stenographer's room there are all the implements of a busy life.

Fish Warden F. B. Whiteman, of Blair county, was shot a few days ago while pursuing a party of lawless Italians. He killed or wounded one of his assailants and afterward made his way alone to the Altoona Hospital, using his gun and a gun of one of his assailants as crutches. He is now lying in a precarious condition in the hospital. Warden Whiteman is the second victim to duty this year, the first being Warden Houck, of New Castle, who was murdered last March by a party of Hungarians.

BONIFACIUS.

Racine Fly-Casting Club.

RACINE, Wis., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Racine Fly-Casting Club, the following chairmen were appointed for the various committees to take care of the international tournament, which is to be held at Racine, Wis., during August, 1907: Programme, Dr. C. F. Browne; Publicity, A. H. Barnes; Tournament, J. R. Dishington; Financial, C. H. Washburn; Reception, E. B. Hand; Entertainment, A. J. Horlick; Trophies, O. F. Botsford.

In all probability the forthcoming rules of the National Association will provide that the president and secretary of the National Association will be ex-officio members of any tournament or governing committee of any national or international tournament, and therefore the names of Messrs. H. W. Perce and H. E. Rice, president and secretary of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, have been added to the tournament and grounds committee.

Organization plans are being perfected, and everybody is taking a keen interest in the project, and it is expected that a large entry list will be shown. Any club in process of formation, or any sportsman or angler who is interested or desires to keep in touch with the situation, please send their names to A. H. Barnes, Sec'y, Racine, Wis.

Anglers' Club Casting Contest.

WHAT was designated as a contest in the fall competition of the Anglers' Club of New York, but might well be termed a winter's day contest, was held on the Pool, in Central Park, Nov. 24. But if the cold northwest wind chilled all those who were at the lakeside during the afternoon, it did not affect the members' enthusiasm, and the event was a pretty one and a close fight between first and second, and third and fourth respectively. But for the fact that the fluky wind spoiled otherwise good casts, the results would have been even closer.

Dr. R. J. Held won the first prize loving cup with a percentage of 86 12-15. He had only 48 demerits and an average of 3 1-5 per cast. G. M. L. LaBranche had a still better average of 2½ for his first ten casts, but in his twelfth inning a gust of wind carried his weight aside, a 13 spoiling his chance for first place, and he took second prize, also a loving cup.

Milton H. Smith defeated Perry D. Frazer for the third cup by one point. The latter was beaten like Mr. LaBranche, by a puff of wind, and another 13. Charles Stepath's practice had been so good that he was regarded as dangerous, but a backlash in his seventh cast ruined his chances. Mr. Rice was defeated by backlashes, too, and Messrs. Towne and Todd gamely finished their scores, although both are beginners in overhead casting.

The conditions follow: Each contestant had one preliminary cast and five casts to score for accuracy at each distance, 60, 80, and 100 feet, using half-ounce weights, casting overhead with one hand only from a free-running reel. For each foot or fraction of a foot that the weight fell from the center of the target, a demerit of 1 was scored. The sum total of such demerits, divided by 15, was scored as the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100, constituted the accuracy per cent. After the contestant was ready, every cast counted, and backlashes cut down some of the scores very much. The scores:

	60 feet.					80 feet.					100 feet.					Demerits.	Total Per cent.
R. J. Held	1	3	6	6	5—21	0	0	5	1	2—8	5	1	3	5	5—19	48	96 12-15
G. M. L. LaBranche	2	3	2	0	1—8	8	3	3	2	1—17	0	13	2	4	8—27	52	96 8-15
Milton H. Smith	6	2	4	2	4—18	7	9	7	6	8—37	8	3	7	1	5—24	79	94 11-15
Perry D. Frazer	5	8	5	2	7—27	2	13	4	6	0—25	5	2	8	9	4—28	80	94 10-15
Charles Stepath	4	5	4	2	1—16	1	59	7	5	1—73	5	8	2	0	2—17	106	92 14-15
Edward B. Rice	4	4	7	7	0—22	22	4	4	11	4—45	5	0	7	7	25—44	111	92 9-15
E. B. Towne	1	2	6	7	5—21	withdrew.											
Edward F. Todd	7	2	9	11	10—39	withdrew.											

Messrs. Towne and Todd have only lately begun to cast and are as yet novices in distance casting. They did very well at the first mark, but at 80 and 100 feet were handicapped by the wind and lack of practice, so their scores are not given for those distances, although both finished.

The judges were Allen B. Humphrey and J. G. Larison. Referee, Joseph B. Hauf.

Matchless Misery.

BY W. J. CARROLL.

Photographs by P. Doyle.

"Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud."
—Shakespeare.

His fondest dreams were realized;
He was free from every care;
He was heart to heart with nature,
With spirits light as air.

The forest echoes thrilled him,
While the rippling waters sung;
His creel was getting weighty,
With the deadly fly he flung.

A Large Maine Togue.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a photograph of a togue or lake trout, which was caught last season at Roach Lake, Me., where I spend my summers. I think this is the record fish for those waters. I know of two being caught that were practically the same weight, but I think this exceeds by a few ounces the largest fish caught thereabout. It was the most beautiful lake trout I have ever seen. It was caught in August by a young lady stopping at the house, who went out and trolled in the lake for an hour or so and came back with this magnificent fish.

Usually the togue caught at Roach Lake in August are very dark; they are caught in very deep water and are not a particularly attractive fish, especially as we usually have good fishing for square-tails during July and August, but this fish was bright and silvery, and when I first saw him lying in the canoe as it came up to the wharf, I was for an instant deceived and thought it was a square-tail or brook trout. The markings were very similar to those of a brook trout, and were much more beautiful than is usually the case with a togue, even when taken in the spring. During June we catch both togue and square-tails by trolling, and after the 5th or 6th of June, one can generally get plenty of square-tails fly-fishing; that is, if he goes to the right places in the lake. This fish weighed 14¾ pounds after it had been brought up to the house, perhaps an hour and a half after it was caught. I was very fortunate in the photograph in getting the markings sufficiently prominent so that they can be seen. The length of the fish I have forgotten, but you can judge something of its length by the foot-rule which is suspended at its side, and which shows in the photograph.

Charles A. Allen.

Stream Pollution in Vermont.

Sheldon, Vt., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 24 you make mention of a bill before our Legislature, prohibiting the dumping of sawdust into our streams. This bill was defeated by a large majority. It was a great mistake that the Committee on Fish and Game introduced this bill. It should have come from the State Board of Health, then it would quite likely have passed, and become a law. Our State is never free from typhoid fever, and in some localities it often becomes a fatal epidemic. Take the Missisquoi River, for instance. This river coming down from the mountains was formerly a bright, clear, sparkling stream of pure water. Now it is a sewerage of reeking filth; its banks and bottom in the pools are masses of rotten, stinking, decaying sawdust, perfect breeding places for the typhoid germs, and the cemeteries in that valley are peopled with those who have died with that dreaded disease. This is one of the things that makes the summer tourist avoid our State. The food adulterator and the sawmill owner should be classed alike. The almighty dollar is of more consequence than the health and lives of the people. There is a hereafter where the health and human life destroyer will be judged.

Our Governor has shown his wisdom in reappointing Mr. Thomas as Fish and Game Commissioner, and he is deserving of an increased salary, and a largely increased appropriation to carry on his work, and we trust that this will be done before our Legislature adjourns.

Stanstead.

A Salmon Question Answered by the Cat.

New York City, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question as to whether or not salmon feed while ascending rivers, can be answered by two friends of the salmon, I think. The first of these is the smelt, and is classified as friend because the salmon loves the smelt so much. In the salt water of the estuary he takes the smelt to his bosom. Up the falls go salmon and smelts later, and then they rest side by side, thousands of smelts sometimes resting alongside the salmon, and wiggling their tails before the very cannon's mouth with never a fear. In the salt estuary the smelts skedaddle on even distant approach of the salmon. We may not know whether salmon feed while ascending rivers or not, but the smelts know.

Another friend of the salmon is the cat, which loves salmon exceedingly. If the salmon is secretive about its reasons for rising to the fly, we may approach the subject as we deal with men who will not tell things, by asking their friends. So let us appeal to the cat. Draw a few feet of line from the salmon rod, put on a stout casting line and a No. 2 Jock-Scott fly with double hooks. Approach the cat, hold the rod aloft for a moment and murmur this incantation:

"O cat, with wisdom well concealed;
I fain would like to prove,
What stirs the mighty salmon
When he sees the Jock-Scott move.
I do not ask you for a word,
But show me by a deed,
What would you do if you were he,
And I gave you this lead?"

Having repeated this three times, lower the tip of the rod, draw the fly across the floor in front of the cat, and see what he does to it.

Robert T. Morris.

But his sunshine soon was clouded;
Living ceased to be a joke;
Alas, he had no matches,
He couldn't get a smoke!

The Kennel.

Eastern Field Trials Club's Trials.

The 28th annual trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club were held at Newton, N. C., commencing on Friday, Nov. 23. This was a favorite ground of the club, and many trials were held at that place up to 1902, when the trials were removed to Thomasville, Ga., and were also held at that place in the year following. In 1904 and 1905, they were held at Waynesboro, Ga.

The judging was done by Messrs. S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Washington A. Coster, of New London, Conn., and B. Waters, of New York. Mr. Coster is a charter member of the club, and was secretary of it during many years. He has not attended field trials in recent years, but he has not forgotten a single phase of field trial competition meanwhile. Mr. Bradley was fresh from the west, where he judged recently. To recount all his services as field trial judge, even statistically, would fill much space in itself. It is doubtful whether he has an equal in managing a field trial combined with judging the merits of the dogs. He so managed this trial as he does other trials, that the grounds were as fairly divided up among the dogs as the circumstances permitted; the end of each heat was close by the wagons; for the wagons were first ordered with rare judgment to the place where the heat would end, and the end of the heat and the place of the wagons coincided with admirable nicety. In directing the trials, he shaped out the course so that there was no disturbance of the running other than what inhered in the grounds.

Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, the famous painter of field trial, shooting and hunting scenes, was the only club member present besides Messrs. Coster and Bradley. The sporting press was represented by Dr. Wm. A. Bruette, of Chicago; Messrs. A. F. Hochwalt, Dayton, O., and B. Waters, of New York. The daily press was represented by Mr. R. M. Armstrong, of North Vale, N. J.

The handlers present were as follows: T. Edwards, Newton; I. T. Carter, Emmettsburg, Ia.; W. H. Hammond, Eldred, N. Y.; W. H. Beazell, Spring Hill, Miss.; G. Dan Morgan, Pinehurst, N. C.; D. C. White, Hillsboro, Ala.; A. C. Peterson, Hempstead, Pa.; J. Bishop, Rutherford, Ala.; C. H. Babcock, San Francisco; C. Askins, O'Neill, Neb.; W. H. Elliott, Converse, Ind.; John A. Gude, Bruceville, Ind., and E. Shelley, Olney, Ill.

A small party followed the field trials, a diminutive group compared to the large number which was in attendance at the trials of twenty years or less ago.

Delightfully pleasant weather favored the running from start to finish. It was a pleasure to be out in the pure air, the bright sunshine, much like days of June in the north, barring the sereness of the landscape.

The horses were of a higher grade by far than were those foisted on the visiting sportsmen a few years ago. A manufacturing impetus is visible in the south everywhere, and with it has come an improvement in all the ways of work and of living. The main points of the competition follow:

The All Age Stake, Friday, Nov. 23.

The competition was much expedited by the sportsmanlike consent of the handlers and owners present, to run their dogs in the absence of other competitors which were en route from the west, and which were not expected to arrive till late in the afternoon. Therefore the dogs present were drawn to run, thus enabling the club to begin competition. After the belated dogs arrived, they were drawn to run also, thus completing the drawing of the first series. If this procedure had not been adopted, the whole day would have been wasted.

Owing to a most regrettable accident, the running away of Mr. Tom Edwards' team and the consequent wrecking of his wagon, Harry B. drawn to run in the first series, escaped. The absence of Harry disarranged the order of drawing in his brace, and the subsequent two braces. The owners and handlers present were too true in matters of sportsmanship to entertain an idea even for a moment that he should be disqualified for absence under the circumstances. And the club management was also too true in sportsmanship to countenance any such idea even if it had been formulated into a proposition. Mr. Edwards' vehicle was en route in good season for the field trial grounds when his team took fright at a sawmill, the wagon was smashed and his dog escaped. Harry was found later in the day after much anxiety and much search. Sincere sympathy was felt for Mr. Edwards concerning this last misfortune, one of a series. During the past summer, he lost successively a large number of well-bred puppies from distemper, and one of his choice field trial dogs could not be entered because of adverse circumstances. He had the esteem and affection of all present, hence the earnest effort to give him every opportunity.

Birds were found in ample numbers during the day, and while some sections of the grounds were more bountifully supplied with birds than others, there were sufficient in each heat to give fair opportunities for the dogs to exhibit their powers in finding, pointing and roading.

Mr. Coster kept tab on the number of bevies found during the day, and reported that the number was 23.

Nine braces were run during the day.

Considering that there are always some delays at a field trial start, the competition began in good time. This was largely due to the foresight and prearrangements of the energetic club secretary and manager, Mr. S. C. Bradley.

Ned M. and Gipsy Noble began at 8:31, in an open weed field. The dogs were ordered up at 9:05. They did not run independently, each keeping an eye on the other and following amiably. Four or five bevies were found during the heat, in which the dogs were credited with a small part. The heat was ordinary.

Lanark's Lad and Avalon were cast off at 9:11. Up at 9:43. They were wide, diligent rangers, obedient to commands and worked well to the gun. Each was steady to wing, and backed well on opportunity. Lad found and pointed two bevies, and made a flush on a single in woods.

Pretty Peggy and Nightingale were cast off at 9:56. Up at 10:24. Nightingale showed very good judgment in beating out his ground. Peggy ranged irregularly and beat out her ground with poor judgment. She pointed a bevy, and made a point to which nothing was found. Nightingale pointed, moved on to locate the bevy. Peggy whipped in ahead, and the bevy flushed wild.

Oakley Hill King and Courier Journal were started at 10:33. Up at 11:20. They soon separated, and the latter was gone so long that he was out of the stake. Hill flushed a bevy. His casts were made with poor judgment.

Sir Royal Spot and Shot Wind'em began at 11:37. Up at 12:07. Shot pointed, roaded in heavy grass, and the bird flushed wild ahead Both dogs ranged wide, Shot displaying the greater industry in penetrating the likely cover and looking for birds. He found two bevies, flushed another rather excusably, and pointed stanchly a single remaining bird of it.

The running was suspended while the party partook of lunch at the Cline place.

Tonapaugh and Alberta Jingo commenced competition at 1:27. Up at 1:58. Tonapaugh far excelled in judgment and in working out the places which gave promise of birds. He pointed two bevies nicely. Jingo pointed one. Both ranged wide.

Belle of Pinehurst and Manitoba Mike started at 2:08. Both ranged well. Up at 2:46. Belle pointed a bevy well and Mike backed. Belle made two good points on scattered birds.

Keepsake and Ingleside Noble started at 3:15. Up at 3:50. Noble was much the better in range, judgment and finding ability. He pointed a bevy and had a second point, to which a bevy was flushed, it was said, by a passing wagon, while the judges were riding up. He also made a good point on a single bird.

Petrel's Count Queen and Rosemont Spec started at 4:04. Up at 4:44. Both ranged merrily in the open fields, where they had a good opportunity to display themselves. Queen pointed a bevy stanchly. Spec pointed, drew on and nicely located and pointed the bevy in woods, and soon afterward she pointed a bevy in the open. This heat ended the competition for the day.

Saturday, Nov. 24.

The unfinished first series was continued. The morning was clear and crisp. About the middle of the forenoon, the clear, warm sunshine dissipated every bit of chill, and the temperature was comfortable. Toward midday, the warmth seemed to be much of the summertime.

The first heat of the day had as one contestant Harry B., identified with Mr. Edwards' misfortune of the previous day.

Several visitors were present and followed the running steadfastly from beginning to end.

Harry B. and Count Whitstone II. were started at 8:20 in an open field. Harry was somewhat tender in his manner of going, consequent to his long self-hunt of the previous day, when Mr. Edwards' team ran away and Harry escaped. As the heat progressed, he limbered up and improved constantly. He was first to find a bevy and was well backed by Count. Sent on, after a brief search, Count pointed a bevy in the open; at the same time, Harry, coming up, pointed the same bevy independently. Count's handler had to move some distance away from him to flush the bevy; the birds passed near Count, and he could not resist the temptation to chase. Next, on scattered birds, Harry pointed a single nicely. Harry showed very clean work in hunting out the likely places, in locating accurately, and in steadiness to wing. Count ranged wide, but was not so finished in good judgment.

Policy Girl and Cæsar started at 9 o'clock. Cæsar took a long cast, and in an open field located a bevy nicely. Sent on, Cæsar was lost and diligent search failed to find him. The country was moderately rough, with certain tangles of cover here and there, which made the finding of a dog extremely difficult. The judges checked speed for a while to give opportunity to find the lost dog. Later, they learned that the dog was found within proper limits on point, but was found after the heat was practically ended. Policy Girl made a point to which there was nothing found.

Outram and Maid Spot Gladstone started at 9:56 in the open field. Outram flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds, he held his point stanchly after a single had flushed. A number of remaining birds were flushed to the point. Up at 10:28.

Granite Dick and Fishel's Frank began their heat at 10:30. Frank pointed a bevy nicely in open weeds. There was hardly a breath of air stirring and the temperature was warm. Dick backed stanchly and well. Both were steady to flush. The heat ended at 11:01. Frank was the wider and better ranger, and he showed excellent capabilities.

Miss Ransom and King Wooton were cast off at 11:11. Miss took a long cast, and close by a ditch pointed a bevy. She was found on this point after being lost some time. The dogs were brought together then and sent on. Up at 11:40. King ranged moderately and received much urging. Miss took long casts, but left much promising ground uncovered.

Ria Babe and Spot's Rip Rap began at 11:56. In an open weed field, over the brow of a hill, a bevy was seen to flush, and Rip Rap was found close by a moment afterward. Sent on, he made a good point on a bevy. Up at 12:25. Rip made long casts, but beat out his ground with poor judgment.

The running was in abeyance while the field-trial party lunched.

SECOND SERIES.

Fourteen dogs were retained in the second series. Several of these were brought in for a better tryout than the first series afforded. The results were as follows:

Lanark's Lad and Nightingale started at 1:53, and ran quite a good heat. Lad was lost soon

Continued on page 921.

THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS.

The yearly meeting of the Society came to a close on Nov. 23 with a banquet. The meeting as a whole showed good attendance, and the discussion of the papers read was no less interesting than the papers themselves. The subjects treated chiefly of the warhip and the commercial side of the profession; yet there were other topics such as submarines, dry docks and internal combustion engines. Only one paper dealt with yachting.

The report of the president of the Society, Admiral Bowles, expressed the belief, based upon his observation of the conditions, that the maritime interests of our great country were awakening and that an effective pressure was being brought to bear to bring about government action in behalf of our carrying trade. At the banquet, all the speeches referred to the same matter and urged action by Congress.

The membership of the Society of Naval Architects covers the whole land. Its members are engaged in business, in places ranging from Florida to Maine, New York to California, and the only opportunity of getting together is during the meetings each fall lasting at most three days.

With the revival of our merchant marine, there is no doubt that a great development will take place in the building of yachts. The country is growing at a rate few realize, and yachting is a most enjoyable pastime.

New York is the home of many clubs, or rather of many associations of men engaged in the pursuit of the same business here and elsewhere. The lawyers have their clubs and meet in them on a friendly basis. The architects have an association and a directing body whose office is to keep the business within its proper bounds, and prevent the expansion of the irresponsible and unscrupulous man.

Here in New York are many men who have cast their lot in the field of yacht designing and yet they have no professional home where they may meet on a common basis. Each goes on his way with no contact or word with another who is pursuing the same path. Intercourse does not necessarily reveal to a rival secrets which have taken years to acquire, but by intercourse both are broadened and helped on toward the great end to which we should all aspire.

To attain any proficiency the yacht architect must be equipped by long study and practice; this is an art unlike all others, for it combines artistic sense with high engineering skill; and as a profession it ranks as high as any.

Among the yacht brokers there is a question of forming an association for mutual protection and regulation in the matter of fees and commissions. If all yachting interests were merged an architect would do no brokerage, but harder things than this question can and have been solved.

The question of a permanent home other than a yacht club for the yachting interests should be considered, and it would not in any way prejudice or hinder the Society which has done good fighting for the interests of the profession which unfortunately has lain dormant so long.

A POWER BOAT RACE TO BERMUDA.

In power boat circles the great topic of discussion the last few days has been the race which will be started on June 8, 1907, from New York to Bermuda. This race is the result of a successful effort to race small boats at sea. Last year the sailing race to Bermuda proved definitely in the face of much harsh criticism that it was both feasible and safe. James Gordon Bennett, happening to drop anchor in his steam yacht Lysistrata at Bermuda, while the diminutive racers were there, now comes forth and offers a $1,000 cup for the race of power boats of a seaworthy type not less than 40ft. nor more than 60ft. long. The rules and restrictions have not as yet been fully settled upon.

This deep sea racing in small boats—designed to suit the requirements of their service—is without doubt one of the finest sports a man can turn his hand to for rest and recreation. It will take him away from his every day world to things which outside of his vessel represents the acme of simplicity—sea and sky—and who that has ever been on blue water can recall of two instances when the two elements seemed to be the same. They change, always change and supply that variety which is one of the sea's great attractions.

In piloting his small vessel from one distant point to another our sailors must use all care and judgment, and it is as much to them to make a good landfall as to the captain of a big sailing ship ninety days out. It must be so, for unless one is a seaman, such long journeys cannot be indulged in except as a matter of business.

There is practically no danger, and at the time of the year, June—there are no cyclonic disturbances. We have often referred to the fishermen who sail from 1,000 to 3,000 miles from their homes to the banks in search of fish. If some meet with disaster, the percentage is small, especially when it is considered that they go in the foulest weather; across the North Sea to Iceland, and North Atlantic to Newfoundland.

This sea racing is going to do great good; it has already started a strong and stalwart offshoot from the racing yachtsman, it is training men in the art of navigation, bringing out resource and energy, and above all that sea spirit such as no other nation enjoyed fifty years ago, and which made our ships and our seamen known the world over.

A sign of the times is certainly shown by the number of yacht captains who are studying under Captain Howard Patterson at the New York Nautical College. These men will then obtain, after appearing before the United States authorities, licenses to act as masters for any ocean and pilots in the highest class. Time was when owners did not go so far afield—but now, that cruising eastward and southward is so much enjoyed, a master must be ready at any time to go anywhere.

Boston Letter.

The time has arrived when yachtsmen divide into their three classes, when the lines of demarcation are most closely drawn and become readily apparent to even the casual observer.

The yachtsman whose interest is due to a desire to conform with what he considers the fashion in summer, has long since given final orders to his sailing master and is now devoted to the seasonable sports as the whirligig of time brings each forward for its momentary pre-eminence. Never a thought of yachting crosses his mind, nor will one until the general exodus from the city marks the month of May.

The yachtsman whose sport is purely recreation is now plunged in the strife which ebbs and flows unceasingly about the money marts. At the week end he rests his mind with a pleasant recollection of last summer's racing or cruising, but not for months will he reach the stage where future plans are conceived and then matured.

The final division of the clan, the smallest component part of the yachting world, never abandons the sport which furnishes the vital spark to its existence. This little knot of enthusiasts ever eat, drink, sleep, talk and live a-yachting, stumbling, scrambling, battling, drifting, through the avocations from which they wring the wherewithal with which to obey the sea their eyes ever behold the gleam of waters rippled by breezes and caressed by sun or moon. No cares ever recruit old men from these ranks, no sorrows blight or wither them; gray beards, white hairs, are but as badges of experience; personal possessions, friends, relatives, all come and go with them, the sport goes on forever; their hearts are ever young, their spirits ever boyish. With them the faithless friend, the unscrupulous business connection, are, like misplaced buoys, a momentary cause of anxiety—and as soon forgotten.

These men listen as readily to good advice on yachting subjects as do regular church attendants to the spiritual counsel of their pastor, and need it as little. Just as the preacher, looking down from his pulpit and recognizing each face in his faithful flock, realizes that his warnings are not needed by his hearers but only by those who never come to hear them, so, too, the writer for the yachting weekly, weekly feels the stinging knowledge that his congregation is as fit to advise as he; that those whom he may profitably counsel are, from October to June, without the circle in which his words ring forth and die away.

The favorite retreat of the minister, under such circumstances, is in descriptions of biblical days and ways. The yachting writer might, in similar moods, resort to a narration of the bare news of the week. But to do so when that news is vague and indefinite and when my audience is a keen, critical, technically trained one, calls for more courage than I possess. You want dimensions and data, but they are not available.

How futile it is, however, to urge upon you faithful enthusiasts my little plea for better conduct in the matter of sales and purchases. You are not the ones who need be told why good boats remain unsold, you are not the ones upon whom I would urge the necessity to now fix the prices which must later be accepted if a sale is desired. It is puerile of me to tell you here that if you wish success in some new class next season, but are dependent first upon a disposal of your present craft, that you must effect the transaction at once in order to properly prepare for the coming contests. And yet I will preach my little preachment that you may have confirmation of your knowledge, encouragement in your beliefs. For if we enthusiasts ever falter

PENATAQUIT Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS.
Designed by Mr. Chas. D. Mower.

in our blind devotion to the sport's best tenets, it is when we see, all around us, the callousness, carelessness of those indifferent yachtsmen who, without observing the articles of faith by which we conduct ourselves, seem nevertheless to obtain by mere good fortune all the plums which our greater experience and more intelligent efforts barely serve to win for us.

Treat the broker as if he were as honest as any other man—he probably averages more honesty than do the bulk of his clients. Remember that life is too short, and commissions too small, for him to demonstrate the claims of his clients. He can reassure you as to a boat's qualities or a purchaser's credit if you will pay for this special knowledge, but don't ask or expect something for which you are unwilling to pay.

Do not tempt a broker by giving him two prices on your boat. The purchaser will insist on knowing the lower one and will at once conclude that you will go lower yet. Thus you demoralize prices. Put a fair value on your boat and refuse to be annoyed by unfair offers—when a buyer does approach your valuation you can then begin to trade.

Never expect a broker to hustle for you if you list your boat with all his rivals. He knows that in case of a sale he will have to face rival claims for the commission and, what is more, complete with the unprofessional rival who rebates a portion of the already low commission. Choose a good broker, a well-known one, a hustler, and leave the whole affair in his hands, giving him accurate and detailed information. Above all, tell him the truth about your boat or your requirements—don't measure headroom from the cabin floor straight up through the hatch to the underside of the boom. Don't fill your inventory with articles you have worn out or lost overboard. Remember that you do not want the other man to feel "stung" and pass the word along that you are more than smart.

Do not mingle business with the sport of sailing, nor funny business with the task of selling.

You did not need this and never will, but store it away until the casual yachtsman crosses your path and then sear his soul with it. You may save him and remove one bolt from tarnish which his kind ever keeps us polishing away.

William Lambert Barnard.

The auxiliary yawl Huntress, designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and recently completed at the yard of Robert Jacob, is now fitting out at South Brooklyn prior to leaving for southern waters. On trial Huntress made a speed of 9.8 miles, which is in excess of the contract speed. The yacht is the property of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and her plans appeared recently in the columns of Forest and Stream.

Recently Mr. Julius Stewart, an American artist, has finished a painting of the start of the race between Fleetwing, Henrietta and Vesta off Sandy Hook in 1866. The painting is to be presented to the New York Y. C.

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This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.
A Complete Manual of Practical Boat and Small Yacht Building. With two complete designs and numerous diagrams and details. By Linton Hope. 177 pages. Cloth. Price, $3.
The author has taken two designs for practical demonstration, one of a centerboard boat 19ft. waterline, and the other a cruising cutter of 22ft. waterline. Both designs show fine little boats which are fully adapted to American requirements. Full instructions, even to the minutest detail, are given for the building of both these boats. The information is not confined to these yachts alone; they are merely taken as example; but what is said applies to all wooden yacht building according to the best and most approved methods.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Gas Engines and Launches.
Their Principles, Types and Management. By Francis K. Grain. 132 pages. Price, $1.25.
Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

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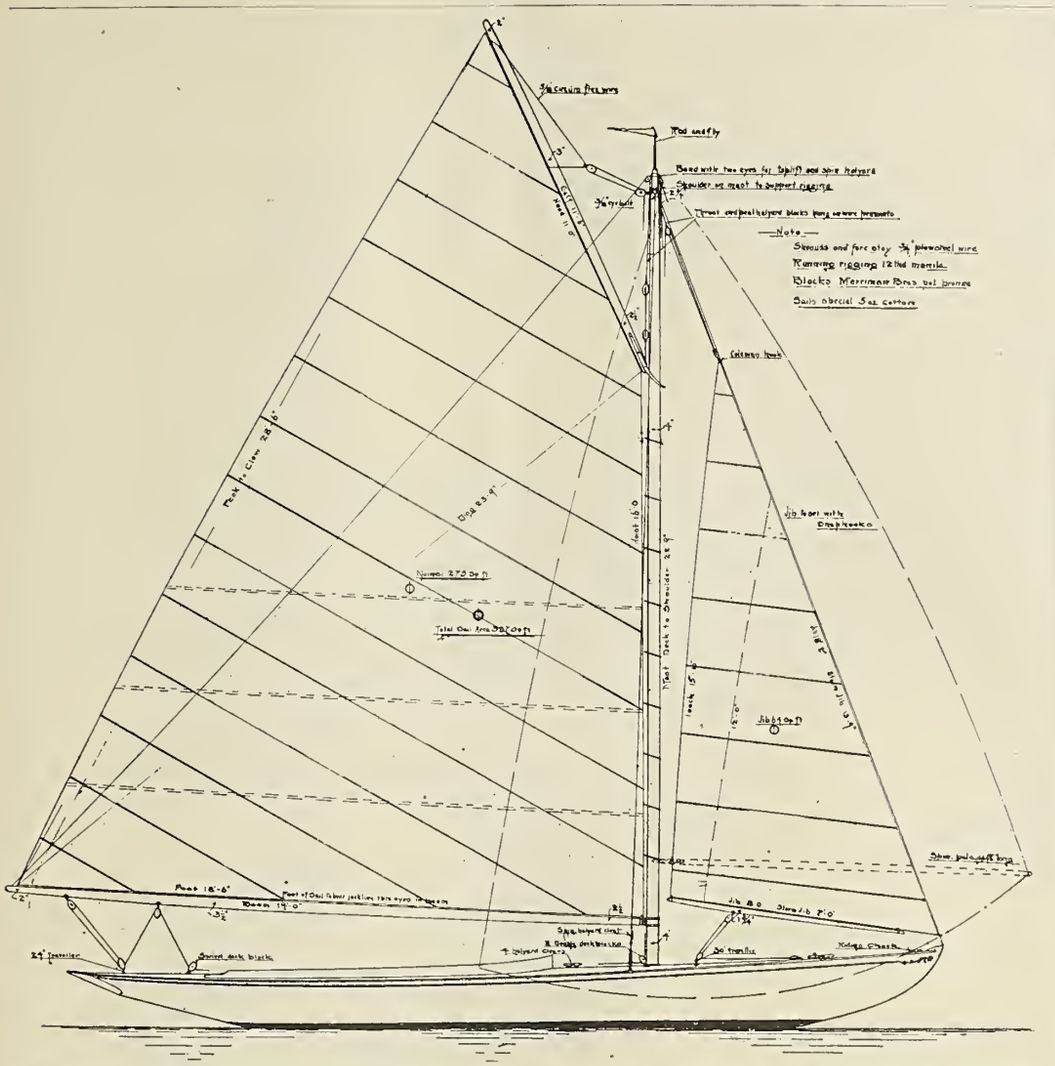

SAIL PLAN—PENATAQUIT Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—DESIGNED BY MR. CHAS. D. MOWER.

The Penataquit Y. C. O. D. Class.

By the kindness of Mr. Chas. D. Mower, we publish the plans and a photograph of the one-design class which was very successfully raced last summer by the Penataquit Y. C., of Bay Shore, Great South Bay, Long Island. The boats were intended to be fast, able and comfortable little day boats that would give good sport on the circuit of the bay and Saturday races. These little boats have been most successful. Mr. Mower has turned out some of the finest examples of small boats for this purpose, and they have been entirely satisfactory—good sea boats, good looks, and very fast.

There were six boats built for members of the club at Mr. Larry Huntington's yard, New Rochelle. As the drawings show, the boats are fitted with centerboards and an iron keel of 800 pounds. The cockpit is large enough to give good space and yet restricted as to prevent too much water getting aboard in bad weather. The construction was very carefully worked out, and great care was used by the builder. The planking was of white cedar, in single thickness, fastened with brass screws. The sail plan is not excessive, though for ordinary work is quite ample, and does not require more than two men to work knocking about. The sheer and lines of the boat are very pleasing; they conform well to the form we always expect from Mr. Mower. The ends are well turned and very graceful—a detail in small boats very often neglected.

This type of boat is one well adapted to many localities, and one that not alone furnishes good sport in racing, but for sailing generally. The price per boat for six was fairly low, as the prices for boats go nowadays. The cost for each delivered was about $600, and for a period of several years of service which such boats give, the outlay, considering the amount of sport they give, is really very small.

We publish a very interesting list of particulars as to dimensions, etc.:

Length—	
Over all	25ft. 9in.
Waterline	16ft.
Breadth—	
At deck	7ft. 6in.
Waterline	7ft.
Draft	2ft.
Rabbet	1ft. 1in.
Overhang—	
Forward	4ft. 6in.
Aft	5ft. 3in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 4in.
Displacement	3300 lbs.
Iron keel	800 lbs.
Sail Area—	
Topsail	337 sq. ft.
Mainsail	273 sq. ft.
jib	64 sq. ft.

Solid spars.

Lately the Water Registrar, Col. Michael C. Padden, has obtained from the honorable Board of Aldermen a grant of $15,000 for safeguarding the city's water supply pipes and hydrants situated on or near the docks, from water thieves, to supply tugs, etc., with fresh water. The appropriation is to cover the cost of a fast launch to do police duty and thus save the city's water supply.

This boat is eminently a good opportunity for an enterprising yacht architect to show what he can do—indeed, such a problem is one which they encounter often and in which requirements are perfectly familiar.

* * *

The houseboat Everglade, Col. R. M. Thompson, New York Y. C., will be fitted with a wireless telegraph outfit before going into commission for the winter at Daytona Beach, Florida.

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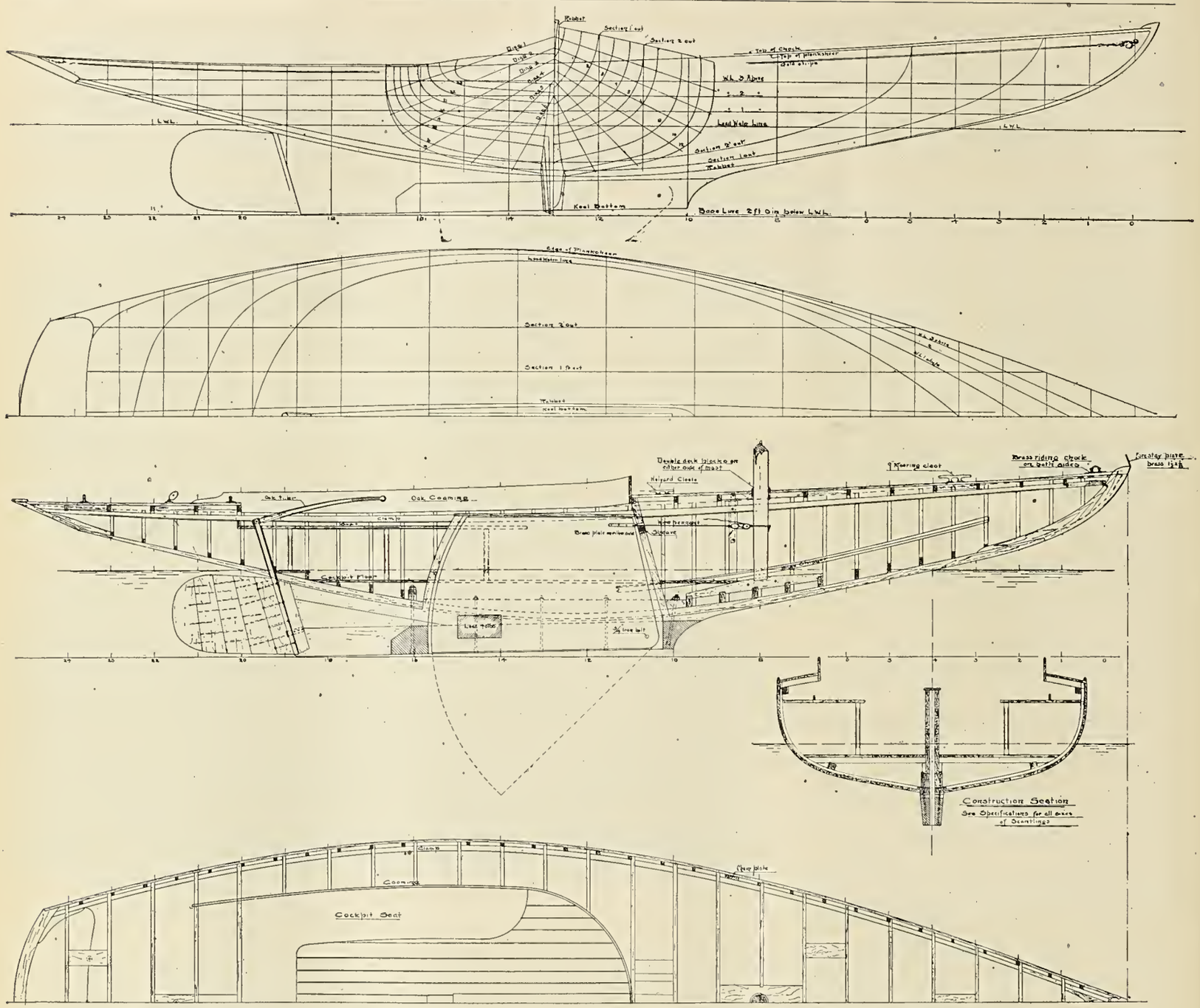

LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN—PENATAQUIT Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—DESIGNED BY MR. CHAS. D. MOWER.

General Schuyler.

In the death of General Philip Schuyler the New York Y. C. has lost one of its oldest members, and one prominent in the affairs of the club for many years. He was elected a member when the club house, which is now the Glen Cove station, was at the Elysian Fields, in 1858. In 1871 Gen. Schuyler was appointed fleet captain by Commodore Bennett; he served during the same year, when the club entertained the Grand Duke Alexis, and also under Commodore S. Nicholson Kane. Later he was one of the members of the committee in charge of the trial races, which resulted in the Puritan-Genesta match. He had no office during the Mayflower-Galatea races, but showed much interest. During the Thistle-Volunteer match he was a member of the cup committee, also during the first challenge by Lord Dunraven, with the first Valkyrie, and served on the committee which selected the Vigilant to race against Valkyrie II. By his death, a man has passed away who was full of action and who devoted much time and gave much help to those engaged in the races for the cup for so many years.

The Brooklyn Y. C.

On Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:00 P. M., the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Astor, Broadway and 44th street, New York city.

Beside the election of officers, other matters of importance will be taken up. A full attendance is desired. A collation will be served after the meeting.

Proposed amendments to the by-laws will be taken up at this meeting.

Official ballot is as follows: Com., Bird S. Coler; Vice-Com., W. C. Towen; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, John G. Faist; Meas., Edson B. Schock; Trustees (for three years)—S. S. Fontaine, Frank Maier, John Lewis; Trustee (for one year)—Victor Hugo Koehler; Regatta Committee—Dr. J. E. DeMund, Geo. E. Reiners, William H. Griffin; Membership Committee—Thos. J. Moore, Ernestus Gulick, Joseph F. Clarke; Nominating Committee—David E. Austen, Walter B. Haviland, A. V. B. Voorhees; Delegates to the Gravesend Bay Y. C. Racing Assn.—Dr. J. E. DeMund, Geo. E. Reiners; Delegates to American Power Boat Assn.—E. W. Graef, Dr. J. E. DeMund.

Proposed Amendment to By-Laws.

ARTICLE I.

Section 15.—It shall be the duty of the trustees to designate from their number a chairman for each of the following committees, viz.: Finance and Auditing, Entertainment and House. Such chairman shall select two or more members of the club to act as associates on such committees, with full power, and substitution at any time. That the duties of House and Entertainment committees be consolidated under the title of "A House and Entertainment Committee."

ARTICLE VI.

Section 2.—For the maintenance of this club each active member, excepting life members, will be assessed $30 annual dues, which shall date from the first day of January in each year.

The turbine steam yacht Atalanta, ex-Lorena, is due to arrive in New York shortly. Captain Tod, formerly master of the old Atalanta, is abroad to bring the vessel over. Mr. George J. Gould, her owner, will probably cruise in the West Indies this winter.

U. M. C. Ammunition

At Close Quarters

or at long range, U. M. C. Big Game Cartridges give full satisfaction. They will knock down a charging bear and keep him down. They will carry across the lake to the distant buck. The curve of the bullet's flight is true to the sight's elevation because the powder charge is uniform, the diameter of the bullet exact and the cartridge is practically perfect. The new .35 Remington Autoloading Rifle Cartridge is now ready, with 2,000 feet velocity and 200 grain bullet—a wonderful cartridge and gun.

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Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 12.—Travers Island, N. Y.—New York Athletic Club second annual amateur championship.
Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.
Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
S. Omaha.—Nebraska State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At Allentown, Pa., Dec. 12, there will be an all-day target shoot, and on the 13th an all-day live-bird shoot on H. J. Schlicher's grounds. Open to all.

On New Year's Day the Oradell Gun Club, Oradell, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot. A long list of prizes will be hung up for the affair, high scores to win. Further particulars can be obtained by writing C. P. Post, Westwood, N. J.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 1.—The Montclair Gun Club held its annual meeting and dinner at the Montclair Club this evening. The members sat down to a most elaborate dinner in the club dining room at 7 P. M. The tables were decorated with various cups, guns and trophies won during the year. At 8:30 P. M. President Batten called the members to order for the purpose of hearing the annual reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year. The secretary's report showed a gratifying increase in membership, and average attendance at the shoot during the year, while the treasurer's books showed, with every bill paid and one-third the cost of plant wiped off the books for depreciation, a large surplus in the bank.

The nominating committee, Messrs. Halloway and Allan then reported, naming as officers for the ensuing as follows: For president, Mr. Geo. Batten; for secretary, Mr. Edward Winslow; for treasurer, Mr. E. H. Holmes; for field captain, Mr. C. L. Bush; for handicapping committee, Mr. P. H. Cockefair, Mr. W. B. Perley and Mr. Geo. F. Howard, or practically the same officers as have served during the past year. The ticket as presented was elected by acclamation.

The policy of the club as to events and prizes for the new year was discussed at some length.

The surprise of the evening—at least to one of those present—came near the close, when in a brief speech the president presented to the secretary, Mr. Winslow, on behalf of the club in testimony of its appreciation of his services, a very handsome hammerless ejector gun, valued at $185. Mr. Winslow found it a difficult matter to express his thanks and appreciation for such a valuable and beautiful gift, coming, as it did, so unexpectedly.

Thursday, Nov. 29.—Some eleven members were present this morning and took part in the regular Thanksgiving Day turkey shoot.

Event 1, 25 targets, for a 16lb. turkey, was tied for by Messrs. Batten and Winslow, Batten winning out in the shoot-off. Dukes was the winner of the second turkey, event 2, and Wallace of the third turkey, event 3.

Baker, a young man of fourteen, tried his hand at trapshooting for the second time, and broke 5 out of 10 targets. He promises to make a good shot with a little practice.

Events:	1 H.	1 T.	2 H.	2 T.	3 H.	3 T.	4
Batten	4	23	3	20	3	20	7
Boxall	2	21	2	19	2	21	8
Cockefair	2	18	2	17	2	19	8
Dukes	2	20	2	24	0	16	6
Holloway	4	19	4	22	4	21	6
Pray	6	17	6	22	.	..	4
Brown	7	21	6	18	6	19	3
Wallace	3	15	3	18	3	23	4
Winslow	4	23	3	19	4	16	6
Crane	3	20	3	22	3	20	6
Hartshorne	..	..	6	14	6	13	..
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Ken Winslow	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Crane, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

The results of the shoot held Saturday, Dec. 1, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15
Cockefair	7	10	6	11
Bush	8	13	7	..
Fanning	9	11	9	14
Winslow	8	11	9	7

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15
Batten	..	9	8	10
Boxall	..	13	9	9
Pray	7	..	7	8
Lucas	..	7	..	10

Event 5, team race for box of cigars:

Team No. 1.		Team No. 2.	
Batten	12	Winslow	15
Bush	18	Cockefair	20
Fanning	21—51	Boxall	20—55

Besides running off four events for practice and one, a team race for a box of cigars, four miss-and-out matches were run off, each for the prize of a box of shells. Cockefair was the winner of three of these, and Boxall of the fourth.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

City Man—That was quite a decent speech your candidate made last night.

Country Man—Well, yes, 'twas so; but he can cuss and blaspheme like old Sam Hill when thar ain't no women present ter curb him.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Seven events at targets were shot off to-day under fair weather conditions, except that the northwest wind was strong. The following scores show the handicaps and totals:

Event No. 1, 25 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
G E Greiff	0	22	R R Debacher	0	16
J W Hibbard	0	16	F Howard	0	19
C W Billings	0	18	N Hopkins	0	16
E McMurtry	0	22	H Fessenden	0	23

Event No. 2, 50 targets:

G E Greiff	0	43	F Howard	0	38
J W Hibbard	6	40	N Hopkins	6	44
C W Billings	4	50	H Fessenden	0	31
E McMurtry	6	48	F Hodgman	4	36
R R Debacher	14	41			

Event No. 3, 25 targets:

G E Greiff	0	18	H Fessenden	0	14
J W Hibbard	3	19	N Hopkins	0	21
C W Billings	1	24	F Hodgman	2	19
E McMurtry	3	20	F A Pelham	2	21
R R Debacher	7	18	F Vilmar	4	19
F Howard	0	22			

Event No. 4, 50 targets:

G E Greiff	2	44	N Hopkins	0	49
J W Hibbard	8	36	H Fessenden	0	33
C W Billings	0	41	F Hodgman	6	38
E McMurtry	8	49	F A Pelham	4	40
R R Debacher	16	35	F Vilmar	10	42
F Hodgman	0	45	V Williams	16	44

Event No. 5, 25 targets:

G E Greiff	1	18	H Fessenden	0	21
C W Billings	0	22	F Hodgman	3	17
E McMurtry	3	21	F A Pelham	2	20
R R Debacher	8	22	F Vilmar	5	25
F Hodgman	0	21	Dr De Wolf	3	18
N Hopkins	0	19			

Event No. 6, 25 targets:

G E Greiff	1	25	H Fessenden	0	15
C W Billings	0	13	F Hodgman	3	21
E McMurtry	2	18	F A Pelham	2	24
R R Debacher	8	21	F Vilmar	4	24
F Howard	0	19	Dr De Wolf	3	20
N Hopkins	0	23			

Event No. 7, 25 targets:

G E Greiff	0	23	F A Pelham	3	23
E McMurtry	4	18	F Vilmar	5	18
R R Debacher	9	19	Dr De Wolf	4	12
F Hodgman	4	24			

Nov. 29.—The cold wind did not keep the enthusiasts away to-day, although it made shooting very difficult and cut down the scores. E. F. Crowe was the lucky man this time, he being high man for the November cup, the Debacher trophy and a special trophy. The November trophy, however, goes to Fred Pelham, who won it twice during the month. In the 50-target event for the holiday trophy, J. W. Hibard scored 45 and won. Gus Greiff, shooting from scratch, had the best average for the day, but the allowances of others defeated him in several events. He, however, took one of the club trophies with 24 breaks. The scores, first two events at 50, balance at 25 targets:

November cup:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
E F Crowe	10	48	R R Debacher	18	38
C W Billings	2	46	F Howard	0	38
G E Greiff	0	45	J Brennen	0	37
D J Bradley	4	44	J W Hibbard	6	37
C Kuchler	16	44	E McMurtry	8	34
Dr Held	6	41	C Buchanan	0	32
F Hodgman	6	40	C F Dugro	14	31
R Averill	14	40	T Kirby	0	26

Holiday cup:

J W Hibbard	6	45	F Howard	0	41
E McMurtry	8	44	C F Dugro	14	39
E F Crowe	8	44	C King	14	36
C W Billings	2	43	F Tracey	14	35
R R Debacher	18	43	J Brennen	0	30
F Hodgman	6	43	C Buchanan	0	23
Dr Held	6	42	T Kirby	0	20
G E Greiff	0	42			

Debacher trophy:

E F Crowe	3	25	E McMurtry	4	20
C W Billings	1	24	R R Debacher	9	19
F Howard	0	23	Dr Held	3	19
G E Greiff	0	22	C F Dugro	7	18
F Hodgman	3	21	C Buchanan	0	16

Special trophy:

E F Crowe	4	25	F Hodgman	3	20
G E Greiff	0	22	F Howard	0	20
Dr Held	3	22	E McMurtry	4	18
C W Billings	1	20	C F Dugro	7	18
R R Debacher	9	20	C Buchanan	0	16

Club trophy:

G E Greiff	0	24	R R Debacher	0	15
D J Bradley	0	22	C W Billings	0	14
E McMurtry	0	20	C F Dugro	0	12

Club trophy:

J W Hibbard	4	23	G E Greiff	0	20
C Kuchler	8	22	R R Debacher	9	18
F Tracey	7	21	D J Bradley	2	18
C W Billings	1	21	R Averill	7	18
E McMurtry	4	21	C Mahoney	7	17
F Hodgman	3	21	C F Dugro	7	12
C King	7	20			

The trophies for the amateur championship are on exhibition at 302 Broadway. Programmes will be mailed on receipt of request by Gus E. Greiff, at the above address.

Almost a full gale was blowing on Dec. 1, when the weekly shoot was held. Besides chilling the shooters, the wind made it extremely difficult for the men to score. Debacher won the first leg on the December cup, aided by his allowance of 14, and he was high man in trophy event No. 1. In trophy event 2 McMurtry and Pelham tied, and the former won in the shoot-off. The scores:

December cup, 50 targets; won by R. R. Debacher:

C W Billings	2	43	E F Crowe	4	29
J W Hibbard	4	40	G F Pelham	6	49
Geo Tierny	0	45	A Fleischman	4	42
G E Greiff	0	45	C Kuchler	18	49
F Hodgman	6	44	Dr Held	6	37
E McMurtry	8	46	Dr Brown	10	43
R R Debacher	18	50	Dr Williams	0	36
H Livingston	0	45			

No. 2, 25 targets; won by R. R. Debacher:

C W Billings	1	19	E F Crowe	2	18
J W Hibbard	2	19	G F Pelham	3	22
Geo Piercy	0	22	A Fleischman	2	23
F Hodgman	3	21	C Kuchler	9	24
R R Debacher	8	25	Dr Held	3	21
H Livingston	0	20			

No. 3, 25 targets; won by E. McMurtry:

C W Billings	1	19	E F Crowe	2	18
J W Hibbard	2	12	G F Pelham	3	25
Geo Piercy	0	21	A Fleischman	2	19
F Hodgman	3	20	C Kuchler	9	23
E McMurtry	4	25	Dr Held	3	24
R R Debacher	7	23	Dr Brown	5	22
H Livingston	0	22	Dr Williams	2	19

No. 4, 25 targets; won by Fleischman:

C W Billings	1	22	H Livingston	0	21
Geo Piercy	0	19	E F Crowe	2	16
G E Greiff	0	23	G F Pelham	3	22
F Hodgman	3	22	A Fleischman	2	25
E McMurtry	3	22	Dr Held	3	21
R R Debacher	7	18	Dr Brown	3	21
			Dr Williams	0	17

No. 5, 25 targets; won by G. F. Pelham:

C W Billings	1	24	G F Pelham	3	25
Geo Piercy	0	22	A Fleischman	1	21
G E Greiff	0	22	Dr Held	3	22
F Hodgman	3	20	Dr Brown	5	20
R R Debacher	7	24	Dr Williams	0	14
E F Crowe	2	18			

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29.—A howling gale from the northwest, following a decided drop in the temperature during the night, made heavy sweaters and clothing a necessity for those who took part in the club's Thanksgiving Day shoot on its Bay Ridge grounds; but the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, and a goodly number of shooters took part in the programme. F. B. Stephenson won the Thanksgiving day cup after shooting off the tie with Lockwood and Damron, and had an average of 86 per cent. for the day. E. C. Brower won the prize duck in the third event, at 15 targets, the prize pig in the fourth event, and the prize rooster in the fifth. In this last event, however, he was tied twice by A. E. Hendrickson, but won out. The scores follow:

Team shoot, 10 targets:

C J McDermott	8	H B Vanderveer	4
F B Stephenson	9	G G Stephenson	7
L C Hopkins	8	J H Jack	7
G Notman	7	G Brower	7
Bid 14	14—46	O C Grinnell, Jr.	8
		E C Brower	9—42

Thanksgiving Day cup, 25 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
F B Stephenson	0	23	G Brower	5	19
C A Lockwood	3	23	H B Vanderveer	4	18
W C Damron	4	23	L C Hopkins	3	18
D C Bennett	2	22	E C Brower	4	18
A E Hendrickson	4	22	Dr J J Keyes	1	16
W W Marshall	5	20	G G Stephenson	2	15
O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	20	H P Marshall	3	14
G Notman	3	19			

Shoot-off: Stephenson 24, Damron 23, Lockwood 22.

Prize duck, 15 targets:

E C Brower	3	15	G G Stephenson	1	11
A E Hendrickson	2	14	G Brower	3	11
W C Damron	2	14	C A Lockwood	1	10
L C Hopkins	2	13	J H Henry	3	8
O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	13	Dr J J Keyes	0	8
F B Stephenson	0	12	D C Bennett	1	7
W W Marshall	2	12	H B Vanderveer	2	6

Prize pig, 15 targets:

E C Brower	2	15	O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	11
G Brower	3	14	G Notman	1	11
W C Damron	2	13	A E Hendrickson	2	11
G G Stephenson	1	12	W W Marshall	2	10
D C Bennett	1	12	L C Hopkins	2	10
C A Lockwood	1	12	J H Ernst	3	9
F B Stephenson	0	11	Dr J J Keyes	0	9

Prize Rooster, 15 targets:

E C Brower	4	15	C A Lockwood	1	12
A E Hendrickson	2	15	G Notman	1	12
G Brower	3	14	J H Ernst	3	11
W C Damron	2	14	G G Stephenson	1	11
O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	13	D C Bennett	1	9
F B Stephenson	0	12	W W Marshall	2	8
L C Hopkins	2	12	H B Vanderveer	2	6

Shoot-off: Brower 12, Hendrickson 12.
Second shoot-off: Brower 14, Hendrickson 12.

Trophy events at 15 targets, with allowances:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
H B Vanderveer	13	..	..	6	..	..
G G Stephenson	12	14	15	9	..	..
F B Stephenson	12	15	..	11	13	11
E C Brower	12	15	14	14	..	..
Grant Notman	11	8	..	11	10	..
L C Hopkins	11	13	..	12	12	..
J H Jack	11	..	..	..	..	..
C J McDermott	11	..	..	..	..	..
George Brower	8	..	..	..	..	..
O C Grinnell, Jr.	..	14	..	..	13	9
G Brower	..	12	..	11	..	..
W W Marshall	..	..	..	..	15	12
D C Bennett	..	..	..	12	..	..
C A Lockwood	..	..	..	10	10	..
H P Marshall	..	..	..	..	13	13
W C Damron	..	..	..	..	..	12
J J Keyes	..	..	..	..	..	11
A E Hendrickson	..	..	..	..	..	11

Dec. 1.—There was a good attendance at the Bay Ridge grounds to-day, despite the high wind and the cold. F. B. Stephenson won the December cup with 21 breaks, and Stephenson and Grinnell were high men in the first team race for two cups. The scores follow:

Trophy, 15 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
F B Stephenson	0	15	S P Hopkins	2	11
C A Lockwood	1	14	W W Marshall	3	10
D C Bennett	1	13	O C Grinnell	0	10
F W Moffett	0	13	L C Hopkins	2	9
W C Damron	2	12			

Scratch, 15 targets:

F B Stephenson	14	C A Lockwood	9
F W Moffett	12	W C Damron	12
O C Grinnell	12		

Trophy, 15 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	15	J J Keyes	0	11
O C Grinnell	0	12	J H Ernst	3	12
F W Moffett	0	10	W C Damron	2	12
L C Hopkins	2	10	C A Lockwood	1	11
W W Marshall	3	11	H B Vanderveer	2	12

Trophy, 15 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	12	D C Bennett	1	9
O C Grinnell	0	10	W C Damron	2	12
F W Moffett	0	13	L C Hopkins	2	10
C A Lockwood	1	10	W W Marshall	3	7

December cup, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	21	Z C Hopkins	4	20
O C Grinnell	1	17	W W Marshall	3	14
F W Moffett	1	14	S P Hopkins	4	19
C A Lockwood	3	18	J H Henry	5	19
D C Bennett	2	19	H B Vanderveer	4	20
W C Damron	4	20	J J Keyes	1	16

Trophy, 15 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	13	J J Keyes	0	11
H B Vanderveer	2	11	L C Hopkins	2	10
F W Moffett	0	10	W C Damron	2	8
W W Marshall	3	11	C A Lockwood	1	7

Team shoot, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	22	J J Keyes	1	13
O C Grinnell	1	21—43	W C Damron	4	24
F W Moffett	1	20	D C Bennett	2	13—25
L C Hopkins	3	15—35	C A Lockwood	3	21—45

St. Louis Trapshooters' Association.

St. Louis, Nov. 25.—At the shoot held here to-day two turkeys, two ducks and two chickens were up as prizes. We expect to hold our next shoot on our own grounds. The following scores were made:

Targets:	H.	25	25	T.
Cunningham	10	14	17	—41
Earl	10	19	14	—43
*Spicer	0	10	10	—20
*Vietmeyer	0	21	19	—40
Grund	5	19	18	—42
Victor	2	20	19	—41
Schoenthaler	12	16	17	—45
Collier	10	14	11	—35
McCloughan	2	22	21	—45
Sandbery	9	20	21	—50
*Chas Spencer	..	24	25	—49
Dr Spencer	0	22	23	—45
Rogers	0	20	24	—44
Warner	8	18	16	—42
Huff	3	22	17	—42
Bell	0	17	19	—36
Leathers	6	16	13	—35
*Winans	0	23	20	—43
Crossman	6	16	20	—42
Robinson	15	9	8	—32
Fink	4	22	20	—46
Ford	2	..	21	—23
League	12	..	15	—27

*Professionals.

Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.

North Side Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 24.—At the Columbia Heights grounds the weekly shoot was held to-day with a fair attendance. J. Spaeth was high man. The club shooting house has been enlarged to double its former size. A fine view can be had from the inside, as it is practically all glass work. It is kept warm and comfortable and there is plenty of room. The club always has plenty of ammunition and targets on hand. Shooters are charged only 1 cent per target at all times. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	*25	25
J Spaeth	9	12	8	14	20	14	19
W Banta	7	7	6	11	19	..	..
McGuirk	5	7	6	12	..	13	..
Beckler	6	12	7	12	16	15	15
Brown	8	8	4	12	21	9	..
Wilson	1	0	4	0	..	..	..
Halliwell	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	6	7	7	..	..	..	..
Payne	5	12	..	..	..	..	..

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 1.—The following scores were made at the gun club yesterday:

Fifty targets: Ahlers 42, Hosea 36, Driehs 30, Martin 29, Herman 28, Meininger 23, Cottingham 18, Hulvershorn 10.

One man up, five unknown traps:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Driehs	55	31	Cottingham	15	6
Ahlers	50	28	Martin	15	5
Gambell	20	15	Fredricks	10	4
Hulvershorn	30	10	McGinn	15	4
Hosea	15	9	Lockwood	30	3
Herman	15	7			

Watertown (Mass.) Gun Club.

The Watertown Gun Club held its first annual tournament Nov. 24, and it proved to be one of the finest and smoothest run tournaments ever held in this section. An attractive programme with a liberal prize list drew a large gathering of amateurs from all parts of New England, and many trade representatives, among them being J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning, O. R. Dickey and Ballou and Sibley.

A strong cross wind made the shooting very difficult, and the scores of the high average winners were excellent under the circumstances. Winners' scores follow:

Five-man team match, (events 7 and 8), won by Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., score 212; Boston Gun Club second, 208.

Winners of eight high average (for entire programme, 160 targets) prizes: Roy first, fine metal-lined cigar box; Kirkwood, second, shooting coat; Griffith, McArdle, Hebbard, Letendre, Frank and Hughes were the other six winners.

In the special selected 100-target event, the events selected were Nos. 2, 4, 6, 7, 8 and 9, which totaled 100, selection being unknown by shooters until finish of programme.

Cash prizes to the amount of $100 were offered, three in four classes. Winners, 90 per cent. class, Kirkwood, Griffith and Roy; 80 per cent. class, Hebbard, McArdle, Letendre; 70 per cent. class, Faye, Marden, Steele; 70 per cent. and under class, Jordan, Tower, Darrah.

Four prizes of $10, $5, $3, $2 were offered in a re-entry miss-and-out, the winners being Powell, Kirkwood, Buffalo and Gleason, with 27, 21, 15, 15 respectively:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	15	25	25	15	15	at.	Brk.
Kirkwood	13	9	11	10	13	14	25	21	15	13	160	144
Frank	15	10	10	6	13	12	23	22	14	12	160	137
Everett	12	6	13	6	14	13	22	20	13	13	160	131
Straw	10	9	10	4	9	11	17	16	11	10	160	107
Hartshorne	9	7	6	5	10	12	15	13	11	10	160	98
Griffith	14	9	12	10	14	12	23	23	14	11	160	142
McArdle	13	9	13	9	13	12	23	24	11	13	160	140
Powell	14	8	15	10	12	14	18	18	14	12	160	135
Hughes	13	7	12	6	14	15	21	23	14	13	160	137
Bowler	12	5	7	7	13	9	20	19	8	10	160	112
Comer	10	7	9	6	7	12	17	18	11	12	160	109
Mayor	9	9	13	6	13	13	18	20	15	11	160	127
Smith	12	10	12	6	14	8	19	18	14	12	160	125
Darrah	11	4	7	9	7	13	12	20	9	11	160	113
Roy	14	8	14	9	14	14	22	23	14	13	160	145
Gokey	10	9	10	8	14	10	21	15	10	12	160	119
Letendre	11	11	12	7	13	13	20	24	13	14	160	139
Powers	12	8	9	8	14	14	19	17	10	9	160	121
Morse	12	7	6	3	10	14	9	17	10	7	160	97
Worthing	9	5	12	4	13	8	..	..	..	..	80	51
Keeler	13	5	10	8	10	11	16	19	12	9	160	113
Grover	14	6	13	8	11	12	24	19	11	9	160	127
Lambert	14	9	9	10	12	8	20	20	14	11	160	127
Scott	13	7	12	9	9	9	15	18	13	14	160	119
Woodruff	10	9	12	4	10	10	17	18	12	8	160	111
Jordan	11	8	15	9	14	12	15	14	7	7	160	108
Willard	11	10	14	8	11	14	19	21	13	11	160	132
Berry	12	8	7	8	11	13	18	14	10	7	160	108
Tower	10	4	9	6	11	11	18	18	8	7	160	102
Faye	14	9	14	7	11	13	20	17	13	14	160	132
Gleason	10	9	12	6	10	8	22	17	..	..	130	94
Barnes	12	9	12	7	15	13	23	21	10	11	160	133
Fanning	13	8	11	7	12	12	20	21	13	13	160	136
Elliott	12	8	12	8	12	12	18	19	12	11	160	124
Buffalo	11	7	14	9	12	12	20	22	14	14	160	135
Brown	10	2	12	7	11	5	9	12	11	6	160	79
Rule	14	7	14	7	14	12	19	19	12	12	160	130
Nowelle	9	8	11	3	13	10	21	20	10	8	160	124
Marden	12	9	14	7	12	11	20	19	12	14	160	130
Philbrook	9	5	9	9	11	11	13	14	5	8	160	98
Hebbard	13	6	11	10	14	15	23	20	15	12	160	139
Dickey	11	7	12	9	14	14	20	22	13	12	160	134
Steele	10	7	11	10	10	10	18	18	14	10	160	118
Sibley	8	8	8	8	11	12	16	17	10	10	160	108
Wright	12	8	11	8	10	9	17	20	13	14	160	122
Hassam	10	7	12	8	10	11	19	15	11	14	160	117
Buckman	12	6	10	9	11	13	16	17	..	..	130	94
Ballou	12	6	9	5	11	12	18	17	11	12	160	116
Rogers	..	..	6	8	3	7	13	13	..	..	105	47
Sanborn	..	..	8	7	13	11	17	17	11	13	140	97

Ossining Gun Club.

The second annual holiday target tournament by the Alert Gun Club, Phillipsburg, N. J., will be held on Dec. 20. There will be three 10-target, four 15-target, three 20-target and two 25-target events, entrance 50 cents to $1.25. Shooting will be done over two Leggett traps, and the grounds will be open for practice at 8:30 A. M. Programme will commence promptly at 10:30 A. M. Grounds can be reached by trolley every ten minutes. Lunch will be served free to all shooters, and money will be divided by the percentage system. Suitable trap loads will be on sale at the grounds. Visitors can reach Phillipsburg and leave the same day on account of the good railroad facilities. Professionals will shoot for targets only, and to the three highest amateurs a purse of $6 will be divided as follows: First, $3; second, $2, and third high, $1. For further information write to Edward F. Markley, Chairman, Easton, Pa.

Dec. 1.—There was a hoodoo working overtime on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club at its Thanksgiving Day tournament. He manifested himself during the second event by breaking springs on the trap and throwing it out of business so effectually that but four out of ten scheduled events were shot. Event 4 was shot over two expert traps, as the automatic trap by that time refused absolutely to work. There were twenty-six shooters on hand. Among those from a distance were B. Thaw, Jr., and S. R. MacDonald, two of Yale's champion intercollegiate team; H. M. Levengston, Jr., of Saratoga; J. B. Sanders, Albany; J. Rhoades, Fishkill Landing. Our old friend A. L. Burns, of Mamaroneck, was on hand again, with a new gun, and he accounted for about as many targets as any one on the grounds.

W. H. Haight was the only trade representative on the grounds.

A nice turkey lunch was served, and the eating event was lots more enjoyable than the shooting. Right here we want to thank the shooters for their good-natured tolerance of a bad situation. At an occasion of this sort it is easy to pick out those who have been around some and are no strangers to a balky trap. They are the ones who sympathize with the management, and exemplify the old saying, "The man worth while is the man with a smile, when everything goes dead wrong." The man who cannot look on the bright side of things is no ornament at a shoot and should stay at home. There are plenty of the right sort. We hope our friends will overlook this fizzle, and we promise at our next attempt to have two sets of traps in perfect order on hand before it happens. The scores are very low, but when the high wind, numerous delays and fast targets are taken in considcration, they are O.K. About $50 worth of prizzes were donated by members and were won as follows:

The cup donatcd by Amos Bedell, for the championship of Westchester county, was withheld for a special shoot, to be held later. The prizes, winners and donors in the merchandise event were as follows: C. G. Blandford, a serving dish, donated by E. MacDonald; H. Levengston, hat brush, by J. J. Jackson; A. Bedell, fern dish, by C. G. Blandford; A. L. Burns, coffee pot, E. MacDonald, W. H. Coleman, silver dish, by A. Rohr; E. Wagner, bottle opener, by C. Swain, Jr.; J. Rhoades, cream pitcher by E. Brewerton; J. Sanders, molasses cup, by I. T. Washburn; H. W. Bissing, 100 shells, by J. C. Barlow; B. Thaw, Jr., cork screw, by C. D. Swain, Jr.; W. H. Haight, vase, by George Bogart; S. Macdonald, poems, by W. J. Physioc; I. T. Washburn, 100 oysters, C. Raymond; E. Brewerton, hunting coat, W. S. Smith.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	20	15	25
C G Blandford	7	7	..	..	10	12	8	21
J Rhoades	5	7	6	..	8	11	6	15
A Bedell	5	..	..	..	10	14	9	18
G B Hubbell	5	7	..	..	7	9	7	..
W S Haight	..	4	..	..	7	13	7	14
J Willi, Jr.	..	3	8	..	6	10	9	12
B Thaw, Jr	..	..	3	..	5	7	5	14
J T Hyland	..	..	3	..	6	9	4	12
S R MacDonald	..	..	8	4	6	13	7	13
A L Burns	..	..	6	..	12	9	7	17
Ed Brewerton	..	3	5	4	5	8	5	13
J B Sander	..	..	8	3	10	14	7	19
H M Levengston	..	..	8	3	10	14	7	19
M H Coleman	..	..	..	..	9	11	7	17
A Rohr	5	..	..	..	3	4	3	8
R Hendricks	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	w
E Wagner	..	..	..	..	8	9	4	16
H W Bissing	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14
I T Washburn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
L G Wynant	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	9
W Burdick	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..
E Becker	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..

WINCHESTER

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WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

Last Monday night the much-heralded game supper was given by the members of the Manistee, Mich., Gun Club. Labon Peters and his associates, who furnished the spread, were congratulated by those present, as they were delighted with the variety of game served and the necessities of a banquet. No set speeches were provided; instead, each told his story to his companions as he smoked his Havana.

Members of the Stout, Ia., Gun Club invited members of the Waterloo Club to join them on Thursday last for the purpose of deciding the ownership of a large supply of turkeys, geese and ducks.

An old-fashioned turkey contest was held by the members of the Omaha, Neb., Field Club on Thanksgiving. The guns were disposed of and the golf match game was substituted.

There was something doing at the Tampica, Ia., Gun Club on last Thursday, as the members met at 10 o'clock to smash out a few targets:

Cobbs Lake, near Bedford, Ia., was the scene of a spirited turkey shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

Some of the members of the Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., are holding to their desire for the breaking of targets, despite the fact that the game season is on, as regular shoots are being held.

During the last meet of the Au Sable, Mich., Gun Club, Dr. Fitzgerald carried off the high medal for the best score.

Marksmen of the counties of Randolph, Mercer and Drake met at Saratoga, Ia., on Wednesday last and a contest for turkeys was held.

In the side team shoot that occurred at Manistee, Mich., the scores were: Peters team—George Woodrow 300, Roy Nickerson 200, Owen Solomon 100, L. Peters 505; F. L. Haynes 140, F. N. Edie 125, Robt. Ramsdell 205, Roy London 460; total 2035. Louis Foutzloff's team—George Overpack 155, Harry Whipple 40, S. Bolls 20, John Wagner 235, J. D. Bertrand 200, Julius Lemberg 220, Ernest John 300, C. B. Jantoff 350, Gus Holmes 20, Albert Fleissner 15, Jacob Hanselman 100, Ward Leonard 200, Jerry Grimes, 20; total 2105. In all there were 34 partridges, 18 rabbits and 38 squirrels in the game bag. Nels Thompson and F. W. Crane did not reach the office in time to have their scores counted, and that would have made Peters' team the winner.

Shooting clubs rise with the springtime and often fall at the opening of the game season. Most of these who fail may attribute same to shooting too much, until the members find that they have spent too much money at the game. One of the new clubs that has not gone back is the Marion, Ind., Club. The annual meeting disclosed a renewed interest, and the club will now buy, own and control its own grounds, and will erect a suitable club house, and during the early spring another large tournament will be held. The officers selected are: President, Harry Creviston; vice-president, Hilton Fullis; secretary, Harvey McClellan; treasurer, Frank Howard; field captain, Beech Edmiston; assistant field captain, Andy Shrock.

For the first time in several years there was no shoot on Thanksgiving Day at the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds. There have been so many shoots this year that the officers thought best to abandon the holiday attraction, as many of the enthusiasts are spending a part of their time at quail shooting, which is now good in southern Indiana.

Information comes from Hammond, Ind., that the great Tolleston Gun Club will be closed out owing to the encroachment of civilization augmented by the steel works. Land that cost $5 per acre is now worth $1,500, and same will be drained and sold for town lots.

The regular shoot of the Ames, Ia., Gun Club, for the silver cup was held Thursday last, and a large crowd was reported as present.

Last week saw the close of the McLean County Gun Club at Bloomington, Ill. The special prizes for the season were distributed, and the grounds will be deserted during the winter, save that on New Year's Day and Washington's Birthday there will be a sweepstake shoot for all members and visitors.

Last Monday occurred the annual election of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind. D. C. Stout was elected president; Nicholas Klug, vice-president; John V. Linker, secretary; H. Witte, treasurer; A. H. Freeze, Ed. M. Evans, Chas. Meager, trustees, and Edward F. Kinnert, attorney.

The newly elected officers of the Cascade Gun Club, Burlington, Ia., are: President, T. P. Kielley; vice-president, Earl Wicks; secretary, W. H. Wardon; treasurer, J. Hussell.

A very good shoot was held at Columbus, O., on Saturday last. It was the best attended of any since the close of the season and the opening of the game season. At 100 targets John Buchanan broke 89 Mr. Weston 87, H. E Smith 88, Treat 72, Hall 75, Denison 70, Leatherman 72, Shaw 73, Wood 74.

There were many shooting matches at East St. Louis, Ill., Thursday last, viz.: Godin Bros., Pravue Dupont, John Wuest, Dew Drop Saloon; George Wuest, Cahokia road and Cinder lane; Joke Sommer, Rose Lake Park. Abundant refreshments were on tap at each place, and a good time was offered to all participants.

The Western Heights Shooting Club, a new organization of Cleveland, O., held their opening shoot at West Park Thursday last. Suitable prizes and a good time was the result, with Mr. Kludtz as manager.

The Northwestern Gun Club, Argyle, Ill., will hold a meeting Friday next to elect the officers.

The Sunset Gun Club, of Steamboat Rocks, Ia., is keeping up in the practice shoots.

The monthly live-bird shoots of the Hales Corner Gun Club, of Milwaukee are attracting much attention during the fall months. They will be kept up during the winter months.

The Grove Gun Club, met last Saturday, and with favorable weather, there was a full attendance. Carl Wiese, Jr., was high gun; A. Klazz second and Jacobs third. All shooters are cordially invited to shoot with this club at Detroit, Mich. Shooting at 25 targets, Kuster broke 12, Schafer 13, Frost 7, Wiese, Jr., 21, Cahoon 7, Berlin 16, Jacob 13, Kaltz 15, Jones 17, Wolf 18, Pritzel 9, R. Schmidt 7, Wolf, Jr., 19, Brinkman 3, Wiese, Sr., 12, Marshall 20, Peltcher 13, Whitmore 12, Hessing 9.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 1.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot was a disappointment, as far as the attendance of shooters was concerned, but otherwise it was a great success. The club made every known preparation for a large and what they thought would be one of the biggest shoots that the club had ever handled, but those who had labored for the success of it were very much disappointed at the slim attendance of shooters. A great many letters and postals were sent out, and many replies to the same were received, but those who replied failed to put in an appearance for some reason or other. The Paterson shooters were even more lacking in club pride than those spoken of above, as the club members to the number of eight put in an appearance at the grounds and took part in the shooting.

The amateur handicap championship, which promised to be such a high class affair, was what might be termed a complete failure, as far as the entries were concerned. There were fourteen shooters who had given their promise that they would take part in this event up to Nov. 24, and the eight spoken of above were on hand to compete. We waited till about 1:45 P. M. for more entries to the 100-shot match, and they failed to come, and some of those who had come said that they would not enter a championship shoot with such a small entry, but would gladly shoot 100 shots for the price of targets, and there were ten shooters who came up to the score, and it proved a very lively shooting affair. The 1000 shots were finished at 2:55, actual shooting time, 55 minutes. It was seen that two or three of the men were doing some great shooting, and after the finish it was in doubt who was in the lead. It proved to be J. A. R. Elliott with 95 out of the 100, and 7 misses out of 155. John Y. Doty, of the home club, was a good second, with 94; Van Horn came along with 84, then Radcliff with 80, and A. Doty 79. Aaron was at a great disadvantage, as he only shoots once or twice a year now, as his business will not allow the time to practice.

The attendance of visitors during the afternoon was all that could be expected, and everybody was pleased with the shooting and the way the club entertained them. Plenty of lunch and refreshments for everybody. There were several lady visitors during the afternoon, and we were pleased to see them, and the club will be pleased to welcome them at all shoots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	15	15	15	15
Dr Hunter	9	7	13	8	10	6	15	17	16	15	10	11	12	6
J Elliott	..	10	14	9	10	10	25	23	24	23	..	..	..	..
W Hunter	8	..	10	9	5	7	19	16	16	18	..	12	10	..
A Radcliffe	..	8	11	8	8	8	22	19	21	18	12	13	..	..
A Doty	..	..	..	10	6	9	9	20	16	24	19	..	10	11
E Van Horn	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	22	18	21	22	12	..
J Doty	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	23	23	25	23	..	..
B Beattie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	19	..	11
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	18	15	8	..
Fisher	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rome	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vincent	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	7	8	..
Hopper	..	9	10	3	3	5	17	13	16	15	13	12	11	12
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

The Jackson Park Club, of Paterson, N. J., will hold holiday shoots on Christmas Day, Dec. 25; New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1907, and Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1907. Shooting will start promptly at 10 o'clock each day. Arrangements will be made to accommodate large crowds on each day.

Keystone Gun Club.

LEBANON, Pa., Nov. 29.—The members of the Keystone Gun Club to-day held their first shoot since the opening of the November hunting season. A very high wind was hard on the scores; this, together with little practice at the traps lately, as field shooting and trap shooting do not mix very well. Two visitors, one from Lancaster, Mr. H. E. Anderson, although sixty-one years of age, shot as good and better than a good many others, and the other Mr. H. Inks, a charter member, now residing in Harrisburg, Pa. The boys were very glad to meet their old-time friends and request another meeting in the near future. Jones and Cochran divided honors in the live-bird events, while Hansell, Hunter, Slymerson and Krause were leaders respectively in the target events. As the game season has come to a close, the boys will this winter devote considerable time to practice, in view of retaining some of the valuable prizes to be given at the next Pennsylvania State shoot, to be held here in May. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	Brk.
Hansell	18	23	22	23	23	20	150	130
Cochran	18	21	15	17	20	20	150	107
Van	13	13	18	20	15	..	125	84
Hunter	21	22	22	21	..	..	100	86
Rump	15	21	16	23	..	..	100	75
Slymerson	22	21	21	13	..	..	100	77
Wirth	21	17	19	17	..	..	100	76
Krause	19	20	19	19	..	..	100	77
Arnold	13	13	19	16	..	..	100	61
Ressler	22	20	..	..	..	..	50	42
Shirey	11	12	..	..	..	..	50	23
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	22
Fort	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11

Live birds:

Jones	2022121221121210	—13
Cochran	1120112222222210	—13
Krause	0000122221222210	—11
Arnold	0021221220022212	—11
Hunter	0102222212201220	—11
Van	0101021222011102	—10
Anderson	0101210210	— 6
Rump	00201	— 2

Clearview Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 1.—A team match between members of the Clearview and Narberth gun clubs was shot to-day, followed by sweepstake events, all at targets. The scores follow:

Clearview.		Narberth.	
Fisher	44	Sharp	44
Selb	44	Doughcrty	44
Ludwig	42	Huber	43
Ferry	42	Duffield	41
Holznagle	42	Alker	39
Elwell	41	T W Smith	39
Hunter	41	J T Ruth	39
Rambo	40	T R Smith	38
Freed	40	Markle	38
A Smith	37	Carter	37
Leicht	36	Gillinger	37
Paulson	36	Haley	35
Redman	34	J A Ruth	33
Fitzsimmons	33	Rutherford	31
Patchel	33	Lampkin	30
Bilhartz	33	Halderstadt	30
Umholtz	32	A Moore	27
Fink	29—679	Davis	27—642

The open sweepstakes were scored as follows:

First event, 10 targets: Fisher 9, Carter 9, Fink 7, Gillinger 7, Rambo 6, Alker 6, J. F. Ruth 5, J. W. Smith 5, Markle 4, Fitz 4.

Second event, 15 targets: Markle 4, Fitz 4, Ruth 14, T. R. Smith 13, W. Carter 13, J. F. Ruth 13, Moore 13, J. W. Smith 11, Gillinger 10, A. Smith 10, Duffield 9.

Third event, 10 targets: Holznagle 9, T. R. Smith 8, A. Smith 8, Ludwig 8, Paulson 7, J. A. Ruth 7, Ferry 7, Rambo 6, Alker 6, Davis 4.

Fourth event, 10 targets—Ludwig 15, Huber 14, Umholtz 13, Fisher 13, Selb 13, Ferry 12, Holznagle 12, Elwell 12, Bilhartz 12, Fitz 10, Leicht 10.

Pennsylvania Trapshooters.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1.—Interest was lively to-day in the team match of the Trapshooters' League, on the grounds of the Highland Gun Club at Edge Hill. The scores follow:

S. S. White G. C.		Media G. C.	
Stahr	37	Pennington	38
Newcomb	38	Sweeney	31
Griffith	40	Fields	27
Lilly	34	Rogers	32
Tansey	39	Leedom	37
Fontain	37	Rigby	31
Cantrell	46	Beatty	30
Brenizer	42	Copple	31
White	38	Little	36
Harper	40—391	Absentee	25—328
Highland G. C.		**North Camden G. C.**	
Bover	34	Gest	27
Lohr	35	Pfell	32
Ringold	32	Taylor	30
M Wentz	42	Stratton	29
Hilt	33	Chalmers	37
Homewood	34	Lavsen	26
Ballantine	40	Four absentees	100—281
Piunkerton	34		
Wayne	30		
E F Wentz	32—346		

Woodlawn Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, Md., Nov. 29.—France, Biddle, Harker, Gist, Bower and Webster won turkeys at the shoot held Thanksgiving Day, at targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Webster, 16	3	4	4	3	..	2	5	2
Coffey, 16	3	..	1	2	3	4	4	3
Ashton, 16	3	3	4	..	3	3	4	..
France, 18	5	4	5	5	3	2	4	3
Biddle, 18	3	5	4	3	..	3	3	5
Dr Smith, 16	..	4	3	..	3	2	2	4
Bancroft, 16	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown, 18	5	4	3	2	..	4	4	..
Saunders, 16	1	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Woodlawn, 18	..	..	..	4	3	4	..	..
Bowen, 20	4	..	4	..	4	3	5	3
G Webster, 16	3	4	4	3	..	4	2	..
Ruth, 18	..	2	4	4	2	2	2	4
Ross, 16	..	2	1	..	..	..	..	..
Chelf, 18	..	..	5	..	2	4	1	2
Gist, 18	..	..	2	4	5	4	4	3
Becker, 16	..	..	2	0	..	..	2	..
Harker, 16	..	..	3	..	3	4	..	4
Ernst, 16	..	..	0	..	4	..	0	..
Pearre, 16	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	..
Owings, 16	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Frum, 16	3	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Beatty, 16	2	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Rossiter, 16	2	..	..	2	..	..	..	..

At Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1.—These live-bird scores were shot to-day at the Point Breeze grounds. Henry, Murphy and Kleinz tied for first honors with 9 out of 10. The latter killed 9 straight, and then lost his last bird. Four of the others scored 8 out of their 10.

During the afternoon a special match was made between Fred Muller and A. Felix, Jr., against F. Felix and M. Felix. Each men will shoot at 25 live birds for a purse of $50. Yesterday's scores follow:

Live-bird handicap, 10 birds, entrance, $5:

Henry, 30	2022222122—	9
Murphy, 30	2222222202—	9
Kleinz, 28	2221221120—	9
Muller, 30	2222002222—	8
Weinert, 28	2222220202—	8
Felix, Jr., 28	2022120212—	8
Churchill, 30	1221101220—	8
Marks, 26	2020022222—	6
Spoth, 28	2020220020—	5
Norris, 28	0020222020—	5

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1,000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT:

U. S. Cartridges excelled all others.

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Colgate Gun Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 29.—The weekly shoot was well attended. Spann was high man. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	5	5
Albert	17	17	17	..	9	9	5	4
Spann	20	22	23	22	8	8	4	4
Smith	19	21	18	19	10	10	5	4
Mueller	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carl	22	16	..	..	7	8	4	3
Thompson	18	19	..	..	9	8	4	3
Rokos	16	19	..	..	6	7	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
Cremer	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Dunnigan	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3
Carter	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3
Higgins	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..
Louis	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..
Wagner	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
Glock	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..

Columbus, O., Gun Club.

THE first trapshooting at the Columbus Gun Club since the hunting season came on was the Saturday afternoon shoot on Nov. 24. The weather conditions were fine. A 100-target race was shot, in which Mr. Buchanan broke 89 for high man, Mr. Watson 87, and Mr. H. E. Smith made the very remarkable score of four 21s out of four 25-bird events, scoring 88 out of the 100.

The gentlemen all report good luck afield.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Buchanan	19	23	23	24	H E Smith	21	21	21	21
Treat	18	22	18	17	Vaughan	17	..	..	..
Hall	18	22	18	17	Leatherman	18	17	19	18
Weston	18	24	22	22	Shaw	16	19	20	18
Denison	18	15	19	18	Wood	19	17	18	20

New York State Sportsman's Association.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The 1907 convention and tournament of the New York State Sportsman's Association has been awarded to the Masonic Temple Gun Club, of Syracuse, N. Y. The following appointments have been made by the president of the Association, Mr. Edw. Cox, of Buffalo, N. Y.:

Tournament Committee: H. W. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., chairman; A. E. Conley, Cohocton, L. C. Dietzer, Buffalo; Spencer Kellogg, Jr., Buffalo; C. L. Frantz, Seneca Falls.

Handicap Committee: C. S. Sidway, Buffalo; O. C. Grinnell, Jr., New York; Windsor Morris, Baldwinsville; Edw. Reinecke, Buffalo; H. M. Stewart, Rochester.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD, Sec'y.

Montclair Golf Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 1.—Members held a shoot at targets to-day. At 15 targets Perley and Allen tied, the latter winning in the shoot-off. The scores:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
W B Perley	0	14	W Mack	4	11
A R Allen	0	14	Ward Perley	6	12
W T Cross	0	13	F S Hyatt	2	7
W Brown	1	12			

Twenty-five birds:

W Mack	10	23	A R Allen	0	20
W Brown	4	22	Ward Perley	12	20
W B Perley	0	21	F S Hyatt	6	14

A walking shoot followed at 10 birds, which was won by F. S. Hyatt, who killed 5. Perley tied him, but in the shoot-off Hyatt won.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 28.—The second shoot in the winter series for cups was held to-day. The attendance was small, owing to the weather conditions—snowing quite hard all the afternoon. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10
Griffith	15	15	15	14	9	15	10	13	13	15	9
Buffalo	13	15	14	12	10	14	9	14	15	15	9
Powell	14	13	15	15	9	13	8	15	14	14	10
Burns	14	14	13	11	8	13	8	14	15	13	10
Hebbard	12	11	13	14	7	14	9	12	..	..	..
Gleason	12	14	13	15	9	15	9	13	11	13	9
Roy Fay	14	15	14	13	10	13	10	13	13	13	7

Cup match, 50 targets: Griffith 47, Buffalo 47, Powell 45, Burns 43, Hebbard 42, Gleason 46, Roy Fay 46.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular gallery shoot was held Nov. 28, when the following scores were made at 25yds., offhand:

King target:

H Koch	237	229	—466	W Mensch	218	208—426
A P Fegert	236	226	—462	P Kransch	215	209—424
C Thibauth	213	233	—446	H J Behrmann	211	207—418
C Wembacher	224	221	—445	C. P. Hopf	216	197—413
J H Blumberg	228	216	—444	E Modersohn	202	194—396
G Thomas	226	217	—443	S Baumann	199	182—381
Ad Muller	220	220	—440	Ph Zugner	202	177—379
J Mauch	223	215	—438	J Wiedmann	170	190—360
J Martin	224	203	—432	J Lanzer	132	105—237
F Weiler	218	212	—430			

Bullseye target:

A P Fegert	66	J Martin	129
Ad Muller	69½	C Wembacher	153
H J Behrmann	89	C P Hopf	168
S Baumann	101	J Wiedmann	195
P Kransch	118	Jac Wiedmann	206
H Koch	119	C Thibauth	205

Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—Subsequent to the great fire all the local rifle clubs which have been shooting at Shell Mound range temporarily suspended their regular shoots. One by one they are now resuming target work. To-day mine host of the park and shooting range gave a public turkey shoot. A large number of riflemen participated, and several score of birds were won by the contestants.

The Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club also held its regular shoot for medals, and the revolver shoot brought out some very fine scores, viz.:

Distance, 50yds., any revolver, Standard target, 10-shot scores: J. E. Gorman, 95, 94, 92, 92, 91; W. C. Pritchard 93, 92; F. V. Kington, 94; A. Brannigan, 88; A. J. Bradner, 85.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held both a bullseye and a 3-shot trophy shoot, open only to members. Distance 200yds. Ex-Judge Bohrs made the possible, 25, 25, 25—75, the first time this score has been made on the range for many moons. Captain Stelling made the fine score of 73.

The Germania Club held its monthly bullseye shoot, By the beginning of next year rifle shooting will again be in full swing. It takes more than an earthquake and fire to put a lover of shooting down and out.

ROEEL.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Good buffalo heads are becoming more and more rare, and for this reason one desiring a good specimen will do well to consider the advertisement printed in another column. A photograph will be sent on application.

The single trigger for the shotgun has already achieved a wide popularity and is likely to grow still more in favor. As with all new devices, many mechanical difficulties have had to be overcome before satisfactory action could be had, and this has taken some time. In the Perfect Single Trigger advertised by the Philadelphia Company of the same name in another column, it is believed that these difficulties have been overcome, and the action of their device is guaranteed. A descriptive booklet will be sent to any applicant by the Philadelphia Single Trigger Co., Olney, Philadelphia, P.

The cold snap of early winter warns those who contemplate a southern trip to begin to consider ways and means. For him who has the time, one of the pleasantest ways of getting south is by water, and for this journey the Clyde Line to Florida promises an easy and a comfortable route. The fast modern steamships and the superior service make this means of travel very attractive. Information will be given by Theo. G. Eger, V. P. and G. M., 290 Broadway, New York.

75 STRAIGHT!

THE LIVE BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP of Arkansas was won on November 3, by Mr. Wiley B. Miller, of Little Rock. In the Championship race and subsequent practice Mr. Miller killed 50 STRAIGHT and 55 OUT OF 56, from the 30-yard line, a feat never before accomplished by an Arkansas amateur. Again, on November 19, Mr. Miller defended the title against Dr. J. H. Lenow, killing 25 STRAIGHT. In these two contests he made a record of 75 STRAIGHT, or 80 OUT OF 81. He gives a full share of the credit to

Peters Factory Loads

Mr. L. H. Reid, at Lynn, Ind., October 13 broke 148 x 150 targets; and at Glenkarn, O., October 6, 147 x 150, with Peters Ideal Shells. Mr. C. L. Baker was high amateur at both these shoots, also using Peters Shells.

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EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

Continued from page 910.

after starting, and it was reported that he had found a bevy. Sent on, he found and pointed a bevy nicely. Each made a point on the scattered birds. Each ranged wide and fast and had good speed. Lad was wiser in his bird work, and sharper in his point work.

Rosemont Spec and Ingleside Noble started at 2:34 and were ordered up at 2:48. Nothing was found. They ranged poorly.

Shot Wind'em and Petrel's Count Queen were cast off at 2:58. Up at 3:21. Shot Wind'em showed good capabilities in his searching, so far as fair range and good judgment were concerned, but he was outclassed in finding and pointing by several dogs in the stake. Queen fell below her performance in the first series.

Pretty Peggy and Avalon were started at 3:32. On top of a hill Avalon pointed a bevy nicely. In woods, Avalon pointed scattered birds well. Peggy cast in at the same time and pointed the same birds. Avalon was the better ranger, worked more industriously, and was quicker and sharper in bird work. Up at 3:55.

Sir Royal Spot and Fishel's Frank were cast off at 4:04 and were up at 4:42. They kept in the woods most of the time and the judges and handlers saw very little of them.

Monday, Nov. 26.

The weather was clear, frosty and pleasant.

Tonapaugh and Miss Ransom were cast off at 8:35. Miss made a stanch point in cotton near woods and nothing was found to it. Next, she pointed a bevy and was steady. On the scattered birds, Tonapaugh pointed well twice. Miss roaded to a point on a bevy. Tony pointed a single bird. Up at 9:32. Miss ranged wide at high speed, but took little heed of the likely places. In fact, much of her wide ranging was aimless.

Spot Rip Rap and Granite Dick started at 9:35 in a cottonfield. Rip pointed; nothing found. Dick flushed part of a bevy; Rip came up, pointed the remainder of it for a moment then flushed it. Rip pointed well in open weed field and was nicely backed by Dick; nothing found. Up at 10:03.

This ended the second series.

THIRD SERIES.

Five dogs were kept in the third series. They were run in the following order:

Nightingale and Avalon were cast off at 10:45. Avalon wheeled to a point; moved on and Nightingale joined in the roading. Avalon established a point and Nightingale backed prettily. The birds had run further across the run, and were found in a subsequent heat. Up at 11:24.

Lanark's Lad and Miss Ransom started at 11:29. Lad pointed a bevy in a bottom, after taking a long cast down a valley. Afterward he pointed in weeds on a side hill, and the bevy was flushed by a horseman. Up at 11:52. Lanark's Lad was much more skillful in his bird work, and showed far more judgment in his range.

Tonapaugh was cast off at 11:57 to run awhile alone. He was taken up at 2:09. He pointed a bevy, referred to in the heat between Nightingale and Avalon. Next he pointed a single. This finished the all-age competition.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 26.—Eastern Field Trials Club 28th annual All Age Stake, for pointers and setters that have not won a first place in field trials run on quails in previous years.

FIRST SERIES.

Gipsy Noble, o. and w. setter bitch, by Noble Whitestone, I. T. and J. W. Carter owners; I. T. Carter, handler, with Ned. M., b. w. and t. setter dog, by Chan—Bob L.; L. Tuft, owner; Dan Morgan, handler.

Avalon, b. w. and t. setter dog, by California Bell Boy—Peach Blossom; W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler, with Lanark's Lad, o. and w. setter dog, by Tony Boy—Pink Tea; Gibraltar Kennels, owner; J. Bishop, handler.

Pretty Peggy, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Lady's

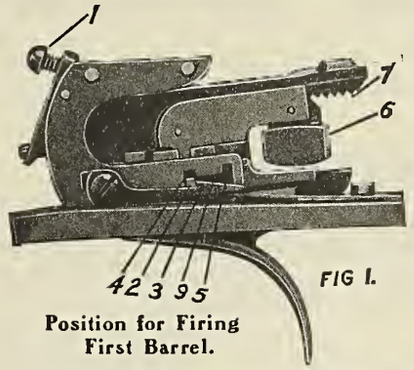

FIG I.
Position for Firing First Barrel.

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Sir Royal Spot, b. w. and t. pointer dog, by Four Spot—Queen Rip Rap; D. C. White, owner; J. Bishop handler, with Shot Wind'em, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Sure Shot—Baffle Wind'em; Garr and White, owners; D. C. White, handler.

Tonapaugh, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Tony Boy—Estelle, J. Bishop, agent and handler, with Alberta Jingo, l. and w. pointer dog, by Young Jingo—Alberta Lulu, Thos, Johnson, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler.

Belle of Pinehurst, b. w. and t. setter bitch; L. Tuft, owner; D. Morgan, handler, with Manitoba Mike, liv. and w. pointer dog, by Neale Bennett—Cuba; Thos. Johnson, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler.

Ingleside Noble, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Tony Mack—Verona B. Gladstone; D. R. Rose, owner, with Keepsake, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by California Belle Boy—Peach Blossom; W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler.

Rosemont Spec, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Count Whitestone—Tony's Maid; L. Tuft, owner; Dan Morgan, handler, with Petrel's Count Queen, o. and w. setter bitch, by Petrel's Count—Tony's Nell; H. A. Kirby, owner; W. H. Hammond, handler.

Harry B., b. w. and t. setter dog, by Uncle B—Nellie Gladstone, A. H. Hough, owner; T. Edwards, handler, with Count Whitestone II., b. w. and t. setter dog, by Count Whitestone—Lady; W. W. Titus, owner; W. H. Beazell, handler.

Policy Girl, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Dave Earl—Queen; W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; Babcock, handler, with Cæsar, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Rancocas Jack—Dolly Manners, W. H. Beazell, agt. and handler.

Outram, liv. and w. pointer dog, by Lad's Dock—Clementine; W. H. Beazell, agt. and handler, with Maid's Sport Gladstone, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Lady's Count Gladstone—Sport's Maid; D. R. Rose, handler; A. C. Peterson, handler.

Granite Dick, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Granite City—Lady Belle; E. Chevier, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Fishel's Frank, liv. and w. pointer dog, by Fishel's Rip Rap—Boy's Queen; U. R. Fishel, owner; J. A. Gude, handler.

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Ria Baby, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Colonel R—Monterey; H. R. Edwards, owner; J. A. Gude, handler, with Spot's Rip Rap, b. and w. pointer dog, by Four Spot—Queen Rip Rap, Dr. E. L. Denison, owner; C. Atkins, handler.

SECOND SERIES.

Lanark's Lad with Nightingale.
Rosemont Spec with Ingleside Noble.
Shot Wind'em with Petrel's Count Queen.
Pretty Peggy with Avalon.
Sir Royal Spot with Fishel's Frank.
Tonapaugh with Miss Ransom.
Spot's Rip Rap with Granite Dick.

WINNERS.

1st. Lanark's Lad.
2d. Avalon.
3d. Tonapaugh.

The Derby.

The Derby was started after the All Age Stake was finished. There were twenty-two starters, many of them being dogs of fame in former competitions. The competition as a whole was hardly commonplace. The running was as follows:

Clermont Sooner and Colton started at 1:03. Each made a point on the same bevy, the find being Sooner's. Colton flushed a bevy and Sooner broke in. Sooner made a point; Colton backed, then drew ahead to steal the point, but nothing was found. Colton next pointed a bevy. Sooner pointed a single. Going down wind, he flushed a bevy. Up at 1:35.

Lottie Light and Lakefield Annie were cast off at 1:39. Up at 2:19. Nothing was found. The range and speed were ordinary.

Sonoma and Clip Mohawk began at 2:32 and ran till 3:01. Sonoma made a point on a bevy in high weeds. Clip ranged slowly and closely. The heat had no special distinction.

Lakefield Sister and Count started at 3:14. The point work was inaccurate, and the general performance of the two dogs was commonplace. Up at 3:46.

Clermont Prize and Danny Stone were cast off at 3:57. Dan false pointed, and pottered on scent betimes. Up at 4:35. They went with speed and took wide casts, but showed no special judgment.

Red Bud and Miss Lucia were cast off at 4:45. Miss pointed and Bud backed; nothing found. Bud pointed a bevy in corn; Miss was absent on a cast at the time. Miss pointed a single in woods. Miss was much the better ranger, and wiser in beating out the ground. Up at 5:22.

Tuesday.

The weather was clear, cool and delightfully pleasant. As the sun rose higher the temperature rose to a comfortable warmth, though somewhat too high for the dogs' best work.

Gib Chimes and Lakefield Lillian were started at 8:40. The heat had no special merit.

Muskingum Belle and Jessica began at 9:18. Jessica roaded to a point on a bevy. Belle flushed a bevy and chased it. Belle ranged well, but lacked judgment. Jessica made an ordinary showing. Up at 10:02.

Mary J. and Hulda began at 10:13 and ended at 10:49. Hulda pointed some birds found in the previous heat, pointed them and made a jump as they rose. There was opportunity for a number of points on these birds, but no more points were made. Sent on, Hulda pointed a single. Hulda's range was narrow. Harry was extremely disobedient.

El Besco and Miss Lyla started at 10:56. Up at 11.57. Besco roaded to a good point on a bevy. Both ranged wide and were out of sight most of the time.

Lakefield Gleam and Belle Harwick started at 12:07. Up at 12:45. Belle was a wide, fast ranger, but extremely disobedient. Gleam beat out his ground with poor judgment. One bevy was found. Gleam roaded and the bevy flushed. On a single, Gleam pointed, flushed and broke in.

SECOND SERIES.

Six ran in the second series as follows:

Miss Lucia and Danny Stone began at 2:42. Up at 3:31. Lucia did some difficult roading and pointing on a bevy in thick cover and switch cane. Danny Stone made a poor showing. Miss Lucia ranged well and with judgment.

Clermont Sooner and El Beso started at 3:35 and ran till 4:15. Each dog pointed near the same place and moved on. Shortly afterward, one of the handlers flushed a bevy nearby. Sooner, on the scattered birds, pointed, moved on, and his handler flushed a single where the point was made. Beso had shortened his range at the finish. Sooner was going fairly well. The point work was inferior.

Colton and Miss Lyla began at 4:24 and ran till 4:47. Three bevies were flushed by the horsemen in one field. Lyle took long casts and paid little heed to the gun. Colton made a point to which nothing was found.

Red Bud and Lakefield Lillian were cast off at 4:56. Up at 5:15. Nothing was found. This ended the stake. The summary follows:

Newton, N. C., Nov. 27.—Eastern Field Trial Club 28th annual Derby, for setters and pointers whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1905. First forfeit $10, and $10 to start. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100. Judges, S. C. Bradley, Washington. A. Coster and B. Waters.

FIRST SERIES.

Clermont Sooner, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Prince Rodney—Pretti Sing; Geo. M. Clemsen, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Colton, l. and w. pointer dog, by Doc Daniels—Lottie Ripstone; H. W. Smith, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler.

Lottie Light, liv. and w. pointer bitch, by Gill—Dow; A. M. Masters, owner; J. Bishop, handler,

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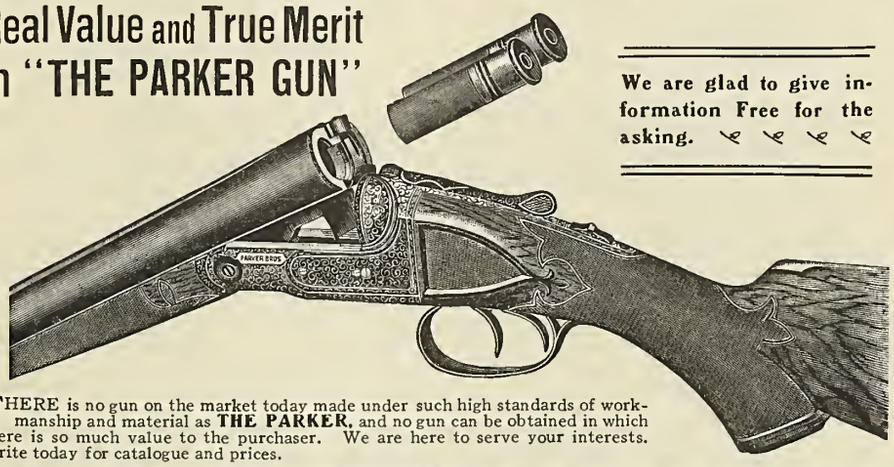

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Lakefield Sister, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Sport Count Danstone—Dashing Princess; Lakefield Kennels, owner; D. C. White, handler, with Count, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Lemon's Rodfield—Dell Gladstone; Gibraltar Kennels, owner; J. Bishop, handler.

Clermont Prize, o. and w. setter bitch, by Lady's Count Gladstone—Annie B; Geo. W. Clemson, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Danny Stone, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Count Danstone—Sister Okaw; Gibraltar Kennels, owner; I. N. Carter, handler.

Red Bud, liv. and w. pointer dog, by Jingo Jones—Dot Kent; G. L. Parsons, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Miss Lucia, o. and w. setter bitch, by Count Whitestone—Mecca's Lady; H. L. Edwards, owner; J. A. Gude, handler.

Gibraltar Chimes, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Lemon's Rodfield—Dell Gladstone, Gibraltar Kennels, owner; J. Bishop, handler, with Lakefield Sister, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Sports Count Gladstone—Ora; Lakefield Kennels, owner; D. C. White, handler.

Muskingum Belle, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Prince Rodney—Belle Cincinnatus; Dr. Geo. Von Vernon, owner; W. H. Elliott, handler, with Jessica, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Jessie Rodfield Count Gladstone—Phantom; G. L. Parsons, owner; E. Shelly, handler.

Mary J., b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Prince Ping Pong—Woolbine Beauty, ——— owner; W. H. Elliott, handler, with Hulda, liv. and w. pointer bitch, by Lad's Doc—Elsie; Thos. Johnson, owner; C. H. Babcock, handler.

El Beso, o. and w. setter bitch, by Fairland Count—Sport's Dart; C. H. Babcock, handler, with Miss Yyla, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Lemon's Rodfield—Dell Gladstone; H. R. Edwards, owner; J. A. Gude, handler.

Lakefield Gleam, b. w. and t. setter bitch, by Sport Count Danstone—Destiny Princess; Lakefield Kennels, owner; D. C. White, handler, with Belle's Harwick, b. w. and t. setter dog, by Harwick—Sport's Belle; H. R. Edwards, owner; J. A. Gude, handler.

SECOND SERIES.

Miss Lucia with Danny Stone.
Clermont Sooner with El Beso.
Colton with Miss Lyla.
Red Bud with Lakefield Lillian.

WINNERS.

1st. Miss Lucia.
2d. Colton.
3d. Red Bud.

Wednesday.

THE SUBSCRIPTION STAKE.

The subscription stake was open to all setters and pointers regardless of previous winnings. Each brace of dogs ran two hours in the first series. In the following series, if there was such, they ran at the discretion of the judges. There was $700 in the purse, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., first, second and third respectively.

There were fourteen starters, many of which were famous as winners. Fine weather favored the competition.

Lanark's Lad and Miss Ransom started at 8:11. Miss ran fast and wide, displayed poor judgment. Her bird work was unsatisfactory. Lad pointed two bevies. Four others were flushed by the horsemen. Miss Ransom was out of control much of the time.

Fishel's Frank and Sir Royal Spot were started at 10:15. Frank found and pointed five bevies. Spot found and pointed one. Frank showed excellent finding qualities and ran without an error. He located and pointed with rare skill. Spot was beyond control much of the time.

Avalon and Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone began at 12:54. Count showed superior finding and pointing ability, but after the first hour he gradualllly shortened his pace and range from fatigue. Avalon also slowed down somewhat toward the end of the heat, and showed much

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erroneous point work. Each backed well. Count found and pointed five bevies, flushed two bevies excusably, had a divided point on one bevy with Avalon, and showed skill in his single bird work. Also he had excellent bird sense. Avalon pointed a single and was unsteady on a bevy point.

Shot Wind'em and King Woolton started at 3:03. The heat was a poor one. King showed ability to find and point birds, but gave little heed to the game. He was beyond control much of the time. Shot Wind'em ranged with speed, but was very weak in his work on birds.

Thursday.

There was a sharp frost during the night. The morning was clear, cool and sharp. As the sun rose, the chill was dissipated. Everything was favorable for good work.

Gipsy Noble and Lemon's Rodfield started at 8:21. The bird work was meagre, but such as it was it was a mixture of good and poor. Their range was fairly good.

Cæsar and Granite Dick started at 10:33. Cæsar soon took a long cast, and quite a while was devoted to searching for him. In the meantime, Dick found and pointed two bevies. When the dogs were brought together again, Cæsar worked much better to the gun. He is a dog of tremendous energy, speed and endurance, but at times is difficult to control. Dick found and pointed a third bevy. He ranged well and with fairly good judgment.

Policy Girl and Maud T. started at 1:26. Maud was completely overwhelmed in this heat by Girl's superior work. The latter found and pointed three bevies, made several false points, some good points on singles, ranged with fair speed and judgment and showed much merit. Maud's work was inferior.

WINNERS.

1st. Fishel's Frank.
2d. Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone.
3d. Policy Girl and Granite Dick divided.

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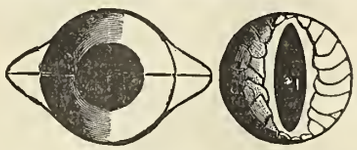

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THE ECCENTRICITIES OF BULLETS.

The Hartford Courant has been collating some queer and almost incredible instances of the eccentricities of bullets, not forgetting the reprint which has steadily gone the rounds of the country press about the good Union soldier, whose New Testament in his blouse pocket received the minie ball which would otherwise have gone slam bang into his heart. Most of the Courant's incidents and miraculously narrow escapes are taken from the war of the Rebellion. Truth should remark that it can tell of a few of these singular happenings too.

At Mission Ridge an orderly sergeant's musket had bursted during one of the terrible charges up the ridge. The big guns boomed over the heads of the advancing column, but grape and canister dropped among them, and rifle and musket bullets were coming so thick that it was considerable of a trick to walk between them sidewise. The sergeant threw down his useless piece and drew his hanger. As he brandished it a musket ball struck the edge and split clean in two; one half struck his belt plate, and glancing, lodged in his captain's ear, the other in the roll of his blanket, where he did not discover it until the following night.

There is a survivor of the war for the Union resident in New York whose case is well known among his comrades of the G. A. R. Captain Sam was struck in the abdomen with a minie ball, which passed clear through his body, and, striking his cartridge box, dropped upon the ground. He stooped to pick it up, pocketed the missile, walked a dozen steps, and was struck by four more balls before he fell. He recovered and is now a hearty man, to all appearances. He wears the bullet on his watch chain. Captain Sam seems to bear a charmed life. He was struck with eleven balls in one night, since, and there was no war going on either.

In a sharp fight for one of the Baltimore and Ohio bridges over the Little Powder River, the Major of a Pennsylvania regiment, now living in Pittsburg, was aiming a revolver at a Confederate officer. His opponent had almost simultaneously covered him with a large Colt. The duel might have been a pretty one, but the

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Johnny, in the heat of the moment, ignored the courtesies of the code and got the first fire. His bullet struck the Major's wrist, and the latter's pistol fell to the ground. The Major recovered his weapon with his left hand and placidly raised it for another shot, when, by an almost incredible coincidence, a musket ball knocked the revolver out of his hand, and over the parapet of the bridge, into the river. The next moment a bayonet charge separated the two combatants; and they never saw each other again.

At Gettysburg a Federal artilleryman—a thumber—during the battle fell while in the act of covering the touch-hole of his piece. The battery to which he belonged pushed forward, and he was almost immediately carried off the field in an ambulance. An examination revealed not a scratch on his body. He shortly revived, and put his hand to his left breast, where there was a small blue spot directly over the aorta. He declared that he had been struck there by a bullet. In his jacket pocket was found a well-thumbed copy—he was a thumber—of Tom's Paine's "Age of Reason." The bullet had cut through the leaves and stopped against the inside cover. The book had saved his life. He grasped it convulsively, and asked for his canteen.

SPOILED FISH CAUSES LEPROSY.

Jonathan Hutchinson, an eminent Englishman, writes to the London Times that there is not the slighest cause for alarm concerning the prevalence of leprosy in the Rhone Valley in Switzerland, which is visited by many tourists. He says that there are more lepers in London than in the whole of the Valais Canton, and that in Norway the number may probably be multiplied a hundredfold. Yet no one fears to reside in London or to visit Norway, and he says that no visitor ever contracted the disease in either place. The disease is well known to occur all along the Mediterranean coast, and at San Remo there has for a long time been special accommodations provided for lepers. He says that the development of leprosy in the Rhone Valley is due largely to the artificial demand for fish on the fast days. The natural supply of fish is limited. Railway communication has been developed, and just as has been the case in Cape Colony, leprosy has resulted. It is the poor and those living at a distance from shops who are likely to keep their fish too long and eat it in bad condition.

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Some successful hunter in the foothills succeeded in slaughtering a fine fat young bear yesterday, and the carcass consigned to a local meat market reached the city by express. The arrival of the dead bear was highly distasteful to Queeny, the Gordon setter who has assumed charge of the depot express office, and she protested at the top of her lungs against its admission to the building, and went on the warpath until the carcass was loaded into a wagon for delivery.—Sacramento Bee.

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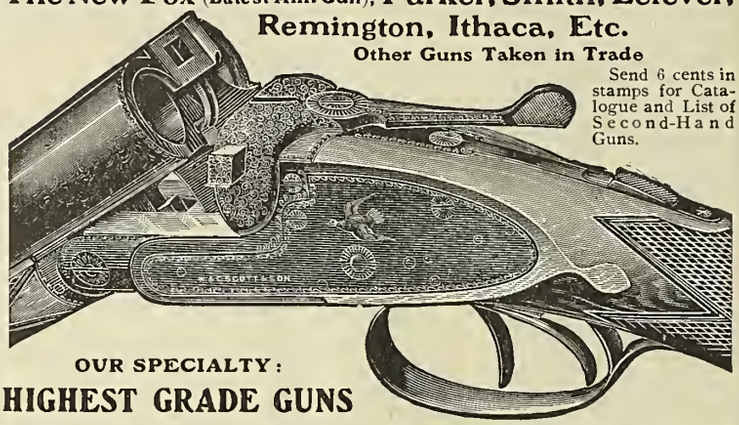

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Photograph by E. E. Bowles

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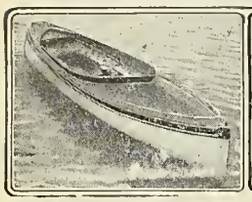

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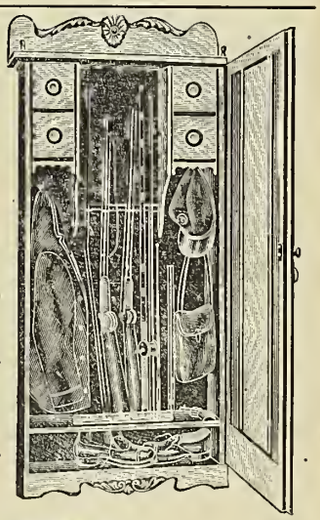

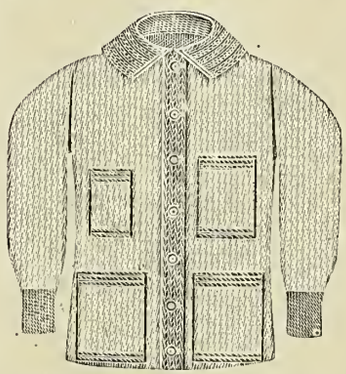

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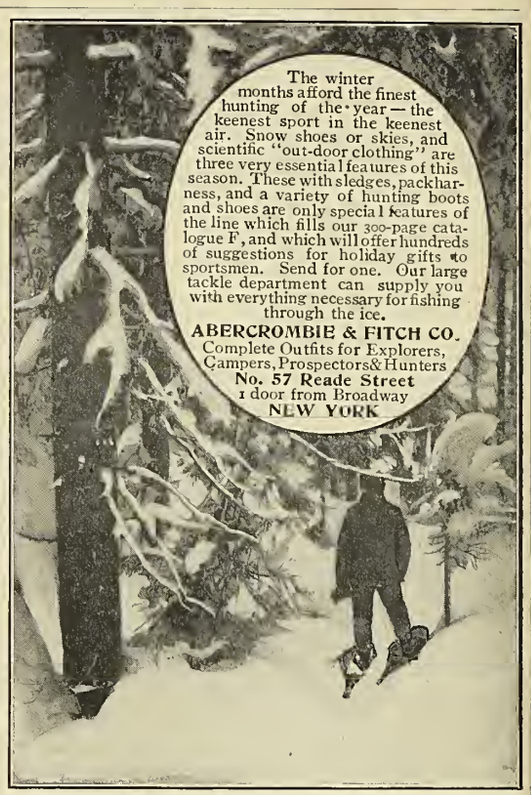
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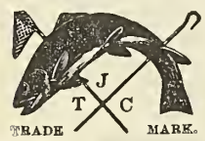

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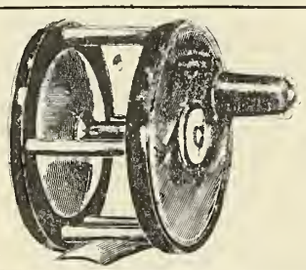

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THE GAME PRESERVE IDEA.

A COMMON and popular cry against game protection is that the game is protected for the benefit of the rich man and against the poor: Demagogues love to make speeches about what they call the "classes" as opposed to the "masses," and ask why any land-owner should prohibit other persons from shooting or fishing on his property? Did not God give the earth to man for his use? and put in the forests and in the streams, game and fish for whosoever might take it? Still more loud-voiced is the complaint against the game preserve idea, which is called an importation from the old world, a reminder of kings and princes, out of place in free America. Persons who talk in this way seem to forget that here in free America the people are the kings and princes, and have the right to say what shall be done with their game.

Since property rights exist, and since the law provides that the land-owner, if he chooses, may keep others from trespassing on the acres which he owns, it follows that he may reserve its game and fish for himself. If he may reserve them for himself, if they are his property, he may also transfer his rights in them to others by sale, lease or gift. Hence comes the game preserve situation.

For many years we have pointed out that this game preserve idea was certain to be one of the means by which wild game and fish in thickly settled regions were to be preserved. As yet only a beginning has been made in carrying out this idea, but the time is coming before long, when game preserves will be more extensive, more elaborate and stocked by a better system.

It may fairly be asked where this idea came from. Is it an importation from the effete monarchies of the old world, as we are told by some of the yellow journals of the day? It is not. There were game preserves here long before the white man reached America.

Among the native Americans food was to a large extent common property, and within the tribe land was common to all. No one individual could hold title to any foot of land as we understand title. He might occupy a piece of land, and after him his children for as long a time as they might see fit, but he could not sell his title, nor could his children, to any other individual. The ownership of the land was in the tribe, not in any individual of the tribe. Moreover, the tribe was merely the trustee for those who were to come after it, and the tribe thus had no power of alienating the land, because it could sell only what it owned. It could not sell the right of generations who had not yet been born.

Now, as against all this is found the curious condition that certain groups of people—that is to say, certain families or bodies of relations or clans within the tribes—had definite and positive property rights in certain places or tracts of land which were used for the capture of food. Statements to this effect are common in the old books dealing with Indian customs, yet they seem never to have attracted much attention.

As far back as 1764, Alexander Henry the elder, writing of his captivity with the Chippewas, by whom he had been adopted, says of the season of sugar making, "We were joined by several lodges of Indians, most of whom were of the family to which I belonged and had wintered near us. The lands belonged to this family, and it had therefore the exclusive right to hunt on them. This is according to the custom of the people, for each family has its own lands."

If this was the case for the country of the Great Lakes, not less was it and still is it so for portions of Alaska. The country there is divided into districts for fishing and for hunting, each district belonging to certain families and being handed down from generation to generation. No Aleut would trespass on the territory of his neighbor, either for fishing or for hunting. At various points on certain salmon rivers, barabaras were erected by the owners of the fishing district, where they built their drying scaffolds and left their fishing implements after the fishing season was over, feeling sure that when they returned the next season they would find them where they left them.

In the interior north, the Chippewyans have their hunting grounds. Simpson, in his "Discoveries," says, "It is perhaps not generally known that in some parts of the Indian territory the hunting grounds descend by inheritance among the natives, and that this right of property is rigidly enforced." This applies not merely to the hunting of flesh food, but to trapping as well.

In the same way, many well-known fishing stations on the Columbia and Fraser rivers, where salmon were captured each summer, and where practically the Indians procured their food supply for the whole year, belonged to certain families and were handed down by one generation to that coming after them, and were possessed by this family until no descendant remained, or until the white invaders expelled them from the land.

In the vast marshes of the Gulf coast west of the Mississippi delta the Creoles exercise rights that are almost identical with those of the Indians. Lots are drawn annually to decide which families or groups shall shoot and fish over certain sections of the marshes, and the rights of each group or family are strictly observed.

In the North those who have watched the Indians with respect to the gathering of wild rice, know that the great rice beds have been controlled for years by certain tribes, at whose councils the territory each family or village may call its own, during what might be called good behavior, is allotted.

In other words, in primitive times in America, different families possessed their own fishing and shooting grounds, and their rights were respected by their neighbors. There were game preserves among the primitive Indians.

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

IN a number of the States at the north the short shooting season has already closed, and gunners have reckoned up their successes for 1906, and are considering the prospects for 1907.

The wisdom of having the season for upland birds close at the end of the autumn instead of letting it run into the time of cold and snow, which often comes in December, seems quite clear. In our northern States the game birds have a hard time at best. The severity of the climate aside, hawks, owls, foxes, weasels and mink are constantly on the watch for them, and if, in addition to these dangers they have to face the shotgun for thirty days, their case is hard indeed.

In many sections in the Middle States we are told that ruffed grouse have been quite abundant, but woodcock scarce; the very mild open fall having perhaps delayed the flight of the latter. In New England quail have been deplorably scarce and it is gratifying to know that in many localities gunners have declined to shoot the quail that they find, preferring to leave these as seed for next year, hoping that if the winter should be mild, next season's quail crop will be large enough to give them a little shooting. This is an example of self-restraint well worthy of imitation.

An interesting report comes to us from Connecticut, which in these days is almost wholly without quail. In a certain town there were known to be three or four coveys of quail, none of which so far as known had been shot into.

On the very first day of the close season a gunner who had spent much time chasing over the country in the effort to locate all the quail that there were, discovered two bevies of which no one had previously known. This emphasizes again a point frequently made in these columns; that after the quail have been cut down to very small numbers in any section, shooters cease to look for quail, the birds are not pursued and thus gradually increase in numbers and with time tend to re-establish themselves.

The close of the shooting season this year will be followed by an exodus of gunners to the south, and from Virginia, North Carolina, and still further south we may soon expect to hear reports of the shooting.

THE TOP RAIL.

I find in the Boston Globe a few days back a statement that four gunners shot three swans at one of the ponds at Nantasket on Thanksgiving Day. Many, many years ago swans were occasionally seen on the Massachusetts coast, but their occurrences there in recent years could be counted on the fingers of one hand and leave several fingers to spare. If the published report is true, the killing of these swans must be severely condemned. It is perhaps natural enough for boys or thoughtless young men to try to kill unusual game. Perhaps 75 per cent. of the men who go out with guns would eagerly try to kill the last buffalo, the last wild turkey, the last wild pigeon or the last swan in the world, even if they knew it was the very last. Such a feeling argues lack of education, lack of thought, and absolute lack of consideration for other people—which is only a different name for intense selfishness. The remedy for all these lacks is education, and it is hard to believe that an intelligent reader of Forest and Stream would be guilty of anything of this sort. Yet I have known of action by an intelligent cultivated man of wealth which did not differ greatly from the reported act of these Massachusetts gunners, and which besides was in direct violation of law, which I do not understand their action to have been.

Swans have long been among the rarest of New England birds, yet in early days they were abundant there, say the old writers. Their very rarity ought to be a protection to them instead of a danger as in fact it is.

There are those who hold that, had the plans for the Panama project called for a sea level canal, sea anglers of the future might have interesting catches to record, whereas, under the present arrangement for a lock canal, they believe that very few fish will find their way through the canal.

Suppose, merely for the sake of argument, that some school of fishes were to enter the canal, thinking it a tide river, and after following the flood tide from the Pacific, find themselves emerging into the Gulf of Mexico. Fishes cannot think or reason, we are told, but I am willing to hazard the guess that in a situation of this sort there would be enough wiggling of tails to give one the impression that some vigorous protests were being made in the sign language of the sea.

It seems reasonable to look for eruptions from volcanoes. There was one at Volcano, W. Va., not long ago, if the West Virginia papers are to be credited. One of them says:

"Charles Reese, residing at Volcano, in this county, was fatally injured in a most peculiar accident at his home this morning. He was practicing at a mark, and placed a dynamite cap to be used as a target. He shot at the cap with a small rifle, when the cap exploded and caused the bullet to rebound, which struck him just above the heart and then took a downward course. Physicians were summond, but could not locate the bullet."

That may be the belief of the reporter who wrote up the story, but the yarn needs salting. Lots of things in this world need more salt than they get. Still, it is not healthy to shoot at detonating caps, even if they do not catch bullets and throw them back at the shooter. Detonating caps and loaded cartridges are dangerous toys, but the one who shoots at them generally gets off easy while innocent persons suffer from the accidents.

Persons who shoot at target occasionally have queer experiences. I had one myself. A fellow member of a club shot at the target, missed it clean, but killed a cow. He argued that it was the cow's own fault for not waiting until his bullet had lodged in the distant hill before attempting to cross the danger line. So aggrieved did he feel over the cow's lack of judgment that he proposed that all members of the club chip in to pay the cow's owner. He himself could well afford to pay for forty cows, but he was not willing to settle for one.

The funny man on the Evening Telegram welcomes the possibility of "kui" hunting some day in the following paragraph:

"I see that the kui, a fierce African rat, two and a half feet in length, has reached here on ships and may spread. Welcome little kui. With the extinction of the buffalo, the elk, the antelope the big horn, the bobcat, the North River shad and even the Long Island fox, we can at least, when sportively inclined, go out and enjoy the pleasures of the chase of the fierce kui."

Perhaps our friend will assist us to prepare in advance by stating whether it will be proper to follow the game afoot or in a boat, and the cut and color of "kui" hunting clothes. These details are very important in other forms of "the chase."

How many sportsmen of the Northeastern States know the exact meaning of the term "camp hunt" commonly used in the Southern and Southwestern States? Very few, if any, although it may readily, and more or less accurately, be thought to be a combined camp and hunt. A camp hunt cannot be described in general terms, for methods employed vary with different regions, and I myself would appreciate it if some reader will contribute what knowledge he may have bearing on the origin of this method of obtaining outdoor recreation. It may be said, however, that one form of camp hunt is as follows: A party of men agree as to time and place for an outing in company. Servants are sent to the spot designated with tents and all supplies, and a day or two later the sportsmen themselves drive to the place, fully equipped for shooting or fishing. When not actually employed in either they take their ease while the servants do the rest. Wagons, boats or even small steamboats are employed in transporting men and baggage to and from the camp ground.

Another form of camp hunt, like the above in respect to the social side, is organized with a view to economy as well—economy of both time and cash. Several persons—perhaps families—combine. Perhaps a man to cook and watch camp is employed, in order that the sportsmen need not waste much time during the short days of autumn in the camp.

A few weeks since an old-time prairie man inquired in Forest and Stream whether the buffalo bellowed. So far as I have observed he has as yet received no answer, and this is not remarkable, since he did not express what he meant by the word, "bellow." The dictionaries define the verb bellow as to make a hollow loud noise, to roar, to bawl, to clamor. In these senses the buffalo does not bellow, yet he is not voiceless, and it is common to read in the old books of the "bellowing of the buffalo," by which is meant his vocal sounds. I should be glad to hear from old-time prairie men their views on this subject. My experience with the buffalo is limited. As a rule the ruminants for the most part are silent, except at the rutting season, or when very young. Yet most of us have heard fawns, calf elk and other young animals belonging to this group call, and have seen their mothers respond to this call.

I am interested in the man who is "scared" after the event, though he shows no alarm at the time when he is in danger. Such occurrences are common enough, but why does the man feel no fear at the time and realize his danger only after it is past? I have had such an experience a number of times, and have pondered more or less over the matter. I am inclined to think that the failure to realize the danger at the time—or at least to contemplate it as a danger—arises from the fact that the man's mind is concentrated on finding a way out of his difficulty rather than in considering the difficulty itself. When, however, he has escaped the peril, he has time to think over its magnitude and to consider what an escape he has made. Then he may very properly be frightened.

Someone told me a story the other day about an old fellow who had hunted all day without success and was on his way home discouraged when a rabbit hopped across the road and he shot it, but was astonished to hear a lively thrashing in the bushes further on, this proving to be a grouse that happened to be in the path of the shot. So proud was he of what he called his record shot that he put his gun in the rack at home and said: "Never again will I go hunting until someone beats that shot."

Some persons walking along a path near the foot of the Palisades recently heard a man calling from a point about half-way up the cliff, where a path winds through the woods. The owner of the voice could not be seen, but it was likely he slipped and fell, as he was evidently intoxicated. Finally his voice grew so commanding that some men preparing to go frostfishing called up, asking him what was the matter.

"Fell down. Say, Bill, give us a hand, will you?"

"Are you hurt?"

"Yes, pretty bad case."

"Did you fall off the cliff?"

"Yes, fell off cliff."

"Well, fall the rest of the way."

Grizzly King.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Camp Don't Hurry.

I.—The Journey.

We knew it was not regular or according to custom, and that we should have to quarrel with Robert Bruce about it most of the time, but we were going to do it for all that.

The camping trip had been planning for a month or more, and now Henry Fredericks and I stood over a huge trunk, trying and fitting each article as we packed it, so that it would take the least possible space. We could see that, large as the trunk was, it would be a tight squeeze to get all that pile of utensils which lay in the corner of the summer kitchen inside of it. My wife kept constantly appearing at the door with more armfuls of blankets, storm-coats, and the hundred other things called for by our list.

This list was one we had started when the idea of going first struck us. Whenever a member of the party thought of anything which would add to our comfort, it was written down, and then, when the article was purchased, a checkmark was put opposite, until at last every name was checked, and we waited the inevitable want to show us what had been forgotten.

Henry and I were new at the business of camping, except for some very brief experiences, and as we intended to stay at least a month, we could not see why it would do any harm to have everything with us which might add to our enjoyment, for fun was just what we were starting out after.

Robert Bruce was a camper of the orthodox kind, having fished, hunted and lived under tents in many parts of this country and Canada. He derided with a very great derision any attempt at making a camp convenient or comfortable. He would have been satisfied to live in the woods the year round, with no more equipment than a tin basin and a tent about the size of a pillow case. Every time we spoke of carrying a new or uncommon article, his illy concealed disgust would take the form of a contemptuous sniff, and he would give us a look of hopeless despair, for we had all been chums since boyhood, and he had labored faithfully to train our sporting tastes in the direction he thought they ought to grow. To him, the list of requirements seemed a distressingly amateurish institution, and he referred to it as our "primer."

There were a great many of our "frivolous nicknacks" which had never been put on the list at all, but they were in the pile, and now we were hurrying to get them hidden at the bottom of the trunk before Robert should appear and express his opinion. We had nearly succeeded in accomplishing this when he entered just in time to catch me stuffing some egg-cups down into the corners. That was the last straw, and he declared, with some vehemence, that he would not go a step if such foolishness was to be indulged in. "The idea of egg-cups in camp!" he snarled. "Shall you take your dress suits?"

We were not alarmed by his threat, for there was not rope enough in our village of Oswenango to hold him back from the trout fishing which was ahead. Besides, we were going into a section where eggs could be had, and it seemed to us that the cups would beat chasing a soft-boiled egg clear around a dinner plate with a spoon.

There was another part of the plan which did not please Robert, and that was the location we had selected. It was on the Esopus Creek, in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, and seemed to him not only too near the great cities, but the country, though very thinly settled, was by far too populous to conform to his idea of a camping site. He wanted to go away back into some Adirondack or Canadian wilderness, where we could be tortured by gnats and other insects, at the same time having to eat trout three times a day or starve. He preferred to be in a region so thickly wooded that if we wished to fish a narrow brook, the time could be about evenly divided between fishing and climbing trees to get the flies untangled. The whole thing struck him as a nursery proposition, with the nurse absent at that.

Henry and I had a very different notion of the Esopus, for we had seen it. We had often been in the valley, and had become acquainted with the streams, the mountains and the people; and we liked them all. Many were the farmhouses where we had received a kindly welcome and a good meal, as in years gone by we wandered at will through that region. There we should be in reach of fresh milk and other good things from the farms, and there were horses we could have to drive about the mountains when the fishing was poor or we tired of it. The prospective visits in the light of the camp-fire with some of our hardy old mountain friends were also a pleasant anticipation.

The Esopus is a rough, rocky stream, just the ideal water for trout, and it is good-sized as well; often two or three hundred feet wide, so that it is not easily fished out, and is too turbulent for the less enthusiastic sportsmen to wade. We had often noticed that when parties of anglers came from New York or other cities, they always went right by the wide rapid parts of the creek, and did their fishing in the smaller streams up in the mountains. This led us to think that they found easier work and greater numbers of trout; but we suspected that the size did not run as large in those brooks. There are many places in the stream where the boulders are so thick that it is possible to walk nearly across by stepping from one to the other. Some of them are as large as the smokehouse which stands in the rear of every farmhouse in the valley. We could not get it out of our minds that on the down-stream side of many of these boulders, big gamy trout were waiting for us, and we were going to them.

We packed and crowded and poked until we could not get another thing into the trunk, and when, by all three standing upon it, and my wife manipulating the locks, it was finally closed, it sides bulged out like a boy full of green apples. There was enough stuff left over to fill a suit-case for each one to be bothered with when we should start next day, besides having to carry the rods and boots in our hands and hang on to the dogs.

Henry had a beautiful collie, which would make a good watchdog, and my half-grown Irish setter pup was to go along to get acquainted with the woods and be trained for the fall hunting. He was lank and clumsy, with a dismally solemn face and a bunch on the top of his head as big as a walnut. From a standpoint of beauty, there had to be some allowance made for him, but his eyes were honest and kind, and he learned easily, so we had become the best of chums.

The next morning Robert and I took the early train from Oswenango, and went into the baggage car to be with the pup Terry. He had protested a little against embarking, but between pulling and pushing, we had persuaded him that it was the thing to do, and when he was finally tied to one side of the car, seemed awed into meekness by his new surroundings. He was a little surprised at first by the motion, and his wabbly legs could not accommodate themselves to the jar of the train, so he fell over two or three times before we reached Waracheno, where Henry lived.

Henry had gone home after the packing was finished, and now he appeared with the collie Lassie. When Lassie came into the car Terry forgot all about his troubles, and strained at his collar in an effort to get to her and begin an acquaintance. She was rather ladylike and shrinking, and repelled his advances by sharp snaps of her fox-like jaws. If they had got to have a little squabble before they could get on friendly terms, we did not want it to be in that place, and so kept them separated until we reached Angowara, where we were to change cars.

The delay would be for a couple of hours, so after looking about the place and making the purchase of a few more articles which had been purposely postponed until this time, we went to a little restaurant to get lunch for ourselves and the dogs. The place was kept by a chronic trout fisherman, and as our host was not only proprietor, but cashier and waiter as well, he served us, petted the dogs and talked fish all at the same time.

While we were there a newly married couple came in and asked how much it would cost to get two bowls of boiled rice and milk, and were informed that the price was fifteen cents per portion. The groom pulled a small package wrapped in a bit of newspaper from his pocket, and opening it, displayed about a double handful of rice, which he said they had gathered from their clothing after the shower which followed the early morning wedding. He inquired how much would be deducted if they furnished their own rice, and upon being informed that no allowance could be made, became indignant and remarked that they would wait until they reached home for their dinner rather than submit to such unfair dealing, left the place. The proprietor said that the young man owned one of the best farms in the town, and had established quite a famous reputation locally for economy, although that is not exactly the way he expressed it.

After lunch we started for the station, a half mile distant. The new bundles, added to what we had already been carrying, made quite a load, and the dogs yanked and pulled on their leashes, in their desire to explore the strange country. Of course, they would have to be kept tied for a few days at camp or they might be lost; but we wanted to give them as much liberty as possible, and so we were using about fifteen feet of clothesline. Before we had gone far, they had worked most of this line out through our hands, and had a good wide range, sufficient to take in every lamp post or tree on the route.

When nearing the station we came to the end of a tight board fence, just as a rather severe looking middle-aged lady was coming along on the walk. Henry's sharp eyes had

HEADQUARTERS OF ONE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO DUCK SHOOTING CLUBS.
Photograph by W. C. Gibbs.

been first to notice her appearance, and he diagnosed the case as "spinster." He was just poking a little fun at Robert, who was also unmarried, and rather shy, when a cat came from behind the fence, entirely unconscious of the presence of dogs. The cat saw Terry first and turned, but at the sight of Lassie lost her head and started in a circle around Robert and the lady. It was a fine race, but short, and ended by the cat's jumping on the spinster's shoulder after she had led the dogs to wrap Robert and the woman in a neat upright bundle with the clothesline. The dogs were jumping up and barking, and the cat was humping up and sissing, so, with the remarks the encircled couple were making, the confusion was great. Henry grabbed the cat by the nape of the neck, and holding her above the reach of the dogs, started around the circle on the back track. The plan looked like being a great success until at the end of the first lap the old feline set her scratch mill going, and he had to drop her. It took about one second for her to get to the top of the nearest tree, and we were forced to finish the unwinding by hand. The woman turned out to be better natured than she looked, so we all had a good laugh out of it; but Henry said, as he looked at his tattered hand, that he believed there was something wrong in the theory that a cat can't scratch when held by the back of the neck.

For the first fifty miles the train ran through rich dairy lands, always following up or down some small stream, and one of these was the West Branch of the Delaware River. The farm buildings looked neat and thrifty. The cows showed good care and breeding. The oatfields were a darker shade than the grass, but everything was green excepting the newly plowed fields, where men were planting corn.

After about two hours the country began to change. The hills had been round and smooth, with pastures running nearly or quite to their tops, and were gradual in their slope; but now they were more abrupt, and rocky ledges occasionally protruded, while the quantity of land given up to timber was greater. The streams were rapid and had rather a trouty look. Stone walls became plentiful. A little further on the dairies had dwindled to a bare half-dozen cows, and the farms looked dejected. The train moved slower and slower. The engine puffed harder and harder, until we saw between two hills what at first seemed to be the outline of a thunder-cloud, but it proved to be the crown of a mountain silhouetted against the sky. From here we went very slowly for a time, wriggling our snake-like way between perpendicular cliffs and crawling along the edges of deep ravines until we came to the summit of the pass.

Robert had looked out of the car window with an air of indifference and contempt, as we passed the well appointed farms. He had been born on the very brink of the Delaware River, where the hemlock timbered mountains begin as the waters leave off, and his mother's cradle song had keyed with the lapping of the waves and mingled with the voices of the peeping frogs. As a boy, he explored each little bay and rode the foaming rifts astride a slab, or, tiring of this, sat on the shady banks and watched the kingfisher dive for food. He knew the words of the river's murmuring summer song, and exulted in the crunching, grinding roar of the breaking ice in spring. His ancestors were a hardy race, gathered from the sea and the forest. For business they rafted, for pleasure they hunted and fished, and some of them had been in every war from the Revolution down. To him a farm and farm life was no more like nature than a caged canary is like a soaring eagle.

As the country had grown rougher and the streams more turbulent, his manner had changed, however, so that with every new ravine or ragged precipice he showed increasing interest, and was in favor of abandoning the balance of the trip and pitching tents where we were. He said it was probably better looking trout country than any we had picked out, and that we were going by the best fishing. This was about where we had expected his conversation to begin, but we insisted upon going on, promising to return to it in a few days if he was not satisfied on the east side of the divide.

The train waited several minutes on the summit, and we looked at the great summer hotel, standing a little distance away on higher ground. There was no sign of life about it, and would be none for a month to come. What a dismal looking thing such a building is, with its hundreds of shuttered windows, like as many sightless eyes.

A half mile further on we began to drop down the mountain. The track lapped back and forth upon itself in the tortuous descent, changing the direction of the car so often that the more distant peaks seemed to swing in and out of our range of vision. The brakes were tight set, and the trucks trembled with an uncomfortable grinding, rattling sound.

On the left, rushing out of the woods, and plunging down among a jumble of rocks, came the infant Esopus, and at the next bend of the track its valley opened out to receive it. Robert saw it, and knew it as you know a playmate. He watched its every crook and turn, with eyes and ears for nothing else. He noted where it first had undermined a tree; then where it attacked a solid rock; where it absorbed a little brook, and ran under a bridge; where it spread out to a wide, shallow rift, where, grown large and swift, men had dammed it for its strength, and where it was tearing away a clay bank. When finally it had grown to be a roaring torrent, he turned to us and said, "I'm beginning to forget the names of people at Oswenango."

As we sped down the hill the mountains grew higher and the valleys grew deeper, ever widening like a giant funnel, until just as the sun went down, we arrived at our destination, Unasego.

Winfield T. Sherwood.

[To be continued.]

OUTDOOR BOOKS.

Uncle Lisha's Shop, Robinson	$1.25
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Danvis Folks, Robinson	1.25
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These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

A BLACKSMITH SHOP AND CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Lumbering in the Adirondacks.

The recent announcement by Commissioner Whipple of the purchase of some 26,000 acres of forest land in Hamilton county for the Adirondack Park is of important interest to every citizen of the State. The tract purchased is in township 34 and 19 and involves one of the most important watersheds. Blue Mt. Lake is practically the headwaters of the Raquette River system which constitutes the outflow for Eagle, Utowana, Raquette, Long and Tupper lakes, besides smaller lakes and ponds almost without number. All this water flows to the St. Lawrence. But less than a mile east from Blue Mt. Lake is Rock River giving outlet to many ponds and small lakes, draining a large forest area, and finding its way via Cedar River into the Hudson. This system is one of the most important feeders of the Hudson, and the land purchased includes much of the headwaters of this system. Hence the importance of this purchase as affecting future water supply and welfare of the State. But because of these water connections and facilities the region in question has long been a favorite with lumbermen. Impounding the abundant waters by means of dams strategically placed it has been easy to create a flood, and to "drive" the logs to the great mills at Glens Falls or wherever wanted. In the old days they were logs and intended for lumber—now, alas, they are largely poles and intended for pulp.

During the summer of 1906 the writer visited a lumber camp in active operation. In going he passed the ruins of one used thirty-three years ago. Many such ruins are in the region named. It is full of old lumber roads showing the completeness with which the ground was covered years ago. Some talk of virgin forest in the Adirondacks. It may be there, but the writer has not seen any, and in twenty-five years he has seen considerable of the woods. But as to the smallness of the cuts now being taken. Numerous piles of logs showed but too plainly what was going on. The manager of the camp visited remarked: "I have about 9,000 markets already piled." "Well," said the writer, "how many pieces does it take to make a market?" "Oh, about four to one." Now a "market" is a log thirteen feet long and nine inches in diameter or its equivalent. In the old days nothing was cut under ten inches in diameter. This maintained the forest in some degree and permitted another crop. But the present "four to one" method means that instead of timber the lumbermen are cutting poles of only about five inches average diameter. The pulp mill wants it all. What the detriment to the forest and to the water supply needs no argument to those knowing anything about the subject. Yet this jobber at the camp and his men were not to blame. They were only carrying out orders. A big company had bought all these trees standing on thousands of acres and was simply getting possession of its property. The same process is going on in other sections of the Adirondacks and the State cannot too rapidly push the acquisition of forest lands within the boundaries of the park.

The grave danger of forest depletion of evergreens will be better understood by considering the energy and system with which lumbering operations are conducted. A jobber contracts to deliver so many thousand "markets" to water—i. e., where the logs can be rolled into a stream at flood and floated or driven to mill. He then builds a substantial log house in the woods where he is to operate, and where it will best accommodate his men and the getting in of supplies. (The house shown in the picture will accommodate thirty to forty men. A woman does the cooking and they live well. The men all sleep in one large room upstairs and have wire spring beds and mattresses to sleep on. A woodshed, a storehouse for grain, two barns with capacity for twenty-four horses, and a blacksmith shop for shoeing horses, mending sleds, repairing tools, etc., complete the camp.) In the early summer—sometimes in May—the jobber takes his men into camp. Most of the trees are cut down with a crosscut saw, as this is much quicker and easier than with an ax. Then they are cut into lengths of thirteen feet and piled upon "skidways." Horses drag the cuts to the piling places, and the piles include hundreds of pieces. Roads are cut from the piles to the main road which is to be used for the winter drawing. The men are divided into sawyers, trimmers, roadmen, teamsters, skidmen, etc., according to adaptation and proficiency. So the season passes, and with the coming of snow, preparation is made for hauling the season's cut to water. Where the haul is several miles only two trips per day can be made. In any case the day's work begins long before light and is quite liable to end long after dark. It is no small thing to load 75 to 125 pieces on a wide and heavy traverse sled and keep that load right side up to the place of delivery. The road must be in first class condition. To insure this a regular system is adopted. Huge tanks are constructed on sleds, to water the road its entire length that ice may form and render drawing easy. As snow falls it is scraped off the icy road bed and thrown out on either side by a mammoth plow specially constructed for this purpose. It consists of two short sleds one behind the other, each fitted with massive steel plows as follows: The forward sled has a plow with a double mold-board which takes the snow from the middle of the road and throws it outside the sled runners on each side. Outside the runners of the rear sled is a massive single plow on each side which throws the snow still further. All these plows have adjustable gearing so they can be raised or lowered at will. The plan is to scrape down to the ice. At the rear of the second sled long wings with steel blades on the bottom are attached and set at an angle to throw the snow still further aside. Twelve horses to draw it make this huge machine effective in making a road twenty feet wide. Snow is never allowed to accumulate on the roadbed. It would be dangerous—for a runner cutting off the soft snow could not be drawn back and the load would capsize. It is cheaper to have and use the plow, although it cost $250. Where a hill is encountered down which the heavy load would crowd the team unduly, the roadbed is covered with swamp hay or straw brought into the woods for that purpose. A few winters ago elk ate the straw on a certain hill near Blue Mt. Lake greatly to the annoyance of the lumbermen. Residents said the elk were a familiar sight on the lake that winter. The next summer they were frequently seen in a pasture with cattle. But they have disappeared from that section.

In drawing logs to water they are piled either on the ice so that its melting will leave them in the water, or on the bank where they can be easily rolled into the stream. As the snow and ice melt in the spring the current carries the logs on toward their destination. The opening of dams increases the flood, and in their wild tossing about over and against jagged rocks it would seem almost as though mills were not necessary to reduce the logs to pulp. In this, spring work is the most dangerous part of the lumberman's occupation. "River driving" is constantly beset with dangers, but no one is a past master in lumbering till he has "been through it all." To do all this requires manly elements of character to be respected wherever found. The writer knows personally many lumbermen who are in every way manly and worthy of respect. Nothing in this article is to be construed as a reflection upon them or their work. They are making an honest living for themselves and their families. But the place for such large and systematic lumber operations, despoiling the forest of evergreens and injuring much of the deciduous growth, destroying trees and vegetation of all kinds over large areas along the borders of streams and ponds flooded by means of lumber dams, is certainly not within the limits of the Adirondack park. The writer thinks it should not be anywhere in the Adirondacks, the great health and pleasure resort of the people, and that the sooner the State obtains control within the park boundaries, stops the lumbering altogether, and absolutely prevents the building of dams whether for lumbering or for generating electric power, the better for the State and all its citizens. The value of the Adirondacks cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, but consists rather in healthfulness and beauty. Let them not by any means be destroyed.

JUVENAL.

A LUMBER DAM IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

NATURAL HISTORY

Mr. Cowan's Sheep.

Londonderry, Ireland, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Nov. 10 a paragraph or two under the heading of "Canadian Game Notes," signed by my friend, Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal. Kindly allow me to correct two statements, made, evidently through Mr. Armstrong mistaking what I said to him. Mr. Armstrong writes:

"Mr. Cowan states that he has killed a new kind of sheep on the Skeena River." What I really told Mr. Armstrong was, "That I had secured what I took to be a new species of sheep at the headwaters of the Skeena River." Again Mr. Armstrong must have mistaken me when he writes that "many of the local sportsmen have killed *Ovis liardensis* for a number of years."

This assertion I particularly wish to correct, as I do not believe the sheep that I secured from an Indian has ever been shot by other than an Indian. At all events I have not heard of any white man bringing a perfect specimen out before, and should be interested to hear if any one else has. I did hear that a very imperfect specimen of this sheep fell into the hands of Dr. Lydeker, but as to how it was secured, I do not know. The sheep I got was a three-year-old. It was perfectly black with a white patch on the stern, in size similar to that of the patch on the *Ovis montana*. Its horns were identical with the horns of a three-year-old *Ovis stonei*, and it was killed out of a band of twelve, all of which were the same in color. The range of mountains it came from empty their waters into the Liard River. More information than this I do not feel justified in making public until I verify the statements of the Indian who shot the one I brought out, by traveling with him to the mountains they range on, and, if possible, shooting one myself.

C. G. Cowan.

[Of so-called "black sheep" a number have been killed of late years, but these we have been informed have all been *O. stonei*. The systematic position of some of these northern sheep is as yet quite uncertain, and we believe that even the naturalists with abundant material are doubtful about where they belong.]

A Mouse in a Mallard's Crop.

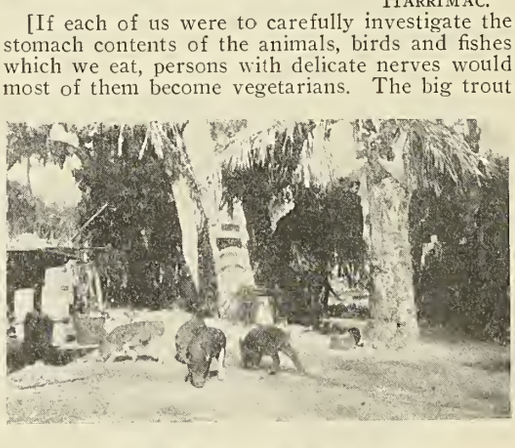
Newark, N. J., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have written of snapping turtles eating young ducks, of frogs eating young snapping turtles, of ducks eating young frogs, and of pickerel eating pickerel with still smaller pickerel inside, but these are trifles compared with an incident related last week by special Fish Commissioner Joseph Crawford, of Newark, N. J. Commissioner Crawford, Dr. B. A. Robinson, Walter Parsons and one or two other Newarkers have a modest little snuggery at the mouth of Cheesequake Creek, on Raritan bay shore.

Crawford is famous as an amateur cook and everybody else in the little party is willing to take a back seat when Joe puts on his apron. The fishing down at Cheesequake Creek is over for the season, but the Newarkers go down there every week to enjoy a dinner of rabbits, grouse, quail and other game. Only a few days ago Captain "Tray" Bloodgood furnished them with what he said was a wild goose, ready dressed for the oven, and Crawford fixed it up and served it in great style. After dinner they discovered the long neck and head of a crane under the flooring of the shack. They voted unanimously that the crane was a success.

Commissioner Crawford did not partake of the last feast he prepared for three of his friends. Two mallard drakes formed the piece-de-resistance. Crawford dressed the fowls and prepared a delightful stuffing in which Italian chestnuts took a prominent part. While the ducks were roasting, the commissioner's investigating habit asserted itself. He just had to know what those ducks fed on to make them so fat, and taking up a knife, he ripped open the crop of one of the pair and revealed a mouse whose head was partly digested. He examined it closely and determined that it was a meadow mouse, (*Arvicola pennsylvanianicus*). Professor Crawford's mind was disturbed; likewise his appetite. If anybody had told him that ducks ate mice he would have scoffed, and when he found the indisputable evidence before him he decided that if ducks did eat mice, he would eschew ducks for that day at least. He said nothing to his companions, but let them enjoy the meal and placidly accepted their compliments upon the cooking. Just before dinner, he got a big package of candy and ate it with considerable ostentation, afterward making it an excuse for his loss of appetite.

Harrimac.

[If each of us were to carefully investigate the stomach contents of the animals, birds and fishes which we eat, persons with delicate nerves would most of them become vegetarians. The big trout



WILD PIGS IN A FLORIDA CAMP.
Photograph by Martin J. Hall.

which the angler has caught, after weeks and perhaps years of effort, has very likely been largely nourished on mice. The quail brought in by the sportsman have been fed on worms and beetles. From the craw of a ruffed grouse a small frog or even a snake is occasionally taken. Among the common creatures used for food by man the hog and the domestic duck are probably the foulest feeders. Yet few of us think of these matters and it is wise to ignore them. Most of us have troubles enough of our own without striving to find other matters to worry over.]

It Breathed Through its Wing.

Salem, Mass., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much interested in Mr. Finley's "Heron Village," as we have one at home, in Nova Scotia. It also reminded me of a curious experience I had with a heron a number of years ago, when a boy. I shot one and after tugging him up the bank by the neck, naturally shutting off his wind, was very much astonished to find him comfortably breathing through the broken bone of his wing. Is there anything unusual about that? Or can all birds breathe through their hollow wing bones when broken? L. V. S.

[There in nothing unusual about this. No class of animals is so pneumatic as the birds. Not only are the ordinary air passages and the lungs used in breathing, but there are large air spaces among the muscles, in the bones, and in some cases even under the skin. These great air spaces serve various purposes. There is no reason why for a time some birds might not breathe through their bones.]

Oysters and Typhoid Fever.

New York, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps there are fewer oyster typhoid deaths among sportsmen than among other people, for the reason that sportsmen are apt to know more about the subject of oysters. It is well, however, to give an annual warning until some one takes up the matter of making dealers pay the doctor's bills of their customers. At this moment people are dying of oyster typhoid fever in various parts of the country, and the condition of affairs will remain until proper legislation is brought to bear upon dealers. They alone are responsible, but so long as the market calls for invalid oysters, they care very little about other invalids. The matter may be briefly stated:

(1) Typhoid bacteria do not live in salt water.

(2) Typhoid bacteria are found at various times or perennially in most of the fresh-water streams along the coast.

(3) Oysters feed upon typhoid and other bacteria, along with their regular diet of diatoms and other infusoria. They collect typhoid bacteria in such quantities that their gills are sometimes loaded with these germs, which are probably as harmless to the oyster itself as any other part of its food would be.

(4) Oysters in their chosen habitat in salt water cannot get hold of typhoid bacteria.

(5) Dealers place oysters where they can feed upon typhoid bacteria, in order to improve the appearance of their market product.

(6) The reason why the appearance of the oyster is improved is because the salts in the body of the oyster are in proportion to preserve osmotic balance of water in the tissues. When the oyster is placed in fresh or brackish water, endosmosis occurs very rapidly. The oyster swells to plumper outlines, turns whiter, and becomes an invalid. While becoming an invalid it incidentally collects all of the typhoid bacteria that are within reach for food. The invalid is then sent to market, and looks well on the half shell, although it has lost the flavor which is sought by connoisseurs.

(7) There is not a particle of danger in eating the oysters chosen by connoisseurs. There is great danger from eating oysters chosen by the common herd, and furnished to them in preference by dealers.

(8) In ordering oysters, say to the dealer, "Give me salt-water oysters, full of flavor and of nutrition," or else say, "I am one of the common herd. Give me invalid oysters please, and serve the same to my wife and children."

Robert T. Morris.

The Dog's Intelligence.

New York, Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed article is so exceedingly good, that I take the liberty of sending it to you, and would be very much pleased if you saw fit to give it space in the columns of Forest and Stream. G. Foster Howell.

"Every once in a while I see a comment somewhere or overhear it spoken about the horse being the most intelligent of animals," said a man connected with the Smithsonian Institution to a Washington Star reporter, "and I am at a loss to understand how such a sentiment should even be slightly entertained.

"The horse, from a scientific standpoint, possesses a certain amount of well developed instinct and memory, but not intelligence as the word is understood as applied to the animal kingdom. The most intelligent of animals is the dog. Man's most faithful friend not only possesses intelligence as contradistinguished from

mere instinct, but his reasoning faculties are better developed than any of the other dumb animals.

"The dog has been longer and more constantly at the side of man than any other animal—having been, in fact, man's closest companion for many centuries, and this attachment and affinity will be greater as the centuries roll on. A fine looking horse appears 'intelligent,' and thus the word has stuck to him, but, as a matter of scientific fact the horse takes on the characteristics of all hoof animals, and, aside from his faculty of memory—and even that is not especially developed—he may be said to be dull. He is taught a few things in life by man and he remembers them. However, the horse is another story; it is the dog now.

"To the average person the bark of a dog is simply 'its bark' and nothing more. The dog's first instinct is the preservation of his master and the latter's household, and in the fulfilment of this fine devotional trait he is willing and at times appears by design to be anxious to surrender his life. Injuries and wounds, even though he later expires therefrom, do not diminish this splendid characteristic. And to other people a dog's growl is simply his 'growl,' but there is a difference, as in his bark.

"Dogs have an interrogatory growl, a warning growl, a menacing growl, and a fighting growl, which are just as dissimilar to the discriminating student of dogs' habits as are the tones of a human being in their various pitches, indicating the state of the temper. Their bark possesses the same variations, indicating very clearly to the observant student the exact condition of the dog mind, while their bark of happiness is individual and distinct.

"The emotions of a dog may be appealed to in precisely the same manner as those of the human being. In fact, your own dog is more sensitive to the change in your own emotions and feelings very often than the members of your own family, and will often sympathize with you by a peculiar sympathetic light in his eyes, by coming very close to you, placing his head against your hand or licking it, long before any other member of the human kind in the family has caught on that there is something wrong with you.

"The dog manifests and clearly delineates the emotions of joy, indifference, sorrow, grief, injury and sight, and for each of these emotions he has a different attitude and expression. When he stands between his master and a possible adversary or enemy his attitude of alertness and willingness to fight for the former upon the word of command is as clear to the dog student as is the opposite one of grief, or self-conscious shame, when he has been reproved by the hand, voice or even the eye of the one whom he is anxious to defend so readily when asked.

"Their faculty of reasoning might be shown in many ways did space afford, but a single illustration will suffice, and I will take the setter, whose intelligence has been shown to be very marked. His master will send him into a field to flush the game. The dog every few minutes looks back at him. If his master waves his hand to the right the dog never goes to the left, and vice versa. If he throws the palm of his hand forward outwardly the dog again changes his position, and never makes a mistake by responding to the backward call. But sometimes the master is mistaken as to the whereabouts of the birds, but the dog knows, so he has been known to run back to his master and by dog talk in barking tell his master this. The master at once understands this talk, and allows the dog to proceed without further direction. Some specimens of this fine breed are too intelligent to hunt with a man who cannot hunt, so they tell him of their disgust by making scornfully for home by the nearest route. The hunter's intelligent horse would remain until he starved if he were not driven home."

[While the foregoing is true in the main, it denies too much and claims too much on several points presented.]

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Nest-Building Fishes.

Joliet, Ill., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I read an interesting paper on fishes wherein the writer aptly compares them to the birds, metaphorically calling them the "birds of the sea," and truly when their curious nest building methods and the brilliancy of their coloring are considered the comparison is very applicable.

It occurred to me—as few people know how easily these pecularities can be watched and studied—to describe for the benefit of those interested a very pretty and simple experiment which it is possible for any one to try. All that is necessary to have for the experiment is a glass jar or fish globe that will hold a gallon of water, a bunch of aquatic weeds, and a pair of those interesting little fish the two or four spine sticklebacks; these can be bought at any of the dealers in gold fish, aquariums, etc.; or the sticklebacks can be found anywhere near the sea coast in either fresh or brackish water and are easily caught with a small ring net. These fishes are very small, seldom exceeding three inches in length. They should be obtained and placed in the aquarium early in the spring and should be male and female, the sex being easily determined, as the male, especially near the breeding time, is much more brilliant in color than the female. These fishes are nest builders and the manner in which they construct their curious little nest is very interesting to watch. They gather together small pieces of broken plants, etc., and first form a kind of platform with them among the weeds. This they continue to build upon until it is as large and about the shape of a pigeon's egg, fastening it together with a fine silken thread formed from a mucous secretion exuding from the pore in the body; this they pass in and out all through the material. The fish then forces his way into the mass, turning himself round and round until a hole is bored through. Into this he drives the female, and the eggs, which are about the size of a small pin's head, are deposited in the nest.

The male always builds the nest and takes entire charge of the eggs, watching them with the greatest care and evident anxiety until the little fishes appear, this watchful care being very necessary as the eggs are a dainty morsel for any other stickleback or other fish that can get at them. The little fellow is extremely pugnacious at this time and will fight any living thing that attempts to approach the nest; even his mate is chased away if she comes near it. Should another male be introduced about this time, the actions of the owner of the nest become exceedingly interesting. The rapidity with which he darts at, and strikes his enemy is truly wonderful, as is also the remarkable manner in which he changes to every conceivable color. During this excitement the metallic lustre of his body is very beautiful.

Being the most voracious of cannibals they must be removed from the vessel as soon as the eggs are hatched, if you wish to preserve the young fishes, or their parents will soon begin to devour them.

Although some of the observers of the habits of this little fish claim that the young ones are guarded by the parents until they are large enough to care for themselves, in every case where I have left them together, the young fish have always been eaten by the parents.

S. C. Shepherd.

A Question for Naturalists.

Toledo, O., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My family of Virginia quail are natives of Massachusetts, emigrating some months since to Ohio. Nearly every morning during the fall, about the time when the chronically tired man is figuring the number of minutes that he can still venture to remain in bed, the call of the male could have been heard through the open window—not the familiar "Bob White" of the summer, but the long-drawn rallying cry of the autumn and winter, with a mellow minor cadence that tells of the brown leaves and the stubble. These unfamiliar voices in the heart of the busy city have been a source of pleasure to many a former resident of the rural districts, and have awakened many mixed associations of other days. One man who ran away from the farm when he was seventeen because his father insisted that he should husk corn in December for his Christmas money was even moved to tears by the sound.

But ever since the morning of Nov. 14, this bird has been strangely and persistently mute. He even looks at me suspiciously when I go out with the usual breakfast, and while he says nothing, he evidently keeps up a lot of thinking.

Now, what puzzles me, and puzzles every other scientist to whom the question has been submitted, is this: How did this Virginia bird reared in Massachusetts, find out that the quail season in Ohio opened on Nov. 15?

Perhaps some reader of Forest and Stream can tell me. Jay Beebe.

Sullivan County Wild Pigeons.

West Park, N. Y., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received word from Willowemoc, Sullivan county, that a large flock of wild pigeons was seen to pass over that place Oct. 10. This word comes from Matt Decker, one of the best known men in that section of the country. Mr. Decker saw the pigeons, and in his letter to me speaks as if others saw them. They were flying northeast. Mr. Decker says it looked like old times to see the pigeons, and added that they fly differently from any other bird and are so beautiful.

Those who know Mr. Decker cannot doubt his word, but why these pigeons are not reported from other parts of the country is a mystery.

John Burroughs.

Whistling Swans in Massachusetts.

Bridgewater, Mass., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We did shoot three whistling swans at Sesachacha Pond on Nantucket on the morning of Thanksgiving day. In the party were James Ashley, J. E. Flynn, of Bridgewater, Mass.; L. A. Howard, of Taunton, Mass.; Chas. Chadwick, of Nantucket, and myself. Two we killed outright and the other one was found ashore on the side of the pond next morning at daybreak by Mr. Ashley, so badly wounded it could not get away.

One has been taken by A. C. Bent, of Taunton, to set up, and one has been sent to Boston by J. E. Flynn to be set up, and the other is in the hands of Wm. Jennings of this town who is to set same up. H. K. Perkins.

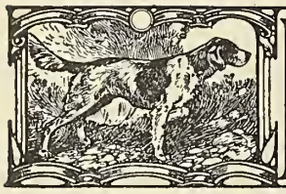
The Chautauqua Mascalonge.

New York City, Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The papers by Mr. Louis Rhead and Dr. Barton W. Evermann in Forest and Stream of Nov. 3 and Nov. 24 move me to say that I am convinced of the accuracy of Mr. Rhead's statement about the existence of the Chatauqua mascalonge in Wisconsin. I know the species of mascalonge fairly well and especially the one which New York is propagating at Chautauqua Lake. I have seen several natural skins of this fish in Chicago. One very fine specimen was displayed in the ticket office of a railroad company in that city about a year ago and other skins have been examined by me.

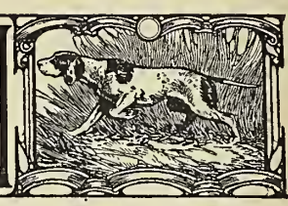
I have great respect for the opinions of Dr. Evermann and for the clearness of his descriptions. The key to three species in your paper of Nov. 24, page 828, leaves no shadow of doubt as to the identification of the mounted skins seen by me in Chicago. The brassy color of the Chautaqua mascalonge is far more pronounced in the male, which also has clearer and broader cross bands.

In the seventh report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, page 360, I ventured to state that the northern mascalonge (*immaculatus*) is probably not distinct from the Chautauqua Lake form. It is not my intention now to claim the identity of the two nominal species, but I wish to call attention to the presence in Wisconsin waters of the Chautauqua mascalonge (*Esox ohiensis*).

Tarleton H. Bean.



GAME BAG AND GUN



New York League Meeting.

One of the most important meetings held in years by the New York State League for the Protection of Forest, Fish and Game took place at Syracuse Dec. 6. A large number of incorporated clubs were represented and many individual sportsmen were present. The feature of the session was a discussion of the best methods for the protection of native birds, which followed the report of the Committee on Legislation given by Mr. C. H. Mowry, the chairman, and in which Senator J. P. Allds took a prominent part. The report of the Legislative Committee severely arraigned the committee of which Senator Allds is chairman for failing to report certain bills favored by the League.

Senator Allds was invited to explain the situation and enlighten the League as to the reason for the action of his committee. He said that he was glad to appear before such a representative body of sportsmen, and that he believed much good would result from an open discussion of the matter of game protection at this time. In his opinion cold storage was an aid to the protection of State birds. He said that he strongly favored protective legislation himself, but that there should be a reasonable comity with other States, and that the demands of New York city must also be considered. New York, he stated, contains a large element that demands game at all seasons, and is willing to pay the price asked for birds illegally procured if it must. He said the bill shutting off part of December was not reported because the Legislature believed such action would not be fair, unless the bonding bill was modified. Those in favor of game protection are met by the fact that wealthy men will always pay the price for their fancies, and that merchants loving money will lend themselves to provide what such people want. It is impossible to prevent violations as the law now stands. What we should have is a law so drafted that the source of supply from outside the United States shall be carefully guarded, and he believed that such a law can be enacted and enforced. This he held would make it impossible for pot hunters to do business. He urged the sportsmen not to be swayed by sentiment, but to deal with the situation as a practical question, open up a legitimate source of supply and make it impossible for the pot hunter to find a market, because it would be unnecessary for the merchant to call on him. Senator Allds reviewed his own record in favor of game protection for the past eight years, and said he would be very glad to work with the League in its efforts to protect our State birds. He thought a foreign source of supply could be safely provided, and that legislation satisfactory to everybody could be had during the coming session. In conclusion he stated that it was because the Senate Committee wanted just such a discussion as was now taking place in the presence of the League that certain of the bills proposed by the sportsmen last winter had been held in abeyance.

Chairman Mowry, in concluding his report, asserted that the proposition to admit foreign birds all the time was nothing more or less than a cloak for cold storage crookedness under which game dealers hope to get State birds from pot hunters as they have been doing.

Hon. James S. Whipple, Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner, said he believed the subject has been thoroughly threshed out. He believed that such discussions are for the best interests of all concerned. There are many things in the game law which experience has shown ought to be changed. In his judgment the best way to do this is to take up some few things each year and get them done, rather than to try to get everything done at once. He paid a high compliment to Chief Protector John B. Burnham, with whose aid he said he was taking up the situation in one county at a time and getting matters in good shape as he went along. He asserted that great progress had been made during the past year, and that this has been the main feature of his work as Commissioner. This improvement is especially true of the work in connection with the forests of the State. Probably ninety-nine per cent. of the letters received in his office refer to hunting and fishing. But in his judgment the preservation of the forests is the main thing to be considered. Unless the forests are preserved, streams will dry up and there will be no covers for game. Destroy the great Adirondack region and you destroy the great spring system where the water is taken up and held for the benefit of the State at large. For this reason he believed the people ought to do their utmost to create a much larger forest preserve and get so strong a sentiment aroused in favor of it that no man would dare to do the forests an injury. He recited the great difficulties which now exist in securing additional lands, and mentioned the recent purchase of Township 34 as one of the most important made in recent years. This purchase gives the State a solid tract of one hundred and forty thousand acres in that section, and although the cost was $6.50 per acre, it was by no means exorbitant, because the tract is fairly covered with hardwood timber and with a fine second growth of soft wood. He believed the land worth fully $9.70 an acre for lumbering purposes alone. He said that larger appropriations are needed in order to secure desirable tracts of land, and that the people ought to see to it that the Legislature makes such appropriations. Even if it does cost three or four millions of dollars to get the land needed, he believed that the purchases should be made without delay. Hardwood timber is rapidly getting more valuable and the lumbermen have their eyes on the Adirondack forest for this source of supply, which is one of the reasons why it is now so hard to purchase the land. When we consider that 1,300,000,000 feet of lumber was cut in the State of New York on lands which were mostly supposed to have been lumbered, it is readily seen why there is necessity for prompt action on the part of the State to get hold of the Adirondack lands.

Commissioner Whipple said he could not afford to make a failure of his business as Commissioner, and that he felt that the people should hold up his hands and aid him in getting appropriations necessary to go on with the purchasing work. He asserted that his department is now in better shape than ever before, and that the men employed were kept at their highest efficiency. He referred to the greatly increased output of the State hatcheries, which last year planted over sixty million more fish in the waters of the State than in the previous year. The fines and penalties collected showed a similarly increased activity on the part of the protectors. Two years ago $22,000 was collected, a year ago $55,000 and this year $61,000, with several cases yet to hear from. Probably every man has a natural notion that he has the right to hunt and fish when he pleases, and that there must be a public sentiment enough to enforce the protective law if this idea is to be overcome. He counselled the League to give its Legislative Committee sufficient leeway instead of giving it ironclad orders. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to what is right about the deer hunting season. In some respects it was unjust to cut off the month of September, as was done last year. The time is coming when we must have a shorter season, and there is also to be considered the question whether the interests of the hotel-keepers and guides and residents of the Adirondacks should not be considered. If the law can be adjusted so as to bridge over the thirty days between the hunting and fishing seasons in the Adirondacks it will be better for all concerned. He believed the trout season should be shortened fifteen days in the spring, because it is in the early spring when the trout are hungry that most of them are caught. Take off fifteen days in the spring and add fifteen days in September to the trout season within the Adirondack preserve where it will not interfere with the spawning season, and you will have better protection.

He favored cutting off fifteen days in November from the deer hunting season, and adding fifteen days in September, so as to make the fishing and hunting season meet again in the Adirondack region, and he believed this would solve the situation. In conclusion Mr. Whipple said the time has come when we must sacrifice our ideas about when we like to hunt and fish and adjust them to the requirements of protection. He pointed out the lesson given us by Michigan, where formerly everybody hunted as they pleased and where now twenty-two counties have a close season and only twenty days open season are allowed in any case.

Commissioner Whipple's speech was frequently interrupted by expressions of approval, and he was given an unanimous vote of thanks by the League for his remarks when he had closed.

Senator Allds said he wanted to approve the Commissioner's views with regard to shorter seasons, and asked the League to remember that all legislation is in the nature of a compromise, for which reason he thought the Legislative Committee of the League should be given an opportunity to use its judgment in matters of legislation. He thought this committee should talk matters over with the cold storage men and dealers in game and see what could be done with reference to this portion of the subject. He pointed out that the city members are nearly in the majority in the Legislature, and that they represented a constituency which does not hunt much, but which consumes largely the products of the hunt. There is no doubt as to the value or the necessity of protection for our home birds, and he believed satisfactory results would ensue if the Legislative Committee of the League could meet the advocates of a more liberal law and everybody could get together and agree on something which the Commissioner could enforce. He believed that the time is ripe for a resident, as well as a nonresident license. Such a license would put a stop to Sunday shooting, a most desirable proposition, because on Sunday there is a foreign element which goes hunting and destroys large numbers of valuable birds. He believed that the preservation of the deer required that a stop be put to hunting in lumber camps, where a man hired for the purpose daily kills deer to provide meat for the workmen, without regard to the close season. The protectors should also pay particular attention to the scamp who hunts deer out of season for the paltry value of their hides. These remarks were heartily applauded.

A strong speech in favor of protection was also made by Mr. Parker, of the Norwich Fish and Game Club, who said he attended the meeting because of the favorable impression he had received of the work of the League. He spoke in favor of amending the Adirondack fish and game laws as suggested by Commissioner Whipple. "If you give many of the counties special laws," he said, "you should give the Adirondack people what they want in order to support themselves and families lawfully. There is no use to legislate that a man shall not have venison when his family is hungry. The people of the woods are kind, open-hearted and

brotherly, but they will not be coerced. Rockefeller was driven out and Dexter was killed because the people there feel they have a right to support themselves and their families as their fathers did before them, without being accused of killing deer out of season or of cutting timber on State land." He asserted that the feeling in favor of protection is growing stronger in the Adirondacks, but insisted that offensive laws cannot be enforced. He also protested against the slaughter of deer by men employed in the lumber camps. He said the law should forbid the having of guns in the Adirondacks, except in the permanent home of the man, during the close season. He told of one lumber camp from which over seventy deer skins were brought out for sale when the lumbering was over, and of another where over one hundred skins were brought out. These represented deer killed during the close season. He favored a license law of one dollar per gun and two dollars for a family, leaving the nonresident license as it is at present.

After the speechmaking, the Committee on Legislation offered the following propositions, which were put in the form of resolutions and adopted unanimously:

Making the open season for deer, except on Long Island, from Sept. 16 to Oct. 31 inclusive.

Advocating the purchase of wild land by the State wherever it can be secured in the Adirondacks, the necessary funds to be provided either by appropriations or by issuing bonds.

Recommending legislation against permitting the sale of foreign game birds during the close season for similar birds in this State.

Recommending that the right of search be given to special protectors under restrictions favored by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. (Those employed by boards of supervisors or incorporated clubs).

Prohibiting the possession of grouse and woodcock, except during the first ten days in December.

Providing a close season on frogs from Dec. 1 to May 30 inclusive. (In Onondaga county).

Calling for a repeal of the law permitting nets to be used in Cayuga Lake and the Seneca River.

Providing that the possession of lake trout during the close season shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken.

Limiting the sale of game to the open season and amending the game law so as to prohibit the sale of ducks and other wildfowl from Jan. 10 to Sept. 15 inclusive.

Prohibiting the holding of game in cold storage.

It was ordered that the question of the possession of native game birds after the close of the hunting season and of limiting the date of the bonding season be referred to the officers and the Legislative Committee with power. Mr. Forey again brought up his resolution declaring the possession of nets on the shores of waters wherein netting is prohibited to be evidence of an intention to use the nets unlawfully, and was assured by First Assistant Chief Protector Worts that such a course would be illegal. This was discussed at length, and a resolution was finally adopted favoring Mr. Forey's proposed law. The secretary of the League was instructed to address a communication to the representatives in Congress and the United States Senate urging them to take an active interest in laws for the protection of migratory birds and fishes.

A proposition to amend the constitution of the League so as to permit the holding of the annual meeting in various parts of the State was laid over, owing to the opposition of the delegates from Syracuse, which city now has a monopoly of the meetings. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, J. H. Considine, Elmira; Vice-President, E. A. Bowman, Medina; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; Secretary, John D. Whish, Albany. Senator Allds was made an honorary member of the League. In the evening the annual dinner was held and several hours spent in speechmaking before the members returned to their homes.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

The Klock-Gaylord Case.

Little Falls, N. Y., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A year ago, in August, two game protectors, Harvey Gaylord, of Lewis county, and Charles Klock, of Herkimer county, disappeared from their accustomed haunts. Within a few days it was reported that they were short in their accounts with the State, and at last it became known that they were accused of receiving several thousand dollars from pulp loggers, in the town of Wilmurt, who had cut thousands of trees on State forest land. Finally, a day or two before election, 1905, it was rumored that the accused men would "soon return." On Nov. 5 Klock came to Herkimer and gave himself up. The following telegram was sent to Forest Fish and Game Commissioner Whipple by Klock:

"Have returned. Am ready to face all charges made."

Assemblyman A. B. Steele, candidate for reelection in Herkimer county, appeared the day after election as Klock's attorney, and Sheriff John Richards became his bondsman. Such an outcry went up on this account that Richards excused himself by saying he became bondsman "for friendship's sake." Richards deals extensively with the Hinckley Fibre Company, and only a few weeks ago, I saw him bossing a gang of pulp log drivers on the West Canada Creek.

Late in November, 1905, the grand jury of Oneida county returned indictments against both Gaylord, who had also returned, and Klock. The indictments were on the charge of grand larceny in the first degree, committed July 25, 1905, "in feloniously extorting from James Gallegher, a lumberman, the sum of $3,750, which was paid by Gallegher for permission to cut 2,000 cords of spruce timber on lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 19, new survey, Noblesborough patent, which lands are within the State forest preserve. Gallegher had a receipt signed by both Gaylord and Klock, and Syphert & Harrig had a similar receipt.

A very plainly defined rumor stated that Klock and Gaylord received $500 each as their share of the money, the rest of it "going higher up," according to all accounts I have read or heard.

The case has not been brought to trial. I was told last August by one of Klock's bondsmen that the case "has been fixed." I wrote to Commissioner Whipple and to District-Attorney Willis of Oneida county and asked them if the bondsman's statement was true. Both answered "no," and Mr. Whipple said, "As sure as I live these men will be brought to trial."

No indictments were found against either Syphert & Harrig or Gallegher, although they were apparently buying permission to cut—and they did cut—spruce logs on land owned by the State, and protected by the State constitution. On this point, Commissioner Whipple says (in lead pencil in a letter to me), "As sure as I live these men will be brought to trial, and the principals in the trespass." I call especial attention to the absence of a predicate for the "principals."

Now, there is a factor in this matter which the public seems not to understand. It is concerning what became of the $6,000 and more named which has not been accounted for, save by rumor. Klock and Gaylord are said to have made confessions which cover this point completely, but the confessions have not been made public. In fact, every effort seems to be made to keep them hidden. Even the trials "aren't hurried any," presumably because alleged facts might come out at the trial in spite of any efforts that might be made to prevent it.

Every circumstance which I have been able to hear about this case indicates to my mind, as to the minds of other citizens in Herkimer county who are acquainted with it, that the trial of the case is being delayed in order to shield the men who are believed to have gotten bribe money from Klock and Gaylord. Indeed, I have been told repeatedly that Klock has boasted that "they don't dare" bring the case to trial because of men who connived at this apparently deliberate violation of the State constitution, and, who as it appears, profited by the deal.

This is not all; I have been told that a process of action has been decided upon which will probably "lose the big ones in the shuffle."

That is to say, an effort seems imminent which will let the alleged principal malefactors go free, and this because they are men politically prominent. The plan now is to change the indictment from "grand larceny" to "conspiracy to defraud the State." I should say in justice to a man who told me this fact "in confidence" that another informant told me the same thing, but merely with the reservation "don't use my name in the matter." That is to say, the question of what became of the $7,750 will probably remain unasked. "If that case were to come out," a man said to me within a week, "some big men would go to the penitentiary."

When I asked if a certain man was one of these, the answer was: "Yes, that's the man." So-and-so was also named.

That is to say, common rumor and every indication points straight at two men, at least, as being involved in this case, and these men are politically important. Commissioner Whipple has more than two more years to serve, and this bridges the period in which the statute of limitations would intervene to save these men, or any man who may have received $6,000 or more of the $7,750 mentioned in the indictment.

If the Adirondack region is to be saved from the powers which would destroy its forests, illegally, the big thieves must be punished. With this Klock and Gaylord case fouling the air, and with the failure of the reform commissioner to give details in regard to the alleged good work which he is doing, the amount of timber stolen, or where it was stolen, is not mentioned in the list of trespass cases in the last report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and with rumors of plots against the safety of the mountain lakes, forest and land flying around; it seems to me that a statement, fortified by believable details and indubitable frankness, ought to be forthcoming, especially in regard to the Klock and Gaylord case, the worst of which has been only hinted at. Until this case is cleared up with justice to the public, how can any friend of the Adirondacks believe that the present Forest, Fish and Game Commission is in the condition in which the public has a right to expect it to be. There is not another case in the department's hands which equals this one in importance. No amount of good work by the game protectors, no amount of progress in forestry, no amount of flowery assurance that "everything is all right," will satisfy the friends of the Adirondacks. What those friends demand, and properly, is that the lie be given to the report that a leading State politician is too big for the penal code.

I feel that patience ceases to be a virtue when every circumstance seems to point to an effort —every effort—being made to shield alleged lawbreakers, whose names are notorious, are, in fact, on every lip in Herkimer county at this minute.

Raymond S. Spears.

Game Protection in Indiana.

Unusual activity is being displayed by the game wardens of Indiana at present. Commissioner Sweeney began a crusade on Oct. 10 against Sunday hunting and hunting out of one's township without a license, convictions being reported at a rate of about ten per day since that time. This vigilance is resulting in an increased number of resident licenses being taken out by the State hunters. Nonresident licenses are also being issued in larger numbers than heretofore.

Indiana is getting into a good condition and with a few changes in her laws, which will doubtless be made this winter, she will stand well in the front in her game and fish protective interests.

All the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to date and now in force, are given in the Game Laws in Brief. See adv.

The Season in North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Secretary T. Gilbert Pearson, of the North Carolina Society, brought to Governor Glenn some extremely handsome English pheasants, which were killed on the preserves of Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, of New York, in Randolph county, near Greensboro, in a hunt on Thursday, this being really a drive in the English style. There are over 3,000 pheasants on Mr. Brokaw's preserve. Beaters went through the undergrowth and drove the birds, which were shot as they flew over the party, composed of Mr. Brokaw and his friends. When 100 birds had been killed, the shooting stopped. These birds have spread into three counties, and it is hoped a law will be enacted to protect them. Mr. Brokaw warmly favors this and says the best method will be to impose a gunner's tax of $10 on persons who shoot imported game birds. He says he will pay this license just as other people do, and that by this protection the birds will spread everywhere over the State as they have spread in Washington and Oregon.

To show what protection of game will do, it may be stated that Mr. George Gould says that on the preserve on Thanksgiving Day thirty-one coveys of partridges were flushed before lunch.

Secretary Pearson says that arrangements are to be made for a meeting of the Audubon Society and of sportsmen at Raleigh about Jan. 15, when the Legislature is in session, to consider the matter of a uniform law as to the close season for partridges. It is the desire to have it end Nov. 15 and to begin March 1, as it is found that many birds are not fully grown by Nov. 1. Some counties allow shooting from Oct. 15 to March 20, and in three counties there is no law at all. The game wardens are very active in preventing the shipment of birds out of the State and at Charlotte and Greensboro they kept such careful watch that a few days ago nearly 1,500 birds which shippers at these places had arranged to get out could not be sent, and the would-be shippers had to have them hauled off and thrown away. At Greensboro a game warden was on duty all night watching the suspected persons.

The shooting season has been on a month in nearly all counties in North Carolina, though Mecklenburg, Buncombe and a few others have an open season which begins Dec. 1. In the main the weather has been unfavorable, having been almost all the while dry and very warm. There seems to be plenty of birds in most sections, and they are very well grown now. The pea crop, which is important for them, was, however, almost a failure, owing to the ten days of rain which followed frosts in October, and ruined almost all this crop. However, there are other good pickings for the birds, and in the east there is very little chance of snow being deep enough to cut them off from food. It is quite notable this autumn that there is a small crop of acorns, nuts, locusts, etc., while last year the trees were loaded. The old reliable persimmon is abundant, this never failing.

But little has been doing on the coast, as practically no ducks worth speaking of have as yet come in, owing to the warmth of the weather. A number of new game wardens have been appointed by the Governor. Some counties along the coast have three or four now. It remains to be seen what sort of protection they will give. Some hunters have come in from other States to shoot, mainly in the central part of the State, where there are preserves and where the hunting clubs or individuals often pay the State and county taxes on large areas of land which the farmers then protect for them. I am told by a well-known Durham sportsman that he is very sure some men in that section have violated the law against trapping and netting partridges, and an officer has gone there to make a still hunt for the offenders. There are also violations of the law in Buncombe county, where the season opened Dec. 1. Pot-hunters have been out, particularly during the past ten days, and strings of birds have been offered for sale in Asheville. There is only one game warden for that large county, and it is almost impossible for one man to cover so much territory.

A good many grouse are being killed in Wilkes, Ashe and other counties, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. They are in very fine condition. Many turkeys have been killed in the State and large numbers of deer, the season for the latter having been on some time. Bear hunters are abroad in the extreme east and west.

Curator Brimley, of the State Museum, was out during the past ten days at the lakes near Havelock, but found poor sport, as the ducks had not come in. In that remarkable section he finds all sorts of game, from alligators to ducks. In one of these lakes is the large colony of cormorants already reported. Mr. Brimley secured some remarkable photographs of it, and these were recently shown on stereopticon slides. It seems that there will be a number of sportsmen from the north in the State this season, notably at Pinehurst, where plenty of birds are reported. General F. A. Bond will have a number of them at his lodge in Robeson county.

Fred. A. Olds.

The California Situation.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The California Fish and Game Association, at its recent convention at Monterey, called for legislation still further protecting game and fish, and asked by resolution for the prohibition of the sale of wild ducks and for a bag limit of twenty-five birds per day.

The resolutions have greatly excited the market hunters, and some of the daily newspapers have taken the side of the market men, denounce game laws as for the benefit of the rich man as against the poor, and accuse the protective association of trying to turn the great State of California into a province of merry England. Some of the game wardens take the same view, and one of them is quoted as saying, "I came from a country that has the strictest and most unjust game laws in the world—where a poor man has no opportunity to even taste a bit of game—but if laws were enacted as proposed by the Monterey meeting, the law of England would not be in it."

The persons arguing on different sides of game protective questions in this State seem, I am sorry to say, more disposed to quarrel and call each other names than to go to work and reach a basis of agreement on which all may unite to protect the rapidly diminishing game. No adequate system of protection will ever be attained by persons who confine themselves to calling each other pot hunters on the one hand, and on the other a privileged class.

Furthermore, newspaper reporters who declare that there is no need of further restriction on the shooting and sale of ducks take a very narrow view. When they write that the birds are so numerous at times as to be a pest to the farmers, and thus intimate that they should be destroyed in great numbers, they forget the lessons learned too late in other parts of the country, where once game was as abundant as it is now in California, but where to-day none exists.

It has been found in other States that when the sale of game is forbidden, his occupation is taken away from the market hunter, and so the worst enemy of the game was removed.

F. M.

Wood Buffalo in Danger.

Recent reports from the extreme northwest, received by Mr. Fred White, the Comptroller of the Northwest Mounted Police, state that the wood buffalo, often spoken of as the Peace River buffalo, are becoming very scarce and that now they are seldom seen.

It has long been reported that wolves were killing all the calves annually born to this herd, and now it is said that the wolves are killing the cows. This, if true, is a misfortune for which no adequate remedy has as yet been suggested.

Save the Deer.

Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue your correspondent Juvenal says that I have misunderstood and misrepresented his position in relation to the Adirondack deer law. This fact would probably be of no great consequence, save that the deer law is a matter of gravest importance, and such a line of argument as that of Juvenal's, claiming as he does to voice the sentiments of a considerable number of sportsmen, seems to me a proper subject for further review and discussion.

Ignoring his humorous sally as to what I thought he said, let us again analyze his communication of Oct. 20 and fairly summarize what he did say. First, he states at some length that the present law is unpopular with the Adirondack residents and summer visitors. Next he says that the time for providing venison for the Adirondack resident's table is postponed and his chance for earning honest dollars by guiding is almost wholly taken away.

Then follows the statement that many summer visitors could hunt in September, but not in October, and most of these, adds he, are satisfied with one deer in a season. Next he is sure that the legitimately-to-be-considered interests of the hotel and boarding house keepers are on the side of an open September. Then he submits evidence that the law is being extensively violated by hunters who will not respect any law that does not give them September shooting. "Thus much for the facts—now for the opinion," says Juvenal. In this opinion he advocates opening September and lengthening the season by two weeks, to meet the Adirondack idea of a "reasonable" law. If found necessary, restrictive measures should be applied later. In other words, he would first increase the opportunity to kill, and then when the game begins to thin out, apply the doubtful remedy of limit—an old false theory of game protection which admits its own fallacy and carries its own condemnation.

And it is upon this flimsy foundation of specious argument and shallow pretext of "the greatest good of the greatest number" that Juvenal and his "many intelligent sportsmen" would frame a deer law! Think of relaxing a game law because the curtailment of privileges is locally unpopular, because the guides cannot make so much money, because the summer visitors cannot wait, because the hotel men need more profits, and last, but not least, because the law breakers will respect only such legislation as will make an open season long enough to cover the period of their depredations! And yet forsooth, Juvenal complacently assures us that a law pandering to this sort of clamor "would effectually preserve our noble game."

It is a deplorable fact that the covers of this country are being stripped of game by laws based upon just such selfish local considerations as those argued for by Juvenal. It is a still sadder story that Juvenal's creed has all too many disciples, a fact that many a game-depleted commonwealth has discovered to its sorrow.

Let us earnestly hope, however, that in the great enlightened Empire State, Juvenal's following will be confined to his disgruntled Adirondack residents, guides, summer campers, hotel men, and law-breaking neighbors of whatever ilk, and let us also hope that thoughtful sportsmen will stand for a deer law based upon more worthy considerations than the selfish clamor of local interests insidiously cloaked under the specious plea of "the greatest good of the greatest number."

W. A. Bradshaw.

Oklahoma Expeditiousness.

Everet Hite, at Breckenridge, Okla., killed quail Oct. 5, ten days before the beginning of the open season. Information reached State Game Warden Watrous on Oct. 31, who immediately had Mr. Hite arrested who entered a plea of guilty and was fined $25 costs in Judge Witson's court at Enid.

Watrous.

The Sauter Case.

In response to a request we made for further information relative to the Sauter case, reported in our last issue, Game Protector Overton has written us as follows:

Port Jefferson, N. Y., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to complaint from the Audubon Society, Protector Dorlon and I visited a large number of taxidermy shops, among them being Fred Sauter's. It was Feb. 27 we saw two quail that were marked "Received Feb. 24, 1906," and also a name attached. We asked Mr. Sauter if he knew where the birds came from, and he said he did not. Also in process of mounting we saw one sea gull. We reported as above to Albany and an order was issued to our attorney, who concluded to test the law as to the quail.

Had Mr. Sauter been straightforward and shown that the quail came from somewhere legally, it is my opinion there would have been no action; and again, when he went on the stand, had he admitted what we think are the facts, it is not probable our attorney would have resorted to his request for a ruling on the point that the law applied to any part of the bird (see Sec. 39 of game law).

Should this decision stand, it is not at all likely to be applied to the possession of mounted specimens, except where it appeared that birds were in their fresh state out of season, or where wild birds for which there is no open season were being trafficked in by dealers or taxidermists.

We can conceive of no necessity for the killing of our common song birds for ornamental or even scientific purposes at this date.

J. E. Overton.

Pennsylvania Game.

Lebanon, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Friday, Nov. 30, marked the close of one of the most successful game seasons in a good many years in this section of Pennsylvania, with the exception of bears and Wilson snipe. There will be no use for the "too-straight or too-crooked" weapon to be used until July 15, 1907. But our guns have earned a well-deserved rest at the hands of the lovers of the natural pleasures this country affords them, irrespective of their financial standing in this world. Not like some foreign countries, where only the lords, dukes or counts have the opportunity of getting a day afield. The game of the United States is the property of the public, and everybody can have his equal share under legitimate circumstances.

With the exceptions of quail, the game seekers have not in a long time been so successful as this season. In the rough and mountain sections it was a very trying thing, that tested the honesty of one's action while hunting pheasants (grouse), for I know of several instances of the opportunity men had to exceed the bag limit of five a day. This gamy bird was to be found in almost any woodland, and it certainly did give abundant sport to the bird shooter.

The reports well show that almost two times as many deer have been killed in Pennsylvania as in any one season in the past ten. The same can be said of bear. As to small game, pheasants were the leader in numbers, but turkeys seemed to be abundant as compared with the past few seasons. Quail were not numerous, but this was the first season that the game commission had to watch the benefit of their experiment with southern quail. Many comments had been heard on all sides as to the results of this experiment, but I have satisfied myself that this same bird will get acclimated to the northern country and thrive well. I grant that the change of climate is a very strange thing at first for the bird, but experience has taught me that care on the part of the farmers and the sportsmen in protecting them in the winter is necessary, and in a few years there should be plenty of quail shooting for all. Many sportsmen in this section would not shoot quail this season, thinking others would follow their example and leave all for "seed."

There is about to be put in circulation a petition, to present to the next Legislature, calling for a close season on quail for three years.

Squirrels were abundant, but woodcock were not found to be abundant; still there were more killed this fall than in the past few seasons. Rabbits were abundant. It was an easy matter to secure a few in as many hours almost any place where there were food and cover for the cottontail.

A few changes in the game laws will greatly help the increase of all game in this State. A bounty should be put on vermin, but the different game societies are doing all in their power to wipe them out. A law to license the gun in the field will also meet with the general approval of all, as a neat sum can be realized for protection, as well as to multiply what is still here, but action is necessary, and many sportsmen are awaiting patiently the results of the introduction into the Legislature of a few new bills which are about completed by the game commission.

Nat. Ressler, D. G. P.

The Need for Clubs in Massachusetts.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The work of planting the fingerling trout purchased of the Plymouth Rock Hatchery several months ago by the State Association is well under way, and reports thus far received from those to whom they have been sent all say that the fish are fine and arrived in first-class condition. So many were applied for that all large orders had to be scaled down about one-half. In this particular field the Massachusetts commission has been woefully handicapped by the scarcity of water at the hatcheries and its high temperature during the summer. I have no doubt that if the board could distribute four times the number of fingerlings sent out last year (62,375) it would have no surplus after filling all applications. There is one private hatchery in the state where, I am told, a million fingerlings could be reared annually. The original contract of the association, made last summer, called for 25,000 fingerling, and applications have been received for more than twice that number. With four hatching stations the insignificant supply of the commission in 1905 for fall planting cuts a sorry figure.

IN THE BLIND AT MT. EDEN, CAL.

A picture sent in since the publication recently of Mr. Currier's account of duck shooting on San Francisco Bay.

Strenuous efforts were made by the late lamented chairman, Capt. Collins, to develop the South Hadley station for the rearing of fingerlings, but without success. Commissioner Collins did the best he could with the facilities he had at command. So far as appears at the present time, and for some years to come, there is but one hope for the trout fishermen of Massachusetts (unless they are willing to contribute their own money), and that is in the general government, which can be reached only through their members of Congress.

For this deplorable condition of our trout fisheries the sportsmen, primarily, are to blame. They have been apathetic. In years gone by they have failed to grasp the situation. In many large communities they have failed to organize. Individuals have labored in many cases, single-handed, with commendable zeal, but the majority have been waiting for something to turn up.

The crying need to-day for the development of the stream fisheries is organized effort—more anglers' clubs, or fish and game clubs to increase the supply of both game and fish. In communities where there is no organization no sportsman is excusable if he neglects to take hold at once and agitate the subject of forming a protective society. Once he begins, the chances are he will be surprised to find how many of his friends are in sympathy with his effort and ready to join hands with him.

Two years ago, in a town not far from Boston, one man decided to test a few of his brother sportsmen on the subject of forming such a club. In less than a week more than a dozen men had become actively interested. The week following initiatory steps were taken by those few men toward forming an organization, and since that time it has kept on increasing, till it now numbers 275 members, having representatives in no less than thirty different towns. "Go thou and do likewise," or if you are unable to do that, enroll your name in some club already formed. Put such an organization in every large community and let them all act unitedly, and the cause of fish and game protection will advance by leaps and bounds.

H. H. Kimball.

A Long Canoe Trip.

Montreal, Canada, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Colonel T. T. Turnbull and his son, Creighton, with Mr. W. M. Stewart, enjoyed one of the finest canoe trips made last season. They paddled down the Saskatchewan River from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to Winnipeg, in two canoes with four guides. These far northern Canadian guides are splendid fellows; and a trip of this kind brings out their good qualities. The party found excellent wildfowl shooting on the way. They found fishing companies exporting great quantities of fish to the American markets. One hundred and fifty miles below Cumberland House the party entered Cedar Lake, thirty miles in length and fifteen wide from north to south. On one side of the lake is a fine supply of big game, on the other the bird shooting is very good. Grand Rapids, where the North Saskatchewan flows into Lake Winnipeg, breaks the navigation between Edmonton and Lake Winnipeg. Grand Rapids was once a very busy spot. It was the main transfer center of the Hudson Bay Company's northwest traffic, as proved by the empty warehouses and ruined tram-way tracks.

A little below the old post is quite a populous village of whites and halfbreeds who live by trapping and fishing. These are the employees of the fishing companies now. There is a beautiful beach here, and some day it will be a favorite summer resort. Fish are very abundant, as is illustrated by the fact that a family of eleven children and sixteen dogs can get their daily supply in a very few minutes. Lake Winnipeg is 300 miles long and 100 wide. It is stormy and not very desirable for canoes, but there are plenty of steam and sail boats on the lake, so that it is not necessary to take any risks in canoes.

The government is displaying its reprehensible carelessness with regard to the fisheries with the result that they are being destroyed. Not more than 10 per cent. of the old catch is now taken. This will be allowed to go on until these cormorant fish companies ruin their own and the country's local fisheries.

L. O. Armstrong.

Few Quail Shipped from Tennessee.

Replying to an inquiry, Joseph H. Acklen, State Game Warden of Tennessee, has informed us that very few quail are shipped from Tennessee for purposes of propagation. Col. Acklen adds, however, that he has the authority to permit this to be done upon proper application.

Home-Made Moccasins.

Forest and Stream is read by a great many persons who cannot walk into a store every time they need a pair of moccasins and get just what they want for hunting, fishing or canoeing wear. True, they can purchase these comfortable things by mail of the manufacturers, but not every foot takes kindly to store footwear, and nothing is so uncomfortable as an ill-fitting moccasin. One may struggle along with a shoe that does not fit perfectly, but as a moccasin if it is properly shaped fits every curve of the foot—it stands to reason that the most comfortable moccasin is that which is fitted to the foot a number of times while it is being made. Therefore, the woodsloafer who will take the time to make his own moccasins is likely to be the happy possessor of something that will give him perfect comfort and fit his foot as nicely as his own skin; aye, and outlast any other footwear if good oil-tanned leather is selected.

It would be time and space wasted to praise the moccasin for wear in hunting squirrels or other small game in the woods; for canoeing, etc. Every old-timer knows that, and the novices soon come to this conclusion. And while there is little that is new in the following descriptive matter, the novice who follows its details can work out a pair of moccasins that will give him a correct insight into what a moccasin should be. The work is not difficult, by any means, and a pair of moccasins may be made in a surprisingly short time if one goes about it carefully and methodically. After the leather has been purchased it is probable that a pair of lasts and a few simple tools may be borrowed from some good-natured shoemaker, who will also supply wax-ends. These latter are necessary, as a harnessmaker's needle cannot be so advantageously used as the bristle-end threads.

The first thing necessary is to make the pattern. Take some thick paper and prepare the bottom pattern (Fig. 1), which is based on a No. 7 last, E width. From b to s the distance is 12½in.; from m to m^1, 7½in.; m to c, and c^1 to m^1, 2in.; a to a^1 (straight line), 3½in.; z to z^1, 6in. After drawing these outlines, cut the pattern carefully, then place it on a smooth surface, set the left foot in the center, and draw the outline of that foot, as shown in Fig. 1. In doing this, as well as in all fitting, it will be wise to wear a heavy woolen stocking, as the leather will shrink a trifle after drying, and a little room is needed to make up for this.

Now take another bit of paper and fit it over the foot, cutting here and there until it resembles Fig. 2, when it should measure 8in. in length and 4in. width.

The top pattern (Fig. 3) should measure 9½in. from h to h^1; 13½in. from n to n^1; 12½in. from q to q^1; n to q and n^1 to q^1, 2in. each; n to h and n^1 to h^1, 2¼in. The width of this pattern at b^1 is a trifle over 2¼in., but if a high top is desirable, allowance can be made for this.

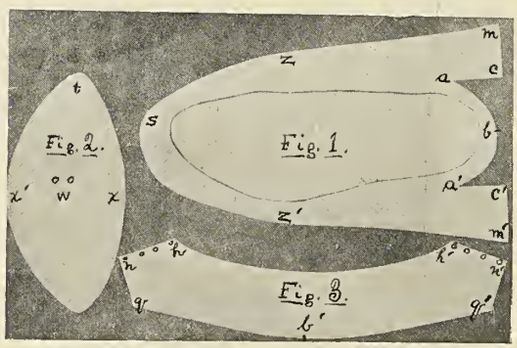
The pattern for the right foot is obtained by reversing patterns Fig. 1 and 2, while 3 is alike for both feet.

The leather should be oil-tanned grain leather nearly a quarter of an inch thick for patterns 1 and 2, while ordinary thick calf will serve for 3. Soak the leather in hot water until quite soft. Then buy or borrow a pair of lasts, a curved awl, pliers, hammer, a bit of wax, and six or more six-strand wax-ends. The tools should come from the shoemaker, as they are better adapted to the purpose than others. A sharp-pointed knife and a bit of board to cut on will complete the working outfit. When the leather is soft and will stretch readily, lay it on the board and draw the outlines of Fig. 1, add the outline of the foot in heavy pencil marks, then cut to pattern. Now place the foot over the leather and bend all the edges round the foot, using the shoemaker's pliers here and there to pull the tough leather into shape. Cut the toe piece (Fig. 2) and fit its edges neatly to those of the bottom piece from x z round the toe to x^1z^1. Some trimming will be needed round the heel, too.

When the two pieces are fitted to your satisfaction, trim all of the edges to a thickness of about ⅛in., then fasten the two pieces to the last with a few small tacks. More stretching with the pincers, hammering, and trimming of edges will leave the leather in shape for the awl.

With a wax-end begin at a and sew toward a^1 round the heel. When this seam is completed it will join the edges c, c^1 to b; then sew the vertical seam b c c^1 to m m^1, and that portion of the moccasin will be completed by hammering the seams flat and even and drawing that part of the moccasin closely to the last.

A very long wax-end is now needed. Make holes at x z and take several turns with the thread to strengthen the end stitches on that side. Sew toward s t, making the holes further apart in the bottom than in the toe-piece, as the



THE PATTERNS.

distance from z round the toe to z^1 is greater than from x to x^1, and the leather must be gathered in to give perfect form round the toe. In this manner the leather must be drawn in until the marks previously made at s and t lie opposite when the seam is finished to that point, for otherwise the moccasin will stretch out of shape in time. Continue round to x^1 z^1, where the thread is given several turns, to hold bottom and toe pieces together, as no more stitches are taken in the latter. The thread must not be cut, however.

The top piece (Fig. 3) is now joined on where the toe piece is left out of the seam

THE FINISHED MOCCASIN.

(at q z), and the seam continued on toward the heel, round the latter at seam m m^1, ending at q^1 z, whereupon the thread is given several turns to secure it, then cut. Now hammer all the seams flat and shape the moccasin as far as possible while it is still on the last.

Ask the shoemaker to set two small eyelets at w (Fig. 2), four along the edge n h, and an equal number along the edge h^1 n^1. Starting a leather thong through the eyelets at w, lace the moccasin tightly over the foot. Some pulling and twisting while the moccasin is drying on the foot will be necessary, and it is well to wear it about the house until it has assumed the shape it will retain when thoroughly dry, then take it off, put the last in it, lace it up and set it away until all the moisture shall have gone out of it slowly, when it should be heavily oiled with several applications of good neatsfoot oil and put away until ready for use.

The right moccasin is finished in the same manner, the toe seam being started at x z, on the inside of the foot.

If it is possible to obtain heavy moosehide for the bottoms, it might be well to use it, but rawhide, while tough, has many disadvantages. Heavy oil-tanned belt leather has given me greater service than anything else, and it seems to stand rough wear better than any other leather so far tried; but it is difficult to soak it sufficiently to render it pliable, and shaping and fitting it are by no means easy. On the other hand, it seems to be almost indestructible and perfectly waterproof.

Perry D. Frazer.

Bird Proctection.

It is remarkable how different are the methods employed by members of humane societies of Great Britain and America in their efforts to stop women from wearing furs and bird plumage as personal ornaments. When the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds met in London last week, it was stated that individuals were appealed to by letter and asked not to wear birds or birds' plumage on their hats. The society's members also employ women to attend church services and obtain the names and addresses of those wearing such ornaments, so that these women can be written to in a manner that is not likely to offend them. The aid of men was also invoked in the society's efforts to protect song birds.

In Chicago about the same time the American Humane Society held its convention, which was attended by a large number or women, many of whom wore bird plumages on their hats and the furs of small animals around their shoulders. One of the speakers aroused their indignation when he said, among other things:

"Nobody but a barbarian would adorn her head with the carcass of a bird or the heads of grinning weasels. Such things appeal only to the vulgarians. Such a woman is about as attractive as if adorned with a string of dried skulls. She excites pity, for she is a murderess."

Methods of this sort seldom accomplish the end sought. If it is desired to enlist the aid of a certain class, that aid cannot be secured by first calling out the resentment of those interested, and "calling names" acts as a boomerang.

A Thanksgiving in Michigan Woods.

Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 30.—Yesterday I took my Thanksgiving turkey in the woods. I took my oldest boy, now seventeen years old, and we spent the whole day tramping after ruffed grouse. We had a good time; the weather was perfect, but we had had so much rain that the woods were full of water and we found very few birds, the youngster getting two and I got four. I know I only shot at two more and they were out of shot, but ruffed grouse have been very plentiful this year. I have had some very good shooting. I saw three coveys of quail yesterday, the first I have seen this year. They are plentiful in certain localities, and in other places where once very plentiful, they are completely exterminated.

W. B. Mershon.

BOOKS ON SHOOTING AND HUNTING.

Hitting vs. Missing, Hammond	$1.00
The Art of Shooting, Lancaster	1.25
Gunsmith's Manual	2.00
Field, Cover and Trap Shooting, ill., Bogardus	2.00
Experts on Guns and Shooting, Teasdale-Buckell	4.00
American Duck Shooting, ill., Grinnell (de Luxe)	5.00
Hunting in Many Lands, ill., Roosevelt and Grinnell	2.50
American Big Game Hunting, ill., Roosevelt and Grinnell	2.50
Trail and Camp Fire, ill., Grinnell and Roosevelt	2.50
American Big Game In Its Haunts, ill., Grinnell	2.50

These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

The Ouananiche of Maine Waters.

A FUGITIVE from the bondage of routine at Madison Barracks, N. Y., I left the poor wretches who live in houses far from the abode of trout and salmon to go to Grand Lake Stream, Washington county, Maine, in search of ouananiche. I have been a great trout fisherman all my life. The ouananiche of Canadian environments I had learned something of from the writings of E. T. D. Chambers, and the late Eugene McCarthy, but the ouananiche of Maine had never been described to me. In my mind's eye and in my dreams and when my fishing days are over I will recall the acrobatic feats of a certain aqueous creature with glimmering, magical fins and silver-streaked sides, called the ouananiche of Grand Lake Stream. The ouananiche to whom Mr. William George Ross introduced me often calls heaven to witness when hooked that he will not give up without a struggle; then he proceeds to get as near heaven as he can, throwing himself clear from the water. It is for this reason, I suppose, that my deceased friend, Eugene McCarthy, called the fish the leaping ouananiche. When the silver-streaked ouananiche is transformed through my luring hook into an uncaptured captive in the rapids is one of the thrilling tingling moments of life. Life is not vapid or the world hollow then. Your mental coat collar begins to choke you, and undue precipitation or dilatoriness of action is equally bad. Either vice will result in losing the fish. An ouananiche does not encourage indolence or reward haste. There is an instant when this kangaroo of the waters can be landed in your net, and when he is hooked you try to remember the theory adopted by you as your rule and guide for your practice, but just then you cannot remember what the theory was. It was either to haul taut your line and keep the tip of your rod elevated, or else it was to give the scaly meteor all the line he wants and depress the tip, but you have forgotten which. An old woman once told me how to test eggs. She said that eggs were of three classes, good, bad or suspect. Eggs of those three classes when immersed in strong brine will either sink or swim or remain poised between the top and the bottom. The old woman said that the eggs that did sink, or did not sink, or poise, were either good or bad, or suspect, I have forgotten which, but anyhow that was the way to test eggs.

When I got my first ouananiche, using a trout rod and a one hundred feet of line, the voice of hope was caroling a headstrong solo to the cavorting, plunging fish until my wrists ached. You are breathing short and are conscious that you are getting excited. Neural ganglia and muscles must aid brain matter. You remember then that you forgot to change that frayed leader; and then an icy finger of apprehension runs through your spinal cord, an undercurrent of a penitential sort steals across your mind. Your sub-aqueous athlete does not signify exhaustion, and steers for a snag. The vibrant line and pliant rod indicate that he has begun to draw on his reserve batteries of electricity, of diverting with dangerous variation of strenuousness. The fish occupies several spots at the same instant. You become vociferous. Perhaps you say things mother would not like to hear you say; some of your sentences begin in the middle and work out at either end, not at the same time; your guide looks at you with a new expression on his sun-tanned face; the landscape begins to change color and the loon shrieks mockingly at you; you never knew before how malignantly you could hate a loon; some barefooted boys standing at the water's edge are looking at you and are commenting upon the style in which you play at fishing. One lout bets a cent "that sport won't get him." You suddenly form opinion that King Herod has been treated with injustice by most writers, and you wonder that you had not earlier noticed what vulgar little wretches they were. From some lunges that your fish now makes, you are quite certain that he has doubled in weight during the last four minutes.

When a neophite finds out that he is nervous he gets excited; he cannot hear anything that may be said to him by advisers. The swirl and tug and gyrations of my captive so far engrossed me that I was deaf to such injunctions as "reel him in"; "give him more line." These conflicting exhortations came from the shore audience which now includes fellow sportsmen, all of whom you mentally consign to Jericho. A thought of what Henry Van Dyke would say flitted through my mind. The automatic reel then demonstrated that it was essentially a success. My rod from describing some circles like an umbrella frame was pointed at right angles to the taut enamelled line tip, lured inch by inch into the automatic shortness of tether. Presently the ouananiche wabbles. You can see his white sides; the tail above the water; you think you have him, but you haven't. To describe what a ouananiche then does would be to attempt to describe what an india rubber maniac on a spree does; what a leaping kangaroo of the water does; what an air and water cleaver does; the fish becomes an arc projector, an invitation to bewilderment, an aerial contortionist, a Cecelia Loftus high kicker, a horizon skimmer, a meteoric flasher, the personification of deviltry, the epitome of vitalized vigor, a water anarchist, a clipper built dingey, a chute au diable.

COL. PHILIP READE.

Striped Bass in November.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is doubtful if there was a prouder or happier man in Asbury Park last Monday, the 19th inst., than our genial Mayor, Charles A. Atkins, when contrary to all precedent, he hied himself to Shark River Inlet with rod and reel and a liberal supply of blood-worm bait and in a very short time landed seven striped bass. While they were not large in size, weighing 2 pounds to 4 pounds each, still the season for their capture is considered long past, except when taken in nets. I speak now of ocean fishing, of course; in the large bays and other tideways they are frequently taken at this season. We never before have known them to be taken on bait this late. Charley (he is Charley to us all) has long contended that bass fishing is usually discontinued entirely too early and his success surely demonstrates his theory is tenable. More success to his rod; his broad-mindedness and open heart entitle him to the best of fin and feather. LEONARD HULIT.

ANGLING BOOKS.

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My Angling Friends, Mather	2.00
Book of the Black Bass, Henshall	3.00
Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water, Mather	2.00
With Fly Rod and Camera, Samuels	5.00
Favorite Flies and Their Histories, Marbury	5.00
Fish and Fishing on the East Coast of Florida	4.00

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Maskinonge and Pickerel.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished reading Mr. Jaques' fish and game notes in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, and was surprised at the questions quoted from the Duluth News-Tribune, and the comments of Mr. Jaques on same. The questions are: "Is there any difference between a pickerel and muskelonge?" and, "Is the muskelonge an overgrown pickerel?" Mr. Jaques says "It is the whim of whoever expounds it." It is no whim among naturalists, as there is no difference of opinion on the subject. Aside from the markings and general contour there is one constant specific difference, and that is in the scales on the cheek and gill-covers. I should have thought that some of the Duluth sportsmen could point out the difference.

The muskallunge has only the upper part of the cheek and opercle scaled, while the pike (*Esox lucius*), the only member of the family which could be confounded with a large muskallunge, has the cheek entirely scaly, and only the upper half of opercle scaly, the lower part being bare. The rest of the pike family have both cheek and opercle covered with scales. I have caught 3-pound muskallunge, which are just as easy to classify as larger ones, and the idea of a muskallunge being an overgrown pickerel is absurd, although fishermen have tried to tell me the same thing.

It would be just as correct to say that there is no difference between a mallard duck and a dusky duck, or between a black head duck and ringed-neck duck, as to say there is no difference between a muskallunge and pickerel. The specific characters are plainly indicated in each case. The trouble with many of the sportsmen is that with them a fish is a fish and a duck a duck, and that any name is perfectly satisfactory to them so long as they get the required amount of sport out of their capture. I would like to make a guess, and that is that the fish in question are pike (*Esox lucius*) and I base it on the way Mr. Jaques lands them. DIXMONT.

Hooked Fish Leaping.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much interested in reading Mr. H. C. Yarrow's account of bass fishing in Tamagami, in your issue of Nov. 24. If there is one place I am fond of it is Tamagami. Mr. Yarrow makes one statement regarding the leaping powers of the black bass which was a surprise to me. He says that one bass "when struck leaped about six or eight feet in the air." I never saw a bass leap more than a foot and a half at the outside, on a slack line, and the only possible way I can see how this bass could have gone so high in the air is that he must have had a very heavy pull from the rod just as he started to break water. Certainly no bass could jump so high without help.

I had an experience with muscallonge in Belmont Lake, Canada, this fall, which was somewhat similar. I was fishing with minnows, and struck rather hard after giving the fish a little slack, and was surprised to see the 'lunge go into the air about four feet. Without giving my opinion, I asked the boatman and a gentleman who was in the boat with me how high he jumped. They both said from three to four feet. I am convinced, though, that I struck just as he was going to break water and helped him along. He was small and would weigh about as much as Mr. Yarrow's bass, 4½ pounds. We hooked twenty-six muscallonge on this trip, and the majority of them came to the top but not high enough to clear the water. DIXMONT.

The Impossible.

According to an old couplet:

"The impossible cannot be done,
And very seldom comes to pass."

During my last annual fishing trip to the Bay of Quinte, I enjoyed an experience in which "the impossible" came to pass.

I was fishing in about fifteen feet of water, using an eight ounce rod, a "G" line, a single gut leader, a No. 1 sproat hook with single gut snell, and minnow for bait. About eighty feet of line was out, with a light sinker, and the boat was moving slowly. A gamy bass of fair proportions was hooked, and as he jumped clear of the water he was distinctly seen both by my oarsman and myself. Presently while playing him, I felt something much heavier than a bass, and after a few minutes a good-sized mascalonge broke water out at the end of my line. With such light tackle, while keeping a taut line, I had to handle him very gingerly; but once in spite of my best efforts, he broke water on a slack line, and not getting off, I concluded he was securely hooked. But if so, why did he not cut the snell with his sharp teeth? After about forty minutes of the best work I knew how to do, we got him safely into the boat, and then as I lowered the tip of the rod, the hook fell loose and no hook mark could be found. At the end of the day, we weighed him on tested and certified platform scales, 22 pounds, and on cutting him open found in his stomach a freshly swallowed 15 inch bass.

Now all this (if told by anybody else) I would regard as perfectly credible, except, how, while the mascalonge was "taking in" the bass, was it possible (1) for the hook to become detached from the bass, and hook itself on the outside of the mouth of the 'lunge, and this (2) so securely that he could not get loose even on a slack line while in the water, and so insecurely that the hook fell out of its own weight as soon as the line was slackened after the game was safe: Will somebody answer me that?

Clearly the hook could not have gone down with the bass into the 'lunge's stomach; for in that case, it could not have fallen out of its own weight. Nor could it have caught inside the mouth, for then the single gut snell must inevitably have been cut off or bit off by the razor-like teeth of the 'lunge during the lively forty minutes of the contest. As a matter of fact, neither the snell nor leader showed any tooth marks whatever.

If I were told this story by any one whose fishing veracity was not already established beyond all possible doubt, I would say that it was impossible, and mentally would put the narrator down as untruthful. Anybody else can think that of me that wishes to; but the "cold facts" are as I have given them. "The impossible" came to pass.

Shaganoss.

P. S.—I desire herewith to apologize to Carter Harrison for my refusal to believe an impossible fishing incident which he once told me of, as I recall it, about as follows:

He was fly-fishing in one of the trout streams of northern Michigan. A big trout took his tail-fly, ejected it through his gills and got hooked onto the dropper. Another big trout then took the tail-fly and he landed them both.

After my own experience with "the impossible" as above narrated, Carter's story is easily credible. "The impossible" sometimes "comes to pass."

S.

For the Protection of Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a description of a self-cleaning screen for irrigating ditches, patented April 17, 1906, by S. A. Murray and W. B. Race, of Lake, Fremont county, Idaho. This invention fills a long-felt necessity in the protection of fish in the irrigating States of the West.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the irrigation ditch has been, and is at the present time, a greater factor in the destruction of fish in the irrigating sections than all other causes combined. In many of the streams of the West which were once teeming with trout, whitefish and grayling the original stock has been completely exterminated.

The United States Fish Commission has restocked many of these streams, only to have them poured out on the grain fields to die.

While the irrigation ditch has "made the desert to blossom as the rose," it has its attendant evil in this wholesale destruction of fish. Some, if not all, of the States have a law requiring that a screen be placed in the ditches to prevent fish from entering them, but this law has never been enforced for the reason that it occupies a great deal of a ranchman's time to keep an ordinary screen from clogging up with trash.

This new screen removes this reason for not enforcing the screen law and preventing further destruction of fish. It is perfectly automatic in action and when once placed in a ditch and regulated to the required head of water needs no further attention. When trash collects against the screen it raises the water level back of it, which raises a float, which rocks a system of levers and releases the screen, which is revolved by the current, allowing the trash to flow underneath.

At the release of the screen the water drops to its original level, allowing the float and levers to drop back and engage the screen after revolving half over. As fish always lie with their heads up stream, those nearest the screen at the time of its release and sudden motion dart away from it. As the cost of this screen is but little above that of an ordinary headgate and screen, the State authorities and all who are interested in the preservation of fish should use their influence in getting this screen placed in irrigating ditches.

Tremont.

Mr. Enright Pleased.

Mr. John Enright recently wrote to the London Fishing Gazette from his home in Castleconnell, Ireland, as follows:

"With reference to my recent visit to New York in connection with the International Fly- and Bait-Casting Tournament, promoted by the New York Anglers' Club, I was very glad to see that the Fishing Gazette gave its readers such a comprehensive account of the various competitions held on Harlem Lake, Central Park, on Oct. 12 and 13. There are, however, a few personal matters which I wish to place before your readers, and I, therefore, send you a short account of my experiences. I left Queenstown on Thursday, Oct. 4, arriving in New York on Thursday, Oct. 11, the Teutonic having lost a day on the voyage owing to a very heavy storm on Oct. 5 and 6. Previous to the arrival of the vessel at the landing stage I was handed a letter from Mr. Mills Sr., intimating that I had permission to begin practice on the tournament as soon as I wished to do so, but, of course, I could not avail myself of the kind permission of the club on that date (Oct. 11) as it was about 5 P. M. when the vessel arrived. On my arrival I was met by Mr. George LaBranche, chairman of the New York Anglers' Club Tournament Committee. He very kindly waited, saw my luggage, rods, etc., passed through the Customs, and then saw me safely landed at my hotel. Next morning I journeyed to Harlem Lake, where Mr. LaBranche again saw me and introduced me to the various members of the committee, who gave me a very hearty welcome, and expressed their appreciation of my coming such a distance to meet their best men.

"In a very sportsmanlike spirit the members of the committee and the competitors who were to oppose me gallantly offered to postpone to the following day the contest in which I was to compete, so that I should have time to rest after my journey, and also have an opportunity of a little practice. This postponement of the salmon casting event, from the Friday to Saturday, was entirely voluntary on their part, and completely unsolicited and unexpected by me. I may here mention that it was only a few days before leaving home that I made up my mind to visit America, consequently my preparations for departure were very hurried, and I overlooked the necessity of measuring the rods I was taking with me. When the event for salmon rods not exceeding 18ft. came off, my rod was found to measure 3in. over the limit, but both the competitors and committee waived any objection to it on that account. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which spectators, committee and competitors displayed when I made my record cast.

"It would be impossible to surpass the kindness and hospitality shown to me and my friends who accompanied me by the members of the committee. We were entertained in princely fashion both at luncheons and at the dinner given in honor of the other competitors and myself at Burns' Hotel; they vied with each other in their endeavors to make my visit an enjoyable one, and in that they were very successful, for which I very sincerely thank them all. I shall never forget their kindness and the genial and sportsmanlike treatment accorded me on the occasion of my first visit to an American tournament. I have had a very pleasant time, and trust I shall some day have the pleasure of reciprocating on this side of the Atlantic. The New York Anglers' Club is but a newly-formed association, but under its present able and energetic committee I have no doubt that it will soon grow to be one of the most powerful organizations of its kind in the piscatorial world.

"Their bait-casting was a revelation to me as regards distance and accuracy—it is simply wonderful—and I hope our British casters at the next English tournament will have an opportunity of seeing a display by some of our adept American cousins."

A Salmon Run in the Yakima River.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Salmon are running in the Yakima River, west of Spokane, as they have not in years, and they are of the finest quality. Steelheads, silver and chinook salmon are going up the river by thousands. Large fish hooks attached to the end of bamboo poles are the favorite tackle, but every conceivable instrument from a pitch-fork to a garden rake is used, and a number of fish have even been caught with bare hands. Hundreds of men, women and children visit the river, especially in the evening. Salmon weighing from 3 to 10 pounds each are constantly leaping out of the water in vain efforts to jump over the dam above the flouring mill.

The fishermen sit on the piers at the end of the dam, and when a big fish leaps out of the water, endeavor to catch it in their hands. Probably one fish out of every twenty that leaps near the pier is caught and landed. Several large fish have leaped over the cribbing below the dam and landed upon the rocks, where they were picked up and placed in grain sacks.

The fish are so plentiful that no one will buy them and hundreds are given away to those who will carry them off. Wagon loads are being peddled through the farming sections, where they sell at low prices. People are beginning to tire of eating fresh fish and large quantities are being salted down for winter use. The game warden has compelled the mills to remove a portion of the dam at each end, so that the fish may proceed up stream to their spawning grounds, but this is only a slight relief, as the stream is several hundred feet wide and only a small portion of the fish find the open gates at each end of the dam. Reports come from up and down the river that large quantities of fish are being caught wherever there is a rapids or a low, irrigation ditch dam, and that settlers are salting hundreds of pounds of fish for winter use.

August Wolf.

WHERE QUALITY IS FIRST.

Campers and sportsmen who demand the best should note that the equipment of every scientific and exploring expedition for the past fifty years has included a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Keeps in any climate and under all conditions. The original and leading brand since 1857.—*Adv.*.

The Kennel.

The Continental Trials.

The field trials of the Continental Field Trials Club, announced to be run at Pinehurst, N. C., commencing on Dec. 3, were materially readjusted as to time and place. The members' stake was run on Saturday, Dec. 1, at Pinehurst, and because of the heavy growth of grass, and abundance of scrub oaks, the dogs when competing were too much concealed from the view of the judges, who deemed the obstructions a hindrance to the establishment of proper data. Consequently a meeting of the club members, who were present, was called, and it was decided that other grounds should be obtained if possible. Judge R. C. Cornell, Messrs. O. W. Bright and John White were appointed a committee to go in search of new grounds and to secure them. They set out on their quest on Monday. In the evening they reported by phone that they had secured the grounds of the Davidson County Club at Thomasville, N. C., and the trials were started there on Wednesday. The club announced that it would pay the handlers' hotel bills during the period of delay, but also should have paid the traveling expenses of the handlers to the new grounds. It was wholly the fault of the management that a readjustment was necessary. Incidentally, it may be said that greater inefficiency in the matter was never before known in field trial matters. No preliminary measures were observed in determining whether the grounds were suitable or not. No provision was made for the transportation of the field trial party from Pinehurst to Thomasville. As a consequence, the little regular train of two cars was overwhelmed and crowded to a most uncomfortable extent. At Thomasville, the advent of the party was sufficient warrant to jump up the hotel rates from $2 to $2.50, reversing the hotel rule that a large party can secure reduced rates. Horses which were carefully selected for their knee-sprung, wind-broken and general rickety excellence, were let at $2.50 per diem rate. Horses at Newton, during the E. F. T. trials, were $1.50 per day, which was considered high-water mark. Even at the exorbitant rate there were not sufficient horses to supply the visitors, hence some attended the trials on foot and some did not attend at all. The reporters, the band of martyrs who make field trials possible, had no horses till about noon of the first day, when they had first choice of a selected lot of equine wrecks or draft mules, and were required to pay $2.50 for a full day just the same.

Every one regretted leaving Pinehurst. The hotel and its service was equal to the best of New York's hotels, and while the grounds were not open enough for field trials, they are quite the correct thing for field shooting. Mr. Leonard Tufts, the proprietor of Pinehurst, gave his personal attention to the comfort of the visitors and to the furtherance of the trials. He generously made a special rate for the visiting field trial party by cutting the regular rates in two, in strong contrast to the hotel policy at Thomasville, where the rates were raised because the circumstances afforded the opportunity to extort.

The judges were Mr. Nick Daniels, of Williamsburg, Ky., and Mr. Irving Hoagland, of New Brunswick, N. J. They applied themselves to their task with painstaking care and industry, and although hampered much in getting good competition, they picked out the best dogs with commendable success. However, they could much improve their practice by following the dogs less, thereby avoiding that bone of competition, a splitting of the heat. It does not properly devolve upon the judges in any manner to gallop after lost dogs or dogs which will not keep to the course. The duty pertaining to handling is that of the handler exclusively. If the handler cannot control his dog, that is a matter of the competition, exclusively. It is not for the judge to correct or supplement the inability of the handler. Of course, when a dog obviously honest in working to the gun is lost, that is a different matter. We did not agree with the judges in placing Miss Ransom over Fishel's Frank, the former having bolted in one heat, and had failed to sustain the character of excellent work displayed in her first heat under peculiarly favorable weather conditions. The grounds in places were much broken by numerous unworkable wheat fields, which constantly interrupted the running, for there was a ruling that all must "Keep off the wheat!" The best parts of the grounds were about equally divided between open and pine woods, so that a dog of wide range was not able to best display his true powers.

The members' stake run at Pinehurst had eight starters. The winners were: First, Judge R. C. Cornell's b. w. and t. setter dog Rock (Count Owen—May Buckellew). Second was divided between Mr. Leonard Tufts' b. w. and t. setter dog Ned M. (Mar's Chan—Bab Bell) and D. A. S. Clark's b. w. and t. setter dog Count Fly (May Fly—Queen Lila). Third was divided between Dr. A. S. Clark's b. w. and t. setter dog Gentleman Rod (Roy—Lady) and Judge R. C. Cornell's b. w. and t. setter dog Rye (Jake—Dixie). The other contestants were Mr. O. W. Bright's Glady (Count Gladstone—Peg Marie), U. M. Fleishman's Mark Rod, and Leonard Tufts' Scotland pointer Bragg (Champion Taskally Bragg—Lady Taskally).

A bench show was held on the lawn in front of Holly Inn, on Monday afternoon. Mr. Edw. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O., judged setters. Mr. Anson A. Ball, of New York, judged pointers. The awards follow:

Setter dogs: First, Cæsar, owned by Dr. H. B. McMasters, Waynesboro, Ga. Second, Lemon Rodfield, owned by Joseph Lemon, Winnipeg. Third, Tommy Atkins, owned by Louis Hilsendegen, Detroit.

Setter bitches: First, Miss Lyla, owned by H. R. Edwards, Cleveland. Second, Jessica, owned by G. L. Parsons, New York. Third, Clement Sooner, owned by George N. Clemsen, Middletown, N. Y. Best Setter, Miss Lyla.

Pointer dogs: First, Dr. James S. Howe's Outram, Boston. Second, Alberta Jingo, Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg. Third, Pete Rap, Sydney Smith, Chicago.

The chief officers of the club did not take much interest in the field trials, inasmuch as they were absent.

Field trials are on none too strong a basis, even when run at the best standards. When run in the hit-or-miss manner of the Continental this year, with all its loss of time, extra expense for hotel and travel caused by delays, annoyances and changes, extortionate charges at Thomasville, and all the imperfections which come from improvidence and makeshifts, the end of the club is anticipated long before its natural time.

The Derby.

There were nineteen starters in the Derby. Most of them had competed in the earlier fall trials of the present year. The winners were: First, Miss Lucia; second, El Baso; third, divided between Miss Lyla, Red Bud and Clemont Sooner.

Miss Lucia ranged well, worked at good speed and showed judgment in hunting out the likely places. Her finding and pointing were good also. El Baso was a close second to Miss Lucia in the competition. She ranged wide and was very stanch and accurate in her bird work. The winners of third were faulty in several particulars. Red Bud pottered frequently on false scents, and carried a low nose betimes. Miss Lyla ran far and fast without finding much and her meagre bird work was faulty. Clemont Sooner displayed no special excellence in the competition. Still, they were the best for the place.

Wednesday.

FIRST SERIES.

The weather was clear and pleasant. The ground was extremely dry, and the scenting conditions therefore were not of the best. A late start was made, chiefly as a consequent to a long wait for horses to come from High Point, the local stable not having enough to supply the demand.

Miss Lyla and Clemont Sooner were cast off at 9:35. They ran quite a long heat without finding. Both ranged wide and fast.

Miss Lucia and Tommy Atkins were started at 10:52. Tommy pointed and flushed two bevies and pointed one bevy. Lucia roaded to a point on a bevy and Tommy joined in the point. Up at 12:24. Both were fast, good rangers.

Red Bud and Lakefield Lillian started at 12:48. Up at 1:23. Bud found and pointed three bevies. Lill backed nicely to two points, but broke in once when birds flushed. The range of each was irregular and of moderate scope.

Clemont Prize and Masterpiece started at 2:02, after lunch. Masterpiece pointed a bevy and flushed it. Prize made a good point on some remaining birds. They ranged quite well at good speed. Up at 2:53.

Jessica and Huldah began at 3:01. Huldah pointed two bevies, and on scattered birds made a point and a flush. Jessica backed well, and joined in some of the roading. Huldah ranged with poor judgment. Jessica was the better ranger. Up at 3:43.

Colton and Danny Stone started at 3:54. The heat was conspicuous for its flushes. Colton made one good point on a bevy. Both ranged wide. Up at 4:35.

Mary J. and Lakefield Annie were cast off at 4:41. Soon after starting, a bevy flushed ahead of Mary. Annie pointed twice on singles, Mary once. They were fast rangers.

Thursday.

The weather was very unfavorable for field work. There was a blustery wind, a sky heavily overcast, and dusty grounds. A light rainfall set in during lunch time. Later in the afternoon there was a heavy downpour, after which the weather cleared up and the temperature was cooler.

Lottie Light and Lakefield Gleam started at 8:34. After flushing a single, Gleam pointed a bevy, Light joining in the point. Both were fast and wide rangers. Up at 9:22.

El Baso and King's Young Rod started at 9:35. Baso took a long cast, found a bevy and pointed it stanchly. Both joined in some roading on another bevy which was flushed by the handlers. Both had good range and speed. Up at 10:13.

Sonoma ran a bye from 10:22 to 10:53. She pointed a bevy and a single.

SECOND SERIES.

Ten contestants were retained in the second series. They ran as follows:

Red Bud and Danny Stone started at 11:40. Up at 12:07. Danny flushed a bevy and chased, leading Bud into the misdemeanor.

Miss Lucia and Colton started at 12:22, and ran to 12:50. Lucia pointed a bevy. She ranged with speed and judgment. The running was suspended while the party lunched.

Masterpiece and Mary J. ran from 1:52 to 2:36. Masterpiece, locating down wind, flushed a bevy. Mary pointed a bevy. They had speed and range, but were unfortunate in bird work.

Miss Lyla and Huldah ran from 2:44 to 3:45. Huldah made a point on one bevy and a flush on another bevy. They ranged wide and fast.

Clemont Sooner and El Baso began at 3:46, and ended at 4:38. Baso found and pointed a bevy and made a point on a single. Sooner pointed a bevy and made a point, to which nothing was found.

This finished the second series. Another heat was run as follows:

Miss Lyla and Red Bud started at 4:55. Up at 5:14. Miss Lyla made an uncertain point on a bevy and flushed it. Red Bud pottered frequently. Miss Lyla was weak in bird work, though she ranged wide and fast.

In the evening the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Miss Lucia; second, El Baso; third, divided between Miss Lyla, Clemont Sooner and Red Bud.

Thomasville, N. C., Dec. 6.—Continental Field Trials Club Derby for pointers and setters whelped on and after Jan. 1, 1905; $10 first

(*Continued on page 963.*)

YACHTING

THE NEW RULE AND THE ONE-DESIGN CLASSES.

The one-design classes have had a great deal of popularity, both here and abroad, and still command a certain share of interest. Some new ones are being built up at the present time. The one-design class, during the throes through which the various rules of yacht measurement and rating have passed in the last ten years or so, seems to be the only link between the old sport of yacht racing and the present promising era, caused by the adoption of the Universal rule in this country and the International rule abroad. But under the present state of things it would seem that the doom of the one-design class, except for certain localities, had been sounded.

In view of the realization of many of the indications as to the Universal rule, there appears to be no reason to continue with one-design classes, which, good as they were, and helpful in keeping racing interests alive, were after all mere makeshifts. A one-design class is admittedly somewhat cheaper in cost to the individual, but there are many cases on record where the money saved was promptly expended on new sails, extra painting and hauling which could not be afforded or indulged in by all the members participating in the racing of these classes; and the racing in the one-design classes has shown generally that the good condition of the boat, supplemented by good sails and handling—counted for much. The prizes were not evenly divided and the racing of the second year became less interesting.

The one-design classes will no doubt remain popular among small boat sailors, who are restricted to certain conditions of draft in certain localities, and a particular design has been found to meet all the requirements of good day racing and sailing.

Yacht racing takes account of personal ability in the designer, skipper and crew, as well as in the superiority of the yacht, which is a result of much skill on the part of the builder. No one will deny that yacht racing by boats of different designs within the limits of a certain class is of greater interest and a source of better sport than between boats alike in every respect, whose chances of winning depend solely on the man at the stick, and his crew. Humanity enjoys excitement, and for either spectator or actor the facing of sudden and unexpected difficulties constitutes one of the chief charms of sport. Nothing equals the spectacle of a cleverly managed bit of sailing or a finish that shows skill, nerve and judgment by the man, and the wonderful capabilities of the ship under him. The variations in design of a class under such a rule as the Universal are more interesting than a one-design class, and there is more advancement and benefit to the art accruing from such a variation. From a commercial point of view the one-design classes benefit but one man—a designer. The underlying principle is wrong and has a tendency to stifle competition or personal effort of the right kind. The possibilities of the new rule are great, and in connection with a somewhat revised list of percentages for rigs, for time allowance and some restrictions on scantling, we shall soon come to a long-hoped-for state of prosperity in the field of yacht racing.

A Cruising Launch.

At this time, with the requirements for the race from New York to Bermuda nearly settled upon, it is very interesting to publish a boat that might be entered for this contest. Through the courtesy of Mr. William H. Hand, of New Bedford, we reproduce the drawings for a cruising boat to the order of Mr. Theodore A. Baylies, of New Bedford. The launch is now under construction at Wareham, Mass., at the yard of Mr. Chas. A. Anderson. The requirements of the owner called for a boat of good cruising ability and comfort, and which would be good for swordfishing on the grounds south of No-Mans-Land and Block Island, which lie about forty miles off shore. Seaworthiness and strength then were of prime importance, and the design shows a husky little ship of good displacement, good depth associated with a liberal freeboard, and heavy scantling. The form as exemplified by the lines shows a good dead rise, more than is ordinarily given to the usual launch with fine lines that will be easy in a seaway, and the ends are particularly well adapted to produce good lifting power. The bilge is rather hard, and the topsides have been given a little tumble home, which will take away any appearance of wall-sidedness. To increase the weather lines of the boat under sail, about one ton of inside ballast will be stored on the floors. The construction is very substantial, and with the form of the boat should be very strong. The sides of the boat are carried above the normal sheer line to form the cabin trunk and a deck is extended across aft of trunk at sheer line level to add space to the engine room and to give extra strength to the hull. This deck forms a good seat at fore end of cockpit. The sides above the guard rail are to be finished bright, except at the extreme bow where the sides will be painted to make a background for the name.

When laid down the profile of bow was altered as is shown by dotted lines in line plan and the general appearance is as shown in outboard profile plan.

The cabin is well shown by arrangement plan, the dimensions, etc., being given. There is full six feet headroom under the beams in all parts. A fifty gallon water tank will be carried under the aft end of the cockpit and is piped to sink in galley.

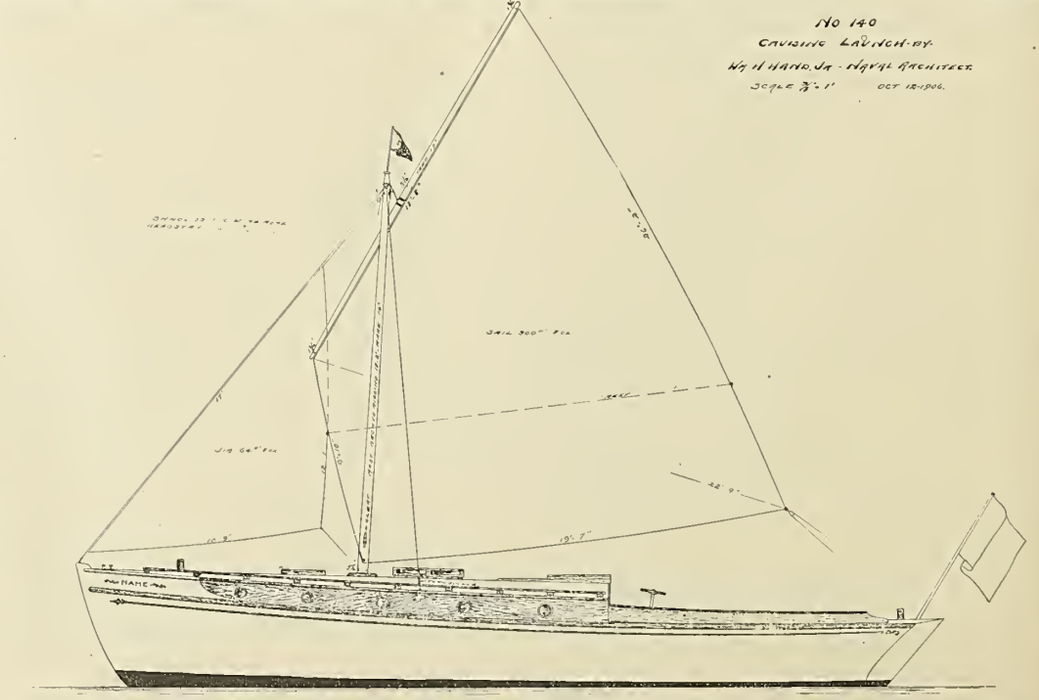
The sail plan is designed to carry the boat to leeward or across the wind in case of motor accident. No attempt has been made to get windward work abilities from the sails unaided, as the writer does not believe it possible to do much in this direction with the conventional launch with propeller dragging. The mast is stepped on top of the deck, and is held by the rigging in much the same manner as a derrick mast is held. A backstay will be provided to assist shrouds when running before a strong breeze. The lug sail was adopted for mainsail on account of the fact that it allows of a comparatively large sail on a short mast and will stow handily. The mainsail will be put on the yard with hoops with an outhaul at each end. When not in use the sail is to be slipped off of the yard and stowed below. The yard is to be lashed on top of the trunk, to rail. The jib will set on stay with snap hooks so that when sail is not being used it is all stowed below.

The general finish will be plain but neat. The cabin, motor room and galley, also toilet, will be finished in cypress.

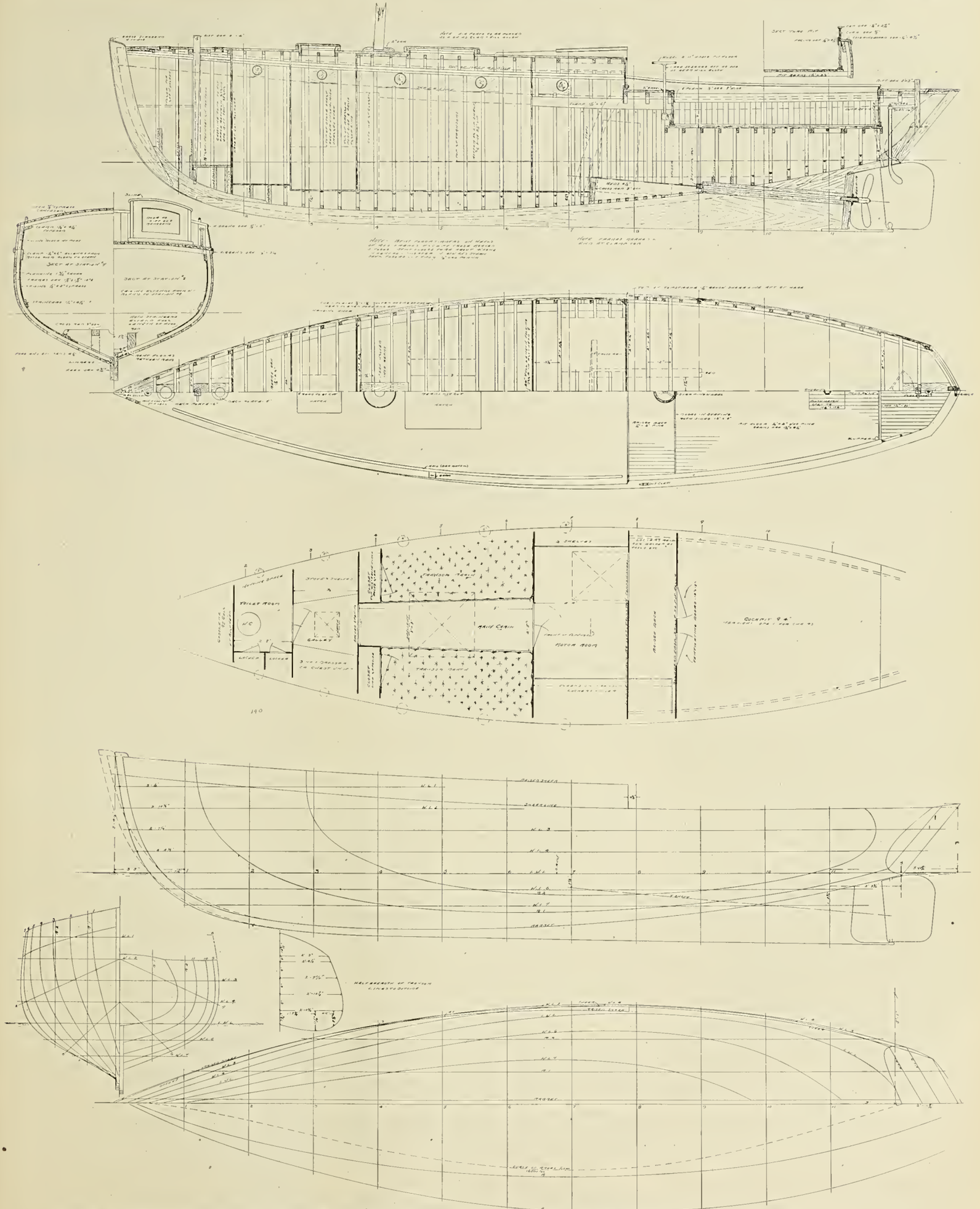
The motor to be installed will be a Standard and, while the exact size has not been definitely determined, it will probably be one of 18 horse-power.

Principal dimensions as follows:

Length—		
Over all	40ft.	
Waterline	35ft.	
Beam, extreme	9ft.	3in.
Draft	3ft.	4in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	5ft.	5½in.
Stern	3ft.	
Least	2ft.	11½in.
Displacement	16,500 lbs.	



SAIL PLAN OF LAUNCH DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND FOR MR. THEODORE B. BAYLIES.



LINES, CONSTRUCTION AND CABIN PLANS OF LAUNCH DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND FOR MR. THEODORE B. BAYLIES.

Boston Letter.

Despite the recent attempts to revive interest in the 18ft. knockabouts there is, as yet, no tangible evidence that the class is to regain any of its old popularity. No new boats have been ordered, and the general impression is that nothing will be done. The news that the class is to be adopted by the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association is of interest to Bostonians, for it may offer them a market for their present boats. It is probable that every boat sold south means a member lost to our 18ft. knockabout association; for, in most instances, the men are at heart anxious to build to one of the new classes. This possible market for 18-footers may stiffen prices, but that is hardly likely to be the result, because of two facts; the cost of transportation to the south is heavy and the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. will insist that all boats have cabin houses of a certain minimum size. As the majority of our remaining boats have either very small houses or none at all the purchaser will be obliged to spend considerable money on his purchase to qualify her under his local restrictions. Consequently he must be able to buy for a nominal figure—otherwise it would be cheaper for him to build a new craft in some one of his local yards.

In addition to requiring a roomy cabin, the Southern association proposes to graft upon existing restrictions, certain new rules, such as the prohibition of hollow spars and a limitation upon the use of pot-lead, the number of haul-outs for painting, and sundry other running expenses. An attempt will also be made to ensure stronger construction.

The great intrinsic merit of the 18ft. knockabouts should gain deserved popularity for them in the south, and the fact of their existence there should tempt some of our ambitious yachtsmen to take their own boats south for a contest with our fellow Americans. It would certainly be quite as enjoyable and exciting as a match in foreign waters.

Messrs. Small Bros. have designed a new cruising launch for Mr. Richard Hutchinson, of Boston, who competed in the first College Point-Marblehead race with Highball, and again last summer with Davy Jones. The new boat appears to be a smaller replica of the Davy Jones, but will have a turtle back deck aft, under which will be a small stateroom with two berths. The most striking changes will be a return to the single screw in place of the twin screw used on the Jones. The reason for this change is not without interest to the power boat men and will be told in a subsequent letter. The dimensions of the new craft will be: L. O. A., 37ft. 6in.; breadth, 8ft. 6in.; draft, 3ft., and she will have 5ft. 11in. headroom in the main cabin.

At a meeting of the gentlemen interested in the Hull O. D. C. of 15-footers held Dec. 4, the Small Bros. design was accepted and ten boats have been ordered of White, of Manchester, with the understanding that others will be ordered later, all to be completed for delivery May 1. Those who have agreed to order boats now, include Charles W. Cole, Alfred Douglass, F. L. Dunne, H. W. Friend, Richard Hutchinson, E. B. Holmes, T. E. Jacobs, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., Herbert S. Potter, J. J. Souther, J. H. Street, and George H. Wightman. Mr. Wightman and Vice-Com. Douglass have offered cups for the season's racing and the former stands ready to provide cash prizes for the separate races. It is hoped to keep the cost of boats down to $325.

Messrs. Stearns & McKay have an order for a competitor for the James Gordon Bennett cup in the Bermuda race for power boats. Her dimensions will be as follows: L. O. A., 59ft. 9in.; L. W. L., 54ft.; breadth, 12ft., and draft, 3ft 3in. Motive power will be furnished by a Standard engine which is expected to give the boat an average cruising speed of eleven knots.

One of the interesting, but little known, yacht clubs of New England, is the Winnipesaukee, whose domain extends over the lake of that name. Organized in 1903 it has recently been incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts and now contemplates the erection of a club house on the west shore of the lake at Mount Major station. The plans for the club house and a unique arrangement of wharf and floats designed to secure the maximum facilities have been prepared by a member, Eliot N. Burwell, one of Boston's younger yacht designers. The club house will cost, exclusive of lockers, floats and furnishings, in the neighborhood of $2,500, and will be a most welcome addition to the yachting facilities of Lake Winnipesaukee. Nowhere have the possibilites of the power launch been better understood or more consistently taken advantage of that on this sheet of fresh water. As a result the club, with a membership of but 110, has 100 launches enrolled on its lists which quite puts to shame the record of any of the saltwater clubs for boat ownership. These 110 members are practically all summer residents, so that in the winter they become very much scattered, but they foregather annually at Boston to feast and make merry. This year the committee in charge, consisting of Com. John C. Dow, Vice-Com. Andrew J. Ward, Sec'y and Treas. J. O. Litchfield, and Mr. Eliot N. Burwell have arranged for a dinner at the Hotel Bellevue, Boston, on the evening of Dec. 21.

Mr. W. A. Wagner, of the Shelbourne (N. S.) Y. C., and W. A. Torrey, of the Massachusetts Racing Dory Association, have been appointed a committee to arrange the terms and conditions of the International Racing Dory match, to be held on Nova Scotia waters next summer. It is understood that each of the five clubs in the local association will select its best boat, and that the five will meet in eliminatory races to determine the three fastest which will represent Massachusetts. The Shelburne, Yarmouth and Halifax yacht clubs will also hold trial races to select the three best Canadian dories.

The one-design class of seven knockabouts, built and building by Messrs. Burgess & Packard from their own designs for use at Winter Harbor, Maine, are very shippy little craft. Two have been rigged and tried out with highly satisfactory results. The design is on the general lines of Orestes, scaled down and with the overhangs shortened, so that the boats rate slightly over eighteen. Thus, while not built to any particular class under the rating rule, the boats are illustrative of about what that rule will produce for class R. The effect is to recreate a type which was first developed in the knockabouts of 1895 and 1896. Afloat the new boats greatly resemble Nike and Ruth. The dimensions of the Winter Harbor boats are: L. O. A., 31ft.; L. W. L., 18ft.; breadth, 7ft. 3in.; draft, 4ft. 9in., and they will have 490 sq. ft. of sail and 3,000 pounds of ballast.

William Lambert Barnard.

Colonial Y. C.

On Dec. 2, at a meeting of the Colonial Y. C. House, Hudson River and 108th street, New York, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held. The following ticket was elected after a spirited contest:

Com., George J. Vestner; Vice-Com., Frank Totten; Rear-Com., W. L. Brown; Sec., Ernest Eberlein; Treas., Thomas Purdy; Fleet Cap., William Fenn; Fleet Surgeon, C. T. McGlone; Meas., Charles Newman; Master at Arms, Theodore Kopper; Board of Directors, J. T. Canavan, J. Tully Jr.; Alfred Conville and John W. Noble, Jr.

On Jan. 16 the club will hold a ball at the Harlem Casino.

Pavonia Y. C.

The officers of the Pavonia Y. C. for the ensuing year were elected recently at a meeting of the club:

Com., William E. Thorne; Vice-Com., A. Schneider; Rear-Com., F. Baker; Cor. Sec., Dr. G. W. Mellor; Financial Sec., J. Wilson; Treas., Claude Harz; Meas., N. J. Lambley; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. Parker; Directors, William D. Salter, H. A. Ockershauser, Captain Gatchell and Oscar Voight.

A reception committee composed of Messrs. Joseph Payton, Wr. Ward, D. J. McVay, Dr. Miller and Captain Gatchell will make all the arrangements for a reception which will be held in February next year.

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Compiled by "Senera." Cloth. Illustrated, 244 pages. Price, $1.50.
This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.
A Complete Manual of Practical Boat and Small Yacht Building. With two complete designs and numerous diagrams and details. By Linton Hope. 177 pages. Cloth. Price, $3.
The author has taken two designs for practical demonstration, one of a centerboard boat 19ft. waterline, and the other a cruising cutter of 22ft. waterline. Both designs show fine little boats which are fully adapted to American requirements. Full instructions, even to the minutest detail, are given for the building of both these boats. The information is not confined to these yachts alone; they are merely taken as example; but what is said applies to all wooden yacht building according to the best and most approved methods.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

Gas Engines and Launches.
Their Principles, Types and Management. By Francis K. Grain. 132 pages. Price, $1.25.
Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

Conditions for the Races to Bermuda.

We publish herewith the conditions for the sailing race and power boat race to Bermuda, next June. The sailing race will start from Gravesend Bay at the Brooklyn Y. C. about June 5 and will be run under the auspices of the Brooklyn, New Rochelle and Royal Bermuda yacht clubs. The prize will be a cup presented by Rear Commodore Maier.

The power boat race will be run about June 8 under the auspices of the Motor Boat Club of America and the Royal Bermuda Y. C. The prize is offered by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and is a cup valued at $1,000. The conditions are nearly settled and the only point still in doubt is the rating. The boats expected to enter these races are to be good and seaworthy vessels, and indeed they must to negotiate the passage safely, though in a staunch boat there is no danger.

Sailing Boats.

The race is open to cruising sail-craft not measuring more than ninety feet, extreme length, any rig, belonging to any organized yacht club in the world.

Boats to enter must be bona-fida cruising craft, having full decks, water-tight cockpit, and of substantial construction and rig. Yachts having fins or bulb keels, or balanced rudders are barred.

Measurement: The measurement for computing allowance is the length of the boat over all. The length on deck from the fore-side of the stem to the after-side of the stern-board or transom. Fiddle-heads and ornamental pieces or boards attached to the stem are not to be included in this measurement. Boats will rate for allowance from the closest full foot.

Crew: There will be no restrictions as to the number or character of the crew.

Sails: Lower sails to be those usually carried by the yacht when cruising. No restriction on light sails.

Boats: Yachts must carry such small boats or tenders as they carry when cruising.

Stores and Water: Stores and water sufficient for thirty days must be on board. Water to be in fixed tanks or breakers.

Equipment: Anchors, chain or hawsers, sidelights, two compasses, sextant, chronometer, and life belts or jackets for each member of the crew.

Ballast: Weight may be shifted fore and aft for the purpose of trimming, but no weight either in the form of ballast or stores must be jettisoned except as a measure of safety.

Allowance: The time allowance will be forty-five minutes to the foot for the full course, a distance of 650 nautical miles.

Time of Start: Start will be made at 10 A. M., Wednesday, June 5.

Entries: Entries must be received by the Committee not later than noon of May 5. Such entries must be accompanied with a full description of the yacht.

Classes: The Committee reserve the right, if sufficient number of boats are entered, to make two classes. If so, a prize will be offered for smaller class.

Protest: Concerning non-eligibility of a yacht must be in writing and be made not less than twenty-four hours before the time fixed for starting.

The Committee reserve the right to reject any entry, if in their judgment the boat is unseaworthy or not suitable for long-distance racing, or is inefficient in rig, power, stores or crew. All entries accepted subject to final inspection previous to the start. The Committee will be glad to inspect and pass upon the plans of boats building or intending to be built for the race.

Power Boats.

Open to seaworthy power boats of not less than 40ft. over all and not more than 60ft. over all. A seaworthy boat is a substantially built, full-decked vessel, having propelling and living accommodations housed in, and being equipped with all the tackles and appliances necessary to enable her to perform a long passage in open water.

Propelling Power: An explosive engine or engines operated by gasolene, kerosene or alcohol.

Fuel: The Committee comprehending that those entering the race have a thorough knowledge of the amount of fuel necessary to make the passage, does not specify any quantity or quality. But such fuel must be carried in not less than two distinct and separated tanks. Not over ten gallons of kerosene or gasolene may also be carried in cans for use in cooking, etc.

Sails: Boats must be equipped with a jury-rig spreading sufficient sail to give them steerage way in a moderate breeze. This sail can be spread in any shape, but the total area of the canvas must not exceed six square feet for each foot of over all length. A steering sail and storm trysail may also be carried.

Stores, Water and Equipment: Stores and water sufficient for thirty days must be on board.

Crews: No limit or restrictions as to crew except that no boat will be allowed to start with less than five men on board.

Boats and Life Jackets: A small boat or tender must be carried of not less than ten feet in length, also a life ring or jacket for each member of the crew.

Rating:

Allowance: Will be figured at per cent. of the tables. Distance for computation 650 miles.

Entries, Measurements: Shall be made twenty days before the start and a certificate be filed with the Committee. This measurement will be verified by the Committee's measurer forty-eight hours before the start and the rating posted for inspection. A measurement fee of $10 will be charged.

Protests: Protests covering the rating or eligibility of any boat must be made in writing at least twenty-four hours before the start.

Inspection: Boats for inspection and measurement must be at the Motor Boat Club's anchorage, or such place as the Committee shall designate, forty-eight hours before the time of starting.

Start: Saturday, June 8, at 3 P. M., off Motor Boat Club.

The Committee reserve the right to reject any entry, if in their judgment the boat is unseaworthy or not suitable for long-distance racing, or is inefficient in power, stores or crew. All entries accepted subject to final inspection previous to the start. The Committee will be glad to inspect and pass upon the plans of boats building or intending to be built for the race.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steel steam yacht Zarina, has been sold through the agency of Mr. J. A. McIntosh, to Mr. Charles Sweeney, of New York.

Zarina was built a few years ago at the Crescent ship yard by Mr. Lewis Nixon for Mr. Chas. S. Bryan, but she was never in commission till this past season. The yacht is heavily constructed of steel, is 172ft. over all; waterline, 140ft.; breadth, 22ft., and draft, 8ft. 6in. Her accommodations are very comfortable and she is admirally fitted for cruising.

Mr. Howard Gould's Niagara is undergoing an overhaul at Morse's basin, South Brooklyn. The work will be completed about the end of December when her owner and party of friends will go south on an extended cruise. Niagara IV. has proceeded to Beaufort, N. C., and will await the arrival of Niagara, acting as tender, and will take the party up rivers too shoal for the larger vessel.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page report that they are getting out the plans for a 160ft. auxiliary two-masted steel schooner, the owner's name, however, is not divulged. The machinery plant will be of 500 horsepower with water tube boilers. They have also orders for seven launches ranging in size from 40ft. to 60ft., fitted with gasolene motors. Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have been very successful with their cruising launches as the great number which they turn out each year shows.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

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Model Yachting.

It was but a short time ago we took a fancy to see the model yacht pond in Central Park. It was a coolish morning and the wind was brisk from the westward, and a bright sun shone over all. The whole aspect looked dreary without the green foliage to relieve the yellowness of the trees and grass, and the coldness of the gaunt houses peering over the walls which bound the avenue. The wind blew in gusts and there were a few enthusiasts walking up and down, gaff in hand, now hurrying, now idling, but always admiring and watching keenly the performance of their own little vessel. The inventor was there, of course, with his contraption, to prove a principle, but hopeless from a neat or beautiful point of view in his hull and rigging. The law of comparison fortunately fails in many respects when an increase of scale comes into play and it is fortunate. Some of the boats were neat; some ingenious, but a few had good looks; it would seem as if the owners of the good boats were all at kirk.

Model yachting is a pastime, which in Scotland, if not as old as golf, is much enjoyed and widely practiced by young and old, and it has been the means which have led, so the story goes, one of our great designers to take apparent liberties; but it was not so. It was simply a proof on a miniature scale of the boat herself. The art of making models is inexpensive, fascinating, and breeds in boys an ingenuity, an aptitude with a jackknife, and an observance of detail, which can be gotten in no schools we ever heard of. This ability lasts through life and brands a man as being practical. Then, of a fall or spring afternoon, to stand about the pond, with more or less damp footgear and watch the wonder sail—is there anything much better?

We republish then, from the London Field an announcement that is interesting, but we doubt if in this country at least we could obtain a full rigged model 40in. waterline for $50 that would have the English finish.

A TRIAL OF MODELS UNDER THE INTERNATIONAL RULE.

Sir—In asking you to insert the subjoined notice in the Field may we point out that we do not claim to be able from a number of very similar and evenly matched boats to say definitely which is the faster, but what we do contend is that at a time like the present when a new rule is coming into force and several types are possible under it, many valuable deductions may be obtained by the unbiased and intelligent observation of accurately built models sailing side by side, and in skilled hands.

A further use for the model, in relation to her larger sister, is that the balance of a boat can be obtained to perfection with the aid of the shifting mast-step, by means of which the whole sail plan can be shifted forward or aft till the spot is found where the model just keeps full on a wind with her sails off at the same angle, the tiller being pinned amidships.

The cost of a model of handy size built accurately to scale is about £10. It would cost the best part of this sum to shift the mast, etc., in a boat of any size, perhaps after many races have been lost; besides in a real boat it is not always easy to be sure whether she is really carrying slight weather or lee helm, while in a model the least error in balance is at once patent to the practiced eye from her behavior.

There before you to experiment with is a miniature of your craft. Do you fancy a new sail plan for her? Have the sails been made up to the full area you are allowed by rule at a cost of a few shillings, and by shifting the mast and rig, find the spot where she steers like a top; this will give you a more reliable answer than any calculation of the relative position of the center of effort of sail plan and the center of lateral resistance of hull, the correct relation of which notoriously varies in different shaped hulls.

And, in later days, instead of a mutilated-looking half model, there you have a whole model, which can be finished off in details and generally made to look ornamental after her career of usefulness is over.

Percy Tatchell, Hon. Sec. L. M. Y. C.

A match open to models of 39.4 rating to the International Rule (1in., inch to the foot) will be sailed on the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens on Saturday, March 23, at 11 P. M., under the auspices and rules of the London Model Yacht Club. First prize £5. Entries, which close on March 16, to be made to the Hon. Sec. L. M. C., Kensington Gardens, Kensington, W.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

On Dec. 4 there was held at the Assembly in Brooklyn a meeting of the representatives of the various clubs composing the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., the object being to present the prizes to the owners of the many yachts, and to discuss and formulate plans for next year's racing. The yawl Sakana, Haviland Bros., won the championship in the 27ft. class; Soya, class Q, W. A. Barstow, and Beda, Messrs. Snedcker and Camp, in the 18ft. class.

The Jigstep, Sue and Crescent, the new 30-footers designed by Mr. Gielow, will be in commission next year. A new boat is building for class Q, and there is every possibility of new boats for this class. Gravesend Bay has been the stronghold of the Q class. King Edward VII. has presented a cup to be raced for at the Jamestown Exposition for this class for which entries are not expected from New York only, but from Philadelphia and Boston, and it is reported that there will be some entries from Europe. The Q class has shown the boats designed under the rule were fine little vessels, but as it is natural with such classes the boats by reason of keen competition are being finely constructed, and therefore more expensive in first cost, and also for sails, hauling, etc. This is quite true. Sir Thomas Lipton has presented a cup to the Crescent A. C. as was announced at the meeting in behalf of the club, for a class of 15-footers under the universal rule.

A design was made and a model by Mr. Gielow and shown at the meeting. The design was made with the intention of complying with the restrictions of the Lipton cup. The little vessels are: Length, over all, 26ft.; waterline, 18ft.; breadth, 6ft. 10in., and draft, 5ft. The sail area is to be 460 sq. ft. There is a little cabin fitted which will accommodate two men very nicely. The little boats are well turned and should be handy vessels for sailing and knocking about the bay. A number of men signified their intention to build, if the 15ft. class was adopted, and approved by Sir Thomas. Rules were to be formulated by a committee to allow the one design Bensonhurst Y. C. dories, designed by C. D. Mower, to race in the association races, as this type of boat is not now covered by the rules, and in the racing last summer their popularity was great. Mr. W. H. Childs, owner of Joy, was in the chair. Another meeting will be held in February next.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Robert R. Smith, Germantown, Pa., by M. D. Wilt.

Western Division.—Mortham Warren, Chicago, Ill., by J. K. Hand.

BOOKS ON WATER SPORTS.

Small Yacht Construction, Linton Hope	$3.00
How To Build a Motor Launch from Plans, Davis	1.50
Houseboats and Houseboating, Hunt	3.34
Steam Yachts and Launches, Kuhnhardt	3.00
Canoe Handling and Sailing, Vaux	1.00
Canoe and Boat Building, Stephens	2.00
Canoe Cruising and Camping, Frazer	1.00
Canoe and Camp Cookery	1.00
Gas Engines and Launches, Grain	1.25
Yacht Architecture, Kemp	16.80
Manual of Yacht and Boal Sailing, Kemp	12.00

These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

Motor Boat Club of America.

Following the election of the officers of the Motor Boat Club, the first annual dinner of the club was held at the Astor Hotel, and two hundred motor boat men were present. The club had a number of guests. After the dinner there were speeches and a presentation of the prizes won during the last race meet on the Hudson.

Dr. Seymour Oppenheimer was toastmaster, and at the table were Admiral Coghlan, Thomas S. Southgate, Governor of the Jamestown Exposition; Robert H. Sexton, Commodore Edward J. Schroeder, François Albert. Capt. Frank H. Newcomb, United States Life Saving Corps; Lieut. Henderson, United States Navy; Senator Alfred R. Page, Pames A. Travis, Thomas E. Rush, James Corrigan, J. L. Reiss, Thomas W. Purdie, Howard I. Shaw, Hugh S. Gamble, Franz A. Wittig, John D. Roach, George F. Graham, Henry W. King and Thomas Fleming Day.

Admiral Coghlan presented a dozen or more prizes won at last season's races. Joseph H. Hoadley accepted the prizes for the winners, while Lewis Nixon made a speech contrasting the engine crank and the cranky engine. T. S. Southgate, motor boating in the south, and Franz A. Wittig, spoke about American motor boatmen.

The prize winners of the year were: C. J. Swain, Sparrow, inter-State trophy, long-distance championship, and reliability trials; E. J. Schroeder, Dixie, world's championship and free-for-all; H. N. Baruch, Skedaddle, National championship; Price McKinney, Standard, special world's record, mile and a kilometer; J. L. Reiss, Sheboygan, cabin launch trophy; H. M. Crane, Tuna, cruising boats; F. G. Kemp, Magneto, open launches; J. H. Hoadley, Den, second prize, world's championship; H. R. Sutphen, Elco, second prize, National championship; F. G. Bourne, Colonia, second prize, inter-State championship; Payne Whitney, Artful, second prize, long-distance championship; T. E. Purdie, Ralaco, second prize, reliability trials.

Commodore Schroeder announced that Dixie had been entered for the Harmsworth cup races to be held at Southampton, England, next August. Dixie will be taken to Palm Beach for the races there at the end of January.

Negotiations have been proceeding to secure a suitable site for a club house on the Hudson River, and it is expected that the club house will be ready for occupancy early next fall.

A regular meeting of the club will be held at the Hotel Manhattan, on Wednesday evening the 19th inst., at 8 P. M. It is requested that every member attend this meeting as business of great importance will be brought up for action.

The following amendments having been duly submitted will be acted upon at this meeting:

Article VII., Constitution.—That present Section 2 (honorary membership) shall be known as Section 4. That Section 2 (now) shall read as follows: "Non-Resident Membership.—All applicants for membership residing outside a radius of forty (40) miles from the Battery, New York city, shall be entitled to non-resident membership. Non-resident members shall not be eligible to vote or hold office. The initiation fee shall be the same as for active membership."

That Section 3 shall be known as Section 5. That Section 3 (new) shall read as follows: "Army and Navy Membership.—Officers of the United States Army and Navy may become members after being duly elected, upon the payment of ten (10) dollars initiation fee. They shall not be liable for annual dues. Should they resign from the service, they may retain their membership on the payment thereafter of the club's annual dues."

Article VIII. Constitution.—Section 2 shall read as follows: "The yearly dues shall be, for resident membership, thirty-five (35) dollars and for non-resident membership, twenty (20) dollars. Dues payable on the first day of December in each year, or, at the option of a member, one-half may be paid Dec. 1, and one-half June 1 in each year.

Article III. Constitution—Officers and Governors—shall read as follows: "The officers shall be Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore (each of whom shall be a boat owner), Secretary and Treasurer. There shall be a Board of Governors, consisting of the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Secretary, Treasurer and six members who hold no other elective office." (The change in this section is that of adding to the Board of Governors the Vice-Commodore and Rear-Commodore, they not being at present specified as members of said Board.)

H. S. Gambel, Secretary.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 20.—Phillipsburg, N. J.—Alert G. C. second annual holiday tournament. Edw. F. Markley, Easton, Pa.
Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
S. Omaha.—Nebraska State shoot.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Hamilton Gun Club will hold its annual shoot on Jan. 15, 16, 17 and 18, 1907. For further information write H. E. Hawkins, Secretary, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

C. W. Budd, Secretary, writes us from Des Moines, Ia., as follows: "The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association claims May 28, 29, 30, 1907, as dates for State tournament, to be held at Des Moines, Ia." Budd and Whitney are Managers.

L. H. Schortemeier writes us as follows: "All amateurs are invited to take part in our third annual New Year's Day shoot, which will take place on Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1907, beginning at 10 A. M. Distance handicap, 50 targets per man, merchandise prizes; entrance $2.50, including targets; Amateurs only; manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets at 2 cents each. Re-entry may be made for this event up to 3 o'clock P. M. for $1.50, one score only to count. Refreshments gratis to shooters and their friends. Handicaps, according to ability, 16 to 20 yards, one yard in on a re-entry. Handicapping committee, H. W. Bergen, Capt. Dreyer and L. H. Schortemeier. An entrance fee of $1, including target for each one of the sliding distance handicap series at 50 targets each for 1907, which will be held on the following dates, the second Tuesday of the month, on Jan. 8, Feb. 12 (Lincoln's Birthday), March 12, April 9, and May 14. Entire receipts from the programme in preparation, less printing and postage, will be devoted to the purchase of prizes for these competitions, three shoots necessary to qualify a contestant for a prize. No matter how low his scores, he receives a prize. Programme explains it. Any Flatbush avenue trolley car from New York City, Brooklyn Bridge, will transfer to shooting grounds, Avenue N and East Seventy-first street, Bergen Beach."

Mr. J. K. Starr writes as follows: "All arrangements have now been perfected for the holding of the first eastern Pennsylvania amateur handicap championship at targets. The tournament will be shot over the traps of the Florists' Gun Club at Wissinoming, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 20-21, and will be open only to residents of Philadelphia, Delaware, Bucks, Chester and Montgomery counties. A new feature is promised at this tournament, and it is one which should guarantee a very large entry from the Simon-pure amateur class. There will be no sweepstake shooting or cash prizes. Two events are on the schedule: a preliminary handicap, to be shot on Dec. 20, and the eastern Pennsylvania amateur handicap championship, on Dec. 21. Each event will be at 100 targets, unknown angles, handicaps, 14 to 21 yards; $2 entrance. There will be a number of prizes for each event, with special trophies for the winners. A very large entry is expected, and as the management has decided to call for an advance entry, the lists will close Monday, Dec. 17. This will give the handicap committee ample time to examine each entry carefully and award the proper handicap. The tourney will be under the management of J. K. Starr, 221 N. Sixty-fifth street, Philadelphia, who will furnish all information and programmes."

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 8.—The following scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. Five of the faithful turned out, which was enough to make up a squad, as required by the rules governing the two prize series events being shot. In scratch event No. 3, Blandford got a third and final win, capturing the handsome carving set offered. Event No. 4, misses as breaks handicap, for a shotgun, was tied for by Willi and Brewerton, with a possible, Brewerton winning on the shoot-off, same conditions. This contest stands with one win each for Hubbell, Barlow, Willi, Jr., and Brewerton.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	25
J C Barlow, 6..	7	5	8	23
E Brewerton, 9.	8	4	6	25
C Blandford, 3.	9	6	11	w

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	25
J Willi, Jr, 7 ..	7	7	5	25
Le Wynant, 5..	4	4	3	15

Paleface Annual.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 7.—The first annual shoot of the Palefaces, held on O. R. Dickey's Wellington grounds to-day, proved to be more of a success than anticipated, even if the disagreeable weather conditions made outdoor sports anything but comfortable. With the thermometer hovering around the zero mark and a northwest wind worthy of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," it might have been thought cold enough to freeze out a trapshooter; but the Palefaces were as hardy as their Puritan forefathers, and once having their minds made up, nothing was to deny them the pleasure derived from a day's sport at the traps.

It is a long time since such a gathering graced the boards of any Boston trapshooting organization, and the Palefaces should consider themselves highly fortunate in being favored with the attendance that was there and for an initial shoot it surely should go down as a red-letter day, and next year's tournament, which will be held at a more desirable time of the year, promises to be a feature in itself, and give Boston a place on the map from a trapshooting standpoint, which has not been the case for some few years past.

One of the features of the shoot was the attendance of High Chief T. A. Marshall, Harvey McMurchy (Chief High Ball), J. S. Fanning (Chief Bull Seal), J. A. R. Elliott (Chief Brook Trout), all of the Indians, an honor appreciated not a little by the entire membership of the younger organization, which had been put to a great deal of trouble in the desire to have their first efforts successful. The attendance was still further enlarged by the experts Lester German, O. R. Dickey, G. M. Wheeler, H. B. Temby, A. E. Sibley and Murray Ballou, all of whom were there from start to finish and ever ready with the glad hand for the new shooter, whose early efforts to find suitable gun, position and load are a source of great trouble.

Among the amateurs, which included the majority of the most expert in this section, were Climax, Griffiths, McArdle, Roy, Gleason, Buffalo, Powel, Mayor, Faye, Frank, Everett, Edgarton, Keeler, not to mention a host of others, whose vain efforts were to smash targets, and then if not satisfactory to smash the handicapping committee, as one shooter put it. The race for high average was a good one, the quiet man, Griffiths, from the smallest State in the Union, and worst part of the State to reach (if Buffalo, Mayor and Sibley are any authorities), was in the leading position, with his team mate, McArdle, the Narragansett Pier expert, only a hairbreadth behind. Buffalo, even with manifold duties of Governor-general, squad hustler, reception committee, scorer, puller, etc., gave a good account of himself with third average; his 25 straight on the last event of the day being an exceptionally pretty piece of work under the conditions that were in evidence. Dr. E. F. Gleason was fourth on the list, this low position for him possibly being due to the fact that he used only one gun during the programme, instead of one for each event, as usual.

Of the special features, the 100-bird race proved to be just what the shooters desired, 40 shooters entering and completing scores. The winners proved to be of all classes, one of the limit shooters coming in for a second, and the scratch men getting their share of places with the rest. Willard and C. Allen scored 94 with their handicaps, though for a time it looked as though Steele and Darrah with 92 would connect for first; but the honors finally rested with the newly elected member of the Lowell Good Fellows' Society and the hard-working Watertown Club secretary, and surely they deserved to win. Frank Letendre and Powdrell came next in line, the first-named tying for high scratch score with Gleason with a 3-target handicap making a 90, the others having scores of 82 and 72 respectively, and handicaps of 8 and 18. Buckman, one of the latest Palefaces, shot in good form and took eighth alone, though the automobile man from Harvard College way gobbled ninth, one target less. As usual, Buffalo and Gleason had to have some kind of an argument and tied for tenth and eleventh prizes, each having a desire to do an "after-you-Alphone, and pardon-me-dear-Gaston" stunt, the Doctor finally accepting a cup the size of a hogshead, as he thought it nearer the size that would hold enough shells to do him for an afternoon's shoot when there was no shoot on. Twelfth and last prize was tied for by Griffiths, McArdle, Everett, Mayor, that prince of trapshooters Dr. Newton from Greenfield, and A. W. Fay, whose cider barrel is always open to the fullest for trapshooters, as a few Bostonese trapshooters can state. Everett proved to be the man with second sight, Newton just slipping the cog by an eyelash, and the cup went to the hero of many hard-fought Birch Brook and Harvard battles in days gone by.

The Palmer trophy brought the Palefaces surely, each man being on his mettle, and the best scores of the day were made in these matches. After the smoke had cleared away, which it did in quick time, to say the least, with the forty-mile breeze, Governor Helping Hand had cleaned up a raft of them and walked off with 45 and 6 handicap, making 51. The high possible being 48, made it so that two others, F. A. Powdrell and H. Powers tied with him on a total score of 48 and 49 respectively. The ties were not adjusted, as the light was not of the best at the end of the shoot, and it is expected that an afternoon shoot will be held soon to give them the opportunity for shooting off ties.

The Paleface high average, one of the most beautiful cups ever given at a trapshoot, and also donated by the donor of the Palmer trophies, was won by E. C. Griffiths, a win that was most welcome to all, in face of all the difficulties the shooter had encountered during the day. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Brk.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	25	25	25		
Marshall	20	19	18	18	18	16	24	23	170	156
Elliott	20	19	18	17	16	18	20	25	170	153
Griffiths	18	17	15	19	16	19	23	24	170	151
Dickey	19	17	15	19	16	18	21	24	170	149
McArdle	17	17	13	19	19	18	23	23	170	149
German	19	17	15	18	17	10	20	23	170	148
Buffalo	15	18	16	17	16	18	21	25	170	146
Gleason	16	18	16	20	15	18	19	23	170	145
Climax	15	19	16	19	17	17	19	22	170	144
R A Faye	15	18	12	18	18	19	21	23	170	144
Roy	16	17	15	19	15	19	24	18	170	143
Frank	15	16	19	17	16	19	18	22	174	142
Powel	18	17	14	16	16	19	19	23	170	142
Wheeler	15	17	16	19	17	14	22	22	170	142
Everett	16	18	15	16	14	20	18	23	170	140
Mayor	14	17	14	17	15	19	21	23	170	140
Kirkwood	17	16	17	15	16	15	21	23	170	140
Newton	18	12	15	19	17	16	20	22	170	139
Powers	19	16	14	16	12	17	21	23	170	138
Ballou	16	15	14	18	14	19	19	23	170	138
Chapin	16	15	13	18	17	18	19	22	170	138
McMurchy	16	18	14	17	13	16	21	22	170	137
Letendre	15	17	17	15	15	18	18	20	170	135
Keeler	15	17	14	17	16	13	22	20	170	135
Fanning	15	20	14	20	16	15	19	21	170	134
Burns	15	16	13	17	16	15	18	23	170	133
C A Allen	14	13	17	16	12	18	20	21	170	131
Reed	17	17	17	16	12	17	18	17	170	131
Edgarton	19	13	12	18	14	19	16	19	170	130
Buckman	13	15	14	18	15	16	18	20	170	129
Powdrell	17	16	12	15	15	14	20	19	170	128
Temby	13	17	14	16	10	17	21	20	170	128
Herner	16	14	12	13	17	19	16	20	170	127
Steele	15	16	11	17	17	17	22	21	170	125
Burr	14	10	12	16	15	18	18	22	170	125
W L Allen	13	13	14	14	15	18	17	20	170	124
A W Fay	12	18	17	14	10	17	19	16	170	123
Hassam	18	16	14	15	8	13	20	19	170	123
Sibley	12	13	12	18	12	15	16	18	170	116
Worthing	12	16	10	13	20	16	16	12	170	115
R Smith	15	15	11	13	9	12	15	20	170	115
Olds	11	16	11	16	8	15	19	18	170	114
Woodruff	14	13	13	13	14	12	13	17	170	109
Muldown	14	11	6	11	16	15	14	20	170	107
Darrah	9	13	9	15	14	18	13	16	170	107
Richardson	14	11	12	13	9	13	9	13	170	95
Comer	11	12	12	14	8	13	13	11	170	94
Bryant	10	14	13	11	7	13	13	13	170	94
Lawson	10	18	9	11	9	12	10	11	170	90
Willard	15	17	13	13	19	17	..	..	120	94
Puck	..	..	..	16	..	17	13	19	18	110	83
Sadler	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	19	23	90	60
Kawop	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	23	22	70	59
Leonard	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	21	70	45
Robie	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	13	17	70	37
Henderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	14	70	33
J C Hopkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	14	17	60	37
Hammer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	50	39
Hallam	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	15	45	22
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	25	14
Barth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	25	7
Eager	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10

One hundred target match, handicaps, added targets:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Handi-cap.	Total.
C A Allen	13	17	16	12	18	76	18	94
Willard	17	13	13	19	17	79	15	94
Darrah	13	9	15	14	18	69	23	92
Steele	16	11	17	17	17	78	14	92
Frank	16	19	17	16	19	87	3	90
Letendre	17	17	15	15	18	82	8	90
Powdrell	16	12	15	15	14	72	18	90
Buckman	15	14	18	15	16	78	11	89
R A Faye	18	12	18	18	19	85	3	88
Buffalo	18	16	17	16	18	85	2	87
Gleason	18	16	20	15	18	87	0	87
Griffiths	17	15	19	16	19	86	0	86
McArdle	17	13	19	19	18	86	0	86
Mayor	17	14	17	15	19	82	4	86
Everett	18	15	16	14	20	83	3	86
Newton	12	15	19	17	16	79	7	86
A W Fay	18	17	14	10	17	76	10	86
Powel	17	14	16	16	19	82	3	85
Roy	17	15	19	15	19	85	0	85
Burns	16	13	17	16	15	77	8	85
Powers	16	14	16	12	17	75	10	85
Woodruff	13	13	13	14	12	65	9	84
Olds	18	11	16	8	15	66	18	84
W L Allen	13	14	14	15	18	74	10	84
Chapin	15	13	18	17	18	81	3	84
Keeler	17	14	17	16	13	77	6	83
Bryant	14	13	11	7	13	58	25	83
Temby	17	14	16	10	17	74	8	82
Worthing	16	10	13	20	16	75	6	81
Hepner	14	12	13	17	19	75	5	80
Lawson	18	9	11	9	12	59	20	79
Edgarton	13	12	18	14	19	76	3	79
Burr	10	12	16	15	18	71	8	79
Kirkwood	16	17	15	16	15	79	0	79
Hassam	16	14	15	8	13	66	12	78
Richardson	11	12	13	9	13	58	19	77
Muldown	11	6	11	16	15	59	14	73
Comer	12	12	14	8	13	59	6	65
Smith	15	11	13	9	12	60	5	65

Palmer trophies, 50 target match, handicap added targets:

	First 25.	Second 25.	Broke.	Handi-cap.	Total.
Kawop	23	22	45	6	51
Powers	21	23	44	5	49
Powdrell	20	19	39	9	48
Buffalo	21	25	46	1	47
Griffiths	23	24	47	0	47
Newton	20	22	42	4	46
Sadler	19	23	42	5	47
Mayor	21	23	44	2	46
McArdle	23	23	46	0	46
Olds	19	18	37	9	46
R A Faye	21	23	44	2	46
R N Burns	18	23	41	4	45
Keeler	22	20	42	3	45
Hassam	20	19	39	6	45
Powel	19	23	42	2	44
Buckman	18	20	38	6	44
Burr	18	22	40	4	44
Kirkwood	21	23	44	0	44
Chapin	19	22	41	2	43
Everett	18	23	41	2	43
Frank	18	22	40	2	42
Roy	24	18	42	0	42
Gleason	19	23	42	0	42
W L Allen	17	20	37	5	42
Muldown	14	20	34	7	41
A W Fay	19	16	35	5	40
Hepner	16	20	36	3	39
Bryant	13	13	26	13	39
Edgarton	16	19	35	3	38
R Smith	15	20	35	3	38
Richardson	9	13	22	10	32
Worthing	16	12	28	3	31
Comer	13	11	24	3	27

Notes From a Shooter's Game Bag.

Charlie Allen does not usually carry a bag to a shoot, but his forethought to-day brought him good luck, and he took it home well filled with one of the best cups.

One of the shooters, upon seeing a train coming, shouted, "Here comes Dr. Gleason's guns." Upon everyone rushing to the club house windows to see what caused such a remark, the announcer quietly pointed out the incoming freight train. As the Doctor usually orders by the case, he was not far from being right.

One of the regulars shot a crow and the manager immediately gave a lecture to the one he thought guilty, with the latter taking it all in good spirits. Imagine the difference, however, when the real culprit was found out, to find it had been done with the manager's own gun, but luckily not his own loads.

Roy had the misfortune to get a stray cinder in his eye coming to the grounds, which bothered him considerably till toward the end of the programme, and then things were considerably different.

Roy A. Faye had more trouble by a good deal starting that balky automobile of his than breaking 25 straight, and not half the pleasure. A forced absence of three years has done nothing toward injuring his shooting eye, as scores show.

O. R. Dickey deserves great credit for his effective way of taking care of the traps, the cold weather having its effect on springs, etc., in ways that would make a saint swear; but O. R. was never at a loss what to do, and the delays were short-lived, as a result.

Chief King Pin, of the Canadian Indians, was expected, but a trip through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia prevented him from testing Paleface hospitality.

Many regrets were heard from all sides upon the non-arrival of the Haverhill guard, Miller, Tozier and George, neither of whom ever miss an event of this kind, especially a shoot where their old friend Chief Bull Seal is to be present.

Ray Richardson and A. W. Fay continued their good-natured rivalry of some time ago, but Ray admitted that the undertaker had him buried this time.

G. M. Wheeler left a sick bed (results of a Paleface meeting) to come to the shoot, but the scores do not show it to any great extent. Nothing like a few minutes with the scatter gun to make everything "ideal."

Jack Brinley and A. M. (not U. M.) McCormick divided honors as to see who could call the most broken targets before getting froze out. Tie game the result, though they thought that "Bob Smith skun them a mile," when it came to a finish.

One of the score boards seemed to have a faculty for getting mixed up, much to the consternation of manager and shooters, but some one stated that you could not expect those boys to keep going without freezing unless Jacob Wirth brought all his patent gun rickeys and fizzcys with him, which, by the way, Guvnor Helping Hand forgot to do, with the result as mentioned.

One of the trapper boys complained of the dinner given him, and upon being called to account could only state that he did not get enough pie, only being able to get six pieces. Safe to say, he must have come from that pie belt near Brunswick, Me.

Edgarton and Eager looked kind of natural, talking together, and it is regretted that the latter does not find time to take the sport up with his old accustomed vigor. The former, however, still continues to keep moving and the high average aspirants have to look out as a usual thing.

Charlie Comer says, "There is no use talking, brush shooting hurts a man's trapshooting. Just look at my score and Kirkwood's. Ask him the reason? He says Kirk shoots too many shots in the brush for a good wing shot, and that accounts for part of it; but the rest, simply a question, that's all.

One of the most popular wins of the day was Frank's, in the 100-bird match, and it was a good win, too, in view of his score being as good as any from scratch. We hardly like his method of teaching his boy Everett, though, the way to pick the right number as well as to shoot. Everett, however, did a good deal of his own hustling, untying a straight score from his sack and putting it on his last 20 in the match. Not every one can wait till the finish to get in the prizes.

Sadler, of the B. A. A., thought he would take a day off, and being a member of the Palefaces, wended his way to Wellington, to have a holiday. You can imagine his surprise upon arriving to be buttonholed by one of the officials and given a position of cashier in the lunch room (a position he filled to perfection, however), and when he finally made his report the events were under headway, and a possible catastrophe for cup hunters averted. He did fortunately get into the Palmer matches, and gave the usual good acount of himself, 47 being the result.

Hepner, one of the old standbys of the Boston Gun Club, shot through the programme, and seemed to enjoy the game the same as when he was hobnobbing with Leroy Woodard, for high average. A new gun, just received, caused a number of ciphers, but A. H. Promises well in a short time.

The first annual banquet of the Palefaces was held at Young's Hotel to-night, some sixty guests and members being present.

The success of the affair was beyond the anticipation of the most sanguine, and together with the Association having just run one of the most successful shoots in this section only a few hours before, the young organization made its mark from the very offset.

The master of ceremonies, Guvnor-General B. E. Smith, was the right person in the right place, ably seconded by his Lieut.-Guvnor, E. F. Gleason, and on his right Chief Long Talk T. A. Marshall of the Indians. Needless to state with this amount of wit at the

head of the table, the evening was replete with enjoyment, the speeches of Chief Long Talk, Bull Seal, High Ball and Brook Trout, being received with great applause, not forgetting Guvnor-General Smith, Lieut.-Guvnor Gleason, H. B. Temby, and a score of others of lesser light.

Many telegrams were received from all parts of the world, which on the face of it looks as though the organization was of international character. The hits were well received, and certainly struck the nail on the head, as the following will show:

Yokohama, Japan, Dec. 7.—Guvnor-General Pale-faces: Price of furs going up. Chief Bull Seal on the warpath. Yours. Infallible.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 7.—Kindly inform me when Charley Comer is going to turn his business college into a kindergarten for trapshooters. Schultze.

New York City, Dec. 7.—Is it true that Sibley has converted Jack Fanning to using other powders? P. Owder.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 7.—Have forwarded by express to Dr. E. F. Gleason, 12 dozen latest model Winchesters. Hope he will give each one thorough trial at your Paleface shoot. Pump Gun.

Exeter, N. H., Dec. 7.—Why is George Hassam so popular with the ladies? Answer: Utopian chocolates—the taste tells. One Who Has Tasted.

Jersey City, Dec. 7.—Wanted $250. Please notify Lester German. B. R. Ewer.

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 7.—The undersigned agree to pay you $1,000 if you will hold Hon. E. E. Reed captive two years; can then elect a Republican mayor. Not. A. Democrat.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7.—Great credit due the U. M. C. Cartridge Co. for breaking the mayoralty trust of Keithsburg, Ill. The only way the Hon. Tom Marshall could be removed from office. Trust Buster.

Present: B. F. Smith and lady, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Gleason, Roy A. Faye and lady, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Comer, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Muldown, Mr. and Mrs R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hassam, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Buckman, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. H. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hux, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Burns, Miss G. Bryant, H. T. Bryant, Dr. C. H. Burr, H. B. Temby, L. J. Olds, Hon. T. A. Marshall, H. W. Eager, J. A. R. Elliott, Lester German, Harvey McMurchy, J. S. Fanning, G. M. Wheeler, F. R. Richardson, W. L. Allen, E. B. Wadsworth, A. M. McCormick, J. H. Brinley, E. A. Sibley, Roy Hodsdon, H. L. Edgarton, H. L. Tilton, J. Ranse-housen, H. C. Kirkwood.

Montclair Golf Club.

Montclair, N. J., Dec. 8.—Some eight marksmen showed up at the traps to-day, notwithstanding the cold Mr. Holliday, of Pittsburg, made his first try at the traps and did exceedingly well for a new hand.

Events 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 were for practice. Events 6, 25 targets, handicap, gives scores for the final monthly event for the Sauer gun, and was won by Winslow. The record to date stands: Colquitt three wins, Winslow three wins, Boxall, two wins, and Batten two wins, thus resulting in a tie between Messrs. Colquitt and Winslow. The tie will probably be shot off the latter part of the month.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	H	B T
Boxall	5	6	8	8	10	2	18 20
Winslow	8	10	6	6	14	4	19 23
Batten	..	7	6	5	13	4	16 20
Cockefair	..	10	..	7	14	2	19 21
Holliday	..	5	5	5	9	4	14 18
Holloway	..	..	7	9	10	4	17 21
Dukes	..	..	..	..	..	10	2 19 21
Pray	..	..	..	..	..	6	4 18 22

Edward Winslow, Sec'y.

North Caldwell Gun Club.

On account of the high wind the shooters did not turn out on Thanksgiving Day until the afternoon, but made some good scores, considering the conditions. Event 7 was a miss-and-out, which ended in a tie between Fred Kussmaul and Carl Fischer. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	
W Kussmaul	7	7	6	7	9	5	4
G Fischer	3	7	8	6	8	..	..
W Fischer	6	8	6	8	9	..	0
R. Bach	4	..	6	..	..	..	2
C Klimbach	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
S Fischer	6	6	2	6	..	..	..
C Fischer	9	8	9	5	4	7	6
G Captain	2	6	6	3	3	..	..
G Menner	5	3	..	..	..	..	..
J Shindler	..	5	7	8	7	7	0
L Stager	..	6	10	10	8	6	2
F Kussmaul	..	..	..	..	4	5	6
W Stewart	..	3	4	4	..	..	..
F Westerfield	..	7	..	..	..	..	..

Lebanon Shooting Association.

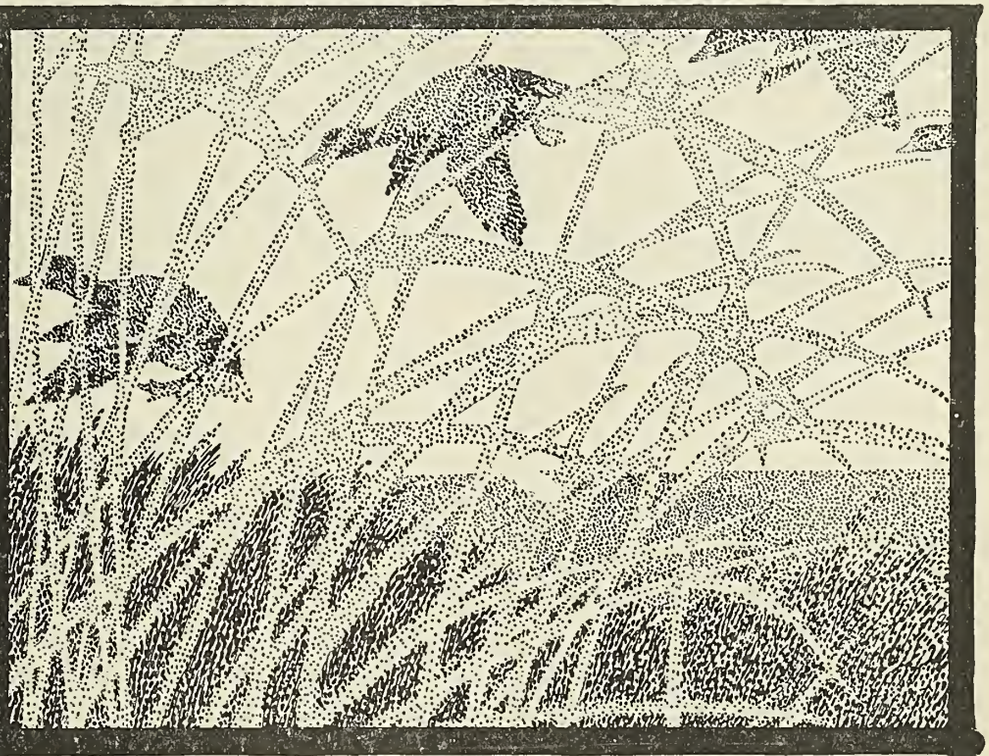
Avon, Pa., Dec. 4.—The poultry shoot of the Lebanon Shooting Association resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Hansell	10	8	9	8	8	7	8	58
Duffy	9	9	8	9	9	8	..	52
Clumes	8	7	8	8	10	10	7	58
Wirth	8	5	6	7	8	9	6	49
Cochran	7	7	6	7	9	7	7	50
Witters	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	16
Buck	5	7	7	..	..	..	..	19
Tompkins	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	20

Preliminary shoot: Hansell shot at 60, broke 57, Clymer (30) 27, Cochran (20) 16, Tompkins (20) 13, Duffy (20) 13, Witters (15) 13, Wirth (10) 9, Buck (10) 6.

Nat. Ressler, Mgr.

WINCHESTER



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North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 29.—Thirty shooters took part in the target smashing to-day. The local men were out in force, and there were several visiting shooters. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	25	25	10	15	25	25	10	15	25	25	25	15
F Butler	7	11	20	21	8	13	19	..	7	11	..	..	..	..
F H Lewis	8	11	20	19	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Reagan	5	11	12	..	7	9	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Beckler	6	12	13	15	..	..	..	13	2	9	..	..	15	6
J Spaeth	3	9	19	19	..	..	..	14	3	9	..	..	16	9
W Banta	6	13	8	12	..	..	..	16	6	11	..	..	13	5
J Bender	..	..	..	..	3	8	..	14	4	10	..	..	18	9
C Tiddis	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	16	5	9	..	..	6	..
E Planten	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	16	..
N Boggertman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	17	..
J Polhemus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	17	..
A Veenstra	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	3	9	..	15	..	..
I Noonburg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	..
C Masker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	10	..
G Peckart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
W H Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	1
W Swift	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Seeback	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	
C Straight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	
H Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	
M McGuirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	..
I Storms	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	..
C Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
B Terhune	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
J Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	3
J Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12
W Landis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Lindley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..

Although almost a gale was blowing on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1, there was a crowd at the Columbus Heights grounds, and five events were shot. The scores follow:

Targets:	10	15	25	10	15
Events:	1	2	3	4	5
E. Simonton.	7	11	14	8	6
W Banta....	8	9	15	5	..
Dr Hunter..	6	11	14	7	10
Boogertman.	7	10	16	..	..
W H Wilson	4	6	5	6	6

Targets:	10	15	25	10	15
Events:	1	2	3	4	5
G Hall.....	2	7	12	..	..
B Fisher	4	5	6	..	..
F Landis....	7	8	..	..	..
H Beckler...	6	11	14	9	12

Mountaineers' Gun Club.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 5.—The Mountaineers' Gun Club, of Chattanooga, Tenn., claim world's record for ten-man team, made Tuesday, Dec. 4, by John R. Taylor 99, W. R. Crosby 98, J. M. Hawkins 97, John S. Boa 97, Mrs. Ad. Topperwein 95, Guy Ward 99, Walter Huff 98, H. J. Borden 97, Harold Money 96, A. M. Hatcher 95. Total 971 out of 1000. P. B. Plummer, Actg. Pres.

The Interstate Association's Annua Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Oakland, N. J., Dec. 6, at 10 A. M. The meeting was duly adjourned, to meet the same date at 2 P. M., at the Grand Hotel, New York city.

The adjourned annual meeting was called to order at 2 P. M., with President J. A. Haskell in the chair.

The roll call showed the following members present: Tatham & Bros., by Charles Tatham; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., by A. C. Barrell; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., by S. G. Lewis; Parker Bros., by W. F. Parker; E. I. duPont Co., by J. T. Skelly; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., by J. A. Haskell; Remington Arms Co., by E. E. Drake; the Marlin Fire Arms Co., by J. Howard Marlin; Hunter Arms Co., by John Hunter; the Peters Cartridge Co., by T. H. Keller; Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., by Paul North; American Powder Mills, by Murray Ballou, and the Dickey Bird Target and Trap Co., by G. H. Teft. The Austin Cartridge Co. was represented by J. T. Skelly, by proxy, and the Lefever Arms Co., by E. E. Shaner, by proxy. E. C. Stark, of Sporting Life; H. S. Rosenthal and L. Werk, of Sportsmen's Review, and John Taylor Humphrey, of Shooting and Fishing, honorary members of the Association, were also present, as was Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association. J. R. Wettstein, secretary of the United Lead Co., and L. C. Parker, of Parker Bros., were present by invitation.

The minutes of the meeting held March 2, and those of a mail vote taken under date of May 4, were read and approved.

Mr. A. C. Barrell, treasurer, and the secretary-manager presented their reports for the year ending this date. Approved and filed.

A. H. Fox Gun Co., of Philadelphia, was elected to membership, and the resignation of the Hoyt Metal Co. was accepted.

The Indianapolis Gun Club presented an application for the Grand American Handicap to be permanently located in Indianapolis, and held annually on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club. The application stated that should the Interstate Association not decide on a permanent location, the Indianapolis Gun Club was not an applicant for the Grand American Handicap of 1907, and to the city and club that are successful in securing the G. A. H. the Indianapolis Gun Club gives its earnest support.. The Association, by resolution, decided it would be unwise to settle on a permanent location for this great event.

Applications for the Grand American Handicap were then read, the applicants being Chicago and Columbus. By invitation Messrs. Fred H. Teeple and John Smith addressed the meeting in behalf of Chicago and Columbus, respectively. It was decided that the Grand American Handicap of 1907 would be held in Chicago on the new grounds of the Chicago Associated Gun Club.

By resolution it was decided that future applications for the Grand American Handicap must be made in writing only, and to be considered they must be in the secretary's hands thirty days prior to the time of the Association's annual meeting. It was also decided that the Grand American Handicap not be held in the same city or under the auspices of the same club in successive years.

By resolution it was decided that the Southern Handicap be held at Richmond, Va., under the auspices of the Deep Run Hunt Club, and the second Western Handicap at Denver. Arms and the Man was elected an honorary member.

Messrs. Haskell, Parker, Barrell, Keller, Durston, Tatham and Skelly were elected directors, and the board of directors elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Haskell; vice-president, W. F. Parker; treasurer, A. C. Barrell; secretary-manager, Elmer E. Shaner.

The directors appointed the following committees: Tournament committee—Paul North, chairman; S. G. Lewis, A. C. Barrell, T. H. Keller, A. H. Durston, J. T. Skelly and H. McMurchy. Handicap committee—Elmer E. Shaner, chairman; B. Waters, C. M. Powers, W. D. Townsend and Dr. E. F. Gleason. Trophy committee—A. W. Higgins, chairman, and Edward S. Lentilhon.

A meeting of the tournament committee was held at 10 A. M., Dec. 7. By resolution it was decided that professionals shall be barred from competing for the money or trophies in all events at the Grand American Handicap tournament, with the exception of the Grand American Handicap proper and the professional championship events. Professionals may take part in the Preliminary Handicap at the G. A. H. tournament, shooting for targets only from handicap distances as allotted by the handicap committee.

By resolution it was decided that at the subsidiary handicaps given by the association professionals shall be barred from competing for the money or trophies in all events, but may shoot for targets only, the handicap events to be shot from handicap distances as allotted by the handicap committee.

By resolution it was decided that the number of targets in the amateur and professional championship events at the Grand American Handicap tournament shall be increased to 200 targets each, in place of 150 targets, as formerly, the entrance money to be $20 for each event.

By resolution it was decided that the handicap distances at all tournaments given by the Association, the Grand American Handicap included, shall be from 16 to 23 yards.

The adjourned meeting of the stockholders was called to order Dec. 7. The action of the tournament committee on the different matters taken up by it was duly approved.

Mr. Irby Bennett, in view of his long and efficient connection with the Association, was unanimously elected an honorary member.

Secretary-Manager's Report.

The season of 1906 has been perhaps the most successful in the history of the Association. That there is more trapshooting to-day than ever before is proven by the records of this office. I also believe the records of our individual members will verify this assertion. There seems to be a pronounced boom in the sport in all parts of the country, and I can see no reason why it should not continue to boom, with the aid of the Interstate Association.

At our last annual meeting the Association decided to change its policy, and instead of giving a number of small tournaments, as in past years, decided to give four new handicaps, similar in the main to the Grand American Handicap, in 1906. The results fully justify the wisdom of this departure. In fact, much of the increased interest in the sport is due to the Association's change of policy, and it is gratifying to the Association that it has won the praise which it spared no effort nor expense to obtain.

The first Southern Handicap tournament was held in Nashville, Tenn., May 15-17, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Gun Club. Many experts pronounced the tournament the best ever held in Nashville, and some went further, classing it the best ever held in the South. Ninety-five contestants made entry for one or more events, many of them being high class amateurs. In fact, this class of shooters has been rarely equaled in number at tournaments held in any section of the Union. The Cumberland Park Gun Club, recently reorganized, and one of the best in the country, had everything in shape requisite for comfort and success. The attendance to witness the Southern Handicap, the great event of the tournament, was much larger than expected. As to entries the inauguration of the Southern Handicap only fell five short of the first Grand American Handicap, in 1900, there being 74 entries in the latter, and 69 in the Southern. Total purse, with the added money, $757. Mr. Charles G. Spencer, a professional, took first honor by breaking 98 out of the 100 shot at. He was handicapped at 20yds.

The seventh Grand American Handicap, held in Indianapolis, Ind., under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club, June 19-22, was a success. The exact dovetailing of all parts to be played, depended on the management providing beforehand for any possible exigency that might arise, and engaging expert talent to manage subordinate parts. This is expensive, but it always pays. Members of the Indianapolis Gun Club, particularly the secretary, Mr. William Armstrong, exerted their efforts to make visitors comfortable. There were 290 entries this year, as against 352 last year. Regarding the falling off of entries from last year, it is fully explained by the fact of the subsidiary handicaps, which drew many contestants from the Indianapolis event, and the further fact that by the adoption in 1905 of the rule that every contestant should formally declare his amateur standing, or, in default, be declared a professional. Some shooters did not wish to sign a certificate of amateur standing under such portentous conditions. For the general good of the sport, however, such abstinence is undoubtedly beneficial.

The handicaps gave unusual satisfaction. No one was placed closer than 16yds., and none back of 21. It was generally agreed that a contestant whose want of skill makes him unequal to those distances should have no place in a tournament of the importance of the Grand American Handicap.

The great day of the tournament was June 21, when the Grand American Handicap was contested. The weather was about as vile as it could be. It was even difficult to guess the probable winner until the fourth round, when Mr. F. E. Rogers, of St. Louis, came to the front and won out with a score of 94.

The first Eastern Handicap tournament was held under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club at Philadelphia, July 17-19. Including Monday afternoon, practice day, 76,605 targets were thrown in the three and a half days. There were 101 entries in the Eastern Handicap, and it was won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy, a professional, with a score of 93.

The first Western Handicap tournament, held at Denver, Colo., Aug. 21-23, under the auspices of the Denver Trap Club, goes into history as the greatest shooting tournament of the year, and with 311 entries in one of the preliminary events it was within 41 entries of the greatest target tournament ever given—the Grand American Handicap of 1905. The principal cause of this remarkable exhibit is the fondness of the Western man for the gun, though the $3,000 added money doubtless had full effect. The Western Handicap was begun promptly at noon on Aug. 24, with 228 entries. Though the weather was in general fine, a variable wind all afternoon cut into good scores at intervals, and some of the best men were the victims. In the first squad Mr. W. R. Crosby, a professional, finished with 97 from the extreme handicap of 21yds. It looked as though the remainder were up against a forlorn hope; but ere the contest was half finished two amateurs, Mr. R. Thompson, of Missouri, and Mr. George C. Pickett, of Denver, had tied it, and 5 o'clock the race was ended with these three men at the top. A few minutes later the three men came to the firing points for the shoot-off at 20 targets each from their original handicaps. Not a breath of air stirred, and an intensely interested crowd awaited the result. Mr. Crosby broke 18, Mr. Pickett 17 and Mr. Thompson 16.

San Francisco was not in the running this year for the second Pacific Coast Handicap, so Los Angeles, Cal., was chosen instead, and proved an excellent substitute for the Ingleside grounds of San Francisco. The handicap was started at noon on the third day, and there were 60 entries, of which number 15 were professionals, who shot for targets only. The contest excited keen interest, and was won by Mr. F. B. Mills, of Santa Ana, Cal., with a score of 89.

There is no reason why trapshooting should not continue to grow in popularity in the future as in the past, or at an increasing ratio, so long as it is conducted on the same clean lines as at present. It is a sine qua non that it be controlled by some governing body, and the Interstate Association is recognized as its logical parent. Money expended by our members through the Association is money well spent. No other form of advertising brings equal results to our individual members.

The question of locality relative to next year's Grand American Handicap (1907), should be carefully considered. Application has been made for it by several cities.

It has been urged by many that the Interstate Association should provide a permanent abiding place for the Grand American Handicap. The argument is buttressed by the statement that it would abolish the strife among the different gun clubs for the honor of holding this great event, and that the local club in the city where this annual event would be held would be justified in the expense of making permanent arrangements as to equipment, transportation, hotel accommodations and all that goes to secure comfort of contestants. It is further held that the four new handicaps cover the entire field which was formerly the itinerary mission of the Grand American Handicap itself, the subsidiary handicaps eliminating that feature. All these reasons are cogent and give the Association foundation for careful consideration of the proposition.

Many contestants think the Association should add more than $1,000 at the Grand American Handicap tournament, but I do not agree with this. The Grand American Handicap is a very costly tournament, costing several thousand dollars each year to handle, and the added expense, if there be any, should be in the way of bettering arrangements in the matter of up-to-date methods for conducting the tournament, equipment, etc.

While on the subject, I may say that I think $1,000 is enough to add at any tournament. When more is added a bad precedent is established, and gun clubs that follow in giving tournaments must add a like amount or have their tournaments suffer by comparison, and the attendance fall off. In addition, when $2,000 to $3,000 is added many shooters are attracted, each of whom thinks he is sure to be a winner by reason of the large amount of added money; they overlook the fact that many more think similarly, and the consequence is that there are three times the number of shooters present to compete than at an ordinary tournament, and the purses pay about the same as they do at a tournament with $1,000 added money The gist of the matter is that a large amount of added money draws a larger attendance, but it also draws a consequent number of better shooters, who win the major portion of the purse.

During the season just closing, so many scores of 100 to 300 or more, straight breaks have been recorded that many in touch with the situation opine that the time is ripe for increasing the standard distance from 16 to 18yds. rise. Guns and ammunition have been so perfected, and trapshooters generally have become so expert, and mastered the 16yds. rise to such an extent that it is no longer a question of how many targets they will break out of 100, but how many they will break before a miss is recorded. It may be well for the Association to give this matter careful thought, and, if deemed advisable, change the rule and make the standard rise 18yds.

At each of the new handicaps this year that were open to all, the main event was won by a professional, causing much adverse comment among the amateur class. This class is of the opinion that these events should be open to amateurs only, and many others who closely follow the sport are of the same opinion. While I think it would be well to give this matter careful consideration, I would not include the Grand American Handicap, as that particular event should, in my opinion, be open to all, the same as heretofore.

I would also respectfully suggest that the Association consider the advisability of increasing the number of targets in the amateur and professional championship events at the Grand American Handicap tournament from 150 to 200. By so doing the element of luck would be almost entirely eliminated and a full day's programme would be nicely rounded out.

Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 8.—Several famous trapshooters took part in the weekly shoot of this club at the Bay Ridge grounds to-day, and in a 15-target event got up for their benefit, W. H. Heer broke 15 straight. L. C. Hopkins won the second leg in the December cup contest, and Stephenson and Grinnell, Jr., won the team match. The scores follow:

December cup, 25 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
L C Hopkins	3	23	H B Vanderveer	4	20
J H Ernst	5	22	C A Lockwood	3	20
W C Damron	4	22	O C Grinnell, Jr.	1	18
F B Stephenson	0	20	S P Hopkins	4	18
D C Bennett	2	20	W W Marshall	5	17

Team shoot, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	23	W C Damron	4	16
O Grinnell, Jr.	1	21—44	C A Lockwood	3	24—40

Event 3, open to all, 15 targets:

W H Heer	15	J H Ernst	11
L S German	13	D C Bennett	10
W C Damron	13	L C Hopkins	10
E H Lott	12	O C Grinnell, Jr.	10
F B Stephenson	12	W W Marshall	9
C A Lockwood	12	A E Hendrickson	9
A R Allen	12	C W Hickling	8
J Fanning	11	H B Vanderveer	8
Tom Marshall	11	P Garner	6

Trophy event, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	15	H B Vanderveer	2	11
W C Damron	2	14	W W Marshall	3	11
L C Hopkins	2	13	O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	9
S P Hopkins	2	12	L R Bowden	5	8

Trophy event, 25 targets:

W C Damron	2	15	F B Stephenson	0	12
C W Hickling	3	14	L C Hopkins	2	12
W W Marshall	3	14	O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	10
H B Vanderveer	2	13	L R Bowden	5	7

Trophy event, 25 targets:

F B Stephenson	0	15	O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	12
C A Lockwood	1	15	C W Hickling	3	12
L C Hopkins	2	13	W C Damron	2	10
W W Marshall	3	13			

Shoot-off: Stephens n. 12; Lockwood 11.

Trophy event, 25 targets:

O C Grinnell, Jr.	0	14	W C Damron	2	11
W W Marshall	3	13	C A Lockwood	1	11
F B Stephenson	0	12	C W Hickling	3	8
A E Hendrickson	2	12	L C Hopkins	2	7

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The Winchester Team.

The exhibitions of the Winchester teams at Shreveport, La., were witnessed by large and appreciative crowds. Mr. W. L. Fulton was in charge of the traps and grounds, and everything went along very smoothly both days. T. Bill ran the first 99 straight and missed a slight left-quarterer that a gust of wind took away up in the air. When Bill missed this, his last bird, the crowd, which had been watching him breathlessly, issued a long-drawn-out moan, and some observing youth yelled out in a shrill voice, "There, now, the old big fat fellow missed one." Of course, everybody had to stop and laugh at this. Bill looked as though nothing had happened, and stood waiting until the laugh was over and the rest could shoot their remaining target. "Top" made a fine Indian head, and was generously applauded. When it was concluded he walked over and picked up his Winchester repeating shotgun. Some one in the crowd asked what he was going to do now. An old gentleman who was very much astonished at the sketch drawn by rifle bullets, remarked, "Why, he is going to kill the Indian, of course." John Boa shot in fine style, also breaking 99.

Some one suggested that John had tied T. Bill. John swelled up, looked around, and remarked, "No, you mean T. Bill tied me." Mrs. Topperwein was not feeling very well, and her Dead Shot colleague Hatcher kindly took her place when the Winchester team shot the black powder exhibition, and assisted in making the fine score of 48 out of 50, as follows: Crosby 10, Hawkins 10, Taylor 10, Hatcher 9, Boa 9. Messrs. John Jenkins, John Skannel, and E. D. Chadwick assisted Mr. Fulton in making everything pleasant, and agreeable for the team. The scores were: Crosby 99, Hawkins 97, Boa 99, Taylor 94, Mrs. Topperwein 91; total 480 out of 500.

The second day there was a much larger crowd than upon the first, for the work of the team had been voiced around, and every one seemed eager to witness the exhibition. The wind was a little stronger also, and in consequence, the targets were a trifle more erratic. Bill described the method of shooting at one high jumping target as follows: "Get about a foot ahead of it, a foot over it, pull the trigger and trust to luck and the referee. If you hit it, just smile and look pleasant. If you miss it, don't say a word, for you have gotten just what you expected."

In the fancy exhibition, Mrs. Topperwein hit 14 marbles thrown in the air, without a miss, with her .22 automatic rifle, and Top smashed 10 apples, thrown two at a time, with his left hand, using the '92 model .32cal. Winchester lever action repeating rifle. Silent John Taylor, whose night-time name is Noisy the Crook, was the bright star in the target exhibition, breaking the remarkably fine score, under the prevailing conditions, of 98. Taylor 98, Hawkins 97, Crosby 96, Boa 94, Mrs. Topperwein 89; total 474.

Harold Money, of the Winchester Co., broke 97. For the powder men Huff and Hatcher tied on 94. For the local boys Chadwick broke 92.

At Monroe, La., the Winchester team furnished a fine exhibition of shooting to the lovers of firearms and marksmanship, at this place. A cross wind made the targets jump quite a little, and interfered in some degree with the shooting. The old reliable T. Bill made 99 for the tenth time, out of the last seventeen days' shooting (100 each day). Certainly a wonderful performance. Many ladies were present, and they were particularly enthusiastic over Mrs. Topperwein's work, both at the trap and in the exhibition of fancy shooting. The scores were: Crosby 99, Hawkins 98, Boa 97, Taylor 92, Mrs. Topperwein 89; total 475.

Money broke 96. For the powder men Huff broke 96, and Hatcher 95. With the Winchester factory loaded Nublack shells the team broke 48—Hawkins 10, Crosby 10, Hatcher 10, Boa 9, Taylor 9.

At Vicksburg, Miss., the Winchester team ran into a whole day tournament gotten up in honor of their visit. The programme called for 200 shots. The scores will be reported by Secretary Bradfield, of the Vicksburg Gun Club. The team made the following scores out of 100 each shot at.

Crosby	99	98	197
Hawkins	96	96	192
Taylor	96	95	191
Boa	92	91	183
Mrs. Topperwein	85	89	174
	468	469	937—1000

Of course, Crosby won high average with 197, Hawkins and Moncy tied for second with 192; Taylor and Huff 191, Hatcher 190, Borden 189. North and Hayes tied for high amateur average with 184, Bradfield second with 177.

At Yazoo City, Miss., after a day's rest, the Winchester team started off by breaking the entire string of 125 straight. Of course, applause and congratulations were in order, as this was the finest shooting that had ever been done in the State of Mississippi. The Blackbird trap broke down after the team had finished 250 shots with a total of 245 scored. Experts had to be put down, and the slow pulling caused many misses. John Taylor was the only one who was able to weather the storm, and he made a great score of 100 straight. The scores follow: Taylor 100, Hawkins 99, Crosby 97, Mrs. Topperwein 96, Boa 94; total 486.

For the powder men Huff broke 98.

J. Mowell Hawkins.

Craterdale Rod and Gun Club.

Middletown, N. J., Nov. 27.—The appended scores were made at the first shoot of the Craterdale Rod and Gun Club. The shooting grounds are on the club's immense game preserve, where there is plenty of game and fine trout fishing. The club now has sixty members. There are two fine club houses, with about sixty sleeping rooms, a fine trap house and five expert traps.

Following are the totals made at 100 targets: G. Crater 85, F. Stone 80, V. Lawrence 71, F. Butler 89, W. G. Gefford 81, P. F. Ferguson 80, R. L. Hatty 62, Arthur Bertram 58, Frank McCalluter 59, W. R. Mace 59.

New York Athletic Club.

Travers Island, N. Y., Dec. 8.—Because of the amateur championship, scheduled for the Travers Island grounds on Dec. 12, the shooters who were present to-day took every opportunity to practice for the big event, although they also had another event of considerable importance to decide. This was the club championship match at 100 targets, the finals to be shot Dec. 15, at the same number of targets. Gus E. Greiff was high gun to-day with 83 breaks. All shot at scratch. George Piercy broke 89, C. F. Moffett 88, and F. Howard 88; but as these gentlemen are not members, their scores did not count. F. A. Hodgman landed the December cup, second leg, with a total of 46. In this event Moffett scored 46. Piercy 42, and Howard 39, they shooting along with members for practice. The scores of all follow:

Club championship, 100 targets:

G E Greiff	83	E F Crowe	72
F G Pelham	82	F A Hodgman	69
R S Gales	77	F Vilmar	67
C Billings	77	Dr Held	63
E H Kniskern	73		

December cup, 50 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
F A Hodgman	6	46	E F Crowe	4	39
F G Pelham	6	46	J W Hibbard	4	37
R S Gales	0	45	J Henderson	0	36
G E Greiff	0	43	G R Hibbard	0	32
C Billings	2	43	F A Kniskern	0	31
F Vilmar	10	43	Dr Held	6	31
W R Hearne	0	44			

Trophy event, 25 targets:

G Piercy	0	25	C Billings	0	21
C F Moffett	0	23	J Henderson	0	21
G E Greiff	0	23	G R Hibbard	0	21
F A Hodgman	0	23	J W Hibbard	0	19
W R Hearne	0	23			

Trophy event, 25 targets:

Dr Held	3	24	F G Pelham	3	20
F A Hodgman	2	24	R S Gales	0	19
F Howard	0	23	J Henderson	0	19
G Piercy	0	22	G E Greiff	0	18
C F Moffett	0	21	F Vilmar	5	17
C Billings	1	21	E F Crowe	2	14

Trophy event, 25 targets:

G Piercy	0	24	R S Gales	0	21
C Billings	0	23	J Henderson	0	21
G E Greiff	0	21	C F Moffett	0	19

Trophy event, 25 targets:

F Vilmar	0	21	E F Crowe	0	20
R S Gales	0	21	Dr Held	0	18

75 STRAIGHT!

THE LIVE BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP of Arkansas was won on November 3, by Mr. Wiley B. Miller, of Little Rock. In the Championship race and subsequent practice Mr. Miller killed 50 STRAIGHT and 55 OUT OF 56, from the 30-yard line, a feat never before accomplished by an Arkansas amateur. Again, on November 19, Mr. Miller defended the title against Dr. J. H. Lenow, killing 25 STRAIGHT. In these two contests he made a record of 75 STRAIGHT, or 80 OUT OF 81. He gives a full share of the credit to

Peters Factory Loads

Mr. L. H. Reid, at Lynn, Ind., October 13 broke 148 x 150 targets; and at Glenkarn, O., October 6, 147 x 150, with Peters Ideal Shells. Mr. C. L. Baker was high amateur at both these shoots, also using Peters Shells.

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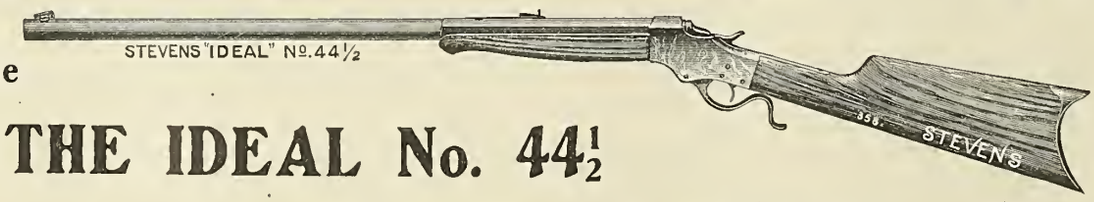

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WESTERN TRAP.

In Other Places.

The secretary of the Boon, Ia., Gun Club reports the shoot held Thanksgiving Day was a very successful one, and the guns were popping from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M., when the shoot was declared off for the big dinner, which was much enjoyed by all those present.

Members of the Omaha, Neb., Police Force who took part in a bluerock shoot at the Gun Club grounds were not the marksmen they are supposed to be, and were ashamed of their own score cards. Those present attributed their failure to the dark sky, but they are supposed to be able to shoot down dark alleys at any time of night.

Breemer, Neb., reports having held a team shoot with Wisner, the latter winning with small majority of 5, Simonson and Thompson being the stars. Sixteen men shot as follows: John Sieverson 24, out of 25, Thompson (25) 24, Fisher (25) 16, Emley (25) 13, W. P. Mangold (35) 27, Joe Heald (35) 25, John Glandt (35) 27, J. M. Sullivan (15) 8, Simmons (10) 6, H. Conrad (15) 10, Edward McNamara (15) 11, Joseph McNamara (15) 11, B. Gallager (10) 7, George Gardner (10) 7, George Woods (10) 6, William Smith (10) 7, Emil Grosse (10) 6, W. H. Hill (10) 6.

The shooting men of the Des Moines, Ia., Golf and Country Club are still enthusiastic over the target shooting, though the game season is at hand.

There was quite an attraction in the way of a trap contest on Thursday last at the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind. The much-talked-of match between Jimmy Gardner and Otto Seiloff was a fluke. Seiloff failed on every target, while Gardner did better, getting 5 out of 10. Max Witz was the high man. Names and scores follow: Max Witz shot at 125, scored 93, August Witte (125) 83, Thomas Dascomb (125) 80, Frank Martin (125) 79, Kaada (125) 70, P. M. Keller (115) 53, M. Botzler (115) 52, Theodore Clark (150) 50, William Shaunessey (115) 36, Gottlieb Goiglein (115) 28, Chas. Rundle (100) 57, Frank Joliff (100) 53, E. M. Evans (100) 51, William Burtle (85) 50, J. C. McCarty (85) 42, M. W. Reed (85) 25, Frank De Witt (65) 33, Eley (65) 31, William Sherer (55) 38, Henry Doctor (55) 35, Louis Weigman (55) 23, Ed Brockridge (55) 15, L. Baker (35) 21, George Clark (35) 17, A. W. Leonard (35) 13, Bob Riedmiller (35) 12, I. Troutman (35) 4, Willis Sander (15) 8, J. McMonigal (15) 7.

A proposition is now on foot to have the great shooting park at Chicago, known as the Chicago Gun Club. With the investment of $17,000 in grounds and equipment, the Chicago trapshooters feel that the Interstate Shooting Association should hold the next handicap at the Windy City. The secretary of this Association has been in New York for this purpose.

We are pleased to note that interest is not lagging in the shoots held at Pueblo, Colo., and part of this comes through the loving cup donated by Alderman Riger. In the shoot held last Thursday Messrs. Killen, Croft and Ruger tied on 25 with 22, with Raymond Killin, a boy of eleven years, a close second. This youngster in another event ran out a straight 10, which was not equalled by any of the older men who shot in the same event. Scores at 25 targets: Killin 22, R. Killin 20, Croft 22, Ruger 22, Heil 19, Rainey 19, Klein 15, Stein 17, Burrows 15, Gray 18, McGee 16, Hughes 21.

Local marksmen had a fine opportunity to enjoy their favorite sport at the Rush House grounds, Detroit, Thursday last, the prizes being merchandise of great variety.

Some members of the Detroit, Mich., Gun Club made

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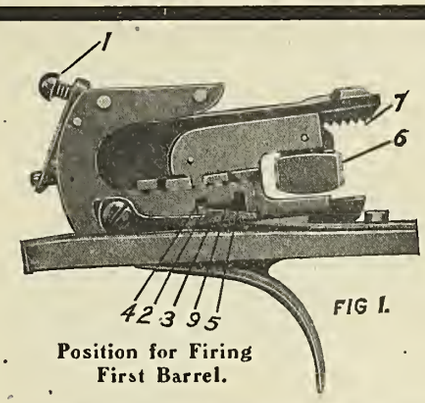

FIG I.

Position for Firing First Barrel.

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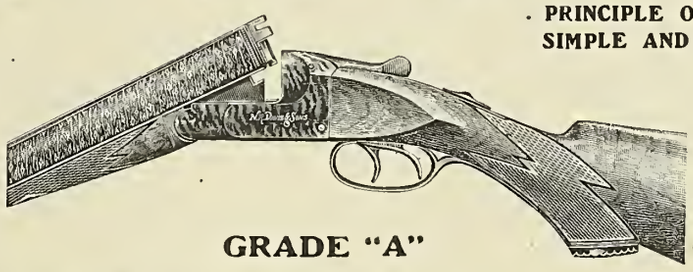

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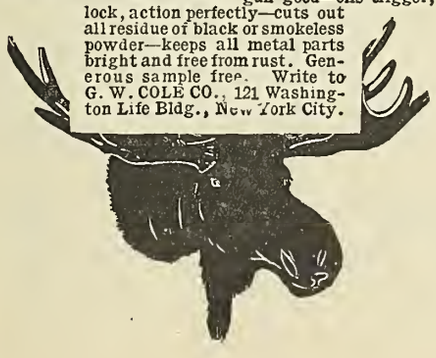

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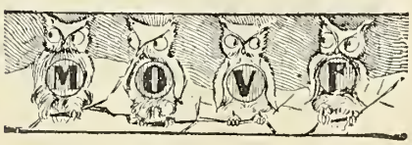

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When writing say you saw the ad. in "Forest and Stream."

good scores at their last shoot. Terry won Class A, Stenton won Class B, and McGinnis Class C. Scores at 25 targets: Knot 13, Dr. Clark 8, Terry 14, Sipe 12, Butterfield 18, Pelter 17, Smith 17, Kramer 13, Davis 12, McGinnis 16, Stenton 15.

Mayor Becker, of Milwaukee, Wis., was the high man at the South Side Gun Club during the first shoot held for two months. This park will remain open each Saturday and Sunday from now on during the winter. Scores at 15, 10 and 15: S. M. Becker 10, 10, 12; R. L. Frost 8, 4, 9; McCormick 8, 7, 12; A. Gropper 9, 7, 11; T. M. Drought 10, 6, 9.

Messrs. Edward O'Brien and Chris. Gottlieb ate their Thanksgiving turkey at Guthrie, Okla. As an appetizer they visited the gun club grounds and assisted the gun club members in lining out a few targets.

G. A. Kunning and C. Moeller, of Loraine, O., were present at a shoot held at New Bremen, and took away several of the prizes.

The Mishawaka, Ind., Gun Club held a shoot last Tuesday with the following result: H. W. Vietmeyer, Chicago, 163 out of 200; N. H. Koutz, Cromwell, Ind., 180; L. R. Barkley, Chicago, 197; Kit C. Shepardson, Le Grange, Ind., 183; F. S. Greinlief, Goshen, 168; Ernest Beebe, Mishawaka, 174. Dr. H. M. Kold, Goshen; A. W. Erwin, C. F. Volkeman, J. M. Studebaker, Jr., W. C. Miller, South Bend, shot in part of the programme.

Jacob Lesher won a medal at the last regunlar monthly shoot of the Twin Valley Gun Club held at West Alexandria, Ohio, Saturday last.

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, N. Y., Dec. 8.—The regular week-end shoot of the Larchmont Yacht Club, held to-day, was well attended, and the scores were good, considering the difficult weather conditions. Mr. O. O. Fleischmann had the top score, winning the second leg on the monthly cup; the first leg was taken last week by Mr. J. A. Pisani. The scores:

Monthly cup, 50 clay targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
A O Fleischmann	4	45	A B Alley	10	39
F W Perkins	6	42	J A Pisani	6	38
A Cobden	12	41	E S Ballou	4	34
E G Unitt	14	41	E L C Robins	10	32
J R Collins	14	41			

Two fine cups, presented by E. B. Gallaher and Whitney Lyon, will be competed for next month. The December trophy is a solid silver water pitcher, the gift of A. Bryan Alley.

Bradford Gun Club.

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 8.—We are going to give a shoot on Dec. 21 in honor of the popular Luther J. Squier, who was the first expert to visit our club, and he always makes a big hit when he visits us. The programme will consist of 165 targets, and the club will add $15 in average money and the purses will be divided Jack Rabbit system.

We have arrangements made with the managers of the Atlantic City oyster house to serve us with oysters cracked from the shell right on the ground. We expect to make this a good shoot, and we have a good, warm club house, and when the shooters get cold they can shoot them over again around the big gas fire.

Those wishing programmes should address R. S. Pringle, Secretary.

R. S. P., Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

The regular gallery shoot was held on Dec. 5, at headquarters, and the following scores made at 25yds., offhand:

Ring target:

A P Fegert	233	241—474	H Teschmacher	218	209—427
R Busse	237	236—473	H A Ficke, Jr.	214	213—427
H D Muller	239	234—473	H A Ficke, Sr.	213	211—424
C Gerken	233	232—465	F Jaeger	217	206—423
J V D Lieth	233	228—461	F Wessel, Jr.	220	201—421
C Oltmann	237	224—461	G Dettloff	209	199—408
F Brodt	232	227—459	H Brummer	215	191—406
Chas Folke	226	225—451	F Ricker	204	197—401
A Heimerich	227	222—449	J M Leonard	194	191—385
F Schroeder	223	222—445	A Dux	208	179—287
H Roffmann	223	212—435	C F Gennerich	197	183—370
H Schumacher	216	215—431			

Bullseye, degrees:

F Ricker	26	H Brummer	81
H D Muller	40½	A Heimerich	92
C Oltmann	66½	A P Fegert	98
F Brodt	67	H A Ficke	98
Chris Gerken	67½	R Busse	112½

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

The regular gallery shoot was held on Dec. 6, on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street. Scores as follows:

Ring target:

A P Fegert	236	236—472	L Gleichmann	220	215—435
R Busse	236	235—471	J Fueger	216	216—432
R Bendler	228	233—461	H C Radloff	213	213—426
Chas Wagner	229	229—458	E Stein	223	200—423
B Eusner	217	233—450	F Schwarz	211	205—416
R Schwanemann	221	218—439	A Miltz	200	202—402
J Wagner	227	211—438	Chas Benn	200	192—392
			H Kuhlmann	202	189—391

The best bullseyes on the Zettler trophy target were made by R. Bendler, R. Busse, A. P. Fegert, R. Schwanemann, F. Schwarz and Chas. Wagner.

Owensville Rifle Club.

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 5.—Our shooting is done in the open air; have no gallery conveniences. All shooting is strictly offhand; no hip or body rest. All use .22 long rifle cartridges and telescope sights. Scores:

G A Wetter	246	248	244	247	246	—1231
Jas. Montgomery	245	246	245	245	246	—1227
Capt S S L Strickland	241	234				— 475

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

With the coming of Feb. 1 next, a new factor in the fishing tackle trade of the United States will be in evidence. This is the E. A. Pflueger Co., of Akron, Ohio, recently incorporated and now busily engaged in equipping its new factory with all the modern appliances known in the manufacture of high class tackle. The head of the new firm, Ernest A. Pflueger, has been identfied with the trade for a quarter of a century.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Co., Worcester, Mass., have issued a beautiful lithograph in ten colors, the subject of which is the "Canadian Trapper." Any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers may obtain a copy on request, if a mention of FOREST AND STREAM is made in the application.

THE CONTINENTAL TRIALS.

(*Continued from page 949.*)

forfeit, $10 second, $10 additional to start. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100. Judges, Nick Daniels and Irby Hoagland.

FIRST SERIES.

Miss Lyla, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Lemon's Rodfield—Dell Gladstone), H. R. Edwards, owner; J. Gude, handler, with Clemont Sooner (Prince Rodney—Pretti Sing), Geo. W. Clemsen, owner, E. Shelly, handler.

Miss Lucia, o. and w. setter bitch (Count Whitestone—Mecca's Lady), H. R. Edwards, owner; J. Gude, handler, with Tommy Atkins, b. w. and t. setter dog, L. Hilsendegen, owner, Elliott, handler.

Red Bud, liv. and w. pointer dog (Jingo's Jones—Dot Kent), G. L. Parsons, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Lakefield Lillian, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Sport Count Danstone—Ora), Lakefield Kennels, owner; D. C. White, handler.

Clemont Prize, o. and w. setter bitch (Lady's Count Gladstone—Annie B.), Geo. M. Clemsen, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Masterpiece, b. and w. pointer dog (Lad of Jingo—Lady Rip Rap, Jr.), W. S. Kidwell, owner; D. E. Rose, handler.

Jessica, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Jessie Rodfield's Count Gladstone—Phantom), G. L. Parsons, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Huldah, liv. and w. pointer bitch (Lad's Doc—Elsie), Thos. Johnson, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler.

Colton, liv. and w. pointer dog (Doc Daniels—Lottie Ripstone), H. B. Smith, owner; Babcock, handler, with Danny Stone, b. w. and t. setter dog (Count Danstone—Sister Okaw), Gibraltar Kennels, owner; J. Bishop, handler.

Mary J., b. w. and t. setter bitch (Prince Ping Pong—Woodbine Beauty), Sydney Smith, owner; Eliott, handler, with Lakefield Annie, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Sport Count Danstone—Destiny Princess), Lakefield Kennels, owner; D. C. White, handler.

Lottie Light, w. and liv. pointer bitch (Gill—Doro), A. M. Masters, owner, J. Bishop, handler, with Lakefield Gleam, b. w. and t. setter dog (Sport Count Danstone—Destiny-

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Preliminary Handicap—score 98-100
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El Baso, o. and w. setter bitch (Fairland Count—Sport's Dart), Thos. Johnson, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler, with King's Young Rod (Young King's Rod—May Noble), Jas. Little, owner and handler.

Sonoma, liv. and w. pointer dog (Doc Daniels—Baby Jingo), Thos. Johnson, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler.

The All Age Stake.

Twenty starters made competition in this stake. Nearly all of them had been identified with competition in recent trials. The work as a whole was mixed in quality, some excellent, some poor.

Friday.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant. About thirty bevies were found.

The competition ran as follows:

FIRST SERIES.

Alberta Jingo and Gleam's Count Gladstone ran from 9:28 to 10:14. Count pointed in open sedge; Jingo backed, broke back and both roaded down wind. Jingo was first to the bevy and pointed it. On scattered birds, each made a point on singles, and each made another point on the same bird. Jingo pointed a bevy. Count false-pointed in a corn field.

Sir Royal Spot and Outram started at 10:24; up at 11:03. Outram soon pointed a bevy, and next flushed a bevy which Spot pointed. They were hard to handle, and their point work was faulty. They ranged wide and fast.

Granite Dick and Cæsar started at 11:07. After a few good casts, Cæsar was lost. Dick made a point on one bevy and flushed another. Up at 12:17.

Tonapaugh and Milton ran from 12:28 to 1:20. Each pointed a bevy. The heat was ordinary.

Lunch next engaged the attention of the party.

Lanark's Lad and Manitoba Mike ran the first good heat of the day, though Lad fairly smothered his opponent. Lad pointed a bevy and Mike stole the point, then broke in to flush. Mike pointed a single. Lad made three points on singles. Lad pointed a bevy. He displayed good judgment in using his nose, and a general knowledge of bird work. He ranged wide and fast, and beat out his ground skillfully. Mike's heat was poor. Down at 2:07; up at 2:52.

Fishel's Frank and Navajo were cast off at 2:56; up at 3:48. Navajo soon pointed a bevy nicely. Frank pointed two bevies and Navajo backed one point. Frank made three points on singles; Navajo one. Both ranged well. The heat was a good one.

Miss Ransom and Policy Girl began at 3:56. Miss pointed three bevies nicely, and two more good points on singles. Girl made two points to which nothing was found, and made a good point on a bevy. Miss ranged wide and fast and with good judgment. Girl's range was fair only.

Keepsake and King Woolton began at 4:54; up at 5:23. They ranged irregularly. Keepsake pointed and moved on; the judges riding up flushed a bevy nearby the point. This ended the day's work.

Saturday.

The weather was clear and cool. A white frost heavily coated the landscape. There was hardly any wind. It was a morning for fine work on the part of the contestants, so far as weather was concerned.

Avalon and Count Whitestone's Pearl began at 8:08. Avalon made a good point on a bevy in open sedge field. Avalon made a second point and was backed by Pearl. Both ranged well. Up at 8:53.

Shot Wind'em and Jim Baker were cast off at 9:10. Shot pointed a bevy in the open and was backed by Jim. Shot pointed a single bird. Jim made a point which proved blank. Up at 9:52. Shot was much the better in range, speed and bird work.

SECOND SERIES.

Eight dogs were retained for further competition as follows:

Miss Ransom and Navajo started at 10:08. Navajo pointed and nothing was found. Miss Ransom made a good point on a bevy and was nicely backed. On the scattered birds Navajo pointed a single, and later pointed a bevy. Miss was lost for quite a while, about twenty minutes. When found, was found on point, according to the statement of the negro who found her. He said at first she was pointing a bevy; to others he said it was a single bird. Whatever he said, true or untrue, it was irrelevant. Miss next pointed a bevy, and Navajo flushed it. Up at 11:05. Miss ranged well, often too wide and heedless, and was difficult to handle. Navajo was about ordinary.

Fishel's Frank and Lanark's Lad started at 11:25; up at 12:20. Frank pointed two bevies and a single, and had a divided point on a single. Lad pointed two bevies, a single and had a divided point and a flush. Each backed well. Each ranged well and displayed excellent judgment in searching the likely places and in work on birds.

Gleam's Count Gladstone and Avalon began after lunch and ran till 2:21. Gleam fooled quite a bit with larks. Avalon pointed a small bevy. Avalon made some uncertain points. Both ranged wide and fast.

Tonapaugh and Shot Wind'em began at 2:27. Tonapaugh pointed two bevies and had a divided point with Shot. The dogs and handlers were separated during most of the heat.

FINAL.

Lanark's Lad and Miss Ransom started at 3:48.

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Currituck Sound—Sportsmen's Home.

Game plentiful; geese, swans, ducks of all kinds. This land is in the center of the Swan Island property. I bait my land with corn and rice. Rates per day, $4, guides, board, decoys. L. R. WHITE, Corolla, N. C. This property is for sale. 26

Having some 25,000 acres of exclusive shooting privileges, a number of trained quail, wild turkey and deer dogs, competent guides, first-class accommodations and livery, I am offering to the sportsman, accommodations, hunting lands, guides and trained dogs for the hunting of quail, wild turkey and deer, taking charge of every arrangement from their stepping off of train at my place to their departure from same. A few well-broken quail dogs for sale. Northern references given. Game, quail, deer and wild turkeys. Open season, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. For further information address DR. H. L. ATKINS, Boydton, Va.

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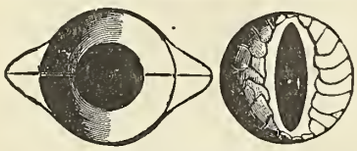

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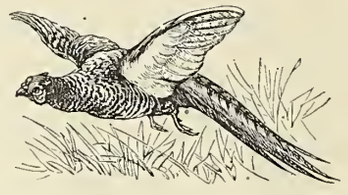

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Exporter of all kinds of wild animals, live game, ornamental water fowl, fancy pheasants, etc.

Lad soon pointed a bevy, Miss at the time being absent. Lad roaded a bevy nicely from an open field into woods. Miss was more interested in frolicking over the field than in hunting. Lad ran an excellent heat. Up at 4:12. The dogs were placed as follows:

First. Lanark's Lad.
Second. Miss Ransom.
Third. Fishel's Frank and Navajo.

Thomasville, N. C., Dec. 8.—Continental Field Trial Club All Age Stake for pointers and setters that have not won a place in any trials recognized by the club. $10 to nominate,, $20 to start. First, $250; second, $150; third, $100. Judges, Nick Daniel and Irving Hoagland.

Alberta Jingo, liv. and w. pointer dog (Young Jingo—Alberta Lulu), Thos. Johnson, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler, with Gleam's Count Gladstone, b. w. and t. setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Peg Marie), Bright, owner; D. E. Rose, handler.

Sir Royal Spot, liv. and w. pointer dog (Four Spot—Queen of Rip Rap), D. C. White, owner; J. Bishop, handler, with Outram, liv. and w. pointer dog (Lad's Doc—Clementine), Dr. Howe, owner, W. H. Beazell, handler.

Granite Dick, b. w. and t. setter dog, (Granite City—Lady Belle), E. Chevier, owner; E. Shelly, handler, with Cæsar, b. w. and t. setter dog (Rancocas Jack—Dolly Manners), W. H. Beazell, owner and handler.

Tonapaugh, b. w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Esther), W. T. Hunter, owner; J. Bishop, handler, with Milton, b. w. and t. setter dog (Phoebes Own Wind'em—Susie Hill), J. T. Jones, owner; D. C. White, handler.

Lanark's Lad, o. and w. setter dog (Tony Boy—Pink Tea)., Gilbraltar Kennels, owner; J. Bishop, handler, with Manitoba Mike, b. w. and t. pointer dog (Neale Bennett—Cuba G.), Thos. Johnson, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler.

Fishel's Frank, liv. and w. pointer dog (Fishel's Rip Rap—Boy's Queen), U. R. Fishel, owner; J. Gude, handler, with Navajo, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Uncle Sam—Pretty Thing), Frank Wheeler, owner; D. E. Rose, handler.

Miss Ransom, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Uncle B.—Sport's Belle), H. R. Edwards, owner; J. Gude, handler, with Policy Girl, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Dave Earl—Top's Queen), W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler.

Avalon, b. w. and t. setter dog (California Bell Boy—Peach Blossom), W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler, with Count Whitestone's Pearl, b. w. and t. setter bitch (Count Whitestone—Rodey Danstone), Miller and Keely, owners; D. E. Rose, handler.

Keepsake, b. w. and t. setter bitch (California Bell Boy—Peach Blossom), W. W. Van Arsdale, owner; H. C. Babcock, handler, with King Woolton, liv. and w. pointer dog (King Cyrano—Zephyr II.), C. E. Peirson, owner; E. Shelly, handler.

Shot Wind'em, b. w. and t. setter dog (Sure Shot—Baffle Wind'em), D. C. White, owner and handler, with Jim Baker, b. w. and t. setter dog (Oakley Hill—Pearl R.), H. W. De Forrest, owner; W. H. Hammond, handler.

SECOND SERIES.

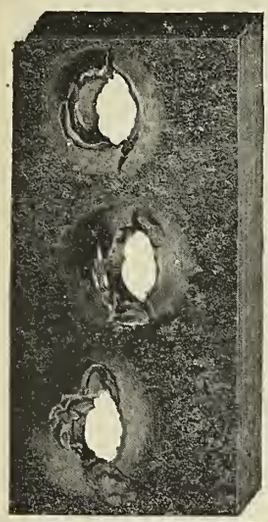
Miss Ransom with Navajo.
Fishel's Frank with Lanark's Lad.
Gleam's Count Gladstone with Avalon.
Tonapaugh with Shot Wind'em.

FINAL.

Lanark's Lad with Miss Ransom.

The New England Kennel Club Dog Show

With the point in view of making the twenty-third annual dog show of the New England Kennel Club not only a five pointer, but an institution remarkable for liberality in classification, and otherwise enticing exhibitors, the dog show committee has already mapped out a strenuous campaign. The intention is to have double the number of judges, and to begin the task of sizing up the candidates for prizes as early as possible on the first day of the show. This work of examination for prize winners will be conducted in five or six rings, and continued until the classes have been adjudicated. There will be no more



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The powerful penetration of this arm is shown by the two accompanying cuts. On the left, machine steel 5-16 of an inch thick, cleanly penetrated by the .35 calibre bullet. The bone on the right, equal in size to the femur of the moose, shows the shattering power of two shots in live tissue. **Self**-loading, with solid breech and **safe** safety.

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THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY

ILION, N. Y.

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programme judging at the New England Kennel Club shows. The scheme was tried and found wanting. Henceforth exhibitors who come to Boston will have ample time after the second day of the show to seek out the many places of historical interest in the city and in its immediate vicinity.

There will be a long list of valuable specials offered by the club as an extra inducement for all the devotees of the dog to come forward in aid of the promoter of doggy interests. Announcement has already been made that one of the most valuable trophies ever offered for competition will be put up by the club for the money and ribbon questers of the Boston terrier classes to battle for. The prize will not cost less than $250, and will be without string attachment. Particulars regarding this grand premium will be announced in the prize list and in the sporting press in the near future. In addition to this incentive for the Boston terrier fancier to hike east on a prize-looting expedition, generous money specials will make other popular classes especially enticing.

At a recent meeting of the club J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., well known among exhibitors the country over, was elected president, his old position as treasurer being filled by the election of Henry L. Blake. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., succeeds Gen. William B. Emery as club secretary. The dog show committee comprises J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., Chairman; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., and Henry L. Blake, with seventeen others, and every man of the committee has buckled down to work with the intention in mind of trying to round up a most encouraging entry. The club's delegate to the A. K. C. is Gen. William B. Emery.

Suggestions from specialty clubs and exhibitors regarding classification are invited by the dog show committee, and as a help-along to make smooth the way of preparation, specialty clubs have been asked to forward, as soon as possible, lists of memberships and the names of their accredited judges. The Boston office of the New England Kennel Club is in the Globe Bldg., 244 Washington street, and J. N. Taylor is the secretary for the show.

He Saved the Fawn.

A case of genuine philanthropy was exhibited at the Southern Pacific depot yesterday on the arrival at the express office of a consignment of three live deer from Collingsgrove, Ore., to Lincolnville, Kan. One of the little animals was apparently at the point of death, and an intoxicated individual who saw it declared that he could cure the animal.

He went back uptown and purchased a nursing bottle and a quart of fresh milk, and spent early an hour in nursing the stricken fawn. The animal was alive when it continued its long journey, and if it arrives safely at its destination, it will be solely due to the philanthropist who claimed that he did it for sheer love of the animal kingdom.—Sacramento Bee.

Kennel Special.

Ads under this head, 2 cents a word a time (or 3 cents in capitals). Cash must accompany order.

For Sale.—Full-blood English BEAGLE Hounds, Hunters that are hunted. OAKLAND BEAGLE KENNELS, Pontiac, Mich.

Norwegian bearhounds, Irish wolfhounds, deer and cat hounds. English bloodhounds, American foxhounds. Four-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue. ROOKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

FOR SALE.—Pointer dog, liver and white, five years old, well broken on quail, pheasants and woodcock; backs, retrieves and obedient to whistle and command. Dam, Bell of Hessan; sire, Kentis Chip. Price, $50.00. A. P. HULL, Box 153, Montgomery, Pa.

For Sale.—Dogs, Hogs, Pigeons, Ferrets, Belgian Hares. 8 cents for 40-page illustrated catalogue. C. G. LLOYDT, Dept. "M.," Sayre, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Thoroughly trained pointers, setters and hounds. Can furnish you a good one at a moderate price at any time. GEO. W. LOVELL, Middleboro, Mass.

A few good young setters left. FRANK FORESTER KENNELS, Warwick, N. Y. 24

FOR SALE.—PURE BRED BEAGLES. Have been used in a drag hunt all this fall, and are now doing well on rabbits. Size ranges from 14 to 15 inches. Very speedy. Apply to ENDEAN KENNELS, East Walpole, Mass. 24

FOR SALE.—Registered Chesapeake Bay pups, four months old. MAURICE SCHINDLER, Sisseton, S. D.

For quick sale.—Several trained pointers, setters, coon, fox and rabbit hounds, at half values. Box 147, Newton, N. C.

Hounds for Sale.—Eight fox and one deer hound. Good hunters. E. P. BAILEY, Breeder and Trainer, Kennett Square, Pa.

A fine, broken Pointer dog for sale. A. W. PEARSALL, Huntington, N. Y. tf

MODERN TRAINING.

Handling and Kennel Management. By B. Waters. Illustrated. Cloth. 373 pages. Price, $2.00.

This treatise is after the modern professional system of training. It combines the excellence of both the suasive and force systems of education, and contains an exhaustive description of the uses and abuses of the spike collar.

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The "Pocket Kennel Record" is, as its name implies, a handy book for the immediate record of all events and transactions which take place away from home, intended to relieve the owner from the risk of trusting any important matter to his memory.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TRAINING vs. BREAKING.

Practical Dog Training; or, Training vs. Breaking. By S. T. Hammond. To which is added a chapter on training pet dogs, by an amateur. Cloth, 165 pages. Price, $1.

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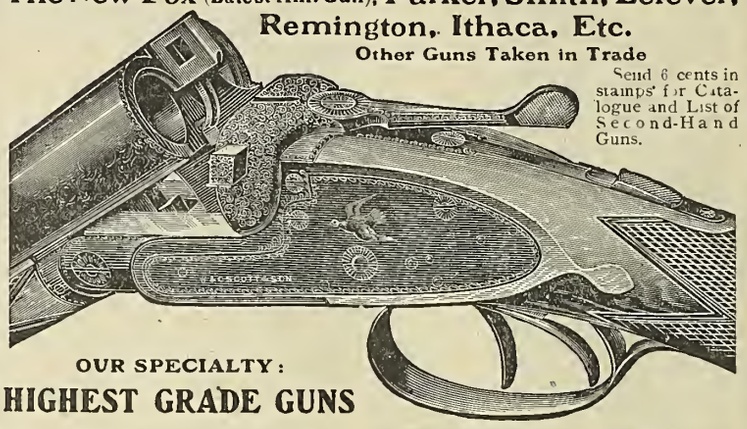

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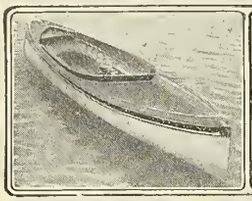

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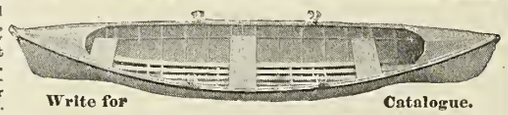

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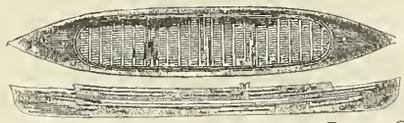

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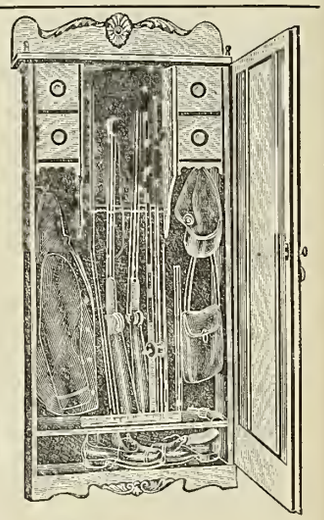

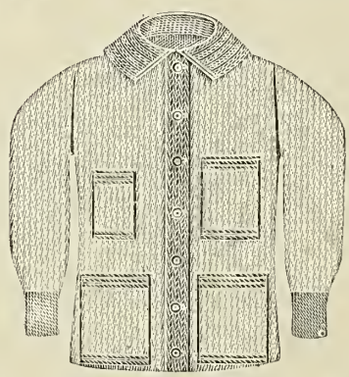

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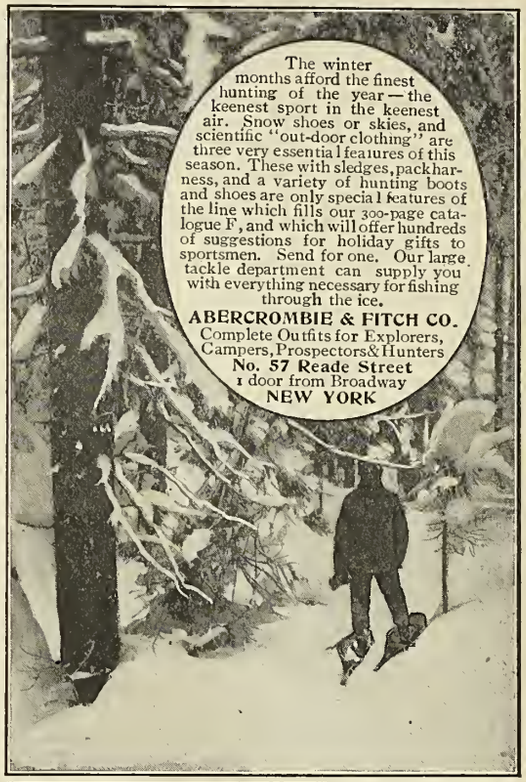
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Of course, the barrel was full of water, and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired, and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel near the hole. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest squaretails caught in that section this year.

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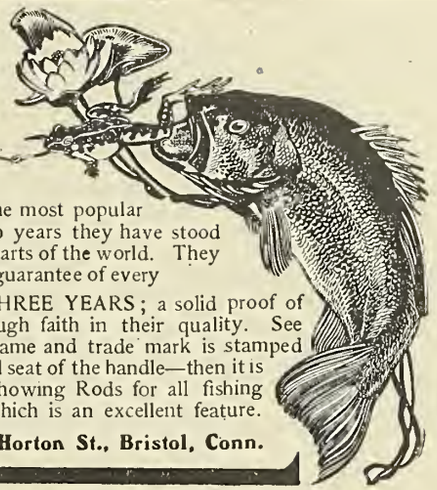

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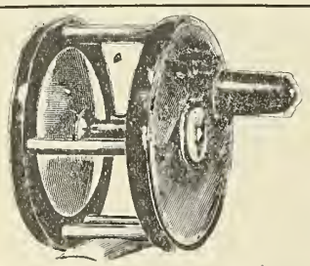

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Forest and Stream

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

VOL. LXVII.—No. 25. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of Forest and Stream, Aug. 14, 1873.

FEDERAL GAME AND FISH LAWS.

There is food for thought in the speech of Secretary Root at the recent annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society. Particularly are some of his remarks applicable to the question of uniform game and fish laws and Federal control over migratory birds and fishes. On these questions sportsmen as a rule are agreed, that State laws are not now and cannot be adequate to protect migratory birds and fishes. We refer particularly to a part of Mr. Root's speech wherein he says:

> It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate States are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the States, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the National Government.

Again he says that every State is bound to frame its legislation and its administration with reference to the effect upon all its sister States. This is true of measures repecting uniform game and fish laws, but there is a limit beyond which no State will go. States in the north can strive for uniform laws, in a way, and those in the south can do the same thing, each group working toward a common end. Nevertheless local conditions and geographical situation tend to prevent co-operation between the States of the north and the south, and only by Federal legislation can our migratory birds and fishes be adequately protected.

LONG ISLAND DEER.

The discovery, through a regrettable accident, that at least one farmer proposed to make deer laws for himself, and employed a man to shoot deer found eating cabbages on his Long Island farm, again brings up the question of State control at all times for the deer of that island. The scenes enacted during the four-day open season last November furnish sufficient reason why the State should protect the deer on Long Island indefinitely, and when they become so numerous as to annoy farmers, ship a number to the Catskills or the Adirondacks. The club members and the residents who are fond of tame deer should be satisfied, and the State could in this way maintain a perpetual supply of new blood, to be sprinkled about the up-state hunting grounds, where it would do the most good.

The Long Island deer would then become valuable to the State at large, and perhaps the farmers could be reimbursed for actual losses to their crops, due to invasions by the deer.

A WASHINGTON GAME REFUGE.

On Dec. 7, the House of Representatives passed a bill authorizing the President of the United States to designate such area in the Olympic Forest Reserve in the State of Washington, not exceeding 750,000 acres, as should in his opinion be set aside for the protection of game animals, birds and fishes therein, and as a breeding place for them. When this area has been set aside, the hunting, trapping, killing or capturing of the animals, birds and fish designated shall be unlawful, and shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.

The bill was introduced by Mr. Humphrey, of Washington, and its purpose is to protect the elk and other wild creatures of the Olympic Forest Reserve from destruction. The elk of the Pacific slope have almost disappeared. Except for a few on Vancouver Island and the small bunch on the Miller and Lux ranch—about twenty of which were not long ago transferred to the Sequoia National Park—this herd of the Olympic Mountains is the only one left. How many of these there are, we do not know. It is reported that there are now probably not more than 500, and it is notorious that in the past they have been most wastefully slaughtered for horns and teeth. The State of Washington not very long ago passed a law protecting the elk until the year 1915, but it is certainly desirable that this remnant should have protection not only by the State authorities, but by the forest wardens as well.

The House engaged in a long debate over the passage of the bill in the course of which Mr. Lacey, of Iowa, read the long opinion given by Senator Knox when he was Attorney-General as to the rights of the Federal Government on forest reserves. The opinion was published in part in the last book of the Boone and Crockett Club, "American Big Game in its Haunts."

If this bill becomes law it will be another step in applying the game refuge idea first suggested many years ago by the Forest and Stream. This suggestion called for legislation by which all forest reservations might become in some portions of their area sanctuaries where game and fish of all sorts might be absolutely free from molestation or pursuit by man, and might increase and in time re-establish themselves in regions from which they had been exterminated. Congress has already passed one such law for the Wichita Reserve in the State of Oklahoma, and the establishment of this refuge was most gratifying to the people of that State. A similar bill was passed as to southern Utah, covering a game refuge in a portion of the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve. Utah asked for the establishment of this refuge and got it, and now Washington is asking for the same thing with regard to the Olympic Forest Reserve. As these refuges increase, their value will be more and more appreciated and there will be more and more call for them from the different States and Territories in which the forest reserves lie. There is need for many of them, and they can be established without cost to the Government, but to the very great advantage of the nation.

TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC.

It is reported that during the past shooting season no less than seventy-four persons have been shot and killed by being mistaken for game, The record is a shocking one, implying an astounding degree of heedlessness and carelessness on the part of people who handle firearms. The shooting of persons by other persons in search of game has been going on now for a good many years, and has been preached against with much energy. Certain States have passed laws providing penalties for such homicide or injury, but in no case, so far as we are aware, has any one been punished for such criminal carelessness. Although many intelligent minds have worked on the matter, no one as yet appears to have been able to devise the means by which this form of homicide could be prevented. Sportsmen, too ardent to give up their hunting in thickly populated game haunts, have resorted to all kinds of fantastic and highly colored clothing, in order to warn those who may see them that they are not deer.

It is but a short time since many of the daily newspapers threw themselves into a frenzy of excitement over the deaths and injuries which took place in the football field, and the result of all the talk was a modification of rules, which seems to have reduced the number of injuries in the game. Is it not possible for sportsmen to devise some scheme by which these "accidents" of the woods may be reduced?

The State cares for the safety of some of its citizens by requiring engineers on railways and steamships and drivers of motor cars to take out licenses, given only after proof that these men are competent to perform their several tasks. May it not be that some action on the same general lines will have to be taken to protect the shooting public from itself?

THE ELK CASES.

The evidence of game wardens, given in the elk killing case heard in Los Angeles last week, seems to show that Purdy and Bankley, the persons arrested, shot large numbers of elk in Wyoming during deep snow. Apparently they approached very close to the elk, selecting the best heads, then shot as many as possible before the animals became panic-stricken, and after preparing the heads carefully for shipment, returned at their convenience to kill other elk. Sportsmen who have seen the heads, scalps and teeth captured at Los Angeles have estimated that these men might have secured ten thousand dollars for the shipment had it not been for the timely intervention of Warden Morgan, who captured the men and their plunder at the same time.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Christmas Eve in Norway.

As Christmas approaches, the Norwegian sportsman commences to lay plans and overhaul his ski toggery, sleeping bag, etc., just like his brothers in America when planning an outing. As yet there is no snow in the valleys or lowlands, but up in the high mountains, as it is called above the timber line, there is already about three feet of snow, and more coming.

The custom of going up into the mountains is growing from year to year, as people learn to appreciate their beauties, and during Christmas, and particularly at Easter, there is a regular exodus of sportsmen and women bound for an outing on the ski.

Here every grade of sportsman and woman is seen, from the "Cholly" in a high collar and the summer girl in "patent leathers," to the old-timer in his weather-beaten suit and sleeping bag and the ski girl in a businesslike dress of navy blue, just touching the tops of her solid shoes. Happily the latter kind is vastly in the majority.

For the last few years I have spent my Christmas in the Rondane Mountains, one of the prettiest groups of mountains in Norway, with a friend who owns a good warm log house up there, and has also a couple of huts further in. This friend, by the way, is one of the truest sportsmen and lovers of nature I have come across. His neighbors think he is a strange fellow, as every winter about November he leaves his cozy, comfortable farm and moves up in the mountains—God's country, as he calls it—where he hunts the ptarmigan and roughs it all alone till spring. No one but a sportsman can understand why he does it.

Last year on Dec. 23 I took the train for Otta, the end station of the line, where I arrived about 8 P. M. Shouldering my pack and skis, which together made quite a load, I started on my four-hour climb. The road runs along a river in a valley with very precipitous sides, and being pretty steep, makes one perspire as if in a Turkish bath before the top is reached.

It was with a sigh of relief that I gained the top and saw a little way off E.'s cabin, with the sparks merrily flying out of the chimney, showing I was expected, and presently a whiff of the sweet smelling smoke of burning juniper brush greeted my nostrils. A warwhoop brought E. to the door, from which, as it opened, came an aroma of coffee. With a welcoming smile and a hearty handshake, he pulled me inside.

After having a cup of coffee and some food, we brewed a good strong whisky toddy, lit our pipes and felt that life was really worth living. Stretched out on our sleeping bags, we lay there smoking and spinning yarns into the wee hours of morning, and therefore overslept ourselves, not waking until 8 o'clock.

The programme for the day was to go to one of E.'s huts—the ptarmigan hut, he calls it—with grub enough for two days. If there were any ptarmigan about we should take them along, and if not, just journey around and have a good time on the skis.

The weather looked thick toward the northwest, and snowflakes came sailing down now and then, with promise of more; but as the trip could usually be made in two or three hours, we thought we would risk it. On starting we followed a river valley, and everything looked lovely until the river had to be left and higher ground taken. Then we noticed the wind had risen to a storm square in our faces, and worst of all, it was warm, making the snow cling to our skis. Now, there is nothing which a ski runner fears more than mild weather, as the snow collects under the ski—pounds of it sometimes—and nothing will take the "starch" out of a fellow quicker than this; as the ski has to be lifted, with all the snow attached and used like a snowshoe.

Well, we knew we were in for it, but neither felt like backing out, so buttoning up our jackets and pulling down our caps, we started in. The wind kept rising, and the sleet was hurled in our faces, nearly blinding us, while the skis felt like lead. Pretty soon it got so we could only advance a few steps at a time, and then we had to brace ourselves with the sticks to prevent being blown over. I had noticed E. occasionally giving me a sort of a sideways squint, but thought I to myself, "if there is to be any backing out of it, you'll have to sing out first," which I knew he didn't like to do.

We kept doggedly bucking the wind, and at last reached the hut pretty well tuckered out; but as the building was entirely drifted under, it took about fifteen minutes to get down to the door. On getting inside, a roaring fire was started in the soapstone stove, snow was melted, and in a short time we had some hot black coffee that braced us up wonderfully. Coffee, by the way, is used a good deal in the mountains, and is the only stimulant employed, as all the old mountaineers have found it bad policy to take liquor while on the march. In the evening, however, after the day's work is over, they like a hot toddy, or what they call a "doctor." As that is probably a new one to the readers of Forest and Stream, I will give the formula:

A cup is filled about two-thirds with hot, strong coffee (black), sweetened well with sugar and then filled to the edge with whiskey, Cognac or alcohol. If any one wants to try it I would suggest not to do it in the evening, as the state of one's nerves is liable to banish sleep, if not used to it.

A description of the hut may prove of interest. It is about six by nine feet and built of stones piled on top of each other, and has two small windows and a sod roof. It is not much to look at from the outside, but inside it is altogether different. The walls are neatly lined with boards, there is a wooden floor and across one end are fixed two bunks—one over the other—while at the other end, by the door is the stove. At one side is a table made to fold up against the wall, and taken altogether it is the coziest den imaginable.

When the temperature became comfortable we undressed and hung our clothing up to dry, as we were wet through from the wind driving the sleet through our outer clothing and from perspiration. Creeping into our sleeping bags, we lit our pipes and lay there listening to the howling of the wind, with that contented feeling that any sportsman enjoys after a hard day's work. About 9 we had our supper of fried pork and blood sausage. It was rather a solid meal, but as neither of us was a dyspeptic, we had no fear of the result, and as E. said, "That kind of food does give a fellow such a comfortable set feeling in the stomach."

After clearing away the dishes, we turned in and slept till about 2 A. M., when E. woke me up saying, "I don't see how you can sleep.

A SKI JUMP—IN THE SWISS ALPS.

Don't you hear the racket?" Outside it was pitch black, with a regular hurricane blowing, occasionally quieting down, as if to gather new strength; then on it would come with a roar, whipping the sleet against the window and blowing gravel against the iron stovepipe that projected above the roof. It was a comfort to know the hut had walls three feet thick, was built up against the solid rock, and that nothing short of an earthquake could tear it down. As E. complained about feeling "hungry," we finished the balance of the pork and sausage, and followed this by a smoke, then turned in again and slept until about 7, when we woke up by hearing a strange pattering on the roof. It was rain, and for about five minutes it just poured and then stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

About 9 we got up, dressed and had our breakfast. The wind was still blowing hard and the snow drifting, and as the prospect did not look very rosy, we held a council of war as to whether we should stay there or try to make a break for the cabin. The question was settled by looking over the grub; there was enough only for another meal. We had managed to do away with two days' rations in less than twenty-four hours. About 11 o'clock it cleared up a little, and we started for home, taking the upper route along the heights, with the wind on our backs, and as there was a slight ice crust on the snow, we went a-sailing and came home just as the snow began coming down again as hard as ever.

That was how I spent last Christmas Eve. Eating and sleeping most of the time, but that is customary everywhere about Christmas time, and we certainly did not have any trouble with our digestion, which is liable to go back on the town folks during those critical days.

During the week of my stay we had some days of fine weather, but very cold, with the quicksilver down into the bulb. Nevertheless, we secured some ptarmigan and black cock. It is rather surprising to see the black cock at this altitude, but these were possibly some old fellows—as they were very large—who could not resist the tempting buds of the few crippled birch trees. After they had finished budding, they would hurl themselves into the loose snow, where they stayed all day; then it was an easy matter to shoot the wily old rascals, as they came out like a bombshell. The main thing was to keep cool and let them get off a little, as they sometimes rose right at the tips of the skis.

By the way, we had a covey of nine quail right by the house, where they had been all winter. They would go around where the wind had swept away the snow, trying to find food; but they had a hard time of it, poor fellows, and if E. had not occasionally thrown out some food, would probably have starved to death. When one considers that the quail has been imported to Norway from a good deal milder climate, it strikes one with wonder how they could stand the cold up there in the mountains above the timber line.

It was with regret I bade E. good-by, when my time was up, and turned my face toward civilization again. I have been up there in spring and summer and in fall, when Jack Frost has painted the leaves of the dwarf birch a bright red and golden brown. Then, if you stand at some little elevation, you will see at your feet, as far as the eye reaches, a vast carpet with roses of gold and red, with here and there the flaming scarlet of some lichens, on a ground of delicate gray reindeer moss, while overhead tower in solemn silence the majestic gray peaks with their caps of snow. But it is in winter that the mountains have always attracted me the most. Then on your skis you can skim along like the bird, coasting down the slopes for miles at a mile-a-minute gait, with nothing in the way, no trees nor, as a rule, stones, only the clean, smooth surface of the snow all around. And if it is a day with a cloudless blue sky, a bright sun and an air clear as crystal, you can see for miles and miles peak after peak all snowy white, resembling nothing so much as a frozen choppy sea. And at sunset, when every peak blushes a rosy red, gradually fading into pink, it seems like a scene from fairyland.

Is it any wonder a fellow always longs to get up there, to the home of the reindeer, God's country, as my friend calls it?

CHR. G.

HAMAR, Norway.

Over Old-Time Trails.—I.

AFTER years of absence, I found myself last autumn once more crossing the yellow plains of northern Montana. It was pleasant again to ride over the rolling hills, so long familiar; to see the great arch of the blue sky reaching down to meet the prairie on every hand, except the west, where rose mountains, gray with distance, their pinnacles whitened by early snows; to smell the breath of the sage brush, carrying one back to other rides made

ANOTHER VIEW OF SKI JUMPS.

A YOUNG SKI RUNNER.

ten or twenty or thirty years ago; to see on either side of the trail the little finches rise, start their songs and swing downward on widespread wings until the ground was reached; to hear the whistle of the meadowlark and sometimes to see far off what looked like a faint streak of black smoke passing across the sky—the migrating water fowl already beginning to take their way southward.

Here we were on historic ground; well to the north of the long trail traveled one hundred years ago by Lewis and Clark, and still further to the south of the stream up which, in their irrepressible ardor for fur, heroic Canadians and Hudson Bay men and Northwesters pushed their way toward the mountains. Long before the coming of the white men this had been the battleground of the only true Americans. Here Crow and Snake and Kootenai and Pend d'Oreille had hunted the buffalo, which gave them food and clothing and shelter; and later over these yellow plains had swept down from the north the predatory hordes of Blackfeet, who had driven out Snake and Crow, and had made infrequent the Kootenai and Pend d'Oreille excursions to the buffalo ground.

It is a land of myth and story. Along these mountains, if we may believe the tale, the Blackfoot Creator once traveled on foot, here throwing up a butte, there cutting a gash in the prairie, at another point sliding down some steep hill and leaving the marks of his passage in the ground. Still further to the north, on Old Man's River, is the place where he gambled, and the stones with which he played his game may still be seen by one who is curious enough to visit the spot. This is the land looked down on by Chief Mountain, a land "where every butte and mountain peak teems with legend and where every bison skull on the prairie tells its story."

It was pleasant to travel over these plains, though now they are crossed by wagon roads running in many directions, though now the dark buffalo of years ago have given place to the spotted cattle of the white men, though now along the streams low log houses have taken the place of the white lodges of the olden time. Yet to-day, as then, one meets the dark skinned sons of the soil, but now they are habited in white men's clothing and are interested in white men's industries. Hunting and war are pursuits long forgotten. Instead of bow and lance and gun, the pick and the shovel and the branding iron are the implements with which they are striving to wrest a livelihood from the cold bare plains, their home.

The mountains drew nearer and nearer until, passing almost under the shadow of the Chief, we followed up the great St. Mary's Lakes, which lie between high mountains, and camped at the Narrows of the Upper Lake. Here a day or two was spent idling in the warm October sunshine tempered by the breezes which come down from the snowy heights; and then packing our slender baggage we set out for the northland to cross the line into Canada. A few pleasant days of travel took us over the border, and to the land of the Bloods, close kin to the Blackfeet and Piegans, speaking the same language, having the same customs and worshipping the same gods. An old friend looks after the material interests of these Indians, and with him we spent a few days. Nothing was seen of his people, however, for, like all other Indians of these modern times, they had gone to work, and a thousand of the Bloods were absent from the reservation at the town of Raymond, pulling beets for the white men.

On and near the Blood reserve are places famous in the fur trading days of forty years ago. At Whoop Up, Stand Off and Fort Kipp, the traders from old Fort Benton built for themselves stout log houses, where they received the furs and peltry brought in by the Indians, and paid for them with the guns, ammunition, blankets, red paint and whiskey desired by their savage visitors. They were a hardy and enduring lot, these old-time traders; frank, honest and well-meaning, for the most part, even though much of the time engaged in pursuits that were illegal. Among themselves they were square, ready at any time to give their lives for their friends, and to fight to the death for what they believed their rights. They were not so black as they have been painted, those products of a frontier which has long ago passed away.

A little later a pleasant party of four set out from Macleod, west over the Crow's Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway for Kootenai Lake, intending to go thence to the main line and then east, visiting on the way the Banff National Park and other points of interest on the line.

Fort Macleod was long famous as the camp of the mounted police, when they first came into this western country in 1874. For a time it was merely the barracks of the police, but a settlement sprang up about it, and now for many years it has been an increasing town. Within the last two or three years immigration into this Canadian Northwest

has been something astounding, and land values have jumped from the Government price, up to $10 or more an acre. The discovery that winter wheat—or, as they call it here, fall wheat—can be raised without water and will produce crops running from twenty to thirty-five bushels to the acre, has brought in a great population. They tear up the soil with steam plows, and they thresh with steam threshers. Live stock does well, but the day of the open range is past. The rancher has come to take the place of the range man, and cattle, horses and sheep are now raised in small numbers only. The farms run close up to the mountain, and their owners and occupants are not only people from western Canada and Great Britain, but immigrants from Iowa, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Michigan.

We had not been long on the train, when we passed a mountain from which a year or two since the whole side slid away, burying deep under an enormous mass of rocks one end of the mining village of Frank. It is estimated that eighty-five people were overwhelmed by this rocky avalanche, which filled the wide valley and rushed out across it and far up on the opposite hills. Here are still seen—piled together in inextricable confusion or standing alone on bare hillside—masses of rock, sometimes as large as a house, hurled from the midst of the mountain mass with a momentum of which we can form no conception. The slide took place just before daylight, and caught the people in their beds, burying them forever. A new track has been built across the slide and winds about among the mighty rock fragments.

From here the railroad follows up the valley of Old Man's River, and soon the summit of the Rockies is passed. Instantly the vegetation changes. Now tamarack grows among the pines, and a little further to the westward, white cedar and hemlock appear. There is here a wonderful growth of timber, but now and then pines and cedars are seen standing dead among the living trees. Such dead trees have not been killed by fire, and it is probable that insects—borers or bark-eaters—have killed them. Sometimes trees and often twigs, are girdled by insects and so killed. A lumberman with whom I talked about the lumber business spoke with enthusiasm of its profits. The lumberers cut everything on the limits which they hire, and pay the Government 50 cents a thousand feet.

Through this country there are reported to be plenty of deer and caribou, some elk and moose, some sheep and goats, splendid fishing and a few birds.

I talked with a gentleman who had just reached the Crow's Nest Branch, coming south with a pack train from Banff on the main Canadian Pacific line to Moyie. His wife was with him, and they had had a delightful trip. He told a thrilling tale of meeting on the trail a giant bull moose, which had seemed disposed to interfere with the progress of the pack train. They had every opportunity to kill it, but the animal was so huge and their requirements for food so small that it seemed not worth while to do so.

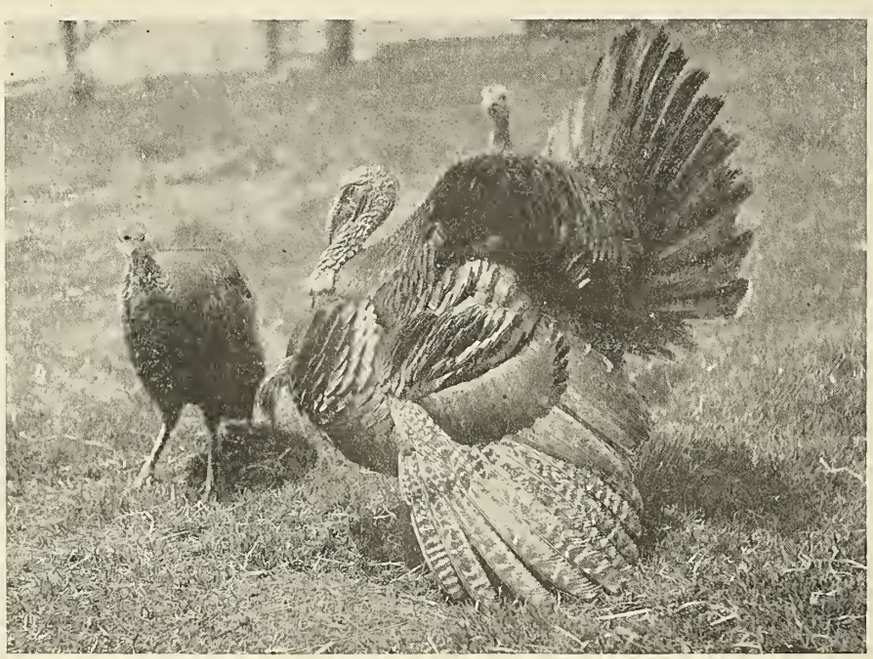
On their journey they came across two or three camps of Indians, from some of whom sheep meat was purchased.

The authorities of Alberta and British Columbia are said to have not a little trouble with the Indians who kill game at all seasons of the year for food and hides. Of the Indians the Stonies and the Kootenais are said to be the most destructive. The Stonies belong in Alberta, on the east side of the divide of the Rockies, and the Kootenais in British Columbia, on the west side. The Stonies have no right to hunt in British Columbia, but nevertheless they camp along the line and make short hunting dashes into that province. The Kootenais and Stonies are jealous of each other, and this year the Kootenais are reported to be watching for depredations by the Stonies, whom they would like to deliver into the hands of the British Columbia authorities.

Swinging down the mountainside, we did not tire of watching the green pine and cedar mountains, dotted here and there with the yellow of the tamarack. The forest showed the characteristics of British Columbia, whose moist climate nourishes a rank vegetation.

At length we reached Kootenai Landing, where the train was left for the boat, which a few hours later transferred us again to the train, and at West Robson, by another change, we found ourselves on the comfortable steamboat Kootenai, and prepared for the trip up Arrow Lake. Yo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WILD TURKEYS—GOBBLER AND HEN IN PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL PARK.
Photo by Supt. Robert D. Carson.

The Rubaiyat of Bob Mallory.

A good many years ago, Robert E. Mallory, M.D., located in Dobbstown because New York city life did not tend to aid in the recovery of the health which he had lost during a studious college course. Outdoor life and exercise were recommended and in those days the life of a country physician encompassed about as much outdoor exercise as anything else. Dobbstown had been chosen as a location because a medical journal spoke of an "opening" there. Robert E. Mallory, M.D., filled that opening and chinked the corners with Mrs. Mallory and an infant son and daughter. In the years that followed, health came to the elder Mallory, and an occasional epidemic to the community, so that in his ripe old age he saw his son, Robert, Jr., completing with honors, his course in medical college, his daughter comfortably married to Mr. Pettegrew of the Dobbstown National Bank, and the name of the head of the Mallory family well toward the head of the list of largest tax payers in the county. Then "Doc." Mallory called in his lawyer, divided his property equally between his two children, and followed the path his wife had taken several years before to the World Beyond. Up to the present time Dobbs county people regard "the year that 'Doc.' Mallory died" as a mile stone in local history and his funeral still holds the record for attendance.

At the time of his father's death, young Bob had been out of college about a month, and naturally everyone supposed that he would take up the practice which his father had left, but his natural inclination to shun any unnecessary exertion, coupled with a desire to do a friend a good turn, was responsible for the shock which shook Dobbs county to the core when the Dobbstown Weekly Bugle announced six weeks after the death of the elder Mallory: "We are informed that the office and practice of the late Robert E. Mallory, M.D., will be occupied within a short while by the firm of Drs. Mallory and McLean, the former being the son of our late fellow townsman. Dr. McLean is already known to many in this vicinity, as during his college course, recently completed, he was the roommate of his present partner, at whose home in this city he was a frequent visitor. The best wishes of The Bugle are for the success of the young men. The professional announcement will be found on page four of this issue."

The sensation which followed the reading of this announcement about the hearthstones of Dobbs county was startling. "What use had they for two doctors?" the natives asked one another. That the fees for medical services would be doubled was doubted by but few, and the news of the advent of two doctors where one had been sufficient for years before was not hailed with joy by anyone.

As they always do, however, matters gradually arranged themselves, and people began to realize that "Doc. Bob" Mallory was what might be termed the silent partner in the firm, as but little of his time was spent in the office and his efforts in a medical way were mostly devoted to the perfecting of a line of dog remedies which he was placing on the market, and which, to the surprise of many, found a ready sale. "The very ideer!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry L. G. Phillips, wife of the proprietor of the Beehive Store, "The very ideer of perscribin' fer dogs; an' more than that, a sellin' them there remedies, too." Notwithstanding such criticism as this, "Doc. Bob" continued to cater to the ills of the canine world while his partner attended to the needs of the ailing humans of Dobbs county. The years that followed the death of his father produced no perceptible change in Bob. The increasing demands for his brand of dog remedies necessitated that he should spend several days of each week in preparing his canine pills and powders, but all of his spare hours were spent in the woods and fields with dog and gun, or along the river, fishing rod in hand. Bob enjoyed this sort of life immensely and there was no reason why he should not indulge in it to the fullest extent, but Dobbstown and Dobbs county are inclined to look askance upon indulgence at recreation of any kind and to spend one's time hunting or fishing is considered almost sinful—so near, in fact,

THE HOODOOS IN BANFF PARK.

THE BANFF BUFFALO HERD.

that he who is guilty, is catalogued next to sinners, as "shif'less."

Just about the time that Bob's reputation became fixed immovably in the minds of his neighbors, the Commercial Club was organized in Dobbstown. Mr. Henry L. G. Phillips, proprietor of The Beehive Store, was elected president of the Club; Mr. G. W. Witherspoon, of the Central Meat Market, became vice-president after a close race with Mr. Horace Kissinger, of the Clothing Emporium, and Captain (title a relic of past services in that official capacity with the volunteer fire department). William H. Wagoner, editor, publisher, and sole proprietor of The Bugle, was elected secretary.

At the second meeting of the Commercial Club, it was decided that fifteen dollars should be expended immediately for letter paper and envelopes bearing the insignia of the organization, an ear of corn supporting a leaning cog wheel, and the next day the young man in charge of the job printing department of The Bugle office, placed the completed printed matter in the hands of Captain Wagoner at 4:35 o'clock in the afternoon, and the work of flaunting to the world at large the advantages of Dobbs county and Dobbstown as a location for large manufacturing interests, was well under way before supper time.

While the seeds of commercial activity were being sown by Captain Wagoner and his colleagues, Bob Mallory and a few friends were camped on Goose Island, six miles below town, supporting themselves largely by means of a trotline. The morning of July 5, however, saw their reluctant return to civilization. This same morning saw Captain Wagoner extract from his box at the post-office a yellow envelope addressed to the Dobbstown Commercial Club. Innocent as it may have appeared, this same epistle was the cause of much excitement, as at the special meeting of the Commercial Club that evening, it was made known that the seeds of Dobbs county's allurements, sown broadcast a few weeks before, had already sprouted, and Mr. Wendell Hamilton, president and manager of the Hamilton Churn and Cheesebox Company, located in a distant city, had written to Captain Wagoner, saying that he was considering the field of possibilities for a new location in some section where water power and cheap lumber were available, and that it was his belief that Dobbstown would about meet his requirements. As it was further stated that the Hamilton Churn and Cheesebox factory employed an average of forty hands, it did seem that opportunity was at Dobbstown's door. After the reading of the letter, consideration was given to the subject of what should be done to encourage Mr. Wendell Hamilton's belief that Dobbs county would meet his requirements, and by vote it was decided that a letter should be written and signed by the officers of the Commercial Club, inviting Mr. Hamilton, as the guest of that organization, to visit Dobbstown and see for himself the advantages of that city. Such a letter was carefully written, addressed and mailed, and for one week Dobbstown lived in almost breathless anxiety; then the answer came, and three days after, Mr. Hamilton came himself. On the day of his arrival the waiting room at the railway "deepo" was crowded with people fully three quarters of a hour before the noon local was due, although no one had ever known the noon local to be on time. Mr. Hamilton was extended all possible privileges, and was apparently very favorably impressed until upon the third day of his stay, when he mentioned to the circle of expectant leading citizens, grouped about him in the parlor of the New Modern Hotel, that the only point which remained to be settled before announcing his decision was the question of a suitable site for his factory. The seeds of graft sprout quickly, and even in Dobbstown the soil had been ready. Each man present had been waiting for days for an opportunity to call Mr. Hamilton's attention to some certain location for the proposed factory, which in every case the leading citizen could dispose of, either as owner or temporary agent "at a very reasonable figure." Therefore, when the question was brought up, the leading citizens rose as one man, and called the attention of Mr. Hamilton to as many different sites for the new industry as there were public spirited parties present. It can readily be imagined that such an avalanche of locations was somewhat confusing to a stranger. Mr. Hamilton raised his hand as a signal for silence, and announced that he had suddenly decided to give the whole matter more thought, and that he did not care to consider the question of location any further just them.

The delivery of this ultimatum had the desired effect, but as the leaders filed out of the room a certain coldness seemed to exist among them, a feeling singularly out of place among those laboring for the public good. During the afternoon Mr. Hamilton was quietly called upon at different times by each gentleman who had been present at the meeting and the same ground covered again, individually. In every case, the "site" spoken of was "most advantageous," and the price quoted "was made very reasonable, out of a desire to have the factory located in Dobbstown." The last caller left Mr. Hamilton in the frame of mind commonly described as "sore," and bearing the awful news that the factory owner had decided to locate, not in Dobbstown, but at Berwick, just over the line in the next county, and intended to drive over there the next morning. The announcement caused a shock in Dobbstown, but the Commercial Club rose grandly to the occasion, and the officers and leading members called upon Mr. Hamilton at 10 o'clock that evening, carrying the message that it was their desire that he should leave their town knowing that the best wishes of that community went with him, and that they, as representatives of that community, should have the honor of accompanying him on his farewell journey. Mr. Hamilton accepted the offer graciously, and the three-seated carryall was ordered from the livery barn to be ready to start at 6 o'clock the following morning.

To those who never knew Dobbstown and Dobbs county, much of the foregoing may seem tiresome, but it is necessary that you should know all of this that you may better understand the real character of Bob Mallory. All the while that the factory excitement had held almost everyone in Dobbstown in its grasp, he had not been down-town and was not in the least interested in any of the proceedings. If Bob had been a public spirited citizen, he might have followed the popular fashion of calling upon Mr. Hamilton and offering to supply him with a site for the proposed factory, for Bob owned a five-acre patch of land just at the outskirts of the town, which served no better purpose than pasture for a Jersey cow which had been the milk supply for the Mallory family for many years. The milking of this same cow was a duty which had devolved upon Bob since the day she became the property of his father, and the question, "Who will milk Jersey?" had stood in the way of many a hunting or fishing expedition. On this account, it may be correctly imagined, Bob did not value a private milk supply very highly. His sister, Mrs. Pettegrew, however, was the cow's supporter in all controversies, and the keen business sense which she possessed and Bob did not, would never permit the cow to be disposed of while the bit of pasture land along the river remained in the possession of anyone of the family. Therefore, it may be seen that Bob's "shif'lessness" was here a barrier before him.

Mr. Hamilton had noticed the bit of pasture land, during a drive in that direction, and had even gone so far as to inquire if it was for sale, but he was told that "The feller who owned it was a sort of a shif'less character who never showed any public spirit, an' he probably would want two or three prices for it." As the Mallory cow pasture was the only vacant piece of ground within a mile of the village which had not been offered for sale to Mr. Hamilton, and possessed every advantage, from water power to pure air, the mere novelty of the thing may have had something to do with influencing Mr. Hamilton, but at any rate he was really favorably impressed with the Mallory property and probably would have looked up the owner had not the onslaught of offers at the hotel so influenced him against Dobbstown that in his anxiety to leave that place the little cow pasture along the river was entirely forgotten.

Under ordinary circumstances, the drive from Dobbstown to Berwick is a pleasant one, but even the efforts of his five companions to appear jovial did not lighten Mr. Hamilton's spirits perceptibly as the party drove along the winding road

through the woods on the morning of his departure. In truth, Berwick did possess some advantages for his business, but on the other hand, Dobbstown really did have all the advantages which were claimed for her, and only for the too strenuous efforts of many of the citizens of that village, to unload upon the possible victim every undesirable bit of real estate in that vicinity at a price far from reasonable, Mr. Hamilton would have gladly availed himself of the invitation to bring his business there. Even this escort which he had been favored with had not been without a purpose, for as Mr. Henry L. G. Phillips had said the night before, "Maybe we can kind o' fetch him around yet if we try hard while a drivin' over there." The committee on "fetchin' around" had "tried hard" from the time the party started, but all their efforts had fallen on deaf ears. Mr. Hamilton's mind was made up and for diversion he was scanning every tree within sight of the road for squirrels of which there seemed to be a plenty, for the factory owner had been a country boy and his eyes had never lost their power to distinguish the difference between a waving brown leaf and a wind-swung squirrel's tail. Just in the midst of a testimonial given by Mr. G. W. Witherspoon regarding the superiority of the drinking water in the vicinity of his native village over that of Berwick, Mr. Hamilton suddenly stopped the team. He had been watching the maneuvers of a man and dog about a giant elm a few rods from the roadside.

"Humph!" said Mr. Kissinger, of the Clothing Emporium. "Now, ain't that a purty sight? A young man a wastin' his time huntin' squirrels when he might be doin' somethin' that would amount to somethin'."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"Why, that's Bob Mallory," answered Mr. Phillips. "His paw was ol' Doc. Mallory an' left this young feller purty well fixed, an' he don't do nothin' but traipse around, huntin' an' fishin' an' docterin' dogs. He don't amount to much—don't take no interest in public enterprises."

"It's pretty hard to get a shot at a squirrel at this time of the year, when the leaves are so thick," said Mr. Hamilton.

"My boy, Hennery, says Bob won't shoot a squirrel anywhere but in the head," put in Captain Wagoner.

"That so?" questioned Mr. Hamilton, with increased interest. "That's the way I used to shoot 'em when I went hunting—I guess I'll go over there and help that fellow get that squirrel around on his side of the tree." And Mr. Hamilton left five disgusted gentlemen behind. At no time during his visit to Dobbstown had they seen him show so much interest in anything as he did in this trivial matter of shooting a squirrel. Even the brier-covered stake and rider fence which bordered the roadway did not perceptibly retard the progress of his 250 pounds, and as his feet touched the ground on the other side, even his walk changed from the waddle of a too well fed man accustomed to smooth pavements and elevators to a step that was almost stealthy. As Hamilton approached that tree in which the squirrel had sought refuge, Bob's dog pranced about in a way that showed that he realized that reinforcements were at hand, but Bob himself did not for an instant take his eyes off the branch far up in the top of the tree, around which he could occasionally catch a glimpse of a bushy tail. Mr. Hamilton introduced himself to the squirrel hunter in a manner best suited to form a good impression by simply keeping quiet until he too had located the squirrel, and then offered to shake a sapling near at hand to scare the game around on Bob's side of the branch.

"But don't shake it too much," cautioned Bob. "He's pretty badly scared, and if he jumps into that next tree he's a goner. There's a hole in that tree. He's kept me busy for half an hour already and I don't want to lose him now."

Mr. Hamilton exercised just the right amount of caution in shaking the sapling, and a couple of seconds later Bob's rifle cracked and the squirrel came tumbling down, to be immediately seized and examined for signs of life by a highly excited dog. Life being pronounced extinct, and the game laid at his master's feet, the dog started off in search of other conquests, and Bob turned his attention to the producer of churns and cheeseboxes.

"He never knew what hit him," said Mr. Hamilton.

"No; I don't reckon he had time to make a will," answered Bob, and the ice was broken forever. Right there the two sat down and talked like life long friends of things that only lovers of the woods would find any interest in, until an hour later Mr. Hamilton suddenly recollected that five principal cogs in the wheel of commerce of Dobbs county were waiting for him in the carriage, and rising, extended his hand to bid farewell to the only man in Dobbs county who had not sought his acquaintance.

"But what's the reason you don't stay in Dobbstown?" asked the man in the hunting coat. "You tell me that you did intend to until yesterday, and that it does seem like the best location for you."

Glad to find an acquaintance that he felt he could confide in, Mr. Hamilton showed no hesitation in launching into the story of his experiences in Dobbstown, and the circumstances which prompted him to decide against that village. As the story lengthened, a smile came over Bob's genial face, a smile which gradually broadened into a far stretching grin, and when Mr. Hamilton concluded his recital, Bob dropped a sunbrowned hand on the shoulder of the factory man and said: "You have already told me that you haven't any more capital than you need to move your outfit to a new location, and put up your buildings and get sort of straightened around, and that you feel as if Dobbstown had tried to kill the goose before she got a chance to lay any golden eggs. Now, I have a proposition that I'll make to you, but I want to talk things over with you before I spring it, so you just step out to the road and thank the five gentlemen in the carriage for their trouble, and tell them you have changed your plans and will walk back to town with a friend. Then we can go over this proposition thoroughly, and to-morrow morning I will drive you over to Berwick, if you still want to go."

Mr. Hamilton hesitated a moment, then went and delivered his little speech, and bowing, rejoined his new-found friend. During the next few hours the two men sat in consultation on a log. A boy who chanced to pass near the pair heard Bob say: "So if you can get along with half of that patch of pasture land, take it and welcome. I will cut the other half up into building lots and can more than break even on the advance in the price on them that your factory will cause. Besides, I have some personal reasons for wanting to get rid of that piece of pasture."

That night Mr. Hamilton occupied the spare room at the Mallory home, and a couple of days later The Bugle, in concluding a two-column article on the front page, said:

"The honor of securing the Hamilton Factory for Dobbstown belongs undividedly to our latest and best public organization, the Dobbstown Commercial Club. It was only through the unselfish and untiring efforts of the officers and members of this organization that Dobbstown has been able to take this step toward a place among the great manufacturing centers of the country. When the public spirited citizens of a town and county put their united strength to the wheel, good results are not slow in coming."

It was probably just as well, however, that The Bugle did take this view of the matter, as the above article increased the popularity of the paper with the best advertisers in town, and as for Bob and Mr. Hamilton, what did they care? At the time the article appeared they were putting up their camp on Goose Island preparatory to spending a couple of weeks at that favorite refuge of Bob's and the bass never seemed so ravenously hungry as they were during the fortnight that followed.

Buck A. Corbin.

SUBSTANTIAL NOURISHMENT.

The chief concern of every camper is to obtain substantial nourishment in compact form. No camp or cabin is complete without its supply of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Evaporated Cream. They have no equal for Coffee, Fruits and Cereals.—*Adv.*

Camp Don't Hurry.

II.—Starting Camp.

Frequently during the trip from Angowara we went to the baggage car to cheer the dogs, and see how they liked the journey. They had started out barking and jumping around after the most approved manner of dogs in new surroundings where they are both displeased and lonesome. The second visit found them sitting still and wearing faces which made us suspicious of car sickness, and the third showed visible evidences to confirm our suspicion. Their lunch at Angowara had been a mistake, but seeing the error of their way, they had not clung to it, and were now meek and subdued. The baggage master did not feel so meek, and it took a dollar to subdue him. After the operation they had rested quietly until we arrived at Unasego, and as we alighted from the train they were about well again, although there was no fight, and not much of anything else left in them.

It had been previously arranged that we should spend the night at the home of George Brown, which is near the station. Mr. Brown was there to meet us, and after introducing Robert, and chatting with a few old acquaintances who happened to be around, we all started for the house, taking the short cut through the lane. Mrs. Brown stood on the back porch and called to us to not let the dogs hurt her cat, but the good woman was needlessly alarmed, for the cat possessed not only a half grown kitten, but a full grow ability.

We tied the dogs under the wagon shed, and had been at our supper about ten minutes when a babel of barks and whines came into the house. Mrs. Brown screamed, "Oh, my poor Tabby!" but we could not distinguish anything in the sound to indicate that Tabby was on the bottom, and all piled out to the shed in a bunch. Lassie was up on a wagon seat doing the barking, and Terry was being scratched and doing the whining. In trying to get away from the cat, he had run back and forth between the wagon spokes with fifteen feet of clothes line until he had crocheted it all up, and being held fast, was taking whatever the cat cared to give. Somehow an old cat with a half grown kitten doesn't seem to tree very well.

After supper we met Uncle Nick. His full name was Nicholas Vanbenscoten, but that struck us as being a little too full, so we always called him Uncle Nick. He was a short, ruggedly built old man, with a weather-beaten face, and a sort of twinkle in his eyes which seemed to come from back in his head somewhere. He had been a mountain teamster the most of his life, and Mr. Brown had engaged him to help us about the camp.

We intended to do the cooking ourselves, but sometimes we should all want to be away at once, and then he could look after the dogs and any inquisitive people who might wish to take away samples of our equipment. But his principal occupation was to wash dishes and get firewood.

Almost nobody wants to get right into dish washing as soon as he has eaten a meal, and when one hand is filled with wet knives and forks, and the other is holding a towel, there is nothing left to handle the pipe with. Uncle Nick's presence would give us a chance to have our after dinner smoke around the camp-fire, without dirty pots and kettles lying too heavily upon our consciences.

When the moon came up, we took the dogs and walked down to the bridge over the creek. It is very long; nearly five hundred feet, and the water at ordinary stages fills two-thirds of the space, but that evening it covered the entire channel, for there had been a heavy rain during the previous night, and the mountains are so steep that the stream rises very quickly. It looked a yellowish white in the light of the moon, but that was because it was roily, for naturally it is clear as a crystal. A big swift stream in that condition, sweeping under one, is a relentless looking thing. Of course it was in no condition for fly-fishing, but we did not care about that until we were ready, for it was going to take a day or two to get the camp arranged. We leaned over the railing and discussed the prospects from a

trout fishing standpoint, while we watched the oval spots upon the water, betraying the hidden boulders, and saw the moon trying to reflect its face in the dull surface. When at early bed time we started back to the house, Robert owned up that he had never seen a better looking trout stream.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Brown hitched up and took our luggage to the campsite, and we got right to work.

Two new water-proof tents had come direct from the maker, as we did not want to trust any old ones for so long a stay, and these opened up all right. It did not take long to cut poles and pitch the smaller one, and then we put all the duffle inside of it, for the sky looked threatening, and there are a good many things just as pleasant as starting camp with everything soaked. A light load of rough boards and scantlings had been brought from a saw mill up the valley, and now that our goods were housed, we got about laying the floor to put the larger tent on. The soil when it is covered and constantly walked upon gets dry and dusty, so that it adds an undesirable proportion of dirt to any food that is kept there. The floor would prevent this annoyance, and also insure us against having the whole place turned into an impromptu footbath during a heavy shower. On top of this floor we set up the tent in a good permanent manner, for going out and redriving pegs in a rain or windstorm was no part of our programme.

By this time it was noon, and we had done a good honest half day's work and were hungry. There was no provision for cooking anything, and we did not want to spend the time to arrange any yet, for there was plenty of work ahead.

Opening the trunk, we pawed around among its contents until we found a knuckle of dried beef, a quarter of an English cheese, a loaf of bread and some doughnuts; also quite unintentionally a small butcher knife, but luckily handle end first. Laying these things on the board pile, and sticking the knife point into the wood, within handy reach of all, we had about as good a dinner as I can remember. Then we went to a spring, and scooping out the dead leaves with our hands, and waiting for the water to run clear, we had a drink. Robert cut a couple of beech logs, and we lugged them in front of the tents where he went at work fixing for a cooking fire. Henry and I made places to "put things," while Uncle Nick cut small pines and hemlocks, dragging them into camp to pick the boughs for bedding. Henry took a couple of boards about six feet long and put a series of shelves between them to form an open cupboard. This we set up in the back end of the main tent and tied it to the rear pole. It worked nicely, except that it swayed some with the movement of the pole, and in windy days shed dishes considerably.

After Robert had placed the logs parallel, and about a foot apart, he drove crotches into the ground between them at each end. Into these crotches he laid a hickory pole with some wooden pot hooks on it, and then used the balance of the little beech tree to build a camp-fire, according to the regulation plan.

We had located right at the edge of a table-land, lying in the angle formed by the Esopus and a small creek which flows into it. This table-land is nearly level, and perhaps thirty feet above the stream, being separated from it by a low sandy flat about two hundred feet wide, which is covered by a growth of small maple trees. The plateau where the tents stood was timbered with second growth beech, pine and hemlock, not large enough to be dangerous in a storm, but just the right size to furnish nice shade.

There was a nearly round spot, some fifty feet across, on which nothing grew, and the fire was in the center of this, with the tents facing it, and the trees in the rear. The descent from the tableland to the flat was very abrupt, and at the bottom of this declivity were two small springs. While the others were busy, I dug these springs out—one of them good and deep, so that it could be dipped from without roiling, and one flat and shallow to hold pails of milk, butter, eggs and the like. The water was very cold, and this made a handy sort of refrigerator.

Along toward night Robert quit work, and taking a rod with him, went a little way up the small creek to see what the fishing prospects were like. The main stream was still too high, but the brook had fallen a good deal and looked propitious.

We started a fire in order to have a good bed of coals ready to cook supper on, and then went to a neighboring farmhouse and engaged a daily supply of milk, making a contract with a small boy to bring it nights and mornings. By the time we were back and had the cooking utensils unpacked and hung upon the nails driven in the trees, Robert returned with four fair-sized trout. He said there were plenty of trout in the stream, but he believed they would run larger in the Esopus. We had laid out some slices of salt pork and a pan of flour, for it is fairly safe when Robert goes after trout to presume such things will be needed.

After supper we picked browse and told stories until bed time, and when the dogs had been tied to the tent poles, and the boughs covered with blankets, we turned in and—well, it was morning.

I heard a crow cawing in the tall pines. He may have been warning the balance of the flock against the intruders, or calling them to come and look us over, but in either case he was keeping a good safe distance. He looked the picture of a target, only too far away for the small rifle which we had, and I wondered if I could cut down the distance enough to get a fair shot, without scaring him off. I pulled on my shoes and put in a cartridge, starting out in an opposite direction to get behind a clump of undergrowth. It took some wiggling and twisting, but I was almost in range before the brush ran out, so that he saw me and flew away. However, I had learned one thing, and that was that a cotton-flannel night-shirt is not the best sort of craft to navigate a blackberry patch in.

After breakfast, we went at the camp work again. While Robert and Henry built beds for themselves, I put some legs under a board and they christened it a wash-stand. I had never built a bed in camp, and wanted to wait and see how the others did it; for, while I had often slept on one where I could not see the defects, I knew they were there for all that. The arrangement we used during the previous night had been fairly comfortable, only I had a hole about the size of a hard boiled egg under one shoulder blade, where a pine limb had intruded.

They each built a board frame of suitable size, with pieces of scantling in the corners, extending far enough below the frame to form legs. Then poles and small branches were put in the bottom, and the whole box-like structure being filled with pine and hemlock boughs, it was covered over with a blanket. The beds looked comfortable, and had an advantage over the ordinary kind made of logs in being portable; but I was a little afraid of the plan, and determined upon a change, even though it was not regular. It seemed to me that as the boughs settled down and one got careless about adding more, the boards would stick up and be "laying for" a fellow's face and knee-caps every time he happened to roll over.

Building a net-work of small poles, I supported it upon legs made from a sapling about the size of my wrist, and then braced the legs according to a sort of hit-and-miss design, until it would usually stand alone. The whole thing was springy and wabbly, but when it was piled with carefully picked boughs, it made a most delightful bed. There was only one trouble about it and that was the lack of side pieces to keep the boughs from sliding off, a journey which for one or two nights I occasionally made with them. This was eventually remedied by tacking one side of a long piece of cloth clear around the frame and then drawing the other edge up over the browse and sewing it with wrapping twine.

They all had a good deal to say while I was working at it. Henry claimed that it was "architecturally deficient"; Robert urged taking out a patent, while Uncle Nick suggested that it looked like a cross between a haystack and a sawbuck.

By the middle of the afternoon the camp was well enough organized, so that we felt more at liberty. While the Esopus was yet in no condition to fish, Robert said he would take his rod and explore it a little, in the hope of getting something for supper. Henry took the dogs and started out to investigate the country, intending to bring up at the village and get some supplies and equipments, which the two days' experience had shown were still lacking.

Up the creek a few hundred feet the sandy flat ran out, and the stream was right at the foot of the steep bank. The land was higher here, so that it was fifty feet down to the water, which was perpetually wearing the bank away and leaving it full of loose rocks just ready to fall. This part of the plateau was covered with tall pines, and at the edge there was a fine place to lie in the shade and watch the clouds and the mountains. We looked up the Esopus a long distance from here, and as far as we could see it was one wide rift, thickly speckled with boulders, which were just beginning to show their heads, now that the water was falling. At several places great chunks of the bank, carrying large trees with them, had slid down and were combatting the current, but the struggle would not last long. The soil was washing away, and next spring, or perhaps the next heavy rain, the trees would be torn loose and floated off. Some of the limbs were in constant motion, being alternately borne down by the current, and springing back into the air. Four great peaks of the mountains were in the background, and we named the spot, The Observatory.

From here the path ran through the pine woods to the home of Mr. Chatman. The house was a curious structure, standing right on the edge of a bank, so that one side was only a single story high, with a porch looking out into the woods, while the front was two stories with a double veranda facing a wide, flat meadow, which lay between it and the highway. At one end of the house an outdoor cellar was built into the bank, and the whole place had an air of homelike comfort.

Mr. Chatman was a jolly sort of man, and had given cheerful consent to the camping project. Neither he nor his family ever lost a chance to do anything which would make our stay more pleasant. He was a great joker, and we had to keep our wits about us, to come out anywhere near even on that score. Though living by the side of a trout stream he never fished, but was fond of roaming about the woods with a gun, and scarcely a day passed that he did not find time to gratify this taste.

On the flat were several springs, forming a little brook, which we crossed on a sluice bridge. We could see plenty of young trout under the bridge; and one quite large one, becoming frightened, darted off down stream.

As we crossed the meadow to the railroad track, which ran between us and the highway, we had a good chance to watch the different dispositions of dogs. They had been tied most of the time while we were busy starting camp, but it was our intention to let them loose as soon as we had time to go about with them enough, so they would know the way back. This was the first excursion, and Lassie, the collie, stayed close to us, and did not seem to be of a very investigating turn of mind. Terry showed his hunting birth by running in every direction, and there was not a stump or fence corner within calling distance which he did not explore. He would race madly about, in and out of the underbrush which skirted our path on one side, but when I whistled he stopped short, looked toward me inquiringly, and came on a keen run, just near enough so that I could touch him, and then off he would go again in a new direction. He was altogether too busy to spend time visiting. If the "ruling passion strong in death" saying is true of men, it is

equally true that the ruling passion is strong in birth with dogs.

We went down the railroad track to the village, and had to cross quite a long bridge on the ties. Lassie managed this all right, but finding stepping places for four clumsy legs at once was a little too much for Terry, and often one or two of them would drop down between the ties. However, he righted up every time and came on.

We found a woman who would bake bread for us, and do our washing, and then went to the store and loaded ourselves with provisions. We bought a number of tin pails and hung them on our baskets and bodies, wherever we could make them stay. When we could think of nothing else that we wanted, we clattered our way back to camp, reflecting the sunlight all over the neighborhood.

Winfield T. Sherwood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Story of the Blockade.

As Told on Christmas Eve by Capt. Hicks.

During the war between the States, having been educated at the Naval Academy, I had wished to enter that arm of the service, but there being no place for me, had attached myself to the cavalry corps of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, so it was quite a surprise when Secretary Mallory handed me a captain's commission with orders to proceed to Wilmington, N. C., and take charge of a small steamer with instructions to run the blockade to Nassau, then to Eleuthera, one of the Bahama group and there await a sailing vessel from England loaded with guns and munitions of war for the Confederacy.

The Little Hattie was a snug steamer already loaded with cotton and having a crew composed of adventurers of many nationalities. At this time the port of Wilmington was closely blockaded, so I chose a dark and gusty night, threatening a gale, when we steamed down Cape Fear River, left the protection of the batteries of Fort Fisher, crossed the bar and made a dash to run the gauntlet of the Federal fleet. Every light was out, and perfect silence was ordered, when chancing to turn my eye, I caught a flash of light cast on the water from our deck. I knew at once we had a traitor on board, and springing upon a man I found crouched among some coils of rope, I seized him by the collar. As he attempted to free himself, he let fall a dark lantern concealed under a shawl. I kicked the lantern into the sea and hurled the wretch to the deck with such force as to completely stun him, then tossed him overboard. At the same moment a rocket shot up, which was answered by signal lights in every direction. I sprang upon the pilot box as I saw the black hull of a large ship directly in front of me, and seizing the wheel from the sailor in charge turned the head of the Little Hattie, and shot almost under the stern of our huge enemy. Before she could bring her guns to bear, we were speeding away among the whitecaps, now our greatest protection, for not only were both vessels tossing so as to make us an uncertain target, but my ship was painted a dull lead color, and was scarcely discernible against the leaden skies. When the big guns belched forth shot and shell, they went whirring and hissing high over our heads, while we disappeared.

Then a calcium light from the deck of the man-of-war lit up the sea, exposing us to the hostile fleet, and another vessel opened fire on us. One shot struck our rigging, another cut the bannisters on deck, scattering splinters all around us. The calcium lights exposed our position, but also showed us our pursuers, and I saw all the ships of the line closing in on us. I also saw an opening in the cordon of our foes, and putting on a full head of steam, I made a dash for it, and cleared the *cul de sac* amid a roar of artillery and hissing of bursting shells. The lights went out, and the night seemed blacker than ever; but ship after ship lighted up the waves, and as the men-of-war would catch a glimpse of us they turned and fired a shot after us. Each shot retarded their speed, while we were widening the space and getting beyond the influence of the calicum lights.

As soon as we were hidden by the darkness we altered our course, and dodged to one side while our enemies passed by. Then running a couple of hours in a northerly direction, until we had eluded them, we resumed our course. There were large ships with powerful engines after us that would soon have run us down in a gale, for the little blockade runner could not long have stood the pressure on her machinery in a heavy sea; so as soon as I felt safe, speed was slackened, but we kept steadily on until the Gulf Stream was reached. And even then the danger was not over, for Federal cruisers were scattered over the ocean between Wilmington and the Bahamas. With the light of dawn we might find ourselves close to one of our enemies. You may be sure I chafed under this unequal contest, for the laws of nations forbid merchantmen carrying guns, otherwise the blockade could not have been enforced. With the exception of a few men-of-war the blockading squadron was composed of merchant steamers, many of which were captured blockade runners converted into war vessels which carried only one gun, called a Long Tom, that was worth little, except to disable an unarmed craft. The greatest danger to which the blockade runner was subjected was finding itself close to one of those fast running light-armed steamers at early dawn with an all day chase before them. So when daylight began to appear we kept a vigilant lookout. The rosy morning rolled back the mantle of night, and to our joy there was no sail in sight. As the sun arose—as it only does at sea—dispelling the mist from the ocean's swell, the man at the masthead shouted, "Sail ho!" and pointed out a thin column of smoke off our starboard bow. Although it was scarcely perceptible, we quickly turned from it and fled, for the blockade runner ran from every shadow of danger, and when the lookout again discerned a pillar of cloud on our port bow, we availed ourselves of the benefit of the doubt, and turned from the suspicious column that was painting a sign of warning in the heavens.

This day and the next was marked by neither incident nor mishap. As night again closed around us, we felt greatly relieved and I retired to rest wearied with constant watching. The sea was now calm and the balmy air of the Gulf Stream invited sleep. During the night, while the Little Hattie sped on to tropic isles, I was awakened by the cry of "Sail ho!" and saw a steamer bearing down on us. Fortunately the moon, although shining brightly, would soon be down, but being closely pursued we put on steam, and when the moon went out of sight altered our course and escaped in the darkness. Worn out with anxiety, I sat at the stern, leaning over the railing watching the phosphorescent sparkles that fell like glittering jewels from the rapid whirl of our propeller, until I slipped quietly down amid a pile of canvas and fell asleep. Whether awake or dreaming I never knew, but I saw a short distance from me the Bahama pilot in low earnest conversation with a Portuguese sailor. They were speaking in Portuguese, with which language I am familiar, and in the stillness of the night I could distinguish every word they uttered.

"We must wreck her, Armbrister, as soon as we get among the reefs. The schooner will certainly be on the lookout for us among the cays."

"I dare not undertake it," replied the other, "until we sight the schooner. The skipper here won't stand any foolishness, and if I have to jump and swim for it, I want help at hand. You know every fishing smack about the islands is ready to rush in and claim salvage, and old Saunders' gang of wreckers is always on the watch for wrecks."

"But you don't intend to miss the chance, do you?"

"Not much; but I want the skipper to get the steamer safe in sight of the Bahama Banks, and when he turns her over to me I'll set her fast on a rock near Green Turtle Key."

They went forward to the forecastle, and as I watched them pass out of sight I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming or awake? It all seemed so real, yet seemed to have reached me through some other sense than that of sight, for it was too dark to distinguish their features, much less the expression of the treacherous scoundrels which nevertheless was stamped on my memory as vividly as if seen by the light of day. I am yet uncertain whether it was a reality or a dream. I resolved, however, to act upon the impression made on my mind, and to watch the villains without letting them know of my suspicions. I sought my berth and slept until daylight, when I was awakened and informed that a steamer was bearing down on us. Rushing on deck, I saw that our only chance lay in out-speeding our enemy. We put on steam, and under a full spread of canvas and unfurled the Confederate flag. There being only a gentle breeze, not sufficinet to roughen the sea, the Little Hattie rode the undulating swell like a waterfowl. We were gaining rapidly on our pursuers when they began to fire on us, but the shot fell short.

We were congratulating ourselves on outstripping our adversary, when we saw the smoke of another steamer, evidently intending to intercept us, and directing its course by the boom of the cannon. We made a slight deviation in our course which we resumed in an hour, closely pursued by two Federal steamers. The last ship was the United States man-of-war San Jacinto, famous for the capture of Mason and Slidell, Confederate ministers to England and France. If the sea had not settled down as calm as a lake the San Jacinto would have soon overtaken us, for it was a vessel of great speed and power, and in spite of every effort on our part, it gained on us. As I stood calculating our chances, I caught the odor of the Bahamas, though fifty miles away. The spicy breath of the fragrant isles, stealing over the sea, whispered hope and encouragement. On we went, piling on fuel, until the engineer reported the coal running short. This was appalling.

"Pile it on while it lasts," I ordered.

"What then, Captain?"

I answered in the desperation of despair, "Burn everything, and then I'll blow her up, before she shall be captured!"

On we went at a terrific rate of speed, all the power of the engine being exerted to its utmost capacity. Still the San Jacinto clung to us like a Nemesis, the other steamer having given up the chase.

"Land ho!" shouted the man at the lookout, a sound that thrilled our hearts with joy. I examined my chart and found I was in sight of one of the Bahamas known as Green Turtle Key. As I called up the pilot, Armbrister, the name suggested my dream, and I asked him if he was familiar with the coast around Green Turtle Key. He replied promptly that he knew every nook and corner about it, and if we could only hold out to reach it, he could carry a vessel of our draft through a channel in a reef where no large ship could follow. We could land at the village where there was a small garrison of British troops and a magistrate appointed by the crown for the government of the island. Again it was reported that the coal was nearly out. Every piece of timber that could be spared went as fuel. As we neared the island the San Jacinto began to fire, shot after shot falling near. One passed through our rigging, taking off a bit from our masthead. We were near enough to shore to have claimed the protection of British waters, but the San Jacinto was not noted as a respecter of international law.

As we neared the reef through which we must pass to insure our safety, I turned the ship over to the Bahama pilot, saying in a whisper, "Armbrister, are you sure you can take the steamer through yon reef?"

"I would bet my life on it," he replied confidently.

I pointed to my revolver, "Then know that your life is the stake, for I dreamed that your confederates were awiting you in a schooner, and that you intended to set this vessel on a reef. If you do, I'll kill you the moment it strikes, and feed the sharks on your carcass. Go ahead, now, and be careful!"

He turned pale, but took the wheel with a firm hand, and in a few minutes more we were in the white-capped foam of the treacherous reef. The sailors all seemed to hold their breath until we passed out of the foam into a beautiful sheet

of water. The captain of the San Jacinto, closely following, watched our passage through the reef, and thinking he could pass through the same channel, followed in our wake, when his vessel struck a rock with a crash, then slowly settled down amid the breakers.

Wild exulting cheers went up from the deck of the Little Hattie as we glided along the shore greeted by the waving handkerchiefs of the citizens, who like ourselves, watched our enemies take to their life boats. The San Jacinto had scarcely settled on the reef before a small schooner pushed out from an island cove and made full sail toward her. As it passed by us, Armbrister shouted to them through a speaking trumpet in a vernacular peculiar to the wreckers of the West Indies, which has been handed down to them from Blackbeard and his followers. I was forcibly reminded of my dream by the prompt appearance of the schooner, which went directly to the assistance of the San Jacinto, for which they were entitled to salvage. Whether they ever got the vessel afloat I never learned, for I heard of it no more. It had captured its last rebel.

We anchored close to Green Turtle Key, which is a small island about a mile and a half in length and half a mile in breadth. It stands among a group of islands built up by coral insects, like all of the Bahamas which are composed of twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks, which make them such a dangerous group for mariners. Leaving this Isle of Beauty we set sail for Nassau, passing Elbow Key Lighthouse, then the Hole in the Wall, then glided on until we turned in by Hog Island to the beautiful bay that makes the Harbor of Nassau.

Pious Jeems.

Some Wild Animal Bogies.

The passing of the big game from the more thickly settled districts has gradually turned the romance of sportsmanship into an indiscriminate slaughter of everything that lives by the young hero worshipper, who seems to imagine that the destruction of an inoffensive chipmunk in some mysterious way throws around his own shoulders the mantle of valor with which tradition clothes his ancestors. To round out these encounters into tales that bear the telling sometimes taxes the ingenuity of even those inventive young heroes; but their task is fortunately lightened by the activity with which the public swallows the most ludicrous rumors that promise something of a neighborhood sensation. The recent killing of a pet cinnamon bear near Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania, by a Grove City tyro is one more illustration of this senseless and unreasoning panic, something in which the true hunter, with the courage of the forest upon him, is not prone to indulge.

Some one, frightened perhaps by his own shadow, if cast among the shadows of surrounding trees, gives the cry of danger; a number of excitable residents hear, see or imagine an unusual presence; the local papers print a few columns of gush about the "wild animal" roaming through the neighborhood; then some wilder animal, gun in hand, too ignorant or too frightened to consider that a cinnamon bear, never a native of Pennsylvania, could only by any possibility be found therein through man's agency or ownership; and two homeless wanderers are suddenly deprived of their pet companion and means of livelihood.

Not all "scares" terminate in an animal tragedy that draws attention so entirely from the ludicrous side. Some years ago, almost in this same neighborhood, a young man had his nerves considerably shaken up one night by the sudden passage of a strange animal across the road before him—this where no larger wild animal was to be expected than a coon or fox. The story was hardly credited at first, but during the next few weeks at least a dozen different people had a similar experience either at night or, in a few instances, in broad daylight. Some recognized a mountain lion; others a South American jaguar, while even the king of beasts was himself described with startling minuteness by one or two of the frightened witnesses. Some one finally missed a sheep. A dead calf that had been left unburied was found to be mutilated; then the carrying off of full-grown cattle was one of the strange visitor's reported pastimes.

With the possibility of such a visitant among them, even those who disbelieved the stories became interested, especially as the group of witnesses included some of the most solid and conservative people. It seemed only the part of duty to rid the neighborhood of such a dangerous marauder, and an entire village, under the leadership of a good citizen who was familiar with the woodlot, said to be most frequently infested, started out one Sunday morning on an organized "wild animal" hunt. Some went because they considered it a duty; others out of curiosity; some because the rest were going; but in the crowd there were doubtless some who had a secret hope of returning with a full-grown African lion in their game bag or else a secret fear that they would see one at close quarters. Only a part of the array had guns or other efficient weapons, and only a few of those who did were as dangerous to a wild animal as they were to their comrades. Needless to say, the greatest danger encountered was that from the boy or nervous man with a gun. A practical joker might, in a moment's outburst of misplaced enthusiasm, have furnished wholesale tragedy and more than one member of the hunting party understood it.

Nothing was killed, however; not even the story. For weeks that mysterious animal was forced to appear at all sorts of inconvenient hours and places, not infrequently at the call of intelligent citizens, whose sincerity was not to be doubted. Many a child went to and from school, an active sufferer from the stories it had heard, while not a few mothers saw their children start out from their homes with pangs of uncertainty not unlike those experienced in pioneer days.

The animal was never found; the story never killed. It finally lasted longer and traveled further than is usual, and grew a little with each mile of travel.

Not always is the error found on this side of the ledger. Some years ago a party of young men brought a coon they had been following to bay somewhere within the ample shades of a big poplar out in the open field. Knowing that the owner of the tree would not permit them to cut it, they sat down under it and patiently waited unil morning, when they could see to shoot. Great was their surprise when the break of day revealed to them the fact that they had over their heads not a coon, but a wildcat of undoubted genuineness and generous proportions. The owner of the tree afterward assured them that he would gladly have permitted them to cut it for the sake of seeing what would have happened when that wildcat dropped among them.

Doubtless the residents of a certain hamlet in northern Mercer county, Pennsylvania, still remember the excitement produced by a bear seen a number of times in the vicinity of a notoriously timid man's house. Usually the apparition came to him at night, but the tracks never failed to remain in the road where it had crossed, vivid daylight reminders. Once or twice, when unarmed, he encountered and was chased by the animal in the day time. Only a small part of the people who heard the story knew at the time, perhaps it may be news to some of them even now, that the marauder was a fake bear, arranged and manipulated by a young man and a few confederates.

In the midst of a mild "wild animal" epidemic a prosperous farmer heard a noise at his barn one night, and hurrying on his boots, went out to investigate. Just outside the door a gust of wind extinguished his lantern, and setting it down, he stepped inside and swung the door shut after him, intending to feel his way to the stables, which would be moderately well lighted by the moon shining through the windows. Almost the first step sent him headlong into the middle of the barn floor; he had tripped over some animal crouching where no animal had any right to be. There was a rush and scurry of feet, in which the farmer took a vigorous part, never stopping until he tumbled out into the open air and banged the door shut after him. Then he shouted to his family to bring a light and a gun; he wanted to save his stock from the intruder.

The gun reached him first, and impatient lest the beast should escape or do further damage before the light arrived, he cautiously opened the door and took careful aim, midway between the two eyes he could see glaring at him in the half light across the floor. Just as he was about to pull the trigger the light of a lantern fell upon the crouching beast and revealed—one of his own colts that had slipped its halter, and tired of its investigations, finally laid down where its master soon afterward stumbled upon it. Needless to say, the colt was as badly frightened as the farmer by the encounter, but of course little knew the peril it was in while the old man was planning its destruction.

Xeno W. Putnam.

The British Columbia Season.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I dare say it would interest some of your readers to hear what sort of sport has been had in the Cassiar district of British Columbia this year by nonresident sportsmen.

In all there were twenty-one visiting sportsmen, most of whom were from the United States, one from Germany, and a few from England. The total head of big game killed by those few people amounted to 13 moose, 29 caribou, 53 sheep (*Ovis stonei*), 17 goats, 5 grizzly bears, and 11 black bear, one black fox and a number of red fox and wolves.

The big game shooting opened on Sept. 1 and everybody is back now, so taking into consideration the time taken in getting out very few actually hunted for more than a month or at the most five weeks.

Of the moose one head went over sixty inches, and two went fifty-seven. The caribou were exceptionally fine, and though I have no authentic measurements I am told that they were a magnificent lot. The sheep were nearly all good, the best head went 38 inches in length, 29 inches spread and 16 inches circumference, an exceptionally fine head for that variety.

The weather was most unusually cold and wet and not all suitable for successful hunting. However, I believe that everybody was thoroughly pleased with their trip and that there was not a single man who had not some trophies to take home with him.

A. Bryan Williams,
Provincial Game and Forest Warden.

OUTDOOR BOOKS.

Uncle Lisha's Shop, Robinson	$1.25
Sam Lovel's Camps, Robinson	1.00
Danvis Folks, Robinson	1.25
Sam Lovel's Boy, Robinson	1.25
Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales, ill., Grinnell	1.75
Blackfoot Lodge Tales, Grinnell	1.75
In the Louisiana Lowlands, Mather	1.50
Camp Fires of the Everglades, ill., Whitehead	5.00
Samoa 'Uma, ill., Churchill (de Luxe)	2.50
Camp Fires of the Wilderness, ill., Burt	1.25
Sixty Years on the Plains, ill., Hamilton	1.50
Hunting Without a Gun, ill, Robinson	2.00

These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

Bremerton, Wash.—I must say that each and every issue of Forest and Stream seems to be getting better. I was a regular reader of this paper just ten years ago, so speak authoritatively.—R. D. Cooper, U. S. R. S. Philadelphia.

Kingston Yacht Club, Kingston, Ont.—The Forest and Stream is one of the most popular papers on our tables, and if it does not appear on time, the secretary's life is made miserable.—Chas. S. Kirkpatrick.

Portland, Maine.—Renew my subscription to Forest and Stream. Like wine, the Forest and Stream grows better with age.—Charles W. Bray, M.D.

NATURAL HISTORY

Quail Culture.

Brooklyn, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was through the instructive columns of Forest and Stream that we learned our first lessons in "quail culture," so it is but fair that your readers should profit by our experience. The following report of the Rapidan Game Preserve, therefore, is given with the hope that others may be induced to promote and protect the unique and exhilarating sport of quail shooting.

In the start we profited greatly by the experience and ideas advanced by Mr. Cyrus A. Taft, who gave in your magazine a full account of feeding southern and western quail in Whitinsville, Mass., during the winter of 1904-1905. He showed that with plenty of good food and cover, southern quail could withstand the severest New England winters.

About a year ago, with the idea of giving their many friends some good sport, Mr. William E. Harmon, of New York, the writer, and others secured game leases upon 10,000 acres of Virginia lands from farmers living on each side of the Rapidan River, just below Raccoon Ford, Va. These lands are particularly well adapted to quail culture and semi-open shooting.

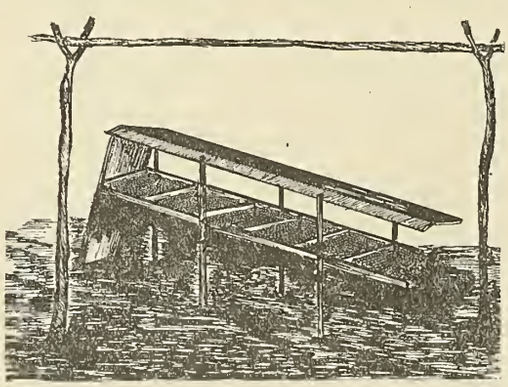
We had some difficulty in finding the live quail, but finally, after considerable correspondence, we succeeded in securing forty dozen live birds from Alabama. Twenty dozen of these birds were turned out the latter part of January, and the rest were "planted" during the months of February and March of the present year.

The Alabama quail were released in wigwams or bird harbors, made of pine brush—a sort of brush-rick—by simply driving two forked stakes in the ground some ten feet apart, and placing thereon a long pole. Against this pole, pine brush was placed, so as to leave a vacant space underneath in the form of the letter A; openings being left in order that the birds could slip out and escape visiting foxes, minks, etc. Along the center of this harbor, a feed trough was arranged upon an incline, one end being two feet higher than the other, which rested on the ground. Cleats were nailed upon the bottoms of the feed troughs, so that in case of heavy snows (unusual in Virginia) the birds could always get food above the "snow line." Care was taken to place the harbors where the birds could easily get water, and where they would be sheltered from the cold winds, and protected, as far as possible, from the hawks. The birds should be "planted" where they can reach cover easily.

On Jan. 26 the writer personally released ten dozen live birds, and in visiting the harbors on Jan. 27, every bird (each covey) was found "at home." This experience, to the writer's mind, establishes beyond doubt the best system of releasing quail. Simply take a releasing box with a trap door, containing about six pairs of birds, enough to make a ring. Place the box under the bird harbor, and sprinkle plenty of cracked corn and wheat in front of the releasing box, and all along the feed trough; open the trap door and stand quietly twenty steps from the harbor. Within a few minutes after the trap is opened, the birds will come from the box and begin eating the cracked grain.

Our southern quail were very much weakened by the trip in the express cars, and were famished for water when they arrived. One flock which was released where the hawks could easily reach them was entirely destroyed before the birds regained their strength. Another flock, which was released in a pine thicket, survived the winter with the loss of two birds only. This was also the most prolific flock we turned out. Three large flocks of young birds were known to be hatched and reared near this lucky bird harbor, and on Nov. 6, five large coveys were found within a mile radius of it by the writer, who bagged twenty-six full grown quail out of the twenty-nine that fell to the ground. It was a fine day's shooting, and the writer attributes his good sport to the fact that the mother birds were well crated when shipped, and well cared for in transit to Virginia, and released in a well protected spot, where they could get plenty of good food and good water. The birds migrate in the pairing season. Farms two miles distant from the nearest harbor, which were without quail the year previous, are now well stocked with Alabama quail. If hawks are numerous, turn the birds out in February and March, but if they can be fed regularly and the cover is sufficient to protect them from hawks and snow storms, the writer would suggest that they be released in December or January. We had better luck with the late arrivals which were released in March. This season we shall try some Kansas quail.

Southern quail are not as large as the native Virginia partridge (quail), nor are they so gamy.



FEED BOX BEFORE BEING COVERED WITH PINE BRUSH.

The Virginia partridge is about one-third larger than the Alabama species, and is more distinctly marked with black and white feathers. The Alabama quail is more of a reddish-brown bird, and is not nearly as strong as the full breasted Virginia partridge, which should not be confused with a still larger bird known in Virginia as the pheasant, found only in the woods, close to thick cover. These pheasants are usually seen in pairs, and seem to be a large variety of grouse, somewhat larger (plumper) than the New York partridge.

The greatest enemies to quail are crows, the shrewdest birds known. Crows are ravenous egg-eaters, and destroy the quail nests. These black-winged demons are multiplying more rapidly than any other bird. All sportsmen should make war upon these vicious egg-eaters. They can be poisoned with corn soaked in a solution of strychnine. They will, however, soon become suspicious of the grains of corn discolored by the strychnine, and it will then be necessary to open a small flap in the soft part of each grain, and drop enough strychnine in the hole to kill a crow; then close the flap, and press it down so as to make it appear as nearly as possible like the original grain. This corn should be dropped in places where the crows congregate, and out of reach of other birds.

It takes a swift flying hawk to catch a full grown Virginia quail, but when the birds are weakened by continuous snow storms, the hawks simply feast upon them. By offering fifty cents each for hawk heads, the Rapidan Game Preserve has reduced this evil by about seventy scalps. Hawks can be trapped by putting a chicken under a wire netting where it can be easily seen by the hawks, and placing steel traps on the ground around the wire cage. The hawk becomes so intent upon catching the chicken that he is sure to step upon one of the traps. Use a black chicken if snow is on the ground, and a white one when the wire crate can be placed in the field. William D. Buckner.

[Every means should be employed to prevent quail and other small birds from gaining access to the poisoned corn.—Ed.]

New England Swans.

The killing of the three swans in Massachusetts on Thanksgiving Day brings up the fact that in old times these birds regularly stopped in New England during the migrations. Morton in 1632 says, "And first of the Swanne, because she is the biggest of all the fowles of that Country. There are of them in Merrimack River, and in other parts of the Country, greate Store at the seasons of the yeare. The flesh is not much desired of the inhabitants, but the skinnes may be accompted a commodity fitt for divers uses, both for fethers and quiles."

The muddy mouths of wide estuaries naturally furnish attractive stopping places for the swan. Lindley mentions the appearance of four swans at Stratford, Conn., in the mouth of the Housatonic River. In the spring of 1876 two swans are reported to have been seen in Branford Harbor during a severe gale, and about the same time swans were seen near Milford, Conn.

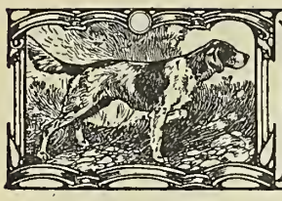
While the killing of a swan in the northern country or even down on the North Carolina coast, where the birds are of regular and abundant occurrence, is a feat worthy of applause, many sportsmen will heartily deprecate the killing of these Massachusetts specimens.

"Young Folks' Nature Field Book."

In these days of country life and nature study there is a distinct place for Mr. J. Alden Loring's little book with the above title. It is an attractive and interesting guide to nature study in the eastern United States and ought to be in the hands of parents and of instructors in all homes. There is no more wholesome subject in which to interest young people than the common objects of our woods and fields.

The book gives a short, timely nature story or hint for every day of the year, telling the reader at just what time in the successive seasons he should look for different birds, beasts and flowers, and how he may recognize and study them when taking observations abroad. On each left-hand page are given certain days of the month and the suggestions for the season, and facing these are blank right-hand pages, which may be filled with notes made by the observer. The book is small enough to slip into an overcoat pocket.

Mr. Loring is a naturalist of experience, a member of the Ornithologists' Union and has been connected with a number of our institutions in natural history work. His book is well brought together, and is beautifully illustrated, in part by photographs, but in large part also by beautiful drawings of birds from the pencil of Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the best American bird painter of the day. If this book is properly brought to the attention of the right class of readers between now and spring, it ought to have a large sale. It deserves it.



GAME BAG AND GUN

Adirondack Deer.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the correspondence which has appeared in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM in relation to the Adirondack deer season. I presume my interest in the matter arises from the fact that for over forty years I have hunted deer in the Adirondacks nearly every season, and their habits and peculiarities have always been an interesting study for me, and this has led me to form some very decided opinions relative to the time and manner in which they should be killed.

I agree with Juvenal that there is widespread dissatisfaction with the present law among the guides, hotel men, and September visitors to the Adirondacks, and I think that this dissatisfaction arises almost wholly from the fact that the present law strikes a fatal blow at jacking. It is Juvenal, instead of Columbia, who should "be set right" as to the prevalence of jacking in the Adirondacks. Not one in fifty of the September Adirondack deer hunters even think of going into the woods to get their deer, and if they did they would not be successful, for as a rule they are not still-hunters. Still-hunters do not hunt deer in September, for obvious reasons. Juvenal is also wrong in thinking that September is too cold for successful jacking, for while deer do not come to water in September as freely as they do in July and August they do so enough to make jacking a comparatively easy way to get them. Most of the jacking I ever did was done during the month of September in St. Lawrence county which is perhaps the coldest section of the Adirondacks, and deer were killed nearly every night, and jacking appeared to be about the only way of hunting deer which was practiced.

This was many years ago, and before I learned how destructive and wasteful jacking is, and therefore I sinned ignorantly. The reason why I condemn jacking is because the deer killed in this way are mostly does, and as shotguns and buckshot are commonly used not more than one out of every three deer wounded is secured, the others escaping to the woods to die in secluded places. When still-hunting near good jacking water I have often found their bleaching bones, silent witnesses to the wastefulness of this method of hunting deer. Nearly all the does killed in September which I have examined have had milk in their udders which proves that the fawns depend upon their dams for sustenance during this month, and this is another good reason why deer should not be killed in September. Another good reason is because it is so difficult to save the meat in good condition until it can be consumed. I have confessed to killing a few deer in September and I will now add that in spite of my best efforts over half the meat secured by such killing was fit to feed to buzzards only before it could be sent home and utilized as food for human beings.

Taking into consideration the deer which are wounded and escape to die in the woods, the fawns which perish because they are deprived of their dams when too young, the meat which spoils in warm weather, I think that for every deer killed in September and used for human food at least five are destroyed.

The present law permits the killing of deer only when they are in the best condition, when the weather is cool enough to make the sport of hunting them enjoyable and at the same time makes it possible with reasonable care and effort to save the meat for human food.

For many reasons, a few of which are briefly stated above, I regard the present deer law the best ever devised for the Adirondacks, and I fully agree with W. A. Bradshaw in thinking that what is most needed is more wardens to enforce it.

J. W. SHURTER.

A Canadian Unicorn.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Filmy mist wreaths, flushing purple in the faint beams of an October sun, but new arisen, were curling up from the oily surface of the pulseless deadwater. The sere and yellow bracken, bent beneath its burden of sparkling hoar frost, the omnipresent hardhack, gay in its autumn finery, and the straggling ranks of slender tamaracks, gleamed with their myriads of diamonds, as with paddle scarce stirring the sullen shallows, we glided along the winding waterway. Near one of its many turnings, attracted by the outreaching ripples in the water of a little bay, beyond our ken, followed by a deal of perfectly audible splashing, we quickened strokes and paused behind the top of a fallen spruce.

In the frosty air the single faint click of final preparedness rang sharp and clear, after which a nod to the paddler sent me beyond the treetop, and on the instant I found myself vis-à-vis with a venerable forest resident. Not thirty yards away, and standing broadside on, with dripping shoulders, a big bull moose was striving in vain to lift his ponderous forequarters from the ooze of the river bottom to the crumbling bank that again and again denied a foothold and compelled him to slide back into the clinging mud. For several moments we sat motionless and gazed at the totally oblivious beast, I with the barrel of my .45-70 in the hollow of my arm, mentally measuring the great spreading antler which, with its broad palms and clustering points, shone with ivory whiteness, due to a very recent emancipation from the velvet. I promptly decided to shoot, and with that instant, swung sideways on my seat and raised the rifle to my shoulder, a motion which caused the bull to turn a pair of inquisitive eyes and rigid, questioning ears upon us, and by that simple act, to win instant and absolute immunity from the death so close impending.

When the great head swung round and faced me, alas! it bore but a single antler. Where a duplication of that single splendid antler would have completed a noble spread, a ragged prongless stub rose a few inches above the skull, with an effect in which the ludicrous element almost overcame that of disappointment.

Panic-stricken by our presence, motions and quickly found voices, a supreme effort carried the bull up the bank, and anon the crash of alders lapsed into the normal silence of the wilderness. In a pseudo-philosophic mood, I blew upon benumbed fingers, donned a pair of mittens, and set forth on yet another quest—a good, stout breakfast at the home camp.

FRANCIS I. MAULE.

North Carolina Quail.

It is reported that the protection of quail in North Carolina has produced excellent results, and the Greensboro Daily Record of Dec. 10 says:

"It is safe to say upon the authority of gentlemen from various sections, from the seashore to the mountains, that there are more birds in North Carolina now than there have been at any time, say, in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Hunters are numerous, and guns cheap, but the law has been in the main very well carried out, and now that the results are beginning to be so apparent, the greater is the satisfaction. Of course there are pot-hunters and there are also trappers of partridges and people who take them in nets in several sections, but these have to be sly in order not to be reported by their farmer friends, who have found out that it is very good to have the birds about. The farmers have learned the fact that it is best to kill out only part of the birds, as under this condition of affairs they reproduce better, but they do not care to have extermination, as is the case in trapping and netting."

In some sections, however, the quail seem to be fewer in number, and it is thought by some people that the young birds were drowned out by the summer rains.

Caribou in Canada.

MONTREAL, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Caribou are plentiful in Canada, but they are growing wary and leaving the ordinary haunts of sportsmen. Numbers of them have been seen in the interior country in Ontario and Quebec near the source of the Restigouche and Upsalquitch rivers. A Massachusetts sportsman saw three hundred. It is a very interesting study to follow their migrations. Both moose and caribou have migratory habits not so irregular as some people imagine. There is reason for it. The moose leave northern Ontario as the cold weather approaches and come to the hardwood country, which is about thirty miles inland from the shores of Lake Huron, and yard in the ridges in the stretch of country twenty-five to one hundred miles in width from Lake Superior to the French River, so that the far north has few moose in the cold weather. Their habits are the same in Quebec. I have not observed the caribou so closely, but feel pretty certain that we would find their movements studied and reasonable and not absolutely erratic as some people have told us.

L. O. A.

A Merciful Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some eighteen years ago, with two gentlemen and three dogs, I went hunting gray squirrels near Putnam, Conn. We came across what I am inclined to believe is an uncommon occurrence. On the morning of the second day our dogs treed a squirrel in a large maple in a sort of swamp. We saw the squirrel lying flat on a large branch, and as it was my turn to shoot, I fired and brought him down.

On picking him up, my companion laughed at me for having shot a squirrel that was too lean and bony to be fit for food, but the cause of his condition was plainly to be seen—his two front teeth in the upper jaw had grown down and then curved backward in the form of a half circle and entered the roof of his mouth, so that the points were embedded in the flesh. As I remember it, the rest of his teeth were all right, but with the condition the squirrel was in, it was plainly to be seen that my shot had been a merciful one, as he was slowly but surely starving to death.

N. W. PARKER.

South Bay Mishaps.

THE cold snap last week caused no little suffering on Great South Bay, Long Island, where the sudden change from mild to severe weather caught several persons abroad in fishing boats and gunning batteries, and the life savers were needed. Half a dozen men were assisted by volunteers or regulars, and in two cases the men picked up were in a serious condition. High winds made getting about the bay not only uncomfortable, but at times perilous.

New England Sportsmen Meet.

Boston, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Sportsman's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts held its quarterly meeting and banquetted at the American House, Boston, on Friday evening the 14th instant. President Nowell occupied the chair. This is an exceedingly virile club, only two and a half years old, now numbering upward of 300 members. The first steps toward organization were taken by about a dozen sportsmen in Reading in March, 1904, since which time its growth has been constant and rapid.

President Nowell, after calling for order, reviewed briefly the work which has been performed by the club along the lines of legislation, the stocking of covers with quail and the planting of fingerling trout in the streams.

There were present about ninety members and several invited guests, a considerable attendance considering the fact that a large proportion of the members reside from fifteen to thirty miles from the "Hub." They are scattered over more than thirty different towns, chiefly in the counties of Middlesex and Essex.

Dr. George W. Field, chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, dwelt at some length upon the valuable influence of sportsmen's clubs, especially in preventing violations of the laws, each member in a way, doing the work of a warden. He said it was quite impossible for the commission with but sixteen paid deputies to properly cover the entire State in the enforcement of the laws. He also explained the situation regarding the remnant of the heath hens on Martha's Vineyard, mentioning the fact that they were numerous along the whole coast district of the State in the early history of the country as well as in New York and New Jersey, but that they had been all annihilated except about 100 that now remain at the Vineyard and said the commissioners were making an effort to raise by voluntary contributions a sufficient sum of money ($2,000) with which to purchase the land the birds now inhabit. He stated that considerable progress had already been made in that direction.

Ex-President J. R. Reed, of the State Association, entertained the members with a graphic account of his experience in the Indian Territory and Oklahoma several years ago on a hunt for wild turkeys, and Dr. Morris, of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, gave reminiscences of some of his moose hunting trips in Maine. His description of the erratic performances of a hunting companion who had never been in a canoe before this trip and was also inexperienced in handling a gun, were exceedingly amusing. The Doctor has been in every hunting region in Maine, and this fall went into the section reached from Norcross. He said he had fine trout fishing the last two days of the open season. He saw quite a number of deer and some moose, mostly cows, calves and small bulls. He announced the opinion that large game in the State is far less plentiful than it was a few years ago, and he found birds very scarce. He was told by one of the drivers of a lumber team on a tote road that a woman, who was in camp near by, had "cleaned up" about all the birds along the road. A guide told him of finding in a cedar swamp the skeletons of fifteen deer last winter which had evidently died from starvation, the trees having been denuded of everything within reach of the deer. The scarcity of deer the Doctor attributes to two cases, viz.: The greatly increased number of hunters and the lack of food. Your readers are aware that the receipts of deer at Bangor this year are less than those of last by more than 1,000.

Mr. Reed and Dr. Morris were listened to with close attention, both having a remarkable faculty of relating their experiences.

Among the guests present at the banquet were two senators elect, Hon. H. S. Riley, of Woburn, and Hon. J. W. Grimes, of Reading. Thirty new members were elected. The coming week will be a busy one for the State Association, a meeting of the board of management being called for Monday evening, an association meeting Wednesday afternoon, and a meeting of the legislative committee of the association and allied clubs on Friday evening. Nine clubs have already taken "club membership" in the State Association, and thus have a representation on the legislative committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, viz.: The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, The Sportsman's Association of Eastern Massachussetts; Middlesex Club, Georgetown Fish and Game Protective Association, Rockland Fish, Game and Gun Club, Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, Lenox Fish and Game Association, Taunton Rod and Gun Club, and the North Brookfield Sportsman's Association. H. H. Kimball.

Climbing Mt. McKinley.

At the annual dinner of the Explorers' Club, held in New York, Friday, Dec. 7, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, told of the ascent of Mt. McKinley.

The Explorers' Club was organized more than a year ago by men who have been to new lands, and this was its first annual dinner. The meeting was presided over by Col. David L. Brainard, of arctic fame, the first vice-president of the club. Last spring Dr. Cook and Prof. H. C. Parker, of Columbia, set out for Alaska to try to climb Mt. McKinley. During the summer they made many attempts, meeting only discouragement and disaster, and finally in August Prof. Parker was obliged to return to his work in the east. After his departure another effort was made, and by great good luck a ridge was found which after days of anxious work led the explorers to the mountain's summit. Dr. Cook is quoted as follows:

"When we had worked upward through the foothills to a height of 5,000 feet we ran up against cliffs for 15,000 feet. There seemed to be no way of ever finding an opening. We made up our minds practically that the mountain couldn't be climbed, so we spent weeks in exploring a great glacier, collecting specimens and taking observations. During that exploration came the first bit of good luck. We found an old miners' trail, long deserted, that ran for four miles in the direction we wanted to go. At the end of the trail we came upon a system of caribou trails which took us twelve miles further.

"At that time we had no idea of making the summit and were ready to give up almost any day. We came to a cliff about 4,000 feet high and managed to find footholds on it. By night of the day we started to climb the cliff we had worked upward half the distance and had to stick for the night. Next morning we were undecided whether to go ahead or turn back, but decided to go ahead, since we had gained so much.

"All the time the seven of us were roped together. Our supplies were of the slimmest. We had a small store of pemmican (dried beef and tallow), of small, hard biscuits, tea, sugar and pea soup. We made two meals a day, morning and evening. To make tea we had to dig a little snow from the floor of our tent and it took two hours to melt the snow and get the water to a boiling point. The temperature at 18,000 feet was sixteen degrees below zero (the same as at the top of the mountain we found later) and it seemed as if we would never be warm again.

"To make things worse, the cans in which our wood alcohol, our fuel, were stored, leaked, and our tea and sugar got soaked. So we had to live partly on wood alcohol for most of the trip up the mountain. We were so terribly exhausted during the two or three days before we got to the top that our hearts pumped terribly, and it seemed a frightful effort to lift one foot after the other.

"At night we made camp wherever possible, making snow houses and wrapping ourselves up in our sleeping bags. Sometimes at night we had to kick each other and pummel ourselves with our fists to get even a measure of warmth. They were the most miserable days I ever spent or expect to spend.

"It was 10:30 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 16 when we finally gained the top. We were so worn out, so terribly exhausted, dizzy and numb in every faculty that not a man of us could really appreciate the glorious sight that unrolled before us. In all we spent just twenty minutes on the summit, taking the temperature, getting our angles and doing other hurried scientific work."

Among the other speakers were Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History; Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, Director of the Aquarium; Mr. M. H. Sayville, H. L. Bridgeman, and S. P. Vernon.

Dr. Cook was elected president of the club.

Michigan Deer.

Saginaw, Mich., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following clipping is from this morning's Saginaw paper:

"Marquette, Mich., Dec. 6.—Approximately 12,000 deer were killed in Michigan during the recent hunting season, according to figures partially compiled from express companies' reports. Sixty-four hundred carcasses were transported by way of Mackinaw to lower Michigan, 2,600 were delivered to upper peninsula points, and hundreds went south via the two Chicago lines. In addition, hundreds of deer shot by upper peninsula hunters were brought in by wagon loads."

I do not know whether the figures are right or not, but I do know that the number of deer hunters in the woods this year in Michigan was startling. The law should be made so that no deer unless it wears horns should be killed, then limit the number, and making the season longer and enforcing the law take away a lot of the element of danger of being shot or shooting someone, and it would be protection to the deer.

Ruffed grouse shooting in this part of the State has been good this year. More birds have been killed than in any two years before. While the prohibiting of market shooting has had a good deal to do with the increase, yet the mild winter a year ago and the good, dry spring for a breeding season probably had more to do with it.

The Michigan law allows the shooting of twelve ruffed grouse per day and one must not have more than fifty in his possession at any one time, which is the means of some pot-hunters sending home fifty when they get the first batch and taking the second fifty home with them. Fifty ruffed grouse in a season and twelve in a day is certainly enough for the greediest, unless he is doing business for the almighty dollar.

W. B. Mershon.

Hudson Bay Furs.

Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Co., of London, have just issued their November list of this year's importations of fur by the Hudson's Bay Co. The numbers for 1906 compare interestingly with those of the previous two years.

	1904.	1905.	1904.
Badger	322	510	289
Bear	4,705	5,783	5,276
Beaver	34,680	54,013	30,056
Fisher	3,229	3,010	2,090
Fox, silver	896	942	490
Fox, cross	4,490	4,988	2,387
Fox, red	10,200	12,140	7,181
Fox, white	11,409	6,346	4,634
Lynx	56,611	58,791	36,028
Marten	43,789	45,146	35,579
Mink	32,817	59,863	55,889
Musquash	407,134	695,070	1,056,253
Otter	6,993	10,570	4,883
Raccoon	600	281	404
Skunk	11,430	9,129	6,090
Wolf	2,771	1,673	1,196
Wolverin	734	504	412

New Hampshire Game.

Charlestown, N. H., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Trout fishing has been more successful this summer, in this quarter, than for many years, not only in the number of trout taken, but in their increased size and weight.

Deer are reported very plentiful, and are seen almost daily either singly or in bunches of several. I hear nothing of the feathered game for there are very few bird dogs in this village. Gray squirrels have been fairly numerous.

Von W.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Migratory Birds and Fish.

Greenfield, Mass., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Secretary Root's notable speech before the Pennsylvania Society in New York, had a distinct bearing on Mr. Shiras' proposition that the National Government shall have the care of migratory birds and fishes.

Mr. Root referred at length to the tendency toward centralization in the general government, suggested some of the reasons for this tendency, and discussed the future of the States of the Union. He pointed out that in large measure the States themselves are responsible for the fact that greater powers are constantly being thrust upon the Federal Government, and that it is the failure of the States to enact and enforce adequate laws on various subjects that has obliged the Federal Government to take action.

The people at large are determined to have many matters properly controlled, and if the different States by their own governments fail to exercise such proper control, the people will surely vest the power in the central government. Just as in civilized communities, each member of a community is obliged so to regulate his conduct as not to interfere with the rights of others, and by his manner of life to contribute to the general good, so among the States of the Union there must be common action for the general welfare. If there is not such common action by the States it must be taken by the Federal Government. If the States are neglectful of their duties, the old view of States' rights will inevitably be weakened, and the work which the State might do and ought to do will come to be done by the Government at large.

The many examples cited by Mr. Shiras in his recently published Brief, give point to Mr. Root's able speech. It is undeniable that for governmental reforms the public is coming to rely more and more on the general government, and is turning over to it more and more power.

Long experience has discouraged those who for years have vainly hoped that the States of the Union and the Provinces of Canada would promptly act together for the protection of migratory birds and fish, and there are many people who believe that only the plan so ably advocated by Mr. Shiras may bring to game protection the relief so much needed.

Sportsman.

International Zoological Congress.

The Seventh International Zoological Congress will be held next summer, Aug. 19 to 23, at Boston, Mass. Mr. Alexander Agassiz is president. The American Society of Zoologists has appointed a general committee to make arrangements for the meeting, and after its close, the members of the congress will visit some of the more important zoological centers in the eastern United States.

Following the five days' session in Boston, a day will be devoted to Harvard University, another to Woods Holl, five to New York city, during which Columbia University, the American Museum of Natural History, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Carnegie Station at Cold Spring Harbor, the New York Zoological Society's park and aquarium, and the Hudson River will be visited. Aug. 31 will be devoted to Yale University, and Sept. 2 and 3 to Washington points. On the trip up the Hudson River, scheduled for Aug. 30, the members will be the guests of Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn. On the return from Washington to New York excursions will be arranged to Niagara Falls.

Special arrangements as for transportation have been made from trans-Atlantic steamers.

Sailing Southward.

The 30-foot schooner-rigged boat Teal is en route to the St. John's River, Florida, with Sidney Stokes and Garfield Chard on board. They sailed from Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 24, with a complete shooting and fishing outfit and an abundance of stores on board.

Long Island Deer.

Accidents reveal peculiar situations now and then. A case in point is found in the following dispatch to a local paper:

Eastport, L. I., Dec. 13.—Joseph Sperick of this place was shot and seriously injured in the woods here last night. He was mistaken for a deer. Jacob Ockers, whose truck farm has been ravaged by deer, engaged Woodhull Raynor to watch his fields at night. While standing in a runway he saw Sperick, who wore dark clothing, approaching through a thicket. He fired and a load of buckshot entered Sperick's body.

The State pays for no damages for crops ruined by its deer. The season is closed. If Sperick recovers and enters suit for damages against the man who, it is alleged, shot him, and the employer, the two latter may be compelled to answer to several charges.

Thomas Chester.

"Thomas died this morning. Please advise what to do. Signed, Irving Hilliard," is the telegram that reached me at my office in New York on Dec. 4, and I know that many of your readers on seeing this notice will feel deep regret that one whom they remember with pleasure has been taken away from Connecticut Lake, where he has lived and been known for so many years.

Uncle Tom was beloved and respected by all who knew him and when we carried him to the old Lake House at Connecticut Lake, the little office was filled with young and old, waiting to pay their last tribute to their old friend. We buried him in the little cemetery at the lake, facing the road, where his old friends can see the headstone to show the resting place of Uncle Tom Chester, who made Second Connecticut Lake the Mecca for so many sportsmen in the years gone by. Henry E. Janes.

Eastern Forest Reserves.

A petition is now being circulated in Boston and will go to the State's representatives in Washington, urging the desirability of early passage of the bills now pending in Congress for the establishment of the White Mountain and Appalachian forest reserves. Governor Guild's name heads the petition, and this statement is included:

"Delay means that denudation will go rapidly forward, causing irreparable damage to the water powers of the country, both north and south. The forests cannot be replaced upon the mountains. Later action will necessarily cost the Government much more through the rapid advance in prices of lands and timber."

Nebraska Quail.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail were more plentiful in this State this season than for many years. This is largely due to several years' closed season and to the present short open season of only two weeks.

J. C. Gilhousen.

BOOKS ON SHOOTING AND HUNTING.

Hitting vs. Missing, Hammond	$1.00
The Art of Shooting, Lancaster	1.25
Gunsmith's Manual	2.00
Field, Cover and Trap Shooting, ill., Bogardus	2.00
Experts on Guns and Shooting, Teasdale-Buckell	4.00
American Duck Shooting, ill., Grinnell (de Luxe)	5.00
Hunting in Many Lands, ill., Roosevelt and Grinnell	2.50
American Big Game Hunting, ill., Roosevelt and Grinnell	2.50
Trail and Camp Fire, ill., Grinnell and Roosevelt	2.50
American Big Game In Its Haunts, ill., Grinnell	2.50

These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

Adventures of James Smith.

His Capture by a Tribe of Indians in Pennsylvania

From "American Adventure by Land and Sea."

In the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of the Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons laden with provisions and stores for the use of the road-cutters.

Having delivered his orders, Smith was returning in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed on the spot; and, although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and, after a few plunges, threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprung upon him, and, overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner.

One of them demanded in broken English, whether more white men were coming up; and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm, and compelled to run with great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their supper. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner; and in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness.

On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles through cedar thickets and over very rocky ground, they reached the western side of the Laurel Mountain, and beheld at a little distance the smoke of an Indian encampment. The captors now fired their guns, and raised the terrible *scalp-halloo*. This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks, somewhat resembling laughter in its most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below, by a discharge of rifles, and a long whoop, followed by cries of joy. All thronged out to meet the party.

Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded round him. To his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests.

The next morning Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg. When within half a mile of the fort, they again raised the interesting scalp-halloo, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired, the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multitude of savages, painted with various colors, and shouting with delight; but their demeanor was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two long lines, and, brandishing their hatchets, ramrods and clubs, called upon him to run the gauntlet.

Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do. One of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from every Indian as he passed. His informant concluded the information by exhorting him to "run his best," as the faster he run the sooner the sport would be over.

This truth was very plain; and young Smith entered upon his race with spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three-fourths of the distance, the stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the opposite extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and

(*Continued on page* 1002.)

A Memory of the Old Days.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the article recently published in your paper, "In Newfoundland." This writer carries me away back to my boyhood days, when it was my delight to shoulder a gun or sling a creel and rod and tramp into the silent woods, or to the rippling stream. New Brunswick—not Newfoundland—was my hunting and fishing resort. When ten or twelve years of age (that was in the early forties), I well remember the thrill of delight when my brother Harry, a true sportsman, would say, "Come, Bob, get the bag or the creel ready; to-morrow we go for pigeons, partridges, plover or snipe," as the season might be. Those were the years when game and fish in their season were easily reached from the little town of F. on the river St. John. In 1840 one had to travel three to five miles only to get into the dense forest or to the shady trout stream.

Many a time we—Harry and I—have started at five in the morning and returned by ten with a dozen brace of pigeons or partridges in the bag.

Those were the days Fenimore Cooper tells us about when the flocks of pigeons would darken the fields of buckwheat in their flight, as if a thunder cloud was passing by. Ah! Those free and easy days, when the woods and lakes were not pre-empted by man or law, and the true sportsman's conscience was sacred and sensitive to nature's order of life—those days have long since passed away; and a large portion of the game has gone with them.

At that period the town of F. was the capital of the Province of New Brunswick. It was a military headquarters, and from 500 to 1,000 English soldiers, officers and their families were stationed there. The staff of these regiments were to a man fond of fly-fishing and hunting. My position from the age of fourteen to twenty-two was in the principal stationery and book store; and in the store was sold tackle of all kinds for the lovers of sport. Naturally, then, I got acquainted with the officers of the garrison. Now that I am nearly in the eighties, white-haired, but fortunately not feeble, it is often I peep into the past; and in memory I hear the voice of Colonel A., or Captain B. saying on the quiet, "Bob, get leave of absence and guide us to the Nashwaak, the Oromocto or the Miramichi, where we can catch some nice trout, or may be a ten or fifteen pound salmon." It was business for the "Boss" to cultivate this sentiment, and I usually received the permit with a degree of pleasure that needs no description.

A trip for one day is typical of the others—only two persons can go, the Captain and Bob. At the river shore lies our bark canoe of native Indian make, light as a feather and as easily upset as a saucer. Bob steadying the craft, warns his companion, "Now, Captain, lay your tackle and grub carefully on the center floor. So—that's it. Then step in very quietly and get your feet under the rail near the bow and sit perfectly still on the rail." Bob takes the paddle and away she goes like a bird across the quarter mile river to the mouth of the Nashwaak up which Bob is to paddle three miles to Drake's Mill. Arriving safely at the other side of the river, the Captain says: "I say, Bob, don't you know, I thought that big long log that was coming down stream would bust our craft into smithereens; but you steered her clear and here we are. Let us rest a wee."

In a few minutes we again start for the mill, and arrive without accident. "Look sharp now, Captain. It is just as neat a trick to get out of as to get into a bark canoe, without getting into the water." As for Bob he did not care a cent, as he was perfectly familiar with being dumped into the water, and climbing from the water to the canoe; but he had to see the Captain safely through the trip.

By the side of the mill dam there was a sluiceway, at the foot of which was as fine a trout pool as I have ever seen in the Beaverkill or elsewhere; and at all seasonable periods fine large trout were eager for the hackle or gray wing. Bob moved the canoe quietly a short distance below the pool. "Sit perfectly still, Captain, while I run the stern to shore; get out and bring the bow around, and hold her steady while you step on the little sand beach you see there. Move easy now." And the Captain got safely on terra firma. "I would like a sandwich and a soda, Bob, after that trip. It was well done." And now to cast a fly. Yes, now for the fun. "You see those three logs at the foot of the sluice? Go very quietly behind those logs, stand where the sand is, a little above them, and cast into that small curdling spot. See—just there." The fly fell lightly on the spot. Quick as thought a strike—a miss.

"I say, Bob, he came so soon I did not see him."

"Well, cast again in the same spot and be ready for the strike."

The Captain cast with good precision the second time, hooked and landed a fish about one pound in weight. The day was fine; a little hazy, the old mill ground out its solitary tread, and the stream of water glided smoothly, yet swiftly down the sluice. The Captain and Bob have twenty fine beauties in the creel, and at 3 o'clock we entered our saucer canoe and in due time reached home tired and hungry. The next day the Captain calls at the store, relates the story to the Boss, closing with, "I say, Mr. M., that Bob of yours is a brick."

Many outings of a similar character were enjoyed with various officers of the garrison, some for a day, others for four and ten days to the more distant streams where salmon, grilse and trout were abundant in those bygone days. Oh, happy years of my youth, would that I could live them over again and with a good digestion, a sturdy physique, romp over "Ye banks and braes of bonny doon," and enjoy the dear delights of the forest, the hill and dale! and again lie on fresh spruce or pine-made bed beside the swift current flowing against the round top boulders, singing a lullaby that brings the restful sleep. With a heart full of wonder and awe one can look upward at the "spangled firmament on high" and wonder who or what the great being can be who guides the rising and setting of the sun, the moon, the stars, and directs the destinies of man.

R. R.

A Big Florida Bass.

Maitland, Fla., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A day or two ago, while trolling in Park Lake in front of the hotel, my nephew and I caught a black bass 30 inches long, 8½ inches wide and 19½ inches girth. It weighed exactly 12 pounds, the largest by 2 pounds that I have ever taken.

B. G. Yates.

Late Pike Fishing.

What is claimed to be the largest wall-eyed pike taken in the vicinity was captured by Charles Welsh, of York, Pa., in the Susquehanna River at Goldsborough, on Dec. 3. Its weight was 11½ pounds. Up to Dec. 13 the Pennsylvania Fish Commission was in receipt of reports of good catches of these fish in the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

A Salve for the Conscience.

For a long time I have secretly held the opinion that the average man who makes frequent hunting or fishing trips would find it somewhat difficult to justify the considerable expenditure of time and money that these trips cost. I am well aware that Rowland E. Robinson's hero, Sam Lovel, "found his luck in the woods;" that Nessmuk believed that "the seed of the true woodsman would never be found lacking bread." and that many other famous contributors to Forest and Stream have shown, to their own satisfaction at least, how much better off is the man who occasionally goes hunting and fishing than the man who is "chained to business." And yet, notwithstanding all of these to the contrary, when I sit down at the end of the year and coldly calculate the number of days I have spent in the woods and along the streams, seeking my own pleasure and amusement to the neglect of my family, my work, and my own self-culture, I feel that it is necessary to find something for the other side of the account in order to make the transaction appear at all like a fair one.

Of course this does not apply to all classes of men. The man who through ample means and abundant leisure is complete master of his own time will do well to spend much of it among the mountains and by the waters. Would that all of us who love the out-of-doors were in his shoes! And the man who is not well or strong will frequently find that both his health and work improve under the open-air treatment that he may be encouraged to take through his love for rod and gun. There is a tradition in my own family, however, that in my younger days when at all unwell I took to duck hunting as a cure and that the cure at times was near being the death of me. Like all tradition this one probably has a grain of truth in it. And then too there is the man who writes so delightfully on out-of-door subjects that his books help all of us through the long dragging months of winter when we hug the chimney corner and wish for spring. He surely should be encouraged to drop everything else and go exploring and camping, and hunting and fishing, and bird hunting and botanizing, that he may keep the rest of us sane with his cheerful and wholesome talk about God's good handiwork. I have one case filled with the writings of these men and it is to this case that I turn when the body is ailing or the spirit weak.

But the man who has no such good and sufficient reason for his trips is the one I have had in mind all along. How is he to satisfy his family, his friends, and himself that he has a right to take a number of days off in the fishing season and again in the hunting season to visit the creeks and hills? I am not sure that I have ever succeeded in silencing family and friends in my own case, but I have a certain salve for the conscience that for me has some healing virtue and has made it easier to justify to myself my own conduct. I simply take an interest in the children I meet at their solitary homes among the mountains and by trifling kindnesses to them compel myself to believe that my trips have yielded pleasure to some one besides myself.

It may be true that the barefoot country boy with torn hat and turned-up pantaloons is happier than a king under certain favorable circumstances, but my experience with backwoods children makes me think that many of them lead lonely lives barren of nearly all of the pleasures and interests that appear to be the birthright of boys and girls in towns and cities. Outside of the family they have no companions and seldom see new faces; of books and games there is an utter lack; there is little variety in the food; on stormy days and in the depths of winter they are confined to a house of three or four rooms; clothing is often scanty and poor, and for the

smaller children at least life is forlorn and sometimes full of discomfort. No class of children appeals to me as these children do and I generally go prepared to do a little something for any that I may happen to meet.

Fishing a mountain brook for trout one day, I came unexpectedly on a little old log house set high on the bank of the stream. It was a lonely country among high and wooded mountains, the stream was new to me and the trout were very scarce, and when a boy of about eight years of age accompanied by a big black dog ran down from the house to intercept me I welcomed the interruption. The dog was very fierce and I was compelled to keep him off with my rod until the boy could pacify him. Seeing that no one came to look after the boy, I asked him if he were alone and was surprised and somewhat shocked to learn that his father, the only other occupant of the house, left for his work at dawn and returned after night. I asked him where his mother was, and he told me, with the innocent ignorance of the small boy, that she went away in the winter with some man and had not yet come back. Just below the house was a deep round pool in which I caught a plump pound trout to the intense pleasure of the boy, and I still take some satisfaction to myself for having given him the trout when my creel held so few. Many times since I have thought about this little chap and his miserable life in that desolate home with his dog protector and I should still be glad to know what became of him. But by this time, if he has lived, he is a man grown and may have a little boy of his own whom I hope his own experience has taught him to care for tenderly.

At another time I was walking with a companion along an old road that led from one trout pool to another on a large stream when a small boy, coming apparently from nowhere, ran up and called to us. When we stopped and inquired what he wanted he asked abruptly: "Was you at my mother's funeral?" The question was so unexpected and the boy was such a pathetic little figure that for a minute or two neither of us could say a word. When we finally recovered sufficiently to talk with him we found that his mother had died several weeks before and that loneliness and his loss had made the child half wild. The fishing was excellent and it was the best time of the day, but we spent a good hour in trying to give the little fellow something to think about besides his mother's funeral. This child's face haunted me for weeks and I was greatly pleased when I finally learned that he had been taken into a home where he would be treated kindly and where there were other children of about his age.

For several years our noonday luncheon, when fishing a certain mountain stream, was eaten beside a little bridge near which stood an old weather-beaten house. Each year a new family occupied the house and a strange brood of children came slipping out to watch us boil our coffee and broil our ham over the fire we built on the big flat rock down at the edge of the stream. What a pleasure it was to coax these children up to get each a big orange, a banana, or a handful of candy! Sometimes we found that some child had never seen an orange before and would begin to eat it greedily without removing the peel. It always seemed to me curious that these children were not any of them willing to accept a slice of bread and butter, a piece of pie, or even a cake. They apparently did not want to be offered ordinary food no matter how much superior to their own. Candy was the thing most desired and our big square lunch basket always held such a generous supply that no child was stinted.

Children's books and illustrated papers and magazines are always received with the greatest delight by the children in these homes. A little girl to whom I take a new book or two each year always shows me how well she has cared for the ones of former years, and while they show care they always show very devoted usage. A young lad with whom I occasionally left a book would leave his team standing when he saw my rig coming and run clear across the field to see if I had a book for him. I was as likely to forget my rod or gun as a book for him when I was going past their little farm. I am sure that these books are ten times more precious to these children than they would be to the boys and girls living in homes into which come new books and magazines every day.

Then too I do not hesitate to give a boy a few good hooks or some choice flies and a leader if I discover that he is learning to fish, or a dozen cartridges when I see that he has an old single-barreled breechloader standing in the corner. He may catch a few trout or kill a few birds that might have been left for the city sportsman, but surely no man who is not selfish to the core will worry much about this. And then the boy may occasionally return the favor. A half-grown lad that I had partly rigged out for fishing one spring hunted me up the next time I came into the neighborhood to tell me of some big trout that he had seen rising at the head of a long pool behind his father's mill. I questioned him closely, believing that they were bass, but he was so sure that I finally went with him and caught more big trout than all the rest of the season yielded. They were broad lusty fellows, lying in a gentle riffle, and there was a beautiful beach on which to land them and the sport was unalloyed. The boy danced back and forth along the beach, helped me land each trout, and was prouder than a peacock over my catch. I was in good spirits myself and when we parted the boy was the richer by a pocket knife that I knew he would use every hour that he was awake.

But I started out to demonstrate that the hunter or angler by being interested in the children he meets on his trips may in a measure appease a conscience made uneasy by the thought of the selfish enjoyment the trips furnish, and I find that I am in danger of showing that for some of this interest at least returns are expected in the way of favors and privileges. But I am sure that if the sportsman looks carefully he will see many opportunities to brighten the lives of boys and girls in places where the only return will be the satisfaction of knowing that his trips have yielded more than sport and game. It is only fair to the country places that he should make some return for the many days of pleasure they have given him and I know of no surer and better way to do this than to remember the children who will accept without offense the things that are cheap and trifling to him, but that are sometimes precious to them and that make bright spots in lives too often squalid and dreary. In the country are many prosperous homes where the children are well cared for and happy all day long, but any mountain district will reveal to him that cares to look for them, lonely cabins where the children are deprived of many of the comforts and most of the pleasures of life. It is in these places that the angler and hunter should be prepared to square accounts and ease a restless conscience.

CHAS. LOSE.

The Angler's Chiefest Joy.

WITH many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM I must say amen to all of Justinia Johnson's remarks, so entertainingly put forth (and written by one who knows), and yet must I take issue with her as to and upon her conclusion. "The Angler's Chiefest Joy" is not telling about his catch, not at all, it's about the fish—the big fish—that got away. The contents of the creel speak for themselves. They numbered and weighed and measured so much and that was all there was to it. But that big one that came at the dropper like a hawk upon its quarry, leaping into the air and taking the fly on its downward curve! Oh! My! Oh! My! And he took fly and three feet of the leader to kingdom come. Something told me there was a big one in that eddy below the boulder and sure enough he was there. Well, it was nip and tuck, the greatest stand-up fight I ever had. A dozen times did I give him the butt and saved him, only by a hair, from getting into snag, or root, or under a sunken log. As we fought our way along the stream there wasn't a point of refuge but that he did not seek, and every time I turned him, at last into the stream, the cold sweat would run down my back. Every tug seemed to be the last for rod or line or leader. And then we got to the part of the stream where the pool, though not large, was very deep, a hole in the stream, and the banks were high and steep, and here, thought I, must we make our last fight. Fortunately the water beyond was clear. And I stood on the edge of that pool and fought him, and he fought back, gaining on line all the time and getting just a little further away every second from me. He had an open way and his rushes and sulks simply meant more line, more line, until the spool got pretty thin on the reel. To try to hold that fish steadily by giving him the butt, no matter whether he was sulking or rushing, meant only one of a dozen things ending in the fish's freedom. I could not let out any more line with safety, and there was the pool, and so when the next rush came, in I went, rod high above my head, kicking with my legs and swimming with one hand, the haul of the fish helping matters just so much, and in a few strokes I was again in water waist deep, and following my fish as fast as possible, trying to gain line. It was a battle to the death and the result full of uncertainties. I was certainly tired and I know the tug upon my wrist was not as strong as when we started in. I was gaining line; the spool was filling up. I gained a little after each rush and instead of successfully sulking, the strain proving too much, he came along. It was only a few yards now, at a rush, and these were not only regained, but more too as well. I, for the first time, began to look down at my landing net, dangling from a button of my blouse, to be sure it was in easy reach. I would need it soon now. In fact, I could picture his glistening, spotted sides showing through the meshes of the net in graceful curves, as he, with jaw-impaled fly, slowly moved his gills. He had given me surely a noble fight and had played every card that was in the pack that could have won his freedom. I could see that my leader was somewhat frayed by contact once or twice with projecting rocks, but I thought nothing of that. It had held so far. Nearer and nearer he came. What a beauty! Carefully, carefully did I reel him in, line taut, rod well up, and at last the moment came to hold him steady and slip the net under him. I might have slowly worked him up on the shingly beach, but—but—well. The fight was by no means all out of him. The sight of that approaching weapon of destruction, more terrifying to him than all the rest, instilled him with such a frenzy of fear, that gathering all his energies together, with one mad rush he bent the rod double, snapped the frayed leader and, the rod straightening up, the line waved out upon the gentle breeze as if saluting and saying Godspeed to the biggest fish that ever was lost.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fly- and Bait-Casting Clubs.

STEPS are being taken in several cities to organize clubs composed of anglers who wish to obtain all the benefits to be derived from fly- and bait-casting contests as well as to take part in these affairs and thus ascertain by comparison how skillful they have become through practice.

In Newark, N. J., in Boston, Mass., and in Omaha, Neb., according to advices received by FOREST AND STREAM, anglers are taking preliminary steps looking to the formation of clubs. Among those interested in one of these proposed clubs are several ladies who are skillful wielders of the fly-rod in fishing, but who wish to acquire the additional skill made possible in contests and club practice.

ANGLING BOOKS.

American Fishes, Goode	3.00
Men I Have Fished With, Mather	2.00
My Angling Friends, Mather	2.00
Book of the Black Bass, Henshall	3.00
Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water, Mather	2.00
With Fly Rod and Camera, Samuels	5.00
Favorite Flies and Their Histories, Marbury	5.00
Fish and Fishing on the East Coast of Florida	4.00

These books are more fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

YACHTING

THE LONG DISTANCE RACES.

Last week the daily papers published the final conditions which will govern the Sailing race and the Motor Boat race to Bermuda next June. The plans are much further advanced than could have been hoped for under even the best circumstances, and it may be inferred that this matter of long ocean races for small vessels is generally well understood. During the past three years the question of racing motor-driven boats has been several times proposed but aroused no enthusiasm. The influence and success of the two races by these boats from New York to Marblehead has been a preparation for those interested and made them familiar with the idea of a race to Bermuda. The work of the regatta committee of the Motor Boat Club of America in charge of the race, in framing the conditions, shows a keen realization of the responsibility involved. In events of this sort the regulations should be so made as to lessen the premium on courage, and increase that on good judgment. The restrictions are wise, and not arbitrary. The value of this race will be significant not alone to the sport, but to the men engaged in the manufacture of boats or engines. It will show—what has already been shown in isolated cases—that boats may be designed and built so as to go anywhere in safety.

The designers of these boats will realize the value of a heavy reliable engine placed in a heavy hull, which in bad weather will have some hold on the water and not be tossed wildly on the surface. The present practice has been toward speed and so toward lightness of construction to obtain the maximum speed with a minimum horsepower. For sea work a good form, with a proper location of centers, such as center of gravity and metacenter, coupled with a reliable, comparatively slow turning engine of good weight will accomplish the end.

The sailing boat race is open to large vessels and an extensive entry is expected. The success of the race to Bermuda last summer was gratifying, not from the number of contestants, but in the safe accomplishment of a journey that was spoken of by many as impossible.

The sea is cruel and gives nothing—so say those whose life-time has been spent upon its waters—but those who understand may venture, not with impunity, but venture nevertheless, against odds seemingly insurmountable.

Yonkers Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Yonkers Y. C. was held at the club house at Glenwood-on-Hudson last week. Commodore Marran was in the chair. The reports of the officers of the club were read, and showed the club to be in a very good condition, and a membership of about 300. The following officers were elected to serve for the following year:

Com., William J. Bright; Vice-Com., William H. McVicar; Fleet Cap., William H. Benjamin; Recording Sec'y, Albert B. Lefurgy; Corresponding Sec'y, Joseph H. Quinn; Financial Sec'y, John Stahl, Jr., Treas., Edward J. Lynch, Meas., Arthur J. Van Suetendael.

Kenesaw II.

The houseboat has been a growing factor in the field of yachting since its recognition and adoption as a means of either recreation or travel upon often shallow but unexposed waterways all over our country. The houseboat has not alone solved a question of taking a home with you while traveling and enjoying its comforts, but has been requisitioned by the sportsmen, and also those requiring rest and recreation away from the great centers of life.

Strangely enough, the realization of the houseboat idea has been of very slow development, and in most cases of record a houseboat has been a disguised steam yacht or a scow with a house upon it of the roughest construction, and often with no means of propulsion. The intermediate type—something of a launch, more of a comfortable floating house, with few necessary servants, small engine power, but adequate to drive the boat in unexpected bad weather to a place of safety—has not been much in evidence. The success of each type must greatly depend upon the service required and character of the waters. Also what would satisfy one owner as to arrangement would not another; this is ever a debatable point having no absolute solution.

The houseboat we reproduce by the courtesy of the designers and builders will at this time be of interest. Florida—each year growing in popularity as the country becomes better known, calls us all to its sunny beaches along a beautiful sea to avoid the sudden and unexpected changes of our winter weather, and one cannot but admit the delight of houseboating, where shines a bright sun, and where fogs, rains and snow seldom pay unwelcome visits.

Kenesaw II. was designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., of Morris Heights, for Mr. Chas. L. Webber, of New York. The boat is for use about Long Island Sound in summer and Florida in winter. As the plans show she is an attractive little vessel both inside and out, the appearance being less squatty and heavy than the other boats of this type. The quarters are simply arranged and simply finished all over in white enamel. The engine is a gasolene motor of the well known Speedway type and in smooth water drives the hull at a rate of 7½ miles per hour. With the construction of boats nearly of a size with Kenesaw II. one of the most remarkable points is the very low horsepower to drive them at a good speed and the resulting economy.

The crew is composed of four men, a captain, engineer, a cook and a steward. This force seems considerable for a 67ft. boat, but all things taken into consideration it is not an excessive personnel.

The ability or mobility of the boat up and down the coast of course would necessitate the use of the canals, and such outside work as is necessary would have to be undertaken under favorable condition, for at no time or under any circumstances can a houseboat be expected to perform as a life boat.

The drawings and photo do not seem to require any great explanation, and with the general dimensions kindly supplied by the builders a good idea of this little vessel may the had. As to cost, such a vessel in construction and finish is simple and therefore cheap. The engine of a low power and small consumption of fuel does not increase the first cost greatly or the running expenses. This type in many ways seems to be one which will become popular, as it conforms to the greatest number of conditions at a cost much less than that of any other type of boat.

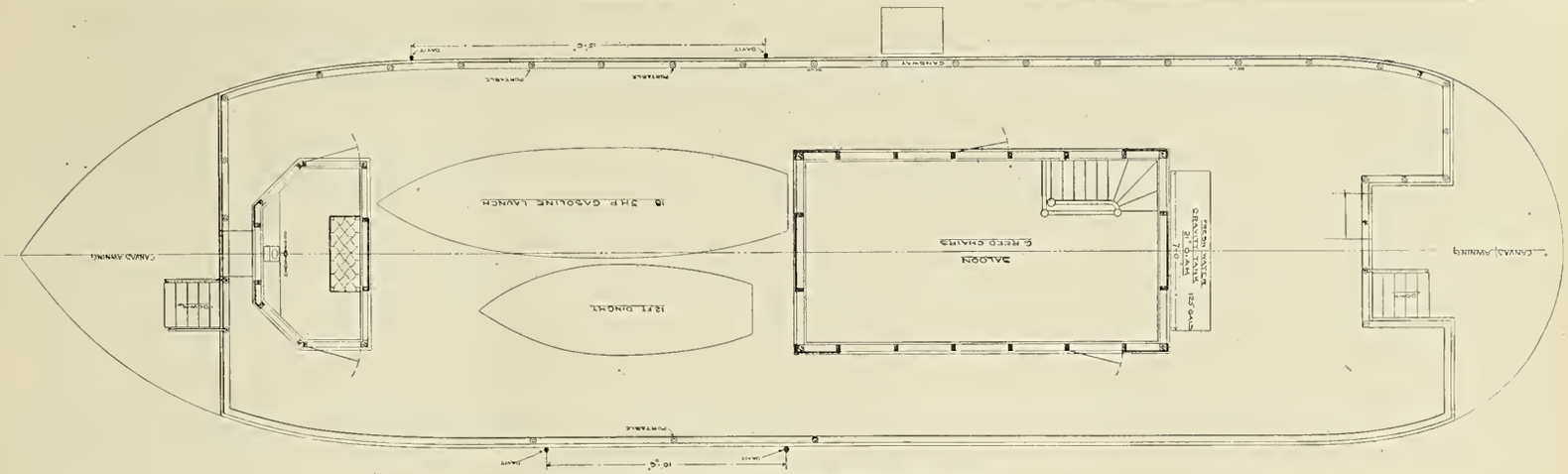
The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	67ft. 6in.
Waterline	62ft. 0in.
Breadth	17ft. 0in.
Draft	2ft. 0in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	4ft. 0in.
Least	2ft. 9in.
Aft	3ft. 0in.
Engine	One 4-cycle 6 x 6in. Speedway motor.
Oil capacity	500 gal.
Water capacity	800 gal.

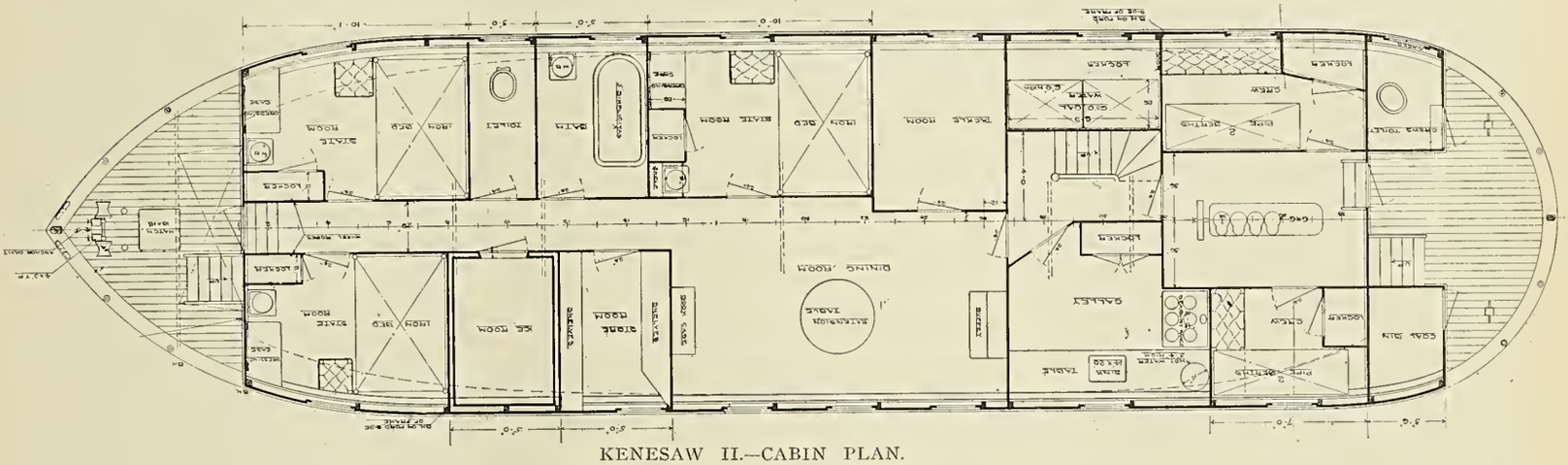
The planking is of 2in. Y. P. over frames, 2in. by 3in. of oak spaced about 12in. centers. The outfit of boats includes an 18ft. gasolene launch, a 12ft. dinghy, and a 12ft. skiff.

Virginia, steam yacht, owned by Mr. Isaac Stern, New York Y. C., has been chartered to Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, Mass., for a cruise to the West Indies for a scientific research. A number of friends will accompany Prof. Agassiz. Virginia is at Hoboken undergoing a general overhaul and will be ready to leave on Feb. 1. Virginia was designed by the late Geo. Lennox Watson and built by the Bath Iron Works. She is, length over all, 200ft.; waterline, 165ft.; breadth, 25ft. 9in.; draft, 12ft., and a depth of 16ft. Captain Leander A. Jeffrey is in charge.

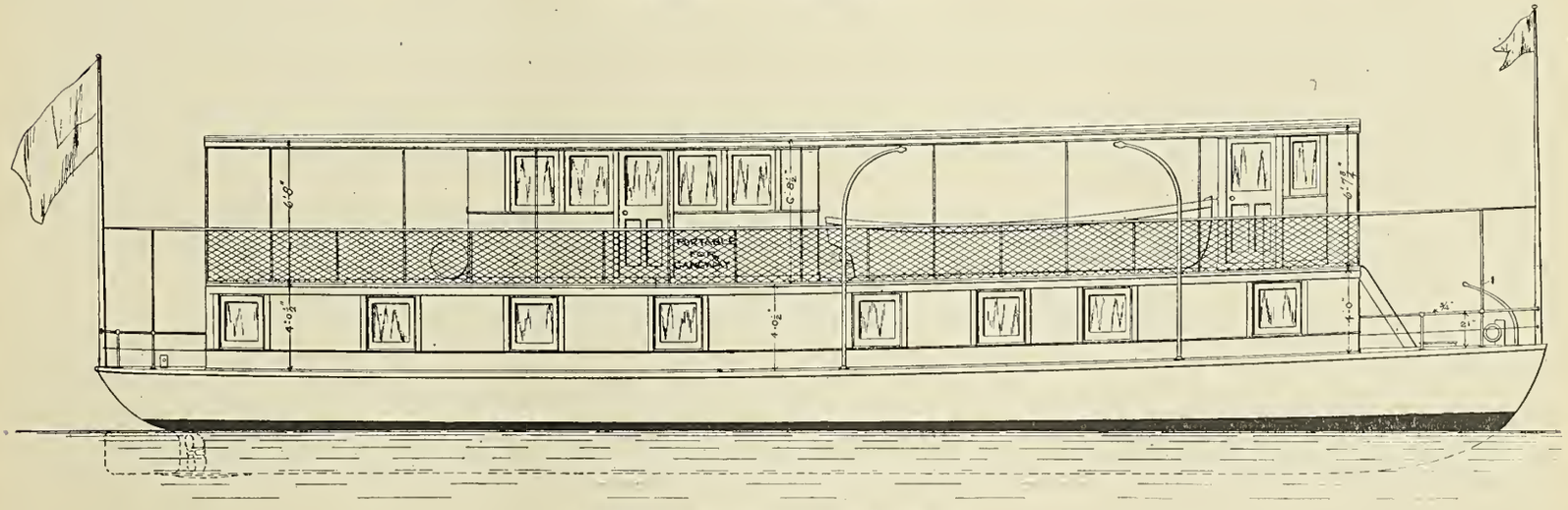
KENESAW II.
Designed by the Gas Engine & Power Co. & C. L. Seabury & Co., for Mr. C. L. Webber, 1906.



KENESAW II.—PLAN OF UPPER DECK.



KENESAW II.—CABIN PLAN.



KENESAW II.—OUTBOARD PROFILE.

Boston Letter.

This being the season of Christmas tide when men of all sorts, the bow-legged, bandy-legged, straight-legged and knock-kneed, stretch their individual limbs to the warmth of the blazing yule-log, sip each his favorite brand of liquor, and converse through the blue haze of good tobacco smoke. I shall discard the mantle of a newspurveyor and make bold to tell a story. Not a ghost story or a fairy story; yet I hardly have the assurance to call it a true story, for it rests upon no more solid foundation than the gleanings from old men's memories of their grandfather's gossip; a hint given me here, a hint there; now the skeptical recital of a village tradition, and now the result of my own addition, subtraction and division of water-front anecdotes; but still a story, a wee. wisp of a story, the Genesis of the Catboat.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, when yacht designers were as unknown as were yachts, and when naval architecture was but a dandyfield full of governmental departments, men built boats as their fathers had before them. The fisherman handed on his tiny ship to his fishersons. Were they too numerous for one boat to suffice them all, the occasional new boat was built. The model of these little barks, punts, smacks or yawls, whatever local usage termed them, was always that of the favored type of the locality from which the fisherman, or his forebears, first came to till the soil and bait the fish of a new world. The boats of old England were not readily adaptable to the waters of New England, the resources of a struggling colony were seldom equal to reproducing exactly the models of the mother country, but tradition was mighty and innovation of dangerous expediency. Thus, for generations, the hardy folk of Cape Cod's south coast worked the shallow depths of the adjacent waters in craft ill suited to prevailing conditions.

In those days the sturdy men of the little hamlet on West Bay were fishing farmers. Plowing the land in early spring, plowing the sea from March until December, they wrung a bare living from a soil ever-becoming more sandy, from the oyster beds of their bay and from the tide-riven, wind-swept sounds beyond the harbor bar. Each at first his own boat builder, but with the slowly-growing population ever tending to the concentration of occupations ever ripening for the moment for some man, or family, to control by preeminent fitness some one trade, some one vocation. The most thrifty, the most hospitable, had become respectively the keeper of the village store and of the village inn. But all remained fellers of trees, hewers of timber, contrivers of construction—the builders of their own boats; the faithful mimics of their predecessors' loyalty to the old

model. And then came Dan, the son of Dan, the tenth of a long, long line of Daniels.

Now this eleventh Daniel was like all the others of his hardy, industrious race, like all his neighbors and his neighbors' kin, save only in one respect—he was at times a dreamer and his dreams were of changes in the established order of things. But convention, environment, generations of suppressed individuality, restrained Daniel—might always have restrained him but for the grandmother from whom he had inherited his germ of originality, the grandmother who was popularly supposed to have "spells," to be what was called a "poor, harmless old woman."

Then came the unexpected autumnal gale, a freezing, howling tempest that tore Dan's heritage from her mooring and flung her on the beach a total wreck, valueless save for her precious fastenings. Better then perhaps than in the spring or summer, as a long winter offered the unoccupied time in which to build the new boat, for new boat he must have. So through the forests, ax in hand, he strode day after day, finding and felling the promising oaks and pines, lopping off branches, seeking and saving the natural crook knees, hewing away bark, squaring the timber and hauling all to the little home clearing by the bay where the hull would take form and become a boat. And always at his work he was bitterly reviewing the faults of the only known model; too deep, too heavy, too tender, unwieldly, wet, slow on the wind, sluggish when running, uncertain in stays; aye! with three score faults and failings. Perhaps he had swelled with boyish pride when first he steered her with no other hand upon the tiller, but now—how he despised, how he hated the type since he had come to know, from bitter trials, its unfitness for its habitat. His neighbors did not think the model slow, unhandy, unseaworthy; they thought it all that a boat could or should be. No varying models had given them a comparison of results and they had not Dan's dreaming brain to suggest possible improvements. Neither had they his grandmother with her unexpected vein of originality, her "second sight" and her keen fondness for the dreamy grandson.

At last the timbers were gathered, the fastenings of the old boat all withdrawn and replenished with a few gross of nails and bolts fashioned at the village smithy. The time was come to sweat out from the timber the keel, stem, frames, planking and other component parts with ax, adze and plane. The time to commence the actual building and to cease mumbling complaints and aspirations in the sympathetic ear of his grandmother.

And then old Granny dreamed; dreamed of a strange shaped hull, uncommon wide, uncommon broad, uncommon flat, with stem and transom plumb as ever but less deep; with broad, flat keel, with accentuated sheer and little forefoot. A queer dream—a yet more queer model. But to Dan it came as the first flash of inspiration which makes the grumbler innovate. With lightened heart he set himself to his task, cut his keel to fit the dream, worked out a strangely shortened stem and set up moulds that filled the village with laughter and the tapping of gnarled finger to ancient nose. Thus grew the boat, thus grew the villages' wonderment. Did ever a perplexity arise, created by some inability of olden methods to cope with construction problems of this new model? Straightway Dan abandoned his task and spent the evening, the day, sometimes days, describing to his grandparent the difficulty that beset him, expounding upon what must be done. And then in time, sooner or later, the loving Granny was seized with a spell and in her trance spoke of the unthought things she saw, of the methods of the men whom she then beheld. And always were these things, these methods, the very means by which to conquer Dan's obstacles.

There be men of to-day who have heard this tale and find no originality in Dan. Perhaps his brain was not creative, but he had the originality of improvement, the power to seize a shadowy idea and give it constructive reality, the ability to find value in that which was without precedent. I hold him and his grandmother both to be originators, collaborators in the welding of thought into the concrete. She it was who aroused him in the night to whisper, "I see trouble, Danny boy, I see her slide, I see her walk crab-wise; she is not weatherly. And now, ah! Danny, I see them fix a wing, a fin to her belly; a wing, a fin, a something that they slide down through her midst. She fore-reaches, Danny! She fore-reaches now!"

And Dan it was who with auger and chisel cut the long narrow slot through the keel, mortised to it a narrow box in which he housed a fin-shaped strip of planks pinned edge to edge and pivoted at the forward corner.

Granny it had been who conceived the unusually bluff, flaring bows and extreme tumblehome to the wide V-shaped, unduly broad sternboard. But it was Danny who translated her vague expression into the finished hull; Danny who suffered his fellows' scorn and derision, but clung perseveringly to Granny's dream.

And then when the finishing time came and Dan paused to wonder how the old rig would fit his new craft and whether the old rig itself had not been his dearest curse, his grandmother had her last, her most peculiar dream.

"I see her sailing Danny and she looks wondrous odd. No bowsprit, no jib-boon, Danny, one, only one great sail. No, not a lugger, Danny! Just a fearful mainsail spread on fearful spars; so long, so large—so different, Danny boy! The mast is in the very bows of her, the boom swings outboard a third beyond the taffrail, there are no shrouds; and yet it holds! it stands! And oh! how close she lies, how quick she spins upon her heel. She leaves them all, this great sea-gull, my Danny."

Would you or I, from absolute ignorance, on such a gossamer structure, conceive a new rig and fashion a novelty? I dare not claim so much for myself, dare you?

But that was all that led Daniel the eleventh to make spars of unusual length, of striking diameter. That was all that caused him to cut a new mast hole far forward in the deck, to scarf a new mast step into the keel and toil long over the largest sail that the West Bay of his day ever saw on one of its local boats.

And when the boat was launched and rigged, when she first heeled to the southwest breeze, gleaming in her coat of soot, lead and oil, with a number picked in white on either bow and "Granny" painted across her sternboard, then—well, need I tell that part of the tale? We all know what a Cape cat will do in her home waters both to her rivals and to the novice at catboat sailing. Danny had his trials, his lessons to learn and unlearn, but the result of his experiment is history.

Doubtless "Granny" would to-day be considered queer, crude—impossible. Dan himself improved upon her and handed down to his sons who succeeded to the business of Cape Cod's first builder of boats for profit, a far more refined, graceful model than that of his first boat. Daniel the seventeenth, the Lumberts, the Crosbys, and the Hanleys of the Cape, might not recognize in the old hull the acorn from which their rakish products grew. But while "crazy as a coot," was the verdict pronounced on Granny, we say to-day of the "Granny's" progeny, "stiff as a church; steady as a clock; quicker than a cat."

William Lambert Barnard.

Atalanta, ex-Lorena, steam yacht, Mr. Geo. J. Gould, New York Y. C., arrived from Bermuda last week on her way from Europe. Mr. Gould and a party of friends joined the yacht at Hamilton, having gone down on the S.S. Bermudian. Atalanta was built to designs of Cox & King, of London, and is the largest turbine yacht yet built. She was built by Ramage & Furgusson, of South Scotland. Her dimensions are 252ft. 6in. long, 33ft. beam, 19ft. 2in. depth, and 19ft. 4in. draft. She is a steel vessel, with two decks and six bulkheads, and her tonnage is 1,303 net. She is driven by three turbine engines, with three shafts and five propellers, and the nominal horsepower is 650. There are four boilers with 216 feet of grate surface and 8,560 square feet of heating surface.

After an overhaul the yacht will probably sail south on a cruise to the West Indies.

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Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission.

Yacht Racing Commission.—President, Dr. J. E. De Mund, 1740 Cropsey avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Secretary, James F. Duncan, Norfolk, Va.; Charles Longstreth, Middle Atlantic Coast, Corinthian Y. C., Philadelphia; Æmilius Jarvis, Canada, McKinnon Building, Toronto, Ont.; Dr. J. E. De Mund, Y. R. A. Gravesend Bay, 1740 Cropsey avenue; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Oliver E. Cromwell, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., Young's Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J.; Chas. P. Tower, (alternate), Y. R. A. of L. I. S., 76 Park Place, New York; J. Van B. Metts, South Atlantic, Wilmington, N. C.; James F. Duncan, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va.; Myron B. Vorce, Interlake, Y. A., Dept. of Bldgs., Cleveland, O.; U. J. Herrmann, Y. R. U. of Great Lakes, 178-180 W. Jackson Boulevard, care American Posting Service, Chicago, Ill. Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, chairman, 76 Park Place, New York; Dr. J. E. De Mund, Charles Longstreth. Official Measurer, John R. Brophy, Bay Thirty-second street, Brooklyn.

Convention of Yachtsmen, Norfolk, Va.

In response to a general invitation extended by the Jamestown Exposition Company to the principal yacht clubs in the United States, a larger number of duly appointed representatives assembled at the Hampton Roads Y. C. in Norfolk on June 22 and 23, 1906.

The object of this convention was to formulate plans for a series of yacht races to be held on Hampton Roads and the adjacent Chesapeake Bay waters during the period of the Jamestown Exposition in 1907, and to determine the rules and regulations which would govern such races.

The convention organized by electing Commodore Charles Longstreth, of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, chairman, and Capt. E. F. Lawler, of the Hampton Roads Y. C., secretary.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, providing for the appointment of a commission, to be known as the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission, who would arrange and conduct the races.

A second resolution provided that the members composing this commission should be selected one each from the following yachting districts: Massachusetts Bay, Long Island Sound, Gravesend Bay, Middle Atlantic Coast, Hampton Roads, South Atlantic Coast, Gulf Coast, Pacific Coast, Great Lakes, Canada.

The convention also adopted the following resolution:

"All sailing races, unless otherwise specified, are to be sailed under the rules adopted by the Atlantic Coast Conference for 1906. The races to be sailed during the Jamestown Exposition at Hampton Roads, Va., during 1907, the second and third weeks of September.

The first meeting of the Yacht Racing Commission provided for by the Conference of Yachtsmen, was held in Norfolk, on Thursday, Oct. 4. The committee was partly organized by the election of James F. Duncan, of Norfolk, as permanent secretary.

The commission was informed by the Exposition authorities that cups for yacht racing had been offered by Emperor William of Germany, King Edward VII., of England, President Roosevelt, and Sir Thomas Lipton.

It was decided to offer the cup presented by Emperor William for a series of three races for the schooner classes; the cup offered by President Roosevelt for a series of three races for sloops of Class P; the cup offered by King Edward VII. for a series of three races for sloops of Class H, J and K.

It was also decided that there shall be races for the entire fleet as classified by the Atlantic Coast Conference for the Exposition cups.

It was also decided to offer a cup for a free-for-all race without time allowance, to be known as the Hampton Roads free-for-all cup; also a cup for a race for Chesapeake Bay canoes, and one for Chesapeake Bay bugeyes.

The second meeting of the Yacht Racing Commission was held in Norfolk on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7 and 8, 1906.

The organization was completed by the election of Dr. J. E. De Mund as permanent President.

The conditions governing the various events were adopted as follows:

Presentation Cups.

The cup offered by the Emperor of Germany to be open for competition for schooners of Classes A, B, C and D, sailing in one class.

The cup offered by King Edward VII. to be open for competition for sloops of Class Q.

The cup offered by President Roosevelt to be open for competition for sloops of Class P.

The cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton to be open for competition for sloops of Classes H, J. and K, sailing in one class.

The competition for each of the four cups specified above to be sailed on three separate days.

The general conditions governing the several contests will be the same and will be as follows:

Each yacht competing will be credited in each race with as many points as the number of yachts she defeats, with one point additional as a premium for sailing the race. A yacht that starts and does not finish will receive no point for entry, but will be counted as a defeated yacht in the crediting of points to yachts that finish. The award of points will be made each day on the basis of the greatest number of yachts starting on any day, it being assumed arbitrarily for the purpose of computation that the number of yachts starting is the same each day. The cup will be awarded to the yacht which has the largest number of points to her credit at the end of the competition. Ties, if any, will be sailed off at a time and place to be designated by the Regatta Committee.

Eliminating races for the bouts may be held in the discretion of the Regatta Committee, in case the number of entries be so large as to make a single start of the entire number impracticable.

CHESAPEAKE BAY CANOE CUP RACE.

The entries in this class shall be for Chesapeake Bay canoes of a length 40ft. waterline and under, with time allowance according to waterline length.

CHESAPEAKE BUGEYE CUP RACE.

The entries in this class shall be for Chesapeake bugeyes, of a waterline length of 45ft. and over, with time allowance according to waterline length.

HAMPTON ROADS FREE-FOR-ALL CUP.

In view of the fact that there are devotees of various types and classes of boats, evolved by conditions and necessities of climates, coasts and waters, who are confident that the boats of their several sections are the superiors of all others, an opportunity will be given each to demonstrate the truth of his belief and a free-for-all class, up to 40ft. over all of any type of hull, will be given as a special event. In this race each boat will sail on its merits, without handicap, and will carry such sails as its designer, owner and crew may deem necessary.

EXPOSITION CUP RACES, A TO S.

In addition to the races above described, there will be races for Exposition cups for schooners, sloops, cutters and yawls of all classes, A to S, according to rules of Atlantic Coast Conference, providing that there shall be at least two entries in each class.

Entries for all yachts must be filed with the Regatta Committee at Norfolk not later than Sept. 1, 1907, and with the entry of each yacht there must be filed the rating certificate made in accordance with the rating and measurement rules of the Atlantic Coast Conference and signed by the official measurer of a recognized yacht club, or by the measurer of the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission.

(Signed) J. E. DE MUND, Pres.
Attest: James F. Duncan, Sec'y.

Power Boat Race to Bermuda.

THE conditions for the Long Distance Power Boat Race to Bermuda have been completed by the regatta committee of the Motor Boat Club of America, and approved by their board of governors. The conditions published last week were tentative, but were not materially altered. The regatta committee is composed of M. M. Whittaker, Edwin A. Stevens, Jr., and Martin C. Erismann:

Race to be from the station of the Motor Boat Club of America, on the Hudson River, New York city, to stakeboat at Bermuda, placed by the Royal Bermuda Y. C.

Conditions.—Open to seaworthy motorboats of not less than 39ft. over all and not more than 60ft. over all. A seaworthy boat is a substantially built, full decked vessel, having motor power and living accommodations, housed in, and being equipped with all the tackles and appliances necessary to enable her to perform a long passage in open water.

Propelling Power.—Any form of internal combustion motor may be employed for propulsion purposes.

Fuel.—The Committee comprehending that those entering the race have a thorough knowledge of the fuel necessary to make the passage, does not specify any quantity, but same must be sufficient to complete a distance of at least one and one-half times the distance between New York and Bermuda. No ingredient shall be used to increase the power of fuel.

Sails.—Boats must be equipped with suitable spars and rigging to carry sufficient sail to give them steerage way in a moderate breeze. Their sail can be spread in any shape, but the total area of the canvas must not exceed 6 sq.ft. for each foot of over all length. A steering sail and storm trysail may also be carried.

Stores anw Water.—Stores and water sufficient for thirty days must be carried.

Crew.—No boat will be allowed to start with less than five men on board, one of whom shall be a practical navigator, one a practical engineer and at least half of each crew must be amateurs. The committee earnestly recommends that no member of any crew shall be under 21 years of age, and that all members of the crew shall have had previous nautical experience.

Equipment.—A tender or life-raft must be carried and a ring buoy or life jacket for each member of the crew. A full set of navigating instruments, a spare compass, sea anchor, oil bag and at least one gallon of crude petroleum or other oil, and fire-extinguishers must be carried. Suitable arrangements for fitting an emergency tiller must be made. An assortment of spare parts and gear to the satisfaction of the committee must be carried.

Tanks.—Fuel must be carried in at least two distinct tanks, which shall have distinct feed lines to engine or engines. Fuel for lighting or cooking purposes may be carried in separate receptacles. Water to be carried in at least two separate tanks; all tanks to be securely fitted and fastened to the hull of the vessel to the satisfaction of the committee.

Rating will be calculated under the 1905 rules of the American Power Boat Association, except that the constant used in figuring the horsepower of the two-cycle motors shall be 850 instead of 750.

Time Allowance shall be figured at 50 per cent. of the American Power Boat Association time allowance table. The distance for computation for allowance to be on a basis of 650 miles.

Entries and Measurement.—Entries will be received up to twenty days before the start of the race, upon blanks which will be furnished by the secretary of the Motor Boat Club of America, 314 Madison avenue, New York

ARTHUR BINNEY,
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"Mercedes."—Fastest 60 Rating Automobile Boat afloat, 25½ miles.
"Pineland."—103-foot Gasolene Passenger Steamer.
"Elizabeth Silsbee."—135-ft. Auxiliary Fishing Schooner. Fastest and most powerful on the Atlantic Coast.
Boston Hospital Ship.—Steel, 600 tons.
"Gleaner."—Auxiliary Wrecking Schooner of Chatham.
"Corinthian."—Champion of the Pacific Coast, 1905-'06.
"Cricket."—40-footer. Champion of Gulf Coast.
"Orestes."—Winner of Lipton Cup for 1901 and Champion 22-rater.

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city. All contestants must be measured by the club's measurer at least 48 hours before the start. An entrance fee of $50 must accompany entry as a guarantee of good faith, same to be returned if boat starts.

Protests.—Protests covering the rating or eligibility of any boat must be made in writing within 24 hours after the finish of the race.

Inspection.—All contestants must report at the anchorage of the Motor Boat Club of America, or at such time and place as the Regatta Committee shall designate for the purpose of inspection and measurement.

Start.—The start shall be made from the station of the Motor Boat Club of America, on Saturday, June 8, 1907, at 3 P. M.

The committee reserves the right to reject any entry if in their judgment the boat is unseaworthy or unsuitable for long distance racing, or is deficient in any particular. All entries will be accepted subject to inspection and approval by the Regatta Committee previous to the start.

The committee urges strict compliance with the letter and spirit of the conditions, as above stated, and will be pleased at any time to inspect plans or boats under construction.

Work at Morris Heights.

There is considerable yacht, launch and marine machinery work in course of construction at the plant of the Gas Engine & Power Co., and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, at the present time.

The keel has been laid for a new 140ft. single screw steel steam yacht, for a prominent Detroit yachtsman, who is a member of many clubs. The vessel is from the designs of Mr. Charles L. Seabury, and a cruising speed of 16 miles per hour has been guaranteed. The "Seabury" triple expansion engine, and "Seabury" water tube boiler, will be installed. Delivery, May 15, 1907. This boat is very similar to the steam yacht Galatea finished this year by the firm and which was illustrated in Forest and Stream of May 19.

The new 175ft. twin screw steel steam yacht for Mr. Cyrus Curtis, of Philadelphia, is progressing very rapidly.

A large number of contracts are in hand, for motor boats of various sizes. Among them is a single screw cruising yacht for a New York gentleman, 68ft. over all, 12ft. beam, 3ft. 6in. draft. The joiner work throughout will be of hardwood; the furnishings and equipment will be the best. The motive power will consist of a four-cylinder gasolene engine of about 60 horsepower. The speed of the boat will be 12 to 13 miles per hour, and is to be ready for delivery April 15, 1907.

A cabin motor boat for Mr. E. W. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa., 55ft. over all, 10ft. beam, 3ft. 6in. draft, equipped with four-cylinder, 60 horsepower Speedway engine. This launch has been specially designed as a tender for Mr. Clark's large racing sloop Irolita. The plans show a very roomy, comfortable and seaworthy craft. Delivery May 1, 1907.

A cruising gasolene launch for a New Orleans gentleman, for use on Long Island Sound, will be 50ft. over all, 10ft. beam, 4ft. draft. This boat will have raised pilot house, engine room, toilet room, galley and large after saloon. The machinery will consist of a four-cylinder, 28 horsepower Speedway engine. The boat will be finished throughout in mahogany, and will be ready May 1, 1907.

A fast open launch for Mr. Lewis Herzog, New York Y. C., for use on the Maine coast, at North Haven. It is 56ft. long, 7ft. beam, and will be planked and finished throughout in teak The motive power will consist of two six-cylinder Speedway engines, 60 horsepower each. A speed of 21 miles per hour has been guaranteed. She has been specially designed as a craft for general service and is similar in type to the Kite and Vampa, both of which were satisfactory and successful boats.

A fast cabin launch for Mr. Ralph E. Slaven, of New York, for use at Bar Harbor, Me., is 45ft. long, 6ft. 6in. beam, with cabin and toilet room forward, followed by motor compartment, with large cockpit aft. A six-cylinder 60 horsepower engine will be installed. The launch will be very much on the type of Brush By and Sheboygan. Twenty miles per hour has been guaranteed.

A motor boat, 38ft. over all, 6ft. beam, for Mr. Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson, N. J., is being built for use on one of the Rangeley Lakes, Maine. A six-cylinder Speedway engine will give a speed of 21 miles.

A 65ft. twin screw cruising motor boat for Mr. J. P. Wetherill, of Philadelphia, Pa., is building, and will be fitted with two four-cylinder 28 horsepower Speedway engines.

A new hunting cabin launch 38ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, for Mr. R. W. Barger, Chicago, Ill., for use on Oconomowoc Lake, Wis. It will be equipped with four-cylinder 15 horsepower Speedway engine.

A semi-speed launch 30ft. long, 6ft. beam, with torpedo stern, for Mr. C. W. Bingham, Cleveland, O. The four-cylinder 15 horsepower Speedway engine will be arranged forward, under hinged covers, with copper ventilators. The steering wheel, reverse lever and engine controls arranged on bulkhead aft of engine. This launch will be shipped to Palm Beach, Fla., early in January. A speed of 12 miles is guaranteed.

A duplicate of the launch for Mr. Bingham is also being built for Mr. George B. Van Dyke, Milwaukee, Wis., and a 30ft. launch of a little different type, for Mr. J. B. Uebelhoer, Buffalo, N. Y., both of these boats being for Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.

A cabin launch 38ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, for C. L. Loree, Lake Charles, La. This boat is nearing completion, and will be shipped at once. It is equipped with 10 horsepower naphtha engine.

The 32ft. light draft motor boat Don Jorge, for the Mexican Petroleum Company, was shipped a few days ago to Mexico. This boat is built on the tunnel stern system, giving her a draft of only 15in. The speed was 12¾ miles per hour.

The new 30ft. cabin naphtha launch Libertad, for Ruiz de Gamiz Co., has been shipped to Havana, Cuba. The Gamiz Co., are the Seabury agents for Cuba.

A 25ft. 6 horsepower open naphtha launch, for Mr. C. B. Barker will be shipped to Jacksonville, the end of December.

A new 25ft. gasolene launch for Mr. W. C. Teagle, New York, will be shipped to Egypt early in January. It will be fitted with a two-cylinder 7 horsepower Speedway engine.

A new 25ft. gasolene launch with two-cylinder 7 horsepower Speedway engine, a 23ft. whaleboat, and a 14ft. dinghey, are being completed for the Lighthouse Department, Philadelphia, for steamer Sunflower.

A new 30ft. 6 horsepower naphtha launch has been shipped to Pensacola, Fla., for the U. S. Engineer's Department, on the Gulf of Mexico. This boat is to replace naphtha launch which was destroyed in recent tornado.

A new 30ft. launch with Seabury fore and aft compound steam engine and Seabury water tube boiler, will soon be shipped to Thomas Canty, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This boat is for navigating shallow rivers and streams, and will be provided with stern paddle wheel.

The 20 and 25ft. mahogany launches, the two 22ft. mahogany lifeboats, and the 14 and 16ft. dinghys, for Mr. F. H. Stevens' steam yacht O-We-Ra, building at Leith, Scotland, will be shipped to Southampton, England via American Line, early in January.

The 20 and 25ft. launches, the 18ft. cutter and 14ft. dinghey, all of mahogany, for Mr. C. W. Harkness' new steam yacht Agawa, built at Leith, Scotland, will be shipped via Anchor Line, to Leith, via Glasgow early in January.

A number of new Seabury safety water-tube boilers have recently been shipped, one to the Risdon Iron & Locomotive Works, San Francisco, Cal., for a U. S. Army transport.

One also to Moran Bros. & Co., Seattle, Wash., also for a U. S. Army transport launch.

One to Morse Iron Works, Bay Ridge, New York, for the steam launch tender on steam yacht Niagara II., Howard Gould, New York Y. C.

One to William H. Smith, of the Ward Line, at Havana, Cuba, for use in a 40ft. launch.

One to the U. S. Engineer's Department, Tampa, Fla., for the steamer Hillsboro.

One to the Mexican Petroleum Co., Mexico, for a 55ft. steam launch, Seabury build, formerly owned in New York, and shipped to Mexico five years ago.

Complete machinery plant, consisting of a triple expansion engine, Seabury boiler, shafting, pumps, propeller wheel, etc., for large passenger steamer on the Pacific coast.

Twelve Speedway engines of various sizes were quite recently shipped to Mr. A. M. Burdick, Buenos Ayres, Brazil, S. A., who is the agent for the Seabury Company in the River Plata district.

A new six-cylinder 90 horsepower Speedway engine is now being prepared for shipment to Boston, to be installed in the cruising motor boat Clethra, owned by Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr.

New four-cylinder 15 horsepower Speedway engine has just been installed in Mr. C. H. Hyam's 36ft. cabin launch Violet V.

A three-cylinder 10½ horsepower Speedway engine is being installed in Mr. G. H. Powers' 32ft. cabin launch Mary A.

A new four-cylinder, 28 horsepower Speedway engine has been installed in the sloop Ollie, owned by the E. W. Bliss Co., used as a waterboat and for freight at Sag Harbor, L. I., where the Bliss Company has large factories and proving grounds for torpedoes.

A new four-cylinder 28 horsepower Speedway engine has been shipped to Mr. Chas. J. Schofield, Detroit, Mich., for use in new speed launch now building.

New Motor Yacht.

There is being built at the yard of Messrs. Purdy & Collison, City Island, a cruising launch for Mr. C. M. Gould, of Manhasset Bay. The boat has been designed to plans and specifications of Mr. Henry J. Gielow who has had many successes with this type of boat, the principal dimensions of which are:

Length, over all, 70ft.; waterline, 62ft. 9in.; beam, extreme, 13ft.; draft of hull, 2ft. 9in. The boat has a pleasing sheer, good freeboard, a slight overhang forward and the whaleboat type of stern, which is found to be a good seagoing form.

For six feet amidships the hull is decked over flush, giving good strength and rigidity of construction and serving as a steering bridge, and has a seating capacity of six to seven people. Forward of this is a mahogany cabin trunk twenty-four inches in height, with plate glass windows and a companionway hood and slide in after end leading from the bridge down to the owner's stateroom. This room is 10ft. 6in. in length, occupying the full width of the boat and fitted with lockers and a double berth. Forward of this is a dressing room four feet in length with lavatory.

Aft of the owner's stateroom are located galley and engine room, after which there is a stateroom with a berth on each side. This stateroom is 6ft. 6in. in length and extends the full width of the vessel. Abaft of this stateroom is a toilet room on port and a large wardrobe on starboard side with a 36in. passage between. The wardrobe is 36in. by 48in., arranged for stowing valises. Aft of this will be the main cabin, 9 feet in length and extending the full width of vessel, with a buffet and sideboard forward on each side and a wardrobe on each side in after end. The interior finish will be in polished mahogany and white and gold.

The cockpit will be 8 feet in length, finished in mahogany, without stationary seats, but willow chairs will be used instead.

The boat will be fitted with a 50 horsepower gasolene motor, which will give a cruising speed of fully 12 miles per hour. The craft will be equipped with two boats, electric lights, with storage battery, and her construction will be thoroughly substantial and seaworthy. The interior furnishings and fittings will be tasteful and complete, making an attractive floating summer home.

The contract provides for the completion of the boat on or before May 15, 1907.

This is the second boat Mr. Gould is having built from plans and specifications by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, of this city.

House Boat Tomoka.

The well-known houseboat Tomoka, built in 1900, for the late Pierre Lorillard, has been sold by Mrs. Lily A. Livingston, of Jobstown, N. J., to Mr. Conrad E. Kremp, of this city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. Tomoka may well be considered one of the handsomest pleasure craft ever built, no money having been spared to bring her up to Mr. Lorillard's ideas of a yacht. She is 77ft. over all, 16.4ft. beam, and about 22in. draft, constructed in the best possible manner, including copper bottom. Accommodations consist of two state rooms on deck, two below for guests, bath room, dining saloon and social hall, besides there is a large galley with all modern conveniences, and commodious forecasle for crew. State rooms finished with burlaped walls, hard wood trim. Saloon in red rose and chippendale. She is most lavishly equipped including green Mission interior furniture, French draperies, wicker deck chairs, tenders, etc. The yacht is now at Trenton, N. J., where her new owner intends making some alterations to get her ready in time for an early spring season. He expects to make her his home during the summer of 1907.

Thomas Fleming Day, the well-known yachting writer and editor of the Rudder, has been seriously ill at his home, but is recovering satisfactorily.

The steam yacht Zarina, recently reported to have been sold to Mr. Charles Sweeney, of New York, will have her name changed to Emeline.

Mr. Leonard Richard's, New York Y. C. steam yacht Carola II., is to be refitted with new boilers during the winter. The yacht is in charge of Captain Hayden.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—William S. Elliott, N. Y. city, by H. L. Quick.

BOOKS ON WATER SPORTS.

Small Yacht Construction, Linton Hope	$3.00
How To Build a Motor Launch from Plans, Davis	1.50
Houseboats and Houseboating, Hunt	3.34
Steam Yachts and Launches, Kunhardt	3.00
Canoe Handling and Sailing, Vaux	1.00
Canoe and Boat Building, Stephens	2.00
Canoe Cruising and Camping, Frazer	1.00
Canoe and Camp Cookery	1.00
Gas Engines and Launches, Grain	1.25
Yacht Architecture, Kemp	16.80
Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing, Kemp	12.00

These books are more fully described in the Forest and Stream illustrated book catalogue, which will be sent free to any applicant.

The Open Amateur Championship

and the Dickerson Trophy, valued at $300, were won at the N. Y. Athletic Club by Wm. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del., who scored 94 ex 100 and 23 ex 25 on the shoot-off, with

U. M. C. Arrow Shot Shells

John Martin took the third prize trophy with the "Amateur's Choice"—U. M. C. Shells.

The First Three Professional Averages

were won with U. M. C. Shells. S. Glover, 96 per cent; H. Welles, 94 per cent; W. H. Heer, 93 per cent. R. O. Heikes tied for fourth with 92 per cent. It was a U. M. C. shoot from start to finish. Considerably more U. M. C. Shells were shot than all other makes put together. As usual, the amateurs (those who are influenced by quality *only*) chose Arrow or Nitro Club Shells.

Amateur Champions Shoot U. M. C.

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton (Can.) G. C.
Jan. 21-26.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
April 24-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 20-24.—Lebanon, Pa.—Pennsylvania State shoot, under auspices of the Keystone Gun Club. John A. Bollman, Cor. Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Rochester, Ind.—Trapshooters' League of Indiana.
May 28-30.—Des Moines.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. Decoration Day shoot.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
July 23-24.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. Chas. M. Hughes, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

An attractive list of prizes is an important feature of the shoot announced to be held by the Highland Shooting Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 22.

Mr. J. H. Ernst scored a leg on the December cup with a full score of 25, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, on Saturday of last week.

On Saturday of this week the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will hold its final contest for the trophy of 1906. The Christmas Day shoot will be held in the forenoon.

The dates of the Pennsylvania State shoot for 1907 are May 20-24 inclusive. It will be held under the auspices of the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon. S. G. Trafford is the chairman. John A. Bollman is the Corresponding Secretary.

At the Philadelphia Driving Park, besides the 10-bird handicap, a 20-bird match was shot by Messrs. A. Felix and Murphy, the former winning by a score of 18 to 17. In the handicap, Messrs. Judge and Muller were high with a score of 9 each.

The revised constitution and by-laws of the New York State Sportsmen's Association can be obtained of the energetic Secretary, Charles G. Blandford, Ossining, N. Y. Several important changes were made at the convention of 1906, held at Buffalo.

The final contest for the championship of the New York Athletic Club was won by C. W. Billings, but Gus Greiff was so far in the lead in the prior shoots of the series that he won with a total of 169 out of 200 targets, which constituted the total of the contest.

There was a large attendance of famous professionals in attendance at the New York Athletic Club championship, and they shot in their usual good form. A late arrival was Mr. Frank Riehl, Chief Scribe of the Indians, and one of the U. M. C. Co.'s most expert shots.

Mrs. Hood Waters has been visiting old friends in New York during some days past, preparatory to joining her husband this week in Kansas City, Mo., where they have decided to make their home permanently. Mrs. Waters is well known to the trapshooting readers of Forest and Stream by her interesting communications over the nom de plume "A Social Tramp."

The Sportsman's Show, to be held in the Duquesne Gardens, Pittsburg, Pa., the week of April 21, has a board of directors whose members are largely famous trapshooters, members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, namely, Messrs. A. H. King, C. A. Painter, Norwood Johnson, R. R. Bennett, John W. Pontefract. With them are Messrs. P. W. Shepard, managing editor of the Index, and W. F. Hamilton. The exhibits will be confined to matters which are of direct interest to sportsmen. A number of shooting contests will be arranged and held in the amphitheatre of the Duquesne Gardens, also water sports, fly-casting, etc.

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., announces a shoot for May 30, and claims the dates of July 23-24 for its two-day tournament. Mr. Chas. M. Hughes, 8 Ayrault street, is the Secretary.

Mr. Henry A. Brehm, famous in connection with business and trapshooting affairs of Baltimore, Md., was at Mecklenberg, Chase county, Va., shooting quail and hunting during some days past. He returned home early this week after a most enjoyable outing.

The Winchester team of experts finished its tour at Bristol, Tenn., recently, and the members gave a banquet to the manager, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore, one of the greatest of shooting experts. As a token of appreciation the members also presented him with a beautiful watch charm.

Mr. Wm. M. Foord, of the Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., and ex-champion of that State, won the championship of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island on Wednesday of last week. He tied with Mr. F. W. Moffatt on 94, and in the shoot-off won by a score of 23 to 22 out of a possible 25. Against such a large field, only a shooter of sterling merit could win.

Secretary E. J. Loughlin writes us as follows: "The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., will hold an all-day target tournament for amateurs on Christmas Day, the programme commencing at 9:30 A. M. The events number eleven in all, a total of 145 targets; entrance $10.80, targets included at 1½ cent each, $10 added. Included in the programme is a special merchandise handicap for a hammerless gun and other prizes. Ammunition and lunch may be had on the grounds, which are located at the foot of Washington street near all depots."

At the trapshooting grounds of Pinehurst, N. C., the beautiful winter resort of the South, an attendant is on duty from 9 o'clock till darkness closes the day, thereby making trapshooting possible without a moment's delay to those who desire to engage in that interesting sport. Ammunition and guns are furnished at the traps to all who desire them. The pistol butts, contiguous to the traps, are near completion, and targets, ammunition and pistols will be provided by the attendant to all who desire them.

BERNARD WATERS.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 15.—Although there was nothing special on the programme for to-day, eleven lovers of trapshooting faced the traps this afternoon. Besides two events (1 and 2) for practice, several novel matches were run off. In event 3 at 10 targets, the marksman scored one point if he broke with the first barrel; if he missed with his first barrel and broke with his second, he scored two points. Piercy was the winner of this event, breaking his first, second, fourth and sixth targets with the second barrel, and missing his third and fifth targets entirely.

Event No. 4, a relay team race, the men were divided into teams of two men each. While the first man was shooting it was the duty of his partner to be prepared to break it in case the first man missed. Scores follow:

Piercy	9	Cockefair	9
Winslow	8—17	Dr Hunter	10—19
Bush	8	Dukes	10
Batten	8—16	Pray	7—17
Boxall	8		
Benson	6—14		

Messrs. Cockefair and Hunter were the winners of this event, receiving a box of cigars as a reward.

Event No. 5, miss-and-out, went to Piercy easily with a score of 7.

Event No. 6, a five-man team race, the men lined up as follows:

Boxall	21	Bush	17
Dukes	19	Piercy	22
Cockefair	20	Hunter	22
Batten	13	Pray	18
Benson	22—95	Winslow	18—97

On Saturday the 22d, the final monthly shoot for the trophy of 1906, a handsome sterling silver cup, will take place. The club will also have a turkey shoot.

The usual Christmas Day shoot will take place in the forenoon.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—There were fourteen shooters in the main event of the Meadow Spring Gun Club shoot, held to-day on the club grounds, Fifty-seventh street and Lancaster avenue. Hill was high gun with 21 out of 25, shooting from scratch. Scores:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Hill	0	21	Thomas	0	16
Gothard	0	20	Zepp	0	14
Schrieder	4	20	Christ	0	14
Howard	0	19	C P	1	12
Martin	0	19	Kerr	0	11
Candler	0	19	Johnson	0	10
Henry	0	18	K G	0	6

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, New York, Dec. 12.—The second annual tournament of the New York Athletic Club was a pronounced success. Ninety-six took part in the competition, of whom seventeen were professionals and therefore not eligible to the amateur championship competition, though they were eligible for a cup competition arranged specially for them.

The championship resulted in a tie between Messrs. W. M. Foord, ex-champion of Delaware, and F. W. Moffett, of the Crescent Athletic Club. Each broke 94 out of a possible 100. In the shoot-off, 25 targets, Foord broke 23 to Moffatt's 22 and won.

Mr. J. H. Hendrickson, the champion of last year's N. Y. A. C. shoot, was only one target less than the winner's score. With him was tied Mr. C. M. Billings, a popular shooter, active about New York in trapshooting matters a few years ago, before he took his residence in Florida during the winter season.

Mr. Sim Glover was high professional with the excellent score of 96. The shoot held over to such a late hour that those who shot last were seriously handicapped by the poor light.

Mrs. W. K. Park was the only lady contestant, and but for hard luck in her third string of 25, she would have been up with the leaders. She, however, scored 79, a much better performance than that of several of the male contestants. The scores:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.
W M Foord, Wawaset G C	24	24	22	24—94
F W Moffatt, Crescent A C	22	25	24	23—94
J H Hendrickson, Queens Co. G C	22	24	23	24—93
J Martin, Bergen Beach	23	24	22	24—93
C W Billings, N. Y. A. C.	20	23	20	21—84
J S Remsen, Carteret G C	23	23	21	18—85
G Piercy, Hudson G C	22	24	25	21—92
W J Lawlor, Sugar Hill G C	21	19	17	15—72
J G Dudley, Wykagyl G C	19	19	23	21—82
J A Henderson, Wykagyl G C	22	22	18	18—80
F W Howard, Wykagyl G C	23	22	24	21—90
W J Brennan, Wykagyl G C	16	17	13	18—64
Dr J Held, N. Y A C	21	21	19	21—82
F B Stephenson, Crescent A C	21	22	21	22—86
A G Southworth, Crescent A C	21	18	16	17—72
O C Grinnell, Jr., Crescent A C	22	21	16	20—79
George Kelly, Brooklyn G C	20	24	24	23—91
T H Keller, Jr., professional	22	21	21	22—86
G S McCarthy, Florists' G C	22	23	20	24—89
H Kirkwood, Boston G C	19	23	21	25—88
Mrs W K Park, Florists' G C	20	22	15	22—79
G B Prest, New London G C	20	15	16	21—72
R Wolf, Norberth G C	19	18	13	21—71
E Von Kattengell, M P G C	22	19	23	24—88
A L Ivins, M P G C	21	23	23	17—84
Hans Bissing, North River G C	19	22	17	24—82
Dr Richter, North River G C	21	21	18	20—80
Fred Truax, North River G C	22	23	20	23—88
Dr Downs, North River G C	19	17	14	22—72
J G Ropes, North River G C	18	16	15	22—71
B S Smith, Paleface G C	20	23	20	25—88
E C Griffith, Paleface G C	23	21	25	22—91
P H Powell, Paleface G C	23	16	19	22—80
J McArdle, Paleface G C	17	19	20	19—75
H McMurchy, professional	23	20	22	25—89
W Hearne, professional	23	25	20	21—89
N Apgar, professional	20	16	18	22—76
R S Sales, professional	20	18	16	17—71
Sim Glover, professional	24	25	24	23—96
Tom Marshall, professional	25	23	17	23—88
G B Hubbell, Ossining G C	16	18	14	19—67
J T Hyland, Ossining G C	15	17	16	10—58
Dr Hunter, North River G C	21	19	21	20—81
W Clark, Ossining G C	13	13	10	17—53
C G Blandford, Ossining G C	22	14	21	19—76
E C Meyer, Andover G C	19	21	22	19—81
W C Damron, Crescent A C	16	12	13	10—51
A E Hendrickson, Crescent A C	19	17	13	23—72
Roy Faye, Watertown G C	19	24	21	24—88
E H Lott, Crescent A C	16	20	16	17—69
C R Whitehead, Morristown G C	12	16	12	10—50
L German, professional	22	25	21	23—91
R Heikes, professional	22	24	22	24—92
F Butler, professional	22	21	20	23—86
W Heer, professional	24	24	22	23—93
A Lindley, Smith G C	19	23	20	19—81
J Gracely, Old Mill G C	15	16	18	17—66
H S Welles, professional	23	24	23	24—94
L B Huntingdon, New Rochelle G C	22	21	21	25—80
A Betti, Mount Kisco G C	25	21	21	24—91
W S Haight, professional	18	19	13	19—69
F L Barnes, Montclair G C	23	22	19	19—83
Geo Bechtel, Fox Hill G C	21	25	22	22—90
S B Hopkins, Crescent A C	13	16	18	16—63
M Woodruff, North River G C	23	20	17	21—81
J Phillips, Meadow Brook G C	18	23	21	24—86
J R Elliott, professional	22	22	24	24—92
Dr Gleason, Boston A A	23	18	16	22—79
R H Nicholl, professional	18	23	20	21—81
J Fanning, professional	24	22	19	24—89
J Skelly, professional	22	23	18	23—86
T Dukes, Montclair A C	21	24	19	22—86
E Winslow, Montclair A C	15	19	15	19—68
P H Cockefair, Montclair A C	21	18	22	22—83
J M McKelvey, Montclair A C	22	22	23	18—85
J W Hibert, N Y A C	14	15	20	18—67
C L Bush, Montclair A C	23	20	22	18—83
F Hodgman, N Y A C	16	24	22	17—79
E H Kniskern, professional	18	17	17	18—70
H W Dwyer, Bergen Beach G C	16	16	12	12—56
H D Bergen, Bergen Beach G C	18	18	20	16—72
W Ryder, Bergen Beach G C	17	22	19	14—72
L A Schortemeier, Bergen Beach G C	20	21	21	24—86
H Fleming, Bergen Beach G C	22	23	21	17—83
A A Fleischmann, Larchmont Y C	15	19	20	20—74
A H Chadbourne, N Y A C	14	z20	16	16—66
J S Dickerson, N Y A C	17	23	20	19—79
A B Sanders, Schenectady G C	20	22	22	24—88
George F Pelham, N Y A C	20	19	23	19—81
Dr Wentz, Highland G C	23	24	22	20—89
A Ballantine, Highland G C	21	21	24	24—90
J F Pratt, S. S. White G C	21	20	18	16—75
F Cantrell, S. S. White G C	23	23	19	22—87
F Meyser, Bergen Beach G C	10	8	15	15—48
T W Lydecker, Englewood	12	13	15	15—55
F Vilmar, N Y A C	16	18	23	23—80

Shoot-off for first, 25 targets: Ford 23, Moffatt 22.

Shoot-off for third, 25 targets: Martin 21, Hendrickson 19.

Dec. 15.—There was a light attendance at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club to-day. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, 25 targets, handicap:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Billings	1	19	Hibbard	2	21
Greiff	0	23	Pelham	3	23
Hodgman	2	22	McMurtry	3	25
Debacher	2	18			

December cup, 50 targets:

Billings	2	46	Debacher	14	47
Greiff	0	45	Hibbard	4	42
Hodgman	4	43	Pelham	6	41

Championship, 100 targets:

Billings	90	Hodgman	80
Greiff	86	Debacher	49

Event 4, 25 targets:

Billings	1	25	Borland	3	16
Greiff	0	20	Dugro	7	24
Hodgman	2	25	Dr Hamlin	6	23
Debacher	7	17	Kuchler	8	25
McMurtry	2	21	Daniels	7	25

Event 5, 25 targets:

Billings	0	24	McMurtry	2	25
Greiff	0	22	Borland	3	21
Hodgman	2	24	Dugro	7	21
Debacher	7	21	Vilmar	5	25

Wykagyl Country Club.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Dec. 15.—The weekly shoot of the Wykagyl Country Club to-day was well attended. Scoble registered a leg on the Remington gun and the Jaques trophy, and Pim was equally successful in the competition for the Sauer gun. Scores:

First event, 25 targets, scratch:

Howard	22	Scoble	15
Henderson	20	Pini	13
Johnson	17	Brennan	8
Hill	16	Corcoran	6
Calhoun	16	Cowdrey	4

Second event, 25 targets, handicap, for Remington gun:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Scoble	6	22	Bavier	7	18
Calhoun	2	22	Johnson	0	17
Brennan	5	21	Hodgman	0	16
Hill	1	20	Talcott	2	16
Henderson	2	20	Pelham	0	15
Ogden	7	20	Corcoran	0	11
Howard	0	18	Cowdry	0	3
Pini	5	18			

Shoot-off:

Scoble	6 22	Calhoun	2 20

Third event, 25 targets, handicap, Sauer gun:

Pini	5 25	Pelham	0 19
Howard	0 21	Talcott	2 18
Hill	1 21	Brennan	5 17
Scoble	5 21	Bavier	9 16
Johnson	0 21	Hodgman	0 10
Ogden	7 21	Corcoran	0 8
Calhoun	2 20	Cowdry	0 3
Henderson	2 20		

Fourth event, 25 targets, handicap, L. L. Jaques trophy:

Scoble	5 25	Pelham	0 20
Ogden	7 24	Henderson	2 19
Howard	0 22	Bavier	7 18
Pini	4 22	Hodgman	0 18
Talcott	2 21	Johnson	0 17
Hill	1 20	Brennan	5 15
Calhoun	2 20	Cowdry	0 5

Fifth event, 25 targets, scratch:

Howard	22	Pini	16
Calhoun	19	Brennan	16
Ogden	19	Talcott	16
Pelham	17	Hill	15

Sixth event, 25 targets, scratch:

Pelham	23	McMurtry	19
Calhoun	22	Ogden	16
Henderson	21	Hill	14
Howard	19	Brennan	13

Seventh event, 25 targets:

Henderson	21	Calhoun	17
Brennan	19	Hill	14

Clearview Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—Nineteen shooters participated in the shoot of the Clearview Gun Club to-day, and four, Messrs. Paulson, Fink, Bilhartz and Elwell, scored the limit, 25, in the main event. In the shoot-off Paulson and Bilhartz tied on 24 out of 25. Darkness forced a postponement of the shoot-off between the latter two contestants. The scores:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Paulson	4	25	Moore	1	20
Fink	7	25	A Smith	3	20
Billhartz	5	25	Fisher	0	20
Elwell	6	25	Carr	3	19
Ludwig	0	22	Holmagle	0	19
Clarke	0	22	Fitzsims	3	19
Van Leir	5	23	Letford	1	19
Terry	0	21	Dr Charlton	0	18
Hunter	3	21	Knowles	6	14
Curl	4	20	Edwards	3	23

Shoot-off for first place:

Paulson	4 24	Fink	7 23
Billhartz	5 24	Elwell	6 21

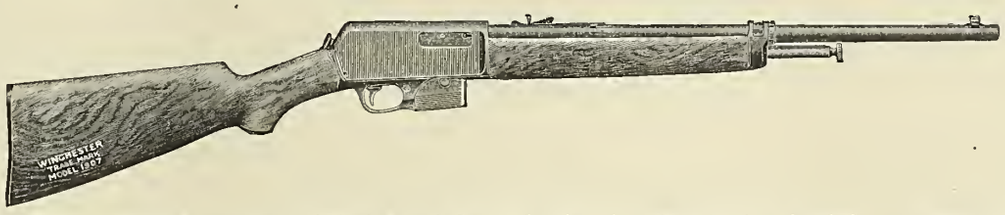
Clearview will shoot a return match with Narberth on Dec. 22.

WINCHESTER

Model 1907 Self-Loading Rifle

.351 CALIBER HIGH POWER

"The Gun That Shoots Through Steel"



Standard Rifle, 20-inch round nickel steel barrel, pistol grip stock of plain walnut, not checked, weight about 7¾ lbs., number of shots 6. List price, ***$28.00***

A HANDY, HANDSOME, POWERFUL GUN: The Model 1907 .351 Caliber High Power is a six-shot take-down, handsome and symmetrical in outline and simple and strong in construction. It is a serviceable, handy gun from butt to muzzle. There are no moving projections on the outside of the gun to catch in the clothing or tear the hands, and no screws or pins to shake loose. It is easily loaded and unloaded; easily shot with great rapidity and easily taken down and cleaned.

THE .351 CALIBER HIGH POWER CARTRIDGE represents the latest development in powder and cartridge manufacture. Although small in size, it develops tremendous velocity and energy, making it powerful enough for the largest game. The soft point bullet mushrooms splendidly on animal tissue, tearing a wide, killing path. The regular cartridge will shoot a metal-patched bullet through a ¼-inch steel plate. This most modern type of cartridge also possesses the added advantage of economy. Owing to the comparatively small amount of metal used in the shell, it costs much less than old style cartridges no more powerful.

THE WINCHESTER SELF-LOADING SYSTEM is positive, safe, strong and simple. There is nothing experimental about it. Tested by use and abuse for two years, it has proved its absolute reliability and practicability. In these qualities there is no other self-loading system that approaches it. We were the pioneer manufacturers of Self-Loading rifles.

A SIMPLER AND MORE HANDY TAKE-DOWN device than that used in the Winchester Model 1907 is next to impossible. A few turns on the take-down screw, found at the rear of the receiver, and the rifle is separated into two parts, the stock and action being in one and the barrel and receiver in the other. When taken down, the exposed working parts are all accessible, making it easy to clean the action.

RAPIDITY OF FIRE: This rifle has a detachable magazine, which can be inserted in the gun when the bolt is closed, making loading quick, safe and easy. The superiority of this style of magazine for this type of rifle was demonstrated at the recent National Matches at Sea Girt, when the Winchester Self-Loading system won all the competitive prizes for rapid fire shooting; the record being 50 shots in one minute against 20 fired from the other self-loading rifle having a fixed magazine. Still another advantage of the detachable magazine is that it makes it unnecessary to work the cartridges through the gun in unloading.

COMPARISON IS CONVINCING: We know of no better way for a prospective purchaser to become convinced of the superiority of the Winchester Model 1907 .351 Caliber High Power Rifle than by comparing it with other makes of similar guns. Look at them, handle them, price them, load them, take them down, shoot them, test their penetration, killing power and range if you will. In fact, compare them in any way you see fit.

Circular fully describing this Rifle sent free upon request

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

List Price, $32 Per 1,000

The Winchester Team.

The Winchester team started the final week of the Southern tour at Nashville, Tenn. The weather was not the most favorable for good scores, as there was quite a little wind and the air was very raw and chilly. Messrs. Chas. N. Gilbert and Irby Bennett had charge of the arrangement for the exhibition of the team, which was held at Cumberland Park, and the members of the team, as well as all of the large crowd were well pleased with the accommodation. Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein's fancy shooting exhibition was particularly enjoyed and was the subject of much comment, in addition to the generous applause that greeted some of their marvelous feats. Top's '92 model .32cal. lever action rifle was marveled at, and seemed to be fully appreciated. When Mrs. Topperwein missed a small piece of coal with the first shot and smashed it with the second, using the .22 automatic rifle, she was most vigorously applauded, and even cheered. The scores of the team were: Crosby 97, Boa 96, Taylor 95, Mrs. Top 92, Hawkins 89; total 469 out of 500.

For the powder boys, Huff was high with 97, Hatcher next with 96, Borden 92 and Guy Ward, who joined us here again after his spell of sickness, broke 91.

The local boys, headed by popular Charlie Gilbert, took Harold Money and made up a team that scored as follows: Money 94, Gilbert 91, Meadors 87, Legler 80, Noel, 41; total 393 out of 500.

Mr. Gilbert gave a delicious quail supper at the Hermitage Club the evening after the shoot to the members of the team, and a few friends, which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

At Chattanooga, Tenn., the Winchester team and accompanying powder boys, found an ideal target shooting day and three expert traps. Bruce Plummer took care of the aggregation, while Chattanooga and all were well pleased at the generous reception accorded them and the many courtesies received during their stay. Every one found the targets just right, and it was soon evident that even though one of the targets was going 54yds., large scores were sure to be made, for the background was perfect. Guy Ward took Mrs. Topperwein's place in the black powder event, when the team shot the Winchester factory loaded Nublack shells, and broke 10 straight. Crosby 10, Boa 10, Taylor 9, Hawkins 9 were the other scores made; total 48 out of 50 with Nublack. The black powder each day has taken very well with the old target shooters and game hunters, and it is a revelation to many to note the execution of the black powder, when loaded properly.

The scores of the team with the leaders were: Taylor 99, Crosby 98, Boa 97, Hawkins 97, Mrs. Topperwein 95, total 486 out of 500.

The powder boys, reinforced by Harold Money, of the Winchester Co., made up a most formidable looking squad indeed, and Mrs. Topperwein remarked, "They thought they would beat our team with a poor little woman in it, but that poor little woman can hold her own with the best of men," and when the smoke had cleared away, it was found that the Winchester team had beaten the other squad after a very hard race, even though both teams had shot the same ammunition. This made a total of 971 out of 1,000 targets for the ten shooters, which established a new world's record, topping that made at Durham, N. C., Oct. 24, upon the present trip of the Winchester team, which was 966 out of 1,000. Mr. Plummer appeared particularly pleased that this record had been made on the Mountaineers' Gun Club's grounds, and extended us all an invitation to come again as often as we could.

At Bristol, Tenn., the closing exhibition of the Southern tour of the famous Winchester team, took place at the Bristol Gun Club grounds. The local club members were particularly enthusiastic over the appearance in this city of the team, and a warmer welcome or more generous reception could not have been given any one, and each member of the team expressed their appreciation in the highest terms.

A. M. Hatcher, the popular powder representative of Bristol, who has traveled with the Winchester team for seven weeks, entertained the team, together with his wife and son at a sumptuous turkey dinner, which was enjoyed to its fullest extent by his fellow travelers. Mr. Hatcher, on behalf of the Winchester team and powder boys, presented J. Mowell Hawkins, who managed the Southern tour, with a handsome gold watch charm, suitably engraved as a token of appreciation and esteem. Mr. Hawkins accepted with thanks, and expressed his appreciation. He also remarked upon the congenialty of all those who had taken part in the tour, which materially assisted in the great success of the trip.

The scores of the shoot were: Crosby 96, Taylor 96, Hawkins 96, Boa 93, Mrs. Topperwein 87; total 468 out of 500.

The crack Bristol team put up the following great score: Smith 94, Bacham 93, Rhea 91, Hatcher 92, English 90; total 460 out of 500.

The targets were going full 50yds., and the wind was blowing quite a little. Any one looking at the scores of the Bristol Club, who might think they are not shooters only needs to make a trip to their club grounds and take a try at them, and if they don't run up against one of the toughest propositions ever encountered, the writer has missed his guess.

At Clarksdale, Miss., the Winchester team encountered another regular programme tournament. Messrs. Fitzgerald and McHenry had charge of the proceedings, and together with the other club members made the touring shooters feel very much at home. The weather was fine, and altogether the day was an ideal one for target shooting.

The team made the following scores, out of 150 shot at: Taylor 146, Crosby 144, Mrs. Topperwein 143, Boa 142, Hawkins 142; total 717 out of 750.

Huff won high average for the day, breaking 147, certainly a fine score under any conditions. Taylor and Borden were second with 146. Crosby third, 144. Mrs. Topperwein fourth, with 143. Boa and Hawkins 142; Hatcher 141.

At Memphis, Tenn., the Winchester team found the weather much cooler than had been experienced for several days. Another blackbird trap, with 50yd. nonrotating targets kept everybody guessing, and pulled the scores down quite a little. John Boa, who can always do the unexpected, found them just right, and pulverized 98 out of his 100. He said he hit them just because they wobbled and made him mad.

Fred Schmidt, as genial as ever, had charge of the arrangements, and everything was carried through in a satisfactory manner. He, Bill Joyner, Ed. Brady, Dr. Henderson assisted in making everything pleasant for the shooters.

The scores were: Boa 98, Hawkins 97, Crosby 92, Taylor 91, Mrs. Topperwein 90; totatl 468 out of 500.

Money, of the Winchester Company, broke 92. The powder men also found it hard, and missed their share of them. Hatcher, Borden and Huff each made 91. The local boys had their troubles also.

The whole crowd stopped at Jim Canale's fine fancy grocery and made a raid on everything even to the magnificent wine cellar. Jim only smiled, superintended the opening of bottles, and said it did his heart good to see a bunch of shooters, and wished they would come every day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Borden tendered a delicious quail supper to the team and a few friends. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Topperwein, W. R. Crosby, John S. Boa, John R. Taylor, J. Mowell Hawkins, Harold Money, Charlie Penfield, Walter Huff, A. M. Hatcher, Jim Canale, Hugh Postons and Mr. Anderson.

At Pine Bluff, Ark., Crosby and Huff had everything their own way, for they missed only one each out of the 150, and they were good and hard targets, too. T. Bill ran his first 125 straight, and while the team was at the score on the last string, a whirlwind came up that simply made the targets jump in every conceivable manner, and while it only lasted for several minutes, it was the cause of about ten misses for the team. Bill dusted his target very hard. Later some one asked him if he had broken 149. He replied, "Yes, and I damaged the other one so badly they will never be able to use it again."

Mr. J. T. Lloyd had charge of the tournament, and all were well pleased with the satisfactory manner in which the programme was pulled off.

The Winchester team broke 123 out of 125, an accomplishment that astonished most of those present. Mrs. Topperwein has certainly been doing some remarkable work recently, and instead of tiring from the effects of the strenuous trip, she seems to be improving. She is certainly a wonderful little woman. Her fancy shooting, as well as that of "Top's," was greatly admired here by the large and appreciative audience.

The scores of the team were: Crosby 149, Taylor 145, Hawkins 141, Mrs. Topperwein 140, Boa 136; total 711 out of 750.

For the powder men Huff broke 149, Hatcher 142, and Borden 138. Lloyd, Clements, Wells and Powell shot well for the local boys. Mr. Lloyd will report the scores.

The team, reinforced by Huff, who shot Mrs. Topperwein's share, broke 49 out of 50—Hawkins 10, Crosby 10, Huff 10, Taylor 10, Boa 9.

Little Rock, Ark.—The day was very threatening and extremely disagreeable here. Mr. Fred Riggle was in charge of the arrangements and conducted things most satisfactorily. The shoot was held at Forest Park, and a very appreciative crowd witnessed the exhibition.

The Leggett trap just suited the touring shooters, and they put up the best score ever made by a team in this section.

The scores were: Crosby 98, Mrs. Topperwein 97, Taylor 96, Boa 96, Hawkins 96; total 483 out of 500.

For the powder men Hatcher was high with 96. Huff broke 95, and was jollied for being low man of the aggregation. He took it good-naturedly, and remarked, "Oh, there are others, who have been low with even more than 95."

Mr. J. T. Lloyd accompanied the team from Pine Bluff, and shot through with the powder boys, breaking about 85. All were sorry that he could not accompany us further.

Mrs. Topperwein was congratulated for being second high. T. Bill said he had to dig down so hard to beat her that he lost a heel off of his shoe.

The team and the accompanying powder boys, are all in good spirits, and even though it is a case of hustle all the time, to keep up with the schedule, there is always something on to keep up th good humor of the crowd, that causes all to forget the hard trip they are going through. All are looking forward to the wind-up at Bristol. Bill says that it will be a case similar to a bunch of cats frightened out of a strange garret when we have finished our last exhibition, for every one will make a break for home on the first train.

J. Mowell Hawkins.

Montclair Golf Club.

Montclair, N. J., Dec. 15.—Two 25 and one 15 target event comprised the programme of the Montclair Golf Club to-day. Walter Brown scored a win with 24 in event 1. F. S. Hyatt was first in event 2 with 25. W. B. Perly broke 14 from scratch in the 15-target event and was high gun.

No. 1, 25 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
W Brown	3	24	S S Hyatt	6	17
A R Allen	0	22	W B Perley	0	16
J V W Griswold	5	18	P Alley	4	15

In the second contest F. S. Hyatt won out. The scores:

No. 2, 25 targets:

F S Hyatt	5	25	J V W Griswold	7	21
W B Perley	0	22	W Brown	1	14
A R Allen	0	22	P Allen	8	13

No. 3, 15 targets:

W B Perley	0	14	P Allen	5	9
J V W Griswold	5	13	F S Hyatt	1	8
A R Allen	0	11	Paulson	4	25
W Brown	1	11			

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 15.—The December cup contest, one of the main events of the Crescent Athletic Club shoot to-day, had fourteen contestants, and of these, Mr. J. H. Ernst was high with a full score of 25, and scored a leg. The team trophy contest resulted in a tie. The scores follow:

December cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
J H Ernst	5	25	H B Vanderveer	4	21
F W Moffett	0	24	Dr Raynor	5	21
A G Southworth	0	24	F B Stephenson	0	20
Dr S P Hopkins	4	24	W C Damron	4	20
O C Grinnell, Jr	1	23	D C Bennett	2	19
G G Stephenson	2	21	Dr Keyes	1	19
W W Marshall	5	21	L C Hopkins	3	18

Shoot for team cups, 25 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
O C Grinnell	0	22	W W Marshall	5	20
F Stephenson	0	22—44	A G Southworth	0	20—40
F W Moffett	0	23	G Stephenson	2	17
L C Hopkins	3	21—44	D S P Hopkins	4	22—39

Shoot-off, same conditions:

O C Grinnell	0	21	F W Moffett	0	19
F B Stephenson	0	25—46	L C Hopkins	3	15—34

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Grinnell	0	14	Keyes	0	11
G Stephenson	1	10	Hendrickson	2	10
Marshall	3	12	Fairchild	2	12
L C Hopkins	2	11	Brower	2	14
Davison	2	13			

Shoot-off, same conditions: Grinnell 15, Brower 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

F Stephenson	0	14	Damron	2	13
Moffett	0	14	L Hopkins	2	13
Southworth	0	14	G Stephenson	2	11
Raynor	3	14	Marshall	3	11
Grinnell	0	13	Vanderveer	2	10

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. Stephenson 15, Moffett 15, Raynor 15, Southworth 13.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Stephenson 15, Moffett 15, Raynor 12.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

Fairchild	4	25	L Hopkins	3	21
Grinnell	1	25	Raynor	5	21
Moffett	0	24	Hendrickson	4	21
Damron	4	25	Brower	4	21
F Stephenson	2	22	Southworth	0	18

Shoot-off, same conditions: Grinnell 22, Fairchild 21.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Bennett	1	15	G Stephenson	0	11
Moffett	0	14	Vanderveer	2	10
Marshall	3	14	L Hopkins	2	10
F Stephenson	0	12	S Hopkins	2	7
Grinnell	0	11			

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Damron	2	15	G Stephenson	1	12
Marshall	3	14	Bennett	1	12
L Hopkins	2	14	S Hopkins	2	12
Moffett	0	14	Vanderveer	2	11
Grinnell	0	13	F Stephenson	0	11

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, all scratch:

F Stephenson	13	L Hopkins	12
Moffett	12	Vanderveer	12
Grinnell	12	Keyes	10
Southworth	12	Damron	7
G Stephenson	12		

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

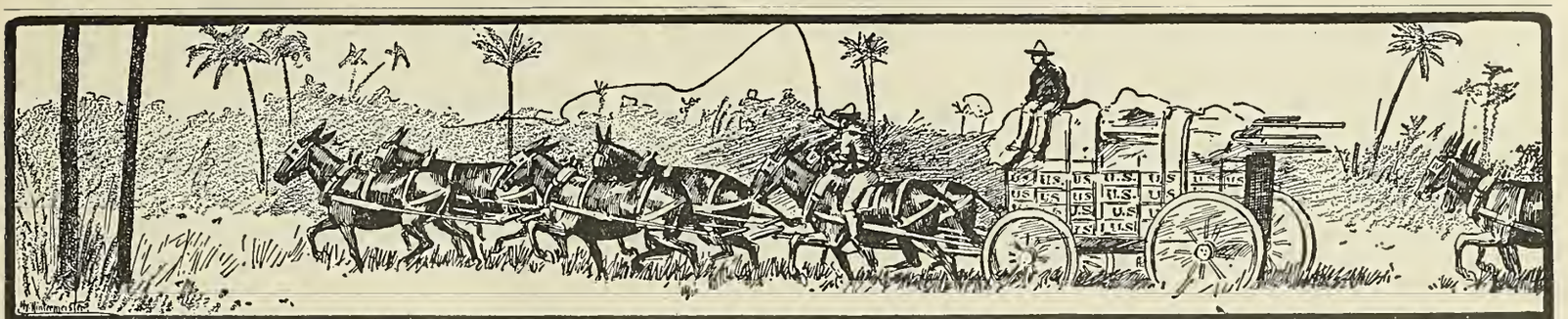
Brooklyn, Dec. 11.—There was a strong northwest wind. A number of the bright and shining lights of the shooting world were present. After the third event the traps were cased up with a consequent improvement to the scores, which were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Schorty	8	12	11	11	13	9	10	12	13	11
Dreyer	7	12	4	7	7	4	..	..	6	..
Bergen	7	8	9	12	8	..	..	..	..	..
Russell	10	7	7	8	6	5	9	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	12	10	11	13	12	11	9	..
Martin	..	..	11	10	11	8	13	8	8	..
May	..	..	3	6	7	8	7	8	8	..
Reierson	..	..	6	7	5	11	8	7	5	..
Schorty	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Silkworth	..	..	..	7	6	8	6	7	1	..
German	..	..	..	..	9	13	10	11	9	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	8	7	13	12	6	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	5	9	12	4	11	..
Fanning	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	10	10	..
Heer	..	..	..	..	12	12	11	11	12	..
Keller, Jr	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	10	8	..
Fleming	..	..	..	..	5	12	13	10	9	..
Kirkwood	..	..	..	..	13	6	10	10	12	..
Garms	..	..	..	..	7	5	6	5	..	..
Ryder	..	..	..	..	10	11	8	8	10	..
Dondena	..	..	..	..	6	1	3	5	7	
Schuster	..	..	..	..	2	9	10	10	6	
Medler	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	2	
Gillig	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	5	

At Narberth,

Narberth, Pa., Dec. 15.—The Belmont Gun Club shoot a 15 live-bird event today at this place. Wolf was high with 14, and Emerson, Duffield and Thomas tied on 13. The scores:

Wolf	122210221222222—14
G Emerson	222222222202102—13
Titlow	222210222201202—12
Duffield	222201222201222—13
Thomas	222212021210222—13
Babb	222021222220022—12
Schmidt	222012222022002—11
J Emerson	112202220012010—10
Devincy	212220221120*12—11



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North Side Rod and Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 15.—The conditions were not agreeable for comfort or favorable for good shooting. The ground was muddy and the air was damp and heavy.

Joe Spaeth broke 95 out of 125, while H. Beckler oroke 77 out of 100. C. Simonton broke 50 out of 75.

The club will present its regular shoot next Saturday, when a greater percentage of the members will be present, while delegations will be on hand from shooting organizations in this section of the State. Preparations are also under way for the holiday programme of the club, to be held on Christmas Day, and the indications at the present time point to one of the most enjoyable and successful events ever presented by the organization. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	10	15
J Spaeth	8	13	18	15	20	8	13
H Beckler	9	10	20	19	..	9	10
W Banta	..	8	14	15	11	5	8
Dr Reagan	5	11	11	15	..	6	10
C Simonton	7	13	19	..	..	8	3
C Vermorel, Jr	1	8	..	..	..	4	4
H Van Riper	7	7	11	..	..	4	7
C Vermorel, Sr	5	12	20	..	..	..	13
A Veenstra	3	9	..	..	..	5	..
J Bender	10	14	23	20	..	8	13

At Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 15.—The scores were not high at the shoot held at the Philadelphia Driving Park today. In the 10-bird handicap, Judge and Muller were high with 9. In the 20-live bird match Felix scored 18 to 17 by Murphy. The birds were strong and fast, making quick and straight shooting an essential. Scores:

Handicap, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

Judge, 28	1222210121—9
Muller, 30	2022222222—9
Aiman, 28	0211121202—8
Boddy, 27	2202202222—8
Felix, 30	0021222220—7
Grace, 27	2220220202—7
Franklin, 28	0002122222—7
Murphy, 30	2202210112—8
Mulligan, 26	2202022022—7

Match, 20 birds, 30yds. rise, $10 a side:

Felix	22202211211012111212—18
Murphy	21201121021141022122—17

Cincinnati, O., Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 15.—The scores in the 100-target contest of the Cincinnati Gun Club to-day were as follows: C. O. Le Compte 84, Hesser 78, Fultz 77, Ahlers 76, Hanson 64, Gambell 61, Martin 58, Rhodes 58.

Practice events had scores as follows: Hesses shot at 100, broke 86; Rhodes (100) 71, Le Compte (75) 62, Hanson (75) 54, Fultz (75) 49, Martin (50) 30, Ahlers (25) 17, Gambell (25) 15.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Providence Revolver Club.

VERY little outdoor shooting is being done by the members at the present time, most of them trying to get into form for good work at the galleries by artificial light.

Mr. B. F. Wilder, one of the cracks of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club, New York, was in town last Tuesday and hunted us up at the evening shoot. A most enjoyable evening was spent, during which Mr. Wilder dispensed wisdom on shooting matters and incidentally warmed up at the stove sufficiently to shoot a few high strings.

Recent scores by our members are as follows:

Rifle practice scores, 50yds., Standard target: S. K. Luther 87.

Twenty-five yards, reduced Creedmoor, military rifles, miniature charge: A. B. Coulters 43, 43, 42, 43, 44, 42, 43, 40, 40, 42, 43, 46, 42, 42, 41, 44, 43, 43, 43; Edw. C. Parkhurst 45, 45, 40, 45, 43, 42, 39, 43, 41; A. C. Hurlburt 38, 36, 41; H. C. Miller 34.

Twenty-five yards, ¼in. ring target, .22cal. rifles: Fred S. Mayo 235, 239, 241, 239, 239, 235, 239, 241, 239, 239, 245; S. K. Luther 241, 241, 245; W. B. Gardiner 242, 241, 242, 241, 242, 242, 240, 242; Mrs. Mayo 236, 23, 224.

Twenty-five yards, Standard: Mayo, 80, 89, 89, 89, 83, 87, 78, 78.

Revolver practice scores, 50yds., Standard target: Wm. Almy 89, 94, 87; Edw. C. Parkhurst 81, 85, 88, 78, 78, 82, 80, 86; A. B. Coulters 77, 75; H. C. Miller 86, 77, 75.

Creedmoor count: Almy 49, 50, 47; Parkhurst 46, 48, 49, 46, 46, 46, 48, 47; Coulters 45, 38, 42, 40; Miller 48, 45, 45.

Gallery scores, 20yds., revolver, Standard target: B. F. Wilder 87, 87, 83; Willard 87, 83, 80; Miller 79, 77, 76, 83; Parkhurst 74, 84, 77, 67, 84.

The following scores were shot in 5-shot strings at 50yds., on Standard American target:

Rifle: H. Powel 44, W. H. Tibbetts 40, 39, 36, Dr. A. J. Anderson 37.

Revolver: Almy (pistol) 46, 42; Anderson (pistol) 36.

Dr. Anderson is a new member of the club, whose scores represent his first attempts with the target weapons, and considering the weather conditions, were most creditable. HURLBURT, Sec'y.

Owensville Rifle Club.

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 11.—The following scores were made by the Owensville Rifle Club to-day, 25yds., German ¼in. ring target, strictly offhand, no body or hip rest. Weather clear, but cold—a little too cold for outdoor shooting to be pleasant.

G A Wetter	246	247	248	246	248—1235
Jas Montgomery	248	244	249	243	247—1231
Capt H L Strickland	239	232			—471

Dec. 12.—One hundred shots, German ring target, 25yds., offhand:

J Montgomery	246	247	246	245	248	247	245	246	246	246—2462

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular gallery shoot was held Dec. 12, 25yds., offhand, best two scores to count:

Ring target:

A P Fegert	236	238	—474
C Wembacher	226	234	—460
H Kraus	231	225	—456
O Heinrich	225	215	—440
Dr A Muller	224	216	—440
W Mensch	217	223	—440
G Thomas	222	217	—439
C Tibauth	224	214	—438
Zackarzowsky	221	216	—437
G Hilker	222	211	—433
J Martin	219	210	—429
E Modersohn	217	208	—425
H Behrmann	214	211	—425
Monatsberger	216	206	—422
P Zugner	215	207	—422
F Weiler	217	203	—420
St Baumann	212	206	—418
J Mauch	221	196	—417
J J Kayser	204	204	—408
C P Hopf	208	201	—409
F Horn	135	182	—367
J Wiedmann	118	165	—283

At the next shoot a valuable trophy, donated by A. P. Fegert will be shot for. The best three bullseyes during the season to count

Bullseye target, degrees:

A F Sibbons	32	Chas Meyer	62
J G Tholke	38½	H C Hainhorst	74
D Pepar	48½	G Ludwig	76½
H Ouaal	49	J C Bonn	82
H Haase	51½	B Kumm	90
G Thomas	52	F Ronn	92
F Harre	55½	H Offermann	99

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular gallery shoot was held Dec. 14, when these scores were made at 75ft., offhand:

Ring target:

G Ludwig	238	242	—480
Chas Meyer	238	241	—479
J C Bonn	242	232	—474
A P Fegert	233	237	—470
C Niemeyer	233	234	—467
H Haase	238	226	—464
F Ronn	207	236	—463
H D Meyer	226	236	—462
B Zettler	229	231	—460
F Facompre	228	226	—454
R Ohms	230	223	—453
P Heidelberger	227	226	—453
O Schwanemann	227	223	—450
W Dahl	233	214	—437
H D Gobber	217	217	—434
H Hesse	221	212	—433
G Wehrenberg	219	212	—431
D Peyser	208	232	—430
H Hoenisch	216	213	—429
Von der Lieth	215	214	—429
N Beverton	221	200	—421
F C Borges	203	221	—424
A Berkmann	213	210	—423
C Brinkama	207	216	—423
J Brinckmann	208	215	—423
J Schmitt	204	217	—421
H Heinecke	212	209	—421

PETERS LOADED SHELLS

Used by Mr. E. C. Griffith at the tournament of the Pale-Faces, Boston, Dec. 7. Mr. Griffith won the Pale-Face Trophy and First-Amateur Average; he was also high man at the Wellington (Mass.) tournament, Nov. 28; score 143 x 150. PETERS ammunition has made an unprecedented record in 1906, but even greater things may be expected in 1907. SHOOT

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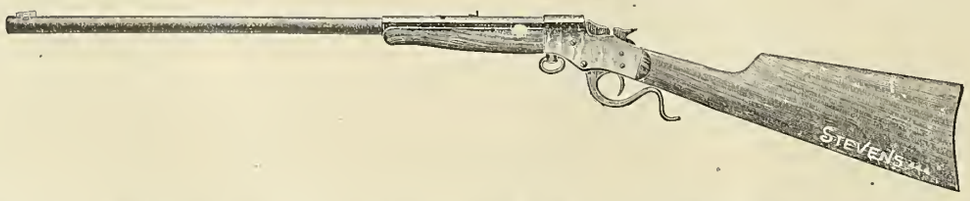

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B Thomas	221	224—445	C Mann	208	208—416
R Schwanemann	229	215—444	J Herrmann	208	208—416
A Beckmann	225	219—444	C Boesch	210	204—414
H Kahrs	228	215—443	W Lohmann	207	205—412
C Schmitz	222	221—443	D Brinckmann	206	202—408
H Michaelsen	230	212—442	H Glandorf	205	203—408
Dr C Grosch	220	221—441	H Offermann	204	203—407
D Schults	223	217—440	F Lange	208	199—407
C Sievers	233	216—439	L L Goldstein	205	201—406
H Decker	221	217—438	J Woltmann	214	190—404

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

In this issue of FOREST AND STREAM the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., presents a full-page advertisement, in which is set forth a minute description, with illustrations, of their new high-power .351 caliber rifle, model of 1907. This rifle was subjected to prolonged and severe tests before it was put on the market, so that it is up to the high standard of excellence for which all Winchester products are famous.

For Out-of-Doors Men.

HERE in Maine, as in every other State, there are thousands of thoughtful and observing men who roam in fields and woods at times, and who see strange and wild things concerning the habits of which they wish to learn more particulars. At places among open hardwoods and near clearings, perhaps, there are colonies of brown little rabbits that go scurrying into underground burrows at the approach of human beings. What are the habits and methods of life pursued by these animals? Are they among the original natives of America, which were here when Columbus arrived, or are they foreigners which have been naturalized? And what relation does the rabbit bear to the larger and wilder hares? How many litters of offspring does each species bring forth in a season? If left to multiply unmolested, which species would outstrip its competitor in avoiding "race suicide"? And the woodchuck which stands guard at the mouth of its burrow, how many baby woodchucks does it have in a year? And how long does it sleep underground? And what is the best way to dress and prepare a fat woodchuck for cooking and eating? Of the little mammals that are common to the Eastern States, which is the most palatable when roasted, and placed on the table—the woodchuck, the skunk, the muskrat or the hedgehog? Is the meat of the deer fit to eat after the animal has eaten from arbor vitae twigs for weeks during the cold days of midwinter? How many species of the wild ducks, which are common in Maine, are really palatable as food for human beings? Where do wild deer feed most commonly during the open season when they are hunted by thousands of gunners? What is the chosen food of deer? Of moose? Why does a fox when started by the hounds, run to windward? Why are female hounds considered more useful than males for fox hunting?

There are thousands of questions similar to the above which many thousands of sensible men and women wish to have answered. These men like to talk about such matters, and relate their own experience; and perhaps dispute the assertions of other men, who are also more or less familiar with the subjects. If merchants and clerks and bookkeepers who steal two weeks every year from their work for the sake of hunting, or if thousands of farmers and country gentlemen who live among natural scenes and who wish to learn more—if every natural and thoughtful man who lives could get at real facts through some paper or magazine, he would buy such a publication constantly, and would read it regularly, and every time he read the accounts he would feel as if he were out in the woods and fields again and living the free, glad life which he likes.

It is safe to say that the one particular publication that is devoted to the foregoing and kindred subjects, the paper that has won its high place through years of careful effort, and the paper which is looked to by hunters and naturalists as something that is reliable—the chief out-of-doors paper in America is FOREST AND STREAM, a fat and informing weekly, which is published fifty-two times a year at 346 Broadway, New York city. No hunter or fisherman or naturalist or curious seeker into the secrets of the woods and fields and waters, can be lonesome while FOREST AND STREAM visits him every week.—Virgil G. Eaton in Bangor Daily News.

FROG FARM IN WASHINGTON.

SEATTLE is to have a frog farm. R. C. Byers, a pioneer restaurant man of the city, has made elaborate preparations for the culture of the frog, and promises to market his product this winter. He has bought five acres bordering on Haller Lake, formerly known as Hidden Lake. The frog farm proper will have a lake frontage of 200 feet. For forty feet to the lakeward, a fence of wire will be constructed to prevent the escape of the croaking captives. Mr. Byers has built his farm on the marshiest portion of the lake, and states that the soil and conditions are such as to assure the success of his project. He has imported his frogs from the famous Kankakee marsh, in Illinois. The frogs are of the green bullfrog type, and when ready for market their legs will equal those of chickens.—Seattle News.

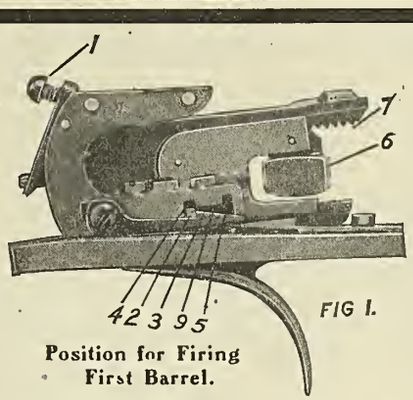

FIG I.

Position for Firing First Barrel.

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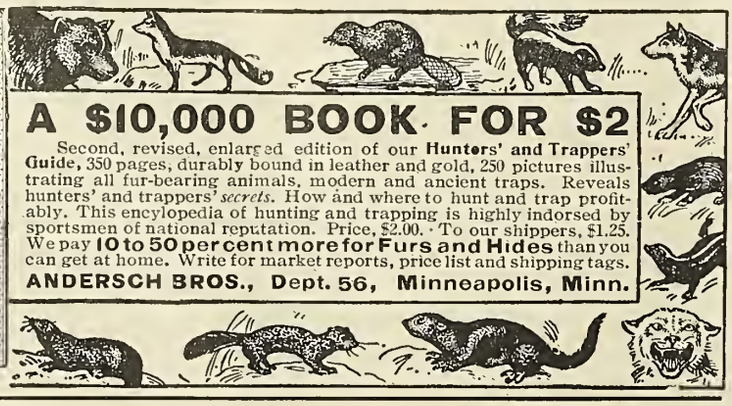

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ADVENTURES OF JAMES SMITH.

Continued from page 987.

instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself instantly, Smith sprang to his feet, and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through; but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment.

On recovering his senses, he found himself, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb, in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French surgeon. Here he was soon visited by one of his captors, the same who had given him the advice on commencing the race, and who now inquired, with some appearance of interest, if he "felt very sore."

Young Smith replied, that he had been bruised almost to death; and his savage friend assured him, that he had merely experienced the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners.

Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk on the battlements of the fort. On the morning of the ninth of July, he observed an unusual bustle. The Indians, armed and painted, stood in crowds at the great gate. Many barrels of powder, ball and flints, were brought out to them, from which the warriors helped themselves to such articles as they required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He soon learned, that they were proceeding against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the fort. In the afternoon an Indian runner arrived, announcing that the battle had not yet ended, but that Braddock's men had been surrounded and were shot down in heaps by an invisible enemy; that instead of flying at once, or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, and huddled together in the center of the ring. It was probable that, before sundown, there would not be a man of them alive.

This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon Smith, who now saw no hope of rescue from the savages, and looked forward to nothing but torture, or endless captivity. About sunset, he heard at a distance the well-known scalp-halloo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long firing. This, too surely, announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked, and with their faces painted black—a sign that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death.

Next came the Indians displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of war. The savages appeared frantic with joy, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red tomahawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of rifles without, he says, that it looked as if the infernal regions had given a holiday, and turned loose their inhabitants upon the upper world.

The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They appeared dejected and anxious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London at the command of their superiors, and we may imagine their feelings at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulations were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners, British regulars, were led out from the fort to the banks of the Allegany, and, to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death, one after the other, with the most awful torments. Smith stood upon the battlements and witnessed the horrid spectacle. It took place so near the fort, that the screams of anguish from the victims must have rung in the ears of the inhuman Frenchman!

Two or three days after this affair, most of the Indian tribes dispersed and returned to their homes, as is usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of

the French by the tribe by whom he had been captured, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

The party embarked in canoes, and ascended the Allegany River, as far as a small Indian town about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. There they abandoned their canoes, and striking into the woods, traveled in a western direction until they arrived at a considerable Indian town, in what is now the State of Ohio. This village was called Tullihas, and was situated upon the western branch of the Muskingum.

During the whole of this period, Smith suffered much anxiety, from the uncertainty of his future fate, but at this town all doubt was removed. On the morning of his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him; and one old man, with much gravity, began to pluck out his hair by the roots, while the others looked on in silence, smoking their pipes with great deliberation.

Smith did not understand the design of this singular ceremony, but submitted very patiently to the man's labors, who performed the operation of *picking* him, with great dexterity, dipping his fingers in ashes, occasionally, in order to take a better hold. In a very few moments Smith's head was bald, with the exception of a single long tuft upon the center of his crown, called the *scalp-lock*. This was carefully planted in such a manner as to stand upright, and was ornamented with several silver brooches. His ears and nose were then bored by the old Indian, with his usual gravity, and then ordered to strip; which being done, his naked body was painted with various fantastic colors, and a breech-cloth fastened round his loins. A belt of wampum was placed around his neck, and silver bands around his right arm.

To all this, Smith submitted with much anxiety, being totally ignorant of their customs, and dreading lest, like the British prisoners, he had been stripped and painted for the stake. His alarm was increased, when an old chief arose, took him by the arm, and leading him out into the open air, gave three shrill whoops, and was immediately surrounded by all the inhabitants of the village, warriors, women and children.

The chief then addressed the crowd in a long speech, still holding Smith by the hand. When he had ceased speaking, he led the captive forward, and delivered him into the hands of three young Indian girls, who, grappling him without ceremony, pulled him toward the river which ran at the foot of the hill, dragged him into the water up to his breast, and, all three suddenly clapping their hands upon his head, attempted to put him under. Utterly desperate at the idea of being drowned by these forward young ladies, Smith made a manful resistance. The squaws persevered, and a prodigious splashing of water took place amid loud peals of laughter from the shore.

At length one of the squaws became alarmed at the furious struggles of the young white man, and cried out earnestly several times, "No hurt you! no hurt you!" Upon this agreeable intelligence, Smith's resistance ceased; and these gentle creatures plunged him under the water, and scrubbed him from head to foot with equal zeal and perseverance. As soon as they had finished, they led him ashore, and presented him to the chief, shivering with cold and dripping with water.

The Indians then dressed him in a ruffled shirt, leggins and moccasins, variously ornamented; seated him upon a bearskin, and gave him a pipe, tomahawk, some tobacco, a pouch, flint and steel. The chiefs then took their seats by his side, and smoked for several minutes in deep silence, when the eldest delivered a speech, through an interpreter, in the following words: "My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter you have nothing to fear. By an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man, who has fallen; and every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our laws to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you had been born among us."

He was then introduced to the members of the family, into which he had been adopted, and was received by the whole of them with lively

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demonstrations of regard. In the evening he received an invitation to a great feast; and was there presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, and directed to fill the former from a huge kettle of boiled corn and hashed venison. The evening concluded with a war-dance, and the next morning, the warriors of the tribe assembled, and leaving one or two hunters to provide for their families in their absence, the rest marched for the frontiers of Virginia. In leaving the village, the warriors observed the most profound silence, with the exception of their leader, who sung the traveling-song, as it is called; and when some distance off, they discharged their rifles slowly, and in regular succession, beginning in front and ending with the rear.

As soon as the warriors had left them, Smith was invited to a dance, in which the Indian boys and young unmarried squaws assembled, and amused themselves for several hours. They formed in two lines, facing each other, at the distance of about twenty feet. One of the young men held a gourd in his hand, filled with pebbles or beads, which he rattled in such a manner as to produce music. All the dancers singing in concert with their leader, moved forward in a line until the parties met; then they retired, and repeated the same exercise for hours without the least variation.

With the Indians, it is uniformly the custom to invite every visitor to eat, as soon as he enters the wigwam; and, if he refuses, they are much offended, regarding it as an evidence of hostility to them, and contempt for their housekeeping. Smith, ignorant of this circumstance, was sometimes pressed to eat twenty times in a day, and, observing their dark and suspicious glances when he declined their hospitality, he endeavored at length to satisfy them, at the risk of stuffing himself to death. Making it a point to eat with all who invited him, he soon found himself in great favor, and in the course of a week after his adoption, an old chief honored him with an invitation to dine with him. Smith readily consented.

At the distance of a few miles from the village, they discovered a number of buffalo tracks. The old Indian regarded them attentively, and followed them with great caution, stopping frequently to listen, and rolling his eyes keenly in every direction. Smith, surprised at this singular conduct, asked him why he did not push on more rapidly, and endeavor to get a shot. "Hush!" said the Indian, shaking his head, "may be buffalo—may be Catawba."

Having at length satisfied himself that they were really buffalo, he pushed on more rapidly, and on the way assigned his reasons for his hesitation. He said, that the Catawbas had long been at war with his tribe, and were the most cunning and wicked nation in the world. That a few years ago, they had secretly approached his camp in the night, and sent out a few of their spies, mounted upon buffalo hoofs, who walked round their camp and then returned to the main body. That, in the morning, he and his warriors, perceiving their tracks, supposed a herd of buffalo to be ahead of them, and moved on rapidly in pursuit. That they soon fell into the ambuscade, were fired on by the Catawbas, and many of them killed. The Catawbas, however, quickly gave way, and were pursued by his young men with great eagerness. But they had taken the precaution to stick a number of slender reeds in the grass, sharpened like a pen, and dipped in rattlesnake's poison, so that, as his young men pursued them eagerly, most of them were artifically snakebitten and lamed. That the Catawbas turned upon them, overpowered them, and took the scalps of all who had been lamed by the reeds. The old man concluded by shaking his head, and declaring, that "Catawba was very bad Indian—a perfect devil for mischief."

A few days afterward, Smith was so unfortunate as to fall into discredit with these simple people. He had been directed to go out and kill some venison for the squaws and children, who had suffered for several days, during the absence of the greater part of the warriors. As this was the first time that he had been intrusted with so weighty a commission alone, he was anxious to signalize his hunt by an unusual display of skill and enterprise. He, therefore,

struck boldly into the woods, and, at a few miles' distance, falling upon a fresh buffalo trail, he pushed on for several miles with great eagerness. Despairing at length, however, of overtaking them, as the evening came on, he began to retrace his steps, and, as he had taken a considerable circuit, he determined to cut across the hills, and reach the village by a shorter way. He soon became inextricably involved in the mazes of the forest, and at dark found himself completely bewildered. He fired his gun repeatedly, in the hope of being heard, but his signal was unanswered, and he wandered through the woods the whole night, unable to find his way home.

Early in the morning, the Indians, suspecting that he had deserted, started in pursuit, but observing the zigzag manner in which the young woodsman had marched, they soon became satisfied of the truth, and their anger was changed to laughter and contempt. Smith was found, but his rifle was taken from him, and a bow and arrow, the weapons of a boy, were placed in his hands. Though still treated with undiminished kindness by all, yet it was evidently mingled with compassion and contempt for his ignorance of the woods.

He was now placed under the particular care of Tontileaugo, his adopted brother, and a renowned hunter and warrior. With the aid of his directions, he soon learned all the mysteries of hunting. He trapped beaver, killed deer, bear and buffalo, with great skill and readiness, and, in the course of the winter, rose considerably in reputation. The warriors were still absent, and the women and children depended on them entirely for subsistence.

At times they were three days without food, particularly when the snow became hard, and the noise, which they made in walking on the crust frightened the deer, so that they would not come within gunshot. The only resource then was, to seek for bear trees; that is, for large hollow trees in which bears lay concealed during the winter. The hole is generally from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, and the hunters are often compelled to climb up and apply fire, in order to drive bruin out, who obstinately maintains his ground, until nearly stifled with smoke; and then, snuffling and growling, he shows himself at the mouth of the hole for a little fresh air. The hunter stations himself below, and fires upon him as soon as he appears. Toward spring, the survivors generally return, and game is then killed in abundance.

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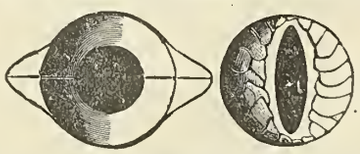

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During the months of August and September, the warriors, as Smith found, were accustomed to abandon themselves to laziness, dancing, and gaming. They could rarely be roused even to hunt, so long as their cornfields furnished them food. They might generally be seen lying down in idle contemplation, dancing with their squaws, playing at football, or engaged in a game resembling dice, of which they were immoderately fond. War and hunting were their only serious occupations, and all the drudgery of life devolved upon the squaws. One day, Smith gave great offense to the warriors by taking a hoe into his hands, and working with the squaws for half an hour at a time when they were engaged in planting corn. The men reprimanded him with some severity for his industry, observing that it was degrading to a warrior to be engaged in labor like a squaw; and, for the future, he must learn to demean himself more loftily, always remembering that he was a member of a warlike tribe and a noble family.

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Tontileaugo was absent at the time, but Smith received the visitor with great hospitality, as he thought, and gave him an abundant meal of hominy and venison. Shortly after the Wyandot's departure, Tontileaugo returned, and Smith informed him of the visit of the stranger and of his hospitable reception. Tontileaugo listened with gravity, and replied: "And I suppose, of course, you brought up some of the sugar and bear's oil, which was left below in the canoe?"

"No," replied Smith, "I never thought of it. It was at too great distance."

"Well, brother," returned Tontileaugo, "you have behaved just like a Dutchman! I can excuse it in you for this time, as you are young, and have been brought up among the white people; but you must learn to behave like a warrior, and not be caught in such *little* actions! Great actions alone can ever make a great man!"

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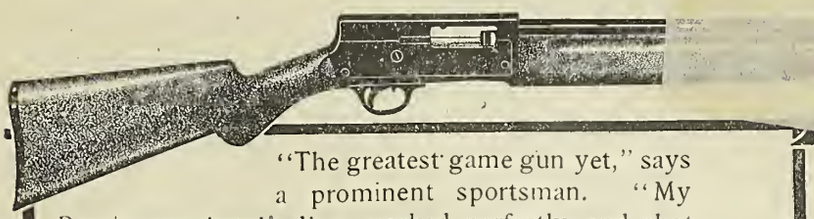

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their backs. In the spring of 1756—this was the year following Braddock's defeat, which occurred on July 9, 1755—a great quantity of game had been killed, at a considerable distance from the village; and all the inhabitants, including squaws and boys, turned out to bring it home. Smith was loaded with a large piece of buffalo, which, after carrying two or three miles, he found too heavy for him, and was compelled to throw down. One of the squaws laughed heartily, and coming up, relieved him of a large part of it, adding it to her own pack, which was before as large as Smith's. This, he says, stimulated him to greater exertions than the severest punishment would have done.

Their warriors, for a short distance, are not swifter than the whites, but are capable of sustaining the exercise for an incredible length of time. An Indian warrior can run for twelve or fourteen hours without refreshment, and, after a hasty meal and very brief repose, appear completely refreshed and ready for a second course. Smith found it more difficult to compete with them in this practice than in any other. For, although he could run with great swiftness for a few miles, he could not continue such violent exertion for a whole day. While he and his brother Tontileaugo were encamped at a distance from the others, they were much distressed from having to pack their meat from such a distance; and, as three horses were grazing near them—for there was grass under the snow—Tontileaugo proposed that they should run them down, and catch them, it having been found impossible to take them in any other way.

Smith, having but little relish for the undertaking, urged that it would be impossible to catch the horses, which were wild and swift. But Tontileaugo replied, that he had frequently run down bear, deer, elk and buffalo, and believed, that in the course of a day and night, he could run down any four-footed animal except the wolf. Smith observed, that, althought deer were swifter than horses for a short distance, yet that a horse could run much longer than either the elk or the buffalo, and that he was confident that they would tire themselves to no purpose. The other insisted upon making the experiment at any rate; and, at daylight, on a cold day in February, and over a hard snow several inches deep, the race began. The two hunters stripped themselves to the moccasins, and started at full speed. The horses were in good condition and very wild, but contented themselves with running in a circle of six or seven miles circumference, and would not entirely abandon their grazing ground.

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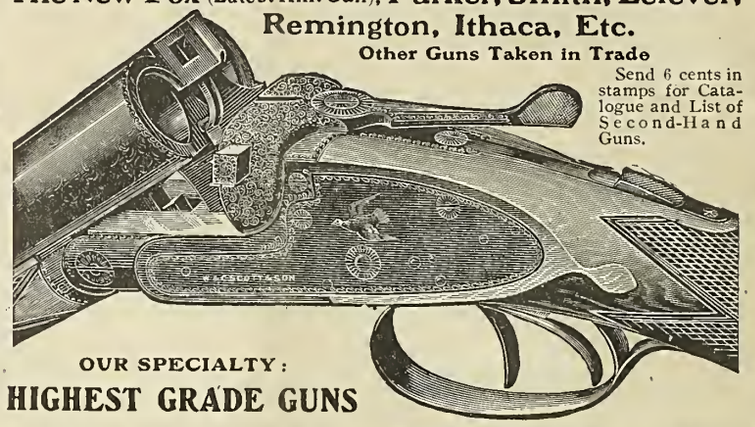

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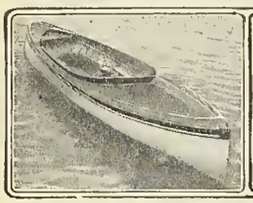

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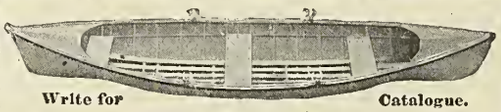

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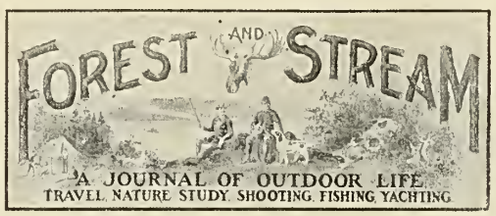

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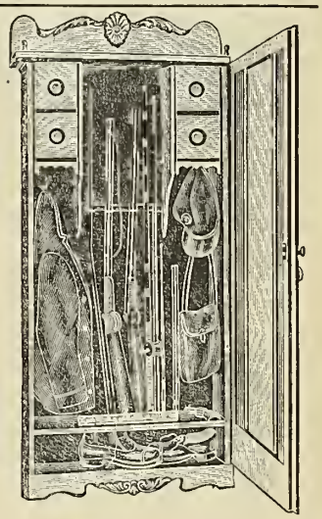

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[There is no contradiction here nor any ground for uncertainty. The term "presumptive evidence" is a common one in the statutes. The meaning of the provision is that while possession in December is authorized, the possessor, if called on to do so, must prove that he became possessed of the birds in the open season or by bringing them from out of the State. The "presumption" is that he did not come by them lawfully; he must therefore show that he did.]

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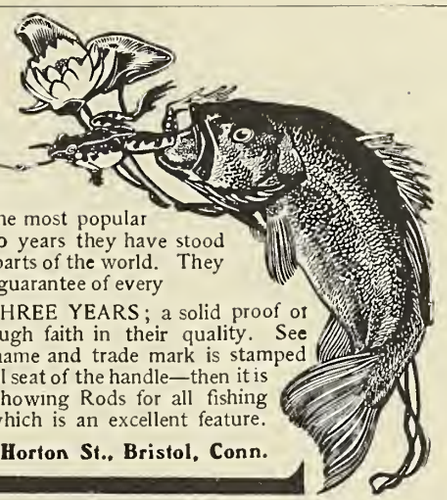

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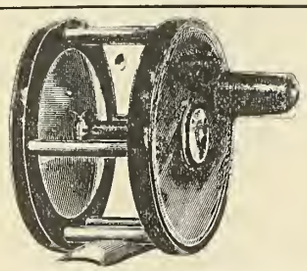

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Forest and Stream

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VOL. LXVII.—No. 26. No. 346 Broadway, New York.

The object of this journal will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects. Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

THE year now closing has been one of remarkable activity among those fond of the outdoor life of forest and stream. Among other things it has witnessed a longer outdoor season than usual, showing that our people are realizing that outdoor life is not now a sort of summer resort or picnic affair of two months' duration.

In the vicinity of the cities, holidays in early spring found parties tramping the hills and woods, garbed in comfortable old clothes, carrying packs containing materials for the midday lunch beside a tiny campfire. Late autumn saw more of these abroad where in other years none was seen. Young and old, men and women, composed these parties. And the summer witnessed such activity afield and afloat as has never before been known. The time is passing when our people can say they are unfamiliar with their own suburbs save in occasional views through car windows. For years the steady concentration of our best young people in the large cities has been the subject of adverse comment by educators, lecturers, writers. To-day it cannot be denied that the movement toward the country is the logical result of a revulsion against too close confinement within brick walls girt about by paved streets.

Everything points toward this. Our cities are becoming crowded to an intolerable extent. Improvements in transportation facilities and in all the equipments necessary to pleasant life in the forest and along our streams have brought the latter much nearer home in point of time and cost. Burning the candle at both ends, it is now understood, must cease, at least for part of the year. The time has passed when millionaires only may live in the country in the warm season. It has been shown that shooting and fishing are not the only objects of vacation trips, but, through protective and propagative measures, these pleasures can be perpetuated or revived, according to localities. Particularly have water sports grown in favor, through better understanding and system in boat building. To-day our rivers are dotted with small craft where none was seen a generation ago, and every grove along shore has its week-end or season's camp.

There is one thing which has a direct bearing on this forest and stream question that must not be lost sight of, and this is the propagation of game and fish. We said fishing and shooting were not vital to the enjoyment of woods life, but they will always be, as they have been, highly attractive features. Fishing especially appeals to increasing numbers with the passing of the years. Our country is rich in rivers, streams and lakes. Its coast lines are thousand of miles in length. The logical conclusion is that there should be fishing for all. Fish propagation is a science well understood. The Government, the States, the railway and resort companies are all working to restock waters depleted through lack of foresight and lax enforcement of our laws. The propagation of game and food fishes is now recognized as a necessity, but its scope must be widened a hundred fold. The pollution of our waters must cease and these be frequently stocked and zealously guarded. In this work the assistance of our country dwellers is necessary. On every farm there should be a fish pond.

The propagation of game is more expensive, requires greater care, but is fully as practicable. At first thought it may seem that shooting game reared in confinement smacks of old-world methods. Perhaps, but there the practice was born of necessity. With us, where there is more land and better cover, it is only necessary to give nature a chance to work out her own ends. This is possible with all game from moose and deer to squirrels and grouse. The Government and club preserves will help. The latter, often decried, will act as distributors.

The watchword for 1907 is propagation with protection.

THE RAVEN IN STORY.

THE interesting references in another column to the raven and its folklore barely touch on the myth and fable which have grown up about it. A volume would not contain all that might be written of this bird of mystery.

Primitive man has credited the raven with qualities both good and bad. It has a place in religious art, where in commemoration of the ravens that fed Elijah it is emblematic of God's providence, and several of the saints are represented as accompanied by the bird.

In the wild north land, where war and rapine were man's highest pleasures, the standard of Odin bore a raven, typifying the desolation of the land after his hordes had passed over it. The figure embroidered on the standard predicted defeat and victory, the bird appearing alert, proud and aggressive for victory, and shrinking and timorous for defeat. Two ravens, which represented thought and memory, were fabled to sit on the shoulders of the war god and to whisper wise advice in his ears. The ravens of Odin are not alone in northern old world legends, for an army of ravens attacked the enemies of a Welsh hero, while Cuchullaind, an Irish chieftain, was aided by two ravens who warned him of the coming of his foes.

The raven was a bird of foreknowledge and prophecy. It foretold war, famine and pestilence; and this belief in its prophetic powers arose from the fact that ravens frequently accompanied an army, expecting to feed on the bodies of the slain.

These primitive ideas are found in the new world as in the old. On the northwest coast, the raven, still everywhere extremely abundant and a useful bird, is the hero of a thousand Indian myths. In some of these he is the creator, or a hero who performs great deeds, or again is the chief actor in mischief making prank.

Among the Indians of the plains the bird is credited with much power. Of all the animals he only does not fear that dread power the Thunder, and sometimes—according to the stories—even helps mortals to overcome him.

The raven never starves, for he knows always where food is to be found. Often he will fly near the hungry hunter or over the starving camp and by his cries and flutterings will urge them to follow him to a place where buffalo or other food may be found.

In war too, the raven is helpful, for if a warrior wears the skin of a raven tied to his scalplock the bird will warn him when danger is near, tapping him lightly on the head with its bill or whistling in his ear a note of warning.

In the old world and the new alike, it is fabled that once the raven was white. A classical myth tells how Apollo blackened him for a fault, and Algonquin stories tell of a white raven, hostile to the people and who drove away the game, and how when a hero who pitied the sufferings of the tribe captured the bird, it was tied in the smoke hole, where it hung and coughed and grew thin and feeble until its feathers were wholly blackened, when it was set free with a warning. Since then all ravens have been black.

THERE is truth in Mr. Clarence L. Parker's statement, printed elsewhere in this issue, that preserving the Adirondack forests is of the greatest importance, because if the cutting of timber continues the deer will be deprived of food, and the streams will dwindle in size until it will become a waste of effort and money to restock them. This question is a vital one to the people of the State at large, involving, as it does, so many matters of general importance. It were folly to restrict the acts of shooters and anglers while permitting the pulp and lumbermen to swing the ax where and when they please.

SPORTSMEN who go to distant States should inform themselves as to the laws of such States before they begin to shoot. In North Carolina quail in large numbers are said to have been thrown away because the owners found, after the birds had been killed, that they could not be shipped out of the State. There is no excuse for such acts. Ignorance of the law cannot be urged in extenuation of offenses of this nature, for it is a sportsman's duty to act understandingly.

THE TOP RAIL.

Sitting on the top rail of the old fence is not always a safe though it be a pleasant pastime. For example, rail fences are one of the chosen vehicles of poison ivy, whose cheerful duty seems to be the dissemination of itching reminders of the fact that we who love the woods must take the bitter medicine with the sweet. But if you are easily poisoned, do not fancy that in winter this creeper may be touched or even closely approached with impunity. If you find it on your favorite top rail, circle to windward and finish your deliberations on another rail that is free of ivy. I am not sure that every person needs this advice, but I do know that some do, because they have been poisoned severely on the coldest days in winter, and that, too, without touching the vine, so far as they could tell. This, of course, may not be actually true, but is common belief among those peculiarly susceptible to poison. Time after time I have been poisoned while exercising the utmost care to avoid it, and this, after unpleasant experiences covering many years in the woods, has caused me to believe that I can be poisoned merely in passing to leeward of a cluster of the vines. Every outer subject to poison should have at hand a little tincture grindelia, bathe the affected part in hot water frequently before applying the wash, and avoid soap until the rash dries up.

I believe every reader of Forest and Stream will recall the discussion that was carried on in its columns not very long ago concerning the "barking" of squirrels. I have no wish to reopen that question, but something of Mark Twain's that I read recently strikes me as so ludicrous, I cannot withstand the temptation to give it here.

"When I was a boy," writes the venerable humorist in the current Harpers Magazine, "my uncle and his big boys hunted with the rifle. * * * My uncle and the big boys were good shots. They killed hawks and wild geese and such like on the wing; and they didn't wound or kill squirrels, they stunned them. When the dogs treed a squirrel, the squirrel would scamper aloft and run out on a limb and flatten himself along it, hoping to make himself invisible in that way, and not quite succeeding. You could see his wee little ears sticking up. You couldn't see his nose, but you knew where it was. Then the hunter, despising a rest for his rifle, stood up and took offhand aim at the limb and sent a bullet into it immediately under the squirrel's nose, and down tumbled the animal, unwounded, but unconscious; the dogs gave him a shake and he was dead. Sometimes, when the distance was great and the wind not accurately allowed for, the bullet would hit the squirrel's head; the dogs could do as they pleased with that one—the hunter's pride was hurt, and he wouldn't allow it to go into the game bag."

Mark complains that no matter how earnest he may be, no one takes him seriously. Of course not. Why should they when he spins yarns like this one?

Now let those who have a chronic habit of poking fun at our policemen because of poor revolver practice turn their attention to the Russians instead. The other day one of the latter fired seven shots at an admiral at about ten feet range, then threw a bomb at him, whereupon a second man, taking a hand, fired three shots and threw another bomb. The admiral was knocked down and slightly hurt by the first bomb, but a small matter like two bombs and ten bullets did not prevent him from chasing his assailants out of the park where they had found him. Our average policeman is an expert shot compared with these men.

I used to think that a citizen had a better chance to get away if highwaymen attacking him were armed with revolvers than with knives or clubs, for the last two weapons named do not miss fire, but have often been told I was wrong. Perhaps so, but judging from the poor shooting some of the Russians have been doing, their practice is very bad. It is said, however, that the "Terrorists" are armed with the best automatic pistols obtainable in Europe; and, singularly enough, all of these are of the same type and caliber, coming, it would seem, from one agent, or at least from a group obtaining supplies from a common source. What's the use? Air guns would give as good average results.

My thanks are tendered a prominent National Guardsman for the following true story:

"A Naval Militia rifle team had been practicing for the Brigade Match at Creedmoor. One of the men had been having a number of misfires with his rifle. Also he stammered badly. He approached the ordnance officer: 'M-M-M--Mr. R., c-c-c-can I take my g-g-gun home?'

"'Why do you want to do that? You know we keep the team rifles here in the locker.'

"'Y-Y-Yes, b-b-but the d-d-darned thing st-st-stutters when I shoot.'"

Here's another one: Two "trouble-hunters," employed by a telephone company, looking for a broken wire or for crossed wires in a suburb, located the "trouble" in a wire that crossed a private yard. While they were repairing the wires a savage dog of large size pounced on them, and to save himself one of the men struck the enraged brute on the head with the heavy pliers he had in his hand, killing it instantly. It was not a pleasant position to be in, and again in self-defense, the men lost no time in getting back to headquarters. Not long afterward the telephone bell rang and a feminine voice called for the manager, who was informed that two of his men had killed her pet dog Yorick—"poor, good little Yorick, who had never harmed anyone in all his life." The manager asked the men if they knew anything about the case, and the guilty one replied, his emotion aggravating his habit of stuttering, "I d-d-don't k-k-know any-t-t-t-t-hing ab-b-bout w-w-hat Y-y-yorick used to b-b-be, b-b-but I k-know Y-yorick is a g-good d-d-dog-g-gie now."

R. L. E. writes me from Natick, Mass., as follows:

"In the Dec. 8 issue of Forest and Stream I notice in your column an instance of a hawk carrying away a rabbit which had just been shot by a hunter. This reminds me of an incident which happened some years ago while hunting ruffed grouse with Mr. John Goulding, of South Sudbury, Mass. My dog flushed a grouse which flew directly over Mr. Goulding's head. He wheeled about and fired both barrels. At the second report the bird started up into the air at a very acute angle, somewhat like a towering bird, evidently hit in the head. After going up for sixty or seventy-five feet it commenced to drop. Meanwhile a hawk had left the brush from which the grouse had started, and taking the same line of flight, followed the wounded bird until it began to drop, when he seized it with his talons and bore it away. We hunted a long time, but failed to find either hawk or grouse again. This happened in plain view of both of us. I could not shoot the hawk without endangering Mr. G., while his gun was empty, having just shot at the grouse. I have never heard of another such happening and on relating this incident have sometimes been asked what we carried on our trip that day. That the incident occurred as related is an absolute fact.

"This season my nephew shot a grouse with but one leg. Examination convinced me that the bird was hatched that way or had lost the other leg while very young. There was no scar and the skin was as smooth and clean as on any part of the bird. The one leg was considerably larger than ordinary. I judged the bird to be an old one and it was in fair condition."

This calls to mind a shot I made years ago with a rifle while learning to shoot that weapon. A blackbird sitting on one of the lower limbs of a pecan tree offered a target so tempting that I could not resist it. Boy-like, I fired hastily, and cut off both the legs, the bird flying out over a field that was marshy and dangerous to attempt walking over. I hunted all that day in an attempt to flush the blackbird, if it could not be located, but failed, and I was compelled to be satisfied with the hope that some fox caught it ere it began to suffer from hunger. This is one of the sad incidents that taught me to "miss clean or kill clean" while hunting with the single-shot rifle, for I have never forgotten the matter.

Here is a story B. C. Foster sends me:

"As sportsmen very often engage a guide to show the way into the forest in places where they are not well acquainted, it is said of one who hired a negro to show the route, that as they were passing through a pine thicket, after hunting for some time without success, the guide pointed out a chance shot at a deer, which was taken advantage of by the sportsman and with telling effect. It was some time before reaching the dead game, as the bushes were very thick and the guide claimed that 'We shot him,' to which the sportsman replied:

"'We! Why you haven't anything to do with it. You haven't even a gun.'

"On finding that the dead game was Mr. Jones' young colt, the sportsman exclaimed, "There; we have killed a colt.' The negro said, 'Mistah, 'taint no "we" in dis. I haven't even got a gun, and couldn't hit the broad side of a barn if I fired bofe barrels to oncet wif both eyes open.'"

Grizzly King.

THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Seamy Side of Elk Hunting.

Taking forceful possession of an elk—if I may describe a harsh act by the means of smooth words—had been represented to us as a procedure closely allied to the shooting of caribou in Newfoundland, viz., locating a herd of the animals, and after this no difficult performance, because of their abundance, a series of interesting maneuvers until the selected possessor of a fine pair of antlers could be singled out of the group and approached to within rifle range. This seemed such an easy thing, with the assured result always plainly in view, that we classified the elk with stupid creatures, and the hunting of them with mild forms of exercise. Had not one of our lady friends, who, by the way, was no amazon, shot a proud elk, and had not several acquaintances who could not hit a flock of balloons with a shotgun returned from Wyoming with the full legal allowance? Surely elk hunting is easy, we thought, as we journeyed toward our rendezvous in the Jackson's Hole country.. We were not a little surprised and disappointed by seeing none of these animals in the Yellowstone Park and hearing only one "call"; but, while it would have been most appropriate and considerate of them to have made some demonstration for our benefit, still, we knew they must be present in large numbers, and our expectations of the future were undisturbed.

Wyoming's game preserve, adjacent to the nation's, now excludes hunters from one-third of the heretofore best elk hunting country, and in consequence, their ruling passion must be controlled until twenty-five or more miles are traversed, after having their guns unsealed at the Park boundary. This seemed no hardship to us, however, since the Teton Basin, like the Park, supplied a rapid succession of impressive panoramic diversions, and the time of transit was crowded with many interests.

The town of Jackson is but a short distance beyond the limit of the State's game preserve, and here, after our drive of over two hundred miles, we stocked our larder, packed it and our duffle upon seven pack horses, and in company with George, Selar and Tom, each bestrode a saddle horse, we set out upon our quest.

PATIENTLY WAITING.

Our first camping ground was reached on the evening of Sept. 15, the first day of the hunting season, and extracts from my diary will reflect hopes and disappointment during the several days of "uphill work," when the elk was our paramount thought.

On the 16th George and I headed our horses up the neighboring wooded mountain in the early morning—and, by the way, we soon learned that up the mountain is a matter of course in this country, for to go more than fifty yards from camp in any direction, excepting when following the streams, necessitates going up a mountain. The day was given up to scouting and attempting to learn whether the elk are high or low at this season, whether they have herded as yet, and which way they are traveling. The result was not satisfactory, for while we discovered many signs several days old, there were very few fresh ones, and these had been made by scattered animals. We saw only a fox and coyote during our day's travel, but after returning to camp, one of the knowing horses attracted our attention to the bare mountain above our heads, and we were surprised to see against the sky line, almost within shooting distance, a large elk. We attempted a hurried climb through some nearby sheltering timber, but our exhausting efforts failed of result by means of the bull's return by the route he came. My partner with his guide Selar had reached camp in the meantime, and reported having met two cow moose—an unexpected pleasure—and having fruitlessly persuaded a bull elk, which, after a comparison of notes, we agreed was the one seen from camp.

17th.—In order to make a careful search in some dense timber upon slopes so steep that horses could not be used to advantage, George and I departed on foot. Jove! how one puffs and blows after slight exertion in this high altitude. Pauses were frequent when climbing; but by the aid of many steep declivities, we covered considerable territory, and found only very few indications of the recent presence of elk. We saw one coyote and several jays, with plumage of peacock blue. Partner was in camp on our return, and reported an uneventful day.

18th.—We broke camp preparatory to moving further south. While the horses were being brought in, the cayuse bucked, upset Tom (the cook) and dislocated his knee; but he, after being repaired by his companions, remounted the ill-tempered critter and stuck fast. After ups and downs oft repeated, we pitched our second camp about mid-afternoon in a place where, in former years, game was to be had at almost any time. After the tents were pitched, we ascended some hills and saw some bald eagles.

19th.—George and I made an early start for a section of country he had hunted with good results. Our disappointment was keen when we saw the impressions of horseshoes in the game trail, and, a little later, discovered evidence that a hunter had spent two nights here. We encircled an extensive pocket in the mountains, which last year had harbored more than two hundred elk at one time, searching carefully for tracks. This route took us near the mountain crests, and while it was exceedingly interesting and gave us extended views of surrounding peaks, including the always impressive Tetons, it was at times so rough with loose boulders as to require leading the horses. Again we saw tracks of unshod ponies, suggesting native hunters after winter supplies. We concluded the location was no longer a safe refuge for the elk and they knew it. Our fellow huntsmen had visited some formerly popular licks, but saw only tracks.

20th.—George planned that he and I should canvass the whole territory lying between this and our former camp, so as to satisfy ourselves that no large bands of elk would be left behind when we again moved our base of supplies. 'Twas a long march, and the opalescent light of evening clothed the mountains when we were still far from headquarters. George is untiring in his efforts to produce results.

> "Something hidden,
> Go and find it;
> Go and look behind the Ranges,"

seems to be his motto. The ascent and descent of mountains by starlight is not a form of amusement likely to become popular with me. The horses used their own judgment about jumping streams and crevasses, climbing over fallen timber, pushing through underbrush, which might conceal any kind of a pitfall, and walking along the edge of gorges, in which the hurrying water seemed very far below. Then, too, those we rode, substitutes for our weary customary companions, had a way of cutting off corners which was not at all reassuring. In camp partner and Selar told an interesting story of having heard bugling in a tract of heavy timber visited by them. They had approached quite close to some of the elk, but owing to intervening underbrush, had not obtained a shot.

21st.—The territory in which the elk were located yesterday was extensive, and so all four of us directed our course thither. When George and I reached the boundary line of the sections apportioned to us, we heard the call of a bass-voiced bull, and a little later an answer from a younger one away off in the valley. The old fellow was loquacious, and kept us informed of his whereabouts, but was wary. He would dare us to approach, and then, before we could get near him, go deeper into the timber, and finally, as though startled by something else, "hit the trail." We then took time to study the signs a little, and when we reached our horses, which always patiently

NEAR THE CREST.

EN ROUTE TO HOBACK CANYON.

awaited our return, regardless of poor grazing and lapse of time, it was too late to extricate ourselves from the mazes of the woods; indeed owing to the speedy approach of darkness, we had not time to select a comfortable sleeping place, and dropped almost in our tracks, after gathering wood for the night, and starting a fire. We had seen the fresh tracks of a grizzly bear, just here, earlier in the day.

22d.— Clinging to the steep side of a hill and stoking a fire, are not concomitants of sound sleep, so that we were alert, and straining our ears for promising sounds by break of day, at which time we ate the two biscuits that remained from yesterday's luncheon. Though the time of day was most propitious, not a call was heard, and, moreover, when looking through the woods for some such indications of animal life as would justify a campaign in this vicinity, we saw the imprint of partner's hobnails, and thus learned that all four of us had been after the one elk. We were disgusted, and resolved to go to camp, but no sooner had we gotten underway than the eternal longing to "look behind the ranges," repossessed George. He tackled every mountain peak in sight, it seemed, and nothing short of the pinnacles would appease him. Being hungry, tired and sleepy, I began to get peevish and made cutting remarks about the whole elk family. George said never a word; he just trudged along and hunted with all his senses. One lick, away up near the clouds, was momentarily diverting by reason of some newly made elk and deer tracks. Just beyond this, while seeking a blue grouse which my pistol had disabled. George signalled me and said that a fine blacktail buck had just moved deliberately down the slope, and he suggestd that we follow. I will probably more than once regret not having been moved by his indomitable spirit and enthusiasm; but when I looked down that almost perpendicular mountain, conscious that my belt buckle was in the last hole, and thought of the exertion necessary to the return climb, I said, "Let's go to camp." We did so by way of the topmost stone upon the tallest peak in the Snake River range—11,000 feet in height! I mumbled "lay on, Mac Duff." Partner and Selar were in camp, taking a day off. They told us of their attempts to come up with a bull elk on the day previous, but we refrained from damaging the reputation of the country by saying we, too, had been after him, and that he seemed to be about the only one in the hills.

23d.—Partner made a speech this morning. There was a heavy coating of frost upon the inside of the tent, which meant ice outside, and owing to my head being drawn within the sleeping bag, I didn't catch it entirely. His language, I well remember, was above proof, and because of his family and his standing in the parish, I will dilute it: "I am tired and kinky, and this confounded business of studying tracks is not only unprofitable, but fast becoming monotonous. I have chased tracks up and down, and over all the mountains of this blooming country, a-horseback and afoot, on a diet of dough, bacon, rare air and well-done scenery for one whole week, and although I have contracted bowlegs and a string-halt, as well as a cavernous stomach, they have led to nothing but the ragged edge of nowhere. Gee whiz! I didn't come two thousand miles from home to see tracks! Why, my back yard is full of them. I came away out here to this reputed excellent game country with two rifles and a wagonload of ammunition for sporting purposes—with the object of seeing living things—things to shoot at, and I am shown tracks! To thunder with them. I shan't look at any more."

We headed our paek train for the Hoback Cañon, through which pass we had intended reaching the antelope country, but hoped to obtain our elk beforehand because many hunters seek these latter animals in the Hoback country, and large heads have become scarce. Partner, already out of patience, had his temper sorely tried during this day's march through the dust, and under a burning sun. His impedimenta was entrusted to an outlaw mare, which, being excluded from the trail by the other horses, assumed an air of marked independence, and cavorted up and down the mountain sides, perilously near the edge of everything, and gave the duffle such a shaking up as to bust every breakable and tie everything else into hard knots. Then, too, he had the temerity to get out of his accustomed place in the line, and presumed to get ahead of a little pig-headed buckskin mare, which resented his intrusion, and insisted upon having that particular place or none. Accordingly, with offended dignity, she walked by the side of his horse whenever the trail permitted, looked scornfully at him from the corners of her eyes and when a bend in the path or the ford of a stream made an opening, she promptly cut him out.

George paid a visit to a returning pack train, and learned that, as he feared, there were many hunters beyond, game was scarce, and the three heads being brought out by this outfit were quite small. We turned aside and determined to try a nearby piece of country, which was less popular with hunters, but we hoped not unpopular with elk.

24th.—We arose soon after 5 o'clock this morning, hurried through our scant fares, and set out for the new series of hills. A half mile from camp George and I entered a ravine and overhead, near the top of one of the mountains, saw a bunch of elk. So much fallen timber lay near its base that we abandoned the horses and began the ascent with as much haste as possible. The elk disappeared over the crown, and when we reached it and peered over, they were a mile away and looking back, as though aware of our presence. We discerned, by the aid of the glasses, one large bull in the band, and then retreated behind the summit to make an alternating crawling and running sneak until opposite their stopping place. At one point we were near enough to detect their strong bovine odor, but when we peeped over, prepared to shoot, they had fled, and the last of the cows was seen disappearing over a ridge a half mile away. The grass was too long and the earth too dry to admit of tracking them, and so, five hours of hard work were fruitless. Even the persevering George was weary, and we were so parched that our tongues would not work; but he, without a murmur, started off for our luncheon, which we had left upon the horses far below. After finding water in an uninviting elk lick, and breaking a seemingly long fast, we rode along the high ground and pulled rein at a coulee just in time to hear the last sound of an elk bugle.

Deserting the horses once more, we made a circuit so as to work up against the wind, but could find nothing else than the bull's fresh tracks. He was probably leaving when we heard him, and two more hours were wasted. This was rather discouraging, but to have been near two bulls in the same day was, for us, an unusual circumstance, and so we remounted our horses and plodded on.

Presently, while looking over the tops of the trees, George descried a recumbent bull away down the slope. We made a wide detour, dismounted, and sneaked until we found ourselves behind a clump of shrubs within a hundred yards of the still reclining animal, which at this moment returned a challenge to a distant rival. I fired. Some twenty cow elk came at us—were all around us. The bull arose and started off. Another shot, and he began to run. Thunder! After all these days of hard work, a chance at a fine specimen and ——

"You've got him!" shouted George, and sure enough the huge animal fell and was dead, the first shot having perforated his lung.

We found water and drank large quantities of it to soothe our burning throats, and then dismemberment began. The distant bull sent another defiant message to his late competitor.

"Let's go after him," was George's characteristic suggestion.

"No, sir! It's getting dark, we are more than tired, camp is far away, and besides, I have had all the elk hunting I want for several years to come."

Again we heard him eall from a much nearer point. George looked up from his work and remarked sarcastically,

"He is coming after you. Are you going to let him hook you?"

We saw him in the fading light as he emerged from a pool. He was a five-point bull, with symmetrical antlers, but George did not approve of taking him because of the possibility of getting another with six pomts. I resolved to hunt no more until we sought the antelope, and so I slew him. The cutting up of the two large animals, so that the meat could be saved for winter use, was finished by the aid of the moon, and by moonlight, also, we alternately rode and led our weary horses over the frowning mountains, picking our way amid fallen timber and rolling stones with much difficulty; but we carried strengthening food with us, rest was in prospect, and our minds had already relaxed from a wearisome tension.

As may be gathered from the foregoing recital, elk hunting was exceptionally hard this year, and many hunters failed to secure trophies. Partner shot at the back—the only visible part—of a bull on the following day and knocked him down; but he escaped nevertheless, and then we agreed to try our luck with antelope.

LIPPINCOTT.

IN HOBACK CANYON.

THE THREE SISTERS.

BOW FALLS.

Over Old-Time Trails.—II.

When I stepped out on deck in the gray dawn I found the boat passing over a windless lake flanked on either side by high timbered mountains rising from the water by a moderate slope. Steep enough they would have seemed to one climbing them on foot, but viewed from the lake the ascent was gradual. Clouds of mist hung low along mountain side and over water, and as yet the light was too uncertain for an extended view. A little later as the light increased the course of the lake both before and behind us could be seen for miles. The Arrow lakes are in fact nothing more than an enlargement of the mighty Columbia River, that wonderful mountain-born stream which twists and turns its great length into Canada and back into the United States again; flowing in all directions and almost always surrounded by mountains, at last it pours through the volcanic cañons of Washington and Oregon, and empties itself into the western sea. All through this country there is immense mineral wealth and in many places the sides of the mountain have been stripped of their timber which has been sold for local use. At Nakusp we saw the ruins of a great sawmill which had been destroyed by fire.

As the boat plowed its slow way up the stream a familiar sound fell on the ear, and looking out over the water I saw a single raven winging his way from one side of the lake to the other, calling at intervals as he passed. From time to time on the water near the shore could be seen the forms of birds, and one or two of these permitted us to approach near enough for me to identify it as a western grebe. Occasionally a group of gulls was passed and at one little sandy point, where the boat paused to deliver some freight, a kingfisher sat boldly on the branch of a fir tree which he declined to leave. There are a few settlements along the lake, usually only a house or two, or a tent set up on a point of land where a stream coming down from the mountain has spread out a few acres of soil. Yet at Nakusp there is quite a town on the hillside. Here is a railroad leading to the mines.

All along the lake the scenery is very beautiful. The mountains are green with pine and cedar, or golden with tamarack. Where the rocks show they are snow white. Cascades and waterfalls rush down the slopes with picturesque effect. The river or the lake, as one may choose to call it, is sometimes narrow and swift or again is broad and without perceptible current. Along the shore could be seen evidences of the difference in level between high and low water which Capt. L. H. Fraser told us was not less than twenty-four feet. Captain Fraser was exceedingly kind and polite, and giving us the advantage of an outlook from the wheelhouse told us about the lake in winter and in summer. The winters are mild, averaging from twenty-five to thirty degrees Fahrenheit for the season, but sometimes going down to zero or to minus two degrees or three degrees. The volume of water which comes down the river in spring is tremendous. The summers are cool and pleasant, and passengers on the boat are never troubled with mosquitoes, though these are sometimes bad on the shore.

The run from Robson to the head of the lake is 124 miles. Arrowhead was reached about 4 o'clock and Revelstoke by train two hours later. Here there is an excellent hotel.

It had been our purpose to stop on our way east at Field, Laggan, Glacier and Banff, but when we rose next morning, it was raining hard and there seemed little prospect of fair weather on the west side of the mountains.

And so it was. The train which bore us east passed through rain and mists which hid much of the superb scenery through which we were journeying. Now and then we had an opportunity to look down upon the boiling stream which hurries through Albert Cañon nearly 300 feet below the raidroad train, caught glimpses here and there of the Illecillewaet, saw through the clouds the splendid Ross Peak, and about noon arrived at Glacier. This was one of the places that we had hoped to stop at to see something of the great glacier that lies at the foot of Mount Sir Donald and to view at least all the wonderful peaks round about. The spot is one where weeks or months could be spent with satisfaction by anyone interested in mountain climbing and beautiful scenery. There is a most excellent hotel; the great glacier lies but a mile and a half away, and is very easy of access; while the railway company has provided Swiss guides for the benefit of aspiring mountaineers. Mountain goats are reported as abundant here and there are said to be some bears. But at Glacier, when we got there, it was snowing hard, a heavy fog lay over the valley and the great glacier was invisible; in fact, one could scarcely see from one end of the train to the other. We went on.

All day long the fog hung low and the snow continued to fall. Yet toward evening we rose higher and higher and drew nearer to the plains country, the sky brightened, the mists were sometimes swept away, and views, too brief to be described but stirring for beauty and grandeur, were had of stupendous mountain peaks.

It was late at night when Banff was reached, and here the ground was white with snow though the skies were clear. For a long time we had been within the borders of that vast reservation which is the Canadian National Park, answering to our Yellowstone National Park.

Banff lies in a narrow valley surrounded on all sides by jagged mountain peaks, sharp and high enough to stir the blood of the mountain climber. Originally the Canadian National Park was a modest reservation, but from time to time additions were made to it, and in 1902 its area was increased by nearly 5,000 square miles and it now contains within its boundaries some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, including towering mountain peaks, extensive glaciers, blue lakes, picturesque rivers and magnificent water falls. Over part of the park splendid roads have been built, and the beautiful drives from point to point of interest through spruce forests and along steep mountain side are easy and attrac- along steep mountain sides are easy and attracmer residence for many Canadians. There are large hotels and a great number of more or less modest cottages which are occupied by the visitors from spring to autumn. The number of tourists visiting Banff during the past year is said to have been more than 30,000, and others have been prevented from coming owing to lack of accommodations.

The Hot Springs, not far from the village, remind one somewhat of the Hot Springs of the Yellowstone Park, though they are not very extensive. The temperature of the water is only about 100. There are comfortable bath houses which are patronized by a considerable proportion of the visitors.

To many of those who go to Banff the most interesting local exhibition is that of the wild animals kept under fence in the park. These include buffalo, elk, moose and deer; coyotes, wolves, mountain lions, foxes and black bears, together with some birds and smaller animals. The buffalo herd is especially noteworthy. It consists now of more than sixty animals which are in absolutely perfect condition and are rapidly increasing. There are a dozen moose, about twenty elk and a good many deer.

The buffalo are chiefly the increase of a small herd donated to the Government some years ago by Sir Donald Smith, who afterward became Lord Strathcona. The master of the herd is a stupendous bull; there is a goodly proportion of cows and twelve calves of the year, one of which was born the day before we reached there, and showed the red color of the new born calves, while all his fellows were dark brown.

On the way to the park we were all on the lookout for wild animals, and presently as we passed an opening we saw standing in the edge of the quaking aspen brush two huge black creatures which we at once recognized as moose. One of these was two, the other three years old, we guessed; at all events they were young and were playing with each other—pretending to fight. The older of the two had a heavy dewlap hanging down in front of the bell, which both bulls possessed. We watched them for a long time with great interest, for they were so near to us that we could hear their horns clash as they played, and could witness every movement.

Driving on into the park we saw in the cages the various carrivorous animals and some of the birds. In the distance in the open were two or three buffalo and two huge black animals which were evidently buffalo hybrids, and which a

A BUGEYE.

closer inspection showed to be part buffalo and part polled angus. They were hornless and very large and possessed marked humps.

Following tracks in the snow we found, a little further on, half a dozen buffalo grazing among some quaking aspen sprouts, but the main group could not be seen. We drove near to those we had found. They were feeding in businesslike fashion in three or four inches of snow, never lifting their heads from the ground, but tearing off the grass and pushing their heads forward, moving the snow before them.

After a little further search, the main group was found near the shed and here were seen the twelve calves of the year. Among the herd were several cows that were curiously pale in color on the hips, almost a golden, which was hardly darker than the long hair on the hump. The horns of the older calves had started.

Driving through the park we saw two or three wild coyotes and four ravens. These last seemed to devote themselves to an inspection of the ground from which the buffalo had pushed away the snow, or they sat on the fence posts and made curious gurgling and croaking sounds, reminding one in attitude and the look of their heads and throats of a brown thrasher or a catbird, as one sees them singing in spring.

The caged animals were all in fine condition, but the bears were not seen, for they had retired for their winter's sleep.

As we were driving out of the park, I saw in the brush, ahead and to the right, two or three elk—a splendid bull with a great head—a three year old, an old cow and a yearling. They were very gentle and paid no attention to us, but fed busily on the grass. In this same enclosure with the elk are the twelve moose, all the deer and a single prong-horned antelope. Goats have been brought here, but have not lived. The moose are the progeny of three calves captured some years ago, and reared on the bottle.

There is here the beginnings of a magnificent zoological park, which we do not doubt will be greatly developed in time. The park is in charge of Mr. Howard Douglass, who is greatly interested in its success. It is one of the loveliest spots in America. Yo.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Recent Deaths.

JAMES RILEY, who died at his home at Sayville, Long Island, last week, was until recently the fish culturist of the South Side Sportsman's Club at Oakdale. This position he held for nearly thirty years, the club granting him a pension at the time of his retirement, two years ago.

The daily press recounts the death of Amory R. Starr at Marshall, Tex., on Dec. 15, at the age of 75 years. About twenty years ago, he achieved much fame as a writer on kennel subjects, chiefly as a keen satirist. The freaks and foibles of the kennel world in the early '80s afforded a broad field for his talented pen. He was identified with field trials of the Southwest in a modest way, and was an active field and duck shooter for sport's sake only.

A Cruise in a Converted Canoe.—III.

NIGHT on a salt creek in the middle of a wide, dark marsh across which a stranger could not venture without imminent danger of sinking into bottomless mud, is in itself a sensation. If one is on a stranded hulk in the midst of the black, swirling water the sensation is much more interesting. I suppose that the longings which lead men away from home and comfort into tramps of hardship are, in the last analysis, but the desire for the weird, quavering, awesome loneliness which one finds in the wide, the silent or the wild places. At least, it seems to be so with me. I would go far and endure much to experience the indescribable pleasures usually discovered only in the strange and out-of-the-way places.

I know that Rusk had some such feeling of joy as we faced the problem set for our solution by a tipping, grounded launch on a chilly night far from other shelter.

"There's one thing we haven't tried," Rusk said, "we can get overboard and try to shove the boat off the bar."

We shivered—it was almost frosty cold, and the wind was penetrating. A little thought on the subject decided us, and we at last stepped overboard, into water that felt much warmer than the air. We heaved together, and in a minute something started. The boat began to slide along the sand, and almost before we knew it, was afloat. We came very near being in a worse predicament than before, for the boat floated out over the deep water almost out of reach, leaving us stranded on the reef. But somehow we kept hold and got aboard. I made the bow line fast to a muskrat trap stake on the bank and we sought the cabin in a most cheerful frame of mind. There are men who cannot appreciate what they call the "discomforts" of a roughing-it trip. They will do well to confine themselves to picnic excursions on towed barges, for cruising in a small launch will bring out their worst characteristics. Especially should they refrain from venturing into the salt creeks of the Chesapeake marshes.

It was bright moonlight, and the wind still swept over the grass in a gale, burring and lisping. The pine woods along the edge of the marsh roared. In whatever direction we looked, it was gloomy and beautiful. It was a truly wild and romantic place, though we were only an hour or two from the bridge, and doubtless back at the edge of the woods were shacks on stilts where lived the trappers whose snares we saw on all sides.

When morning came, the scene was but little different from that of the moonlight. We could see a little plainer, but that was all. Slaughter creek seemed more uncanny than before. It maintained a width of two or three rods, with occasional bays. The tide was very low at 7 A. M., exposing mud and sand bars in mid stream, while hundreds of muskrat holes showed dark under the overhanging lumps of grass. Down from the bank were countless slides, or muskrat runways. In pools back from the creek were the domes of rat houses. As far as we could see, there was a forest of snare and trap spring-poles. The wires were taken from the trigger, but the little stick swaying in the wind on the end of a bit of twine indicated the fate of countless little rodents. The things were heinous in their suggestiveness. A thousand gibbets, even for muskrats, do not add to the beauty of any scene.

The marshes of the Chesapeake Bay are famous trapping grounds. Dozens of the largest ones are cut up into muskrat farms, on which the owners do not sow, but reap annually a harvest of fur. A little marsh of three or four acres will yield scores of rats, and a farmer who has one of these marshes on his place not infrequently rents it to a trapper for a price that makes the land as valuable as any that he has, acre for acre. One muskrat marsh near Cambridge sold for $900 last spring, and certain islands and flats rent for from $50 to $100 or more for the trapping rights. Many a trapper catches $500 to $1,000 worth of fur on his own, or other men's land. Some of these trappers

AN OYSTER TONGER.

hire men to work for them, tending traps and the furs. An evil feature of the whole business is the fact that these trappers also shoot for market, killing more ducks by hundreds than sportsmen in the same neighborhood. They sell the ducks to Baltimore commission merchants, who reship most of them to New York. Even the carcasses of muskrats are shipped and sold by the barrelful to New York, where they are served up as nobody knows just what kind of game. The muskrat meat is very dark, but has a fair flavor if one parboils and seasons it right. All the meat markets on the east shore carry them in stock in season, and sell them four or five for a quarter. During the day we came to signs on the banks of the creek which read: "No Ratting Here!"

The public marshes, of which there are a few, have been literally trapped to death. Prolific as the muskrat is, one-half mile section on Slaughter Creek yielded but half a hundred rats last winter. It should have given trappers thousands of rats.

We moved slowly up the creek with the flood tide. We had no fear of grounding, for if we did ground the tide would soon lift us clear. Here and there were woodlots in the pineries, with cordwood piled up waiting for transportation over the roads which came even to those wet places. Now and then we had to stop to consider which branch to take, and once we ran into a blind slough, soon bringing up against a mud reef that was impassable, high or low. Finally we came to "The Broadwater." It looked deep, but the moment we left the narrows, the boat began to punch into the mud. A dozen times we went aground, and once had to wait half an hour to get clear. Finally we backed out, and returned to another branch and started up a very narrow course. Far ahead of us was a bridge, and it seemed as though it must be the right way, but when we came to it, we found that it would be impossible to get the boat under the beams.

Apparently we would have to turn about and take the outside route to Hooper's Island, and other places along Honga River, but while we debated, a lank youth came shuffling along the raised dirt road. He was a frightfully unhealthy specimen of humanity, and his yellow blotched face spoke volumes about the summer conditions in those back marshes. Malaria, poor food and impure blood had reduced his voice to a squeak and his movements to those of a worm. He had forgotten how to get through the creek, but he knew that we couldn't go anywhere beyond a clump of brush which we could see. The driver on an ox-team wagon which came along said the way was through the Broadwater, and that boats did go through sometimes, but he did not know the way.

We tried again in the Broadwater. Five times we ran aground, but at last, driving through an open among some fish pond stakes, we struck the channel and followed it to the far end of the still water, where once more two ways opened before us. A fisherman's house appeared back among some trees, and Rusk went to ask the way.

While he was gone, I visited a "hill" which

loomed in the woods near the boat. The rise was all of four feet high, and on one side of it among the pines and a few hardwoods, was a grave with a wooden headstone. Beyond the woods was a bit of flat land which had been cleared and planted to wheat. Some orchard trees, some berry bushes and a tiny garden completed the agricultural arrangements. The house was raised above the ground on piles, and evidently the tides sometimes overflow most of the little "dry land" in sight.

Having found the fishermen at home, Rusk learned the way. None of the family had ever been in a gasolene boat, so Rusk gave all hands a ride—men, women and children. Far as they were from "anywhere," luck was with the family. That morning the nets in the bay reached through narrow inlets, contained 250 shad and 4,000 herring—more than $140. In two months' fishing the year's living is earned. They called the creeks "ditches," and said that they were "lined with oysters." One man there went into a little hole and tonged a hundred bushels one day. With such fishing and such oystering, and a little patch of garden truck and fruit, it would be strange if people did not go there to live, in spite of mosquitoes, malaria and isolation.

The fishermen did not think we could get through to Golden Hill on the Honga River, because the way was long, and "prongs" that lead into pockets numerous. Still, they helped us all they could, which was enough: We were to turn to the left at third prong down, not counting such and such little ditches. If we made a mistake, we'd find ourselves running out into the Chesapeake, or bringing up at somebody's landing. All the way they promised we would find mud and sand bars disputing our progress. Some places were especially bad, and these were wide ones, sure to confuse us. Nevertheless, we started, and once out of the broadwater—deep enough because of rising tide now—we came into the narrow way which was far from straight. Standing on the bow, pole in hand, I could see for a mile or more. In every direction were patches and gleams of water, our own course taking us toward every point of the compass. We recognized the bay prong easily enough, but ahead of us were other prongs which were unmapped, and which the fishermen had failed to mention. There were Z-angles and S-turns, and our way was far from clear. Once we ran into a bay-like pocket on the far side of which some men were rolling logs into the water, making ready to raft them down the creek to the bay. We couldn't get within 100 rods of them by any channel we found in the bay, so we turned back and followed new "prongs" and creeks.

Long since we had lost track and count of the prongs and ditches. At last, however, we came to a bend in the marsh, and in the distance discovered a group of buildings and a bridge. We had a final wrestle with obscure and devious waterways, landing on a mud bar in a wide-water when almost within reach of the channel, and then slid down into deep, narrow waters. Long since Rusk had ceased to go on a "slow bell." Jamming the controller to its highest notch, we plugged ahead at full speed, regardless of what was ahead.

The last half mile was all deep, narrow water, and we came to the bank near a pleasant home on a knoll in the marsh. Ahead of us, just beyond the bridge was the Honga River, miles wide, and not more than two feet deep on the average. At low tide the flats are exposed over hundreds of acres. Here is great hunting at times, geese and ducks coming in by thousands. Decoys on the bank indicated that the birds did not escape unscathed.

Jerome Travis lived in the pleasant, tree-surrounded house. He told us that the little creek was lined with oysters, which his mother-in-law cultivated with great profit. In the fall "rock," or striped bass, come into the creeks till the water is alive with them. The tide current is too swift for nets, so few are taken. But one can get a barrel full with hook and line.

Here Rusk found an opportunity for argument. The fine old lady of the house was an ardent Methodist, and Rusk explained to her some of the mysteries of Buddha, Mohammed, telepathy, Indian beliefs, etc. It was in talking on mental telepathy that Rusk made his listeners straighten up and stare.

"My wife and I don't have to write to each other," he would say. "If anything happened to me, she'd know it instantly. And I'd know if anything happened to her."

He would say it with a droll earnestness that left a listener wondering whether to laugh or be polite. Sometimes, after he had been holding forth for a while, listeners would come around to me and want to know what I thought of Rusk and his stories.

"You mus' know something about him!" one said. "'Pears like you must have seen him do some of those things—can he realy talk to hisn's wife way off yonder?"

Travis showed us the way across Honga River flats to the channel, and pointed out the landmarks we should steer by. Once past a certain fleet of boats we would be in plenty of water, and then could head straight for Fishing Creek, our next destination.

We saw Fishing Creek from afar. The white buildings there were unmistakable. We bore down on them and were for heading straight into the bridge, but as we approached the creek, men rose from seats in the lee of a crabpacker's shed, and raised their hats high in the air, yelling warnings. Rusk jammed the wheel hard down, and came about, and just in time, for we were headed for a long reef, from which it would have been a difficult matter to get afloat, for it was high tide. Our chart showed soundings, and we cleared the reef and came into the creek.

The "creek" was a mere strait connecting Honga River and Tar Bay. Across the creek was a pile bridge with a wooden drawbridge having a 26-foot span. This was the main highway from Cainbridge. Leaping from island to island, the road crossed the flatlands through a most interesting region, running down the Hooper chain of islands and finally ending in the waving marsh grass of the "Lower Island." Over this route came the mail every day, stopping at each post office where it was greeted by a crowd coming to see the little bunch of letters "sorted."

Our engine was quickly the center of attraction. Every man there was a bayman, and they all talked of their boats, their merits and their requirements, as down east farmers discuss mowing machines, cows and fertilizers. Somehow, the lives of some classes of people seem to have so much more in them than others. Here were men whose daily lives had in them the full flavor, the lively romance of the undulating waters, while inland were others bounded by the four corners of their fields. It is true that one can stand over his potatoes and grow enthusiastic as the vines grow up, and as the beetles are fought back. One can find depth and breadth and height of rare loveliness in a farmer's life, especially if the fields climb the slopes toward the skies as in some Alleghany valleys. But to my mind, such lives cannot rival those of the island men whose outlook is upon the sea, and whose thoughts are saturated with salt water. Man for man, class for class, the real, gripping enthusiasm of love for one's work is found oftener among those who follow the sea, or the forest, than among the grubbers of the soil. It looks as though the rougher, more dangerous occupation called to them the men with strains of heroism in their souls, for who else would stay down by the sea facing its storms, cut by sun and sleet, braving many heroic kinds of death, when greater profit could be had inland? But no—

> "Would I change with my brother a league inland?
> 'Ware shoal! 'Ware shoal! Not I!"

We were tied to the bridge, and under us were the bones of an old schooner which had been flung there by a storm, and sunk against the piling. Above the water, against the woods and houses were masts, and along the water front were little craft, including hunting punts like little board canoes. Every boy, apparently, came down to the water's edge to play. They jumped in and out of the boats, and paddled the loose ones to and fro, experimenting with the oars. If one climbed a tree, it was to swing ropes from the limbs. Even the men tied knots of many kinds with strings, or whittled boat models with their knives. No matter in what direction one looked, or with whom one talked, there was no interest save that the water had to offer. Even the pretty girl who clerked in her father's store at the end of the bridge came in a little sailboat rather than walk half the distance along the road. A young man sailed across the Honga Sound to call on his sweetheart, tying his craft to the bridge as handily as a farmer lad would hitch a horse. The steamer landing was eight miles away, and when the islanders went to town, they rowed or sailed down to the dock, and left their boats tied there till their return from Baltimore or whatever other place they had gone to.

We were in an uncomfortable berth. Fishing Creek was a mere strait between the Honga and Tar Bay, and the waves washed in out of the wide water in a disquieting way. A great, whirling storm was coming up, the wind veering slowly from point to point of the compass. Down in the west, across Tar Bay, black clouds rose as night came on the second day of our stay. Look what way we might, there was no shelter for us from the west or east winds. Two sloops were tied to the end of the crabbing dock beside the bridge. A little half-inch line was all that held them fast, although a big anchor cable led out into the creek. To this single strand I added two or three good stout ropes which were coiled up on the decks. Then we swung the Virgie Lee astern of one of the sloops by a fairly long line, and passed the night riding a moderate, but most disquieting sea. We couldn't tell when the wind would shift far enough to swing us back broadside against the dock or boats. Rain fell at intervals, pounding like sleet on the cabin top—wood covered with canvas. Each shower brought a shift in the wind, and each shift meant a look around in order to be sure that we were safe. We had to keep a sharp notion in mind of what we would do in certain contingencies, and be ready to do it. Then, the first we knew, we were aground. Our boat swung around against the mud beside the dock, and stuck. We couldn't push off, and we could only wait for the coming of the tide. Fortunately, the waves were from a safe quarter during the interval, else we would have had them rolling in over the side.

In the morning we were afloat once more, and we had to stir out at daybreak to retie to the dock, for one of the sloops was going out to the pounds. It was a great sight to see the little skimming dish, 39-footer, whirl around and head out for Tar Bay in the gale. They had a time of it out at the nets, too, for the wind was worse than ever. They could get only about half the shad out of their nets, and when they got their fish boat to the schooner, they had to leave the anchor buoyed, being unable to get it up. While she was still in Tar Bay, the pound of the waves against her sides, and the roar of the "bone in her jaws" was distinctly audible. She came in to the dock, and proved to have 220 shad, and bushels of herring—both kinds of fish being the largest they had ever taken. Some of the herring were put ashore in boxes, but the shad must go to the steamer landing eight miles down Honga Sound.

A good crowd was down to see the catch, most of the men being clad in oil skins. Some few bought a hundred herring at 50 cents a hundred, but most of them wanted only a "mess" at a cent apiece. Having sold what he could, the captain got ready to cast off, and two men ran out on the draw to run the bridge-way open. The gale was now from almost south, and the boat was lying against the north side of the creek. To clear the dock, get headway and not hit the mud flat straight ahead was the captain's task. The crew—two men—got the boat clear of the dock by hauling in the anchor line, and jerked the anchor off the bottom. Then one ran to hoist the sail, but the wind was too much for him, and the boat was driven broadside into the mud. Thereupon the onlookers howled. The sloop's crew loked angry, and set grimly to the task of poling off with

18-foot oars, while even the small boys gave them advice on trimming the sails.

Very quickly the boat was shoved off, and, gathering headway, fled toward Tar Bay, a white fog of spattered rain drops sliding over the sheets. The draw was open now, and with nearly 200 yards' start, the captain brought the sloop about and crouched behind the wheel and stared ahead at the 26-foot opening through which he must take his 13-foot-wide boat. The gale was coming with fury, and there was no reef in either sail—the "Cap'n's too mad to reef!"—and the boat was six streaks under as she came to the draw and shot through, while men on the end of the bridge dodged down because the foresail came at their heads.

"The Cap'n's shore mad!" a man repeated as he saw the boat strike out into the Honga under full sail. The men were hanging to the deck, as it heeled, and once she went so far over that we could see her centerboard plainly. Even the mad Captain couldn't stand for that and had to luff up.

"She's got too much sail on! Oughter be double reefed!" one shouted that he might be heard above the storm. "Hue! Like to went clean over! Too much sail—that man's a devil carrying sail! He'll shore blow that stick out of 'er!"

"No he won't!" answered the man who built the boat. "she'll go over first—I know that stick!"

Then the captain, after luffing up half a dozen times, was seen to toss his head as though shouting an order. The two men scrambled forward and began to take in the jib, and a minute later they were off again. Even then, the baymen on the bridge, shouting glad and excited at the brave spectacle of the little boat in the gale, watched her till she passed out of sight around a headland of woods.

"Her cargo's a-shiftin' an' a-slidin'—you can tell the way she's handlin'!" one man exclaimed like a fog horn. "I bet them fish is all to the port side now. That's what happened when she come in this mohnin', they said."

And then, as though this were not quite enough for the day, up spake one storm-lover and said:

"By Gad! I could take my boat, and beat her right now!"

It was a goodly thing to hear. I doubt if a man can be prouder of any possession than he can of his staunch, storm-defying boat. Certainly, the things that plow the water are better to look upon than those which raise a dust.

Raymond S. Spears.

Hunting and Fishing Exposition.

In May and June, 1907, there will be held at Antwerp, Belgium, an International Hunting and Fishing Exposition under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, and with Prince Albert as Honorary President. The committee on hunting met recently at Brussels at the office of the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. Polain, director of a bank at Liege, in the chair. There were present Messrs. Chas. Francotte, Baron Fallon, Vander Molen, president of the executive committee, Col. Liger, Lieut. Col. Tournay, Commandants Mathieu and Morel, Delvaux-Debreyne, de Contreras, general secretary of the executive committee. During the meeting it was decided that an international exhibition of hunting weapons should be organized during the exposition. This is a project which is likely to attract to Belgium the nimrods of all countries. There will be likewise a section devoted to old-time hunting weapons, which will be not less attractive. In fact, with the well known interest of Messrs. Francotte and Polain, the gun factories of Liege will be brilliantly represented. The secretary of the exposition is Mr. J. Mertens, at Antwerp.

STIMULATION WITHOUT REACTION.

After a day of enjoyable spmort, it is wise to choose a drink which helps to restorde the vital powers rather than one which tends to deplete them, as in the case with many drinks. Borden's Malted Milk is delicious, concentrated, nourishing, invaluable to the camper, made ready for use by adding water, hot or cold.—*Adv.*

Camp Don't Hurry.

III.—Fishing Begins.

When we got back to camp Robert had just returned with his catch—one German brown trout eighteen inches long, a real beauty. I noticed that he looked happy, which was natural enough, but there was also a sheepishness about his face, which in my enthusiasm over the fish I did not try to account for.

After a minute Henry said, "Robert, when I go in swimming I usually take my clothes off first."

"So do I," said Robert, "when I have time; but this was a hurry call."

Then I saw that he was soaking wet, even to his hair and hat. Henry said, "I consider it going rather too far in the way of bait experiments, to throw one's self in, particularly on the part of a person who claims never to use anything but flies."

Then Robert told us how it happened. "I took the rod," said he, "just as I'd used it yesterday on the small creek, and didn't think till I'd started fishing that the reel only had fifty feet of line on it, and several years old at that, so it was likely weak. It didn't seem as if there was chance enough of getting a good rise, with the water so high, to pay to come back to camp for another reel. After I'd thrashed away for half an hour among the boulders under the cave bank and never seen a fin, I tried it lower down, where the stream spreads out more. The third cast I made opposite the springs, this old fellow came out like a skyrocket and hooked himself. I could see I was in for trouble, and probably goin' to lose him. I didn't believe that line would land a ten-inch trout in that current. He started right down stream, and I followed along on the bank to help the line as much as I could; but he ran out the whole length in just no time. He didn't know how near he had me or he wouldn't have turned, but he did turn, and went up stream. That gave me a chance to reel in a little. Then he ran under a boulder and sulked for five minutes. I worked out into the creek, reeling in as I went. All at once he jumped clean out of the water and shook his head, but couldn't get loose. Next he took for shore, and I thought he was goin' clean up to camp; but he came back and went right by my legs, toward the other bank. It's as much as a hundred yards across there, and I knew fifty feet of rotten line would never reach it, so I chased after him in about two feet of water and give him slack as fast as he went. He had most all of it when I stepped on a sloping flat stone and began to fall. I slipped and slid, and plunged and lurched, till I didn't know but I was goin' to tumble clean out of the creek on the other side, but I couldn't get my balance, and went down kersouse. Of course, I supposed I'd lost him, but I kept the rod above water, and that was all that was above, too. When I got righted up he was fast yet, and wheeling off down stream in a circle. He kept that up till he had worked clean around me, and never gave me a chance to get in anything on the reel. Finally he sulked again. He must have been there fully ten minutes, and I got pretty well up to him, when he let up, and sagged away toward the current. I could see he was weakening, and I played him carefully. He plunged two or three times more, but there wasn't much spunk left in him, so I worked him toward shore, and was putting the net under him, when he made one more spurt. It didn't last long and the next time he came in on his side, and that settled it.

"After this," Robert went on, "I bet I'll have line enough so that if a fish wants to start out on an excursion, I won't have to go along. I don't object to an occasional foot race, but the bottom of that creek is a mighty poor track. Now, you fellows trot out a hot whiskey and cook that trout—he's so long you'll have to use the pancake griddle—while I get on some dry duds."

Henry had built a table that morning, and we spread out supper on it right at the edge of the cliff, under one of the beech trees. From that time on this spot was our dining room, and we never ate anywhere else, except in rainy weather, when we used to carry the table into a tent. The foliage on this tree was so dense that we often had a meal there during quite a shower, without getting wet.

After supper we sat around the fire, and discussed the merits of different flies, while Robert told us what kinds he tried that day, and which one he was using when he caught the trout.

"Well," said Henry, "it's been a pretty important time for you, Robert. It's not often that one can catch as large a fish as that and get baptized all in the same day."

"Oh, you're jealous," Robert retorted, "and you make me think of Mary Conklin. She lived next door to us when I was about six years old. I guess she must have been a couple of years older than I, and she was a terribly selfish, hateful dispositioned youngster. I used to get along with her all right if people would let me alone; but if anybody gave me anything, or praised me a little, then there was trouble. Once I had the measles," Robert continued, "and I must have been pretty sick, for the family got a good deal scared about it, and the neighbors, of course, took an interest and kept inquiring how I was getting along. Just as soon as I commenced to get a little better, people would bring jelly to me or any other thing they happened to have that was likely to please a boy. Of course, Mary heard them talking about it, and she just couldn't stand it to have me attracting so much attention. All the jelly and kindness that I got was gall and wormwood to her.

"There had been a revival going on in town that winter, and when it was over, of course, there was a lot of folks to be baptized, and Mary was one of them. I remember it was a nice, pleasant day, and I was well enough, so mother let me go out in the yard a little while, and I was out there when Mary got back from meeting. She ran right up to the fence, and sticking her spunky litle face over it, she snapped out, 'There, Mr. Bruce, you needn't be so stuck up about your old measles, I've been baptized.'"

Next morning, just at dawn, we were awakened by the dogs barking, and when I opened my eyes, the old bear hunter stood in front of the tents looking at us as we lay in bed, and he had a good-natured grin all over his face. Henry and I had seen him before, and knew his name, but we preferred to think of him as "the old bear hunter."

He was a big, sandy-faced man, powerful as an ox, with the mild and gentle disposition that is often found when strength, good digestion and contentment combine to bless a man. He wore rubber boots, blue overalls, calico shirt, faded coat, and the whole figure topped off by a slouch hat. A piece of cord slung over the shoulder held a lantern, which dangled by his side. In one hand was a small pail of live bait, and a reed fish pole, while with the other he carried about twenty trout strung on a willow crotch.

His home was several miles up the little creek, which flowed by the camp, and he had fished down purposely to make us an early call. Although he did not say so, we knew perfectly well that he had taken this method to bring us a catch, for his long experience with strangers to the mountains had taught him to doubt the ability of new-comers, so far as catching trout was concerned. It was a labor of love on his part. To wander along the stream in the middle of the night and listen to the night sounds, with the prospect of bringing up in the morning at a camp where there would be men of his own taste, and a good warm breakfast, was his idea of enjoyment.

The dogs stopped barking and came wiggling around him, as if they had always known him—dogs are pretty good judges of human nature. We all turned out to give the visitor a welcome, and in a few minutes the fires were

burning, coffee boiling, pancakes stirring and bacon frying. It was going to take a little time to get everything ready, so I asked the guest to go with me to the spring for a pail of water, and it was delightful to see his eyes snap as I drew a flask from a hollow log, and remarked upon the morning air being rather chilly. He tasted it and said it was "g-r-a-n-d." and then asked why we kept it there. I told him it was just to have it handy, and he said it was a "g-r-a-n-d idea." I have never seen another person who could put so much meaning into the word "grand." It was his favorite way of expressing approval, and he used it not only continually, but pleasingly.

The old man had insisted that some of his trout be cooked, and it was a great feast that four hearty men ate that morning under the beech tree, on the bank of the Esopus, just as the sun peeped over the mountain.

After breakfast we showed him our tackle, and he told us which of the flies were best suited to that locality, for although when he wanted trout he used whatever lure was most likely to get them, he was nevertheless an expert fly-fisherman. As we talked and smoked he described the streams for miles about; told us where the best holes were located, and the short-cuts over the mountains to them. There was not a brook, a path, or a ledge of rocks in all that region that he did not know. He told how the season before, while digging gingseng on Cold Brook Mountain, he had almost stepped upon a pair of rattlesnakes so long that after he had killed them and hung them on a pole over his shoulder, the rattles dragged upon the ground and some were broken off before he reached the village.

We had heard of his capture of the snakes before, for rattlers there have been for many years so scarce that when he appeared with these it created a widespread comment. However, it was interesting to watch his excitement, as he described the start it gave him when he first discovered the coil-spring devils in his path.

When the morning was well advanced, he said he must go, for he really ought to get his corn planted; but it was plain to us that there was very little of his heart in the corn planting project. We willingly agreed to go and visit him, and he struck out for home.

The weather was too clear and bright for fishing, so, while Robert went to the village to get his boots tapped, Henry and I tinkered about the camp and played with the dogs.

Lassie was fond of being petted, and acted jealously if any attention was paid to Terry, but he did not seem to mind that, for he was too much occupied in just being a puppy. They had gotten along together fairly well, when let loose, but we could see that there was yet a little restraint and indifference between them. Henry was rolling Lassie on the ground, and having a general frolic with her, when Terry conceived the idea of taking a hand in the fracas, and commenced to gnaw her heavy coat. She resented this intrusion with a sharp snap, which on the spot started a good, brisk fight. Terry dropped his puppy ways instantly, and grabbed her by the back of the neck in a truly professional style, hanging on while she ran around the circle in front of the tents kiyi-ing bitterly. I had a small piece of board in my hands and started out to administer it, but the pace was so fast that I made the circuit twice before I got near enough, and then the first rap did not seem to attract Terry's attention. Gathering up, I went after them again, and the next blow was planted with plenty of intention back of it, so that the fight was adjourned. Both of them seemed to feel better for the encounter, and they soon became good friends. The incident made us a little suspicious of the theory that male and female dogs never fight; but perhaps Terry was too young to have good manners.

When Robert came back he brought a box which he had found awaiting us at the express office, and we pried into it in a hurry. It contained two new rifles which we had ordered in advance of the deer season, purposely so that we could help the farmers get rid of the woodchucks, and do a little target practice at camp. There were a good many cartridges in the box with the guns, so that the load had been rather heavy, counting the distance, and Robert began to make remarks about the "idea of bringing a whole arsenal into camp to be carried around." Henry said, "Why didn't you leave it for the team to bring up?" But he need not have asked the question, for if there was anything short of a ton and Robert was going to get his hands on the latest improved rifle by carrying it, that box was going to get carried.

We set up a target and practiced for an hour or more, until satisfied with the arrangement of the sights and who was the best shot. Terry was wild with delight, and raced from one to the other, prancing about, and smelling of the empty shells, for he had early learned the voice of a gun by my shooting a sparrow for him.

When we were through, Henry began to look for Lassie, and then it was recalled that she had not been seen since we commenced shooting. It took three hours to find her, and made our dinner late; but at length Henry discovered her two miles above the camp, evidently started for home. We were never able to train her to like the sound of a gun, and tying her was always a preliminary to target practice.

Frequently crows would light in the trees across the creek, and some one of us would go up stream a little distance, where we could get a clear view, and shoot at them. On such occasions it often happened that Lassie would be standing near the shooter, and at the report of the gun she would start to run away, while Terry would be as anxious to get to it, so that they would meet each other in following their different inclinations.

It clouded over in the afternoon, and we all went fishing, selecting different places. I went downstream and found a bar which crossed the creek diagonally, forming a long, deep channel on its lower side, between itself and the shore. There were shallow spots and boulders enough on the bar so that I worked out on it nearly to the head of the channel. I tried first near at hand, but had no luck, although the redfins were about as smart a lot as I ever came across, and often they would get the flies, and give an excellent representation of a trout.

After I was satisfied that the redfins had the ground to themselves, I let out more line and put some flies across the channel and under the bank. The first and second casts brought no response, but at the third a California rainbow came out as though he meant business. I was a little too quick for him, and he missed, for my rod was new and I had not become acquainted with it yet. Old rods are like old friends, and you know better what to expect of them. I tried once more, and between my being a little slower, and his coming a little harder, we managed it all right, and he went off down the channel, taking with him as much good new line as he liked, for I had plenty of it, and did not wish to be stingy, particularly in that current. Something about the arrangement did not suit him, for when he had about a hundred feet of start, he came out of the water with a rush and make a good sidewise jump. I had a fair view of him, and thought to myself "about one foot." He went perhaps ten yards further down, and contented himself with going back and forth across the run, jumping into the air at each turn. After a time he got tired of it and sulked, but his kind do not last as long as the German brown, so he gave up and came in.

I got another of the same kind and size a few feet below where the first one had struck, and it seemed to be all there were there. Then I worked about half way down the bar and made several casts as far as I could toward the bank, but nothing came of them until I changed flies. After that the first cast brought results. The line started off yanking and snapping, and the reel sung. I got my wits together and began to plan a campaign. My confidence in the supply of line vanished rapidly, and I wished I had all there was in camp. He was fifty yards downstream before I could think, and then went straight out of the water a good two feet. My eyes bulged, for he looked nearer the size of a codfish than any trout I had ever seen. He started up over the bar with the line threading among the boulders. When almost to the top he turned and went back into the channel, swimming upstream faster than I could reel in, so that the line slackened. The hook seemed to be pretty well bedded, and when I got taut on him again he was trying the head of the rift. He made that, and circling about above the bar, came down again across the lower part of it. I saw him frequently during this trip, and each time he seemed larger. In fact, I was surprised at the smallness of my first impression. He took a resting spell and I worked down toward him.

About a hundred yards below, the whole creek broke into a long wide rift, which extended as far as I could see. When the trout started again it was for this rift, and I fought as much as the tackle would stand, but he forged steadily ahead, and was almost to the brink before he stopped. Then he took two or three turns back and forth across stream, and I began to have hopes of getting him. Just as he seemed weakening, he made one more lunge, whipping around a rock into the swift water, and my line fell limp.

A sickening sensation went through me, and as I slowly turned the reel, the line came sneaking in like a whipped cur.

It was supper time, and as I wearily dragged myself back to camp, I meditated much upon the incident. If only I had that trout to show to the others, how much better idea they could get of its size. Clearly it was my duty to describe him as accurately as possible. I determined that at least they should not be deprived of that pleasure, little as it was. But how to picture him, what to compare him to, that was the question. I was at the table before I thought of a fitting object to give a clear idea of his dimensions. I explained the circumstances as well as I could, giving all the details, and they listened in breathless astonishment, as I told them that in length, breadth and thickness he was about the size of a railroad tie.

After a minute Robert asked, "Did he bark or anything?"

The catch had been more than was needed at camp, so we went to Mr. Chatman's house and divided with the family. One could see the appetite that goes with mountain air, and outdoor life when he watched the eyes that followed each fish, as Robert took the trout one at a time from the basket and stretched them side by side in the pan which Mrs. Chatman brought.

"We all like fish here," she said, "but we haven't had any in most two years, for my husband never gets time to catch a mess, although we have all kinds of game, from quail to bear's meat. Men are dreadfully set in their habits," she continued; "he's got the hunting habit so strong he can't change to fishing. It's a good deal like an old gander my father used to have, that got so in the habit of fighting everybody that he couldn't stop when he wanted to. We put up a straw man for a scarecrow in the cornfield, and the old goose went at it and most worked himself to death before he found out it wasn't alive."

Mr. Chatman replied that he did not like to see people whiffling about all the time. He said, "If one's strong point is woodchucks, I believe in sticking to woodchucks."

We visited with the family until quite late, so that it was dark going back through the woods, but we could not lose the path, for it was hedged on either side by thick undergrowth. The trail was so narrow that we had to go Indian file, and even then the new-born leaves of the saplings slapped our faces as we trod noiselessly over the carpeting of moss and pine needles.

Winfield T. Sherwood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURAL HISTORY

Familiar Insects.

VI.—The Grasshopper and its Allies.

If you compare a grasshopper, a butterfly, a wasp, a horsefly, a bumblebee, or a dragon-fly—each or all—with an earthworm, what is the most essential difference? So far as general appearance goes the earthworm is composed of a series of smooth rings or segments, arranged in line one after the other. Except for slight differences in size of the segments at each end, and for one swollen portion near the front of the body, the rings resemble each other. Two ways in which the insects named differ from the earthworm at once suggest themselves. The insects have legs, wings and antennæ attached to the segments of the body; and the segments themselves, where they are visible as such, are arranged in groups, each group being separated from others by narrow constrictions.

In each of the insects named the rings or segments are arranged in three groups, although the divisions between the segments of the two groups are so obliterated that it is difficult to trace them. In the hinder group, however, they are movable and easily distinguished. Each group of segments is commonly recognized as a division of the body; the three divisions of the grasshopper, the bee, or the butterfly are named head, thorax and abdomen.

If you examine a grasshopper carefully, one of the first things you notice is that the body is divided into these three divisions. At the front end is the *head*; just back of it are two parts bearing the legs and wings, and together forming the *thorax*; back of the thorax is a part divided into free moving rings; this is the *abdomen*.

The head varies considerably in shape with different species of grasshoppers, but in general it is larger above than below. From near the middle of the front side project two slender feelers or antennæ, each of which is composed of a number of distinct rings or segments joined together. Just above the base of each antenna is a large compound eye, the surface of which when seen by the unaided eye seems smooth and shining, but which under moderate magnification is seen to resemble the surface of a honeycomb, it having a great number of hexagonal divisions; these are the *facets* which make up the compound eyes.

The simple eyes, of which there are three on the grasshopper's head—two between the compound eyes and one above—are very different in structure, being merely small round lens-like objects. These simple eyes are called *ocelli*.

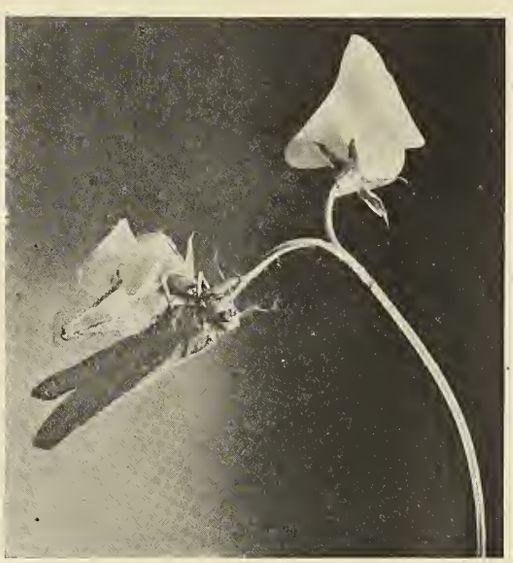
On the lower side of the head are situated the mouth-parts of the grasshopper. Beginning from above, we first see a large four-sided flap or lip which moves up and down on a hinge; this is the upper lip or *labrum*. Immediately below the labrum there is a pair of rather large jaws or *mandibles*, attached at the base so as to move sidewise, and having irregular teeth on their outer ends. On the inside of the mouth between the mandibles the *tongue* may be seen. Below this is a second pair of jaws called *maxillæ*, while still lower is the *labium* or under-lip.

Directly back of the head there is a large cape-like segment, bearing no wings but having a pair of legs on its lower side. This is the first division of the thorax; it is called the prothorax. The remainder of the thorax is made up of two divisions united to each other. The first division behind the prothorax is the mesothorax; it bears the middle wings and legs. Behind this is the metathorax which bears the hind pairs of wings and legs.

The front pair of wings are long and slender and serve as a protective covering to the hind pair when at rest. The latter are then folded in longitudinal plaits like a fan. When the grasshopper is flying the front wings are extended at right angles to the body, and the hind wings are stretched out.

The abdomen is composed of a number of rings or segments, which move freely at their points of contact. In female specimens the abdomen ends in four pointed projections; by means of which is made the hole in the ground for the eggs; these form the ovipositor or egg-depositor, for the eggs of most of our grasshoppers are deposited late in summer or early in autumn in the ground.

GRASSHOPPER LAYING EGGS IN SOFT WOOD.



A CAROLINA LOCUST.
From Nature Biographies.

The insects generally choose for this purpose rather firm soil, such as that found along roadsides or in highland pastures. By means of the projections from the end of the abdomen the female locust works her abdomen into the ground where she leaves a mass of eggs, the number varying with the species, but usually several dozen. The eggs are enveloped in a peculiar mucus which hardens into a covering that shields the eggs from the wetness of the soil. Some species lay their eggs in rotten wood or in crevices in fence posts instead of in the soil.

The eggs are small yellowish objects, much longer than wide, slightly curved in the middle. In the case of most of our species they remain unhatched until rather late the following spring, when the little grasshoppers emerge and feed upon the tender foliage about them. In a few days their size increases so much that they are too large for the skin with which they came into the world. So this skin splits open along the back, and the little 'hopper crawls out of it, having previously developed a new skin beneath the old one. During the next few weeks this molting process is repeated four times, wing-pads appearing the fourth time. Then a little later a final molt takes place, and the insect becomes a full-fledged grasshopper.

These changes as they take place in the case of the famous Rocky Mountain locust are illustrated herewith, from drawings by the late C. V. Riley. It will be noted that the young 'hoppers bear a general resemblance to the adults, though they are smaller and have no wings. The insect also remains active and feeds during the stage immediately preceding the adult. Thus the grasshoppers differ greatly from the caterpillars and butterflies, in which the early stages are not at all like the adult condition, and in which there is a quiet pupa stage when the insect is motionless and takes no food. Insects whose life stages resemble those of the grasshopper are said to have incomplete transformations, while those which develop like butterflies are said to have complete transformations.

The grasshoppers belong to the order *Orthoptera*, so called because of the straightness of their wings. This order includes also the crickets, cockroaches, katydids, walking sticks and mantids. Of those members of the order commonly found in the United States the walking sticks are among the most interesting. These curious creatures will at once be recognized, even by persons seeing them for the first time, for their common name is at once suggested by their form. The long, slender, cylindrical body, with the loosely fitting legs and antennæ, remind one of a twig or bit of stick. This resemblance is so striking that one is seldom likely to find a walking stick by merely looking for it, though often one can get them by beating branches over an open inverted umbrella. The body is two or three inches long, the females being somewhat larger than the males. The antennæ are about two-thirds as long as the body, and the front and hind legs somewhat shorter than the antennæ. The walking sticks are entirely destitute of wings. This is one of the most remarkable things about them; another is the unusual development of the thorax, the three divisions of which may be easily seen through a lens. The prothorax next the head is short and bears the first pair of legs near the middle of the under surface. The mesothorax is the longest segment of the body and bears the second pair of legs at its posterior end. The metathorax is a little shorter than the mesothorax and bears the third pair of legs also near its posterior end. Then follows the abdomen with its nine short joints, all together just about equalling in length the three thoracic segments.

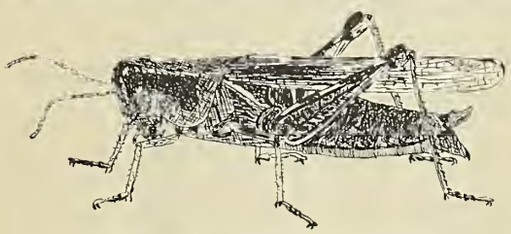
The common black crickets also belong to this same order. These are among the most familiar of summer insects. They are abundant everywhere in fields and woods, hiding by day under such shelter as they can find. You can easily make out the important points in the external anatomy of a cricket. The large, nearly square head, bears on each upper front corner a good-sized compound eye. Between these are the small simple eyes, appearing as minute white circular spots against the dark background of the head. Directly in front of each eye toward the median line arises one of the long, slender, tapering antennæ, having a large basal joint, with the rest of the joints appearing under a lens as short, slightly swollen cylinders. The mouth-parts are similar to those of the grasshopper, as is the rest of the body in much of its general structure.

The small yellowish eggs of crickets are deposited in masses in the soil about half an inch below the surface. They are laid in autumn and hatch the following spring into little crickets that

resemble the adults in general appearance, but have no wings. These grow gradually, molt several times, and become full-grown about midsummer. They feed on grasses, clover and a great variety of vegetable matter.

The tree crickets differ strikingly from the black crickets, being white or nearly so. These deposit their eggs in longitudinal rows in green canes. The eggs hatch early in summer into young crickets bearing a general resemblance to the adults, though without wings. They feed upon plant lice and other insects during their entire existence, being consequently in this way friends rather than foes of the fruit grower. By the latter part of summer they become fully grown. They are then of a pale, whitish-green color, about four-fifths of an inch long. The female cricket deposits her eggs in the tender, growing canes of raspberries, blackberries and grapes, and the twigs of maple, willow, catalpa, and several other species of trees. The injury thus done often causes the raspberries to die beyond the punctures, or else the damaged canes are broken off during the winter.

Fortunately for mankind, nature has developed along with the various species of destructive locusts a considerable number of animals that depend to a greater or less extent upon grasshoppers for subsistence. Some of these are predaceous, others are parasitic, but all are beneficial in checking grasshopper increase. Perhaps the most good is done by those insects which prey upon grasshopper eggs, as the 'hoppers are then most easily destroyed. The common blister



GRASSHOPPER OR LOCUST (MAGNIFIED).

beetles are among the most prominent of these egg-feeding species. The females of these beetles deposit their small eggs in masses of a hundred or more in the soil just below the surface. In about ten days the eggs hatch into curious little larvæ that burrow through the earth in search of the eggs of grasshoppers. A large proportion of them probably perish because they find no eggs to feed upon, but those that are successful go through a strange series of changes before finally going into the pupa state and later emerging as beetles. In addition to these blister beetles there are certain small red mites that devour grasshopper eggs.

The members of this order also have many enemies to contend with among the birds and other vertebrates. They form an important item in the food of a great variety of birds and are freely eaten by frogs, toads and other animals.

CLARENCE M. WEED.

The Raven.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The raven in this part of the country seems to be getting pretty rare. Some years ago a pair were observed in the woods of the Atlantic Highlands, but they soon disappeared and were probably shot. They exhibited an extreme shyness. Only in the very early morning did they venture forth from the woods to forage for food along the shore of the sea or the Shrewsbury River. On these excursions while one fed the other seemed to be constantly on guard. Apparently this vigilance did not avail them. At all events, they disappeared and no more of their kind have been observed there.

This species is known scientifically as *Corvus corax principalis.* It is a very striking bird, considerably larger than the crow, being twenty-six or twenty-seven inches in length, with a wing spread exceeding a yard. Its sombre plumage, roughened at the neck, its formidable beak, and its "evil eye" give it a decidedly unprepossessing appearance. In fact, it has all the air of a thoroughbred robber and to one of an imaginative turn something worse.

This interesting member of the family *Corvidæ* was once common enough hereabouts. An old naturalist, Giraud, speaks of often seeing it over Long Island; and prior to the coming of the white man to America it was probably almost as common as the crow, for never was a bird better

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LOCUST.
a, b, young nymphs; c, fully developed nymph or pupa; d, adult.

fitted to survive in the struggle for existence. Bold, sagacious, hardy and with an omnivorous appetite the raven can hold its own in any field. Then it is a prolific breeder, laying from six to seven eggs, and it is certain that the Indian held it in superstitious awe and did not molest it. But with the coming of the white man it was doomed to extinction. Countless ages of accumulated aversions and prejudices broke upon it, so to speak.

Perhaps—nay, certainly—there is no single bird so mixed up with the history of the old world as the raven. Nor is this difficult to understand. First, its appearance marked it for distinction; and second, its habits made it an object of curious, or fearful interest. Wherever there was

A WALKING STICK.
From Nature Biographics.

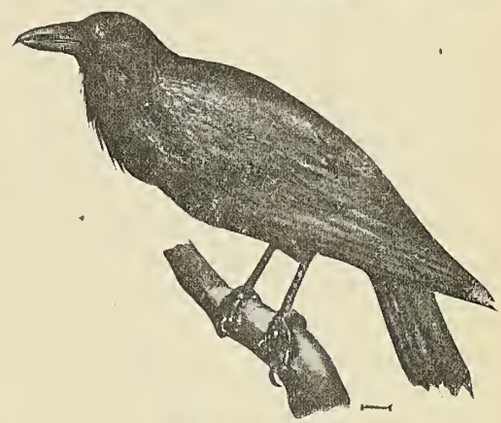
the prospect of a feast of dead men or animals there was the raven. And so keen was the bird's instinct in this regard, that it got the reputation of possessing prophetic powers. Thus we read that the descent of the Scythians upon Greece was presaged by a raven. And, to be sure, it gave due notice of the Black Death. The croakings of the bird, which seem to have something direful about them, added to the terror which its appearance inspired. And every croak or series thereof had its special significance, which was learnedly interpreted by soothsayers.

From being a prophet of general calamities it was an easy stage for the raven to become a prophet of particular. Death was supposed to be its specialty. If a raven flew over a sick man's house and croaked three times that man had better get ready for the other world. Says the poet Marlowe in "The Jew of Malta":

> Like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak
> And, in the shadow of the silent night
> Does shake contagion from her sable wing.

Macauley, the historian, gravely relates that a raven entered Cicero's bedchamber on the day of his murder and pulled the clothes off the bed. Again we are told that before "mighty Cæsar" fell, "the bird of ill omen" croaked in the streets of Rome. History, in short, is full of references to the gruesome character of the raven. Can we wonder therefore that such a sentiment grew up in regard to it? Singularly enough it was reserved for an American poet to give most perfect expression to this—Edgar Allan Poe in his weird poem of "The Raven."

In view of all this it is not a little strange and anomalous to find a benevolent character attributed to the raven, as we do in *Genesis* in the story of the preservation of Elijah in the wilder-



NORTHERN RAVEN.

ness. And Shakespeare in "Titus Andronicus." has written:

> "Some say that ravens foster forlorn children."

How such an idea ever came to exist it were indeed hard to say. But this character of benevolence certainly never took root in popular belief, or at any rate it was never regarded but as quite exceptional, as if Satan might have some moments of repentance.

The disappearance of the raven, then, from civilized haunts was inevitable. Prof. Newton tells us that it is only to be found in the wildest or loneliest parts of the British Isles and the day of its extinction there cannot be far distant. Here, of course, it will survive longer, having such vast areas of asylum. But by degrees these will grow fewer and more restricted, for the white man with his rifle is ever on the move. Still after no spot in the United States or lower Canada is free from his dominion the raven will have the great wilds of the north as a refuge. Indeed it ranges there now. Mr. Hanbury, a recent traveler, found it on the Arctic coast, and he says it winters there. A bird which can do that need not fear extinction at the hands of man.

FRANK MOONAN.

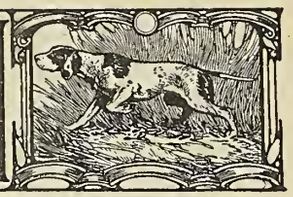
Hoofs of Deer Shed.

WANANISH, N. C., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What is the matter with our deer? In a recent camp hunt near here we killed eighteen; all of the grown ones had gone through some disease that caused the hoof to shed. In some cases the old hoof still telescoped on the new one.

The deer were in rather better flesh than usual at this season of the year.

I heard of some few finds of dead deer in the woods during the past summer, but evidently only a few died as they seemed fairly plentiful in our territory. We only found the skeleton of one which probably died from the disease. J. P. C.

GAME BAG AND GUN



A Close Season for Guns.

We have close seasons for fish and game, and the time has come for a close season for guns. Lumbermen in the Adirondacks not only denude the mountains, but also destroy more game and fish, in sections where lumber camps are located, than lawfully taken by guides, hunters and men employed in lumbering all put together. Lumber camps, the year round, are very largely supplied with venison. Nearly all men who work at lumbering in its various branches, in the Adirondacks, have guns in camp and use them almost invariably on Sundays and rainy days to provide "meat for camp."

Watching for deer, nights and mornings, at feeding places and salt licks, floating or jacking at night, driving deer with shooters on the runways, still-hunting and all other ways to get venison, are practiced by these lumbermen, even to killing deer when yarded in deep snow and by crusting. No fair or unfair, lawful or unlawful methods to get venison are left unused.

The lumberman's pocket and stomach are both hungry and he unlawfully takes both timber and game. This unlawful and exterminating taking of deer can be stopped by making it unlawful to have fireamrs of *any* kind in possession in the Adirondack park and forest preserves and *adjoining* counties during the close season for deer; provided, however, that a *citizen* may have firearms of his or her own in his or her own *permanent* house or residence, but not in lumber camps or camps of any kind, nor in temporary lodges, tents or buildings of resort for hunters, campers, fishermen, lumbermen, or any other persons, nor in the fields or woods, or on the waters within the Adirondack park, forest preserves and adjoining counties.

Maine has a law as follows: "The having in possession of any jack light, spear, trawl or net, other than a dip net, in any camp, lodge or place of resort for hunters or fishermen in the inland territory of the State, shall be *prima facie* evidence that the same is kept for unlawful use; and they may be seized by any officer authorized to enforce the inland fish and game laws. Whosoever is convicted of having any of the above named implements in his possession unlawfully as aforesaid, shall be fined fifty dollars and costs of prosecution."

(a) A law making it unlawful to have guns in the Adirondack park, forest preserves and adjoining counties should specifically cover every place, aside from the *permanent house* in which the owner of a gun or guns resides. It is thought our State laws define a *permanent* house as one built on a wall or underpinning in a permanent manner. (?)

(b) The open season for deer, foxes, rabbits and other game; for grouse, woodcock, ducks and other game birds should be at one and the same time, in order to have no excuse for having a gun outside of a *permanent* house or residence during the close season for deer.

(c) It is highly important that the game protectors be given absolute authority to *seize* any and all rifles, shotguns, revolvers, pistols or firearms of any and all kinds or make found outside of the *permanent* house in which the *citizen* who owns the gun or guns resides; and that full and definite provision be made for confiscating all firearms so *seized*, besides which the person offending, upon conviction, shall be made to pay a fine and the costs of prosecution or imprisoned; and the having in possession of any firearm outside of the owner's *permanent* house or residence, during the close season for deer, within the bounds of the Adirondack park and forest preserves and adjoining counties shall be *prima facie* evidence against the person or persons in whose possession such firearms may be so found, of an unlawful act.

(d) A like law, covering the whole year, might be enacted against jack lights, other artificial lights, snares and traps.

(e) It seems the open season for deer, foxes, rabbits and other game; for grouse, woodcock, ducks and other game birds should be, within the Adirondack park and forest preserves and adjoining counties, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15, both inclusive, for reasons as follow:

1. That the open season in all that section may be the same for all game and game birds, and thus give no excuse for having any firearm outside of the owner's *permanent* house or residence at any time during the close season for deer.

2. To suit the wishes and needs of those who reside and make their living within that section. Hotels, boarding houses, guides, hunting camps, liverymen and others now desire that the open season for deer be the same as it has been for years, excepting 1906, when September was cut off. Many persons remained in the mountains during September, and others did go to the Adirondacks during that month in years past who did not go last fall, because the hunting had been put over until Oct. 1. It is thought to be true that nearly all those who live in that section and profit by the hunting season get more money during September than for any other thirty days of the season. Maine gives two and one half months for deer and large game hunting; i. e., from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15, mostly on snow, and we can allow two and one half months if illegal killing is stopped and also have a satisfactory increase of deer, as has been since "dogging" was stopped.

3. The wishes of those who live in that section should be respected and allowed to govern. Special provisions are made for almost all different sections and counties of the State, even to the taking of bullheads and eels in Chenango county.

4. It was thought the shortening of the open season for deer would result in less harm from guns in hands of inexperienced and excitable hunters, but, unhappily, this does not seem to be so, for the list of persons wounded and killed by carelessness is yet large. Shortening the season put more hunters into the woods from Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, than ever before with a consequent enlarged risk or danger that persons will be mistaken for deer and shot at. It may be thought advisable to put some restrictions on men who have not had hunting experience, by certain requirements in licenses or in other ways.

During the open season for deer and large game, of two and one half months, from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 this year, only ten deaths resulted among those who hunted in Maine. Three persons were mistaken for deer or bear, five were killed by accidental discharge of guns, one was capsized from a canoe, and one died from exposure. If we consider that Maine probably has fifty per cent. of all deer and large game now in the United States, that two and one half months are given to the open season, that more persons hunt in Maine than in any other State, and that less met death there than in New York, Michigan or Wisconsin, where open seasons are much shorter, this year we ought to look for the cause of such good showing in Maine and the opposite of it in our State. Maine requires all guides to register either as a general or a local guide and also requires, to some extent, that hunters and campers shall have a registered guide with them, restricting the number of persons to five for one guide. Maine has other good regulations for those who hunt and fish there.

5. It was also argued that the shortening of the open season would protect more fawns and small deer, but this does not so work out in practice, for one of present methods of driving deer results in killing more small deer than ever before. Why? Because the fawns and small deer were found at the opening of the season, Oct. 1, in the low lands and not driven back on to the ridges by the September shooting as in years before, and as the leaves are off in October the hunters have a better chance to get small deer. A much larger proportion of fawns and small deer were killed in 1906 than in years past when we began shooting Sept. 1 with leaves on.

6. Venison is at its best in November and of far more value to those who have it, for it can be kept, by reason of colder weather, and all used in the family. Those who live in the mountains, as a rule, will have November venison, and it is much better to let them have it in a lawful way. This leads to the thought that some provision should be made so that persons who have lawfully taken game in possession may keep it for their *own private* use after the close season begins.

Possession of Game During the Close Season Therefor.

Section 4565e of the game laws of Wisconsin, after stating the law, penalties, etc., reads as follows: "Section 4565f. Provided, however, that any person residing in this State who shall lawfully kill any deer, may keep and consume the meat thereof in his own family by serving a written notice on the game warden, or the nearest deputy game warden on or before the last day of the open season for killing the deer, which notice shall state as near as may be when and where said deer was killed and the number of pounds of venison then in his possession and that the same is to be kept and used for his own family."

This might better agree with our conditions if it read something like the following: Provided, however, that any person residing in this State, who shall lawfully possess any deer or part of a deer, may keep and consume the meat thereof in his or her own family by serving a written notice on the nearest game protector, or on the town or county clerk of the town or county in which he or she resides on or before the last day of the open season for killing deer, which notice shall state as nearly as may be when and where said deer was killed and the number of pounds of venison then in his or her possession and that the same is to be kept and used for his or her own family.

Licenses for Hunting and Fishing.

In connection with a close season for guns it may be well to consider a resident, non-resident and alien license law to cover hunting and fishing. We have a mild one as against non-residents (as amended by Chapter 475, Laws of 1903), but it is not thought this has been very effective or that serious attempt has been made to enforce its provisions.

Wisconsin has a resident and non-resident license law which provides:

Section 1498p. For the issuing of licenses by each county clerk in the State, in two forms for non-residents, one for $25 to hunt deer, and the other at $10 to hunt all other game in open season, providing also that the person who has paid the $25 license may also hunt all game.

Section 14a. A resident must have a license, (fee $1.10) must not let others use it, must have it with him when hunting; and provides that residents under eighteen years of age may hunt, during open season, game birds, rabbits or squirrels on land owned or occupied by parents without license.

Section 1498s. Every person must have resided in the State a year previous to applying for a license as resident. Such person must swear to this and other facts and must have some other resident also verify the facts set forth in the application for a resident license. (This will

clearly identify a non-resident.) Same section also provides for transportation of lawfully taken game.

Section 23 provides for issuing of licenses by State game warden, also Section 1498r sets non-resident license fee at $25 for deer and all other game, with a $10 fee for hunting all other game aside from deer.

Section 1498q provides for shipping game. Section 4562a states a penalty of $50 to $100 fine, or imprisonment from two to six months, for persons hunting without license in possession, or for letting another person use it, and only one license can be issued to any one person in any one year.

Section 4562c fines a person from $500 to $1,000, or by imprisonment from four to twelve months, upon conviction, for fraud used in obtaining a license; and Section 4562b makes like penalties for changing or altering a license.

Section 29. All license money goes to pay deputy game wardens; and Section 24 sets forth the duties of county clerks as to license money, for keeping alphabetical lists, etc., with a penalty for non-compliance.

A copy of Wisconsin hunting license can be found in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 8, 1906, page 905. Wisconsin laws set out forms of complaints for hunting without license, for allowing another to use license, for obtaining license by false statements, for changing, etc.

We might issue two kinds of resident licenses, one for family, to include parents and minor children, with a fee of $2.10, and the other with a fee of $1.10 for a person, the ten cents in each instance to go to the county clerk who issues the license.

License fees for nonresidents and aliens might, perhaps, better be fixed at from $10 to $20 for nonresidents, with a larger fee for aliens, rather than to try to charge persons from different States the same fee that is charged nonresidents by the States in which they reside.

Short form statement of law and penalty, together with penalty for accidentally shooting a person, should be printed on back of licenses. Special and extraordinary measures should be taken to fully inform all persons, by notices similar to fire notices and otherwise, living in the North Woods and to hunters and fishermen throughout the State. Hotels, guides and others should be put on notice and asked to help put these laws into active operation.

Ownership of and Title to all Fish and Game is in the State.

It seems *highly* important that this should be set forth and emphasized by statute. Several States have such laws. That of Wisconsin follows:

Section 4560, Wisconsin statutes of 1898, is hereby amended to read as follows: The ownership of and title to all fish and game in the State of Wisconsin is hereby declared to be in the State and no fish or game shall be caught, taken or killed in any manner or at any time, or had in possession except the person so catching, taking, killing or having in possession shall consent that the title to said fish and game shall be and remain in the State of Wisconsin for the purpose of regulating and controlling the use and disposition of the same after such catching, taking or killing. The catching, taking, killing or having in possession of fish or game at any time, or in any manner, or by any person, shall be deemed a consent of said person that the title of the State shall be and remain in the State for said purpose of regulating the use and disposition of the same and said possession shall be consent to such title in the State whether said fish or game were taken within or without the State.

A law of this kind will, undoubtedly, commend itself to all who are in favor of *full* protection for our fish and game, and for *fully* regulating and controlling the use and disposition of same. Ownership of and title to game has been, by the courts, decided to be in the State. (Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S. R., 519; also U. S. Supreme Court, 161 at 522 and 526.)

In the first reference, 519, it is stated: "The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective, sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except so far as the people may elect to make it so. * * * We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State."

Game Protectors and Fire Wardens.

Why not have each man hold power as both protector and warden? This has been suggested by a man living in the Adirondacks, and if it can be done, this would seem of importance and tending to protect and increase both forest and game. Chapter 108, of the public laws of 1891, of the State of Maine, provides for and makes fish and game wardens also State fire wardens. Our forests need more watchful care to prevent fires and the game needs more protection. It is thought there should be two or three times as many protectors and wardens in the Adirondacks and adjoining counties. If, however, good, honest, thorough men, who "know the woods and the ways of the law breakers," were put in the places of protectors who lack any or all of these qualities, much better protection would be had. Again, give the protectors all possible power, have their superiors back them with all the power of the State, allow no compromise, bring every offender to justice, and inside one year lawlessness will have practically disappeared. Note how well and how thoroughly the Canadian Mounted Police care for all the vast domains of Canada. Why? Simply because they have the power, the honesty, the ability in all respects and the determination to hunt down and bring to justice each and every *persistent* lawbreaker. That is what stops it. We have a few men in the Adirondacks, who all the year round, willfully, persistently and continuously kill deer in unlawful ways; who kill for the "fun of killing" and leave venison and skin to waste where it falls. Such lawbreakers should be as persistently followed and convicted.

Deer rapidly increased after the law against the use of dogs for hunting them was put into effective force. Now, if illegal killing of deer, by men in lumber camps and otherwise, is stopped, if the present laws are well enforced and a law making it unlawful to have guns in the North Woods during the close season for deer, the increase of deer will again begin and more than enough for all lawful killing will result. Forest and food conditions are better for deer than thirty years ago, and to such an extent that there will be an abundance of game if the laws are thoroughly enforced and the forests well preserved. In March, April, May and June the North Woods need watchful care in order to prevent fires from running and doing great harm to standing timber. April and May are usually the worst, as the foliage is not then enough started to prevent fires running. The old dry leaves and underbrush burn very fast and very fiercely before the new leaves are well formed, and a fire in April or May is apt to run and do terrible damage, killing timber and second growth.

Seven weeks of dry weather in spring and early summer of 1903 made conditions right for the great fires which so harmed the Adirondack forests at that time. And, as it is understood, there was no provision by law allowed anything to be done in way of *preventing* these fires; only *after* fires began could the fire wardens act, and then it was *too late* to effect much, and the fires were stopped only when a very heavy rain fell.

So first, greatest and above all stands out the fact that the Adirondack forests must be preserved and increased as fast as possible. There will be no streams in which fish can live and increase, nor cover and home and feed for game if the mountains are laid bare by ax and fire. Such a condition would harm the whole State to such an extent that the laws of fish and game would be unspeakably small. The Empire State is rich enough to own all the land within the bounds of the Adirondack park and not feel the necessary cost. Note! The State of New York is spending $100,000,000 on its canals and a like amount for good roads, all free of toll or charge of any kind to those who use them. What other State or nation has ever spent like sums and given the results for free use of all? So, why shall we not own, protect and improve the Adirondacks for the benefit, in many ways, of all the people of our State and do it at once? We have been too slow in protecting our forests, as well as our fish and game.

In 1904 laws were enacted which give power to take preventive measures in time of drought and this should enable fire wardens to better protect our forests. But the lumberman is now the greatest factor in making the mountains a barren wilderness, unfitting that entire section for the best purposes of its existence. Last winter vast numbers of trees were cut under six inches in diameter and pulp wood in immense quantity under four and five inches, was floated down the streams to mills and used up. This is in very fact "a murdering of the innocents" and should be stopped. These young evergreen trees are by far the best of all trees to hold and keep back the water, from rain and snow, so much needed for the canal and in the Hudson River, as well as for the necessary and even rainfall, to help pastures, meadows and crops all over the State.

An effort is now being made, in the interest of lumbermen, to have power given to our legislature, by a concurrent resolution, changing the constitution, to allow the building of dams and reservoirs for storage of water for public purposes, which means to provide water for private parties to float or run logs and pulp wood timber, to the further destruction of the forest. If we are to keep and preserve the forests in the Adirondack park this power should not be given. It is a most dangerous measure and general public opinion is against it. The voters of our State, by one of the largest majorities ever given in New York, decided to keep what forests we had, to add to them and *not* to allow an acre of State land, within the park bounds, sold, nor *any* timber cut or removed from such lands. The State should purchase all lands that can be had at a just and reasonable price, with the added power to condemn whenever necessary or desired. Hold up the hands of our commissioner of forests and give him a chance to do the full duties of his office.

CLARENCE L. PARKER.

NORWICH, N. Y.

Essex County Black Bears.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Essex County, New York, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three years ago this winter some matter relating to black bears in the Adirondacks, particularly in Essex county, appeared in FOREST AND STREAM over my signature. At that time I said emphatically that Essex county had enough and to spare of black bears, and quoted figures showing the number killed each year for nearly thirty years previously. Some persons at that time expressed the idea that bears were "running out" in Essex county and that henceforth no such large numbers would be killed. The writer, however, who had summered and wintered in the midst of Essex county black bears for nearly forty years labored under no such delusion. And now that the returns are in, concerning the number known to have been killed in Essex county during the year 1906, readers of FOREST AND STREAM might be interested in announcement of the fact. The Essex county board of supervisors adjourned Saturday morning last. It will be recalled that Essex county pays a bounty of $10 on each bear killed within its limits and is the only county in the Empire State exempt from the penalties of the general deer law, close seasons, fines, etc. The returns made out for bounties indicate that fifty-two bears have been killed in Essex county during the year 1906. In the town of Wilmington alone one man, Asa Lawrence, killed thirteen bears, most of which, if not all, were killed before Oct. 1. The bears were killed on sight, the proper time in Essex county.

It might be added here that John Courtney, 2d, of Wilmington, had thirty-five sheep killed by bears during the year 1906. Other farmers in Wilmington lost as many more, so it will readily be seen that bears killed sheep in that one township to the value of about $300.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

THE FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

The English Rod Controversy.

Early last summer Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London Fishing Gazette, in referring to salmon fishing, remarked that, given two rods as nearly alike as possible, but one made of split bamboo and the other of greenheart, in playing a heavy fish in a strong stream, the split bamboo would bend more than the greenheart by an extra heavy strain, and consequently greenheart would give more control over line and fish. He was only suggesting, he says, that in this exceptional instance greenheart might beat split bamboo. He illustrated his theory with a diagram showing the curves of greenheart and split bamboo rods built as nearly alike as possible in length and diameter of joints.

This started a discussion that has been carried on in nearly every issue of the Fishing Gazette and at great length in some cases. The various participants not only did not stick to the original idea propounded by Mr. Marston, but they entered into a lively controversy over the merits of all sorts of split bamboo and greenheart fly rods, and some of them tried to prove that one material was better than the other for all purposes of the angler. As American anglers are almost universally in favor of split bamboo for all fly rods, and many of them do not understand why British anglers favor greenheart, steel-centered split bamboo, steel-ribbed and other combination rods, we have extracted a few remarks from the columns of matter contributed to the controversy and reprint them herewith. It must be understood, however, that rods for fly-fishing only are referred to by all those quoted.

Mr. P. D. Malloch, a professional, compares greenheart and split bamboo in this wise:

"1. The split-cane has not the same amount of casting power. (a) Greater exertion is required in getting out the line, therefore more tiring. (b) You cannot cast with the same ease against the wind; a thicker line must be used, therefore a light accurate cast cannot be made.

"2. The split-cane does not impart the proper movement to the fly. (a) When a fish takes hold of the fly the top of the rod bends down, and has not sufficient power to hook him. Scores of fish are lost in this way. (b) Once hooked, the fish has such control over the rod that the point is pulled down, consequently the line becomes 'bagged,' and command of the fish is at once lost.

"3. Double the time is required in killing a fish, and far more are lost with the split-cane than with the greenheart.

"4. Split-cane rods are more liable to break, and when broken are more difficult to repair.

"5. No two split-cane rods can be made exactly alike. If the balance is not satisfactory at first it cannot be altered.

"6. They do not keep their power, and consequently require to be made heavier to give the same power as greenheart.

"Given two rod—one a split-cane and the other a greenheart—both of the same length and weight, and casting the same length of line, far less power is required in doing the work with the greenheart. If I want a rod to have the same action as cane, all I have to do is to make one of lancewood. This would double up like cane, and stand a very great strain before breaking, and, besides, would be a great deal cheaper. I am quite confident that during the last twenty years very little improvement has been made in rods. The makers of wood rods then knew better how to balance a rod than they do now."

Another British angler writes:

"As for a split-cane being more liable to break, I defy any one to smash a really good one by fair fishing. I have had three split-canes in the last twenty years, and used them all hard, and never had a smash or any trouble whatever with them."

J. E. B., an angler, asks, with very good reason:

"Is not the principle of construction of double-built, and especially double-built steel center cane rods entirely wrong? A wood rod is one homogeneous mass, but the cane-built is made up of three, or, if steel center, five, layers of material of different quality—that is, (1) steel, (2) cement, (3) cane, (4) cement, (5) cane strips.

"For the purpose of my present argument, I ignore the building together of the cane strips. Apart from the different qualities of the material, it is impossible to make a mathematically accurate joint throughout the entire length of the piece, the inequalities being supplied by the least valuable of the three materials—namely, the cement. Now, every cast and every fish played is continually pulling at this amalgamation and weakening it, and as the resistance and resilience of the three component parts are entirely different, the weakest—that is, the cement between the layers—will give way, and instead of one homogeneous piece acting in unison throughout, you have practically, in time, three loose tubes of different action, one inside the other, and so long as the joints of the strips forming the outer skin remain intact, the mischief which may be happening underneath is undiscovered, and you have (in theory) a rod which (above a certain point of its thickness) does not offer the resistance and has not the power of recovery which it ought to do, and have, and simply lies along the line as shown in the editor's little diagram, which raised all the hubbub. Even if the mischief in the interior mechanism of the rod is discovered, how could it be repaired without pulling the joint to pieces?

"There is another point: The adhesive properties of (1) cane, cement, and steel, and (2) cane, cement, and cane are not identical, and, therefore, it appears to a mere angler that the combination is a bad one, or certainly inferior to an article of the same material throughout. I make these suggestions with great diffidence and deference for the consideration of the experts who, of course, may be able to show that my arguments are, from lack of proper technical knowledge, entirely fallacious and worthless."

A writer who signs himself A. K., says:

"I am one of those many fly-fishermen who cannot use greenheart. I daresay it is entirely my own fault. Having thrown a long line backward I recover very sharply, and I strike very smartly. I never by these tactics break my casting line, however fine; but I break every greenheart top that can be made. I have tried almost every maker; I have paid high prices, all to no purpose. I like the feel of greenheart; I can throw a good line with it, it is all that is desirable, but, in my hands, which are otherwise not inexpert, and certainly have been in practice for over forty years continually, it will smash."

Mr. George Kelson says:

"Any man free from prejudice, and really qualified to express an opinion, will tell you (1) that he can make all the casts used in salmon fishing with ease, provided his rod is made with either split-cane or greenheart properly balanced; (2) that were he asked for the loan of one of two such rods, he would lend the cane, as there is far less chance of its breaking. I have never actually broken a cane rod."

J. J. Hardy, a professional, referring to the Crystal Palace tournament—at which John Enright cast 147 feet with an 18-foot 43-ounce greenheart spliced salmon rod, beating Mr. Hardy, and also defeating him by 9 feet with a 14-foot rod—says of Mr. Enright's 49-yards cast: "It was a poor performance, which I should have beaten easily had I not lost my temper."

Mr. Hardy's assurance is wonderful, as will be seen further on. Replying to J. E. B.'s remarks, he says.

"Cane built, with or without steel center, in strips where the layers of fibre run continuously in line with the axis of the rod, is infinitely stronger than greenheart or any other wood in which the layers of fibre run obliquely across the axis, and this is the cause of the frequent breakages. As to the line of cement, that is very hard and tough, and I can't remember having seen an accident from this. As a matter of fact, a properly made cane-built rod, whether steel center or no, used with reasonable care will last a lifetime."

Mr. Hardy wishes it to be distinctly understood, however, that his firm only, of all others, makes rods properly. Therefore, when he refers to properly made rods, he means his own.

Another opinion:

"You cannot get the same power out of split-cane, diameter for diameter, as you can out of greenheart. There is also a beautiful steely spring, and a far sweeter air-cleavage in greenheart, and there is none of that swoppy feel that there is in split-cane. I think it is the multitudinous bindings or wrappings that cause this deficiency."

This hazard is wide of the mark. Winding split bamboo solidly with silk probably makes such a rod "soft," but windings an inch or so apart stiffen a rod perceptibly. In this split bamboo is referred to with particular emphasis, although it applies as well to some if not all wood rods.

Maj. Percival Lea Burch, the famous writer on sporting topics, and whose experiences are world-wide, says:

"It must have occurred to the thinking angler that the combination of steel with bamboo cannot be scientifically sound, seeing that the elasticity and speed of recovery of steel and cane differ so widely. When a steel rod is worked into the center of a glued-up rod, it stands to reason that there must be a continual effort going on for the wood and metal to part company. So far there has been a general belief that steel-centered cane-built rods are practically indestructible, but a correspondent in an English paper relates how these rods occasionally break their middle joints when casting."

M. F. W. writes:

"I started angling some years ago with greenheart rods, and very little satisfaction they gave me. Many and many are the breakages I can recall, chiefly caused through getting "hung up" behind while fishing wooded streams in the north of England. My greenheart tops, too, had an exasperating habit of snapping suddenly when recovering a heavy tapered line that had been allowed (somewhat carelessly, perhaps) to become partly "drowned." It was mishaps and accidents such as these which finally decided me to go in for a first-class rod of split-cane."

This from Val Conson:

"If it be true that greenheart is diameter for diameter stiffer than split-cane (and I am not prepared to accept that as a proposition), it only means that greenheart reaches the point of breaking strain sooner than split-cane. It is the marvelous virtue of split-cane that, however stiff, there seems always a bit more give in it to save a break. A split-cane may break with a jar, but I never knew one break as the result of a fishing strain. I am not, however, prepared to admit that it is true that greenheart is stiffer, diameter for diameter, than split-

cane. I do not know if you, Sir, handled the split-cane 18ft. salmon rod, weighing 32oz. (not 52oz.) with which Mr. E. J. Mills competed at the Crystal Palace tournament of 1904. It struck me (I am not a salmon fisher) as the most amazing piece of concentrated power I ever handled, and if there was a stiffer greenheart at the tournament, I should like to have seen it."

"Unbiased" asks:

"Why, if Mr. Hardy believes split-cane to be stiffer and more powerful than greenheart, did he think that a weaver's beam of 52oz. of the material was necessary to hold up and propel a sufficiently long line to give him a chance of winning the tournament?

"The greenheart expert had sufficient confidence in his material to be satisfied that a vastly lighter rod would carry the line."

J. F. C. Bell wrote as follows:

"My experience is that split-cane does give and bend more than greenheart with an equal strain up to a certain point, the difference being that in greenheart the factor of safety, as regards the continuation of the curve, ceases about the center of the middle joint, with the result if the strain is increased and the curve continued beyond the factor of safety, which is situated in the middle joint, a smash or fracture is the natural consequence. On the other hand, the same strain will cause the split-cane to assume a more circular curve, or, in other words, it gives more and bends more, and the strain can be increased until the curve continues to the butt, and even then the factor of safety is not exceeded, so that up to a certain point split-cane gives more than greenheart, but the strain that will fracture the middle piece of a greenheart can be exceeded and easily borne by a good split-cane with absolute safety, owing to the nature of the material, as however carefully greenheart may be selected it is almost impossible for the grain to continue true to the axis of the rod throughout its entire length, while with each succeeding year the resistance of the rod and the curve deteriorates, and the wood becomes more brittle and untrustworthy."

Our anglers, knowing the wonderful stiffness of American hand-made split bamboo, which needs neither backbone nor reinforcing with steel, often marvel at the efforts put forth by English manufacturers to stiffen their split bamboo rods. This controversy has brought out several reasons why English rods need stiffening. One of these is found in the comments of Mr. Theodore Gordon, a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, who asked, in writing to Mr. Marston:

"Why is it that most of the English split-cane rods are so limber, have such a soft, floppy feeling, in spite of their weight and large diameter? If one of our best makers was to copy my old English rod exactly, in the bamboo used over here, he could turn out a rod as stiff as a poker and almost, if not quite, strong enough to kill a tarpon on.

"I have puzzled my brains over the argument that greenheart is stiffer than split-cane for some time past, and think that this is the solution of the puzzle. The cane or bamboo used in England by the best makers is very strong and durable, stronger, perhaps, than the material we use, but it is not nearly as stiff and springy. Copy a greenheart salmon rod in good bamboo and you will have an infinitely stiffer, more powerful rod."

Something that applies more particularly to Americans is found in a communication from J. J. Owen, of Liverpool, a member of a firm of rare wood dealers. A great deal of the greenheart used by British rod-makers is imported by this Liverpool firm, which also supplies the American market to an important extent. Here the complaint is constant that good greenheart cannot be obtained, and some rod-makers will not make rods of this material if they can persuade their customers to take split bamboo or lancewood instead. Not many all-wood fly-rods are now made in the medium grades, as preference is generally given the better grades of sawed bamboo rods instead by those who do not wish to invest enough money in a rod to obtain one made of first class hand-split bamboo.

But the trade in bait rods in this country is so large and the demand so diverse in character that vast numbers of wood rods are sold by the dealers. These number not only cheap rods, but medium and even high-priced rods. Still, greenheart is by no means a favorite to-day with fresh-water live-bait anglers, and although it is well liked by scores of salt-water anglers, its popularity is waning, and other varieties of wood, and even sawed and split bamboo, are strongly advocated by the veterans. The heavy dark wood known in the trade as bethabara is taking the place of greenheart among the sea anglers, and combination ash and lancewood rods are much used, while the despised second-growth hickory, stained to imitate bethabara, often gives surprisingly good results in landing big fish. Split bamboo is not, and probably never will be, the favorite material for salt-water rods, but both bait- and fly-casters are agreed that no other material at present known is equal to good hand-made American split bamboo.

Mr. Owen, who is himself a salmon angler, said:

"My firm has cut up a large quantity of logs for the trade, and there is great difficulty in finding sufficient wood of the right quality. An expert is employed to select, and unfortunately only a small proportion turns out suitable for rods. Timber merchants must have other outlets for the wood which is not suitable for rods.

"If makers were to supply their customers with rods made from suitable timber, the verdict would be in favor of greenheart, but soft discolored wood only leads to disappointment."

Glanrhos, who had been a salmon angler for forty-eight years when he first tried an American split bamboo rod, says it was a perfect revelation to him. He adds:

"I had handled many cane rods, but never before met one that I preferred to my old greenheart. The power, lightness and spring of this rod was so totally different from that of any cane rod I had previously used, that it was a perfect marvel, and though there were over a dozen anglers at Bad Boll, and they nearly all had cane rods (most of them steel-centered), we all agreed that there was not one of them that could approach M. Bouglé's American rod. I was so struck by this rod that it was not long before I was ordering an American cane. Though a convert to cane as against greenheart, I personally have no opinion of steel-centered rods, for the simple reason that the two materials are not homogeneous, and sooner or later the hard steel core breaks one or more of the delicate cells of the cane, and then begins working, and finally cuts a groove in the cane, when the dissolution of the rod is only a matter of time and use. I have known so many instances of steel-centered rods going in this way that I am convinced my theory as to the 'groove-cutting' is correct, and some of my friends who were the owners of these costly rods have gone back in disgust to the simpler and less expensive greenheart. I have, however, come to the conclusion that a thoroughly well-made cane rod, without steel center, is so far superior to an ordinary greenheart for lightness and power combined that it is well worth the extra initial expense."

"Unbiased," in one of his communications, referred to one or two persons who, he thought, had possibly extended J. J. Hardy's knowledge of the capabilities of split cane, but Mr. Hardy, with his usual assurance, replied that "Unbiased" should know that he (Hardy) had no necessity for such education. Mr. Hardy evidently took deeply to heart the beating John Enright gave him at the Crystal Palace tournament several years ago, but he cannot accept defeat gracefully, taking instead every occasion to point out that he is the real champion salmon fly-caster. Why? Because he would have beaten Enright easily if—and there you are. Mr. Hardy should visit Missouri. He still insists that he can beat Enright, and sneers at the latter's great performance on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, last October, with the salmon fly-rod.

We do not know how this question is regarded in England, but of this we are certain: A great many anglers in the United States would be glad to witness a salmon fly contest between John Enright, the modest Irish record-holder, and J. J. Hardy, the Englishman who is neither willing to give Enright proper credit nor ready to try conclusions with him.

Salmon, Smelt and Cat.

SUSSEX, N. B., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 28 last that experienced angler, acute observer and genial writer, W. B. Mershon—whose contributions to your columns are only too few and far between—told us of having seen on the Grand Cascapedia a salmon feeding on the flies that were very numerous on the water. At the second cast over this fish he was fortunate enough to capture it; from its stomach and alimentary canal he took eight flies or waterbugs, which were placed in alcohol and sent to Dr. Weir Mitchell, who was then fishing on the same river. Mr. Mershon quotes him as saying, "There is no question about a salmon's digestive apparatus becoming useless after coming into fresh water."

This is so contrary to our latest authorities, and so entirely opposed to my own experience during fifty years' observation as an angler on our Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia rivers—some of which salmon enter in March and April and remain until October and November—that in your issue of Aug. 11 I respectfully asked Dr. Mitchell for the data on which he founded so positive an assertion.

Dr. Mitchell, so far, has not granted my request; but in issue of Sept. 8, your correspondent "C. D. W. B." tells of having seen one salmon rise and take a large dragon-fly; of another that took a small trout off his hook, and of still another that took a small one on the wing, as it passed over the pool in which the fish was lying. In the issue of Sept. 22 Dr. R. T. Morris gave us some facts that came under his own observation, showing that one salmon rose to a small chip and was afterward caught on a salmon fly, and that another was caught in Denny's River on a hook baited with a worm and weighted with a rusty nail for a sinker.

All this, from observers presumably as competent to form a correct opinion as Dr. Mitchell, having failed to draw from him anything in support of his strange *ipse dixit*, Dr. Morris in your issue of Dec. 8, "poked fun" at his fellow sportsman by advising him to draw a Jock-Scott across the floor in front of a cat and observe what she does with it. Had Dr. Morris suggested a mouse or a smelt instead of an artificial fly, Dr. Mitchell would have an object lesson from which he could draw a correct conclusion.

Would Dr. Morris kindly inform his fellow anglers on what rivers he has seen smelts ascend falls, rest side by side with salmon, and wiggle their tails before them with never a fear? The writer has hitherto believed that our smelts have spawned and returned to salt water long before our salmon have ascended to their spawning grounds. In all his long experience, he has never seen a salmon and smelt lying side by side; nor in all his angling has he ever seen a smelt in any of the numerous salmon pools he has fished. With all deference to the genial and learned Doctors, he can't think that our present scant knowledge of the life history of the salmon will be much increased by reasoning from the habits of smelts and cats. They might use the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* and contend that, as the tail is a useless appendage to the cat, so also is the hook on the lower jaw of the male salmon; but this conclusion would be no more convincing to a careful observer than is Dr. Mitchell's unsupported assertion that the salmon's digestive apparatus is useless during two-thirds of its life, if, as is generally believed, the fish spawns annually.

THE OLD ANGLER.

YACHTING

RETROSPECT.

With the closing of this year of grace and the beginning of a new at hand, a look backward over the season's sport is of interest. Certainly since the real close of yachting, when the boats were laid up and the crews paid, much has been accomplished that gives indication of even a better season in 1907. The summer's racing, and interest therein has been manifest, many hard fought contests are recorded; and even though the glamor of former races, cast by time on all great events, is very bright, this season in no way suffers by comparison with those that have gone before. The season was one of very real excitement and interest.

The cruisers came in for their innings. Cruising and long distance races, either by sail or power, were not the least interesting events. This school of amateur sailor men is growing—men of short purses, but of an ability that stops neither at discomfort nor work. To refrain from mentioning the Block Island race, would be to overlook an event that attracted many and proved very successful. The island itself is interesting in aspect—a miniature Ireland close at home and an ideal spot for the goal in a race for small vessels manned by Corinthians.

Recreation-loving people have taken to the water in the past season as at no other time in the history of our country, and this has been possible only through the inexpensive means provided by many flourishing concerns all over the country whose products have led many further upon the rivers, lakes and arms of the sea than could have been accomplished by anything else than a motor boat or dory. The universal rule has come at last, and bids fair to place yachting from a racing point of view in its proper sphere and deprive the one-design classes of some of the great popularity they enjoyed as a result of the chaotic conditions in the question of rating yachts. The prospects for the new year are bright.

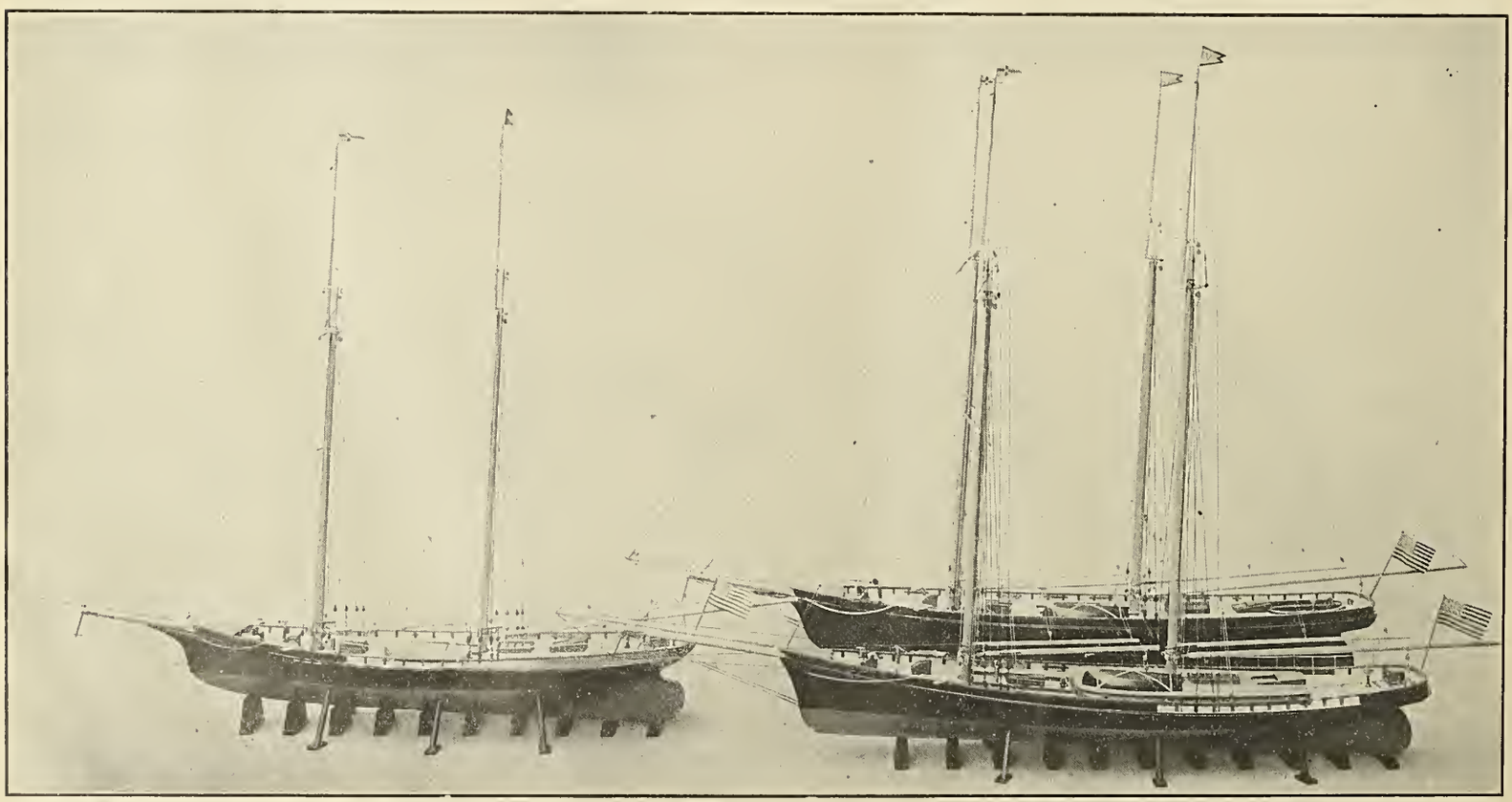
The publication of the conditions of the sailing and power races to Bermuda has aroused much interest of a kind that will produce entries and results which will be of great value in the construction of both boats and motors.

The motor has grown in popularity, and a great deal of time and energy has been expended in its development. But it will not be till spring, at the time of the shows, that the manufacturers will permit us to look upon the result of their labors. As far as the vessels or yachts themselves are concerned, the art has progressed, for we see in the drawings of some of the fine ships building a better conception of artistic merit and a better appreciation of the engineering possibilities. There are many things about a vessel, however, that are never seen or appreciated except in bad weather, and that is behavior under adverse conditions. This point is receiving attention, and the seagoing abilities of our recent yachts are far superior to many of the productions of previous years. Taken all in all, the retrospect is satisfactory. We have made way toward a goal of high ideals and thorough accomplishment. We might wish closer relations between yachtsmen, but that, too, will come, for as in all other sports, numbers have proved strength, and by biding our time the fraternity of yachtsmen will come to its own.

In bidding this good year farewell, we do not do so with any sorrow. We have moved on a step in the right direction, which cannot but be pleasant to remember, each having done his part in the advancement of a great and good sport that makes better men of those who are its devotees.

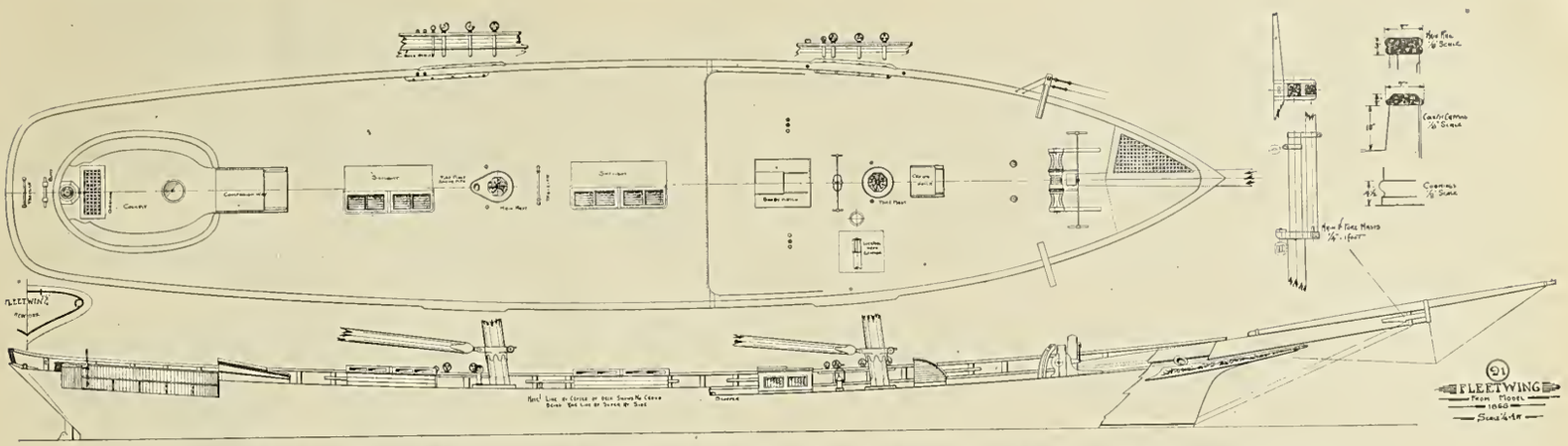
Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta.

By permission of the New York Y. C. and its model committee, composed of Mr. Albert Bradlee Hunt, Mr. Paul Eve Stevenson, and Mr. James D. Sparkman, Forest and Stream publishes the photograph and deck plans of the models of the yachts that took part in the fist ocean race sailed between New York and the Needles. The race came as the result of a discussion of the merits of Fleetwing, owned by Messrs. George and Franklin Osgood, and Vesta, owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the owners of both yachts being members of the New York Y. C. The race to determine the superiority of the yachts was for a stake of $30,000 a side, the race taking place from New York on Dec. 11, it being agreed that at this season a better test of the yachts would be obtained. No sooner than the conditions had been made known, Mr. James

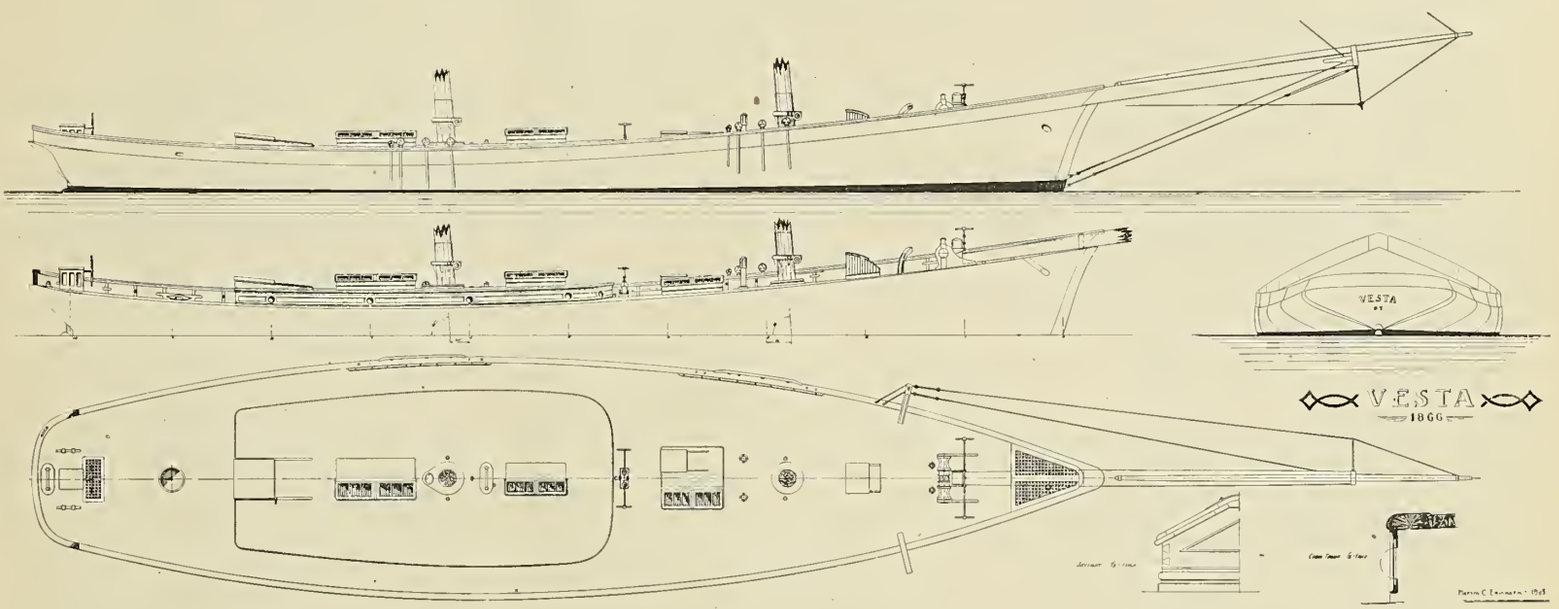


Henrietta. Fleetwing and Vesta.

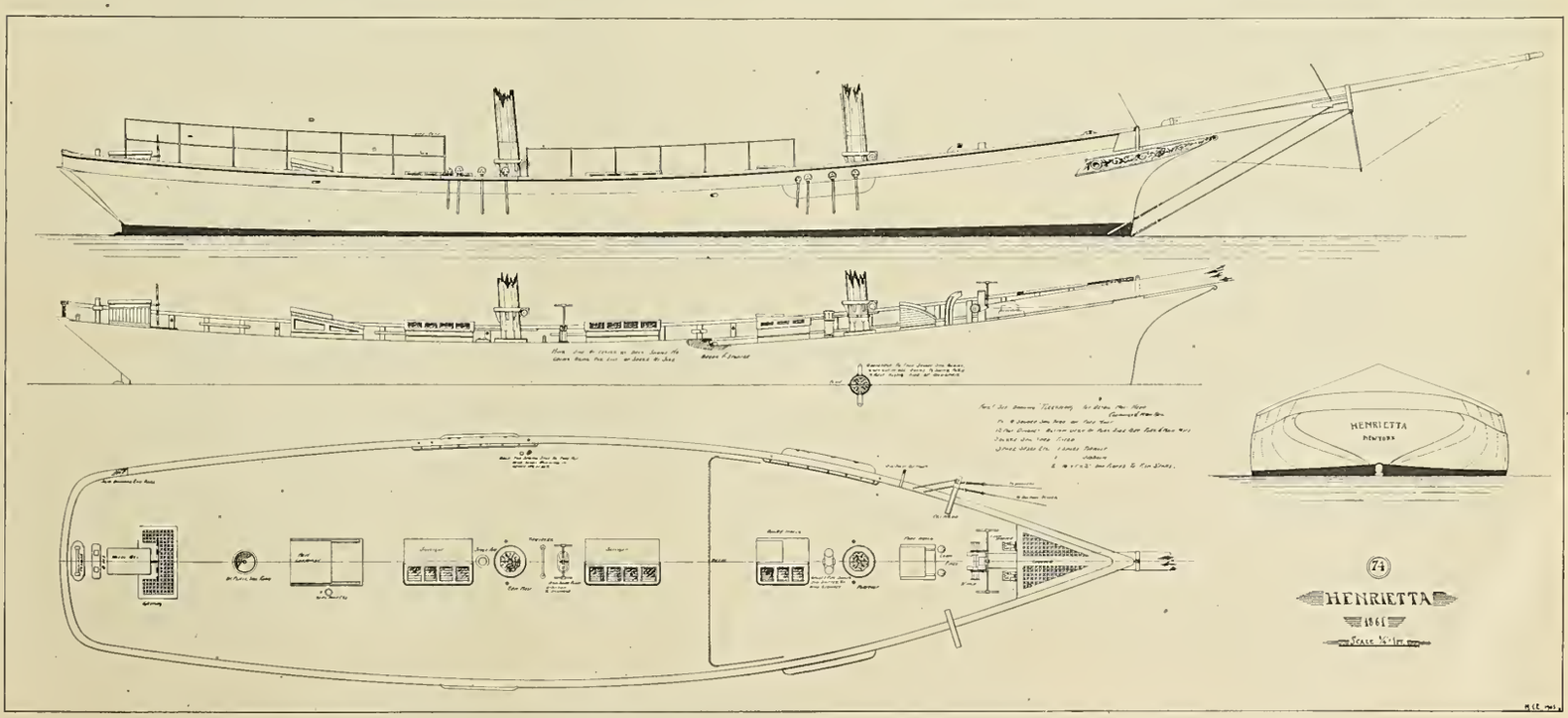
FINISHED MODELS AT THE NEW YORK Y. C.



DECK PLAN AND ELEVATION OF SCHOONER FLEETWING, MESSRS. GEORGE AND FRANKLIN OSGOOD.



DECK PLAN AND ELEVATION OF SCHOONER VESTA, PIERRE LORILLARD, ESQ.



DECK PLAN AND ELEVATION OF SCHOONER YACHT HENRIETTA, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.
Drawn by Martin Coryell Erismann for the Model Committee of the New York Y. C.

Gordon Bennett asked to be allowed to enter the race with his schooner Henrietta, which was accorded. The story of this great race cannot find space at this time, but those interested may turn to Forest and Stream of April 15, 1905, to find a graphic description written by men who made the voyage. The result of the race was as follows:

	Days.	Hours.	Min. utes.	Distance Sailed.	Average per hour.
Henrietta	13	21	55	3106	9.39
Fleetwing	14	6	10	3135	9.16
Vesta	14	6	50	3134	9.14

The weather encountered was, as the logs show, but a succession of gales. In a particularly bad squall and heavy sea, six men were washed out of the cockpit of Fleetwing.

Following the policy of the New York Y. C., in respect to its collection of models, and in accordance with its rules, the model committee was advised of the gift of James Gordon Bennett of sufficient funds to proceed with the construction of the full rigged models of the three famous yachts which took part in the race to the Needles. From 1866 to 1905 is a long time in the life of a yacht, and as the history of yachts goes, one that is often fraught with many vicissitudes. Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta were no exception to the practice of rebuilding, change in rig and hull, and lengthening. After thirty-nine years it seemed indeed a hopeless task to gather sufficient information to reconstruct the yachts. There were paintings, prints, pictures, lines and drawings, and it was almost as difficult to agree as to what was not an alteration, as to prove that it was. After many conferences with men who had been known to have had something to do with the building of these yachts and others who had sailed upon them, little by little the matter was whipped into such form that actual drawings could be begun. The work was entrusted to Martin Coryell Erismann, acting directly under the model committee composed of Messrs. John R. Buchan, Robert Goelet and Theodore C. Zerega. The work required a search for the vessels. Two were known to be about New York, Vesta in Brooklyn and Fleetwing in Jersey City. Vesta had been rebuilt and lengthened, but there were many details which remained the same. Fleetwing was about to be altered—after having been laid up many years in Newtown Creek—into a mission ship, fitted with gasolene power. Henrietta had been lost in a gale off the West Idies, but her lines and much data was in the possession of the club. After ten months of work the drawings as we publish them were completed, and after being approved by the committee were turned over to the model maker. Upon the completion of the models, and before being placed in the cases, they were photographed as shown in our half tone cut. It is hard to realize the great amount of patience, love and care required to bring such an undertaking to a satisfactory conclusion. The work of the club through its committee is not fully recognized but by few outside of the organization. It is a great work to undertake by even such a representative organization, and the completion of the models of Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta is but a part of the scheme which will gather under one roof the models of the competitors in yachting events that have taken place in our country. This collection will show to the future generations of yachtsmen just what was accomplished in the form and rigging of yachts in the last fifty years. And it will furnish the greatest link between the museums of Europe as representing an earlier period and the development particularly in yachting in our modern times.

The steel houseboat Margaret, owned by Mr. Isaac E. Emmerson, New York Y. C., is fitting out at Manning's for a winter cruise south under charter. Margaret was built at the yard of the Marine Construction Company, Mariners' Harbor, some years ago. She is fitted with a twin screw steam plant. The designs were made by Sadler, Perkins & Field.

The steam yacht Venitia, Mr. Morton F. Plant, New York Y. C., is awaiting sailing orders at Hoboken.

Boston Letter.

It is a well known fact that the tramp steamers, the indiscriminate cargo carriers, are not equipped with quadruple expansion engines or with twin screws. With this class of vessels economy of operation and the maximum of cargo space on a minimum length and draft are the controlling forces. It is only when the transportation of passengers, or of perishable freight, make the element of time one of prime importance that "multiple cylinders" and twin screws are installed. With the twin screws come the increased element of safety from total disability in the engine room or of injury to the steering apparatus. The ocean liners in order to gain and maintain the high speed desired of them resort to an enormous total of horsepower, a power so great that it is not wise to apply it all to one propeller nor to transmit it all through one shaft; this gives twin and triple screws an added value to such boats.

The internal combustion engines are so radically different from steam engines that lessons learned from the latter are of little value when considering the possibilities of the explosive engines. And yet many have wondered whether or not the factors which control the use of twin screws on steam vessels would not apply both for and against a similar use on motor boats. Such a use has been advocated by many eminent designers and builders, has been adopted and put to the test by power boat owners. The results are just beginning to come in and they confirm the steam taught lessons. There is no gainsaying the manifest advantages of the twin screw boat, nor is it untrue that the same amount of power applied to two propellers is gained at a greater initial expense. With four-stroke engines it is also true that two 10 horsepower engines are more wasteful of fuel, more expensive to operate and to maintain than one 20 horsepower engine of the same make. With this type of engine the fuel consumption per horsepower per hour decreases steadily as the engines increase from one to twenty horsepower; that is to say, until the engines reach at least 20 horsepower they do not attain the minimum ratio of fuel to horsepower hours. Two 12 horsepower engines will consume, on an average, from 5 to 10 per cent. more gasolene than will one 24 horsepower engine.

But expense is a minor consideration with most of our yachtsmen; they give some thought to initial expense, but almost none to operating expenses. These latter they consider only after the boat is purchasd, the engines installed and the season's bills well accumulated. So it is not a matter of expense which has led Mr. Richard Hutchinson to abandon the twin screws, such as he had last year in the Davy Jones, and to instal a single propeller in the new boat which is now on the eve of construction. His change of heart is explained (and I promised the explanation in a recent letter) to the second of the steam taught lessons—room for other things.

In a 40ft. launch a double set of engines occupies almost the entire breadth of the boat for the entire length of the engine room. But in Mr. Hutchinson's new boat, which is two feet shorter and eighteen inches narrower than the Davy Jones, the use of one engine permits the location of a roomy toilet compartment abreast of the engine, while the companionway, on the opposite side of the engine, is broad enough to permit of a folding pipe berth if occasion for one arises. These changes allow the galley to extend clear athwartships, thus becoming of some real value to a cruiser on rough waters. And despite the decreased length the new boat has as many transom berths (four) as did the Davy Jones, while as a matter of fact there is room for two more berths if those of the folding pipe pattern be used.

Many trials showed that the Jones would develop under one engine a speed of seven knots. Using both engines, thus doubling the power, she would develop a speed of only two knots. Yet according to all known formulae a boat of her size, form, with her power should have obtained an increase of two knots when shifting from 12 horsepower to 24 horsepower. At least such should have been the case had the power been

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This compilation comprises six hundred and odd hints, helps, kinks, wrinkles, points and suggestions for the shooter, the fisherman, the dog owner, the yachtsman, the canoeist, the camper, the outer; in short, for the field sportsman in all the varied phases of his activity. "Hints and Points" has proved one of the most practically useful works of reference in the sportsman's library.
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Gas Engines and Launches.
Their Principles, Types and Management. By Francis K. Grain. 132 pages. Price, $1.25.
Here is a pocket manual indispensable to every man who uses a motor-boat. It deals in simple untechnical fashion with the running of the marine gas engine, and with the difficulties that the marine gas engineer is likely to meet with. These engines are described, some pages are devoted to launches in general, with practical advice to the man who contemplates purchasing a power boat. The main feature of the book, however, is a clear description of the difficulties met with in running a gas engine, their causes and how to remedy them. In this discussion all technicalities are avoided, and the author has boiled down a vast amount of practical knowledge into small space and into every-day language. The amateur power boat man needs this book, for it will save him much time and trouble, and probably not a little money.
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When writing say you saw the adv. in "Forest and Stream."

doubled on a similar single screw boat.

By going back to one propeller and by having an 18 horsepower engine, Mr. Hutchinson expects to develop as much speed in the narrower boat as Davy Jones could exhibit with 24 horsepower, and at the same time the new boat is more roomy. Incidentally, merely incidentally, the initial, installation and operating expenses will be lessened.

The Lake Winnipesauke Y. C. held its annual meeting and dinner at the Hotel Bellevue, Dec. 21. The plans for the new club house and for the proposed one-design class of 25ft. cabin launches were discussed and accepted as was Mr. A. J. Ward's generous gift of a two acre lot for the club house site. Mr. C. A. Sanders, of the Gerry Emmons Co., spoke very interestingly on practical phases of power boats.

WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

Southern Notes.

THE latest acquisition to the fleet of the Southern Y. C. is the noted Boston racing yacht Manchester, which has just been purchased by E. H. Keep, of this city. Manchester is the champion boat of her class of the United States and Canada, and was the winner of a very important international contest between the two countries in 1905. This event was for the possession of the gold challenge cup known as the Seawanhaka Y. C. cup, which was won away from this country some ten years ago and which the Canadians have successfully defended against American attack every year since. Several of the best designers of this country had attempted to win back the trophy, but were unsuccessful until the Manchaster went over to Lake St. Claire in Canada and took three straight races from the other side. Manchester is of the racing machine type and will race against such boats as Wahkita, of the Southern Y. C., and Kibosh, the Gulfport (Miss.) Y. C. champion. She is about 38ft. long, 7½ft. beam, and is fitted with double rudders and bilge boards and has 500 square feet of sail. She was designed by E. A. Boardman, naval architect, of Boston, and Mr. Keep purchased the boat from Dr. J. L. Bremer, of Manchester, Mass., near Boston. The boat was built by A. Higginson, of that place, and she is very superiorly constructed and should last for a number of years, which is not the case with some of the western built boats of the type brought here, which were not constructed to be used in salt water. A boat for this purpose should be fastened with either copper or brass, as is Manchester, she being put together with brass screws. The boat will be brought here by rail shortly. Mr. Keep will change her name to Seawanhaka, as the name was not sold with the boat, the owner desiring to retain the appellation as the name for a craft that will represent his home town, Manchester, in the Sonderklasse races next year. Seawanhaka, ex-Manchester, should with Mr. Keep's handling—he formerly owned the champion Kayoshk of this section—make things very lively along this coast next season for the division of racing machine sloops of the largest size.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Weetamoe Sold.

MR. HENRY F. LIPPITT, Providence, R. I., has sold his sloop Weetamoe, designed by William Gardner, to Mr. Chas. Lane Poor, N. Y. Y. C., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York. She is 89ft. 6in. over all, 57ft. waterline, 16ft. 6in. beam, 11ft. 6in. draft, built of bronze by Lawley & Sons, 1902. She has always been a familiar figure as a racer and cruiser. Her new owner contemplates an extended eastern cruise this summer. She is now laid up at New London, Conn., where fitting out will be started early in the season. In her racing this year, she won ten out of sixteen races from Effort.

MR. MORGAN BARNEY has secured an order to design for a New York yachtsman a power boat 90ft. over all. The yacht will be built at Port Jefferson by Messrs. Baylies & Son.

Motor Boat Race from Miami to Nassau.

THE plan of holding a motor boat race from Miami to Nassau is about completed and the race will be started on Feb. 8, or after the events to be held for racing and cruising motor boats at Palm Beach at the end of January.

The Governor of the Bahamas, Sir William Gray-Wilson, has taken a keen interest in the proposed race, while the United States arrangements are in the hands of Mayor John Sewell, of Miami, and a citizens' committee which will work in conjunction with the Biscayne Y. C. and the Miami Motoring Association. The proposed course, 160 statute miles, was laid out by the representatives of Nassau and Miami, assisted by Captain White, of the steamer Miami, which runs between Miami and Nassau during the winter.

A fast steamer has been secured to take care of any contestant that meet with an accident. Negotiations were opened with the Navy Department looking toward furnishing a gunboat for the purpose. The request has been granted and a suitable vessel will be available for the duty required.

It is expected that some of the boats in the Palm Beach carnival will be available for the race, the prize will be a trophy offered by Sir William Gray-Wilson. The Nassau Yacht and Motor Club is much interested in the contest and will give races on its conclusion at Nassau, where the waters are suitable for fast motor boating.

Yachts in Winter Quarters.

THE following yachts are laid up at Morse's, South Brooklyn, and are being overhauled:

The steam yacht Niagara, Mr. Howard Gould, N. Y. Y. C., is receiving necessary repairs, and alterations are being made in her machinery. The Niagara upon the completion of the work ordered will sail for southern waters, where, with the steam yacht Niagara IV., also owned by Mr. Gould, she will cruise the balance of the winter.

The steam yacht Diana, ex-Delaware, Mr. C. Ledyard Blair, N. Y. Y. C., is being given a new house and new shelter deck. Other repairs are being made throughout the vessel.

The steam yacht Alvina, Mr. Alexander S. Cochran, N. Y. Y. C., is having a general overhauling.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Comanche is being given part of a new deck and a new stern.

The yawl Taormina is being changed below decks and general repairs are being made.

The steam yacht Yacona, Mr. Henry Clay Pierce, N. Y. Y. C., is being overhauled.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Intrepid, Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, N. Y. Y. C., is receiving repairs.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

THE annual meeting date of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has been changed from Jan. 1 to Jan 2, 1907. At this meeting the election of officers will take place. The ticket that has been prepared by the nominating committee is as follows:

Com., Alphonse H. Alker, steamer Florence; Vice-Com., Henry L. Maxwell, sloop, Yankee; Rear-Com., Charles M. Gould, power cruiser Columbine; Sec'y, Frederick A. Hill; Treas., James L. Laidlaw; Meas., William Gardner; Trustees, Class of 1907, Clarence H. Robbins; class of 1909, Payne Whitney and Ashton C. Clarkson.

Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, who has served the club so well for many years, is unable to serve longer in his old capacity by reason of business engagements which will take his time. Col. Frederick A. Hill, long the treasurer of the club, becomes now secretary and Mr. James L. Laidlaw takes the position of treasurer.

Commodore Alker remains the commodore of the club he has served so well. Altogether the ticket contains the name of men long associated with yachting and also prominent in active business life.

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"Corinthian."—Champion of the Pacific Coast, 1905-'06.
"Cricket."—40-footer. Champion of Gulf Coast.
"Orestes."—Winner of Lipton Cup for 1901 and Champion 22-rater.

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Larchmont Y. C.

On Wednesday of last week the annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's. The reports of the various committees show the club in a very prosperous condition, and the success is traceable to the interest manifested in all matters exhibited by the members to further the ends of the organization. The roll numbers 816 members, with a fleet of 366 yachts, divided into the following classes: Schooners, 26; auxiliary schooners, 10; cabin sloops, cutters and yawls, 145; mainsail yachts, 14; steamers, 99, and launches, 72.

The following officers were elected: Com., Wilson Marshall, auxiliary schooner Atlantic; Vice-Com., Frederick M. Hoyt, cutter Isolde; Rear-Com., Walter C. Hubbard, ketch Paladin; Secy., A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Trustees (to serve three years), William B. Jenkins and Jacob Halsted.

The large number of prizes, valued at $6,000, won at the different regattas during the year, were on exhibition.

Colonial Y. C.

The Colonial Y. C. held a special meeting at the Hotel St. Brendan last evening, Commodore Frank Totten presiding, and it was resolved that the board of directors make arrangements for the building of a new club house in place of the one now at Hudson River and 108th street. At the same time a committee consisting of John W. Noble, Fleet Surgeon C. G. McGlone, and M. C. Kimball was appointed to secure temporary headquarters in the meantime.

The committee of arrangements, consisting of Messrs. E. Eberlein, J. P. J. Tully, T. Kopper, J. J. Walsh and C. H. Newman, reported that all arrangements for the ball to be held at the Harlem Casino on the 16th day of January, 1907, had been completed, and a very enjoyable affair is anticipated.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steam yacht Sultana, Mr. E. H. Harriman, New York Y. C., is now at Shooters' Island shipyard for a thorough overhauling and rearrangement of the quarters below. Mr. Henry J. Gielow has been entrusted with the work, which comprises changes of the officers' quarters from aft forward of the main saloon; the room thus gained aft will be fitted up as guests' staterooms. The deck house and stairs are to be changed, and this will greatly improve the convenience of the yacht.

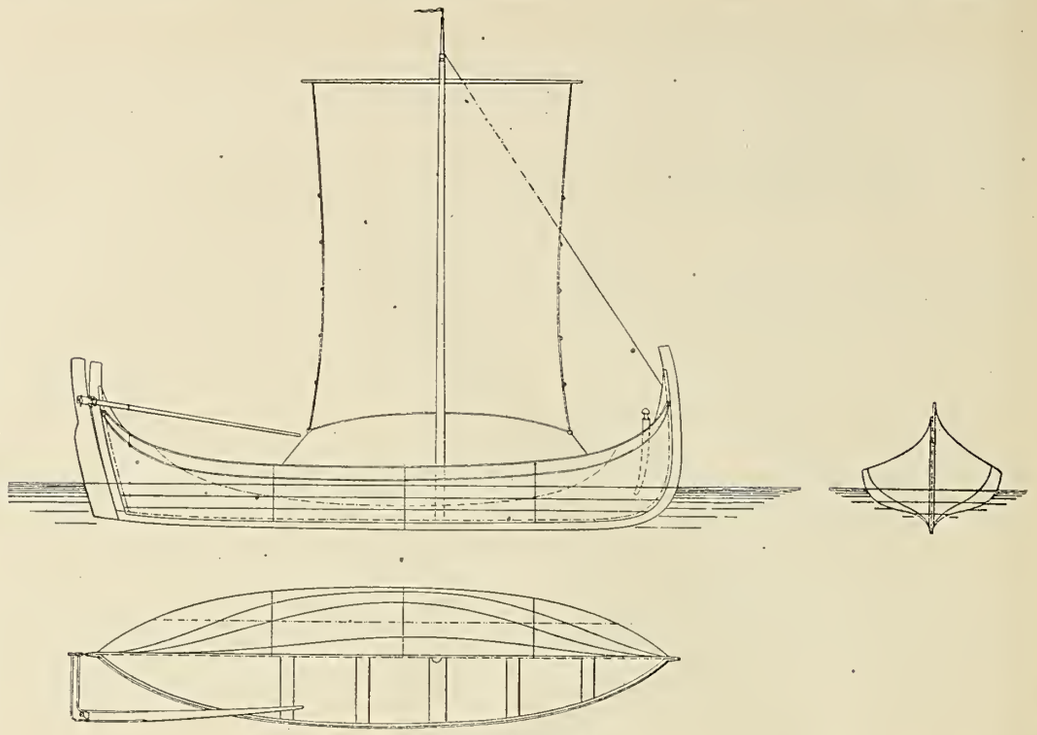
Mr. William Gardner has been commissioned to design for a syndicate of the Rochester Y. C., headed by Commodore T. B. Pritchard, a sloop yacht in the 27ft. class under the Universal Rule. The yacht, which will be built by Mr. Wood, of City Island, will be the only one built to defend the Canada cup now held by the Rochester Y. C.

From Jacksonville, Florida, the arrival of the following yachts from the north are reported: Eleanor III., Mr Alexander S. Williams, of New York; the auxiliary schooner Ariadne, Mr. James Laughlin, Jr. Mr. Chas. L. Webber has arrived aboard his houseboat Kenesaw II. on which he has been cruising since July 2. The boat was for a time on the sound and Canadian waters, and will now proceed further south after a short stay at Jacksonville.

Last week Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, of Bristol, and two of his sons, Francis and Sidney, were painfully injured as the result of burning gasolene. Mr. Herreshoff and his sons were preparing to start an automobile when a spark ignited some gasolene which had leaked on the floor of the shop. The burns sustained were painful, but not dangerous, and it is expected that Mr. Herreshoff and his boys will be about again in a few days.

The steel steam yacht Margaret, Mr. Isaac E. Emmerson, New York Y. C., has been chartered through the firm of Messrs. Cox & Stevens to Mr. C. V. Walsh. The yacht prior to her sailing for southern waters about Jan. 15 will be thoroughly overhauled and fitted at Mannings, South Brooklyn. Margaret has made many off-shore cruises, and took her owner around the world. Last year she made a cruise to South American ports and up the Amazon. She is 176ft. over all, 145ft. waterline, 21ft. breadth, and 11ft. draft.

The board of governors of the Motor Boat Club of America announces that the new club house will be located at some convenient point on the Hudson River, and that the Committee on Ways and Means is making every effort to select a site and to begin building at the earliest possible moment. The following have recently been admitted to membership: George Scott Graham, former District Attorney of Philadelphia; Commodore Frank Maier, E. S. Mendelson, William Lewis Stow, John C. De Wolf, Walter B. Craighead, Eugene A. Riotte, Melville D. Chapman, member of the Board of Governors of the Automobile Co of America; Frank H. Ray, Hosmer J. Barrett, Alfred E. Luders, Walter M. Bieling, George S. Macdonald, James Corrigan, Thomas Fleming Day, Martin C. Erismann, George Zimmer, B. K. Bloch, N. D. Cohen, Isaac N. Solis, and Thomas A. McIntyre. James Gordon Bennett has been elected an honorary member.



NORWAY FISHING BOAT.

Norway Boat.

It is not surprising that Norway should present some well-marked and distinctive types of craft. Small steamers have, very naturally, within recent years, almost monopolized the coast carrying trade, and in so doing have put out of work the old sailing sloops and square-rigged Nordland jacgts which formerly were so characteristic a feature of the Norwegian coastline. Steam has also been introduced into the whale fisheries of the north, and to some extent into the cod and herring fisheries. But the great bulk of the cod and herring and local fisheries of the country, the pilot and other local services, continue to employ and develop sailing craft. The two well-marked types are the high-sheered, square-rigged craft of Finmarken, Nordland, and the west, and the deep-decked fore-and-aft-rigged boat of the south, the former displays of the old Norse "longship." Like her, she is generally a clinker-built, double-ended open boat, and a wet ship to face the winter seas in, by reason of her low freeboard. But the Norse fisherman of to-day retains the same faith in his open boat as did his forefathers, and as that plucky sailor, Bgoru, sang of old:

"Salt is in my eyes;
They are bathed;
My strong arms fail,
My eyelids are smarting;"

so the herring and cod fishers weather the northern gales with no shelter but the weather gunwale of their open boat, and with smarting eyes and tired arms bail for their lives with the same cheery spirit.

They credit this old type of boat with marvelous sea-going qualities, and by reason of the faith that is in them, and their own strength and skill, have made this sample old world boat the trusted companion of their sea wanderings.

The secret of the Nordland boat probably lies in the extreme lightness of the ends, which makes her lively in a seaway, and in her handiness under oars, for shallow as she is, and narrow in the beam, she has none of the qualities of a steady going sea-boat. Her life in bad weather depends upon the handling she receives. The most feminine of boats, she demands a real man for her helmsman, who knows his own mind and has a strong hand to effect his purpose. Capricious, quick, seemingly, to betray her charge, she yet loves to be ruled strongly. It is only this she wants; and once she finds that she has her master, she will take him through the wildest winter night in safety, yet not without throwing more water than is either seemly or safe. The ends have great sheer, the sides great flare, necessitating in many cases a waterway inclined sharply inboard and carried from the quarters to each bow, upon which the wooden oar tholes are usually fixed.

A wash strake is fitted to some of the herring boats when deeply laden with nets or fish. In the larger boats used for winter fishing, a small cabin is arranged aft by building a bulkhead across at the quarters, raising the gunwale and decking it to the stern. Here a stove and bunks are fitted, and some protection from the weather is obtained. All these boats rely chiefly on oars for progress to windward, having little grip for weatherly work. They carry a crew ranging from three men to ten men, and range from quite small boats to 50 or 60ft. in length. The size of that in the cut, which is a herring boat is 33ft. 6in. in length, breadth 8ft. 8in., depth 2ft. 8in., mast 23ft. 3in., yard 11ft.—Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia, by H. Warington Smith, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Canoeing.

New York C. C.

The annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held at the Hotel Astor on Thursday evening, Dec. 13, when the following officers were elected: President, E. A. Bennett; Com., B. V. R. Speidel; Capt. Wm. Yelland, Jr.; Purser, Harry McCaughney; Sec'y, J. H. Shroyer; Trustees, L. S. Tiemann and A. M. Poole; Auditing Committee, W. F. Clayton and Geo. Walsh.

The annual reports of the officers showed the club to have had a very prosperous year, with every indication of another in 1907. The commodore appointed H. S. McKeag and A. M. Poole a committee to have charge of the canoe racing in the club, and they have called a meeting for the members interested, at the club house on Saturday evening, Jan. 12, to talk over and arrange plans for canoe racing for the coming season. Five of the members have agreed to order sailing dinghies, of the same model as the two already in the club, which will make good racing, and the number will probably be further increased.

The Open Amateur Championship

and the Dickerson Trophy, valued at $300, were won at the N. Y. Athletic Club by Wm. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del., who scored 94 ex 100 and 23 ex 25 on the shoot-off, with

U. M. C. Arrow Shot Shells

John Martin took the third prize trophy with the "Amateur's Choice"—U. M. C. Shells.

The First Three Professional Averages

were won with U. M. C. Shells. S. Glover, 96 per cent; H. Welles, 94 per cent; W. H. Heer, 93 per cent. R. O. Heikes tied for fourth with 92 per cent. It was a U. M. C. shoot from start to finish. Considerably more U. M. C. Shells were shot than all other makes put together. As usual, the amateurs (those who are influenced by quality *only*) chose Arrow or Nitro Club Shells.

Amateur Champions Shoot U. M. C.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

1907.

Jan. 1.—Bergen Beach (N. Y.) G. C.
Jan. 1.—Toronto (Ont.) Trapshooting League. G. M. Dunk, Sec'y.
Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton (Can.) G. C.
Jan. 21-26.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
April 24-26.—Hutchinson, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 14-16.—Chicago.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.
May 20-24.—Lebanon, Pa.—Pennsylvania State shoot, under auspices of the Keystone Gun Club. John A. Bollman, Cor. Sec'y.
May 22-23.—Auburn (N. Y.) G. C.
May 14-15.—Olean (N. Y.) G. C. twelfth annual tournament.
May 21-23.—McMechen.—West Virginia Sportsman's Association.
May 22-25.—St. Louis.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
May 28-29.—Rochester, Ind.—Trapshooters' League of Indiana.
May 28-30.—Des Moines.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. Decoration Day shoot.
June 4-6.—Columbus.—Ohio State League.
June 28-30.—Sioux City.—Iowa State shoot.
July 23-24.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck G. C. tournament. Chas. M. Hughes, Sec'y.

THE PASSING YEAR.

In the matter of trapshooting interests, the year now closing has, without doubt, far surpassed any previous year in general and constant activity everywhere, in the wholesome growth of the sport, and consequently in the enormous consumption of ammunition, targets and other trapshooting material.

In particular, the general growth in recent years has been under the best auspices of sportsmanship. Many golf and country clubs have installed the necessary trapshooting equipment contiguous to the club houses, thereby making trapshooting an added feature of country life. Nor has it escaped the attention of the great winter resorts of the South. It is a slow and sleepy resort, indeed, which has not its trapshooting contests.

The great tournaments of the Interstate Association, held in the East, West, North and South, and the Grand American Handicap, the greatest of all, were all generously supported. The great tournaments of that association, to be held in 1907, have promising indications that they will far surpass their fellows of prior years.

In every nook, the sport finds favor. There is no cross road so humble nor city so great but what therein are the devotees of trapshooting. So numerous in this year have been the club shoots in some sections that the professional shooters, whose itinerary was therein, though attending a shoot daily, were unable to attend more than a small fraction of the shoots held.

As in the affairs of trapshooting, those of rifle shooting have been rapidly broadening during the year. It has such a general impetus that in 1907 its growth should far surpass the rifle shooting activities of 1906. The general impetus is largely due to the energy displayed by the National Government, the National Rifle Association, and affiliated interests, the State associations, the numerous rifle clubs and military organizations throughout the United States, supported by public sentiment at large. Thus the art, both in respect to it as an essential military accomplishment, and as a sport, is safeguarded and promoted under the very best auspices.

The pistol and revolver are not neglected in shooting matters. Under the able auspices of the United States Revolver Association, their interests have been much advanced. They have been accorded also an important recognition in military competition, but the attention bestowed on these useful weapons, alike in fitness for defense or recreation, is not at all commensurate with their sterling worth.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The eastern Pennsylvania amateur handicap championship, held on the grounds of the Florists Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Dec. 21, was won by P. B. Pflegar, after a shoot-off with Mr. G. S. McCarty on score of 90. The shoot-off was at 25 targets, Pflegar winning by a score of 23 to 21. The promoters of the shoot overlooked apparently the fact that under no conditions is a handicap a championship. A man who accepts a material advantage over an opponent cannot possibly be said to be the donor's superior within the meaning of championship significance.

Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, will visit Chicago early in January to view the progress of the Chicago Associated Gun Club as it relates to the holding of the Grand American Handicap.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has already outlined plans for the State shoot, to be held at Lebanon, Pa., May 20-24, 1907, under the auspices of the Keystone Gun Club. Competition will be open to the world in other than State events. On May 22 and 24, merchandise events will be held. The total value of the two events will be $2,000. Mr. John A. Bollman, Lebanon, is the Corresponding Secretary. The Lebanon Valley Fair Association, North Cornwall, have been secured. Two events, the Thomas J. Bollman memorial handicap and the Keystone merchandise event, will be added to the programme. Mr. Luther J. Squier, of the Dupont able staff and a famous expert in tournament management, will manage the tournament.

There is in several sportsmen's journals much discussion of ways and means by which sporting goods dealers can successfully meet the encroachments of the great mail-order houses. Those houses were built up by judicious advertising methods, and are continued in business by like methods. They are magnificent testimonials to the fact that it pays to advertise. A dealer who mopes and does not advertise is one of the first aids to the mail-order houses, whose competition is considered so serious. The true remedy is to meet the competition on its own ground. If a dealer's goods are good, better and best, let the public know the fact.

Watson's Park, of Chicago, famous in the annals of America's trapshooting contests, will be sold at public auction at an early date, and will cease to exist as a tested ground. It was the scene of many well contested matches and tournaments, and the best marksmen that America produced have displayed their skill in competition within its boundaries. Progress is merciless in claiming its own. The new shooting park, now being constructed at 123d street and Michigan avenue, will be incomparably superior to the old Watson Park, and is the cause of the final passing away of the latter.

We are informed that a series of three matches has been arranged between the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, the first one to be held on Saturday of this week. The second is to be held at Baltimore, on Jan. 5, and the third to be held on neutral ground, if the prinicipals so decide, and on a date to be determined later.

Mr. F. B. Stephenson won the leg on the December cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, held at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, Dec. 22. He scored 24 out of 25 from scratch. The three best individual scores of the month determine the winner. Mr. J. H. Ernst is now in the lead with a total of 69. F. B. Stephenson is second with a total of 67.

The scores of the Deal Golf and Country Club, published in this issue of Forest and Stream, are further testimonials to the popularity of trapshooting as a feature of golf and country club pleasures. Besides its wholesomeness as a sport, it is one of the few branches of recreation which show a profitable balance at the close of the season.

The North Side Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., announce a shoot for New Year's Day. Competition will be started at 10 o'clock. Refreshments will be served free to all contestants. At the shoot on Saturday of last week, Mr. Joe Spaeth was high gun. In event 3, H. Becker scored 18 and was second to Spaeth.

At West Chester, Pa., Dec. 20, the third tri-club shoot between the West Chester, Avondale and Coatesville gun clubs was won by Avondale Club, which thus became the winner of the Dupont trophy.

There will be a special miss-and-out sweepstake at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, $2 entrance, for a set of harness or $40 in gold. There also will be sweepstake events.

The December cup contest of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island, Dec. 22, resulted in a tie between Messrs. Debacher and Kuchler, each scoring the full 50. Kuchler won in the shoot-off, by a score of 24 to 23.

Forest and Stream went to press on Monday of this week, because Tuesday is a holiday. In consequence, a number of communications are necessarily held over till our next issue.

DEAL GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB SHOOTING HOUSE.

At the all-day shoot held at Plumsteadville, Pa., Dec. 18, the two famous experts, Messrs. Lester German, of Baltimore, and Wm. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., tied for high average on 127 out of a possible 135. Mr. H. Buckwalter, of Royersford, was second with 126.

Bernard Waters.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 19.—The Boston Gun Club first shoot for 1907 was held at Wellington to-day with nineteen shooters present to do justice to the seven events. Conditions being first-class, the scores were most disappointing, and not one of the shooters thought otherwise than that it would take a 90 per cent. score to take high for the afternoon. Dickey's 81, however, was the right score in the right place, with Muldown close up, 3 targets less. In the class matches the winners proved to be Dickey, Muldown and Nelson, each having a clear lead on his nearest competitor. Scores:

Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	15	20	Av.
Dickey	13	8	14	8	13	12	13	81
Muldown	14	6	13	6	13	12	14	78
Griffiths	13	10	12	7	9	9	16	76
Gleason	11	7	15	6	10	14	12	75
Wheeler	11	8	10	9	12	8	14	72
Frank	13	9	14	6	8	10	11	71
Hassam	10	7	13	6	8	12	15	71
Roy	12	8	14	6	6	14	10	70
Burnes	9	7	13	8	8	11	12	68
Buffalo	14	8	12	8	6	8	11	67
Comer	11	9	13	5	8	6	14	66
Nelson	9	7	12	6	12	8	9	63
Sibley	12	6	11	6	7	7	13	62
Fay	11	5	7	5	8	9	14	59
Kawop	12	5	12	4	7	8	8	56
Powdrell	7	6	8	3	4	4	4	36
Kirkwood	11	9	11	8	11	..	17	78
Powers	..	..	12	7	10	11	13	70
Woodruff	5	6	8	3	2	..	..	36

Class A.

	Hdcp.			
Dickey	21	13	12	13—38
Gleason	21	10	14	12—36
Griffiths	21	9	9	16—34
Roy	21	6	14	10—30
Frank	19	8	10	11—29
Buffalo	19	6	8	11—25

Class B.

Muldown	16	13	12	14—39
Hassam	18	8	12	15—35
Wheeler	19	12	8	14—34
Powers	18	10	11	13—34
Burnes	18	8	11	12—31
Fay	16	8	9	14—31
Comer	18	8	6	14—28
Sibley	17	7	7	13—27

Class C.

Nelson	16	12	8	9—29
Kawop	17	7	8	8—23
Powdrell	17	4	4	4—12

Alert Gun Club.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Dec. 20.—This day opened up with a snow and rain storm, the worst ever witnessed in this section, and in consequence ruined what would have been one of the largest tournaments held on these grounds. Even with the storm taken into consideration, a great many shooters were present (some shot and some did not open up their gun cases). The officers of the tournament had not the least idea that any one would be on hand, but yet the boys seemed to have remembered how they are treated at this club, and came, thinking the storm might not continue during the whole day. Even if the shooters present did not have a good time back of the scatter gun, they had the satisfaction of having a good old-fashioned sauerkraut lunch, which everybody enjoyed. Among the professionals present were Apgar, Glover and Welles. The amateurs present from out of town were Skeds, Ritter, Adams, Wilson, McDowell, Neff and Meyer.

For the professionals, Glover landed high average. In the amateur class, Frederick, of Easton, Pa., took high with 178 breaks out of 200. The shooting done by Mr. Fredericks during the whole programme was the best ever seen in this section, with the weather taken into consideration. Mr. Skeds, of Wilkes-Barre, in the finish up of the tournament, had the finest run ever made over these traps, he having broken 106 out of 109 targets, missing only 3 targets, and had a straight run of 58 targets.

This club will hold on its grounds this coming spring the New Jersey State shoot, and from now on will prepare for same. No doubt this shoot will be conducted on lines that will make same the largest and finest ever held in the State of New Jersey.

The following are scores of the second annual holiday target tournament:

	Shot at.	Brk.		Shot at.	Brk.
Glover	200	158	Meyer	155	119
Apgar	185	124	McDowell	85	57
Welles	60	45	Raub, Jr.	80	51
Frederick	200	178	Ritter	60	42
Skeds	200	162	Neff	65	28
J Young	135	94	Adams	45	28
Wilson	130	98	Raub, Sr.	20	17

Edward F. Markley,
Chmn. Tournament Committee.

Deal Golf and Country Club.

Deal, N. J., Dec. 15.—The Deal Golf and Country Club is making a special feature of trapshooting during the winter months. We are indebted to Mr. H. D. Goods for the photograph of the new club house, reproduced herewith. The gentlemen portrayed are well-known trapshooters of New Jersey. Mr. Feigenspan, a few years ago won the Brooklyn Eagle cup against all comers, and was conceded to be one of the most skillful experts.

The weather conditions were pleasant.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	15	25	25
T W Lembeck, 3	21	18	21	23	22	20	8	19
W C Shanley, 16	1	8	..	10	7	8	1	5
C W Feigenspan, 0	22	21	23	24	22	21	12	24
J M Byrne, 12	16	11	..	12	13	12	2	14
H D Goode, 4	24	..	..	15	..	..	..	..

Handicap events were shot as follows: Lembeck (3) broke 25 straight; Feigenspan (0) 24; Goode (4) 25; Shanley (16) 22; Byrne (12) 25.

Ten targets: Byrne (5) 10, Goode (1) 9, Lembeck (0) 8.

Twenty-five targets: Lembeck (2) 20, Feigenspan (0) 22, Goode (2) 25, Shanley (18) 24, Byrne (9) 25.

New York Athletic Club.

New York, Dec. 22.—A cold, drizzling rain and a murky sky were unfavorable weather conditions for good shooting or fair attendance, at the weekly shoot of the New York Athletic Club to-day.

The contest for the December cup resulted in a tie between Messrs. Debacher and Kuchler, having handicaps of 14 and 16 respectively. Kuchler won by one target in the shoot-off. The real feature of the shoot, however, was the excellent scores from scratch, as will be noted in the events following.

December cup, handicap, 50 targets: Debacher (14) 50, Kuchler (16) 50, Billings (0) 42, Hamlin (10) 33.

Shoot-off, 25 targets, handicap: Kuchler (8) 24, Debacher (7) 23.

Trophy No. 1, 25 targets, handicap: Billing (0) 23, Debacher (6) 22, Kuchler (8) 22, Hamlin (5) 10.

Trophy No. 2, 25 targets, handicap: Billings (0) 24, Kuchler (8) 23, Debacher (7) 23, Hamlin (5) 14.

Trophy No. 3, 25 targets, handicap: Debacher (7) 25, Kuchler (8) 25, Billings (0) 20, Hamlin (5) 19.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Debacher 25, Kuchler 25.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Kuchler 25, Debacher 22.

Trophy No. 4, 25 targets, handicap: Kuchler (8) 25, Debacher (7) 22, Billings (0) 20, Hamlin (5) 20.

The Winchester Team.

We are indebted to Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins for the subjoined summary of the Winchester team's shooting, made while on its famous southern tour. Mr. Hawkins writes us that "These scores were all made at the points given, and were the advertised exhibitions of the team. No practice scores are entered in any way, as the team had no practice whatever, merely shooting the 100 scheduled at each point."

	Crosby	Taylor	Hawkins	Boa	Mrs. Top	Team total
Baltimore	97	94	95	..	83	...
Wilmington	92	95	94	..	88	...
Fredericksburg	97	90	95	..	87	...
Richmond	98	97	97	..	93	...
Lynchburg	94	96	95	..	95	...
Danville	95	93	96	..	89	...
Weekly Total	575	565	572	...	535	...
Winston	98	97	98	97	90	480
Greensboro	94	96	98	89	93	470
Durham	99	97	98	94	94	482
Raleigh	94	97	92	85	94	462
Wilson	99	96	95	95	91	476
Wilmington	96	92	95	90	90	463
Weekly total	580	575	576	550	552	
Charlotte	100	96	97	96	89	478
Chester	99	99	100	93	96	487
Columbia	94	96	94	95	89	468
Augusta	93	99	100	97	90	479
Charleston	97	96	96	94	93	476
Savannah	95	97	93	97	89	471
Weekly total	578	583	580	572	546	
Macon	99	94	97	94	96	480
Cordele	100	98	98	97	90	483
Valdosta	100	97	98	97	86	478
Thomasville	96	99	98	95	97	485
Albany	99	98	98	99	96	490
Atlanta	97	95	96	93	90	490
Weekly total	591	581	585	575	555	
Anniston	95	94	92	89	86	456
Birmingham	99	98	94	96	88	475
Montgomery	99	95	96	96	86	472
Mobile	99	95	96	95	97	483
New Orleans	96	98	96	93	84	467
Weekly total (500)	488	481	474	469	441	
Baton Rouge	96	96	93	85	93	463
Shreveport	99	94	97	99	91	480
Shreveport	96	98	97	94	89	474
Monroe	99	92	98	97	89	475
Vicksburg	99	96	96	92	85	468
Vicksburg	98	95	96	91	89	469
Weekly total	587	571	577	558	536	
Yazoo City	97	100	99	94	96	486
Clarksdale	144	146	142	142	143	
Memphis	92	91	97	98	90	468
Pine Bluff	149	145	141	136	140	
Little Rock	98	96	96	96	97	483
Weekly total	589	578	575	566	566	
Nashville	97	95	89	96	92	469
Chattanooga	93	99	97	97	95	486
Bristol	96	96	96	93	87	468
Weekly total	291	290	282	286	274	

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Targets:	600	600	600	600	500	600	600	300—4400
Crosby	573	580	578	591	488	587	580	291—4268
Taylor	565	575	583	581	481	571	578	290—4224
Hawkins	572	576	580	585	474	577	575	282—4221
Boa	..	550	572	575	469	558	566	286—3576
Mrs Top.	535	552	546	555	441	536	566	274—4005

Averages: Crosby 97 per cent. exactly; Taylor, 96 per cent. exactly; Hawkins, 3 targets less than 96 per cent.; Boa, 11 targets over 94 per cent.; Mrs. Topperwein, 1 target over 91 per cent.

The team shot at 21,400 targets and broke 20,294. Grand team average for entire trip, 94.83 per cent.

Mr. Boa shot at 3,800 targets, as he did not join the team until the second week.

The fourth week the team shot at 3,000 targets and broke 2,887, an average of 96.23 per cent. This is a world's record.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 22.—A heavy fog and a drizzling rain were serious impediments to the competition, and the shoot closed at an earlier hour than usual in consequence. Ten men participated in the events. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions, Mr. F. B. Stephenson made an average of .865 per cent. He scored a leg on the December cup, with a score of 24, shooting from scratch. Mr. J. H. Ernst is now in the lead for the cup, his best three scores totaling 69, while Stephenson's best three total 67.

There were but two entries in the team race. The winning team members were Messrs. G. G. Stephenson and S. P. Hopkins. Scores:

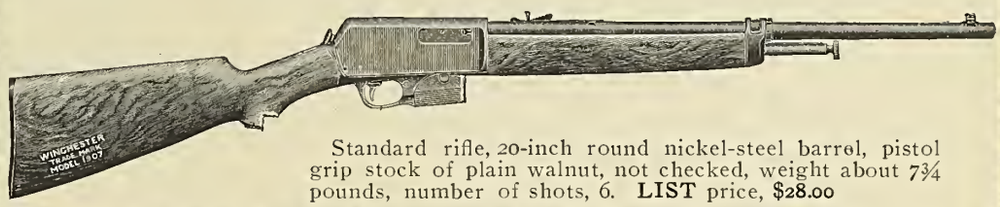
December cup, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (0) 24, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., (2) 20, W. W. Marshall (5) 23, H. B. Vanderveer (4) 20, L. C. Hopkins (3) 22, W. C. Damron (4) 17, J. H. Ernst (5) 22, S. P. Hopkins (4) 16.

Team race, 25 targets, handicap: G. G. Stephenson and S. P. Hopkins (6) 44; W. C. Damron and C. A. Lockwood (7) 29.

WINCHESTER

Model 1907 Self-loading Rifle **.351 Caliber, High Power**

"The Gun That Shoots Through Steel"



Standard rifle, 20-inch round nickel-steel barrel, pistol grip stock of plain walnut, not checked, weight about 7¾ pounds, number of shots, 6. **LIST** price, **$28.00**

A HANDY, HANDSOME, POWERFUL GUN: The Model 1907, .351 Caliber High Power is a six-shot take-down, handsome and symmetrical in outline and simple and strong in construction. It is a serviceable, handy gun from butt to muzzle. There are no moving projections on the outside of the gun to catch in the clothing or tear the hands, and no screws or pins to shake loose. It is easily loaded and unloaded, easily shot with great rapidity and easily taken down and cleaned.

THE .351-CALIBER HIGH POWER CARTRIDGE represents the latest development in powder and cartridge manufacture. Although small in size, it develops tremendous velocity and energy, making it powerful enough for the largest game. The soft-point bullet mushrooms splendidly on animal tissue, tearing a wide killing path. The regular cartridge will shoot a metal patched bullet through a ¼-inch steel plate. This most modern type of cartridge also possesses the added advantage of economy. Owing to the comparatively small amount of metal used in the shell, it costs much less than old style cartridges no more powerful.

THE WINCHESTER SELF-LOADING SYSTEM is positive, safe, strong, and simple. There is nothing experimental about it. Tested by use and abuse for two years, it has proved its absolute reliability and practicability. In these qualities there is no other self-loading system that approaches it. We were the pioneer manufacturers of Self-loading rifles.

A SIMPLER AND MORE HANDY TAKE-DOWN device than that used in the Winchester Model 1907 is next to impossible. A few turns on the take-down screw, found at the rear of the receiver, and the rifle is separated into two parts, the stock and action being in one and the barrel and receiver in the other. When taken down, the exposed working parts are all accessible, making it easy to clean the action.

RAPIDITY OF FIRE: This rifle has a detachable magazine, which can be inserted in the gun when the bolt is closed, making loading quick, safe and easy. The superiority of this style of magazine for this type of rifle was demonstrated at the recent National Matches at Sea Girt, when the Winchester Self-loading system won all the competitive prizes for rapid-fire shooting; the record being fifty shots in one minute against twenty fired from the other self-loading rifle having a fixed magazine. Still another advantage of the detachable magazine is that it makes it unnecessary to work the cartridges through the gun in unloading.

COMPARISON IS CONVINCING: We know of no better way for a prospective purchaser to become convinced of the superiority of the Winchester Model 1907 .351-Caliber High Power Rifle than by comparing it with other makes of similar guns. Look at them, handle them, price them, load them, take them down, shoot them, test their penetration, killing power and range if you will. In fact, compare them in any way you see fit.

Circular fully describing this rifle sent free upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Scratch, 15 targets: G. G. Stephenson 13, L. C. Hopkins 13, F. B. Stephenson 11, W. C. Damron 11, H. B. Vanderveer 10.

Shoot-off, same conditions: L. C. Hopkins 11, G. G. Stephenson 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: L. C. Hopkins (2) 15, S. P. Hopkins (2) 14, J. H. Ernst (3) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, W. C. Damron (2) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: J. H. Ernst (3) 15, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, S. P. Hopkins (2) 13, G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 11, L. C. Hopkins (2) 9.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: W. C. Damron (4) 23, L. C. Hopkins (3) 22, F. B. Stephenson (0) 20, W. W. Marshall (5) 19, A. E. Hendrickson (4) 19, C. A. Lockwood (3) 19.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: J. H. Ernst (3) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, A. E. Hendrickson (2) 12, L. C. Hopkins (2) 11, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, W. C. Damron (2) 10, C. A. Lockwood, (1) 9, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: W. C. Damron (2) 15, F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, C. A. Lockwood (1) 14, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, A. E. Hendrickson (2) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (0) 15, L. C. Hopkins (2) 13, A. E. Hendrickson (2) 12, C. A. Lockwood (1) 11, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, W. C. Damron (2) 9.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Dec. 22.—To-day was the last practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club before the president's shoot on New Year's Day. There will be no practice shooting allowed during the afternoon of Jan. 1. If the members turn out to all the shoots of the gun club, as the return postals indicate that they will at this date, the management of the club would be happy. There will be four events at 25 targets each, divided into classes A and B, so that all will have a chance for the prizes. The prizes, many and handsome, are to be given by the president of the club, Col. Franklin Brandreth, according to his annual custom. The trap is again in fine shape. Scores to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15
J Willi, Jr	9	7	6	6	6	..	..
Edw Brewerton	7	6	5	..	..	..	..
C G Blandford	9	7	8	6	9	11	12
W H Coleman	..	..	..	8	7	10	9
O P Geer	..	..	..	7	7	9	10

Old Time Gun-Fitting and Testing.

We live in an age when scientific gun-fitting is properly recognized as being an essential part of the education of a man wishing to shoot at his best. The system of gun-fitting as we know it to-day is of course an introduction of quite recent years, but the try-gun is simply an evolution by natural means of certain methods employed years and years ago by our forefathers and based upon observations which they were almost as well able to make in those days as we are at the present time, with all our advantages of modern science.

As an example, one may quote the remarks of a writer on the subject of choosing a gun, the article in question having been written about the latter end of the eighteenth century. This old-fashioned scribe prefaces what he has to say by observing that the adapting of guns to persons of different size and makes is a thing of no small importance, and as such, deserves to be specially considered. He then proceeds: "In the choice of a gun there is certainly much more to be attended to than the size and the bore of it. For instance, in a gun for a broad-shouldered man the stock is bent sideways, as if you would lay the lock upon your knee and could bend it with your hands. The point or toe of the butt turns out a little to the right, so as to bring the breech of the barrel to his eye in a direct line with the muzzle without constraint or bending his head much, which a short-necked man cannot do without danger of hurting his face." It will be noticed from the foregoing that the writer uses exactly the same terms and expressions as are in common usage to-day among the trade, and those versed in the technical language of gun-making. There was, however, in those days, so it seems, no equivalent for our present expressions "cast-off" or "cast-on," as applied to the bending of the stock to the right or left respectively.

We next come to a word or two of advice to slender men, as follows: "A gun whose stock is of a middling bend and length, and quite straight sideways (i. e., neither 'cast-off' nor 'cast-on') best suits a slender man with a longish neck. Suppose the length of the butt from the breach (sic) about 15½ inches, and if a straight line is laid to the barrel, so as to touch the muzzle and breach, and continued to the butt, you will find that the butt drops about 3 inches from the line (and for a man who has a short neck it ought to drop a quarter of an inch more) and at about 3 inches from the butt, where the face touches, about 2½ inches; and if he is broad and stout and his arms cannot reach so far forward, 14 inches or 14½ in length from breach to butt may be sufficient."

The most remarkable thing about these observations is the excessive amount of bend recommended. "A man of slender build with a longish neck" would not be advised by his gun-maker nowadays to adopt a gun with a bend of 2½—3, but would be more likely to be suited with a weapon measuring about 1½—2, or a trifle more. Again, the man with the shorter neck would hardly require a bend of 3¼ inches at the heel of the butt. These measurements seem all the more excessive when one remembers that the guns of that day were of great length in barrel—something like 3 feet, and occasionally 3 feet 6 inches. Every one knows that the tendency of excessive bend is to depress the muzzle, which fault would be all the more aggravated by the weight and length of the barrel. Many of the old guns made a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, examples of which are still to be met with, were very badly balanced, quite apart from their clumsiness. Balance, as we now understand it, was, in fact, an almost impossible thing with a gun whose barrel was of such a length and thickness that its weight was often half as much again as the rest of the gun, and the sling which was frequently fitted to guns in those days must have destroyed the balance of the weapon still more effectually.

Talking of balance, it may be interesting to quote what the writer has to say on this subject, and on the matter of "fit." "Balance the gun," says he, "upon the fore-finger of your left hand (which is a proper situation for your left hand) then join your right hand with your fore-finger, and throwing it off a little space from you in a horizontal direction, to prevent it rubbing against your shoulder. In taking up the gun, slip your finder off the cock, and draw the butt to your shoulder, so as to feel it gently, and point the muzzle to any object; and if you find the breech in a line with the muzzle, without any constraint, it then lies very well to suit you." It is fairly evident from the foregoing remarks that the writer, if when he says "balance your gun," he really means it, expected the left hand to be pushed forward until it was so far advanced as to take up sufficient of the weight of the barrel to balance the gun. This mode of procedure is a way out of a difficulty in the case of an ill-balanced weapon, but it is not at all in accordance with present day improved ideas of gun balance, and must have thrown a very severe strain upon the arm of the shooter during a long day's sport. Otherwise, the directions here given are useful enough, and much the same as we should recommend to-day to the would-be gunner anxious to know whether the gun he proposed purchasing fitted him or not.

At this point in his article the writer goes into an elaborate and somewhat abstruse dissertation upon triggers and trigger-guards, which, according to his way of thinking, were not usually constructed in the most convenient fashion. He is speaking, of course, of the straight trigger, such as one finds in most guns of the period, and his chief objection to the way in which it was fitted appears to be that its angle caused one's finger to slip up close to the stock, and so make the pull very hard. He therefore advocates the setting back of the end of the trigger nearer to the guard, as well as greater length of trigger, in order that the finger might obtain greater leverage and be able to regulate the pull to a nicety. Our author was evidently a man of thought and observance, but he failed to see what gunmakers have discovered since, viz., that the curved trigger would obviate the chance of the finger slipping in the act of pulling. Nowadays, too, triggers are arranged to pull off at a resistance of so many pounds, and can be regulated so as to suit the peculiarities of any individual—an obvious advantage in the case of excitable or nervous persons.

There now follows what is, perhaps, the most curious of all the remarks contained in this old writer's dissertation upon shooting matters. Talking of accidents, he says: "We cannot be too minute in giving directions which may prevent any accidents attending this sport, and on that account cannot caution gentlement too much against a fondness for short guns. If short guns go off by accident while loading they (i. e., the gentlemen aforesaid) are the more exposed to danger, as they more naturally lean over the muzzle, which, however, ought to be avoided either in long or short guns. We have had an instance of a gentleman, who, being out a-shooting by himself, had his skull laid bare by his gun going off, though he knew of no defect in the lock, till it was afterward examined. He had, no doubt, leaned over his gun, and many other cases might prove that no person is so much exposed to accidents of this kind from long guns as short ones." One would hardly have thought that it were necessary to warn sportsmen against the danger of looking down their gun barrels in the act of charging a muzzleloader, but no doubt that strange section of humanity which so often figures nowadays in reports of shooting accidents was not unknown in the days of our forebears. Muzzleloaders are very rarely used nowadays, and so accidents of the kind referred to by our old-time writer are not common; but we have quite as many, and probably more, of that irresponsible class of human idiots that, having shot some one, tries to save its face by remarking that it "didn't know it was loaded."

The following description of what was considered in the year 1792 a really good gun is given in this interesting article: "First, the barrel should be a tolerable large bore, and very smooth, with a handsome outside; the length from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches; the lock rather small, with good and strong springs; the stock neat, not too much burnt (?) in the butt; and upon the whole the piece to rise light and handy to the shoulder. The mounting may be according to fancy; however, brass, for weather and convenience, is certainly preferable to steel. As for the intrinsic value of a piece, that can only be known by trial, without which no new one should be purchased."

Then follows an elaborate and, as we should consider, a somewhat severe test for proving the capabilities of the "fowling piece." Our author says: "For the purpose of trial, we would advqise a young sportsman to stand at at distance of 70 yards from a clear barn door or any such place, so that the degree of scattering the shot will be better observed. At his first charge let him try the common charge of a pipe of powder, and a pipe and a half of shot; and to do the gun justice, let him be as steady as possible in his aim. If you find that you have thrown any at this distance into the card, you may safely conclude the piece is a good one; if you have missed the card, perhaps through unsteadiness, and thrown a tolerable sprinkling into the sheet, you may have the same good opinion of the gun; but if you find none in the sheet and are sensible of having shot steady try then an equal quantity of powder and shot (which some barrels are found to carry best) at the same distance; and if you then miss giving the sheet a tolerable sprinkling, refuse the piece as being but an indifferent one, if you are determined to have one of the best sort, which certainly is most advisable; and this trial may be considered altogether sufficient for a gun that is recommended by any gunsmith as a first-rate one." It is a pity that no statement is made as to the size of the "card" referred to in these instructions for gun-testing, but we may note that this rough-and-ready method of "plating" a gun was universally adopted until quite recently, and doubtless is still practiced in some out-of-the-way places, for one can hardly find a barn door in any part of the country which has not been peppered with shot pellets at one time or another.

Inferior guns were not expected to stand so searching a test as the foregoing, although the ordeal through which they were supposed to go was severe enough to please the most fastidious. The advice given is as follows: "For the second, or more indifferent sort (of a gun) let 55 or 60 yards be the distance of trial, and a judgment formed according to the above rule; but it must be observed that as some pieces carry a larger quantity of powder and shot than others, so it will be advisable to try three or four different quantities; but never to exceed a pipe and a half of powder, and the proportionable quantity of shot as before mentioned." What delightfully haphazard methods our forefathers adopted. And yet, who shall say, taking all the disadvantages of those days into consideration, that they were any worse shots than ourselves, with all our smokeless powders and generally improved ammunition, our ejectors and our single triggers?—East Sussex in Shooting Times.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 22.—A turkey shoot, at which white fliers were the objects, had thirteen contestants to-day. The scores follow:

Francis	15	12	12	12	11
Hawkins	13	13	14	15	12
Denny	12	11	13	11	15
Reinhardt	11	10	10	..	..
Armstrong	12	12	15	11	..
Mears	13	10	11	13	..
Kessler	12	9	7	..	..
France	12	12	9	11	..
Hood	12	9	12	10	..
Moxley	12	13	10	15	14
Harker	11	15	12	13	..
Fisher	..	5	..	..	..
Tracey	..	..	10	10	12

Winners of turkeys were Francis, Armstrong, Denny, Harker, Moxley and Hawkins.

Trial races will be held next Thursday for the team to represent Baltimore vs. Philadelphia.

The shoot of the Boston Athletic Association, at Riverside, Dec., 22, was notable for good shooting. Dr. E. F. Gleason won the 100-target handicap with a score of 95, from scratch. There were twelve other contestants.

Florist Gun Club.

Wissinoming, Pa., Dec. 20.—The weather was about as disagreeable as a downpour of steady, cold rain could impose. Fog added to the difficulties of making good scores. Only a few shot at the total of 175 targets:

		Shot at.	Broke
McCarty	20 25 21 24 22 19 20	175	150
Mink	21 18 21 22 20 23 23	175	148
Eames	21 16 22 16 20 20 18	175	133
McKelvey	22 19 20 23	100	84
Browhurst	16 16 18 19 15	125	84
Buttler	22 20 18 20	100	80
Huber	20 20 13 20	100	73
Hoor	23 19 23	75	65
German	22 17 24	75	63
German	22 17 24	75	63
Dr Smith	17 15 14 11	100	57
A Smith	11 15 14	75	40
Pennington	20	25	20
Lohr	19	25	19

On Dec. 21 thirty-four contestants took part in the amateur Eastern Pennsylvania handicap championship. The conditions were 100 targets, handicaps, 14 to 21yds.; entrance $2, targets included, cup and trophies to the three high guns.

The contest resulted in a tie between G. S. McCarty and P. B. Pflegar, on 90, and on the shoot-off Pflegar won by a score of 23 to 21. Scores:

J A R Elliott	18	25	22	24	23—94
L S German	18	25	23	25	24—97
W H Heer	18	23	22	23	22—90
C H Newcomb	18	18	19	21	20—78
G S McCarty	18	25	18	23	24—90
M Hawkins	18	23	17	24	23—87
S Glover	18	19	21	21	22—83
N Apgar	18	21	17	23	21—82
F E Pennington	17	19	13	22	19—73
A Smith	17	12	16	17	18—63
F M Eames	16	23	20	22	19—84
F E Butler	16	21	19	19	23—82
L R Huber	18	23	18	22	18—81
C E Mink	18	20	24	24	21—89
W J Lohr	18	21	21	20	20—82
J P Stone	16	12	13	12	12—49
W W Sharpless	17	19	17	21	17—74
J F Pratt	16	16	21	15	18—70
M R Darlington	15	16	18	20	19—73
W R Huttenlock	17	22	16	19	17—74
G Anderson	18	17	14	18	17—66
L R Little	17	21	21	19	20—81
T Tansey	17	20	21	19	22—82
J S Carrington	16	18	11	14	13—51
C Danenhauer	16	17	16	15	11—58
H S Welles	18	19	19	22	18—76
P B Pflegar	17	22	23	22	23—90
Mrs Park	16	23	24	19	18—84
H L Landis	18	22	22	23	18—85
B Crowhurst	15	14	14	10	8—46
J F Homewood	16	17	23	23	18—81
W G Allen	15	17	21	17	16—71
J W Allison	16	18	19	16	18—71
Shearer	16	17	15	22	16—70

Shoot-off of tie, 25 targets: Pflegar 23, McCarty 21.

Glenside Gun Club.

Skaneateles Junction, N. Y., Dec. 19.—The afternoon tournament of the Glenside Gun Club was a very pleasant affair, with twenty shooters present. High average was won by C. L. Frantz, Seneca Falls.

The monthly trophy five-man team event, 100 targets per team, was won by the Masonic Temple Gun Club, of Syracuse: score 83. Auburn scored 78, Baldwinsville 74. J. H. Briggs, the popular trade representative, was present and ably assisted.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	Total.
Whyte	6	7	9	6	14	8	9	8	9	76
Frantz	9	9	10	9	15	9	10	9	10	90
Knox	8	9	3	9	14	6	10	10	9	78
Connors	4	6	6	7	15	7	8	8	6	67
Chas Cottle	7	8	8	9	20	8	10	5	9	84
Corfield	9	7	6	6	..	9	7	4	7	55
Post	8	7	5	7	..	9	8	7	6	57
Knapp	5	9	7	8	15	9	10	8	8	79
J Cottle	8	7	8	4	..	8	8	9	9	61
Hookway	9	7	6	5	18	6	10	8	5	74
Burgman	6	7	8	10	17	9	8	8	7	80
Dalley	10	9	8	10	14	8	8	7	8	82
O E Carpenter	6	8	8	10	19	10	8	10	9	88
Smith	8	10	9	10	15	9	8	8	9	86
Davy	7	6	5	7	14	7	8	5	7	66
Phillips	6	8	10	7	18	10	7	9	7	82
Ernshaw	8	9	8	8	17	9	10	9	5	83
Hall	3	1	2	5	10	..	9	..	..	30
Doman	..	..	9	2	..	4	9	..	..	24
Carpenter	..	..	4	6	..	8	..	..	..	18

J. N. Knapp.

Wykagyl Country Club.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—Conditions were unfavorable for high scoring at the weekly shoot of the Wykagyl Country Club at New Rochelle on Saturday, Dec. 22. Two members and two visitors, Von Deesten and Ketchum, faced the traps, and in spite of the wind, rain and snow, made some very good scores. Pelham, shooting from scratch, won a leg on the Sauer gun, one of the season's prizes, after two-shoot-offs. In the third event, Brennan and Calhoun both had full scores, the former winning the tie, scoring a leg on the Remington gun. Bavier, an old-time rifle shot, but new to the game of trapshooting, won the fourth event for the T. L. Jaques trophy with another full score. Ogden also had a perfect score in the fifth, as did Scoble in the sixth. The full scores follow:

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Event No. 1, 25 targets, scratch:

Howard	23	Pini	14
Henderson	18	Pelham	14
Calhoun	18	Ogden	14
Scoble	17	Von Deesten	13
Bavier	17	Suter	7

Event No. 2, 25 targets, handicap, for Sauer gun:

	H.	T.		H.	T.
Howard	0	22	Scoble	4	18
Pelham	0	22	Suter	7	17
Henderson	2	22	Calhoun	2	16
Bavier	7	21	Pini	4	16
Ogden	7	20	Von Deesten	0	14
Brennan	5	19	Ketchum	0	8

First shoot-off:

Pelham	0	23	Howard	0	21
Henderson	2	23			

Second shoot-off:

Pelham	0	20	Henderson	2	18

Event No. 3, 25 targets, handicap, for Remington gun:

Calhoun	3	25	Pelham	0	23
Brennan	6	25	Howard	1	22
Henderson	3	24	Ogden	8	20
Scoble	5	24			

Shoot-off:

Brennan	6	22	Calhoun	3	19

Event No. 4, 25 targets, handicap, for T. L. Jaques trophy:

Bavier	7	25	Pelham	0	20
Scoble	5	24	Henderson	3	19
Ogden	8	24	Calhoun	3	19
Howard	1	23	Pini	5	15
Suter	8	22	Von Deesten	0	15
Brennan	5	21	Ketchum	0	10

Event No. 5, 25 targets, handicap, trophy:

Ogden	8	25	Brennan	5	19
Henderson	3	23	Scoble	5	18
Howard	1	22	Suter	8	18
Calhoun	3	19	Pini	5	18
Pelham	0	19	Von Deesten	0	12

Event No. 6, 25 targets, handicap, trophy:

Scoble	5	25	Bavier	6	22
Henderson	3	24	Pelham	0	17
Calhoun	3	23	Brennan	5	17
Ogden	7	23	Von Deesten	0	15
Howard	1	22			

Montclair Golf Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 22.—There were four contestants in the two 15-target events of the Montclair Golf Club to-day. Scores:

Event 1, 15 targets:

A R Allen	0	14	C E Van Vleck	4	11
W B Perley	0	12	R L Redfield	3	10

Event 2, 15 targets:

W B Perley	0	14	C E Van Vleck	5	12
A R Allen	0	10	Ward Perley	6	12

The regular 500-bird shoot will begin Jan. 1, and continue through February and March. The trophies will be silver for first, second and third place winners.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 22.—In the final shoot for the silver trophy of the Montclair Gun Club, 50 targets, Batten and Boxall tied on 44. The tie will be shot off on Christmas or Saturday. The scores follow:

Trophy event, 50 targets:

Cockefair	4	23	Benson	0	0
Bush	0	36	Dr Hunter	2	33
Boxall	4	44	Batten	8	44
Dukes	0	43	Campbell	0	0
Winslow	8	43			

Twenty-five target event:

Cockefair	2	22	Winslow	4	22
Bush	0	20	Dr Hunter	2	24
Boxall	2	22	Batten	4	21
Dukes	0	19	Campbell	4	12
Benson	1	19			

Fifteen target event:

Cockefair	1	12	Benson	1	13
Bush	0	12	Dr Hunter	0	13
Boxall	1	14	Batten	2	12
Dukes	1	14	Campbell	4	7
Winslow	1	15			

A two-man relay race resulted in a tie between teams Nos. 1 and 4, composed of Boxall and Campbell, and Dr. Hunter and Batten, each of whom scored 19. The scores:

Team No. 1—Boxall 10, Campbell 9; total 19.
Team No. 2—Cockefair 9, Benson 8; total 17.
Team No. 3—Bush 7, Winslow 6; total 13.
Team No. 4—Dr. Hunter 10, Batten 9; total 19.
Team No. 5—Dukes 10, Soverel 8; total 18.

Dr. Hunter's team won, upon the toss of a coin. In all the events the winners received handsome prizes. There will be a shoot for turkeys and ducks on Christmas Day.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Owensville Rifle Club.

OWENSVILLE, Ind., Dec. 18.—The following scores were made to-day by the Owensville Rifle Club, 25yds., German ring target, strictly offhand:

G A Wetter	247	246	248	247	248—1236
J Montgomery	244	244	243	244	243—1218
J T Embree	241	240	240	241	235—1197

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The New York Schuetzen Corps, organized in 1857, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by holding a two-day tournament at Union Hill, N. J., in September next. It also will give an anniversary banquet, on three different days, two at Union Hill, and one in New York on a date to be determined later. The dates of the tournament have not yet been fixed upon. The first festival was held in Conrad's Yorkville Park, Eighty-sixth street, and East River, now one of the most densely populated sections of New York. The club was 100 strong. The shooting at the first tournament was in charge of John Zettler, father of the Zettler Brothers, Charlie and Barney, the former at the time of the first tournament being sixteen and the latter fourteen years of age. The first Schuetzen King was Mr. Schmersahl, who later was the first mayor of Hoboken. Thus the club's history harks back to days when New York was comparatively primitive, days when the greater part of the world's present population was not.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made at 200yds. by members of this Association, on the German ring target, on Dec. 16. Mr. Nestler was champion, making remarkable scores during the day's shooting, also being high on the honor target with a fine score of 73 points.

Nestler	227	226	225	223	223
Payne	222	216	211	210	207
Hasenzahl	218	215	213	206	205
Bruns	212	192	186	179	...
Hofer	211	211	206	203	203
Gindele	209	203	199	178	...
Frcitag	204	201	201	200	198
Drnbe	203	202	197	194	...
Allen	192	183	182	175	171

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—Appended are the scores of the Zettler Rifle Club shoot, held in Zettler Brothers' gallery, 159 West Twenty-third street:

G L Amouroux	222	224	228	225	217	...	...	...	...	...
A Begerow	227	238	240	242	243	...	...	...	...	...
S Buzzini	208	220	221	215	221	222	232	237	224	236
T H Keller	237	242	235	231	229	224	234	229	227	234
H D Muller	238	237	240	240	236	...	...	...	...	...
L Maurer	238	228	235	240	236	237	241	238	238	241
G Schlicht	225	242	236	243	246	...	...	...	...	...
C G Zettler	240	239	238	234	234	...	...	...	...	...
B Zettler	236	237	234	244	241	...	...	...	...	...
C Zettler	239	241	240	243	237	...	...	...	...	...
T H Keller, Jr.	226	238	230	234	235	...	...	...	...	...

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Used by Mr. E. C. Griffith at the tournament of the Pale-Faces, Boston, Dec. 7. Mr. Griffith won the Pale-Face Trophy and First Amateur Average; he was also high man at the Wellington (Mass.) tournament, Nov. 28; score 143 x 150. PETERS ammunition has made an unprecedented record in 1906, but even greater things may be expected in 1907. SHOOT

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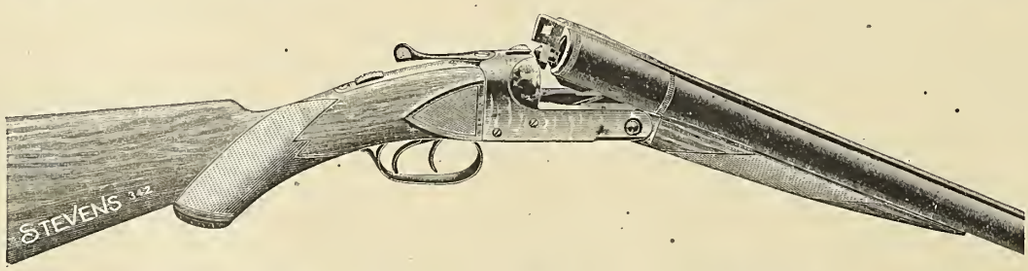

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Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

The scores of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps, made Dec. 21, in Zettler Brothers' rifle gallery, are appended. The real rifle practice and competition will begin in early January, after the holiday season is over.

G Zimmermann	245	247—492
H D Muller	241	242—483
A P Feigert	239	239—478
H Koch	240	234—474
A Begerow	238	236—474
W Soll	236	236—472
F Liegebel	243	238—471
J Behrens	222	220—442
J Bittschier	220	221—441
A Mamok	213	218—431
G T Zimmermann	233	235—468

Rifle Notes.

The War Department at Washington has announced the names of the high men in the small arms competitions of the Army for the season just closed. In rifle practice First Sergt. Martin B. Dunbar, Fourth Infantry, with an aggregate score of 821, leads, with Sergt. James A. Landers, Twelfth Infantry, one point behind, 820. First prize in the officers' competitions went to Capt. Frederick G. Stutzinger, Twenty-second Infantry, score 802. Second man was Lieut. Bruce Palmer, Tenth Cavalry, score 792. In the officers' pistol shooting Capt. James A. Cole, Sixth Cavalry, scored 287. Second, Capt. A. J. McNab, Twenty-second Infantry. Pistol shooting, enlisted men: Corporal Robinson, Ninth Cavalry, first; second Corporal Horace Jefferson, Ninth Cavalry.

The 100-shot championship match has been fixed to be held on March 9-16, inclusive, at Zettler Brothers' gallery, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Adventures of James Smith.

His Capture by a Tribe of Indians in Pennsylvania

From "American Adventure by Land and Sea."

Continued from page 1007.

At 10 o'clock, Smith had dropped considerably behind, and before eleven, Tontileaugo and the horses were out of sight. The Indian kept close at their heels and allowed them no time for rest. Smith, naked as he was, and glowing with exercise, threw himself upon the hard snow, and having cooled himself in this manner, he remained stationary until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the horses again came in view, their flanks smoking like a seething kettle and Tontileaugo close behind them, running with undiminished speed. Smith being now refreshed, struck in ahead of Tontileaugo, and compelled the horses to quicken their speed, while his Indian brother from behind, encouraged him to do his utmost, shouting, "Chako! chokoa-nough!" which was as much as to say, "Pull away, my hearty!"

Had Tontileaugo rested and committed the chase to Smith alone for some hours, and then, in his turn, relieved him, they might have succeeded; but neglecting this plan, they both continued the chase until nightfall, when, perceiving that the horses ran still with great vigor, they despaired of catching them, and returned to the camp, having tasted nothing since morning, and, one of them at least having run about one hundred miles. Tontileaugo was somewhat crestfallen at the result of the race, and grumbled not a little; but Smith assured him, that they had attempted an impossibility, and he became reconciled to their defeat.

The discipline exercised by the Indians over their children is not remarkably strict. Whipping is rare with them, and is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments. Ducking in cold water is the ordinary punishment for misbehavior; and, as might be expected, the children are more obedient in winter than in summer. Smith, during his first winter's residence among them, was an eyewitness to a circumstance, which affords a lively example of Indian manners. His brother, Tontileaugo, was married to a Wyandot squaw, who had had several children by a former husband. One of these children offended his stepfather in some way, who, in requital, gave him the "strappado," with a whip made of buffalo hide.

The discipline was quite moderate, but the lad shouted lustily, and soon brought out his Wyandot mother. She instantly took the child's part with great animation. It was in vain that the husband explained the offense, and protested that he had inflicted a very moderate punishment. All would not do. "The child," she said, "was

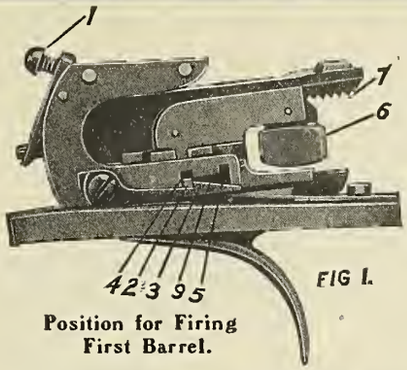

FIG I.
Position for Firing First Barrel.

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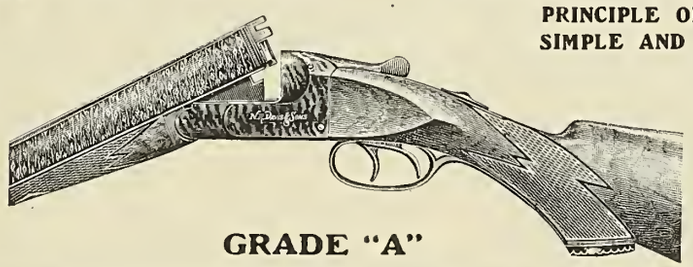

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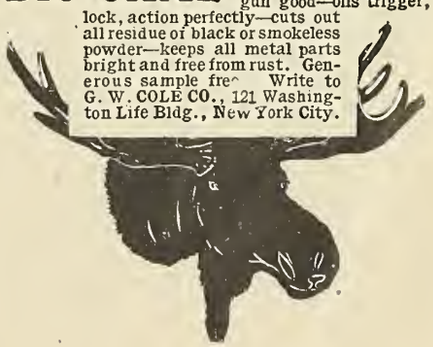

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no slave, to be scourged with a whip. His father had been a warrior, and a Wyandot, and his child was entitled to honorable usage. If he had offended his stepfather, there was cold water enough to be had; let him be ducked until he should be brought to reason, and she would not utter a word of complaint; but a buffalo hide was not a weapon with which the son of a warrior should be struck; his father's spirit was frowning in the skies at the degradation of his child."

To this indignant remonstrance, poor Tontileaugo listened with exemplary patience, and having lit his pipe, strolled away in order to give his squaw an opportunity of cooling off. The offense, however, had been of too serious a nature, and his squaw, shortly after his departure, caught a horse, and, taking her children with her, rode off to the Wyandot village, about forty miles distant. In the afternoon, Tontileaugo returned to his wigwam, and found no one there but Smith, an old man, and a boy. He appeared much troubled at his wife's refractory conduct, and finally followed to make his peace.

We have seen, that, for losing himself in the woods, Smith was degraded from the rank of a warrior, and reduced to that of a boy. Two years afterward, he regained his rank, and was presented with a rifle as a reward for an exhibition of hardihood and presence of mind. In company with an old chief, and several other Indians, he was engaged in hunting. A deep snow was on the ground, and the weather was tempestuous. On their way home, a number of raccoon tracks were seen in the snow, and Smith was directed to follow them and observe where they treed. He did so, but they led him off to a much greater distance than was anticipated; and the hunters were several miles ahead of him, when he attempted to rejoin them.

At first, these tracks were quite plain in the snow, and although night approached, and the camp was distant, Smith felt no anxiety. But, about dusk, his situation became critical. The weather grew suddenly much colder. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and eddies of snow blinded his eyes, and covered over the tracks of his companions. He had with him no gun, neither flint nor steel; no shelter but a blanket, and no weapon but a tomahawk. He plodded on for several hours, ignorant of his route, stumbling over logs, and chilled with cold, until the snow became so deep as seriously to impede his progress, and the flakes fell so thick as to render it impossible for him to see where he was going. He shouted for help, but no answer was returned, and, as the storm every moment increased in violence, he began to think that his last hour was nigh.

Providentially, in stumbling on through the snow, he came to a large sycamore, with a considerable opening on the windward side. He hastily crept in, and found the hollow sufficiently large to accommodate him for the night, if the weather side could be closed so as to exclude the snow and wind, which were beating against it with great severity.

Instantly setting to work with his tomahawk, Smith cut a number of sticks, which he placed upright against the hole, and piled brush against it in great quantities, leaving a space open for himself to creep in. He then broke up a decayed log, and cutting it into small pieces, pushed them one by one into the hollow of the tree, and, lastly, crept in himself. With these loose pieces he stopped up the remaining holes of his den, until not a chink was left to admit the light. The snow, drifting in large quantities, was soon banked up around the tree, completely sheltering him from the storm, which still continued to rage with undiminished fury. He then danced violently in the centre of his den for two hours until he was sufficiently warmed, when, wrapping himself in his blanket, he slept soundly until morning.

He awoke in utter darkness, and groping about, found his door, which he attempted to push away; but the snow had drifted against it to such a degree, that it resisted his utmost efforts. His hair now began to bristle, and he feared that he had, with great ingenuity, contrived to bury himself alive. He lay down again for several hours, meditating upon what he

should do, and whether he should not attempt to cut through the tree with his tomahawk; but at length he made one desperate effort to push away the door, and succeeded in moving it several inches, when a great bank of snow fell in upon him from above, convincing him at once of the immense quantity that had fallen. He at length burrowed his way into the upper air, and found it broad daylight, and the weather clear and mild. The snow lay nearly four feet deep; but he was now enabled to distinguish his way, and, by examining the barks of the trees, returned safely to camp.

He was received with loud shouts of congratulation and joy, but not a single question was asked until he had despatched a hearty meal of venison, hominy and sugar.

An old chief, named Tecaughnetanego then presented him with his own pipe, and they remained silent until Smith had smoked. When they saw him completely refreshed, the venerable chief addressed him in a mild and affectionate manner, and desired to hear a particular account of the manner in which he had passed the night. Not a word was spoken until Smith concluded his story, and then he was greeted on all sides with shouts of approbation.

Tecaughnetanego rose and addressed him in a short speech, highly commending the courage, hardihood, and presence of mind, which the young white man had displayed. He was exhorted to go on as he had begun, and was told that he would one day make a very great man; that all his brothers rejoiced in his safety, as much as they had lamented his supposed death; that they were preparing snowshoes to go in search of him when he appeared; but as he had been brought up effeminately among the whites, they never expected to see him alive. In conclusion, he was promoted from the rank of a boy, to that of a warrior, and assured, that, when they sold skins in the spring at Detroit, they would purchase for him a new rifle—a promise, which was faithfully fulfilled.

On one occasion, after the party, to which Smith belonged, had sold their beaver skins, and provided themselves with ammunition and blankets, all their surplus cash was expended in rum, which was bought by the keg. They then held a council, in which a few strong-bodied hunters were selected to remain sober, and protect the rest during the revel, for which they were preparing. Smith was courteously invited to get drunk, but he refused, and was told that he must then join the sober party, and assist in keeping order. This, as he quickly found, was an extremely dangerous office.

Before engaging in the serious business of drinking, the warriors carefully removed their tomahawks and knives, and took ever precaution against bloodshed. A shocking scene then commenced. Rum was swallowed in immense quantities, and the wild passions of the drinkers were stimulated to frenzy. Smith and the sober party were exposed to the most imminent peril, and were compelled to risk their lives every moment. Much mischief was done, but no lives were lost.

In the Ottawa camp, where the same infernal orgies were celebrated, the result was more tragical. Several warriors were killed on the spot, and others badly wounded.

Tecaughnetanego, the veteran chief, whom we have already mentioned, appears to have been a

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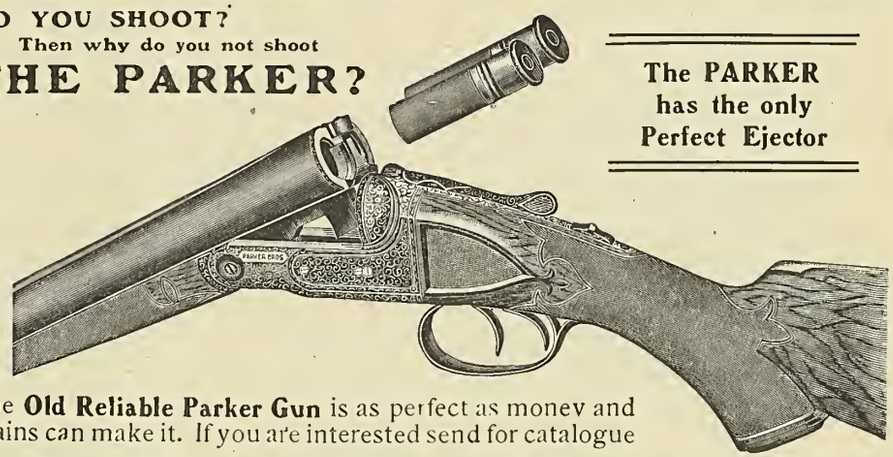

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favorable specimen of the Indian character. His religious notions had a strong influence upon his conduct. It so happened, that Smith, together with Tontileaugo and Tecaughnetanego, were encamped at a great distance from the rest of the tribe, and during the early part of the winter, they were very successful in hunting, and were abundantly supplied with all necessaries. Upon the occasion of the breach between Tontileaugo and his wife, however, Smith and the old chief were left in the woods, with no other company than that of Nungany, a little son of the latter, not more than ten years old. Tecaughnetanego, notwithstanding his age exceeded sixty, was still a skillful hunter, and capable of great exertion when in good health; but, unfortunately, he was subject to dreadful attacks of rheumatism, during which, in addition to the most excruciating pain, he was incapable of moving his limbs or helping himself in any way. Smith was but a young hunter, and Nungany, totally useless except as a cook; but while Tecaughnetanego retained the use of his limbs, notwithstanding the absence of Tontileaugo, they killed game in abundance.

About the middle of January, however, the weather became excessively cold, and the old chief was stretched upon the floor of his wigwam, totally unable to move. The whole care of the family now devolved upon Smith, and his exertions were not wanting. But, from his youth and inexperience, he was unable to provide as plentifully as Tontileaugo had done, and they were reduced to a very short allowance.

The old chief, though constantly racked by the severest pains, always strove to entertain Smith at night with agreeable conversation, and instructed him carefully, and repeatedly in the art of hunting. At length, the snow became hard and crusty; and the noise of Smith's footsteps frightened the deer, so that, with the utmost caution, he was unable to get within gunshot. The family, in consequence, were upon the verge of starvation.

One evening, Smith entered the hut, faint and weary, after a hunt of two days, during which he had eaten nothing. Tecaughnetanego had fasted for the same length of time, and both had been upon short allowance for a week. Smith came in very moodily, and laying aside his gun and powderhorn, sat down by the fire in silence. Tecaughnetanego inquired mildly and calmly, what success he had had. Smith answered, that they must starve, as the deer were so wild, that he could not get within gunshot, and it was too far to go to any Indian settlement for food.

The old man remained silent for a moment,

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and then, in the same mild tone, asked him if he were hungry. Smith replied, that the keenness of his appetite seemed gone, but that he felt sick and dizzy, and scarcely able to walk.

"I have made Nungany hunt up some food for you, brother," said the old man kindly, and bade the boy produce it.

This food was nothing more than the bones of a fox and wildcat, which had been thrown into the woods a few days before, and which the buzzards had already picked almost bare. Nungany had collected and boiled them, until the sinews were stripped of the flesh; intending them for himself and the old man, both of whom

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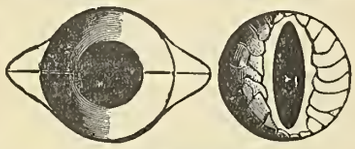

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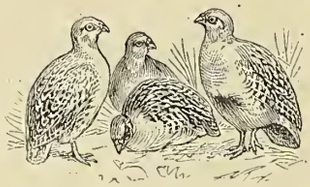

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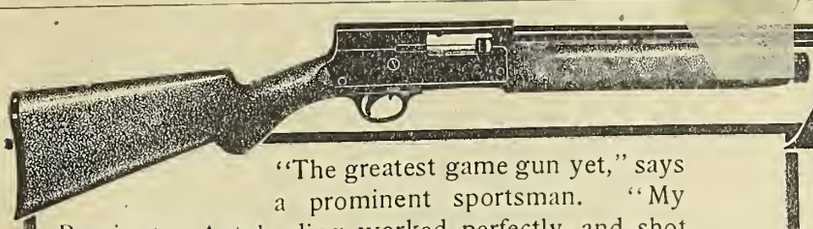

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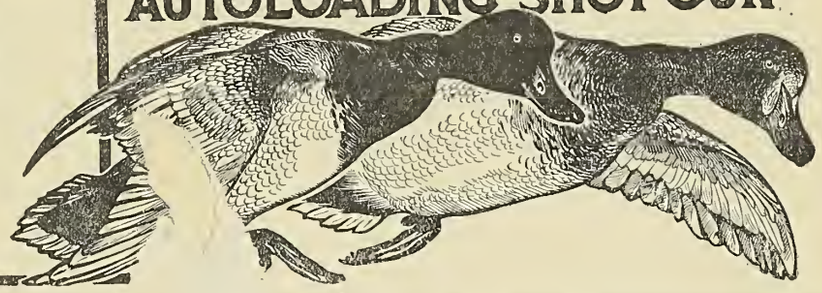

I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition, from want of food, than we now are; yet I have always been supplied, and that too at the very time I was ready to despair.

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Smith was powerfully impressed by the old man's remarks, and still more affected by the patience and firmness, with which he sustained himself under the complicated suffering which he experienced. In the morning, at daylight, the young adventurer seized his gun, and commenced the duties of the day with great spirit. He saw several deer, but the crashing of the snowy rime alarmed them as theretofore; and, after hunting until noon without success, he began to suspect that Tecaughnetanego must have been mistaken, and that they were certainly destined to starve. His hunger seemed rather whetted than allayed by his sumptuous repast upon wildcat bones the evening before, and now became so ravenous as to divest him of all reason, and he determined to run back to Pennsylvania. True, the intervening country was crowded with hostile Indians, but the edge of the tomahawk was not keener than that of famine; and a sharp, quick death was preferable to the slow, torturing ravages of starvation.

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* *In the language of Smith's tribe the Great Spirit was known by the title of "Owaneeyo," or the Possessor of all Things.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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No. 3012.—Remington Hammerless Ejector, with one set of trap barrels and one set of field barrels. The gun with field barrels is 28 in. and weighs 7¼ lbs.; right, cylinder; left modified. With the trap barrels, 30-in. and weighs 7½ lbs.; right, modified and left full choke. The gun is like new and has handsome half pistol grip, English walnut stock, 3¼in. drop and 14½ in. stock; fine Damascus barrels, and cost $142. It can be bought for.....$100.00

No. 1746.—W. & C. Scott & Son Hammer Duck Gun, 10-ga., 30-in. barrels, 9¾ lbs., 2½ in. drop and 13¾ in. stock. Cost new $350, and is in first-class condition. Fine English walnut stock, full pistol grip. English laminated barrels, under-grip action, magnificently engraved, and a bargain at.....$100.00

No. 3025.—W. C. Scott & Son Monte Carlo Model Hammerless. Very fine Damascus barrels, half pistol grip stock, crystal apertures. A fine shooter, and in splendid condition. Cost new $145. Dimensions: 12-ga., 30-in. barrels, 7 lbs. 5 oz. weight, 2½ in. drop, 13½ in. stock. A bargain at.... $90.00

No. 1499.—W. E. Schaeffer Son 8-ga., Single Hammer Duck or Goose Gun. This gun is like new and cost $150 only a short time ago. It is the best specimen of a Schaeffer single gun we have ever seen. The barrels are fine Damascus, and 34 in. long, and the gun weighs 12 lbs. It has 3½ in. drop and the stock is 13¾ in. long. Fine English walnut half pistol grip stock, top lever, D. & E. fore-end. Can be bought for $85.00

No. 3034.—W. W. Greener Far-Killing Duck or Goose Gun. A splendid heavy 8-ga., hammer gun, full choked in both barrels. Dimensions: 8-ga., 36-in., 12 lbs. 4 oz. weight, 3¾ in. drop and 13¾ in. stock. Siemans-Martin full choked barrels. Top lever, Deeley & Edge fore-end, full pistol grip. Cost $200, and is in first-class condition. Price.....$100.00

No. 3033.—Stephen Grant Hammer Duck and Goose Gun, 8-ga., 34-in., fine Damascus barrels, very dark Circassian walnut straight grip stock. Under-grip action. Elaborately engraved and finished. Cost $350, and is as good as new. Weight 12¾ lbs. 2¼ in. drop and 14½ in. stock. Anyone appreciatng a fine Stephen Grant will find this a bargain at $125.00

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